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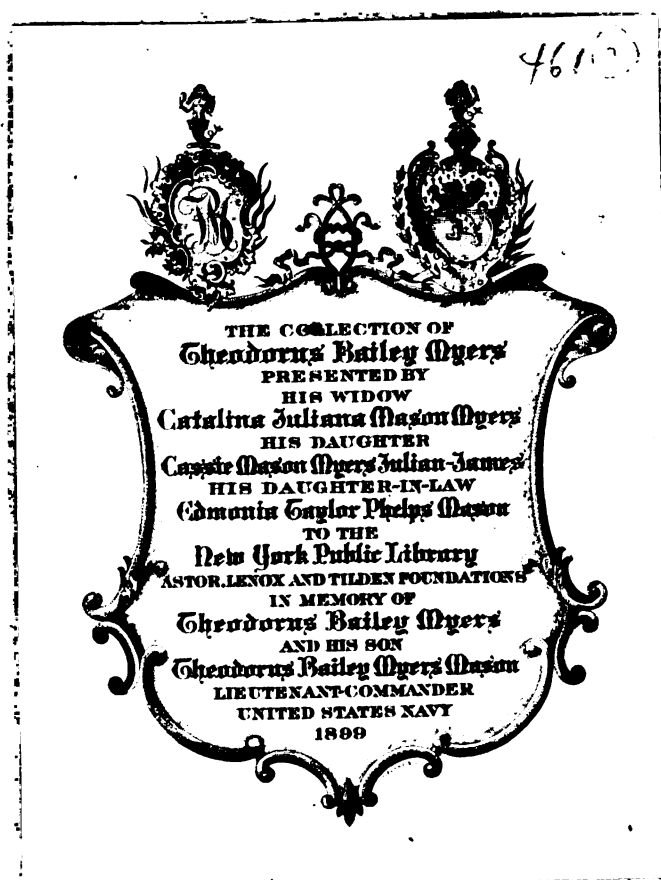
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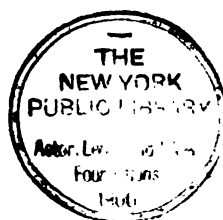
VOL. II.

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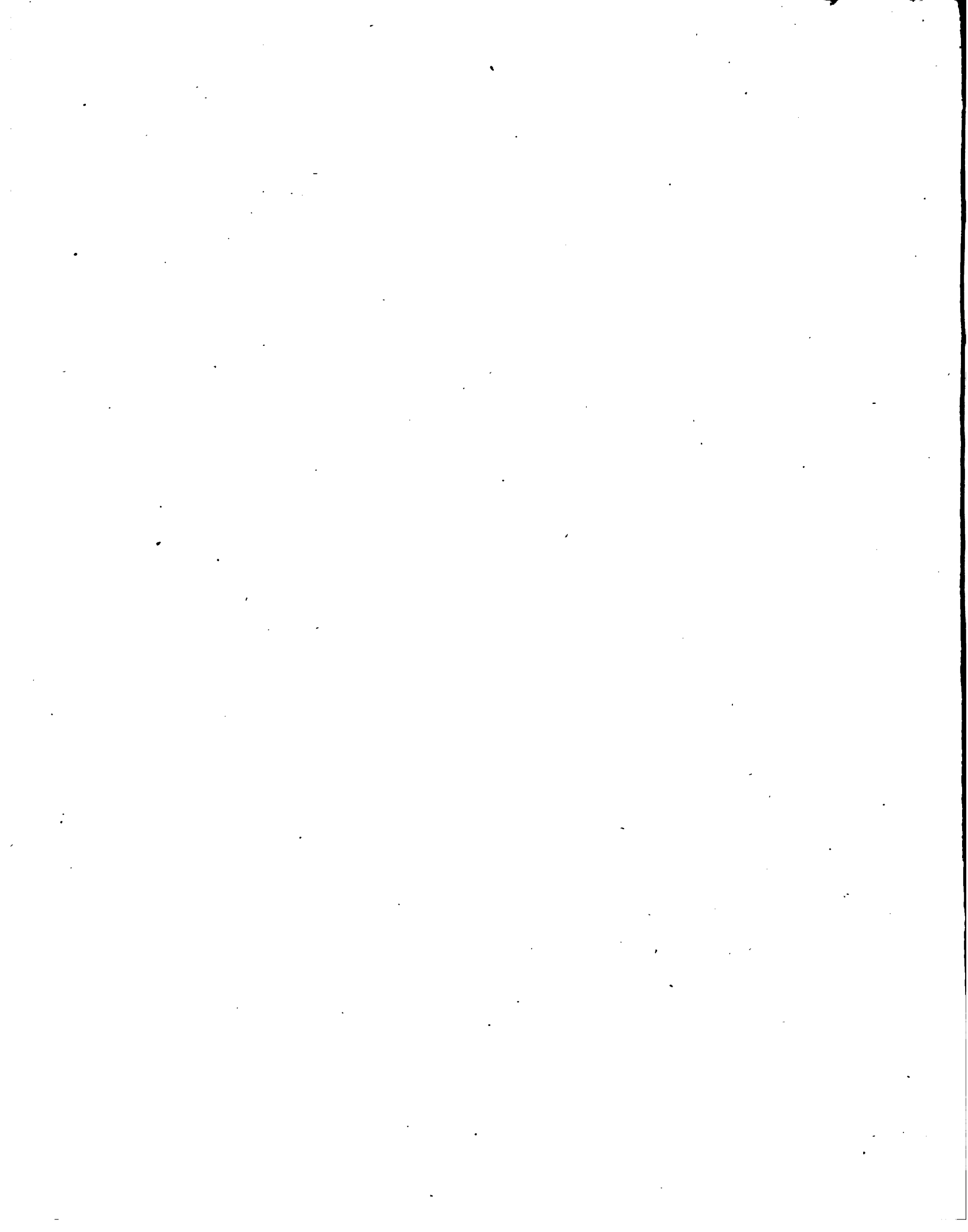


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VOL. II.

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WACOUSTA;

OR,
THE PROPHECY:

A TALE OF DETROIT AND MICHILLIMACKINAC.

"Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms."
The Revenge.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECARTE."

DEDICATED TO THE FORTY-FIRST BRITISH REGIMENT BY A
ONCE SHARER IN THEIR SERVICE.

Note to the first American edition.

Although the following work has been received with great favour by the reading public in England, it is in this country, where the scene is laid, and where we are more familiar with the Indian character, that its merits can be best tested. Though not without defects, yet, taken as a whole, we think it will be pronounced a very superior production. For deep interest throughout, it has few rivals of the modern school, and the style and language are in general excellent. We feel compelled on a second perusal to consider it highly creditable to the author, and an earnest of still higher flights in a field so successfully trodden by our own Cooper. It is the more remarkable as coming from the pen of the author of "Ecarté, or the Saloons of Paris," a work in which the gaming houses of the French capital, and its dissipation were the subjects—scenes which are strongly contrasted with those here portrayed.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A few cursory remarks, illustrative of the general features of the country where the scene of the following events is laid, may not be misplaced at the opening of this volume.

Without entering into minute geographical detail, it may be necessary merely to state that the most distant of the northwestern settlements of America is Michillimackinac, a name given by the Indians, and preserved by the Americans, who possess the fort even to this hour. It is situated at the head of the Lakes Michigan and Huron, and adjacent to the Island of St. Joseph's, where, since the existence of the United States as an independent republic, an English garrison has been maintained, with a view of keeping the original fortress in check. From the lakes we descend into the River Sinclair, which, in turn, disembogues itself into the lake of the same name. This again renders tribute to the Detroit, a broad majestic river, not less than a mile in breadth at its source, and progressively widening towards its mouth until it is finally lost in the beautiful Lake Erie. From the embouchure of this latter lake commences the Chippawa, better known from the celebrity of its stupendous falls of Niagara, which form an impassable barrier to the seaman, and, for a short space, sever the otherwise uninterrupted chain connecting the remote fortresses we have described with the Atlantic. At a distance of a few miles from the falls, the Chippawa finally empties itself into the Ontario, the most splendid of the gorgeous American lakes. At the opposite extremity of this magnificent and sea-like lake, the famed St. Lawrence takes its source; and after passing through a vast tract of country, connects itself with the Lake Champlain, celebrated, as well as Erie, for a signal defeat of the British flotilla during the late contest with the Americans.

The several forts and harbours established along the left bank of the St. Lawrence, and throughout that portion of the British possessions which is known as Lower Canada, are necessarily, from the improved condition and

more numerous population of that province, on a larger scale and of better appointment; but in Upper Canada, where the traces of civilisation are less evident throughout, and become gradually more faint as we advance westward, the fortresses and harbours bear the same proportion in strength and extent to the scantiness of the population they are erected to protect.

At the epoch of our story, it will be borne in mind, the United States were the British colonies of America dependent on the mother country; while the Canadas, on the contrary, were, or had very recently been, under the dominion of France, from whom they had been wrested after a long struggle, greatly advanced in favour of England by the glorious battle fought on the plains of Abraham, near Quebec, and celebrated for the defeat of Montcalm and the death of Wolfe.

The several attempts made to repossess themselves of the strong hold of Quebec having, in every instance, been met by discomfiture and disappointment, the French, in despair, relinquished the contest, and, by treaty, ceded their claims to the Canadas,—an event that was hastened by the capitulation of the garrison of Montreal, commanded by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, to the victorious arms of General Amherst. Still, though conquered as a people, many of the leading men in the country, actuated by that jealousy for which they were remarkable, contrived to oppose obstacles to the quiet possession of a conquest by those whom they seemed to look upon as their hereditary enemies; and in furtherance of this object, paid agents, men of artful and intriguing character, were dispersed among the numerous tribes of savages, with a view of exciting them to acts of hostility against their conquerors. The long and uninterrupted possession, by the French, of those countries immediately bordering on the hunting grounds and haunts of the natives, with whom they carried on an extensive traffic in furs, had established a communion of interest between themselves and those savage and warlike people, which failed not to turn to account the vindictive views of the former. The whole of the province of Upper Canada at that time possessed but a scanty population, protected in its most flourishing and defensive points by stockade forts; the chief object of which was to secure the garrisons, consisting each of a few companies, from any sudden surprise on the part of the natives.

These stockade forts were never, at any one period, nearer to each other than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, so that, in the event of surprise or alarm, there was little prospect of obtaining assistance from without. Each garrison, therefore, was almost wholly dependent on its own resources; and, when surrounded unexpectedly by numerous bands of hostile Indians, had no other alternative than to hold out to the death. Capitulation was out of the question; for, although the wile and artifice of the natives might induce them to promise mercy, the moment their enemies were in their power promises and treaties were alike broken, and indiscriminate massacre ensued. Communication by water was, except during a period of profound peace, almost impracticable; for, although of late years the lakes of Canada have been covered with vessels of war, many of them of vast magnitude, and been the theatres of conflicts that would not have disgraced the salt waters of ocean itself, at the period to which our story refers the flag of England was seen to wave only on the solitary mast of some ill-armed and ill-manned gun boat, employed rather for the purpose of conveying despatches from fort to fort, than with any serious view to acts either of aggression or defence.

In proportion as the colonies of America, now the United States, pushed their course of civilisation westward, in the same degree did the numerous tribes of Indians, who had hitherto dwelt more seaward, retire upon those of their own countrymen, who, buried in vast and impenetrable forests, had seldom yet seen the face of the European stranger; so that, in the end, all the more central parts of those stupendous wilds became doubly peopled. Hitherto, however, that civilisation had not been carried beyond the state of New York; and all those countries which have, since the American revolution, been added to the Union under the names of Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Michigan, &c., were, at the period embraced by our story, inhospitable and unproductive woods, subject only to the dominion of the native, and as yet un-

shorn by the axe of the cultivator. A few portions only of the opposite shores of Michigan were occupied by emigrants from the Canadas, who, finding no one to oppose or molest them, selected the most fertile spots along the banks of the river; and of the existence of these infant settlements, the English colonists, who had never ventured so far, were not even aware until after the conquest of Canada by the mother country. This particular district was the centre around which the numerous warriors, who had been driven westward by the colonists, had finally assembled; and rude villages and encampments rose far and near for a circuit of many miles around this infant settlement and fort of the Canadians, to both of which they had given the name of Detroit, after the river on whose elevated banks they stood. Proceeding westward from this point, and along the tract of country that diverged from the banks of the Lakes Huron, Sinclair, and Michigan, all traces of that partial civilisation were again lost in impervious wilds, tenanted only by the fiercest of the Indian tribes, whose homes were principally along the banks of Lake Superior, and in the country surrounding the isolated fort of Michillimackinac, the last and most remote of the European fortresses in Canada.

When at a later period the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain by France, those parts of the opposite frontier which we have just described became also tributary to the English crown, and were, by the peculiar difficulties that existed to communication with the more central and populous districts, rendered especially favourable to the exercise of hostile intrigue by the numerous active French emissaries every where dispersed among the Indian tribes. Fired by their wily suggestions, the high and jealous spirit of the Indian chiefs took the alarm, and they beheld with impatience the "Red Coat," or "Saganaw," usurping, as they deemed it, those possessions which had so recently acknowledged the supremacy of the pale flag of their ancient ally. Such was the state of things in 1763, the period at which our story commences,—an epoch fruitful in designs of hostility and treachery on the part of the Indians. Several inferior forts situated on the Ohio had already fallen into their hands, when they summoned all their address and cunning to accomplish the fall of the two important though remote posts of Detroit and Michillimackinac. For a length of time they were baffled by the activity and vigilance of the respective governors of these forts, who had had too much fatal experience in the fate of their companions not to be perpetually on the alert against their guile; but when they had at length, in some degree, succeeded in lulling the suspicions of the English, they determined on a scheme, suggested by a leading chief, a man of more than ordinary character, which promised fair to rid them altogether of a race they so cordially detested. We will not, however, mar the interest of our tale, by anticipating, at this early stage, either the nature or the success of a stratagem which forms the essential groundwork of our story.

And now we have partially explained a course of events which were in some measure necessary to the full understanding of the country by the majority of our readers, we shall, in furtherance of the same object, proceed to sketch a few of the most prominent scenes more immediately before us.

The fort of Detroit, as it was originally constructed by the French, stands in the middle of a common, or description of small prairie, bounded by woods, which were at that time untouched by the hand of civilisation. Erected at a distance of about half a mile from the banks of the river, which at that particular point are high and precipitous, it stood then just far enough from the woods that swept round it in a semicircular form to be secure from the rifle of the Indian; while from its batteries it commanded a range of country on every hand, which no enemy unsupported by cannon could traverse with impunity. Immediately in the rear, and on the skirt of the wood, the French had constructed a sort of bomb-proof, possibly intended to serve as a cover to the workmen originally employed in clearing the woods, but long since suffered to fall into decay. Without the fortification rose

* This word thus pronounced by themselves, in reference to the English soldiery, is, in all probability, derived from the original English settlers in Saganaw Bay.

a strong and triple line of pickets, each of about two feet and a half in circumference, and so fitted into each other as to leave no other interstices than those which were perforated for the discharge of musketry. They were formed of the hardest and most knotted pines that could be procured; the sharp points of which were seasoned by fire until they acquired nearly the durability and consistency of iron. Beyond these firmly imbedded pickets was a ditch, encircling the fort, of about twenty feet in width, and of proportionate depth, the only communication over which to and from the garrison was by means of a drawbridge, protected by a strong chevaux-de-frise. The only gate with which the fortress was provided faced the river; on the more immediate banks of which, and to the left of the fort, rose the yet infant and straggling village that bore the name of both. Numerous farm-houses, however, almost joining each other, contributed to form a continuity of many miles along the borders of the river, both on the right and on the left; while the opposite shores of Canada, distinctly seen in the distance, presented, as far as the eye could reach, the same enlivening character of fertility. The banks, covered with verdure on either shore, were more or less undulating at intervals; but in general they were high without being abrupt, and picturesque without being bold, presenting, in their partial cultivation, a striking contrast to the dark, tall, and frowning forests bounding every point of the perspective.

At a distance of about five miles on the left of the town the course of the river was interrupted by a small and thickly wooded island, along whose sandy beach occasionally rose the low cabin or wigwam, which the birch canoe, carefully upturned and left to dry upon the sands, attested to be the temporary habitation of the wandering Indian. That branch of the river which swept by the shores of Canada was (as at this day) the only navigable one for vessels of burden, while that on the opposite coast abounded in shallows and bars, affording passage merely to the light barks of the natives, which seemed literally to skim the very surface of its waves. Midway between that point of the continent which immediately faced the eastern extremity of the island we have just named and the town of Detroit, flowed a small tributary river, the approaches to which, on either hand, were over a slightly sloping ground, the view of which could be entirely commanded from the fort. The depth of this river, now nearly dried up, at that period varied from three to ten or twelve feet; and over this, at a distance of about twenty yards from the Detroit, into which it emptied itself, rose, communicating with the high road, a bridge, which will more than once be noticed in the course of our tale. Even to the present hour it retains the name given to it during these disastrous times; and there are few modern Canadians, or even Americans, who traverse the "Bloody Bridge," especially at the still hours of advanced night, without recalling to memory the tragic events of those days, (handed down as they have been by their fathers, who were eye-witnesses of the transaction,) and peopling the surrounding gloom with the shades of those whose life-blood erst crimsoned the once pure waters of that now nearly exhausted stream; and whose mangled and headless corpses were slowly borne by its tranquil current into the bosom of the parent river, where all traces of them finally disappeared.

What Detroit was in 1763 it nearly is at the present day, with this difference, however, that many of those points which were then in a great degree isolated and rude are now redolent with the beneficent effects of improved cultivation; and in the immediate vicinity of that memorable bridge, where formerly stood merely the occasional encampment of the Indian warrior, are now to be seen flourishing farms and crops, and other marks of agricultural industry. At the final cession of the Canadas, the fort was delivered over to England, with whom it remained until the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies by the mother country, when it hoisted the colours of the republic.

CHAPTER II.

It was during the midnight watch, late in September, 1763, that the English garrison of Detroit, was thrown into the utmost consternation by the sudden and mysterious introduction of a stranger within its walls. The circumstance at this moment was particularly remarkable; for the period was so fearful and pregnant with events of danger, the fort being assailed on every side by a powerful and vindictive foe, that a caution and vigilance of no common kind were unceasingly exercised by the prudent governor for the safety of those committed to his charge. A long series of hostilities had been pursued by the North American Indians against the

subjects of England, within the few years that had succeeded to the final subjection of the Canadas to her victorious arms; and many and sanguinary were the conflicts in which the devoted soldiery were made to succumb to the cunning and numbers of their savage enemies. In those lone regions, both officers and men, in their respective ranks, were, by a communionship of suffering, isolation, and peculiarity of duty, drawn towards each other with feelings of almost fraternal affection; and the fates of those who fell were lamented with sincerity of soul, and avenged, when opportunity offered, with a determination prompted equally by indignation and despair. This sentiment of union, existing even between men and officers of different corps, was, with occasional exceptions, of course doubly strengthened among those who fought under the same colours, and acknowledged the same head; and, as it often happened in Canada, during this interesting period, that a single regiment was distributed into two or three fortresses, each so far removed from the other that communication could with the utmost facility be cut off, the anxiety and uncertainty of these detachments became proportioned to the danger with which they knew themselves to be more immediately beset. The garrison of Detroit, at the date above named, consisted of a third of the ——— regiment, the remainder of which occupied the forts of Michillimackinac and Niagara, and to each division of this regiment was attached an officer's command of artillery. It is true that no immediate overt act of hostility had for some time been perpetrated by the Indians, who were assembled in force around the former garrison; but the experienced officer to whom the command had been intrusted was too sensible of the craftiness of the surrounding hordes to be deceived, by any outward semblance of amity, into neglect of those measures of precaution which were so indispensable to the surety of his trust.

In this he pursued a line of policy happily adapted to the delicate nature of his position. Unwilling to excite the anger or wound the pride of the chiefs, by any outward manifestation of distrust, he affected to confide in the sincerity of their professions, and, by inducing his officers to mix occasionally in their councils, and his men in the amusements of the inferior warriors, contrived to impress the conviction that he reposed altogether on their faith. But, although these acts were in some degree coerced by the necessity of the times, and a perfect knowledge of all the misery that must accrue to them in the event of their provoking the Indians into acts of open hostility, the prudent governor took such precautions as were deemed efficient to defeat any treacherous attempt at violation of the tacit treaty on the part of the natives. The officers never ventured out, unless escorted by a portion of their men, who, although appearing to be dispersed among the warriors, still kept sufficiently together to be enabled, in a moment of emergency, to afford succour not only to each other, but to their superiors. On these occasions, as a further security against surprise, the troops left within were instructed to be in readiness, at a moment's warning, to render assistance, if necessary, to their companions, who seldom, on any occasion, ventured out of reach of the cannon of the fort, the gate of which was hermetically closed, while numerous supernumerary sentinels were posted along the ramparts, with a view to give the alarm if any thing extraordinary was observed to occur without.

Painful and harassing as were the precautions it was found necessary to adopt on these occasions, and little desirous as were the garrison to mingle with the natives on such terms, still the plan was pursued by the governor from the policy already named: nay, it was absolutely essential to the future interests of England that the Indians should be won over by acts of confidence and kindness; and so little disposition had hitherto been manifested by the English to conciliate, that every thing was to be apprehended from the untameable rancour with which these people were but too well disposed to repay a neglect at once galling to their pride and injurious to their interests.

Such, for a term of many months, had been the trying and painful duty that had devolved on the governor of Detroit; when, in the summer of 1763, the whole of the western tribes of Indians, as if actuated by one common impulse, suddenly threw off the mask, and commenced a series of the most savage trespasses upon the English settlers in the vicinity of the several garrisons, who were cut off in detail, without mercy, and without reference to either age or sex. On the first alarm the weak bodies of troops, as a last measure of security, shut themselves up in their respective forts, where they were as incapable of rendering assistance to others as of receiving it themselves. In this emergency the prudence and fore-

thought of the governor of Detroit were eminently conspicuous; for, having long foreseen the possibility of such a crisis, he had caused a plentiful supply of all that was necessary to the subsistence and defence of the garrison to be provided at an earlier period, so that, if foiled in their attempts at stratagem, there was little chance that the Indians would speedily reduce them by famine. To guard against the former, a vigilant watch was constantly kept by the garrison both day and night, while the sentinels, doubled in number, were constantly on the alert. Strict attention, moreover, was paid to such parts of the ramparts as were considered most assailable by a cunning and midnight enemy; and, in order to prevent any imprudence on the part of the garrison, all egress or ingress was prohibited that had not the immediate sanction of the chief. With this view the keys of the gate were given in trust to the officer of the guard; to whom, however, it was interdicted to use them unless by direct and positive order of the governor. In addition to this precaution, the sentinels on duty at the gate had strict private instructions not to suffer any one to pass either in or out unless conducted by the governor in person; and this restriction extended even to the officer of the guard.

Such being the cautious discipline established in the fort, the appearance of a stranger within its walls at the still hour of midnight could not fail to be regarded as an extraordinary event, and to excite an apprehension which could scarcely have been surpassed had a numerous and armed band of savages suddenly appeared among them. The first intimation of this fact was given by the violent ringing of an alarm bell; a rope communicating with which was suspended in the governor's apartments, for the purpose of arousing the slumbering soldiers in any case of pressing emergency. Soon afterwards the governor himself was seen to issue from his rooms into the open area of the parade, clad in his dressing-gown, and bearing a lamp in one hand and a naked sword in the other. His countenance was pale; and his features, violently agitated, betrayed a source of alarm which those who were familiar with his usual haughtiness of manner were ill able to comprehend.

"Which way did he go?—why stand ye here?—follow—pursue him quickly—let him not escape, on your lives!" These sentences, hurriedly and impatiently uttered, were addressed to the two sentinels who, stationed in front of his apartments, had, on the first sound of alarm from the portentous bell, lowered their muskets to the charge, and now stood immovable in that position.

"Who does your honour mane?" replied one of the men, startled, yet bringing his arms to recover, in salutation of his chief.

"Why, the man—the stranger—the fellow who has just passed you." "Not a living soul has passed us since our watch commenced, your honour," observed the second sentinel; "and we have now been here upwards of an hour."

"Impossible, sirs: ye have been asleep on your posts, or ye must have seen him. He passed this way, and could not have escaped your observation had ye been attentive to your duty."

"Well, sure, and your honour knows bist," rejoined the first sentinel; "but so hilp me St. Patrick, as I have served man and boy in your honour's regiment this twelve years, not even the fitch of a man has passed me this blessed night. And here's my comrade, Jack Halford, who will take his Bible oath to the same, with all due diffidence to your honour." The pithy reply to this eloquent attempt at exculpation was a brief "Silence, sirrah, walk about!"

The men brought their muskets once more, and in silence, to the shoulder, and, in obedience to the command of their chief, resumed their limited walk; crossing each other at regular intervals in the course that enfiladed, as it were, the only entrance to the governor's apartments.

Meanwhile every thing was bustle and commotion among the garrison, who, roused from sleep by the appalling sound of the alarm bell at that late hour, were hastily arming. Throughout the obscurity might be seen the fitting forms of men, whose already fully accoutred persons proclaimed them to be of the guard; while in the lofty barracks, numerous lights flashing to and fro, and moving with rapidity, attested the alacrity with which the troops off duty were equipping for some service of more than ordinary interest. So noiseless, too, was this preparation, as far as speech was concerned, that the occasional opening and shutting of pans, and ringing of ramrods to ascertain the efficiency of the muskets, might be heard distinctly in the stillness of the night at a distance of many furlongs.

He, however, who had touched the secret spring of all this picturesque movement, whatever might be his gratification and approval of the promptitude with which the summons to arms had been answered by his brave troops, was far from being wholly satisfied with the scene he had conjured up. Recovered from the first and irrepressible agitation which had driven him to sound the tocsin of alarm, he felt how derogatory to his military dignity and proverbial coolness of character it might be considered, to have awakened a whole garrison from their slumbers, when a few files of the guard would have answered his purpose equally well. Besides, so much time had been suffered to elapse, that the stranger might have escaped; and if so, how many might be disposed to ridicule his alarm, and consider it as emanating from an imagination disturbed by sleep, rather than caused by the actual presence of one endowed like themselves with the faculties of speech and motion. For a moment he hesitated whether he should not countermand the summons to arms which had been so precipitately given; but when he recollected the harrowing threat that had been breathed in his ear by his midnight visitor,—when he reflected, moreover, that even now it was probable he was lurking within the precincts of the fort with a view to the destruction of all that it contained,—when, in short, he thought of the imminent danger that must attend them should he be suffered to escape,—he felt the necessity of precaution, and determined on his measures, even at the risk of manifesting a prudence which might be construed unfavorably. On re-entering his apartments, he found his orderly, who, roused by the midnight tumult, stood waiting to receive the commands of his chief.

"Desire Major Blackwater to come to me immediately." The mandate was quickly obeyed. In a few seconds a short, thick set, and elderly officer made his appearance in a grey military undress frock.

"Blackwater, we have traitors within the fort. Let diligent search be made in every part of the barracks for a stranger, an enemy, who has managed to procure admittance among us: let every nook and cranny, every empty cask, be examined forthwith; and cause a number of additional sentinels to be stationed along the ramparts, in order to intercept his escape."

"Good heaven, is it possible?" said the major, wiping the perspiration from his brow, though the night was unusually chilly for the season of the year:—"how could he contrive to enter a place so vigilantly guarded?"

"Ask me not *how*, Blackwater," returned the governor, seriously; "let it suffice that he has been in this very room, and that ten minutes since he stood where you now stand."

The major looked aghast—"God bless me, how singular! How could the savage contrive to obtain admission? or was he in reality an Indian?" "No more questions, Major Blackwater. Hasten to distribute the men, and let diligent search be made every where; and recollect, neither officer nor man courts his pillow until dawn."

The "major" emphatically prefixed to his name was a sufficient hint to the stout officer that the doubts thus familiarly expressed were here to cease, and that he was now addressed in the language of authority by his superior, who expected a direct and prompt compliance with his orders. He therefore slightly touched his hat in salutation, and withdrew to make the dispositions that had been enjoined by his colonel.

On regaining the parade, he caused the men, already forming into companies and answering to the roll call of their respective non-commissioned officers, to be wheeled into square, and then in a low but distinct voice stated the cause of alarm; and, having communicated the orders of the governor, finished by recommending to each the exercise of the most scrutinising vigilance; as on the discovery of the individual in question, and the means by which he had contrived to procure admission, the safety of the whole garrison, it was evident, must depend.

The soldiers now dispersed in small parties throughout the interior of the fort, while a select body were conducted to the ramparts by the officers themselves, and distributed between the sentinels already posted there, in such numbers, and at such distances, that it appeared impossible any thing wearing the human form could pass them unperceived, even in the obscurity that reigned around.

When this duty was accomplished, the officers proceeded to the posts of the several sentinels who had been planted since the last relief, to ascertain if any or either of them had observed ought to justify the belief that an enemy had succeeded in scaling the works. To all their

enquiries, however, they received a negative reply, accompanied by a declaration, more or less positive with each, that such had been their vigilance during the watch, had any person come within their beat, detection must have been inevitable. The first question was put to the sentinel stationed at the gate of the fort, at which point the whole of the officers of the garrison were, with one or two exceptions, now assembled. The man at first evinced a good deal of confusion; but this might arise from the singular fact of the alarm that had been given, and the equally singular circumstance of his being thus closely interrogated by the collective body of his officers: he, however, persisted in declaring that he had been in no wise inattentive to his duty, and that no cause for alarm or suspicion had occurred near his post. The officers then, in order to save time, separated into two parties, pursuing opposite circuits, and arranging to meet at that point of the ramparts which was immediately in the rear, and overlooking the centre of the semicircular sweep of wild forest we have described as circumventing the fort.

"Well, Blessington, I know not what you think of this sort of work," observed Sir Everard Valletort, a young lieutenant of the ——— regiment, recently arrived from England, and one of the party who now traversed the rampart to the right; "but confound me if I would not rather be a barber's apprentice in London, upon nothing, and find myself, than continue a life of this kind much longer. It positively quite knocks me up; for what with early risings, and watchings, (I had almost added prayings,) I am but the shadow of my former self."

"Hist, Valletort, hist! speak lower," said Captain Blessington, the senior officer present, "or our search must be in vain. Poor fellow!" he pursued, laughing low and good humouredly at the picture of miseries thus solemnly enumerated by his subaltern;—"how much, in truth, are you to be pitied, who have so recently basked in all the sunshine of enjoyment at home. For our parts, we have lived so long amid these savage scenes, that we have almost forgotten what luxury, or even comfort, means. Doubt not, my friend, that in time you will, like us, be reconciled to the change."

"Confound me for an idiot, then, if I give myself time," replied Sir Everard, affectedly. "It was only five minutes before that cursed alarm bell was sounded in my ears, that I had made up my mind fully to resign or exchange the instant I could do so with credit to myself; and, I am sure, to be called out of a warm bed at this unseasonable hour offers little inducement for me to change my opinion."

"Resign or exchange with credit to yourself!" sullenly observed a stout tall officer of about fifty, whose spleen might well be accounted for in his rank of "Ensign" Delme. "Methinks there can be little credit in exchanging or resigning, when one's companions are left behind, and in a post of danger."

"By Jassu, and ye may say that with your own pritty mouth," remarked another veteran, who answered to the name of Lieutenant Murphy; "for it isn't now, while we are surrounded and bedeviled by the savages, that any man of the ——— regiment should be after talking of bating a retrace."

"I scarcely understand you, gentlemen," warmly and quickly retorted Sir Everard, who, with all his dandyism and effeminacy of manner, was of a high and resolute spirit. "Do either of you fancy that I want courage to face a positive danger, because I may not happen to have any particular vulgar predilection for early rising?"

"Nonsense, Valletort, nonsense," interrupted, in accents of almost feminine sweetness, his friend Lieutenant Charles de Haldimar, the youngest son of the governor: "Murphy is an eternal echo of the opinions of those who look forward to promotion; and as for Delme—do you not see the drift of his observation? Should you retire, as you have threatened, of course another lieutenant will be appointed in your stead; but, should you chance to lose your scalp during the struggle with the savages, the step goes in the regiment, and he, being the senior ensign, obtains promotion in consequence."

"Ah!" observed Captain Blessington, "this is indeed the greatest curse attached to the profession of a soldier. Even among those who most esteem, and are drawn towards each other as well by fellowship in pleasure as companionship in danger, this vile and debasing principle—this insatiable desire for personal advancement—is certain to intrude itself; since we feel that over the mangled bodies of our dearest friends and companions, we can alone hope to attain preferment and distinction."

This conversation, interrupted only by occasional questioning of the sentinels whom they passed in their

circuit, was carried on in an audible whisper, which the close approximation of the parties to each other, and the profound stillness of the night, enabled them to hear with distinctness.

When the conversation dropped, the party pursued their course in silence. They had just passed the last sentinel posted in their line of circuit, and were within a few yards of the immediate rear of the fortress, when a sharp "Hist!" and sudden halt of their leader, Captain Blessington, threw them all into an attitude of the most profound attention.

"Did you hear?" he asked in a subdued whisper, after a few seconds of silence, in which he had vainly sought to catch a repetition of the sound.

"Assuredly," he pursued, finding that no one answered, "I distinctly heard a human groan." "Where?—in what direction?" asked Sir Everard and De Haldimar in the same breath.

"Immediately opposite to us on the common. But acc, here are the remainder of the party stationary, and listening also."

They now stole gently forward a few paces, and were soon at the side of their companions, all of whom were straining their necks and bending their heads in the attitude of men listening attentively.

"Have you heard any thing, Erakine?" asked Captain Blessington in the same low whisper, and addressing the officer who led the opposite party.

"Not a sound ourselves, but here is Sir Everard's black servant, Sambo, who has just riveted our attention, by declaring that he distinctly heard a groan towards the skirt of the common." "He is right," hastily rejoined Blessington; "I heard it also."

Again a death-like silence ensued, during which the eyes of the party were strained eagerly in the direction of the common. The night was clear and starry, yet the dark shadow of the broad belt of forest threw all that part of the waste which came within its immediate range into impenetrable obscurity.

"Do you see any thing?" whispered Valletort to his friend, who stood next him: "look—look!" and he pointed with his finger. "Nothing," returned De Haldimar, after an anxious gaze of a minute, "but that dilapidated old bomb-proof."

"See you not something dark, and slightly moving, immediately in a line with the left angle of the bomb-proof?" De Haldimar looked again. "I do begin to fancy I see something," he replied; "but so confusedly and indistinctly, that I know not whether it be not merely an illusion of my imagination. Perhaps it is a stray Indian dog devouring the carcass of the wolf you shot yesterday."

"Be it dog or devil, here is for a trial of his vulnerability. Sambo, quick, my rifle."

The young negro handed to his master one of those long heavy rifles, which the Indians usually make choice of for killing the buffalo, elk, and other animals whose wildness renders them difficult of approach. He then, unbidden, and as if tutored to the task, placed himself in a stiff upright position in front of his master, with every nerve and muscle braced to the most inflexible steadiness. The young officer next threw the rifle on the right shoulder of the boy for a rest, and prepared to take his aim on the object that had first attracted his attention.

"Make haste, massa,—him go directly,—Sambo see him get up."

All was breathless attention among the group of officers; and when the sharp ticking sound produced by the cocking of the rifle of their companion fell on their ears, they bent their gaze upon the point towards which the murderous weapon was levelled with the most aching and intense interest.

"Quick, quick, massa,—him quite up," again whispered the boy.

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the crack of the rifle, followed by a bright blaze of light, sounded throughout the stillness of the night with exciting sharpness. For an instant all was hushed; but scarcely had the distant woods ceased to reverberate the spirit-stirring echoes, when the anxious group of officers were surprised and startled by a sudden flash, the report of a second rifle from the common, and the whizzing of a bullet past their ears. This was instantly succeeded by a fierce, wild, and prolonged cry, expressive at once of triumph and revenge. It was that peculiar cry which an Indian utters when the reeking scalp has been wrested from his murdered victim.

"Missed him, as I am a sinner," exclaimed Sir Everard, springing to his feet, and knocking the butt of his rifle on the ground with a movement of impatience. "Sambo, you young scoundrel, it was all your fault,—

you moved your shoulder as I pulled the trigger. Thank heaven, however, the aim of the Indian appears to have been no better, although the sharp whistling of his ball proves his piece to have been well levelled for a random shot.

"His aim has been too true," faintly pronounced the voice of one somewhat in the rear of his companions. "The ball of the villain has found a lodgment in my breast. God bless ye all, my boys; may your fates be more lucky than mine!" While he yet spoke, Lieutenant Murphy sank into the arms of Blessington and De Haldimar, who had flown to him at the first intimation of his wound, and was in the next instant a corpse.

CHAPTER III.

"To your companies, gentlemen, to your companies on the instant. There is treason in the fort, and we had need of all our diligence and caution. Captain de Haldimar is missing, and the gate has been found unlocked. Quick, gentlemen, quick; even now the savages may be around us, though unseen."

"Captain de Haldimar missing!—the gate unlocked!" exclaimed a number of voices. "Impossible!—surely we are not betrayed by our own men." "The sentinel has been relieved, and is now in irons," resumed the communicator of this startling piece of intelligence. It was the adjutant of the regiment.

"Away, gentlemen, to your posts immediately," said Captain Blessington, who, aided by De Haldimar, hastened to deposit the stiffening body of the unfortunate Murphy, which they still supported, upon the rampart. Then addressing the adjutant, "Mr. Lawson, let a couple of files be sent immediately to remove the body of their officer."

"That shot which I heard from the common, as I approached, was not fired at random, then, I find," observed the adjutant, as they all now hastily descended to join their men, "Who has fallen?" "Murphy, of the grenadiers," was the reply of one near him.

"Poor fellow! our work commences badly," resumed Mr. Lawson: "Murphy killed, and Captain de Haldimar missing. We had few officers enough to spare before, and their loss will be severely felt; I greatly fear, too, those casualties may have a tendency to discourage the men."

"Nothing more easy than to supply their place, by promoting some of our oldest sergeants," observed Ensign Delme, who, as well as the ill-fated Murphy, had risen from the ranks. "If they behave themselves well, the king will confirm their appointments."

"But my poor brother, what of him, Lawson? what have you learnt connected with his disappearance?" asked Charles de Haldimar with deep emotion. "Nothing satisfactory, I am sorry to say," returned the adjutant: "in fact, the whole affair is a mystery which no one can unravel; even at this moment the sentinel, Frank Halloway, who is strongly suspected of being privy to his disappearance, is undergoing a private examination by your father the governor."

"Frank Halloway!" repeated the youth with a start of astonishment; "surely Halloway could never prove a traitor,—and especially to my brother, whose life he once saved at the peril of his own."

The officers had now gained the parade, when the "Fall in, gentlemen, fall in," quickly pronounced by Major Blackwater, prevented all further questioning on the part of the younger De Haldimar. The scene, though circumscribed in limit, was picturesque in effect, and might have been happily illustrated by the pencil of the painter. The immediate area of the parade was filled with armed men, distributed into three divisions, and forming, with their respective ranks facing outwards, as many sides of a hollow square, the mode of defence invariably adopted by the governor in all cases of sudden alarm.

In a few minutes from the falling in of the officers with their respective companies, the clank of irons was heard in the direction of the guard-room, and several forms were seen slowly advancing into the area already occupied as we have described. This party was preceded by the Adjutant Lawson, who, advancing towards Major Blackwater, communicated a message, that was followed by the command of the latter officer for the three divisions to face inwards. The officer of artillery also gave the word to his men to form lines of single files immediately in the rear of their respective guns, leaving space enough for the entrance of the approaching party, which consisted of half a dozen files of the guard, under a non-commissioned officer, and one whose manacled limbs, rather than his unaccoutred uniform, attested him to be

not merely a prisoner, but a prisoner confined for some serious and flagrant offence.

This party now advanced through the vacant quarter of the square, and took their stations immediately in the centre. Here the countenances of each, and particularly that of the prisoner, who was, if we may so term it, the centre of that centre, were thrown into strong relief by the bright glare of the torches, so that the features of the prisoner stood revealed to those around as plainly as if it had been noon day. Not a sound, not a murmur, escaped from the ranks: but, though the etiquette and strict laws of military discipline chained all speech, the workings of the inward mind remained unchecked; and as they recognised in the prisoner Frank Halloway, one of the bravest and boldest in the field, and, as all had hitherto imagined, one of the most devoted to his duty, an irrepressible thrill of amazement and dismay crept throughout the frames, and for a moment blanched the cheeks of those especially who belonged to the same company. On being summoned from their fruitless search after the stranger, to fall in without delay, it had been whispered among the men that treason had crept into the fort, and a traitor, partly detected in his crime, had been arrested and thrown into irons: but the idea of Frank Halloway being that traitor was the last that could have entered into their thoughts, and yet they now beheld him covered with every mark of ignominy, and about to answer his high offence, in all human probability, with his life.

With the officers the reputation of Halloway for courage and fidelity stood no less high; but, while they secretly lamented the circumstance of his defalcation, they could not disguise from themselves the almost certainty of his guilt, for each, as he now gazed upon the prisoner, recollected the confusion and hesitation of manner he had evinced when questioned by them preparatory to their ascending to the ramparts.

Once more the suspense of the moment was interrupted by the entrance of other forms into the area. They were those of the adjutant, followed by a drummer, bearing his instrument, and the governor's orderly, charged with pens, ink, paper, and a book which, from its peculiar form and colour, every one present knew to be a copy of the articles of war. A variety of contending emotions passed through the breasts of many, as they witnessed the silent progress of these preparations, rendered painfully interesting by the peculiarity of their position, and the wildness of the hour at which they thus found themselves assembled together. The prisoner himself was unmoved: he stood proud, calm, and fearless, amid the guard, of whom he had so recently formed one; and though his countenance was pale, as much, perhaps, from a sense of the ignominious character in which he appeared as from more private considerations, still there was nothing to denote either the abjectness of fear or the consciousness of merited disgrace. Once or twice a low sobbing, that proceeded at intervals from one of the barrack windows, caught his ear, and he turned his glance in that direction with a restless anxiety, which he exerted himself in the instant afterwards to repress; but this was the only mark of emotion he betrayed.

The above dispositions having been hastily made, the adjutant and his assistants once more retired. After the lapse of a minute, a tall martial-looking man, habited in a blue military frock, and of handsome, though stern, haughty, and inflexible features, entered the area. He was followed by Major Blackwater, the captain of artillery, and Adjutant Lawson.

"Are the garrison all present, Mr. Lawson? are the officers all present?"

"All except those of the guard, sir," replied the adjutant, touching his hat with a submission that was scrupulously exacted on all occasions of duty by his superior.

The governor passed his hand for a moment over his brows. It seemed to those around him as if the mention of that guard had called up recollections which gave him pain; and it might be so, for his eldest son, Captain Frederick de Haldimar, had commanded the guard. Whether he had disappeared, or in what manner, no one knew.

"Are the artillery all present, Captain Wentworth?" again demanded the governor, after a moment of silence, and in his wonted firm authoritative voice.

"All present, sir," rejoined the officer, following the example of the adjutant, and saluting his chief.

"Then let a drum-head court-martial be assembled immediately, Mr. Lawson, and without reference to the roster let the senior officers be selected."

The adjutant went round to the respective divisions, and in a low voice warned Captain Blessington, and the four senior subalterns, for that duty. One by one the officers, as they were severally called upon, left their

places in the square, and sheathing their swords, stepped into that part of the area appointed as their temporary court. They were now all assembled, and Captain Blessington, the senior of his rank in the garrison, was preparing to administer the customary oaths, when the prisoner Halloway advanced a pace or two in front of his escort, and removing his cap, in a clear, firm, but respectful voice, thus addressed the governor:—

"Colonel de Haldimar, that I am no traitor, as I have already told you, the Almighty God, before whom I swore allegiance to his majesty, can bear me witness. Appearances, I own, are against me: but, so far from being a traitor, I would have shed my last drop of blood in defence of the garrison and your family. Colonel de Haldimar," he pursued, after a momentary pause, in which he seemed to be struggling to subdue the emotion which rose, despite of himself, to his throat, "I repeat, I am no traitor, and I scorn the imputation—but here is my best answer to the charge. This wound, (and he unbuttoned his jacket, opened his shirt, and disclosed a deep scar upon his white chest,) this wound I received in defence of my captain's life at Quebec. Had I not loved him, I should not so have exposed myself, neither but for that should I now stand in the situation of shame and danger, in which my comrades behold me."

Every heart was touched by this appeal—this bold and manly appeal to the consideration of the governor. The officers, especially, who were fully conversant with the general merit of Halloway, were deeply affected, and Charles de Haldimar—the young, the generous, the feeling Charles de Haldimar—even shed tears.

"What mean you, prisoner?" interrogated the governor, after a short pause, during which he appeared to be weighing and deducing inferences from the expressions just uttered. "What mean you, by stating, but for that (alluding to your regard for Captain de Haldimar) you would not now be in this situation of shame and danger?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment; and then rejoined, but in a tone that had less of firmness in it than before,— "Colonel de Haldimar, I am not at liberty to state my meaning; for, though a private soldier, I respect my word, and have pledged myself to secrecy."

"You respect your word, and have pledged yourself to secrecy! What mean you, man, by this rhodomontade? To whom can you have pledged yourself, and for what, unless it be to some secret enemy without the walls? Gentlemen, proceed to your duty: it is evident that the man is a traitor, even from his own admission. On my life," he pursued, more hurriedly, and speaking in an under tone, as if to himself, "the fellow has been bribed by, and is connected with ———." The name escaped not his lips; for, aware of the emotion he was betraying, he suddenly checked himself, and assumed his wonted stern and authoritative bearing.

Once more the prisoner addressed the governor in the same clear firm voice in which he had opened his appeal.

"Colonel de Haldimar, I have no connection with any living soul without the fort; and again I repeat, I am no traitor, but a true and loyal British soldier, as my services in this war, and my comrades, can well attest. Still, I seek not to shun that death which I have braved a dozen times at least in the ——— regiment. All that I ask is, that I may not be tried—that I may not have the shame of hearing sentence pronounced against me yet; but if nothing should occur before eight o'clock to vindicate my character from this disgrace, I will offer up no further prayer for mercy. In the name of that life, therefore, which I once preserved to Captain de Haldimar, at the price of my own blood, I entreat a respite from trial until then."

"In the name of God and all his angels, let mercy reach your soul, and grant his prayer!"

Every ear was startled—every heart touched by the plaintive, melancholy, silver tones of the voice that faintly pronounced the last appeal, and all recognised it for that of the young, interesting, and attached wife of the prisoner. Again the latter turned his gaze towards the window whence the sounds proceeded, and by the glare of the torches a tear was distinctly seen by many coursing down his manly cheek. The weakness was momentary. In the next instant he closed his shirt and coat, and resuming his cap stepped back once more amid his guard, where he remained stationary, with the air of one who, having nothing further to hope, has resolved to endure the worst that can happen with resignation and fortitude.

After the lapse of a few moments, again devoted to much apparent deep thought and conjecture, the governor once more, and rather hurriedly, resumed,—

"In the event, prisoner, of this delay in your trial

being granted, will you pledge yourself to disclose the secret to which you have alluded? Recollect, there is nothing but that which can save your memory from being consigned to infamy for ever; for who, among your comrades, will believe the idle denial of your treachery, when there is the most direct proof against you? If your secret die with you, moreover, every honest man will consider it as having been one so infamous and injurious to your character, that you were ashamed to reveal it."

These suggestions of the colonel were not without their effect; for, in the sudden swelling of the prisoner's chest, as allusion was made to the disgrace that would attach to his memory, there was evidence of a high and generous spirit, to whom obloquy was far more hateful than even death itself.

"I do promise," he at length replied, stepping forward, and uncovering himself as before,— "if no one appear to justify my conduct at the hour I have named, a full disclosure of all I know touching this affair shall be made. And may God, of his infinite mercy, grant, for Captain de Haldimar's sake, as well as mine, I may not then be wholly deserted!"

There was something so peculiarly solemn and impressive in the manner in which the unhappy man now expressed himself, that a feeling of the utmost awe crept into the bosoms of the surrounding throng; and more than one veteran of the grenadiers, the company to which Halloway belonged, was heard to relieve his chest of the long pent-up sigh that struggled for release.

"Enough, prisoner," rejoined the governor; "on this condition do I grant your request; but recollect,—your disclosure ensures no hope of pardon, unless, indeed, you have the fullest proof to offer in your defence. Do you perfectly understand me?"

"I do," replied the soldier firmly; and again he placed his cap on his head, and retired a step or two back among the guard.

"Mr. Lawson, let the prisoner be removed, and conducted to one of the private cells. Who is the subaltern of the guard?"

"Ensign Fortescue," was the answer.

"Then let Ensign Fortescue keep the key of the cell himself. Tell him moreover, I shall hold him individually responsible for his charge."

Once more the prisoner was marched out of the area; and, as the clanking sound of his chains became gradually fainter in the distance, the same voice that had before interrupted the proceedings, pronounced a "God be praised!—God be praised!" with such melody of sorrow in its intonations that no one could listen to it unmoved. Both officers and men were more or less affected, and all hoped—they scarcely knew why or what—but all hoped something favourable would occur to save the life of the brave and unhappy Frank Halloway.

Of the first interruption by the wife of the prisoner the governor had taken no notice: but on this repetition of the expression of her feelings he briefly summoned, in the absence of the adjutant, the sergeant-major of the regiment to his side.

"Sergeant-major Bletson, I desire that, in future, on all occasions of this kind, the women of the regiment may be kept out of the way. Look to it, sir!"

The sergeant-major, who had stood erect as his own halbert, which he held before him in a saluting position, during this brief admonition of his colonel, acknowledged, by a certain air of deferential respect and dropping of the eyes, unaccompanied by speech of any kind, that he felt the reproof, and would, in future, take care to avoid all similar cause for complaint. He then stalked stiffly away, and resumed, in a few hasty strides, his position in rear of the troops.

"Hard-hearted man!" pursued the same voice: "if my prayers of gratitude to heaven give offence, may the hour never come when my lips shall pronounce their bitterest curse upon your severity!"

There was something so painfully wild—so solemnly prophetic—in these sounds of sorrow as they fell faintly upon the ear, and especially under the extraordinary circumstances of the night, that they might have been taken for the warnings of some supernatural agency. During their utterance, not even the breathing of human life was to be heard in the ranks. In the next instant, however, Sergeant-major Bletson was seen repairing, with long and hasty strides, to the barrack whence the voice proceeded, and the interruption was heard no more.

Meanwhile the officers, who had been summoned from the ranks for the purpose of forming the court-martial, still lingered in the centre of the square, apparently waiting for the order of their superior, before they should resume their respective stations. As the quick and commanding glance of Colonel de Haldimar now embraced

the group, he at once became sensible of the absence of one of the seniors, all of whom he had desired should be selected for the court-martial.

"Mr. Lawson," he remarked, somewhat sternly, as the adjutant now returned from delivering over his prisoner to Ensign Fortescue, "I thought I understood from your report the officers were all present!"

"I believe, sir, my report will be found perfectly correct," returned the adjutant, in a tone which, without being disrespectful, marked his offended sense of the implication.

"And Lieutenant Murphy —"

"Is here, sir," said the adjutant, pointing to a couple of files of the guard, who were bearing a heavy burden, and following into the square. "Lieutenant Murphy," he pursued, "has been shot on the ramparts; and I have, as directed by Captain Blessington, caused the body to be brought here, that I may receive your orders respecting the interment." As he spoke, he removed a long military grey cloak, which completely enshrouded the corpse, and disclosed, by the light of the still brightly flaming torches of the gunners, the features of the unfortunate Murphy.

"How did he meet his death?" enquired the governor; without, however, manifesting the slightest surprise, or appearing at all moved at the discovery.

"By a rifle shot fired from the common, near the old bomb proof," observed Captain Blessington, as the adjutant looked to him for the particular explanation he could not render himself.

"Ah! this reminds me," pursued the austere commandant,— "there was a shot fired also from the ramparts. By whom, and at what?"

"By me, sir," said Lieutenant Valletort, coming forward from the ranks, "and at what I conceived to be an Indian, lurking as a spy upon the common."

"Then, Lieutenant Sir Everard Valletort, no repetition of these firings, if you please; and let it be borne in mind by all, that although, from the peculiar nature of the service in which we are engaged, I so far depart from the established regulations of the army as to permit my officers to arm themselves with rifles, they are to be used only as occasion may require in the hour of conflict, and not for the purpose of throwing a whole garrison into alarm by trials of skill and dexterity upon shadows at this unseasonable hour."

"I was not aware, sir," returned Sir Everard proudly, and secretly galled at being thus addressed before the men, "it could be deemed a military crime to destroy an enemy at whatever hour he might present himself, and especially on such an occasion as the present. As for my firing at a shadow, those who heard the yell that followed the second shot, can determine that it came from no shadow, but from a fierce and vindictive enemy. The cry denoted even something more than the ordinary defiance of an Indian: it seemed to express a fiendish sentiment of personal triumph and revenge."

The governor started involuntarily. "Do you imagine, Sir Everard Valletort, the aim of your rifle was true—that you hit him?"

The question was asked so hurriedly, and in a tone so different from that in which he had hitherto spoken, that the officers around simultaneously raised their eyes to those of their colonel with an expression of undissembled surprise. He observed it, and instantly resumed his habitual sternness of look and manner.

"I rather fear not, sir," replied Sir Everard, who had principally remarked the emotion, "but may I hope (and this was said with emphasis), in the evident disappointment you experience at my want of success, my offence may be overlooked?"

The governor fixed his penetrating eyes on the speaker, as if he would have read his inmost mind; and then calmly, and even impressively observed,—

"Sir Everard Valletort, I do overlook the offence, and hope you may as easily forgive yourself. It were well, however, that your indiscretion, which can only find its excuse in your being so young an officer, had not been altogether without some good result. Had you killed or disabled the—savage, there might have been a decent palliative offered; but what must be your feelings, sir, when you reflect, the death of your officer," and he pointed to the corpse of the unhappy Murphy, "is, in a great degree, attributable to yourself? Had you not provoked the anger of the savage, and given a direction to his aim by the impotent and wanton discharge of your own rifle, this accident would never have happened."

This severe reproving of an officer, who had acted from the most praiseworthy of motives, and who could not possibly have anticipated the unfortunate catastrophe that had occurred, was considered especially harsh and

unkind by every one present; and a low and almost inaudible murmur passed through the company to which Sir Everard was attached. For a minute or two that officer also appeared deeply pained, not more from the reproof itself than from the new light in which the observation of his chief had taught him to view, for the first time, the causes that had led to the fall of Murphy. Finding, however, that the governor had no further remark to address to him, he once more returned to his station in the ranks.

"Mr. Lawson," resumed the commandant, turning to the adjutant, "let this victim be carried to the spot on which he fell, and there interred. I know no better grave for a soldier than beneath the sod that has been moistened with his blood. Recollect," he continued, as the adjutant once more led the party out of the area,— "no firing, Mr. Lawson. The duty must be silently performed, and without the risk of provoking a forest of arrows, or a shower of bullets, from the savages. Major Blackwater," he pursued, as soon as the corpse had been removed, "let the men pile their arms even as they now stand, and remain ready to fall in at a minute's notice. Should any thing extraordinary happen before the morning, you will, of course, apprise me." He then strode out of the area with the same haughty and measured step that had characterised his entrance.

"Our colonel does not appear to be in one of his most amiable moods to-night," observed Captain Blessington, as the officers, after having disposed of their respective companies, now proceeded along the ramparts to assist at the last funeral offices of their unhappy associate. "He was disposed to be severe, and must have put you, in some measure, out of conceit with your favourite rifle, Valletort."

"True," rejoined the baronet, who had already rallied from the momentary depression of his spirits, "he hit me devilish hard, I confess, and was disposed to display more of the commanding officer than quite suits my ideas of the service. His words were as caustic as his looks; and could both have pierced me to the quick, there was no inclination on his part wanting. By my soul I could . . . but I forgive him. He is the father of my friend: and for that reason will I chew the cud of my mortification, nor suffer, if possible, a sense of his unkindness to rankle at my heart. At all events, Blessington, my mind is made up, and resign or exchange I certainly shall the instant I can find a decent loop-hole to creep out of."

Sir Everard fancied the ear of his captain was alone listening to these expressions of his feeling, or in all probability he would not have uttered them. As he concluded the last sentence, however, he felt his arm gently grasped by one who walked a pace or two silently in their rear. He turned, and recognised Charles de Haldimar.

"I am sure, Valletort, you will believe how much pained I have been at the severity of my father; but, indeed, there was nothing personally offensive intended. Blessington can tell you, as well as myself, it is his manner altogether. Nay, that although he is the first in seniority after Blackwater, the governor treats him with the same distance and hauteur he would use towards the youngest ensign in the service. Such are the effects of his long military habits, and his ideas of the absolutism of command. Am I not right, Blessington?"

"Quite right, Charles. Sir Everard may satisfy himself his is no solitary instance of the stern severity of your father. Still, I confess, notwithstanding the rigidity of manner which he seems, on all occasions, to think so indispensable to the maintenance of authority in a commanding officer, I never know him so inclined to find fault as he is to-night."

"Perhaps," observed Valletort, good humouredly, "his conscience is rather restless; and he is willing to get rid of it and his spleen together. I would wager my rifle against the worthless scalp of the rascal I fired at to-night, that this same stranger, whose asserted appearance has called us from our comfortable beds, is but the creation of his disturbed dreams. Indeed, how is it possible any thing formed of flesh and blood could have escaped us with the vigilant watch that has been kept on the ramparts? The old gentleman certainly had that illusion strongly impressed on his mind when he so sapiently spoke of my firing at a shadow."

"But the gate," interrupted Charles de Haldimar, with something of mild reproach in his tones,— "you forget, Valletort, the gate was found unlocked, and that my brother is missing. He, at least, was flesh and blood, as you say, and yet he has disappeared. What more probable, therefore, than that this stranger is at once the cause and the agent of his abduction?"

"Impossible, Charles," observed Captain Blessington; "Frederick was in the midst of his guard. How, therefore, could he be conveyed away without the alarm being given? Numbers only could have succeeded in so desperate an enterprise; and yet there is no evidence, or even suspicion, of more than one individual having been here."

"It is a singular affair altogether," returned Sir Everard, musingly. "Of two things, however, I am satisfied. The first is, that the stranger, whoever he may be, and if he really has been here, is no Indian; the second, that he is personally known to the governor, who has been, or I mistake much, more alarmed at his individual presence than if Pontiac and his whole band had suddenly broken in upon us. Did you remark his emotion, when I dwelt on the peculiar character of personal triumph and revenge which the cry of the lurking villain outside seem to express? and did you notice the eagerness with which he enquired if I thought I had hit him? Depend upon it, there is more in all this than is dreamt of in our philosophy."

"And it was your undisguised perception of that emotion," remarked Captain Blessington, "that drew down his severity upon your own head. It was, however, too palpable not to be noticed by all; and I dare say conjecture is as busily and as vaguely at work among our companions as it is with us. The clue to the mystery, in a great degree, now dwells with Frank Halloway; and to him we must look for its elucidation. His disclosure will be one, I apprehend, full of ignominy to himself, but of the highest interest and importance to us all. And yet I know not how to believe the man the traitor he appears."

"Did you remark that last harrowing exclamation of his wife?" observed Charles de Haldimar, in a tone of unspeakable melancholy. "How fearfully prophetic it sounded in my ears. I know not how it is," he pursued, "but I wish I had not heard those sounds; for since that moment I have had a sad strange presentiment of evil at my heart. Heaven grant my poor brother may make his appearance, as I still trust he will, at the hour Halloway seems to expect, for if not, the latter most assuredly dies. I know my father well; and, if convicted by a court martial, no human power can alter the destiny that awaits Frank Halloway."

"Rally, my dear Charles, rally," said Sir Everard, affecting a confidence he did not feel himself; "indulge not in these idle and superstitious fancies. I pity Halloway from my soul, and feel the deepest interest in his pretty and unhappy wife; but that is no reason why one should attach importance to the incoherent expressions wrung from her in the agony of grief."

"It is kind of you, Valletort, to endeavour to cheer my spirits, when, if the truth were confessed, you acknowledge the influence of the same feelings. I thank you for the attempt, but time alone can show how far I shall have reason, or otherwise, to lament the occurrences of this night."

"They had now reached that part of the ramparts whence the shot from Sir Everard's rifle had been fired. Several men were occupied in digging a grave in the precise spot on which the unfortunate Murphy had stood when he received his death wound; and into this, when completed, the body, enshrouded in the cloak already alluded to, was deposited by his companions."

CHAPTER IV.

While the adjutant was yet reading, in a low and solemn voice, the service for the dead, a fierce and distant yell, as if from a legion of devils, burst suddenly from the forest, and brought the hands of the startled officers instinctively to their swords. This appalling cry lasted, without interruption, for many minutes, and was then, as abruptly checked as it had been unexpectedly delivered. A considerable pause succeeded, and then again it rose with even more startling vehemence than before. By one unaccustomed to those devilish sounds, no distinction could have been made in the two several yells that had been thus savagely pealed forth; but those to whom practice and long experience in the warlike habits and customs of the Indians had rendered their shouts familiar, at once divined, or fancied they divined, the cause. The first was, to their conception, a yell expressive at once of vengeance and disappointment in pursuit,—perhaps of some prisoner who had escaped from their toils; the second, of triumph and success,—in all probability, indicative of the recapture of that prisoner. For many minutes afterwards the officers continued to listen, with the most aching attention, for a repetition of the cry, or even

fainter sounds, that might denote either a nearer approach to the fort, or the final departure of the Indians. After the second yell, however, the woods, in the heart of which it appeared to have been uttered, were buried in as profound a silence as if they had never yet echoed back the voice of man; and all at length became satisfied that the Indians, having accomplished some particular purpose, had retired once more to their distant encampments for the night. Captain Erskine was the first who broke the almost breathless silence that prevailed among themselves.

"On my life, De Haldimar is a prisoner with the Indians. He has been attempting his escape,—has been detected,—followed, and again fallen into their hands. I know their infernal yells but too well. The last expressed their savage joy at the capture of a prisoner; and there is no one of us missing but De Haldimar."

"Not a doubt of it," said Captain Blessington; the cry was certainly what you describe it, and Heaven only knows what will be the fate of our poor friend."

No other officer spoke, for all were oppressed by the weight of their own feelings, and sought rather to give indulgence to speculation in secret, than to share their impressions with their companions. Charles de Haldimar stood a little in the rear, leaning his head upon his hand against the box of the sentry, (who was silently, though anxiously, pacing his walk,) and in an attitude expressive of the deepest dejection and sorrow.

"I suppose I must finish Lawson's work, although I am but a poor hand at this sort of thing," resumed Captain Erskine, taking up the prayer book the adjutant had, in hastening on the first alarm to get the men under arms, carelessly thrown on the grave of the now unconscious Murphy.

He then commenced the service at the point where Mr. Lawson had so abruptly broken off, and went through the remainder of the prayers. A very few minutes sufficed for the performance of this solemn duty, which was effected by the faint dim light of the at length dawning day, and the men in attendance proceeded to fill up the grave of their officer.

Gradually the mists, that had fallen during the latter hours of the night, began to ascend from the common, and disperse themselves in air, conveying the appearance of a rolling sheet of vapour retiring back upon itself, and disclosing objects in succession, until the eye could embrace all that came within its extent of vision. As the officers yet lingered near the rude grave of their companion, watching with abstracted air the languid and almost mechanical action of their jaded men, as they emptied shovel after shovel of the damp earth over the body of its new tenant, they were suddenly startled by an expression of exultation from Sir Everard Valletort.

"By Jupiter, I have pinked him," he exclaimed triumphantly. "I knew my rifle could not err; and as for my sight, I have carried away too many prizes in target-shooting to have been deceived in that. How delighted the old governor will be, Charles, to hear this. No more lecturing, I am sure, for the next six months at least;" and the young officer rubbed his hands together, at the success of his shot, with as much satisfaction and unconcern for the future, as if he had been in his own native England, in the midst of a prize-ring.

Roused by the observation of his friend, De Haldimar quitted his position near the sentry box, and advanced to the outer edge of the rampart. To him, as to his companions, the outline of the old bomb-proof was now distinctly visible, but it was some time before they could discover, in the direction in which Valletort pointed, a dark speck upon the common; and this so indistinctly, they could scarcely distinguish it with the naked eye.

"Your sight is quite equal to your aim, Sir Everard," remarked Lieutenant Johnstone, one of Erskine's subalterns, "and both are decidedly superior to mine; yet I used to be thought a good rifleman too, and have credit for an eye no less keen than that of an Indian; you have the advantage of me, however; for I honestly admit I never could have picked off yon fellow in the dark as you have done."

As the dawn increased, the dark shadow of a human form, stretched at its length upon the ground, became perceptible; and the officers, with one unanimous voice, bore loud testimony to the skill and dexterity of him who had, under such extreme disadvantages, accomplished the death of their skulking enemy.

"Bravo, Valletort," said Charles de Haldimar, recovering his spirits, as much from the idea, now occurring to him, that this might indeed be the stranger whose appearance had so greatly disturbed his father, as from the gratification he felt in the praises bestowed on his friend. "Bravo, my dear fellow!" then approaching, and in a

half whisper, "when next I write to Clara, I shall request her, with my cousin's assistance, to prepare a chaplet of bays, wherewith I shall myself crown you as their proxy. But what is the matter now, Valletort? Why stand you there gazing upon the common, as if the victim of your murderous aim was rising from his bloody couch, to reproach you with his death? Tell me, shall I write to Clara for the prize, or will you receive it from her own hands?"

"Bid her rather pour her curses on my head; and to those, De Haldimar, add your own," exclaimed Sir Everard, at length raising himself from the statue-like position he had assumed. "Almighty God," he pursued, in the same tone of deep agony, "what have I done? Where, where shall I hide myself?"

As he spoke he turned away from his companions, and covering his eyes with his hand, with quick and unequal steps, even like those of a drunken man, walked, or rather ran, along the rampart, as if fearful of being overtaken. The whole group of officers, and Charles de Haldimar in particular, were struck with dismay at the language and action of Sir Everard; and for a moment they fancied that fatigue, and watching, and excitement, had partially affected his brain. But when, after the lapse of a minute or two, they again looked out upon the common, the secret of his agitation was too faithfully and too painfully explained.

What had at first the dusky and dingy hue of a half-naked Indian, was now perceived, by the bright beams of light just gathering in the east, to be the gay and striking uniform of a British officer. Doubt as to who that officer was there could be none, for the white sword-belt suspended over the right shoulder, and thrown into strong relief by the field of scarlet on which it reposed, denoted the wearer of this distinguishing badge of duty to be one of the guard.

If they could regret the loss of such a companion as Murphy, how deep and heartfelt must have been the sorrow they experienced when they beheld the brave, generous, manly, amiable, and highly-talented Frederick de Haldimar—the pride of the garrison, and the idol of his family—lying extended, a cold, senseless corpse, slain by the hand of the bosom friend of his brother!—Notwithstanding the stern severity and distance of the governor, whom few circumstances, however critical or exciting, could surprise into relaxation of his habitual stateiness, it would have been difficult to name two young men more universally liked and esteemed by their brother officers than were the De Haldimars—the first for the qualities already named—the second, for those retiring, mild, winning manners, and gentle affections, added to extreme and almost feminine beauty of countenance for which he was remarkable. Alas, what a gloomy picture was now exhibited to the minds of all! Frederick de Haldimar a corpse, and slain by the hand of Sir Everard Valletort! What but disunion could follow this melancholy catastrophe? and how could Charles de Haldimar, even if his bland nature should survive the shock, ever bear to look again upon the man who had, however innocently or unintentionally, deprived him of a brother whom he adored?

These were the impressions that passed through the minds of the compassionating officers, as they directed their glance alternately from the common to the pale and marble-like features of the younger De Haldimar, who, with parted lips and stupid gaze, continued to fix his eyes upon the inanimate form of his ill-fated brother, as if the very faculty of life itself had been for a period suspended. At length, however, while his companions watched in silence the mining workings of that grief which they feared to interrupt by ill-timed observations, even of condolence, the death-like hue, which had hitherto suffused the usually blooming cheek of the young officer, was succeeded by a flush of the deepest dye, while his eyes, swollen by the tide of blood now rushing violently to his face, appeared to be bursting from their sockets. The shock was more than his delicate frame, exhausted as it was by watching and fatigue, could bear. He tottered, reeled, pressed his hand upon his head, and before any one could render him assistance, fell senseless on the ramparts.

During the interval between Sir Everard Valletort's exclamation, and the fall of Charles de Haldimar, the men employed at the grave had performed their duty, and were gazing with mingled astonishment and concern, both on the body of their murdered officer, and on the dumb scene acting around them. Two of these were now despatched for a litter, with which they speedily reappeared. On this Charles de Haldimar, already delirious with the fever of intense excitement, was carefully placed, and, followed by Captain Blessington and Lieute-

Pant Johnstone, borne to his apartment in the small range of buildings constituting the officers' barracks. Captain Erskine undertook the disagreeable office of communicating these distressing events to the governor; and the remainder of the officers once more hastened to join or linger near their respective companies, in readiness for the order which it was expected would be given to despatch a numerous party of the garrison to secure the body of Captain de Haldimar.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was just rising above the horizon, in all that peculiar softness of splendour which characterises the early days of autumn in America, as Captain Erskine led his company across the drawbridge that communicated with the fort. It was the first time it had been lowered since the investment of the garrison by the Indians; and as the dull and rusty chains performed their service with a harsh and grating sound, it seemed as if an earnest were given of melancholy boding. Although the distance to be traversed was small, the risk the party incurred was great; for it was probable the savages ever on the alert, would not suffer them to effect their object unmolested. It was perhaps singular, and certainly contradictory, that an officer of the acknowledged prudence and forethought ascribed to the governor—qualities which in a great degree neutralised his excessive severity in the eyes of his troops—should have hazarded the chance of having his garrison enfeebled by the destruction of a part, if not of the whole, of the company appointed to this dangerous duty; but with all his severity, Colonel de Haldimar was not without strong affection for his children. The feelings of the father, therefore, in a great degree triumphed over the prudence of the commander: and to shield the corpse of his son from the indignities which he well knew would be inflicted on it by Indian barbarity, he had been induced to accede to the earnest prayer of Captain Erskine, that he might be permitted to lead out his company for the purpose of securing the body. Every means were, however, taken to cover the advance, and ensure the retreat of the detachment. The remainder of the troops were distributed along the rear of the ramparts, with instructions to lie flat on their faces until summoned by their officers from that position; which was to be done only in the event of close pursuit from the savages. Artillerymen were also stationed at the several guns that flanked the rear of the fort, and necessarily commanded both the common and the outskirt of the forest, with orders to fire with grape-shot at a given signal. Captain Erskine's instructions were, moreover, if attacked, to retreat back under the guns of the fort slowly and in good order, and without turning his back upon the enemy.

Thus confident of support, the party, after traversing the drawbridge with fixed bayonets, inclined to the right, and following the winding of the ditch by which it was surrounded, made the semi-circuit of the rampart until they gained the immediate centre of the rear, and in a direct line with the bomb-proof. Here their mode of advance was altered, to guard more effectually against the enemy with whom they might possibly have to contend. The front and rear ranks of the company, consisting in all of ninety men, were so placed as to leave space in the event of attack, of a portion of each wheeling inwards so as to present in an instant three equal faces of a square. As the rear was sufficiently covered by the cannon of the fort to defeat any attempt to turn their flanks, the manœuvre was one that enabled them to present a fuller front in whatever other quarter they might be attacked; and had this additional advantage, that in the advance by single files a narrower front was given to the aim of the Indians, who, unless they fired in an oblique direction, could only, of necessity, bring down two men (the leading files) at a time.

In this order, and anxiously overlooked by their comrades, whose eyes alone peered from above the surface of the rampart on which they lay prostrate, the detachment crossed the common; one rank headed by Captain Erskine, the other by Lieutenant Johnstone. They had now approached within a few yards of the unfortunate victim, when Captain Erskine commanded a halt of his party; and two files were detached from the rear of each rank, to place the body on a litter with which they had provided themselves. He and Johnstone also moved in the same direction in advance of the men, prepared to render assistance if required. The corpse lay on its face, and in no way despoiled of any of its glittering habiliments; a circumstance that too well confirmed the

fact of De Haldimar's death having been accomplished by the ball from Sir Everard Valletort's rifle. It appeared, however, the ill-fated officer had struggled much in the agonies of death; for the left leg was drawn up into an unnatural state of contraction, and the right hand, closely compressed, grasped a quantity of grass and soil, which had evidently been torn up in a paroxysm of suffering and despair.

The men placed the litter at the side of the body, which they now proceeded to raise. As they were in the act of depositing it on this temporary bier, the plumed hat fell from the head, and disclosed, to the astonishment of all, the scalpless crown completely saturated in its own clotted blood and oozing brains. An exclamation of horror and disgust escaped at the same moment from the lips of the two officers, and the men started back from their charge as if a basilisk had suddenly appeared before them. Captain Erskine pursued:—

"What the devil is the meaning of all this, Johnstone?" "What, indeed!" rejoined his lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders, that was intended to express his inability to form any opinion on the subject.

"Unless it should prove," continued Erskine, "as I sincerely trust it may, that poor Valletort is not, after all, the murderer of his friend. It must be so. De Haldimar has been slain by the same Indian who killed Murphy. Do you recollect his scalp cry? He was in the act of despoiling his victim of this trophy of success, when Sir Everard fired. Examine the body well, Mitchell, and discover where the wound lies."

The old soldier to whom this order was addressed now prepared, with the assistance of his comrades, to turn the body upon its back, when suddenly the air was rent with terrific yells, that seemed to be uttered in their very ears, and in the next instant more than a hundred dark and hideous savages sprang simultaneously to their feet within the bomb-proof, while every tree along the skirt of the forest gave back the towering form of a warrior. Each of these, in addition to his rifle, was armed with all those destructive implements of warfare which render the Indians of America so formidable and so terrible an enemy.

"Stand to your arms, men," shouted Captain Erskine, recovering from his first and unavoidable, though but momentary, surprise. "First and fourth sections, on your right and left backwards wheel:—Quick, men, within the square, for your lives." As he spoke, he and Lieutenant Johnstone sprang hastily back, and in time to obtain admittance within the troops, who had rapidly executed the manœuvre commanded. Not so with Mitchell and his companions. On the first alarm they had quitted the body of the mutilated officer, and flown to secure their arms, but even while in the act of stooping to take them up, they had been grappled by a powerful and vindictive foe; and the first thing they beheld on regaining their upright position, was a dusky Indian at the side, and a gleaming tomahawk flashing rapidly round the head of each.

"Fire not, on your lives," exclaimed Captain Erskine hastily, as he saw several of the men in front levelling, in the excitement of the moment, their muskets at the threatening savages. "Prepare for attack," he pursued; and in the next instant each man dropped on his right knee, and a barrier of bristling bayonets seemed to rise from the very bowels of the earth. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, the bold and daring warriors, although still retaining their firm grasp of the unhappy soldiers, were for a moment diverted from their bloody purpose, and temporarily suspended the quick and rotatory motion of their weapons. Captain Erskine took advantage of this pause to seize the halbert of one of his sergeants, to the extreme point of which he hastily attached a white pocket handkerchief, that was loosely thrust into the breast of his uniform; this he waved on high three several times, and then relinquishing the halbert, dropped also on his knee within the square.

"The dog of a Sagawak asks for mercy," said a voice from within the bomb-proof, and speaking in the dialect of the Ottawas. "His pale flag bespeaks the quailing of his heart, and his attitude denotes the timidity of the hind. His warriors are like himself, and even now upon their knees they call upon their Manitou to preserve them from the vengeance of the red-skins. But mercy is not for dogs like these. Now is the time to make our tomahawks warm in their blood; and every head that we count shall be a scalp upon our war poles."

As he ceased, one universal and portentous yell burst from the fiend-like band; and again the weapons of

death were fiercely brandished around the heads of the stupified soldiers who had fallen into their power.

"What can they be about?" anxiously exclaimed Captain Erskine, in the midst of this deafening clamour, to his subaltern. "Quiet, man; damn you, quiet, or I'll cut you down," he pursued, addressing one of his soldiers, whose impatience caused him to bring his musket half up to the shoulder. And again he turned his head in the direction of the fort:—"Thank God, here it comes at last,—I feared my signal had not been noticed."

While he yet spoke, the loud roaring of a cannon from the ramparts was heard, and a shower of grape-shot passed over the heads of the detachment, and was seen tearing up the earth around the bomb-proof, and scattering fragments of stone and wood into the air. The men simultaneously and unbidden gave three cheers.

In an instant the scene was changed. As if moved by some mechanical impulse, the fierce band that lined the bomb-proof sank below the surface, and were no longer visible, while the warriors in the forest again sought shelter behind the trees. The captured soldiers were also liberated without injury, so sudden and startling had been the terror produced in the savages by the lightning flash that announced its heavy messengers of destruction. Discharge after discharge succeeded without intermission; but the guns had been levelled so high, to prevent injury to their own men; they had little other effect than to keep the Indians from the attack. The rush of bullets through the close forest, and the crashing of trees and branches as they fell with startling force upon each other, were, with the peals of artillery, the only noises now to be heard; for not a yell, not a word was uttered by the Indians after the first discharge; and but for the certainty that existed in every mind, it might have been supposed the whole of them had retired.

"Now is your time," cried Captain Erskine; "bring in the litter to the rear, and stoop as much as possible to avoid the shot."

The poor half-strangled fellows, however, instead of obeying the order of their captain, looked round in every direction for the enemy by whom they had been so rudely handled, and who had glided from them almost as imperceptibly and swiftly as they had at first approached. It seemed as if they apprehended that any attempt to remove the body would be visited by those fierce devils with the same appalling and ferocious threatenings.

"Why stand ye there, ye dolts," continued their captain, "looking around as if ye were bewitched? Bring the litter in to the rear. Mitchell, you old fool, are you grown a coward in your age? Are you not ashamed to set such an example to your comrades?"

The doubt thus implied of the courage of his men, who, in fact, were merely stupified with the scene they had gone through, had, as Captain Erskine expected, the desired effect. They now bent themselves to the litter, on which they had previously deposited their muskets, and with a self-possession that contrasted singularly with their recent air of wild astonishment, bore it to the rear at the risk of being cut in two at every moment by the fire from the fort. One fierce yell, instinctively proffered by several of the lurking band in the forest, marked their disappointment and rage at the escape of their victims; but all attempt at uncovering themselves, so as to be enabled to fire, was prevented by the additional showers of grape which that yell immediately brought upon them.

The position in which Captain Erskine now found himself was highly critical. Before him, and on either flank, was a multitude of savages, who only awaited the cessation of the fire from the fort to commence their fierce and impetuous attack. That that fire could not long be sustained was evident, since ammunition could ill be spared for the present inefficient purpose, where supplies of all kinds were so difficult to be obtained; and, if he should attempt a retreat, the upright position of his men exposed them to the risk of being swept away by the ponderous metal, that already fanned their cheeks with the air it so rapidly divided. Suddenly, however, the fire from the batteries was discontinued, and this he knew to be a signal for himself. He gave an order in a low voice, and the detachment quitted their recumbent and defensive position, still remaining formed in square. At the same instant, a gun flashed from the fort; but not as before was heard the rushing sound of the destructive shot crushing the trees in its resistless course. The Indians took courage at this circumstance, for they deemed the bullets of their enemies

were expended; and that they were merely discharging their powder to keep up the apprehension originally produced. Again they showed themselves, like so many demons, from behind their lurking places; and yells and shouts of the most terrific and threatening character once more rent the air, and echoed through the woods. Their cries of anticipated triumph were, however, but of short duration. Presently, a hissing noise was heard in the air; and close to the bomb-proof, and at the very skirt of the forest, they beheld a huge globe of iron fall perpendicularly to the earth, to the outer part of which was attached what they supposed to be a reed, that spat forth innumerable sparks of fire, without however, seeming to threaten the slightest injury. Attracted by the novel sight, a dozen warriors sprang to the spot, and fastened their gaze upon it with all the childish wonder and curiosity of men in a savage state. One, more eager and restless than his fellows, stooped over it to feel with his hand of what it was composed. At that moment it burst, and limbs, and head, and entrails, were seen flying in the air, with the fragments of the shell, and prostrate and struggling forms lay writhing on every hand in the last, fierce agonies of death.

A yell of despair and a shout of triumph burst at the same moment from the adverse parties. Taking advantage of the terror produced, by this catastrophe, in the savages, Captain Erskine caused the men bearing the corpse to retreat, with all possible expedition, under the ramparts of the fort. He waited until they got nearly half way, and then threw forward the wheeling sections, that had covered this movement, once more into single file, in which order he commenced his retreat. Step by step, and almost imperceptibly, the men paced backwards, ready, at a moment's notice, to re-form the square. Partly recovered from the terror and surprise produced by the bursting of the shell, the Indians were quick in perceiving this movement: filled with rage at having been so long balked of their aim, they threw themselves once more impetuously from their cover; and, with stimulating yells, at length opened their fire. Several of Captain Erskine's men were wounded by this discharge; when, again, and furiously the cannon opened from the fort. It was then that the superiority of the artillery was made manifest. Both right and left of the retreating files the ponderous shot flew heavily past, carrying death and terror to the Indians; while not a man of those who intervened was scathed or touched in its progress. The warriors in the forest were once more compelled to shelter themselves behind the trees; but in the bomb-proof, where they were more secure, they were also more bold. From this a galling fire, mingled with the most hideous yells, was now kept up; and the detachment, in their slow retreat, suffered considerably. Several men had been killed; and, about twenty, including Lieutenant Johnstone, wounded, when again, one of those murderous globes fell, hissing in the very centre of the bomb-proof. In an instant, the Indian fire was discontinued; and their dark and plant forms were seen hurrying with almost incredible rapidity over the dilapidated walls, and flying into the very heart of the forest, so that when the shell exploded, a few seconds afterwards, not a warrior was to be seen. From this moment the attack was not renewed, and Captain Erskine made good his retreat without further molestation.

"Well, old buffers!" exclaimed one of the leading files, as the detachment, preceded by its dead and wounded, now moved along the moat in the direction of the draw-bridge. "how did you like the grip of them black savages?—I say, Mitchell, old Nick will scarcely know the face of you, it's so much altered by fright. Did you see?" turning to the man in his rear, "how harum-scarum he looked, when the captain called out to him to come off?"

"Hold your clapper, you spooney, and be d——d to you!" exclaimed the angry veteran.—"Had the Indian fastened his paw upon your ugly neck as he did upon mine, all the pitiful life your mother ever put into you would have been spirited away from very fear; so you needn't brag."

"Sure, and if any of ye had a grain of spunk, ye would have fired, and freed a fellow from the clutch of them Ingin thieves," muttered another of the men at the litter. "All the time, the devil had me by the throat, swinging his tommyhawk about my head, I saw ye dancing up and down in the heavens, instead of being on your marrow-bones on the common."

"And didn't I want to do it?" rejoined the first speaker. "Ask Tom Winkler here, if the captain didn't

swear he'd cut my head off if I even offered so much as to touch the trigger of my musket."

"Faith, and lucky he did," replied his covering man. (for the ranks had again joined), "since but for that, there wouldn't be at this moment so much as a hair of the scalp of one of you left."

"By gracious," said a good-humoured, quaint looking Irishman, who had been fixing his eyes on the litter during this colloquy; "it sames to me, my boys, that ye have caught the wrong cow by the horns, and that all your pains has been for nothing at all, at all. By the pope, ye are all wrong; it's like bringing salt butter to Cork, or coals to your Newcastle, as ye call it. Who the devil ever heard of the officer wearing ammunition shoes?"

The men all turned their gaze on that part of the vestment of the corpse to which their attention had been directed by this remark, when it was at once perceived, although it had hitherto escaped the observation even of the officers, that, not only the shoes were those usually worn by the soldiers, and termed ammunition or store shoes, but also, the trowsers were of the description of coarse grey, peculiar to that class.

"By the piper and ye're right, Dick Doherty," exclaimed another Irishman; "sure, and it isn't the officer at all! Just look at the great black fist of him too, and never call me Phil Sheban, if it ever was made for the handling of an officer's spit."

"What a set of hignoramuses ye must be," granted old Mitchell, "not to see that the captain's hand is only covered with dirt; and as for the ammunition shoes and trowsers, why you know our officers wear any thing since we have been cooped up in this here fort."

"Yea, by the holy poker, off duty, if they like it," returned Phil Sheban; "but it isn't even the colonel's own born son that dare to do so while officer of the guard."

At this point of their conversation, one of the leading men at the litter, in turning to look at its subject, stumbled over the root of a stump that lay in his way, and fell violently forward. The sudden action destroyed the equilibrium of the corpse, which rolled off its temporary bier upon the earth, and disclosed, for the first time, a face begrimed with masses of clotted blood, which had streamed forth from the scalped brain during the night.

"It's the devil himself," said Phil Sheban, making the sign of the cross, half in jest, half in earnest: "for it isn't the captain at all, and who but the devil could have managed to clasp on his rigimintals?"

"No, it's an Ingian," remarked Dick Burford, sagaciously; "it's an Ingian that has killed the captain, and dressed himself in his clothes. I thought he smelt strong, when I helped to pick him up."

"What a set of prating fools ye are," interrupted the leading sergeant; "who ever saw an Ingian with light hair? and sure this hair in the neck is that of a Christian."

At that moment Captain Erskine, attracted by the sudden halt produced by the falling of the body, came quickly up to the front.

"What is the meaning of all this, Cassidy?" he sternly demanded of the sergeant; "why is this halt without my orders, and how comes the body here?"

"Carter stumbled against a root, sir, and the body rolled over upon the ground."

"And was the body to roll back again?" angrily rejoined his captain. "What mean ye, fellows, by standing there; quick, replace it upon the litter, and mind this does not occur again."

"They say, sir," said the sergeant, respectfully, as the men proceeded to their duty, "that it is not Captain de Haldimar after all, but an Ingian."

"Not Captain de Haldimar! are ye all mad? and have the Indians, in reality, turned your brains with fear?"

What, however, was his own surprise, and that of Lieutenant Johnstone, when, on a closer examination of the corpse, which the men had now placed with its face uppermost, they discovered the bewildering fact that it was not, indeed, Captain de Haldimar who lay before them, but a stranger, dressed in the uniform of that officer.

There was no time to solve, or even to dwell on the singular mystery; for the Indians, though now retired, might be expected to rally and renew the attack. Once more, therefore, the detachment moved forward; the officers dropping as before to the rear, to watch any movements of the enemy should he re-appear. Nothing, however, occurred to interrupt their march; and in a few minutes the heavy clanking sound of the chains of the

drawbridge, as it was again raised by its strong pulleys, and the dull creaking sound of the rusty bolts and locks that secured the ponderous gate, announced the detachment was once more safely within the fort.

While the wounded men were being conveyed to the hospital, a group, comprising almost all the officers of the garrison, hastened to meet Captain Erskine and Lieutenant Johnstone. Congratulations on the escape of the one, and compliments, rather than condolences, on the accident of the other, which the arm *en écharpe* denoted to be slight, were hastily and warmly proffered. These felicitations were the genuine ebullitions of the hearts of men who really felt a pride, unmixed with jealousy, in the conduct of their fellows; and so cool and excellent had been the manner in which Captain Erskine had accomplished his object, that it had claimed the undivided admiration of all who had been spectators of the affair, and had, with the aid of their telescopes, been enabled to follow the minutest movements of the detachment.

"By heaven!" he at length replied, his chest swelling with gratified pride at the warm and generous approval of his companions; "this more than repays me for every risk. Yet, to be sincere, the credit is not mine, but Wentworth's. But for you, my dear fellow," grasping and shaking the hand of that officer, "we should have rendered but a Flemish account of ourselves. How beautifully those guns covered our retreat! and the first mortar that sent the howling devils flying in air like so many Will-o'-the-wisps, who placed that, Wentworth?"

"I did," replied the officer, with a quickness that denoted a natural feeling of exultation; "but Bombardier Kitson's was the most effective. It was his shell that drove the Indians finally out of the bomb-proof, and left the coast clear for your retreat."

"Then Kitson, and his gunners also, merit our best thanks," pursued Captain Erskine, whose spirits, now that his detachment was in safety, were more than usually exhilarated by the exciting events of the last hour; "and what will be more acceptable, perhaps, they shall each have a glass of my best old Jamaica before they sleep,—and such stuff is not to be met with every day in this wilderness of a country. But, confound my stupid head! where are Charles de Haldimar and Sir Everard Valletot?"

"Poor Charles is in a high fever, and confined to his bed," remarked Captain Blessington, who now came up adding his congratulations in a low tone, that marked the dependency of his heart; "and Sir Everard I have just left on the rampart with the company, looking, as he well may, the very image of despair."

"Run to them, Summers, my dear boy," said Erskine, hastily addressing himself to a young ensign who stood near him; "run quickly, and relieve them of their errors. Say it is not De Haldimar who has been killed, therefore they need not make themselves any longer uneasy on that score." The officers gave a start of surprise. Summers, however, hastened to acquit himself of the pleasing task assigned him, without waiting to hear the explanation of the singular declaration.

"Not De Haldimar!" eagerly and anxiously exclaimed Captain Blessington; "who then have you brought to us in his uniform, which I clearly distinguished from the rampart as you passed? Surely you would not tamper with us at such a moment, Erskine?"

"Who it is, I know no more than Adam," rejoined the other; "unless, indeed, it be the devil himself. All I do know, is, it is not our friend De Haldimar; although, as you observe, he most certainly wears his uniform. But you shall see and judge for yourselves, gentlemen. Sergeant Cassidy," he enquired of that individual, who now came to ask if the detachment was to be dismissed, "where have you placed the litter?"

"Under the piazza of the guard-room, sir," answered the sergeant. These words had scarcely been uttered, when a general and hasty movement of the officers, anxious to satisfy themselves by personal observation it was not indeed De Haldimar who had fallen, took place in the direction alluded to, and in the next moment they were at the side of the litter.

A blanket had been thrown upon the corpse to conceal the loathsome disfigurement of the face, over which masses of thick coagulated blood were laid in patches and streaks, that set all recognition at defiance. The formation of the head alone, which was round and short, denoted it to be *not* De Haldimar's. Not a feature was left undefiled; and even the eyes were so covered, it was impossible to say whether their lids were closed or open. More than one officer's cheek paled with the sickness that rose to his heart as he gazed on the hideous spectacle; yet, as the curiosity of all was strongly excited to know who the murdered man really was who had been so un-

accountably inducted in the uniform of their lost companion, they were resolved to satisfy themselves without further delay. A basin of warm water and a sponge were procured from the guard-room of Ensign Fortescue, who now joined them, and with these Captain Blessington proceeded to remove the disguise.

In the course of this lavation, it was discovered the extraordinary flow of blood and brains had been produced by the infliction of a deep wound on the back of the head, by the sharp and ponderous tomahawk of an Indian. It was the only blow that had been given; and the circumstance of the deceased having been found lying on his face, accounted for the quantity of gore, that, trickling downwards, had so completely disguised every feature. As the coat of thick encrusted matter gave way beneath the frequent application of the moistening sponge, the pallid hue of the countenance denoted the murdered man to be a white. All doubt, however, was soon at an end. The ammunition shoes, the grey trousers, the coarse linen, and the stiff leathern stock encircling the neck, attested the sufferer to be a soldier of the garrison; but it was not until the face had been completely denuded of its unsightly covering, and every feature fully exposed, that that soldier was at length recognised to be Harry Donellan, the trusty and attached servant of Captain de Haldimar.

While yet the officers stood apart, gazing at the corpse, and forming a variety of conjectures, as vague as they were unsatisfactory, in regard to their new mystery, Sir Everard Valletort, pale and breathless with the speed he had used, suddenly appeared among them.

"God of heaven! can it be true—and is it really not De Haldimar whom I have shot?" wildly asked the agitated young man. "Who is this, Erskine?" he continued, glancing at the litter. "Explain, for pity's sake, and quickly."

"Compose yourself, my dear Valletort," replied the officer addressed. "You see this is not De Haldimar, but his servant Donellan. Neither has the latter met his death from your rifle; there is no mark of a bullet about him. It was an Indian tomahawk that did his business; and I will stake my head against a hickory nut the blow came from the same rascal at whom you fired, and who gave back the shot and the scalp halloo."

This opinion was unanimously expressed by the remainder of the officers. Sir Everard was almost as much overpowered by his joy, as he had previously been overwhelmed by his despair, and he grasped and shook the hand of Captain Erskine, who had thus been the means of relieving his conscience, with an energy of gratitude and feeling that almost drew tears from the eyes of that blunt but gallant officer.

"Thank God! thank God!" he fervently exclaimed: "I have not then even the death of poor Donellan to answer for;" and hastening from the guard-room, he pursued his course hurriedly and delightedly to the barrack-room of his friend.

CHAPTER VI.

The hour fixed for the trial of the prisoner Holloway had now arrived, and the officers composing the court were all met in the mess-room of the garrison, surrounding a long table covered with green cloth, over which were distributed pens, ink, and paper for taking minutes of the evidence, and such notes of the proceedings as the several members might deem necessary in the course of the trial. Captain Blessington presided; and next him, on either hand, were the first in seniority, the two junior occupying the lowest places. The demeanour of the several officers, serious and befitting the duty they were met to perform, was rendered more especially solemn from the presence of the governor, who sat a little to the right of the president, and without the circle, remained covered, and with his arms folded across his chest. At a signal given by the president to the orderly in waiting, that individual disappeared from the room, and soon afterwards Frank Holloway, strongly ironed, as on the preceding night, was ushered in by several files of the guard, under Ensign Fortescue himself.

The prisoner having been stationed a few paces on the left of the president, that officer stood up to administer the customary oath. His example was followed by the rest of the court, who now rose, and extending each his right hand upon the prayer book, repeated, after the president, the form of words prescribed by military law. They then, after successively touching the sacred volume with their lips, once more resumed their seats at the table.

The prosecutor was the Adjutant Lawson, who now handed over to the president a paper, from which the

latter officer read, in a clear and distinct voice, the following charges, viz—

"1st. For having on the night of the —th September 1763, while on duty at the gate of the Fortress of Detroit, either admitted a stranger into the garrison himself, or suffered him to obtain admission, without giving the alarm, or using the means necessary to ensure his apprehension, such conduct being treasonable, and in breach of the articles of war."

"2d. For having been accessory to the abduction of Captain Frederick de Haldimar and private Harry Donellan, the disappearance of whom from the garrison can only be attributed to a secret understanding existing between the prisoner and the enemy without the walls, such conduct being treasonable, and in breach of the articles of war."

"Private Frank Holloway," continued Captain Blessington, after having perused these two short but important charges, "you have heard what has been preferred against you; what say you, therefore? Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," firmly and somewhat exultingly replied the prisoner, laying his hand at the same time on his swelling heart.

"Stay, sir," sternly observed the governor, addressing the president; "you have not read *all* the charges."

Captain Blessington took up the paper from the table, on which he had carelessly thrown it, after reading the accusations above detailed, and perceived, for the first time, that a portion had been doubled back. His eye now glanced over a third charge, which had previously escaped his attention.

"Prisoner," he pursued, after the lapse of a minute, "there is a third charge against you, viz. for having, on the night of the —th Sept. 1763, suffered Captain de Haldimar to unclothe the gate of the fortress, and, accompanied by his servant, private Harry Donellan, to pass your post without the sanction of the governor, such conduct being in direct violation of a standing order of the garrison, and punishable with death."

The prisoner started. "What!" he exclaimed, his cheek paling for the first time with momentary apprehension; "is this voluntary confession of my own to be turned into a charge that threatens my life? Colonel de Haldimar, is the explanation which I gave you only this very hour, and in private, to be made the public instrument of my condemnation? Am I to die because I had not firmness to resist the prayer of my captain and of your son, Colonel de Haldimar?"

The president looked towards the governor, but a significant motion of the head was the only reply; he proceeded,—

"Prisoner Holloway, what plead you to this charge? Guilty, or not guilty?"

"I see plainly," said Holloway, after the pause of a minute, during which he appeared to be summoning all his energies to his aid; "I see plainly that it is useless to strive against my fate. Captain de Haldimar is not here, and I must die. Still I shall not have the disgrace of dying as a traitor, though I own I have violated the orders of the garrison."

"Prisoner," interrupted Captain Blessington, "whatever you may have to urge, you had better reserve for your defence. Meanwhile, what answer do you make to the last charge preferred?—Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," said Holloway, in a tone of mingled pride and sorrow, "guilty of having listened to the earnest prayer of my captain, and suffered him, in violation of my orders, to pass my post. Of the other charges I am innocent."

The court listened with the most profound attention and interest to the words of the prisoner, and they glanced at each other in a manner that marked their sense of the truth they attached to his declaration.

"Holloway, prisoner," resumed Captain Blessington, mildly, yet impressively; "recollect the severe penalty which the third charge, no less than the others, entails, and recall your admission. Be advised by me," he pursued, observing his hesitation. "Withdraw your plea, then, and substitute that of not guilty to the whole."

"Captain Blessington," returned the prisoner with deep emotion, "I feel all the kindness of your motive; and if any thing can console me in my present situation, it is the circumstance of having presiding at my trial an officer so universally beloved by the whole corps. Still," and again his voice acquired its wonted firmness, and his cheek glowed with honest pride, "still, I say, I scorn to retract my words. Of the two first charges I am as innocent as the babe unborn. To the last I plead

guilty; and vain would it be to say otherwise, since the gate was found open while I was on duty, and I know the penalty attached to the disobedience of orders."

After some further but ineffectual remonstrances on the part of the president, the pleas of the prisoner were recorded, and the examination commenced. Governor de Haldimar was the first witness.

That officer, having been sworn, stated, that on the preceding night he had been intruded upon in his apartment by a stranger, who could have obtained admission only through the gate of the fortress, by which also he must have made good his escape. That it was evident the prisoner had been in correspondence with their enemies; since, on proceeding to examine the gate it had been found unlocked, while the confusion manifested by him on being accused, satisfied all who were present of the enormity of his guilt. Search had been made every where for the keys, but without success.

The second charge was supported by presumptive evidence alone; for although the governor swore to the disappearance of his son, and the murder of his servant, and dwelt emphatically on the fact of their having been forcibly carried off with the connivance of the prisoner, still there was no other proof of this, than the deductions drawn from the circumstances already detailed. To meet this difficulty, however, the third charge had been framed.

In proof of this the governor stated, "that the prisoner, on being interrogated by him immediately subsequent to his being relieved from his post, had evinced such confusion and hesitation, as to leave no doubt whatever of his guilt; that, influenced by the half promises of communication, which the court had heard as well as himself, he had suffered the trial of the prisoner to be delayed until the present hour, strongly hoping he might then be induced to reveal the share he had borne in these unworthy and treasonable practices; that, with a view to obtain this disclosure, so essential to the safety of the garrison, he had, conjointly with Major Blackwater, visited the cell of the prisoner, to whom he related the fact of the murder of Donellan, in the disguise of his master's uniform, conjuring him, at the same time, if he regarded his own life, and the safety of those who were most dear to him, to give a clue to the solution of this mysterious circumstance, and disclose the nature and extent of his connection with the enemy without; that the prisoner however resolutely denied, as before, the guilt imputed to him, but having had time to concoct a plausible story, stated, (doubtless with a view to shield himself from the severe punishment he well knew to be attached to his offence,) that Captain de Haldimar himself had removed the keys from the guard-room, opened the gate of the fortress, and accompanied by his servant, dressed in a coloured coat, had sallied forth upon the common. And this, emphatically pursued the governor, the prisoner admits he permitted, although well aware that, by an order of long standing for the security of the garrison, such a flagrant dereliction of his duty subjected him to the punishment of death."

Major Blackwater was the next witness examined. His testimony went to prove the fact of the gate having been found open, and the confusion manifested by the prisoner. It also substantiated that part of the governor's evidence on the third charge, which related to the confession recently made by Holloway, on which that charge had been framed.

The sergeant of the guard, and the governor's orderly having severally corroborated the first portions of Major Blackwater's evidence, the examination on the part of the prosecution terminated; when the president called on the prisoner Holloway for his defence. The latter, in a clear, firm, and collected tone, and in terms that surprised his auditory, thus addressed the Court:—

"Mr. President, and gentlemen,—Although standing before you in the capacity of a private soldier, and, oh! bitter and humiliating reflection, in that most wretched and disgraceful of all situations, a suspected traitor, I am not indeed what I seem to be. It is not for me here to enter into the history of my past life; neither will I tarnish the hitherto unsullied reputation of my family by disclosing my true name. Suffice it to observe, I am a gentleman by birth; and although, of late years, I have known all the hardships and privations attendant on my fallen fortunes, I was once used to bask in the luxuries of affluence, and to look upon those who now preside in judgment over me as my equals. A marriage of affection,—a marriage with one who had nothing but her own virtues and her own beauty to recommend her, drew upon me the displeasure of my family, and the little I possessed, independently of the pleasure of my

relations, was soon dissipated. My proud soul scorned all thought of supplication to those who had originally spurned my wife from their presence; and yet my heart bled for the privations of her who, alike respectable in family, was, both from sex and the natural delicacy of her frame, so far less constituted to bear up against the frowns of adversity than myself. Our extremity had now become great,—too great for human endurance; when, through the medium of the public prints, I became acquainted with the glorious action that had been fought in this country by the army under General Wolfe. A new light burst suddenly upon my mind, and visions of after prosperity constantly presented themselves to my view. The field of honour was open before me, and there was a probability I might, by good conduct, so far merit the approbation of my superiors, as to obtain, in course of time, that rank among themselves to which by birth and education I was so justly entitled to aspire. Without waiting to consult my Ellen, whose opposition I feared to encounter until opposition would be fruitless, I hastened to Lieutenant Walgrave, the recruiting officer of the regiment,—tendered my services,—was accepted and approved,—received the bounty money,—and became definitely a soldier, under the assumed name of Frank Halloway.

"It would be tedious and impertinent, gentlemen," resumed the prisoner, after a short pause, "to dwell on the humiliations of spirit to which both my wife and myself were subjected at our first introduction to our new associates, who, although invariably kind to us, were nevertheless, ill suited, both by education and habit, to awaken any thing like congeniality of feeling or similarity of pursuit. Still we endeavoured, as much as possible, to lessen the distance that existed between us; and from the first moment of our joining the regiment, determined to adopt the phraseology and manners of those with whom an adverse destiny had so singularly connected us. In this we succeeded; for no one, up to the present moment, has imagined either my wife or myself to be other than the simple unpretending Frank and Ellen Halloway.

"On joining the regiment in this country," pursued the prisoner, after another pause, marked by much emotion, "I had the good fortune to be appointed to the grenadier company. Gentlemen, you all know the amiable qualities of Captain de Haldimar. But although, unlike yourselves, I have learnt to admire that officer only at a distance, my devotion to his interests has been proportioned to the kindness with which I have ever been treated by him; and may I not add, after this avowal of my former condition, my most fervent desire has all along been to seize the first favourable opportunity of performing some action that would eventually elevate me to a position in which I might, without blushing for the absence of the ennobling qualities of birth and condition, avow myself his friend, and solicit that distinction from my equal which was partially extended to me by my superior? The opportunity I sought was not long wanting. At the memorable affair with the French general, Levi, at Quebec, in which our regiment bore so conspicuous a part, I had the good fortune to save the life of my captain. A band of Indians, as you all, gentlemen, must recollect, had approached our right flank unperceived, and while busily engaged with the French in front, we were compelled to divide our fire between them and our new and fierce assailants. The leader of that band was a French officer, who seemed particularly to direct his attempts against the life of Captain de Haldimar. He was a man of powerful proportions and gigantic stature—"

"Hold!" said the governor, starting suddenly from the seat in which he had listened with evident impatience to this long outline of the prisoner's history. "Gentlemen," addressing the court, "that is the very stranger who was in my apartment last night,—the being with whom the prisoner is evidently in treacherous correspondence, and all this absurd tale is but a blind to deceive your judgment, and mitigate his own punishment. Who is there to prove the man he has just described was the same who aimed at Captain de Haldimar's life at Quebec."

A flush of deep indignation overspread the features of the prisoner, whose high spirit, now he had avowed his true origin, could ill brook the affront thus put upon his veracity.

"Colonel de Haldimar!" he proudly replied, while his chains clanked with the energy and force with which he drew up his person into an attitude of striking dignity; "for once I sink the private soldier, and address you in the character of the gentleman and your equal.

I have a soul, sir, notwithstanding my fallen fortunes, as keenly alive to honour as your own; and not even to save my wretched life, would I be guilty of the baseness you now attribute to me. You have asked," he pursued, in a more solemn tone, "what proof I have to show this individual to be the same who attempted the life of Captain de Haldimar. To Captain de Haldimar himself, should Providence have spared his days, I shall leave the melancholy task of bearing witness to all I here advance, when I shall be no more. Nay, sir," and his look partook at once of mingled scorn and despondency, "well do I know the fate that awaits me; for in these proceedings—in that third charge—I plainly read my death-warrant. But what, save my poor and wretched wife, have I to regret? Colonel de Haldimar," he continued, with a vehemence meant to check the growing weakness which the thought of his unfortunate companion called up to his heart, "I saved the life of your son, even by your own admission, no matter whose the arm that threatened his existence; and in every other action in which I have been engaged, honourable mention has ever been made of my conduct. Now, sir, I ask what has been my reward? So far from attending to the repeated recommendations of my captain for promotion, even in a subordinate rank, have you once deemed it necessary to acknowledge my services by even a recognition of them in any way whatever?"

"Mr. President, Captain Blessington," interrupted the governor haughtily, are we met here to listen to such language from a private soldier? You will do well, sir, to exercise your prerogative, and stay such impertinent matter, which can have no reference whatever to the defence of the prisoner."

"Prisoner," resumed the president, who as well as the other members of the court, had listened with the most profound and absorbing interest to the singular disclosure of him whom they still only knew as Frank Halloway, "this language cannot be permitted; you must confine yourself to your defence."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," returned Halloway, in his usual firm but respectful tone of voice; pardon me, if, standing on the brink of the grave as I do, I have so far forgotten the rules of military discipline as to sink for a moment the soldier in the gentleman; but to be taxed with an unworthy fabrication, and to be treated with contumely when avowing the secret of my condition, was more than human pride and human feeling could tolerate."

"Confine yourself, prisoner, to your defence," again remarked Captain Blessington, perceiving the restlessness with which the governor listened to these bold and additional observations of Halloway.

Again the governor interposed:—"What possible connection can there be between this man's life, and the crime with which he stands charged? Captain Blessington, this is trifling with the court, who are assembled to try the prisoner for his treason, and not to waste their time in listening to a history utterly foreign to the subject."

"The history of my past life—Colonel de Haldimar," proudly returned the prisoner, "although tedious and uninteresting to you, is of the utmost importance to myself; for on that do I ground the most essential part of my defence. There is nothing but circumstantial evidence against me on the two first charges; and as those alone can reflect dishonour on my memory, it is for the wisdom of this court to determine whether that evidence is to be credited in opposition to the solemn declaration of him, who, in admitting one charge, equally affecting his life with the others, repudiates as foul those only which would attain his honour. Gentlemen," he pursued, addressing the court, "it is for you to determine whether my defence is to be continued or not; yet, whatever be my fate, I would fain remove all injurious impression from the minds of my judges; and this can only be done by a simple detail of circumstances, which may, by the unprejudiced, be as simply believed."

Here the prisoner paused: when, after some low and earnest conversation among the members of the court, two or three slips of written paper were passed to the President. He glanced his eye hurriedly over them, and then directed Halloway to proceed with his defence.

"I have stated," pursued the interesting soldier, "that the officer who led the band of Indians was a man of gigantic stature, and of apparently great strength. My attention was particularly directed to him from this circumstance, and as I was on the extreme flank of the grenadiers, and close to Captain de Haldimar, I had every opportunity of observing his movements principally pointed at that officer. He first discharged a carbine, the ball of which killed a man of the company at his (Captain de

Haldimar's) side; and then, with evident rage at having been defeated in his aim, he took a pistol from his belt, and advancing with rapid strides to within a few paces of his intended victim, presented it in the most deliberate manner. At that moment, gentlemen, (and it was but the work of a moment,) a thousand confused and almost inexplicable feelings rose to my heart. The occasion I had long sought was at length within my reach; but even the personal considerations, which had hitherto influenced my mind, were sunk in the anxious desire I entertained to preserve the life of an officer so universally beloved, and so every way worthy of the sacrifice. While yet the pistol remained levelled, I sprang before Captain de Haldimar, received the ball in my breast, and had just strength sufficient to fire my musket at the formidable enemy, when I sank senseless to the earth.

"It will not be difficult for you, gentlemen, who have feeling minds, to understand the pleasurable pride with which, on being conveyed to Captain de Haldimar's own apartments in Quebec, I found myself almost overwhelmed by the touching marks of gratitude showered on me by his amiable relatives. Miss Clara de Haldimar, in particular, like a ministering angel, visited my couch of suffering at almost every hour, and always provided with some little delicacy, suitable to my condition, of which I had long since tutored myself to forget even the use. But what principally afforded me pleasure, was to remark the consolations which she tendered to my poor drooping Ellen, who, already more than half subdued by the melancholy change in our condition in life, frequently spent hours together in silent grief at the side of my couch, and watching every change in my countenance with all the intense anxiety of one who feels the last stay on earth is about to be severed for ever. Ah! how I then longed to disclose to this kind and compassionate being the true position of her on whom she lavished her attention, and to make her known not as the inferior honoured by her notice, but as the equal alike worthy of her friendship and deserving of her esteem; but the wide, wide barrier that divided the wife of the private soldier from the daughter and sister of the commissioned officer sealed my lips, and our true condition continued unrevealed.

"Gentlemen," resumed Halloway, after a short pause, "if I dwell on these circumstances, it is with a view to show how vile are the charges preferred against me. Is it likely, with all the incentives to good conduct I have named, I should have proved a traitor to my country? And, even if so, what to gain, I would ask; and by what means was a correspondence with the enemy to be maintained by one in my humble station? As for the second charge, how infamous, how injurious is it to my reputation, how unworthy to be entertained! From the moment of my recovery from that severe wound, every mark of favour that could be bestowed on persons in our situation had been extended to my wife and myself, by the family of Colonel de Haldimar; and my captain, knowing me merely as the simple and low born Frank Halloway, although still the preserver of his life, has been unceasing in his exertions to obtain such promotion as he thought my conduct generally, independently of my devotedness to his person, might claim. How these applications were met, gentlemen, I have already stated; but notwithstanding Colonel de Haldimar has never deemed me worthy of the promotion solicited, that circumstance could in no way weaken my regard and attachment for him who had so often demanded it. How then, in the name of heaven, can a charge so improbable, so extravagant, as that of having been instrumental in the abduction of Captain de Haldimar, be entertained? and who is there among you, gentlemen, who will for one moment believe I could harbour a thought so absurd as that of lending myself to the destruction of one for whom I once cheerfully offered up the sacrifice of my blood? And now," pursued the prisoner, after another short pause, "I come to the third charge,—that charge which most affects my life, but impugns neither my honour nor my fidelity. That God, before whom I know I shall shortly appear, can attest the sincerity of my statement, and before him do I now solemnly declare what I am about to relate is true.

"Soon after the commencement of my watch last night, I heard a voice distinctly on the outside of the rampart, near my post, calling in a low and subdued tone on the name of Captain de Haldimar. The accents, hastily and anxiously uttered, were apparently those of a female. For a moment I continued irresolute how to act, and hesitated whether or not I should alarm the garrison; but, at length, presuming it was some young female of the village with whom my captain was acquainted, it occurred to me the most prudent course would be to apprise that officer himself. While I yet hesitated whether to

leave my post for a moment for the purpose, a man crossed the parade a few yards in my front; it was Captain de Haldimar's servant, Donellan, then in the act of carrying some things from his master's apartment to the guard-room. I called to him, to say the sentinel at the gate wished to see the captain of the guard immediately. In the course of a few minutes he came up to my post, when I told him what I had heard. At that moment, the voice again repeated his name, when he abruptly left me and turned to the left of the gate, evidently on his way to the rampart. Soon afterwards I heard Captain de Haldimar immediately above me, sharply calling out 'Hist, hist!' as if the person on the outside, despairing of success, was in the act of retreating. A moment or two of silence succeeded, when a low conversation ensued between the parties. The distance was so great I could only distinguish inarticulate sounds; yet it seemed to me as if they spoke not in English, but in the language of the Ottawa Indians, a tongue with which, as you are well aware, gentlemen, Captain de Haldimar is familiar. This had continued about ten minutes when I again heard footsteps hastily descending the rampart, and moving in the direction of the guard-house. Soon afterwards Captain de Haldimar re-appeared at my post, accompanied by his servant Donellan; the former had the keys of the gate in his hand, and he told me that he must pass to the skirt of the forest on some business of the last importance to the safety of the garrison.

"At first I peremptorily refused, stating the severe penalty attached to the infringement of an order, the observation of which had so especially been insisted upon by the governor, whose permission, however, I ventured respectfully to urge, might, without difficulty, be obtained, if the business was really of the importance he described it. Captain de Haldimar, however, declared he well knew the governor would not accord that permission, unless he was positively acquainted with the nature and extent of the danger to be apprehended; and of these, he said, he was not himself sufficiently aware. All argument of this nature proving ineffectual, he attempted to enforce his authority, not only in his capacity of officer of the guard, but also as my captain, ordering me, on pain of confinement, not to interfere with or attempt to impede his departure. This, however, produced no better result; for I knew that, in this instance, I was amenable to the order of the governor alone, and I again firmly refused to violate my duty.

"Finding himself thwarted in his attempt to enforce my obedience, Captain de Haldimar, who seemed much agitated and annoyed by what he termed my obstinacy, now descended to entreaty; and in the name of that life which I had preserved to him, and of that deep gratitude which he had ever since borne to me, conjured me not to prevent his departure. 'Halloway,' he urged, 'your life, my life, my father's life,—the life of my sister Clara perhaps, who nursed you in illness, and who has ever treated your wife with attention and kindness,—all these depend upon your compliance with my request. Hear me,' he pursued, following up the impression which he clearly perceived he had produced in me by this singular and touching language: 'I promise to be back within the hour; there is no danger attending my departure, and here will I be before you are relieved from your post; no one can know I have been absent, and your secret will remain with Donellan and myself. Do you think,' he concluded, 'I would encourage a soldier of my regiment to disobey a standing order of the garrison, unless there was some very extraordinary reason for my so doing? But there is no time to be lost in parley. Halloway! I entreat you to offer no further opposition to my departure. I pledge myself to be back before you are relieved.'

"Gentlemen," impressively continued the prisoner, after a pause, during which each member of the court seemed to breathe for the first time, so deeply had the attention of all been riveted by the latter part of this singular declaration, "how, under these circumstances, could I be expected to act? Assured by Captain de Haldimar, in the most solemn manner, that the existence of those most dear to his heart hung on my compliance with his request, how could I refuse to him, whose life I had saved, and whose character I so much esteemed, a boon so earnestly, nay, so imploringly solicited? I acceded to his prayer, intimating at the same time, if he returned not before another sentinel should relieve me, the discovery of my breach of duty must be made, and my punishment inevitable. His last words, however, were to assure me he should return at the hour he had named, and when I closed the gate upon him, it was under the same impression his absence would only prove of the temporary nature he had stated.—Gentlemen," ab-

ruptly concluded Halloway, "I have nothing further to add; if I have failed in my duty as a soldier, I have, at least, fulfilled that of a man; and although the violation of the first entail upon me the punishment of death, the motives which impelled me to that violation will not, I trust, be utterly lost sight of by those by whom my punishment is to be awarded."

The candid, fearless, and manly tone in which Halloway had delivered this long and singular statement, however little the governor appeared to be affected by it, evidently made a deep impression on the court, who had listened with undiverted attention to the close. Some conversation again ensued, in a low tone, among several members, when two slips of written paper were passed up, as before, to the president. These elicited the following interrogatories:—

"You have stated, prisoner, that Captain de Haldimar left the fort accompanied by his servant Donellan. How were they respectively dressed?"

"Captain de Haldimar in his uniform; Donellan, as far as I could observe, in his regimental clothing also, with this difference, that he wore his servant's round glazed hat and his grey great coat."

"How then do you account for the extraordinary circumstance of Donellan having been found murdered in his master's clothes? Was any allusion made to a change of dress before they left the fort?"

"Not the slightest," returned the prisoner; "nor can I in any way account for this mysterious fact. When they quitted the garrison, each wore the dress I have described."

"In what manner did Captain de Haldimar and Donellan effect their passage across the ditch?" continued the president, after glancing at the second slip of paper. "The draw-bridge was evidently not lowered, and there were no other means at hand to enable him to effect his object with promptitude. How do you explain this, prisoner?"

When this question was put, the whole body of officers, and the governor especially, turned their eyes simultaneously on Halloway, for on his hesitation or promptness in replying seemed to attach much of the credit they were disposed to accord his statement. Halloway observed it, and coloured. His reply, however, was free, unflinching, and unstudied.

"A rope with which Donellan had provided himself, was secured to one of the iron hooks that support the pulleys immediately above the gate. With this they swung themselves in succession to the opposite bank."

The members of the court looked at each other, apparently glad that an answer so confirmatory of the truth of the prisoner's statement, had been thus readily given.

"Were they to have returned in the same manner?" pursued the president, framing his interrogatory from the contents of another slip of paper, which, at the suggestion of the governor, had been passed to him by the prosecutor, Mr. Lawson.

"They were," firmly replied the prisoner. "At least I presumed they were, for, I believe in the hurry of Captain de Haldimar's departure, he never once made any direct allusion to the manner of his return; nor did it occur to me until this moment how they were to regain possession of the rope, without assistance from within."

"Of course," observed Colonel de Haldimar, addressing the president, "the rope still remains. Mr. Lawson examine the gate, and report accordingly."

The adjutant hastened to acquit himself of this laconic order, and soon afterwards returned, stating not only that there was no rope, but that the hook alluded to had disappeared altogether.

For a moment the cheek of the prisoner paled; but it was evidently less from any fear connected with his individual existence, than from the shame he felt at having been detected in a supposed falsehood. He however speedily recovered his self-possession, and exhibited the same character of unconcern by which his general bearing throughout the trial had been distinguished.

On this announcement of the adjutant, the governor betrayed a movement of impatience, that was meant to convey his utter disbelief of the whole of the prisoner's statement, and his look seemed to express to the court it should also arrive, and without hesitation, at the same conclusion. Even all authoritative as he was, however, he felt that military etiquette and strict discipline prevented his interfering further in this advanced state of the proceedings.

"Prisoner," again remarked Captain Blessington, "your statement in regard to the means employed by Captain de Haldimar in effecting his departure, is, you must admit, unsupported by appearances. How happens it the rope is no longer where you say it was placed? No

one could have removed it but yourself. Have you done so? and if so, can you produce it, or say where it is to be found?"

"Captain Blessington," replied Halloway, proudly, yet respectfully, "I have already invoked that great Being, before whose tribunal I am so shortly to appear, in testimony of the truth of my assertion; and again, in his presence, do I repeat, every word I have uttered is true. I did not remove the rope, neither do I know what is become of it. I admit its disappearance is extraordinary, but a moment's reflection must satisfy the court, I would not have devised a tale, the falsehood of which could at once have been detected on an examination such as that which has just been instituted. When Mr. Lawson left this room just now, I fully expected he would have found the rope lying as it had been left. What has become of it, I repeat, I know not; but in the manner I have stated did Captain de Haldimar and Donellan cross the ditch. I have nothing further to add," he concluded once more, drawing up his fine tall person, the native elegance of which could not be wholly disguised even in the dress of a private soldier; "nothing further to disclose. Yet do I repel with scorn the injurious insinuation against my fidelity, suggested in these doubts. I am prepared to meet my death as best may become a soldier, and let me add, as best may become a proud and well born gentleman; but humanity and common justice should at least be accorded to my memory. I am an unfortunate man, but no traitor."

The members were visibly impressed by the last sentences of the prisoner. No further question however was asked, and he was again removed by the escort, who had been wondering spectators of the scene, to the cell he had so recently occupied. The room was then cleared of the witnesses and strangers, the latter comprising nearly the whole of the officers off duty, when the court proceeded to deliberate on the evidence, and pass sentence on the accused.

CHAPTER VII.

Although the young and sensitive De Haldimar had found physical relief in the summary means resorted to by the surgeon, the moral wound at his heart not only remained unsoothed, but was rendered more acutely painful by the wretched reflections, which now that he had full leisure to review the past, and anticipate the future in all the gloom attached to both, so violently assailed him. From the moment when his brother's strange and mysterious disappearance had been communicated by the adjutant in the manner we have already seen, his spirits had been deeply and fearfully depressed. Still he had every reason to expect, from the well-known character of Halloway, the strong hope expressed by the latter might be realised; and that, at the hour appointed for trial, his brother would be present to explain the cause of his mysterious absence, justify the conduct of his subordinate, and exonerate him from the treachery with which he now stood charged. Yet, powerful as this hope was, it was unavoidably qualified by dispiriting doubt; for a nature affectionate and bland, as that of Charles de Haldimar, could not but harbour distrust, while a shadow of uncertainty, in regard to the fate of a brother so tenderly loved, remained. He had forced himself to believe as much as possible what he wished, and the effort had, to a certain extent, succeeded; but there had been something so solemn and so impressive in the scene that had passed when the prisoner was first brought up for trial, something so fearfully prophetic in the wild language of his unhappy wife, he had found it impossible to resist the influence of the almost superstitious awe they had awakened in his heart.

What the feelings of the young officer were subsequently, when in the person of the murdered man on the common, the victim of Sir Everard Valtort's aim, he recognised that brother, whose disappearance had occasioned him so much inquietude, we shall not attempt to describe: their nature is best shown in the effect they produced—the almost overwhelming agony of body and mind, which had borne him, like a stricken plant, unresisting to the earth. But now that, in the calm and solitude of his chamber, he had leisure to review the fearful events conspiring to produce this extremity, his anguish of spirit was even deeper than when the first rude shock of conviction had flashed upon his understanding. A tide of suffering, that overpowered, without rendering him sensible of its positive and abstract character, had, in the first instance, oppressed his faculties, and obscured his perception; but now, slow, sure, stinging, and gradually succeeding each other, came every bitter thought and reflection of which that tide was composed; and the

generous heart of Charles de Haldimar was a prey to feelings that would have wrung the soul, and wounded the sensibilities of one far less gentle and susceptible than himself.

Between Sir Everard Valletort and Charles de Haldimar, who, it has already been remarked, were lieutenants in Captain Blessington's company, a sentiment of friendship had been suffered to spring up almost from the moment of Sir Everard's joining. The young men were nearly of the same age; and although the one was all gentleness, the other all spirit and vivacity, not a shade of disunion had at any period intervened to interrupt the almost brotherly attachment subsisting between them, and each felt the disposition of the other was the one most assimilated to his own. In fact, Sir Everard was far from being the ephemeral character he was often willing to appear. Under a semblance of affectation, and much assumed levity of manner, never, however, personally offensive, he concealed a brave, generous, warm, and manly heart, and talents becoming the rank he held in society, such as would not have reflected discredit on one numbering twice his years. He had entered the army, as most young men of rank usually did at that period, rather for the *agrément* it held forth, than with any serious view to advancement in it as a profession. Still he entertained the praiseworthy desire of being something more than what is, among military men, emphatically termed a feather-bed soldier. Not that we mean, however, to assert he was not a feather-bed soldier in its more literal sense; in fact, his own observations, recorded in the early part of this volume, sufficiently prove his predilection for the indulgence of pressing his downy couch to what is termed a decent hour in the day.

We need scarcely state Sir Everard's theories on this important subject were seldom reduced to practice; for, even long before the Indians had broken out into open acts of hostility, when such precautions were rendered indispensable, Colonel de Haldimar had never suffered either officer or man to linger on his pillow after the first faint dawn had appeared. This was a system to which Sir Everard could never reconcile himself. "If the men must be drilled," he urged, "with a view to their health and discipline, why not place them under the direction of the adjutant or the officer of the day, whoever he might chance to be, and not unnecessarily disturb a body of gentlemen from their comfortable slumbers at that unconscionable hour?" Poor Sir Everard! this was the only grievance of which he complained, and he complained bitterly. Scarcely a morning passed without his inveighing loudly against the barbarity of such a custom; threatening at the same time, amid the laughter of his companions, to quit the service in disgust at what he called so ungentlemanly and gothic a habit; and, but for two motives, there is every probability he would have seriously availed himself of the earliest opportunity of retiring. The first of these was his growing friendship for the amiable and gentle Charles de Haldimar; the second, the secret, and scarcely to himself acknowledged, interest which had been created in his heart for his sister Clara; whom he only knew from the glowing descriptions of his friend, and the strong resemblance she was said to bear to him by the other officers.

Clara de Haldimar was the constant theme of her younger brother's praise. Her image was ever uppermost in his thoughts—her name ever hovering on his lips; and when alone with his friend Valletort, it was his delight to dwell on the worth and accomplishments of his amiable and beloved sister. Then, indeed, would his usually calm blue eye sparkle with the animation of his subject, while his colouring cheek marked all the warmth and sincerity with which he bore attestation to her gentleness and her goodness. The heart of Charles de Haldimar, soldier as he was, was pure, generous, and unsophisticated as that of the sister whom he so constantly eulogised; and, while listening to his eloquent praises, Sir Everard learnt to feel an interest in a being whom all declared to be the counterpart of her brother, as well in personal attraction as in singleness of nature. With all his affected levity, and notwithstanding his early initiation into fashionable life—that matter-of-fact life which strikes at the existence of our earlier and dearer illusions—there was a dash of romance in the character of the young baronet which tended much to increase the pleasure he always took in the warm descriptions of his friend. The very circumstance of her being personally unknown to him, was, with Sir Everard, an additional motive for interest in Miss de Haldimar.

Imagination and mystery generally work their way together; and as there was a shade of mystery attached to Sir Everard's very ignorance of the person of one whom he admired and esteemed from report alone, ima-

gination was not slow to improve the opportunity, and to endow the object with characteristics, which perhaps a more intimate knowledge of the party might have led him to qualify. In this manner, in early youth, are the silken and willing fetters of the generous and the enthusiastic forged. We invest some object, whose praises, whispered secretly in the ear, have glided imperceptibly to the heart, with all the attributes supplied by our own vivid and readily according imaginations; and so accustomed do we become to linger on the picture, we adore the semblance with an ardour which the original often fails to excite.

We do not say Clara de Haldimar would have fallen short of the high estimate formed of her worth by the friend of her brother; neither is it to be understood, Sir Everard suffered this fair vision of his fancy to lead him into the wild and labyrinthian paths of boyish romance.

Whatever were the impressions of the young baronet, and however he might have been inclined to suffer the fair image of the gentle Clara, such as he was perhaps wont to paint it, to exercise its spell upon his fancy, certain it is, he never expressed to her brother more than that esteem and interest which it was but natural he should accord to the sister of his friend. Neither had Charles de Haldimar, even amid all his warmth of commendation, ever made the slightest allusion to his sister, that could be construed into a desire she should awaken any unusual or extraordinary sentiment of preference. Much and fervently as he desired such an event, there was an innate sense of decorum, and it may be secret pride, that caused him to abstain from any observation having the remotest tendency to compromise the spotless delicacy of his adored sister; and such he would have considered any expression of his own hopes and wishes, where no declaration of preference had been previously made. There was another motive for this reserve on the part of the young officer. The baronet was an only child, and would, on attaining his majority, of which he wanted only a few months, become the possessor of a large fortune. His sister Clara, on the contrary, had little beyond her own fair fame and the beauty transmitted to her by the mother she had lost. Colonel de Haldimar was a younger son, and had made his way through life with his sword, and an unblemished reputation alone—advantages he had shared with his children, for the two eldest of whom his interest and long services had procured commissions in his own regiment.

But even while Charles de Haldimar abstained from all expression of his hopes, he had fully made up his mind that Sir Everard and his sister were so formed for each other, it was next to an impossibility they could meet without loving. In one of his letters to the latter, he had alluded to his friend in terms of so high and earnest panegyric, that Clara had acknowledged, in reply, she was prepared to find in the young baronet one whom she should regard with partiality, if it were only on account of the friendship subsisting between him and her brother. This admission, however, was communicated in confidence, and the young officer had religiously preserved his sister's secret.

These and fifty other recollections now crowded on the mind of the sufferer, only to render the intensity of his anguish more complete; among the bitterest of which was the certainty that the mysterious events of the past night had raised up an insuperable barrier to this union; for how could Clara de Haldimar become the wife of him whose hands were, however innocently, stained with the life-blood of her brother! To dwell on this, and the loss of that brother, was little short of madness, and yet De Haldimar could think of nothing else; nor for a period could the loud booming of the cannon from the ramparts, every report of which shook his chamber to its very foundations, call off his attention from a subject which, while it pained, engrossed every faculty and absorbed every thought. At length, towards the close, he called faintly to the old and faithful soldier, who, at the foot of the bed, stood watching every change of his master's countenance, to know the cause of the cannonade. On being informed the batteries in the rear were covering the retreat of Captain Erskine, who, in his attempt to obtain the body, had been surprised by the Indians, a new direction was temporarily given to his thoughts, and he now manifested the utmost impatience to know the result.

In a few minutes Morrison, who, in defiance of the surgeon's strict order not on any account to quit the room, had flown to obtain some intelligence which he trusted might remove the anxiety of his suffering master, again made his appearance, stating the corpse was already secured, and close under the guns of the fort, beneath which the detachment, though hotly assailed from the forest, were also fast retreating.

"And is it really my brother, Morrison? Are you quite certain that it is Captain de Haldimar?" asked the young officer, in the eager accents of one who, with the fullest conviction on his mind, yet grasps at the faintest shadow of a consoling doubt. "Tell me that it is *not* my brother, and half of what I possess in the world shall be yours."

The old soldier brushed a tear from his eye. "God bless you, Mr. de Haldimar, I would give half my grey hairs to be able to do so; but it is, indeed, too truly the captain who has been killed. I saw the very wings of his regimentals as he lay on his face on the litter."

Charles de Haldimar groaned aloud. "Oh God! oh God! would I had never lived to see this day." Then springing suddenly up in his bed—"Morrison where are my clothes? I insist on seeing my slaughtered brother myself."

"Good Heaven, sir, consider," said the old man approaching the bed, and attempting to replace the covering which had been spurned to its very foot—"consider you are in a burning fever, and the slightest cold may kill you altogether. The doctor's orders are, you were on no account to get up." The effort made by the unfortunate youth was momentary. Faint from the blood he had lost, and giddy from the excitement of his feelings, he sank back exhausted on his pillow, and wept like a child.

Old Morrison shed tears also; for his heart bled for the sufferings of one whom he had nursed and played with even in early infancy, and whom, although his master, he regarded with the affection he would have borne to his own child. As he had justly observed, he would have willingly given half his remaining years to be able to remove the source of the sorrow which so deeply oppressed him.

When this violent paroxysm had somewhat subsided, De Haldimar became more composed; but his was rather that composure which grows out of the apathy produced by overwhelming grief, than the result of any relief afforded to his suffering heart by the tears he had shed. He had continued some time in this faint and apparently tranquil state, when confused sounds in the barrack-yard, followed by the raising of the heavy drawbridge, announced the return of the detachment. Again he started up in his bed and demanded his clothes, declaring his intention to go out and receive the corpse of his murdered brother. All opposition on the part of the faithful Morrison was now likely to prove fruitless, when suddenly the door opened, and an officer burst hurriedly into the room.

"Courage! courage! my dear De Haldimar; I am the bearer of good news. Your brother is not the person who has been slain."

Again De Haldimar sank back upon his pillow, overcome by a variety of conflicting emotions. A moment afterwards, and he exclaimed reproachfully, yet almost gasping with the eagerness of his manner,—

"For God's sake, Sumners—in the name of common humanity, do not trifle with my feelings. If you would seek to lull me with false hopes, you are wrong. I am prepared to hear and bear the worst at present; but to be undeceived again would break my heart."

"I swear to you by every thing I have been taught to revere as sacred," solemnly returned Ensign Sumners, deeply touched by the affliction he witnessed, "what I state is strictly true. Captain Erskine himself sent me to tell you."

"What, is he only wounded then?" and a glow of mingled hope and satisfaction was visible even through the flush of previous excitement on the cheek of the sufferer. "Quick, Morrison, give me my clothes. Where is my brother, Sumners?" and again he raised up his debilitated frame with the intention of quitting his couch.

"De Haldimar, my dear De Haldimar, compose yourself, and listen to me. Your brother is still missing, and we are as much in the dark about his fate as ever. All that is certain is, we have no positive knowledge of his death; but surely that is a thousand times preferable to the horrid apprehensions under which we have all hitherto laboured."

"What mean you, Sumners? or am I so bewildered by my sufferings as not to comprehend you clearly?—Nay, nay, forgive me; but I am almost heart-broken at this loss, and scarcely know what I say. But what is it you mean? I saw my unhappy brother lying on the common with my own eye. Poor Valletort himself—here a rush of bitter recollections flashed on the memory of the young man, and the tears coursed each other rapidly down his cheek. His emotion lasted for a few moments, and he pursued,—“Poor Valletort himself saw him, for he was nearly as much overwhelmed with afflic-

tion as I was; and even Morrison beheld him also, not ten minutes since, under the very walls of the fort; nay, distinguished the wings of his uniform: and yet you would persuade me my brother, instead of being brought in a corpse, is still missing and alive. This is little better than trifling with my wretchedness, Sumners," and again he sank back exhausted on his pillow.

"I can easily forgive your doubts, De Haldimar," returned the sympathising Sumners, taking the hand of his companion, and pressing it gently in his own; "for, in truth, there is a great deal of mystery attached to the whole affair. I have not seen the body myself; but I distinctly heard Captain Erskine state it certainly was not your brother, and he requested me to apprise both Sir Everard Valletort and yourself of the fact."

"Who is the murdered man, then? and how comes he to be clad in the uniform of one of our officers? Pshaw! it is too absurd to be credited. Erskine is mistaken—he must be mistaken—it can be no other than my poor brother Frederick. Sumners, I am sick, faint, with this cruel uncertainty: go, my dear fellow, at once, and examine the body; then return to me, and satisfy my doubts, if possible."

"Most willingly, if you desire it," returned Sumners, moving towards the door; "but believe me, De Haldimar, you may make your mind tranquil on the subject—Erskine spoke with certainty."

"Have you seen Valletort?" asked De Haldimar, with an involuntary shudder pervaded his frame.

"I have. He flew on the instant to make further enquiries; and was in the act of going to examine the body of the murdered man when I came here. But here he is himself, and his countenance is the harbinger of any thing but a denial of my intelligence."

"Oh, Charles, what a weight of misery has been removed from my heart!" exclaimed that officer, now rushing to the bedside of his friend, and seizing his extended hand,—"Your brother, let us hope, still lives."

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" fervently ejaculated De Haldimar; and then, overcome with joy, surprise, and gratitude, he again sank back upon his pillow, sobbing and weeping violently.

Sumners had, with delicate tact, retired the moment Sir Everard made his appearance: for he, as well as the whole body of officers, was aware of the close friendship that subsisted between the young men.

We shall not attempt to paint all that passed between the friends during the first interesting moments of an interview which neither had expected to enjoy again, or the delight and satisfaction with which they congratulated themselves on the fulfilment of those fears, which, if realised, must have embittered every future moment of their lives with the most harrowing recollections.

With that facility with which in youth the generous and susceptible are prone to exchange their tears for smiles, as some powerful motive for the reaction may prompt, the invalid had already, and for the moment, lost sight of the painful past in the pleasureable present, so that his actual excitement was strongly in contrast with the melancholy he had so recently exhibited. Never had Charles de Haldimar appeared so eminently handsome; and yet his beauty resembled that of a frail and delicate woman, rather than that of one called to the manly and arduous profession of a soldier. The large, blue, long, dark-lashed eye, in which a shade of languor harmonised with the soft but animated expression of the whole countenance,—the dimpled mouth,—the small, clear, and even teeth,—all these now characterised Charles de Haldimar; and if to these we add a voice rich, full, and melodious, and a smile sweet and fascinating, we shall be at no loss to account for the readiness with which Sir Everard suffered his imagination to draw on the brother for those attributes he ascribed to the sister.

It was while this impression was strong upon his fancy, he took occasion to remark, in reply to an observation of De Haldimar's, alluding to the despair with which his sister would have been seized, had she known one brother had fallen by the hand of the friend of the other.

"The grief of my own heart, Charles, on this occasion, would have been little inferior to her own. The truth is, my feelings during the last three hours have let me into a secret, of the existence of which I was, in a great degree, ignorant until then: I scarcely know how to express myself, for the communication is so truly absurd and romantic you will not credit it." He paused, hesitated, and then, as if determined to anticipate the ridicule he seemed to feel would be attached to his confession, with a forced half laugh pursued: "The fact is, Charles, I have been so much used to listen to your warm and eloquent praises of your sister, I have absolutely, I will

not say fallen in love with (that would be going too far), but conceived so strong an interest in her, that my most ardent desire would be to find favour in her eyes. What say you, my friend? are you inclined to forward my suit; and if so, is there any chance for me, think you, with herself?"

The breast of Charles de Haldimar, who had listened with deep and increasing attention to this avowal, swelled high with pleasureable excitement, and raising himself up in his bed with one hand, while he grasped one of Sir Everard's with the other, he exclaimed with a transport of affection too forcible to be controlled,—

"Oh, Valletort, Valletort! this is, indeed, all that was wanting to complete my happiness. My sister Clara I adore with all the affection of my nature; I love her better than my own life, which is wrapped up in hers. She is an angel in disposition,—all that is dear, tender, and affectionate,—all that is gentle and lovely in woman; one whose welfare is dearer far to me than my own, and without whose presence I could not live. Valletort, that prize,—that treasure, that dearer half of myself, is yours,—yours for ever. I have long wished you should love each other, and I felt, when you met, you would. If I have hitherto forborne from expressing this fondest wish of my heart, it has been from delicacy—from a natural fear of compromising the purity of my adored Clara. Now, however, you have confessed yourself interested, by a description that falls far short of the true merit of that dear girl, I can no longer disguise my gratification and delight. Valletort," he concluded, impressively, "there is no other man on earth to whom I would say so much; but you were formed for each other, and you will, you must, be the husband of my sister."

If the youthful and affectionate De Haldimar was happy, Sir Everard was no less so; for already, with the enthusiasm of a young man of twenty, he painted to himself the entire fruition of those dreams of happiness that had so long been familiarised to his imagination.

A single knock was now heard at the door of the apartment; it was opened, and a sergeant appeared at the entrance.

"The company are under arms for punishment parade, Lieutenant Valletort," said the man, touching his cap.

In an instant, the visionary prospects of the young men gave place to the stern realities connected with that announcement of punishment. The treason of Halloway,—the absence of Frederick de Haldimar,—the dangers by which they were beset,—and the little present probability of a re-union with those who were most dear to them,—all these recollections now flashed across their minds with the rapidity of thought; and the conversation that had so recently passed between them seemed to leave no other impression than what is produced from some visionary speculation of the moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the bells of the fort tolled the tenth hour of morning, the groups of dispersed soldiery, warned by the rolling of the assembly drum, once more fell into their respective ranks in the order described in the opening of this volume. Soon afterwards the prisoner Halloway was reconducted into the square by a strong escort, who took their stations as before in the immediate centre, where the former stood principally conspicuous to the observation of his comrades. His countenance was paler, and had less, perhaps, of the indifference he had previously manifested; but to supply this there was a certain subdued air of calm dignity, and a composure that sprang, doubtless, from the consciousness of the new character in which he now appeared before his superiors. Colonel de Haldimar almost immediately followed, and with him were the principal staff of the garrison, all of whom, with the exception of the sick and wounded and their attendants, were present to a man. The former took from the hands of the adjutant, Lawson, a large packet, consisting of several sheets of folded paper closely written upon. These were the proceedings of the court martial.

After enumerating the several charges, and detailing the evidence of the witnesses examined, the governor came at length to the finding and sentence of the court, which were as follows:—

"The court having duly considered the evidence adduced against the prisoner private Frank Halloway, together with what he has urged in his defence, are of opinion,—

"That with regard to the first charge, it is not proved.

"That with regard to the second charge, it is not proved.

"That with regard to the third charge, even by his own voluntary confession, the prisoner is guilty.

"The court having found the prisoner private Frank Halloway guilty of the third charge preferred against him, which is in direct violation of a standing order of the garrison entailing capital punishment, do hereby sentence him, the said prisoner, private Frank Halloway, to be shot to death at such time and place as the officer commanding may deem fit to appoint."

Although the utmost order pervaded the ranks, every breath had been suspended, every ear stretched during the reading of the sentence; and now that it came arrayed in terror and in blood, every glance was turned in pity on its unhappy victim. But Halloway heard it with the ears of one who has made up his mind to suffer; and the faint half smile that played upon his lip spoke more in scorn than in sorrow. Colonel de Haldimar pursued:—

"The court having found it imperatively incumbent on them to award the punishment of death to the prisoner, private Frank Halloway, at the same time gladly avail themselves of their privilege by strongly recommending him to mercy. The court cannot, in justice to the character of the prisoner, refrain from expressing their unanimous conviction, that notwithstanding the mysterious circumstances which have led to his confinement and trial, he is entirely innocent of the treachery ascribed to him. The court have founded this conviction on the excellent character, both on duty and in the field, hitherto borne by the prisoner,—his well known attachment to the officer with whose abduction he stands charged,—and the manly, open, and (as the court are satisfied) correct history given of his former life. It is, moreover, the impression of the court, that, as stated by the prisoner, his guilt on the third charge has been the result only of his attachment for Captain de Haldimar. And for this, and the reasons above assigned, do they strongly recommend the prisoner to mercy.

(Signed)

"NOEL BLESSINGTON,
Captain and President.

"Sentence approved and confirmed.

"CHARLES DE HALDIMAR,
Colonel Commandant."

While these concluding remarks of the court were being read, the prisoner manifested the deepest emotion. If a smile of scorn had previously played upon his lip, it was because he fancied the court, before whom he had sought to vindicate his fame, had judged him with a severity not inferior to his colonel's; but now that, in the presence of his companions, he heard the flattering attestation of his services, coupled even as it was with the sentence that condemned him to die, tears of gratitude and pleasure rose despite of himself to his eyes; and it required all his self-command to enable him to abstain from giving expression to his feelings towards those who had so generously interpreted the motives of his dereliction from duty. But when the melancholy and startling fact of the approval and confirmation of the sentence met his ear, without the slightest allusion to that mercy which had been so urgently recommended, he again overcame his weakness, and exhibited his wonted air of calm and unconcern.

"Let the prisoner be removed, Mr. Lawson," ordered the governor, whose stern and somewhat dissatisfied expression of countenance was the only comment on the recommendation for mercy.

The order was promptly executed. Once more Halloway left the square, and was reconducted to the cell he had occupied since the preceding night.

"Major Blackwater," pursued the governor, "let a detachment consisting of one half the garrison be got in readiness to leave the fort within the hour. Captain Wentworth, three pieces of field artillery will be required. Let them be got ready also." He then retired from the area, while the officers, who had just received his commands, prepared to fulfil the respective duties assigned them.

Since the first alarm of the garrison no opportunity had hitherto been afforded the officers to snatch the slightest refreshment. Advantage was now taken of the short interval allowed by the governor, and they all repaired to the mess-room, where their breakfast had long since been provided.

"Well, Blessington," remarked Captain Erskine, as he filled his plate for the third time from a large haunch of smoke-dried venison, for which his recent skirmish with the Indians had given him an unusual relish, "so it appears your recommendation of poor Halloway to mercy is little likely to be attended to. Did you remark how displeased the colonel looked as he bungled through it? One might almost be tempted to think he had an interest

in the man's death, so determined does he appear to carry his point."

Although several of his companions, perhaps, felt and thought the same, still there was no one who would have ventured to avow his real sentiments in so unqualified a manner. Indeed such an observation proceeding from the lips of any other officer would have excited the utmost surprise; but Captain Erskine, a brave, bold, frank, and somewhat thoughtless soldier, was one of those beings who are privileged to say any thing. His opinions were usually expressed without ceremony; and his speech was not the most circumspect now, as since his return to the fort he had swallowed, fasting, two or three glasses of a favourite spirit, which, without intoxicating, had greatly excited him.

"I remarked enough," said Captain Blessington, who sat leaning his head on one hand, while with the other he occasionally, and almost mechanically, raised a cup filled with a liquid of a pale blood colour to his lips,— "quite enough to make me regret from my very soul I should have been his principal judge. Poor Holloway, I pity him much; for, on my honour, I believe him to be the gentleman he represents himself."

"A finer fellow does not live," remarked the last remaining officer of the grenadiers. "But surely Colonel de Haldimar cannot mean to carry the sentence into effect. The recommendation of a court, couched in such terms as these, ought alone to have some weight with him."

"It is quite clear, from the fact of his having been remanded to his cell, the execution of the poor fellow will be deferred at least," observed one of Captain Erskine's subalterns. "If the governor had intended he should suffer immediately, he would have had him shot the moment after his sentence was read. But what is the meaning and object of this new sortie? and whither are we now going? Do you know, Captain Erskine, our company is again ordered for this duty?"

"Know it, Leslie! of course I do; and for that reason am I paying my court to the more substantial part of the breakfast. Come, Blessington, my dear fellow, you have quite lost your appetite, and we may have sharp work before we get back. Follow my example: throw that nasty blood-thickening sassafras away, and lay a foundation from this venison. None sweeter is to be found in the forests of America. A few slices of that, and then a glass each of my best Jamaica, and we shall have strength to go through the expedition, if its object be the capture of the bold Pontiac himself."

"I presume the object is rather to seek for Captain de Haldimar," said Lieutenant Boyce, the officer of grenadiers; "but in that case why not send out his own company?"

"Because the colonel prefers trusting to cooler heads and more experienced arms," good-humouredly observed Captain Erskine. "Blessington is our senior, and his men are all old stagers. My lads, too, have had their mettle up already this morning, and there is nothing like that to prepare men for a dash of enterprise. It is with them as with blood horses, the more you put them on their speed the less anxious are they to quit the course. Well, Johnstone, my brave Scot, ready for another skirmish?" he asked, as that officer now entered to satisfy the cravings of an appetite little inferior to that of his captain.

"With 'Nunquam non paratus' for my motto," gaily returned the young man, "it were odd, indeed, if a mere scratch like this should prevent me from establishing my claim to it by following wherever my gallant captain leads."

"Most courteously spoken, and little in the spirit of a man yet smarting under the infliction of a rifle wound, it must be confessed," remarked Lieutenant Leslie. "But, Johnstone, you should bear in mind a too close adherence to that motto has been, in some degree, fatal to your family."

"No reflections, Leslie, if you please," returned his brother subaltern, slightly reddening. "If the head of our family was unfortunate enough to be considered a traitor to England, he was not so, at least to Scotland; and Scotland was the land of his birth. But let his political errors be forgotten. Though the winged spur no longer adorn the booted heel of an earl of Annandale, the time may not be far distant when some liberal and popular monarch of England shall restore a title forfeited neither through cowardice nor dishonour, but from an erroneous sense of duty."

"That is to say," muttered Ensign Delme, looking round for approval as he spoke, "that our present king is neither liberal nor popular. Well, Mr. Johnstone,

were such an observation to reach the ears of Colonel de Haldimar you would stand a very fair chance of being brought to a court martial."

"That is to say nothing of the kind, sir," somewhat fiercely retorted the young Scot; "but any thing I do say you are at liberty to repeat to Colonel de Haldimar, or whom you will. I cannot understand, Leslie, why you should have made any allusion to the misfortunes of my family at this particular moment, and in this public manner. I trust it was not with a view to offend me;" and he fixed his large black eyes upon his brother subaltern, as if he would have read every thought of his mind.

"Upon my honour, Johnstone, I meant nothing of the kind," frankly returned Leslie. "I merely meant to hint that as you had had your share of service this morning, you might, at least, have suffered me to borrow your spurs, while you reposed for the present on your laurels."

"There are my gay and gallant Scots," exclaimed Captain Erskine, as he swallowed off a glass of the old Jamaica which lay before him, and with which he usually neutralised the acidities of a meat breakfast.

"Settled like gentlemen and lads of spirit, as ye are," he pursued, as the young men cordially shook each other's hand across the table. "What an enviable command is mine, to have a company of brave fellows who would face the devil himself were it necessary; and two hot and impatient subs., who are ready to cut each other's throat for the pleasure of accompanying me against a set of savages that are little better than so many devils. Come, Johnstone, you know the Colonel allows us but one sub. at a time, in consequence of our scarcity of officers, therefore it is but fair Leslie should have his turn. It will not be long, I dare say, before we shall have another brush with the rascals."

"In my opinion," observed Captain Blessington, who had been a silent and thoughtful witness of what was passing around him, "neither Leslie nor Johnstone would evince so much anxiety, were they aware of the true nature of the duty for which our companies have been ordered. Depend upon it, it is no search after Captain de Haldimar in which we are about to be engaged; for much as the colonel loves his son, he would on no account compromise the safety of the garrison, by sending a party into the forest, where poor De Haldimar, if alive, is at all likely to be found."

"Faith you are right, Blessington; the governor is not one to run these sort of risks on every occasion. My chief surprise, indeed, is, that he suffered me to venture even upon the common; but if we are not designed for some hostile expedition, why leave the fort at all?"

"The question will need no answer, if Holloway be found to accompany us."

"Psha! why should Holloway be taken out for the purpose? If he be shot at all, he will be shot on the ramparts, in the presence of, and as an example to, the whole garrison. Still, on reflection, I cannot but think it impossible the sentence should be carried into full effect, after the strong, nay, the almost unprecedented recommendation to mercy recorded on the face of the proceedings."

Captain Blessington shook his head despondingly. "What think you, Erskine, of the policy of making an example, which may be witnessed by the enemy as well as the garrison? It is evident, from his demeanour throughout, nothing will convince the colonel that Holloway is not a traitor, and he may think it advisable to strike terror in the minds of the savages, by an execution which will have the effect of showing the treason of the soldier to have been discovered."

In this opinion many of the officers now concurred; and as the fate of the unfortunate Holloway began to assume a character of almost certainty, even the spirit of the gallant Erskine, the least subdued by the recent distressing events, was overclouded; and all sank, as if by one consent, into silent communion with their thoughts, as they almost mechanically completed the meal, at which habit rather than appetite still continued them. Before any of them had yet risen from the table, a loud and piercing scream met their ears from without; and so quick and universal was the movement it produced, that its echo had scarcely yet died away in distance, when the whole of the breakfast party had issued from the room, and were already spectators of the cause.

As the officers now passed from the mess-room nearly opposite to the gate, they observed, at that part of the barracks which ran at right angles with it, and immediately in front of the apartment of the younger De Haldimar, whence he had apparently just issued, the

governor, struggling, though gently, to disengage himself from a female, who, with disordered hair and dress, lay almost prostrate upon the piazza, and clapping his booted leg with an energy evidently borrowed from the most rooted despair. The quick eye of the haughty man had already rested on the group of officers drawn by the scream of the supplicant. Numbers, too, of the men, attracted by the same cause, were collected in front of their respective block-houses, and looking from the windows of the rooms in which they were also breakfasting, preparatory to the expedition. Vexed and irritated beyond measure, at being thus made a conspicuous object of observation to his inferiors, the unbending governor made a violent and successful effort to disengage his leg; and then, without uttering a word, or otherwise noticing the unhappy being who lay extended at his feet, he stalked across the parade to his apartments at the opposite angle, without appearing to manifest the slightest consciousness of the scene that had awakened such universal attention.

Several of the officers, among whom was Captain Blessington, now hastened to the assistance of the female, whom all had recognised, from the first, to be the interesting and unhappy wife of Holloway. Many of the comrades of the latter, who had been pained and pitying spectators of the scene, also advanced for the same purpose; but, on perceiving their object anticipated by their superiors, they withdrew to the block-houses, whence they had issued. Never was grief more forcibly depicted, than in the whole appearance of this unfortunate woman; never did anguish assume a character more fitted to touch the soul, or to command respect. Her long fair hair, that had hitherto been hid under the coarse mob cap, usually worn by the wives of the soldiers, was now divested of all fastenings, and lay shadowing a white and polished bosom, which, in her violent struggles to detain the governor, had burst from its rude but modest confinement, and was now displayed in all the dazzling delicacy of youth and sex. If the officers gazed for a moment with excited look upon charms that had long been strangers to their sight, and of an order they had little deemed to find in Ellen Holloway, it was but the involuntary tribute rendered by nature unto beauty. The depth and sacredness of that sorrow, which had left the wretched woman unconscious of her exposure, in the instant afterwards imposed a check upon admiration, which each felt to be a violation of the first principles of human delicacy, and the feeling was repressed almost in the moment that gave it birth.

They were immediately in front of the room occupied by Charles de Haldimar, in the piazza of which were a few old chairs, on which the officers were in the habit of throwing themselves during the heat of the day. On one of these Captain Blessington, assisted by the officer of grenadiers, now seated the suffering and sobbing wife of Holloway. His first care was to repair the disorder of her dress; and never was the same office performed by man with greater delicacy, or absence of levity by those who witnessed it. This was the first moment of her consciousness. The inviolability of modesty for a moment rose paramount even to the desolation of her heart; and putting rudely aside the band that reposed unavoidably upon her person, the poor woman started from her seat, and looked wildly about her, as if endeavouring to identify those by whom she was surrounded. But when she observed the pitying gaze of the officers fixed upon her, in earnestness and commiseration, and heard the benevolent accents of the ever kind Blessington exhorting her to composure, her weeping became more violent and her sobs more convulsive. Captain Blessington threw an arm round her waist to prevent her from falling; and then motioning to two or three women of the company to which her husband was attached, who stood at a little distance, in front of one of the block-houses, prepared to deliver her over to their charge.

"No, no, not yet!" burst at length from the lips of the agonised woman, as she shrank from the rude but well intentioned touch of the sympathising assistants, who had promptly answered the signal; then, as if obeying some new direction of her feelings, some new impulse of her grief, she liberated herself from the slight grasp of Captain Blessington, turned suddenly round, and, before any one could anticipate the movement, entered an opening on the piazza, raised the latch of a door situated at its extremity, and was, in the next instant, in the apartment of the younger De Haldimar.

The scene that met the eyes of the officers, who now followed close after her, was one well calculated to make an impression on the hearts even of the most insensible. In the despair and recklessness of her extreme sorrow,

the young wife of Halloway had already thrown herself upon her knees at the bed side of the sick officer; and, with her hands upraised and firmly clasped together, was now supplicating him in tones, contrasting singularly in their gentleness with the depth of the sorrow that had rendered her thus regardless of appearances, and insensible to observation.

"Oh, Mr. de Haldimar!" she implored, "in the name of God and of our blessed Saviour, if you would save me from madness, intercede for my unhappy husband, and preserve him from the horrid fate that awaits him. You are too good, too gentle, too amiable, to reject the prayer of a heart-broken woman. Moreover Mr. de Haldimar," she proceeded, with deeper energy, while she caught and pressed, between her own white and bloodless hands, one nearly as delicate that lay extended near her. "consider all my dear but unfortunate husband has done for your family. Think of the blood he once spilt in the defence of your brother's life; that brother, through whom alone, oh God! he is now condemned to die. Call to mind the days and nights of anguish I passed near his couch of suffering, when yet writhing beneath the wound aimed at the life of Captain de Haldimar. Almighty Providence!" she pursued, in the same impassioned yet plaintive voice, "why is not Miss Clara here to plead the cause of the innocent, and to touch the stubborn heart of her merciless father? She would, indeed, move heaven and earth to save the life of him to whom she so often vowed eternal gratitude and acknowledgment. Ah, she little dreams of his danger now; or, if prayer and intercession could avail, my husband should yet live, and this terrible struggle at my heart would be no more."

Overcome by her emotion, the unfortunate woman suffered her aching head to droop upon the edge of the bed, and her sobbing became so painfully violent, that all who heard her expected, at every moment, some fatal termination to her immoderate grief. Charles de Haldimar was little less affected; and his sorrow was the more bitter, as he had just proved the utter inefficacy of any thing in the shape of appeal to his inflexible father.

"Mrs. Halloway, my dear Mrs. Halloway, compose yourself," said Captain Blessington, now approaching, and endeavouring to raise her gently from the floor, on which she still knelt, while her hands even more firmly grasped that of De Haldimar. "You are ill, very ill, and the consequences of this dreadful excitement may be fatal. Be advised by me, and retire. I have desired my room to be prepared for you, and Sergeant Wilnot's wife shall remain with you as long as you may require it."

"No, no, no!" she again exclaimed with energy; "what care I for my own wretched life—my beloved and unhappy husband is to die. Oh God! to die without guilt—to be cut off in his youth—to be shot as a traitor—and that simply for obeying the wishes of the officer whom he loved!—the son of the man who now spurns all supplication from his presence. It is inhuman, it is unjust—and Heaven will punish the hard-hearted man who murders him—yes, murders him! for such a punishment for such an offence is nothing less than murder." Again she wept bitterly, and as Captain Blessington still essayed to soothe and raise her:—"No, no! I will not leave this spot," she continued; "I will not quit the side of Mr. de Haldimar, until he pledges himself to intercede for my poor husband. It is his duty to save the life of him who saved his brother's life; and God and human justice are with my appeal. Oh, tell me, then, Mr. de Haldimar,—if you would save my wretched heart from breaking,—tell me you will intercede for, and obtain the pardon of my husband!"

As she concluded this last sentence in passionate appeal, she had risen from her knees; and, conscious only of the importance of the boon solicited, now threw herself upon the breast of the highly pained and agitated young officer. Her long and beautiful hair fell floating over his face, and mingled with his own, while her arms were wildly clasped around him, in all the energy of frantic and hopeless adjuration.

"Almighty God!" exclaimed the agitated young man, as he made a feeble and fruitless effort to raise the form of the unhappy woman; "what shall I say to impart comfort to this suffering being? Oh, Mrs. Halloway," he pursued, "I would willingly give all I possess in this world to be the means of saving your unfortunate husband,—and as much for his own sake as for yours would I do this; but, alas! I have not the power. Do not think I speak without conviction. My father has just been with me, and I have pleaded the cause of your husband with an earnestness I should scarcely have used had my own life been at stake. But all my entreaties have been in vain. He is obstinate in the belief my brother's strange absence, and Donellan's death, are attributable

only to the treason of Halloway. Still there is a hope. A detachment is to leave the fort within the hour, and Halloway is to accompany them. It may be, my father intends this measure only with a view to terrify him into a confession of guilt; and that he deems it politic to make him undergo all the fearful preliminaries without carrying the sentence itself into effect."

The unfortunate woman said no more. When she raised her heaving chest from that of the young officer, her eyes, though red and shrunk to half their usual size with weeping, were tearless; but on her countenance there was an expression of wild woe, infinitely more distressing to behold, in consequence of the almost unnatural check so suddenly imposed upon her feelings. She tottered, rather than walked, through the group of officers, who gave way on either hand to let her pass; and rejecting all assistance from the women who had followed into the room, and who now, in obedience to another signal from Captain Blessington, hastened to her support, finally gained the door and quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

The sun was high in the meridian, as the second detachment, commanded by Colonel de Haldimar in person, issued from the fort of Detroit. It was that soft and hazy season, peculiar to the bland and beautiful autumns of Canada, when the golden light of Heaven seems as if transmitted through a veil of tissue, and all of animate and inanimate nature, expanding and fructifying beneath its fostering influence, breathes the most delicious languor and voluptuous repose. It was one of those still, calm, warm, and genial days, which in those regions come under the vulgar designation of the Indian summer; a season that is ever hailed by the Canadian with a satisfaction proportioned to the extreme sultriness of the summer, and the equally oppressive rigour of the winter, by which it is immediately preceded and followed.

Such a day as that we have just described was the 9th of September, 1763, when the chief portion of the English garrison of Detroit issued forth from the fortifications in which they had so long been cooped up, and in the presumed execution of a duty undeniably the most trying and painful that ever fell to the lot of soldier to perform. The detachment wended its slow and solemn course, with a mournful pageantry of preparation that gave fearful earnest of the tragedy expected to be enacted.

In front, and dragged by the hands of the gunners, moved two of the three three-pounders, that had been ordered for the duty. Behind these came Captain Blessington's company, and in their rear, the prisoner Halloway, divested of his uniform, and clad in a white cotton jacket, and cap of the same material. Six rank and file of the grenadiers followed, under the command of a corporal, and behind these again, came eight men of the same company; four of whom bore on their shoulders a coffin, covered with a coarse black pall that had perhaps already assisted at fifty interments; while the other four carried, in addition to their own, the muskets of their burdened comrades. After these, marched a solitary drummer-boy; whose tall bear-skin cap attested him to be of the grenadiers also, while his muffled instrument marked the duty for which he had been selected. Like his comrades, none of whom exhibited their scarlet uniforms, he wore the collar of his great coat closely buttoned beneath his chin, which was only partially visible above the stiff leathern stock that encircled his neck. Although his features were half buried in his huge cap and the high collar of his coat, there was an air of delicacy about his person that seemed to render him unsuited to such an office; and more than once was Captain Erskine, who followed immediately behind him at the head of his company, compelled to call sharply to the urchin, threatening him with a week's drill unless he mended his feeble and unequal pace, and kept from under the feet of his men. The remaining gun brought up the rear of the detachment, who marched with fixed bayonets and two balls in each musket; the whole presenting a front of sections, that completely filled up the road along which they passed. Colonel de Haldimar, Captain Wentworth, and the Adjutant Lawson followed in the extreme rear.

An event so singular as that of the appearance of the English without their fort, beset as they were by a host of fierce and dangerous enemies, was not likely to pass unnoticed by a single individual in the little village of Detroit. We have already observed, that most of the colonist settlers had been cruelly massacred at the very onset of hostilities. Not so, however, with the

Canadians, who, from their anterior relations with the natives, and the mutual and tacit good understanding that subsisted between both parties, were suffered to continue in quiet and unmolested possession of their homes, where they preserved an avowed neutrality, never otherwise infringed than by the assistance secretly and occasionally rendered to the English troops, whose gold they were glad to receive in exchange for the necessities of life.

Every dwelling of the infant town had commenced giving up its tenants, from the moment when the head of the detachment was seen traversing the drawbridge; so that, by the time it reached the highway, and took its direction to the left, the whole population of Detroit were already assembled in groups, and giving expression to their several conjectures, with a vivacity of language and energy of gesticulation that would not have disgraced the parent land itself. As the troops drew nearer, however, they all sank at once into a silence, as much the result of certain unacknowledged and undefined fears, as of the respect the English had ever been accustomed to exact.

At the further extremity of the town, and at a bend in the road, which branched off more immediately towards the river, stood a small public house, whose creaking sign bore three ill executed fleur-de-lis, apologetic emblems of the arms of France. The building itself was little more than a rude log hut, along the front of which ran a plank, supported by two stumps of trees, and serving as a temporary accommodation both for the traveller and the inmate. On this bench three persons, apparently attracted by the beauty of the day and the mildness of the autumnal sun, were now seated, two of whom were leisurely puffing their pipes, while the third, a female, was employed in carding wool, a quantity of which lay in a basket at her feet, while she warbled, in a low tone, one of the simple airs of her native land. The elder of the two men, whose age might be about fifty, offered nothing remarkable in his appearance; he was dressed in a coat made of the common white blanket, while his hair, cut square upon the forehead, and tied into a club of nearly a foot long, fell into the cape or hood attached to it.

His companion was habited in a still more extraordinary manner. His lower limbs were cased, up to the mid-thigh, in leathern leggings, the seam of which was on the outside, leaving a margin, or border, of about an inch wide, which had been slit into innumerable small fringes, giving them an air of elegance and lightness: a garter of leather, curiously wrought, with the stained quills of the porcupine, encircled each leg, immediately under the knee, where it was tied in a bow, and then suffered to hang pendant half way down the limb; to the fringes of the leggings, moreover, were attached numerous dark-coloured horny substances, emitting, as they rattled against each other, at the slightest movement of the wearer, a tinkling sound, resembling that produced by a number of small thin delicate brass bells; these were the tender hoofs of the wild deer, dried, scraped, and otherwise prepared for this ornamental purpose.

The form and face of this individual were in perfect keeping with the style of his costume, and the character of his equipment. His stature was beyond that of the ordinary race of men, and his athletic and muscular limbs united the extremes of strength and activity. His features, marked and prominent, wore a cast of habitual thought, strangely tinged with ferocity; and the expression of his otherwise not unhandsome countenance was repellent and disdainful. At the first glance he might have been taken for one of the swarthy natives of the soil; but though time and constant exposure to scorching suns had given to his complexion a dusky hue, still there was wanting the quick, black, penetrating eye; the high cheek bone; the straight, coarse, shining black hair; the small bony hand and foot; and the placidly proud and serious air, by which the former is distinguished. His own eye was of a deep bluish gray; his hair short, dark, and wavy; his hands large and muscular; and so far from exhibiting any of the self-command of the Indian, the constant play of his features betrayed each passing thought with the same rapidity with which it was conceived. But if any doubt could have existed in the mind of him who beheld this strangely accoutred figure, it would have been instantly dispelled by a glance at his limbs. From his leggings to the hip, that portion of the lower limb was completely bare, and disclosed, at each movement of the garment that was suffered to fall loosely over it, not the swarthy and copper-coloured flesh of the Indian, but the pale though sun-burnt skin of one of a more temperate clime. His age might be about forty-five.

At the moment when the English detachment approached

the bend in the road, these two individuals were conversing earnestly together, pausing only to puff at intervals thick and wreathing volumes of smoke from their pipes, which were filled with a mixture of tobacco and odoriferous herbs. Presently, however, sounds that appeared familiar to his ear arrested the attention of the wildly accoutred being we have last described. It was the heavy roll of the artillery carriages already advancing along the road, and somewhat in the rear of the hut. To dash his pipe to the ground, seize and cock and raise his rifle to his shoulder, was but the work of a moment. Startled by the suddenness of the action, his male companion moved a few paces also from his seat, to discover the cause of this singular movement. The female, on the contrary, stirred not, but ceasing for a moment the occupation in which she had been engaged, fixed her dark and brilliant eyes upon the tall form of the rifleman, whose athletic limbs, thrown into powerful relief by the distention of each nerve and muscle, appeared to engross her whole admiration and interest, without any reference to the cause that had produced this abrupt and hostile change in his movements. It was evident that, unlike the other inhabitants of the town, this group had been taken by surprise, and were utterly unprepared to expect any thing in the shape of interruption.

For upwards of a minute, during which the march of the men became audible even to the ears of the female, the formidable warrior, for such his garb denoted him to be, continued motionless in the attitude he had at first assumed. No sooner, however, had the head of the advancing column come within sight, than the aim was taken, the trigger pulled, and the small and ragged bullet sped hissing from the grooved and delicate barrel. A triumphant cry was next pealed from the lips of the warrior,—a cry produced by the quickly repeated application and removal of one hand to and from the mouth, while the other suffered the butt end of the now harmless weapon to fall loosely upon the earth. He then slowly and deliberately withdrew within the cover of the hut.

This daring action, which had been viewed by the leading troops with astonishment not unmingled with alarm, occasioned a temporary confusion in the ranks, for all believed they had fallen into an ambuscade of the Indians. A halt was instantly commanded by Captain Blessington, in order to give time to the governor to come up from the rear, while he proceeded with one of the leading sections to reconnoitre the front of the hut. To his surprise, however, he found neither enemy, nor evidence that an enemy had been there. The only individuals visible were the Canadian, and the dark-eyed female. Both were seated on the bench;—the one smoking his pipe with a well assumed appearance of unconcern;—the other carding her wool, but with a hand that by a close observer might be seen to tremble in its office, and a cheek that was paler than at the moment when we first placed her before the imagination of the reader. Both, however, started with unaffected surprise on seeing Captain Blessington and his little force turn the corner of the house from the main road; and certain looks of recognition passed between all parties, that proved them to be no strangers to each other.

"Ah, monsieur," said the Canadian, in a mingled dialect, neither French nor English, while he attempted an ease and freedom of manner that was too miserably affected to pass current with the mild but observant officer whom he addressed, "how much surprise I am, and glad to see you. It is a long time since you came out of de fort. I hope de gouverneur and de officir be all very well. I was tinkin to go to-day to see if you want any ting. I have got some nice rum of the Jamaïque for Capitaine Erskine. Will you please to try some?" While speaking, the voluble host of the Fleur de lis had risen from his seat, laid aside his pipe, and now stood with his hands thrust into his pockets of his blanket coat.

"It is indeed a long time since we have been here, Master François," somewhat sarcastically and drily replied Captain Blessington; "and you have not visited us quite so often latterly yourself, though well aware we were in want of fresh provisions. I give you all due credit, however, for your intention of coming to-day, but you see we have anticipated you. Still this is not the point. Where is the Indian who fired at us just now? and how is it we find you leagued with our enemies?"

"What, sir, is it you say?" asked the Canadian, holding up his hands with feigned astonishment. "Me league myself with de savage. Upon my honour I did not see nobody fire, or I should tell you. I love de English too well to do dem harms."

"Come, come, François, no nonsense. If I cannot

make you confess, there is one not far from me who will. You know Colonel de Haldimar too well to imagine he will be trifled with in this manner: if he detects you in a falsehood, he will certainly cause you to be hanged up at the first tree. Take my advice, therefore, and say where you have secreted this Indian; and recollect, if we fall into an ambuscade, your life will be forfeited at the first shot we hear fired."

At this moment the governor, followed by his adjutant, came rapidly up to the spot. Captain Blessington communicated the ill success of his queries, when the former cast on the terrified Canadian one of those severe and searching looks which he so well knew how to assume.

"Where is the rascal who fired at us, sirrah? tell me instantly, or you have not five minutes to live."

The heart of mine host of the Fleur de lis quailed within him at this formidable threat; and the usually ruddy hue of his countenance had now given place to an ashy paleness. Still as he had positively denied all knowledge of the matter on which he was questioned, he appeared to feel his safety lay in adhering to his original statement. Again, therefore, he assured the governor, on his honour (laying his hand upon his heart as he spoke,) that what he had already stated was the fact.

"Your honour—you pitiful trading scoundrel!—how dare you talk to me of your honour? Come, sir, confess at once where you have secreted this fellow, or prepare to die."

"If I may be so bold, your honour," said one of Captain Blessington's men, "the Frenchman lies. When the Indian fired among us, this fellow was peeping under his shoulder and watching us also. If I had not seen him too often at the fort to be mistaken in his person, I should have known him, at all events, by his blanket coat and red handkerchief."

This blunt statement of the soldier, confirmed as it was the instant afterwards by one of his comrades, was damning proof against the Canadian, even if the fact of the rifle being discharged from the front of the hut had not already satisfied all parties of the falsehood of his assertion.

"Come forward, a couple of files, and seize this villain," resumed the governor with his wonted sternness of manner. "Mr. Lawson, see if his hut does not afford a rope strong enough to hang the traitor from one of his own apple trees."

Both parties proceeded at the same moment to execute the two distinct orders of their chief. The Canadian was now firmly secured in the grasp of the two men who had given evidence against him, when, seeing all the horror of the dreadful fate that awaited him, he confessed the individual who had fired had been sitting with him the instant previously, but that he knew no more of him than of any other savage occasionally calling at the Fleur de lis. He added, that on discharging the rifle he had bounded across the palings of the orchard, and fled in the direction of the forest. He denied all knowledge or belief of an enemy waiting in ambush; stating, moreover, even the individual in question had not been aware of the sortie of the detachment until apprised of their near approach by the heavy sound of the gun carriages.

"Here are undeniable proofs of the man's villany, sir," said the adjutant, returning from the hut and exhibiting objects of new and fearful interest to the governor. "This hat and rope I found secreted in one of the bedrooms of the auberge. The first is evidently Donellan's; and from the hook attached to the latter, I apprehend it to be the same stated to have been used by Captain de Haldimar in crossing the ditch."

The governor took the hat and rope from the hands of his subordinate, examined them attentively, and after a few moments of deep musing, during which his countenance underwent several rapid though scarcely perceptible changes, turned suddenly and eagerly to the soldier who had first convicted the Canadian in his falsehood, and demanded if he had seen enough of the man who had fired to be able to give even a general description of his person.

"Why yes, your honour, I think I can; for the fellow stood long enough after firing his piece, for a painter to have taken him off from head to foot. He was a taller and larger man by far than our biggest grenadier, and that is poor Harry Donellan, as your honour knows. But as for his dress, though I could see it all, I scarcely can tell how to describe it. All I know is, he was covered with smoked deer skin, in some such fashion as the great chief Pontec, only, instead of having his head bare and shaved, he wore a strange outlandish sort of a hat, covered over with wild birds' feathers in front."

"Enough," interrupted the governor, motioning the man to silence; then, in an under tone to himself,—"By heaven, the very same." A shade of disappointment, and suppressed alarm, passed rapidly across his brow; it was but momentary. "Captain Blessington," he ordered quickly and impatiently, "search the hut and grounds for this lurking Indian, who is, no doubt, secreted in the neighbourhood. Quick, quick, sir; there is no time to be lost." Then in an intimidating tone to the Canadian, who had already dropped on his knees, supplicating mercy, and vociferating his innocence in the same breath,—"So, you infernal scoundrel, this is the manner in which you have repaid our confidence. Where is my son, sir? Or have you already murdered him, as you did his servant? Tell me, you villain, what have you to say to these proofs of your treachery? But stay, I shall take another and fitter opportunity to question you. Mr. Lawson, secure this traitor properly, and let him be conveyed to the centre of the detachment."

The mandate was promptly obeyed; and in despite of his own unceasing prayers and protestations of innocence, and the tears and entreaties of his dark-eyed daughter Babette, who had thrown herself on her knees at his side, the stout arms of mine host of the Fleur de lis were soon firmly secured behind his back with the strong rope that had been found under such suspicious circumstances in his possession. Before he was marched off, however two of the men who had been sent in pursuit, returned from the orchard, stating that further search was now fruitless. They had penetrated through a small thicket at the extremity of the grounds, and had distinctly seen a man answering the description given by their comrades, in full flight towards the forest skirting the heights in front.

The governor was evidently far from being satisfied with the result of a search too late instituted to leave even a prospect of success. "Where are the Indians principally encamped, sirrah?" he sternly demanded of his captive; "answer me truly, or I will carry off this wench as well, and if a single hair of a man of mine be even singed by a shot from a skulking enemy, you may expect to see her bayoneted before your eyes."

"Ah, my God! Monsieur le Gouverneur," exclaimed the affrighted aubergiste, "as I am an honest man, I shall tell de truth, but spare my child. They are all in de forest, and half a mile from de little river dat runs between dis and de Pork Island."

"Hog Island, I suppose you mean."

"Yes sir, de Hog Island is de one I means."

"Conduct him to the centre, and let him be confronted with the prisoner," directed the governor, addressing his adjutant; "Captain Blessington, your men may resume their stations in the ranks." The order was obeyed; and notwithstanding the tears and supplications of the now highly excited Babette, who flung herself upon his neck, and was only removed by force, the terrified Canadian was borne off from his premises by the troops.

CHAPTER X.

While this scene was enacting in front of the Fleur de lis, one of a far more touching and painful nature was passing in the very heart of the detachment itself. At the moment when the halt was ordered by Captain Blessington, a rumour ran through the ranks that they had reached the spot destined for the execution of their ill-fated comrade. Those only in the immediate front were aware of the true cause; but although the report of the rifle had been distinctly heard by all, it had been attributed by those in the rear to the accidental discharge of one of their own muskets. A low murmur, expressive of the opinion generally entertained, passed gradually from rear to front, until it at length reached the ears of the delicate drummer boy who marched behind the coffin. His face was still buried in the collar of his coat; and what was left uncovered of his features by the cap, was in some degree hidden by the forward drooping of his head upon his chest. Hitherto he had moved almost mechanically along, tottering and embarrassing himself at every step under the cumbersome drum that was suspended from a belt round his neck over the left thigh; but now there was a certain indescribable drawing up of the frame, and tension of the whole person, denoting a concentration of all the moral and physical energies,—a sudden working up, as it were, of the intellectual and corporeal being to some determined and momentous purpose.

At the first halt of the detachment, the weary supporters of the coffin had deposited their rude and sombre burden upon the earth, preparatory to its being resumed by those appointed to relieve them. The dull sound emitted by the hollow fabric, as it touched the ground, caught the ear of him for whom it was destined, and he

turned to gaze upon the sad and lonely tenement so shortly to become his final resting place. There was an air of calm composure and dignified sorrow upon his brow, that infused respect into the hearts of all who beheld him; and even the men selected to do the duty of executioners sought to evade his glance, as his steady eye wandered from right to left of the fatal rank. His attention, however, was principally directed towards the coffin, which lay before him; on this he gazed fixedly for upwards of a minute. He then turned his eyes in the direction of the fort, shuddered, heaved a profound sigh, and looking up to heaven, with the apparent fervour that became his situation, seemed to pray for a moment or two inwardly and devoutly. The thick and almost suffocating breathing of one immediately beyond the coffin, was now distinctly heard by all. Halloway started from his attitude of devotion, gazed earnestly on the form whence it proceeded, and then wildly extending his arms, suffered a smile of satisfaction to illumine his pale features. All eyes were now turned upon the drummer boy, who, evidently labouring under convulsive excitement of feeling, suddenly dashed his cap and instrument to the earth, and flew as fast as his tottering and uncertain steps would admit across the coffin, and into the arms extended to receive him.

"My Ellen! oh, my own devoted, but too unhappy Ellen!" passionately exclaimed the soldier, as he clasped the slight and agitated form of his disguised wife to his throbbing heart. "This, this, indeed, is joy even in death. I thought I could have died more happily without you, but nature tugs powerfully at my heart; and to see you once more, to feel you once more here," (and he pressed her wildly to his chest,) "is indeed a bliss that robs my approaching fate of half its terror."

"Oh Reginald! my dearly beloved Reginald! my murdered husband!" shrieked the unhappy woman; "your Ellen will not survive you. Her heart is already broken, though she cannot weep; but the same grave shall contain us both. Reginald, do you believe me? I swear it; the same grave shall contain us both."

Exhausted with the fatigue and excitement she had undergone, the faithful and affectionate creature now lay, without sense or motion, in the arms of her wretched husband. Halloway bore her, unopposed, a pace or two in advance, and deposited her unconscious form on the fatal coffin.

No language of ours can render justice to the trying character of the scene. All who witnessed it were painfully affected, and over the bronzed cheek of many a veteran coursed a tear, that, like that of Sterne's recording angel, might have blotted out a catalogue of sins. Although each was prepared to expect a reprimand from the governor, for suffering the prisoner to quit his station in the ranks, humanity and nature pleaded too powerfully in his behalf, and neither officer or man attempted to interfere, unless with a view to render assistance. Captain Erskine, in particular, was deeply pained, and would have given any thing to recal the harsh language he had used towards the supposed idle and inattentive drummer boy. Taking from a pocket in his uniform a small flask of brandy, which he had provided against casualties, the compassionate officer slightly raised the head of the pale and unconscious woman with one hand, while with the other he introduced a few drops between her parted lips. Halloway knelt at the opposite side of the coffin; one hand searching, but in vain, the suspended pulse of his inanimate wife; the other, unbuttoning the breast of the drum-boy's jacket, which, with every other part of the equipment, she wore beneath the loose great coat so effectually accomplishing her disguise.

Such was the position of the chief actors in this truly distressing drama, at the moment when Colonel de Haldimar came up with his new prisoner, to mark what effect would be produced on Halloway by his unexpected appearance. His own surprise and disappointment may be easily conceived, when, in the form of the recumbent being who seemed to engross universal attention, he recognised, by the fair and streaming hair, and half exposed bosom, the unfortunate being whom, only two hours previously, he had spurned from his feet in the costume of her own sex, and reduced, by the violence of her grief, to almost infantine debility. Question succeeded question to those around, but without eliciting any clue to the means by which this mysterious disguise had been

effected. No one had been aware, until the truth was so singularly and suddenly revealed, the supposed drummer was any other than one of the lads attached to the grenadiers; and as for the other facts, they spoke too plainly to the comprehension of the governor to need explanation. Once more, however, the detachment was called to order. Halloway struck his hand violently upon his brow, kissed the wan lips of his still unconscious wife, breathing as he did so, a half murmured hope she might indeed be the corpse she appeared. He then raised himself from the earth with a light and elastic yet firm movement, and resumed the place he had previously occupied, where, to his surprise, he beheld a second victim bound, and, apparently, devoted to the same death. When the eyes of the two unhappy men met, the governor closely watched the expression of the countenance of each; but although the Canadian started on beholding the soldier, it might be merely because he saw the latter arrayed in the garb of death, and followed by the most unequivocal demonstrations of a doom to which he himself was, in all probability, devoted. As for Halloway, his look betrayed neither consciousness nor recognition; and though too proud to express complaint or to give vent to the feelings of his heart, his whole soul appeared to be absorbed in the unhappy partner of his luckless destiny. Presently he saw her borne, and in the same state of insensibility, in the arms of Captain Erskine and Lieutenant Leslie, towards the hut of his fellow prisoner, and he heard the former officer enjoin the weeping girl, Babette, to whose charge they delivered her over, to pay every attention to her situation might require. The detachment then proceeded.

The narrow but deep and rapid river alluded to by the Canadian, as running midway between the town and Hog Island, derived its source far within the forest, and formed the bed of one of those wild, dark, and thickly wooded ravines so common in America. As it neared the Detroit, however, the abruptness of its banks was so considerably lessened, as to render the approach to it on the town side over an almost imperceptible slope. Within a few yards of its mouth, as we have already observed, a rude but strong wooden bridge, over which lay the high road, had been constructed by the French; and from the centre of this, all the circuit of intermediate clearing, even to the very skirt of the forest, was distinctly commanded by the naked eye. To the right, on approaching it from the town, lay the adjacent shores of Canada, washed by the broad waters of the Detroit, on which it was thrown into strong relief, and which, at the distance of about a mile in front, was seen to diverge into two distinct channels, pursuing each a separate course, until they again met at the western extremity of Hog Island. On the left, and in the front, rose a succession of slightly undulating hills, which, at a distance of little more than half a mile, terminated in an elevation considerably above the immediate level of the Detroit side of the ravine. That, again, was crowned with thick and overhanging forest, taking its circular sweep around the fort. The intermediate ground was studded over with rude stumps of trees, and bore, in various directions, distinct proofs of the spoliation wrought among the infant possessions of the murdered English settlers. The view to the rear was less open; the town being partially hidden by the fruit-laden orchards that lined the intervening high road, and hung principally on its left. This was not the case with the fort. Between these orchards and the distant forest lay a line of open country, fully commanded by its cannon, even to the ravine we have described, and in a sweep that embraced every thing from the bridge itself to the forest, in which all traces of its source was lost.

When the detachment had arrived within twenty yards of the bridge, they were made to file off to the left, until the last gun had come up. They were then fringed; the rear section of Captain Erskine's company resting on the road, and the left flank, covered by the two first guns pointed obliquely, both in front and rear, to guard against surprise, in the event of any of the Indians stealing round to the cover of the orchards. The route by which they had approached this spot was upwards of two miles in extent; but, as they now filed off into the open ground, the leading sections observed, in a direct line over the cleared country, and at the distance of little more than three quarters of a mile, the dark ramparts of the fortress that contained their comrades, and could even distinguish

the uniforms of the officers and men drawn up in line along the works, where they were evidently assembled to witness the execution of the sentence on Halloway.

Such a sight as that of the English so far from their fort, was not likely to escape the notice of the Indians. Their encampment, as the Canadian had truly stated, lay within the forest, and beyond the elevated ground already alluded to; and to have crossed the ravine, or ventured out of reach of the cannon of the fort, would have been to have sealed the destruction of the detachment. But the officer to whom their security was entrusted, although he had his own particular views for venturing thus far, knew also at what point to stop; and such was the confidence of his men in his skill and prudence, they would have fearlessly followed wherever he might have chosen to lead. Still, even amid all the solemnity of preparation attendant on the duty they were out to perform, there was a natural and secret apprehensiveness about each, that caused him to cast his eyes frequently and fixedly on that part of the forest which was known to afford cover to their merciless foes. At times they fancied they beheld the dark and flitting forms of men gliding from tree to tree along the skirt of the wood; but when they gazed again, nothing of the kind was to be seen, and the illusion was at once ascribed to the heavy state of the atmosphere, and the action of their own precautionary instincts.

Meanwhile the solemn tragedy of death was preparing in mournful silence. On the centre of the bridge, and visible to those even within the fort, was placed the coffin of Halloway, and at twelve paces in front were drawn up the six rank and file on whom had devolved, by lot, the cruel duty of the day. With calm and fearless eye the prisoner surveyed the preparations for his approaching end; and whatever might be the inward workings of his mind, there was not among the assembled soldiery one individual whose countenance betrayed so little of sorrow and emotion as his own. With a firm step, when summoned, he moved towards the fatal coffin, dashing his cap to the earth as he advanced, and baring his chest with the characteristic contempt of death of the soldier. When he had reached the centre of the bridge, he turned facing his comrades, and knelt upon the coffin. Captain Blesington, who, permitted by the governor, had followed him with a sad heart and heavy step, now drew a prayer-book from his pocket, and read from it in a low voice. He then closed the volume, listened to something the prisoner earnestly communicated to him, received a small packet which he drew from the bosom of his shirt, shook him long and cordially by the hand, and then hastily resumed his post at the head of the detachment.

The principal inhabitants of the village, led by curiosity, had followed at a distance to witness the execution of the condemned soldier; and above the heads of the line, and crowning the slope, were collected groups of both sexes and of all ages, that gave a still more imposing character to the scene. Every eye was now turned upon the firing party, who only awaited the signal to execute their melancholy office, when suddenly, in the direction of the forest, and upon the extreme height, there burst the tremendous and deafening yells of more than a thousand savages. For an instant Halloway was forgotten in the instinctive sense of individual danger, and all gazed eagerly to ascertain the movements of their enemy. Presently a man, naked to the waist, his body and face besmeared with streaks of black and red paint, and his whole attitude expressing despair and horror, was seen flying down the height with a rapidity proportioned to the extreme peril in which he stood. At about fifty paces in his rear followed a dozen bounding, screaming Indians, armed with uplifted tomahawks, whose anxiety in pursuit lent them a speed that even surpassed the efforts of flight itself. It was evident the object of the pursued was to reach the detachment, that of the pursuers to prevent him. The struggle was maintained for a few moments with equality, but in the end the latter were triumphant, and at each step the distance that separated them became less. At the first alarm, the detachment, with the exception of the firing party, who still occupied their ground, had been thrown into square, and, with a gun planted in each angle, awaited the attack momentarily expected. But although the heights were now alive with the dusky forms of naked warriors, who, from the skirt of the forest, watched the exertions of their fellows,

the pursuit of the wretched fugitive was confined to these alone. Foremost of the latter, and distinguished by his violent exertions and fiendish cries, was the tall and wildly attired warrior of the Fleur de lis. At every bound he gained upon his victim. Already were they descending the nearest of the undulating hills, and both now became conspicuous objects to all around; but principally the pursuer, whose gigantic frame and extraordinary speed riveted every eye, even while the interest of all was excited for the wretched fugitive alone.

At that moment Halloway, who had been gazing on the scene with an astonishment little inferior to that of his comrades, sprang suddenly to his feet upon the coffin, and waving his hand in the direction of the pursuing enemy, shouted aloud in a voice of mingled joy and triumph,—

"Ha! Almighty God, I thank thee! Here, here comes one who alone has the power to snatch me from my impending doom."

"By Heaven, the traitor confesses, and presumes to triumph in his guilt," exclaimed the voice of one, who, while closely attending to every movement of the Indians, was also vigilantly watching the effect likely to be produced on the prisoner by this unexpected interruption. "Corporal, do your duty."

"Stay, stay—one moment stay!" implored Halloway with uplifted hands.

"Do your duty, sir," fiercely repeated the governor.

"Oh stop—for God's sake, stop! Another moment and he will be here, and I—"

He said no more—a dozen bullets penetrated his body—one passed directly through his heart. He leaped several feet in the air, and then fell heavily, a lifeless bleeding corpse, across the coffin.

Meanwhile the pursuit of the fugitive was continued, but by the warrior of the Fleur de lis alone. Aware of their inefficiency to keep pace with this singular being, his companions had relinquished the chase, and now stood resting on the brow of the hill where the wretched Halloway had first recognised his supposed deliverer, watching eagerly, though within musket shot of the detachment, the result of a race on which so much apparently depended. Neither party, however, attempted to interfere with the other, for all eyes were now turned on the flying man and his pursuer with an interest that denoted the extraordinary efforts of the one to evade and the other to attain the accomplishment of his object. The immediate course taken was in a direct line for the ravine, which it evidently was the object of the fugitive to clear at its nearest point. Already had he approached within a few paces of its brink, and every eye was fastened on the point where it was expected the doubtful leap would be taken, when suddenly, as if despairing to accomplish it at a bound, he turned to the left, and winding along its bank, renewed his efforts in the direction of the bridge. This movement occasioned a change in the position of the parties, which was favourable to the pursued. Hitherto they had been so immediately on a line with each other, it was impossible for the detachment to bring a musket to bear upon the warrior, without endangering him whose life they were anxious to preserve. For a moment or two his body was fairly exposed, and a dozen muskets were discharged at intervals from the square, but all without success. Recovering his lost ground, he soon brought the pursued again in a line between himself and the detachment, edging rapidly nearer to him as he advanced, and uttering terrific yells, that were echoed back from his companions on the brow of the hill. It was evident, however, his object was the recapture, not the destruction, of the flying man, for more than once did he brandish his menacing tomahawk in rapid sweeps around his head, as if preparing to dart it, and as often did he check the movement. The scene at each succeeding moment became more critical and intensely interesting. The strength of the pursued was now nearly exhausted, while that of his formidable enemy seemed to suffer no diminution. Leap after leap he took with fearful superiority, sideling as he advanced. Already had he closed upon his victim, while with a springing effort a large and bony hand was extended to secure his shoulder in his grasp. The effort was fatal to him; for in reaching too far he lost his balance, and fell heavily upon the sword. A shout of exultation burst from the English troops, and numerous voices now encouraged the pursued to renew his exertions. The advice was not lost; and although only a few seconds had elapsed between the fall and recovery of his pursuer, the wretched fugitive had already greatly increased the distance that separated them. A cry of savage rage and disappointment burst from the lips of the gigantic warrior; and concentrating all his remaining strength and

speed into one final effort, he bounded and leapt like a deer of the forest whence he came. The opportunity for recapture, however, had been lost in his fall, for already the pursued was within a few feet of the high road, and on the point of turning the extremity of the bridge. One only resource was now left: the warrior suddenly checked himself in his course, and remained stationary; then raising and dropping his glittering weapon several times in a balancing position, he waited until the pursued had gained the highest point of the open bridge. At that moment the glittering steel, aimed with singular accuracy and precision, ran whistling through the air, and with such velocity of movement as to be almost invisible to the eyes of those who attempted to follow it in its threatening course. All expected to see it enter into the brain against which it had been directed; but the fugitive had marked the movement in time to save himself by stooping low to the earth, while the weapon, passing over him, entered with a deadly and crashing sound into the brain of the weltering corpse. This danger passed, he sprang once more to his feet, nor paused again in his flight until, faint and exhausted, he sank without motion under the very bayonets of the firing party.

A new direction was now given to the interest of the assembled and distinct crowds that had witnessed these startling incidents. Scarcely had the wretched man gained the protection of the soldiery, when a shriek divided the air, so wild, so piercing, and so unearthly, that even the warrior of the Fleur de lis seemed to lose sight of his victim, in the harrowing interest produced by that dreadful scream. All turned their eyes for a moment in the quarter whence it proceeded; when presently, from behind the groups of Canadians crowning the slope, was seen flying, with the rapidity of thought, one who resembled rather a spectre than a being of earth;—it was the wife of Halloway. Her long fair hair was wild and streaming—her feet, and legs, and arms were naked—and one solitary and scanty garment displayed rather than concealed the symmetry of her delicate person. She flew to the fatal bridge, threw herself on the body of her bleeding husband, and imprinting her warm kisses on his bloody lips, for a moment or two presented the image of one whose reason has fled for ever. Suddenly she started from the earth; her face, her hands, and her garment so saturated with the blood of her husband, that a feeling of horror crept throughout the veins of all who beheld her. She stood upon the coffin, and across the corpse—raised her eyes and hands imploringly to Heaven—and then, in accents wilder even than her words, uttered an imprecation that sounded like the prophetic warning of some unholy spirit.

"Inhuman murderer!" she exclaimed, in tones that almost paralysed the ears on which it fell, "if there be a God of justice and of truth, he will avenge this devilish deed. Yes, Colonel de Haldimar, a prophetic voice whispers to my soul, that even as I have seen perish before my eyes all I loved on earth, without mercy and without hope, so even shall you witness the destruction of your accursed race. Here—here—here," and she pointed downwards, with singular energy of action, to the corpse of her husband, "here shall their blood flow till every vestige of his own is washed away, and oh, if there be spared one branch of thy detested family, may it be only that they may be reserved for some death too horrible to be conceived!"

Overcome by the frantic energy with which she had uttered these appalling words, she sank backwards, and fell, uttering another shriek, into the arms of the warrior of the Fleur de lis, who bore off his prize in triumph, and fled, with nearly the same expedition he had previously manifested, in the direction of the forest, before any one could recover sufficiently from the effect of the scene to think even of interfering.

CHAPTER XI.

It was on the evening of that day, so fertile in melancholy incident, to which the previous pages have been devoted, that the drawbridge of Detroit was, for the third time since the investment of the garrison, lowered; not, as previously, with a disregard of the intimation that might be given to those without by the sullen and echoing rattle of its ponderous chains, but with a caution attesting how much secrecy of purpose was sought to be preserved. There was, however, no array of armed men within the walls, that denoted an expedition of a hostile character. Overcome with the harassing duties of the day, the chief portion of the troops had retired to rest, and a few groups of the guard alone were to be seen walking up and down in front of their post, apparently with a view to check the influence of midnight drowsiness, but, in

reality, to witness the result of certain preparations going on by torchlight in the centre of the barrack square.

In the midst of an anxious group of officers, comprising nearly all of that rank within the fort, stood two individuals, attired in a costume having nothing in common with the gay and martial habiliments of the former. They were tall, handsome young men, whose native elegance of carriage was but imperfectly hidden under an equipment evidently adopted for, and otherwise fully answering, the purpose of disguise. A blue cotton shell jacket, closely fitting to the person, trousers of the same material, a pair of strong deer-skin moccasins, and a coloured handkerchief tied loosely round the collar of a checked shirt, the whole surmounted by a rough blanket coat, formed the principal portion of their garb. Each, moreover, wore a false queue of about nine inches in length, the effect of which was completely to change the character of the countenance, and lend to the features a Canadian-like expression. A red worsted cap, resembling a *bonnet de nuit*, was thrown carelessly over the side of the head, which could, at any moment, when deeper disguise should be deemed necessary, command the additional protection of the rude hood that fell back upon the shoulders from the collar of the coat to which it was attached. Into a broad belt, that encircled the jacket of each, were thrust a brace of pistols and a strong dagger; the whole so disposed, however, as to be invisible when the outer garment was closed: this, again, was confined by a rude sash of worsted of different colours, not unlike, in texture and quality, what is worn by our sergeants at the present day. They were otherwise armed, however, and in a less secret manner. Across the right shoulder of each was thrown a belt of worsted also, to which were attached a rude powder horn and shot pouch, with a few straggling bullets, placed there as if rather by accident than design. Each held carelessly in his left hand, and with its butt resting on the earth, a long gun; completing an appearance, the attainment of which had, in all probability, been sedulously sought,—that of a Canadian duck-hunter.

A metamorphosis so ludicrously operated in the usually elegant costume of two young English officers,—for such they were,—might have been expected to afford scope to the pleasantry of their companions, and to call forth those sallies which the intimacy of friendship and the freemasonry of the profession would have fully justified. But the events that had occurred in such rapid succession, since the preceding midnight, were still painfully impressed on the recollection of all, and some there were who looked as if they never would smile again; neither laugh nor jeering, therefore, escaped the lips of one of the surrounding group. Every countenance wore a cast of thought,—a character of abstraction, ill suited to the indulgence of levity; and the little conversation that passed between them was in a low and serious tone. It was evident some powerful and absorbing dread existed in the mind of each, inducing him rather to indulge in communion with his own thoughts and impressions, than to communicate them to others. Even the governor himself had, for a moment, put off his usual distance, to assume an air of unfeigned concern, and it might be dejection, contrasting strongly with his habitual haughtiness. Hitherto he had been walking to and fro, a little apart from the group, and with a hurriedness and indecision of movement that betrayed to all the extreme agitation of his mind. For once, however, he appeared to be, if not insensible to observation, indifferent to whatever comments might be formed or expressed by those who witnessed his emotion. He was at length interrupted by the adjutant, who communicated something in a low voice.

"Let him be brought up, Mr. Lawson," was the reply. Then advancing into the heart of the group, and addressing the two adventurers, he enquired, in a tone that startled from its singular mildness, "if they were provided with every thing they required."

An affirmative reply was given, when the governor, taking the taller of the young men aside, conversed with him earnestly, and in a tone of affection strangely blended with despondency. The interview, however, was short, for Mr. Lawson now made his appearance, conducting an individual who has already been introduced to our readers. It was the Canadian of the Fleur de lis. The adjutant placed a small wooden crucifix in the hands of the governor.

"François," said the latter, impressively, "you know the terms on which I have consented to spare your life. Swear, then, by this cross; that you will be faithful to your trust; that neither treachery nor evasion shall be

practised; and that you will, to the utmost of your power, aid in conveying these gentlemen to their destination. Kneel and swear it."

"I do swear it!" fervently repeated the subergiste, kneeling and imprinting his lips with becoming reverence on the symbol of martyrdom. "I swear to do dat I shall engage, and may de bon Dieu have mercy to my soul as I shall fulfil my oat."

"Amen," pronounced the governor, "and may Heaven deal by you even as you deal by us. Bear in mind, moreover, that as your treachery will be punished, so also shall your fidelity be rewarded. But the night wears apace, and ye have much to do." Then turning to the young officers who were to be his companions,—"God bless you both; may your enterprise be successful! I fear," offering his hand to the younger, "I have spoken harshly to you, but at a moment like the present you will no longer cherish a recollection of the unpleasant past."

The only answer was a cordial return of his own pressure. The Canadian in his turn now announced the necessity for instant departure, when the young men, following his example, threw their long guns carelessly over the left shoulder. Low, rapid, and fervent adieus were uttered on both sides; and although the hands of the separating parties met only in a short and hurried grasp, there was an expression in the touch of each that spoke to their several hearts long after the separation had actually taken place.

"Stay one moment!" exclaimed a voice, as the little party now moved towards the gate-way; "ye are both gallantly enough provided without, but have forgotten there is something quite as necessary to sustain the inward man. Duck shooting, you know, is wet work. The last lips that were moistened from this," he proceeded, as the younger of the disguised men threw the strap of the proffered canteen over his shoulder, "were those of poor Ellen Halloway."

The mention of that name, so heedlessly pronounced by the brave but inconsiderate Eskine, produced a startling effect on the taller of the departing officers. He struck his brow violently with his hand, uttered a faint groan, and bending his head upon his chest, stood in an attitude expressive of the deep suffering of his mind. The governor, too, appeared agitated: and sounds like those of suppressed sobs came from one who lingered at the side of him who had accepted the offer of the canteen. The remainder of the officers preserved a deep and mournful silence.

"It is times dat we should start," again observed the Canadian, "or we shall be taken by de daylight before we can clear de river."

This intimation once more aroused the slumbering energies of the taller officer. Again he drew up his commanding figure, extended his hand to the governor in silence, and turning abruptly round, hastened to follow close in the footsteps of his conductor.

"You will not forget all I have said to you," whispered the voice of one who had reserved his parting for the last, and who now held the hand of the younger adventurer closely clasped in his own. "Think, oh, think how much depends on the event of your dangerous enterprise."

"When you behold me again," was the reply, "it will be with smiles on my lip and gladness in my heart; for if we fail, there is that within me, which whispers I shall never see you more. But keep up your spirits and hope for the best. We embark under cheerless auspices, it is true; but let us trust to Providence for success in so good a cause,—God bless you!"

In the next minute he had joined his companions; who, with light and noiseless tread, were already pursuing their way along the military road that led to the eastern extremity of the town. Soon afterwards, the heavy chains of the drawbridge were heard grating on the ear, in despite of the evident caution used in restoring it to its wonted position, and all again was still.

It had at first been suggested their course should be held in an angular direction across the cleared country alluded to in our last chapter, in order to avoid all chance of recognition in the town; but as this might have led them into more dangerous contact with some of the outlying parties of Indians, who were known to prowl around the fort at night, this plan had been abandoned for the more circuitous and safe passage by the village. Through this our little party now pursued their way, and without encountering aught to impede their progress. The simple mannered inhabitants had long since retired to rest, and neither light nor sound denoted the existence of man or beast within its pro-

ducts. At length they reached that part of the road which turned off abruptly in the direction of the Fleur de lis. The rude hut threw its dark shadows across their path, but all was still and deathlike as in the village they had just quitted. Presently, however, as they drew nearer, they beheld, reflected from one of the upper windows, a faint light that fell upon the ground immediately in front of the auberge; and, at intervals, the figure of a human being approaching and receding from it as if in the act of pacing the apartment.

An instinctive feeling of danger rose at the same moment to the hearts of the young officers; and each, obeying the same impulse, unfastened one of the large horn buttons of his blanket coat, and thrust his right hand into the opening.

"François, recollect your oath," hastily aspired the elder as he grasped the hand of their conductor rather in supplication than in threat; "if there be aught to harm us here, your own life will most assuredly pay the forfeit of your faith."

"It is nothing but a woman's," calmly returned the Canadian; "it is my Babette who is sorry at my loss. But I shall come and tell you directly."

He then stole gently round the corner of the hut, leaving his anxious companions in the rear of the little building, and completely veiled in the obscurity produced by the mingling shadows of the hut itself, and a few tall pear trees that overhung the paling of the orchard at some yards from the spot on which they stood.

They waited some minutes to hear the result of the Canadian's admittance into his dwelling; but although each with suppressed breathing sought to catch those sounds of welcome with which a daughter might be supposed to greet a parent so unexpectedly restored, they listened in vain. At length, however, while the ears of both were on the rack to drink in the tones of a human voice, a faint scream floated on the hushed air, and all again was still.

"Good!" whispered the elder of the officers; "that scream is sweeter to my ear than the softest accents of woman's love. It is evident the ordinary tones of speech cannot find their way to us here from the front of the hut. The faintness of yon cry, which was unquestionably that of a female, is a convincing proof of it."

"Hist!" urged his companion, in the same almost inaudible whisper, "what sound was that?"

Both again listened attentively, when the noise was repeated. It came from the orchard, and resembled the sound produced by the faint crash of rotten sticks and leaves under the cautious but unavoidably rending tread of a human foot. At intervals it ceased, as if the person treading, alarmed at his own noise, was apprehensive of betraying his approach; and then recommenced, only to be checked in the same manner. Finally it ceased altogether. For upwards of five minutes the young men continued to listen for a renewal of the sound, but nothing was now audible, save the short and fitful gusts of a rising wind among the trees of the orchard.

"It must have been some wild animal in search of its prey," again whispered the younger officer; "had it been a man, we should have heard him leap the paling before this."

"By Heaven, we are betrayed,—here he is," quickly rejoined the other, in the same low tone. "Keep close to the hut, and stand behind me. If my dagger fail, you must try your own. But fire not, on your life, unless there be more than two, for the report of a pistol will be the destruction of ourselves and all that are dear to us." Each with uplifted arm now stood ready to strike, even while his heart throbbed with a sense of danger, that had far more than the mere dread of personal suffering or death to stimulate to exertion in self-defence. Footsteps were now distinctly heard stealing round that part of the hut which bordered on the road; and the young men turned from the orchard, to which their attention had previously been directed, towards the new quarter whence they were intruded upon.

It was fortunate this mode of approach had been selected. That part of the hut which rested on the road was so exposed as to throw the outline of objects into strong relief, whereas in the direction of the thickly wooded orchard all was impenetrable gloom. Had the intruder stolen unannounced upon the alarmed but determined officers by the latter route, the dagger of the first would in all probability have been plunged to its hilt in his bosom. As it was, each had sufficient presence of mind to distinguish, as it now doubled the corner of the hut, and reposed upon the road, the stout square-set figure of the Canadian. The daggers were instantly restored to their sheaths, and each, for the

first time since the departure of their companion, respired freely. "It is quite well," whispered the latter as he approached. "It was my poor Babette, who thought I was gone to be killed. She screamed so loud, as if she had seen my ghost. But we must wait a few minutes in de house, and you shall see how glad my girl is to see me once again."

"Why this delay, François? why not start directly?" urged the taller officer; "we shall never clear the river in time; and if the dawn catches us in the waters of the Detroit we are lost for ever."

"But you see I am not quite prepared yet," was the answer. "I have many things to get ready for de canoe, which I have not use for a long time. But you shall not wait ten minutes, if you do not like. Here is a good fire, and Babette shall give you some thing to eat while I get it all ready."

The young men hesitated. The delay of the Canadian, who had so repeatedly urged the necessity for expedition while in the fort, had, to say the least of it, an appearance of incongruity. Still it was evident, if disposed to harm them he had full opportunity to do so without much risk of effectual opposition from themselves. Under all circumstances, therefore, it was advisable rather to appear to confide implicitly in his truth, than, by manifesting suspicion, to pique his self-love, and neutralise whatever favourable intentions he might cherish in their behalf. In this mode of conduct they were confirmed, by a recollection of the sacredness attached by the religion of their conductor to the oath so solemnly pledged on the symbol of the cross, and by a conviction of the danger of observation to which they stood exposed, if, as they had apprehended, it was actually a human footstep they had heard in the orchard. This last recollection suggested a remark.

"We heard a strange sound within the orchard, while waiting here for your return," said the taller officer; "it was like the footstep of a man treading cautiously over rotten leaves and branches. How do you account for it?"

"Oh, it was my pig," replied the Canadian, without manifesting the slightest uneasiness at the information. "They run about in de orchard for de apples what blows down wid de wind."

"It could not be a pig we heard," pursued his questioner; "but another thing, François, before we consent to enter the hut,—how will you account to your daughter for our presence? and what suspicion may she not form at seeing two armed strangers in company with you at this unreasonable hour?"

"I have tell her," replied the Canadian, "dat I have bring two friends, who go wid me in de canoe to shoot de ducks for two tree days. You know, sir, I go always in de fall to kill de ducks wid my friends, and she will not tink it strange."

"You have managed well, my brave fellow; and now we follow you in confidence. But in the name of Heaven, use all possible despatch, and if money will lend a spur to your actions, you shall have plenty of it when our enterprise has been accomplished."

Our adventurers followed their conductor in the track by which he had so recently rejoined them. As they turned the corner of the hut, the younger, who brought up the rear, fancied he again heard a sound in the direction of the orchard, resembling that of one lightly leaping to the ground. A gust of wind, however, passing rapidly at the moment through the dense foliage, led him to believe it might have been produced by the sudden fall of one of the heavy fruits it had detached in its course. Unwilling to excite new and unnecessary suspicion in his companion, he confined the circumstance to his own breast, and followed into the hut.

After ascending a flight of about a dozen rude steps, they found themselves in a small room, furnished with no other ceiling than the sloping roof itself, and lighted by an unwieldy iron lamp, placed on a heavy oak table, near the only window with which the apartment was provided. This latter had suffered much from the influence of time and tempest; and owing to the difficulty of procuring glass in so remote a region, had been patched with slips of paper in various parts. The two corner and lower panes of the bottom sash were out altogether, and pine shingles, such as are used even at the present day for covering the roofs of dwelling houses, had been fitted into the squares, excluding air and light at the same time. The centre pane of this tier was, however, clear and free from flaw of every description. Opposite to the window blazed a cheerful wood fire, recently supplied with fuel; and at one of the inner corners of the room was placed a low uncurtained bed, that exhibited marks of having been lain in since it was last made. On a chair at its

side were heaped a few dark-looking garments, the precise nature of which were not distinguishable at a cursory and distant glance.

Such were the more remarkable features of the apartment into which our adventurers were now ushered. Both looked cautiously around on entering, as if expecting to find it tenanted by spirits as daring as their own; but, with the exception of the daughter of their conductor, whose moist black eyes expressed, as much by tears as by smiles, the joy she felt at this unexpected return of her parent, no living object met their enquiring glance. The Canadian placed a couple of rush-bottomed chairs near the fire, invited his companions to seat themselves until he had completed his preparation for departure, and then, desiring Babette to hasten supper for the young hunters, quitted the room and descended the stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

The position of the young men was one of embarrassment; for while the daughter, who was busied in executing the command of her father, remained in the room, it was impossible they could converse together without betraying the secret of their country, and, as a result of this, the falsehood of the character under which they appeared. Long residence in the country had, it is true, rendered the patois of that class of people whom they persecuted familiar to one, but the other spoke only the pure and native language of which it was a corruption. It might have occurred to them at a cooler moment, and under less critical circumstances, that, even if their disguise had been penetrated, it was unlikely a female, manifesting so much lively affection for her parent, would have done ought to injure those with whom he had evidently connected himself. But the importance attached to their entire security from danger left them but little room for reflections of a calming character, while a doubt of that security remained.

One singularity struck them both. They had expected the young woman, urged by a natural curiosity, would have commenced a conversation, even if they did not; and he who spoke the patois was prepared to sustain it as well as his anxious and overcharged spirit would enable him; and as he was aware the morning had furnished sufficient incident of fearful interest, he had naturally looked for a verbal re-enactment of the harrowing and dreadful scene. To their surprise, however, they both remarked that, far from evincing a desire to enter into conversation, the young woman scarcely ever looked at them, but lingered constantly near the table, and facing the window. Still, to avoid an appearance of singularity on their own parts, as far as possible, the elder of the officers motioned to his companion, who, following his example, took a small pipe and some tobacco from a compartment in his shot pouch, and commenced puffing the wreathing smoke from his lips—an occupation, more than any other, seeming to justify their silence.

The elder officer sat with his back to the window, and immediately in front of the fire; his companion, at a corner of the rude hearth, and in such a manner that, without turning his head, he could command every part of the room at a glance. In the corner facing him stood the bed already described. A faint ray of fire-light fell on some minute object glittering in the chair, the contents of which were heaped up in disorder. Urged by that wayward curiosity, which is sometimes excited, even under circumstances of the greatest danger and otherwise absorbing interest, the young man kicked the hickory log that lay nearest to it with his moccasined foot, and produced a bright crackling flame, the reflection of which was thrown entirely upon the object of his gaze; it was a large metal button, on which the number of his regiment was distinctly visible. Unable to check his desire to know further, he left his seat, to examine the contents of the chair. As he moved across the room, he fancied he heard a light sound from without; his companion, also, seemed to manifest a similar impression by an almost imperceptible start; but the noise was so momentary, and so fanciful, neither felt it worth his while to pause upon the circumstance. The young officer now raised the garments from the chair: they consisted of a small grey great-coat, and trousers, a waistcoat of coarse white cloth, a pair of worsted stockings, and the half-boots of a boy; the whole forming the drum-boy's equipment worn by the wretched wife of Halloway when borne senseless into the hut on that fatal morning. Hastily quitting a dress that called up so many dreadful recollections, and turning to his companion with a look that denoted apprehension, lest he too should have beheld these melancholy remembrances of the harrowing scene, the young officer hastened to resume his seat. In the

act of so doing, his eye fell upon the window, at which the female still lingered. Had a blast from Heaven struck his sight, the terror of his soul could not have been greater. He felt his cheek to pale, and his hair to bristle beneath his cap, while the checked blood crept slowly and coldly, as if its very function had been paralysed; still he had presence of mind sufficient not to falter in his step, or to betray, by any extraordinary movement, that his eye had rested on any thing hateful to behold.

His companion had emptied his first pipe, and was in the act of refilling it, when he resumed his seat. He was evidently impatient at the delay of the Canadian, and already were his lips ready to give utterance to his disappointment, when he felt his foot significantly pressed by that of his friend. An instinctive sense of something fearful that was to ensue, but still demanding caution on his part, prevented him from turning hastily round to know the cause. Satisfied, however, there was danger, though not of an instantaneous character, he put his pipe gently by, and stealing his hand under his coat, again grasped the hilt of his dagger. At length he slowly and partially turned his head, while his eyes enquiringly demanded of his friend the cause of this alarm. Partly to aid in concealing his increasing paleness, and partly with a view to render it a medium for the conveyance of subdued sound, the hand of the latter was raised to his face in such a manner that the motion of his lips could not be distinguished from behind.

"We are betrayed," he scarcely breathed. "If you can command yourself, turn and look at the window; but for God's sake arm yourself with resolution, or look not at all: first draw the hood over your head, and without any appearance of design. Our only chance of safety lies in this,—that the Canadian may still be true, and that our disguise may not be penetrated."

In despite of his native courage,—and this had often been put to honourable proof,—he, thus mysteriously addressed, felt his heart to throb violently. There was something so appalling in the countenance of his friend—something so alarming in the very caution he had recommended—that a vague dread of the horrible reality rushed at once to his mind, and for a moment his own cheek became ashy pale, and his breathing painfully oppressed. It was the natural weakness of the physical man, over which the moral faculties, had, for an instant, lost their directing power. Speedily recovering himself, the young man prepared to encounter the alarming object which had already so greatly intimidated his friend. Carefully drawing the blanket hood over his head, he rose from his seat, and, with the energetic movement of one who has formed some desperate determination, turned his back to the fire-place, and threw his eyes rapidly and eagerly upon the window. They fell only on the rude patchwork of which it was principally composed. The female had quitted the room.

"You must have been deceived," he whispered, keeping his eye still bent upon the window, and with so imperceptible a movement of the lips that sound alone could have betrayed he was speaking,—“I see nothing to justify your alarm. Look again.”

The younger officer once more directed his glance towards the window, and with a shuddering of the whole person, as he recollected what had met his eye when he last looked upon it. "It is no longer there, indeed," he returned in the same scarcely audible tone. "Yet I could not be mistaken; it was between those two corner squares of wood in the lower sash."

"Perhaps it was merely a reflection produced by the lamp on the centre pane," rejoined his friend, still keeping his eye riveted on the suspicious point. "Impossible! but I will examine the window from the spot on which I stood when I first beheld it."

Again he quitted his seat, and carelessly crossed the room. As he returned he threw his glance upon the pane, when, to his infinite horror and surprise, the same frightful vision presented itself.

"God of heaven!" he exclaimed aloud, and unable longer to check the ebullition of his feelings,—“what means this?—Is my brain turned? and am I the sport of my own delusive fancy—Do you not see it now?”

No answer was returned. His friend stood mute and motionless, with his left hand grasping his gun, and his right thrust into the waist of his coat. His eye grew upon the window, and his chest heaved, and his cheek paled and flushed alternately with the subdued emotion of his heart. A human face was placed close to the unbleached glass, and every feature was distinctly revealed by the lamp that still lay upon the table. The glaring eye was fixed on the taller of the officers; but though the expression was unfathomably guileful, there was nothing that denoted any thing like a recognition of the party.

The brightness of the wood fire had so far subsided as to throw the interior of the room into partial obscurity, and under the disguise of his hood it was impossible for one without to distinguish the features of the taller officer. The younger, who was scarcely an object of attention, passed comparatively unnoticed.

Fatigued and dimmed with the long and eager tension of its nerves, the eye of the latter now began to fail him. For a moment he closed it; and when again it fell upon the window; it encountered nothing but the clear and glittering pane. For upwards of a minute he and his friend still continued to rivet their gaze, but the face was no longer visible.

Why is it that what is called the "human face divine," is sometimes gifted with a power to paralyse, that the most loathsome reptile in the creation cannot attain? Had a cougar of the American forest, roaring for prey, appeared at that window, ready to burst the fragile barrier, and fasten its talons in their hearts, its presence would not have struck such sickness to the soul of our adventurers as did that human face. It is, that man, naturally fierce and inexorable, is alone the enemy of his own species. The solution of this problem—this glorious paradox in nature, we leave to profounder philosophers to resolve. Sufficient for us be it to know, and to deplore that it is so.

Footsteps were now heard upon the stairs; and the officers, aroused to a full sense of their danger, hastily and silently prepared themselves for the encounter. "Drop a bullet into your gun," whispered the elder, setting the example himself. "We may be obliged to have recourse to it at last. Yet make no show of hostility unless circumstances satisfy us we are betrayed; then, indeed, all that remains for us will be to sell our lives as dearly as we can. Hist! he is here."

The door opened! and at the entrance, which was already filled up in the imaginations of the young men with a terrible and alarming figure, appeared one whose return had been anxiously and long desired. It was a relief, indeed, to their gallant but excited hearts to behold another than the form they had expected; and although, for the moment, they knew not whether the Canadian came in hostility or in friendship, each quitted the attitude of caution into which he had thrown himself, and met him midway in his passage through the room. There was nothing in the expression of his naturally open and good-humoured countenance to denote he was at all aware of the causes for alarm that had operated so powerfully on themselves. He announced with a frank look and unflinching voice every thing was in readiness for their departure.

The officers hesitated; and the taller fixed his eyes upon those of mine host, as if his gaze would have penetrated to the innermost recesses of his heart. Could this be a refinement of his treachery? and was he really ignorant of the existence of the danger which threatened them? Was it not more probable his object was to disarm their fears, that they might be given unprepared and, therefore, unresisting victims to the ferocity of their enemies? Aware as he was, that they were both well provided with arms, and fully determined to use them with effect, might not his aim be to decoy them to destruction without, lest the blood spilt under his roof, in the desperation of their defence, should hereafter attest against him, and expose him to the punishment he would so richly merit? Distracted by these doubts, the young men scarcely knew what to think or how to act; and anxious as they had previously been to quit the hut, they now considered the moment of their doing so would be that of their destruction. The importance of the enterprise on which they were embarked was such as to sink all personal considerations. If they had felt the influence of intimidation on their spirits, it arose less from any apprehension of consequences to themselves, than from the recollection of the dearer interests involved in their perfect security from discovery.

"François," feelingly urged the taller officer, again adverting to his vow, "you recollect the oath you solemnly pledged upon the cross of your Saviour. Tell me, then, as you hope for mercy, have you taken that oath only that you might the more securely betray us to our enemies? What connection have you with them at this moment? and who is he who stood looking through that window not ten minutes since?"

"As I shall hope for mercy in my God," exclaimed the Canadian with unfeigned astonishment, "I have not seen anybody. But what for do you think so? It is not just. I have given my oath to serve you, and I shall do it."

There was candour both in the tone and countenance

of the man as he uttered these words, half in reproach, half in justification; and the officers no longer doubted.

"You must forgive our suspicions at a moment like the present," soothingly observed the younger; "yet, François, your daughter saw and exchanged signals with the person we mean. She left the room soon after he made his appearance. What has become of her?"

The Canadian gave a sudden start, looked hastily round, and seemed to perceive for the first time the girl was absent. He then put a finger to his lip to enjoin silence, advanced to the table, and extinguished the light. Desiring his companions, in a low whisper, to tread cautiously and follow, he now led the way with almost noiseless step to the entrance of the hut. At the threshold of the door were placed a large well-filled sack, a light mast and sail, and half a dozen paddles. The latter burden he divided between the officers, on whose shoulders he carefully balanced them. The sack he threw across his own; and, without expressing even a regret that an opportunity of bidding adieu to his child was denied him, hastily skirted the paling of the orchard until, at the further extremity, he had gained the high road. The heavens were obscured by passing clouds driven rapidly by the wind, during the short pauses of which our adventurers anxiously and frequently turned to listen if they were pursued. Save the rustling of the trees that lined the road, and the slight dashing of the waters on the beach, however, no sound was distinguishable. At length they gained the point whence they were to start. It was the fatal bridge, the events connected with which were yet so painfully fresh in their recollection.

"Stop one minute here," whispered the Canadian, throwing his sack upon the sand near the mouth of the lesser river; "my canoe is chained about twenty yards up the bridge. I shall come to you directly." Then cautioning the officers to keep themselves concealed under the bridge, he moved hastily under the arch, and disappeared in the dark shadow which it threw across the rivulet.

The extremities of the bridge rested on the banks of the little river in such a manner as to leave a narrow passage along the sands immediately under the declination of the arch. In accordance with the caution of their conductor, the officers had placed themselves under it; and with their backs slightly bent forward to meet the curvature of the bridge, so that no ray of light could pass between their bodies and the fabric itself, now awaited the arrival of the vessel on which their only hope depended. We shall not attempt to describe their feelings on finding themselves, at that lone hour of the night, immediately under a spot rendered fearfully memorable by the tragic occurrences of the morning. The terrible pursuit of the fugitive, the execution of the soldier, the curse and prophecy of his maniac wife, and, above all, the forcible abduction and threatened espousal of that unhappy woman by the formidable being who seemed to have identified himself with the evils with which they stood menaced,—all rushed with rapid tracery on the mind, and excited the imagination, until each, filled with a sentiment not unalloyed to superstitious awe, feared to whisper forth his thoughts, lest in so doing he should invoke the presence of those who had principally figured in the harrowing and revolting scene.

"Did you not hear a noise?" at length whispered the elder, as he leaned himself forward, and bent his head to the sand, to catch more distinctly a repetition of the sound.

"I did; there again! It is upon the bridge, and not unlike the step of one endeavouring to tread lightly. It may be some wild beast, however."

"We must not be taken by surprise," returned his companion. "If it be a man, the wary tread indicates consciousness of our presence. If an animal, there can be no harm in setting our fears at rest." Cautiously stealing from his lurking-place, the young officer emerged into the open sands, and in a few measured noiseless strides gained the extremity of the bridge. The dark shadow of something upon its centre caught his eye, and a low sound like that of a dog lapping met his ear. While his gaze yet lingered on the shapeless object, endeavouring to give it a character, the clouds which had so long obscured it passed momentarily from before the moon, and disclosed the appalling truth. It was a wolf-dog, tapping up from the earth, in which they were encrusted, the blood and brains of the unfortunate Frank Halloway.

Sick and faint at the disgusting sight, the young man rested his elbow on the railing that passed along the edge of the bridge, and, leaning his head on his hand for a moment, forgot the risk of exposure he incurred, in the intensity of the sorrow that assailed his soul. His heart and imagination were already far from the spot on which he stood, when he felt an iron hand upon his

shoulder. He turned, shuddering with an instinctive knowledge of his yet unseen visitant, and beheld standing over him the terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the savage, in a low triumphant tone, "the place of our meeting is well timed, though somewhat singular, it must be confessed. Nay," he fiercely added, grasping as in a vice the arm that was already lifted to strike him, "force me not to annihilate you on the spot. Ha! hear you the cry of my wolf-dog?" as that animal now set up a low but fearful howl; "it is for your blood he asks, but your hour is not yet come."

"No, by heaven, is it not!" exclaimed a voice; a rapid and rushing sweep was heard through the air for an instant, and then a report like a stunning blow. The warrior released his grasp—placed his hand upon his tomahawk, but without strength to remove it from his belt tottered a pace or two backwards—and then fell, uttering a cry of mingled pain and disappointment, at his length upon the earth. "Quick, quick to our cover!" exclaimed the young officer, as a loud shout was now heard from the forest in reply to the yell of the fallen warrior. "If François come not, we are lost: the howl of that wolf-dog alone will betray us, even if his master should be beyond all chance of recovery."

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies," was the reply; "there is little glory in destroying a helpless enemy, but the necessity is urgent, and we must leave nothing to chance." As he spoke, he knelt upon the huge form of the senseless warrior, whose scalping knife he drew from its sheath, and striking a firm and steady blow, quitted not the weapon until he felt his hand reposing on the chest of his enemy. The howl of the wolf-dog, whose eyes glared like two burning coals through the surrounding gloom, was now exchanged to a fierce and snappish bark. He made a leap at the officer while in the act of rising from the body; but his fangs fastened only in the chest of the shaggy coat, which he wrung with the strength and fury characteristic of his peculiar species. This new and ferocious attack was fraught with danger little inferior to that which they had just escaped, and required the utmost promptitude of action. The young man seized the brute behind the neck in a firm and vigorous grasp, while he stooped upon the motionless form over which this novel struggle was maintained, and succeeded in making himself once more master of the scalping knife. Half choked by the hand that unflinchingly grappled with him, the savage animal quitted his hold and struggled violently to free himself. This was the critical moment. The officer drew the heavy sharp blade, from the handle to the point, across the throat of the infuriated beast, with a force that divided the principal artery. He made a desperate leap upwards, spouting his blood over his destroyer, and then fell gasping across the body of his master. A low growl, intermingled with faint attempts to bark, which the rapidly ebbing life rendered more and more indistinct, succeeded; and at length nothing but a gurgling sound was distinguishable.

Meanwhile the anxious and harassed officers had regained their place of concealment under the bridge, where they listened with suppressed breathing for the slightest sound to indicate the approach of the canoe. At intervals they fancied they could hear a noise resembling the rippling of water against the prow of a light vessel, but the swelling cries of a band of Indians, becoming at every instant more distinct, were too unceasingly kept up to admit of their judging with accuracy.

They now began to give themselves up for lost, and many and bitter were the curses they inwardly bestowed on the Canadian, when the outline of a human form was seen advancing along the sands, and a dark object upon the water. It was their conductor, dragging the canoe along, with all the strength and activity of which he was capable.

What the devil have you been about all this time, François?" exclaimed the taller officer, as he bounded to meet him. "Quick, quick, or we shall be too late. Hear you not the blood-hounds on their scent?" Then seizing the chain in his hand, with a powerful effort he sent the canoe flying through the arch to the very entrance of the river. The burdens that had been deposited on the sands were hastily flung in, the officers stepping lightly after. The Canadian took the helm, directing the frail vessel almost noiselessly through the water, and with such velocity, that when the cry of the disappointed savages was heard resounding from the bridge, it had already gained the centre of the Detroit.

CHAPTER XIII.

Two days had succeeded the departure of the officers from the fort, but unproductive of any event of import-

ance. About daybreak, however, on the morning of the third, the harassed garrison were once more summoned to arms, by an alarm from the sentinels planted in rear of the works; a body of Indians they had traced and lost at intervals, as they wound along the skirt of the forest, in their progress from their encampment, were at length developing themselves in force near the bomb-proof. With a readiness which long experience and watchfulness had rendered in some degree habitual to them, the troops flew to their respective posts; while a few of the senior officers, among whom was the governor, hastened to the ramparts to reconnoitre the strength and purpose of their enemies. It was evident the views of these latter were not immediately hostile; for neither were they in their war paint, nor were their arms of a description to carry intimidation to a disciplined and fortified soldiery. Bows, arrows, tomahawks, war clubs, spears, and scalping knives, constituted their warlike equipments, but neither rifle nor re-arms of any kind were discernible. Several of the leaders, distinguishable by a certain haughty carriage and commanding gesticulation, were collected within the elevated bomb-proof, apparently holding a short but important conference apart from their people, most of whom stood or lay in picturesque attitudes around the ruin. These also had a directing spirit. A tall and noble looking warrior, wearing a deer skin hunting frock closely girded around his loins, appeared to command the deference of his colleagues, claiming profound attention when he spoke himself, and manifesting his assent or dissent to the apparently expressed opinions of the lesser chiefs merely by a slight movement of the head.

"There he is indeed!" exclaimed Captain Erskine, speaking as one who communes with his own thoughts, while he kept his telescope levelled on the form of the last warrior: "looking just as noble as when, three years ago, he opposed himself to the progress of the first English detachment that had ever penetrated to this part of the world. What a pity such a fine fellow should be so desperate and determined an enemy!"

"True: you were with Major Rogers on that expedition," observed the governor, "I have often heard him speak of it. You had many difficulties to contend against, if I recollect." "We had indeed, sir," returned the frank-hearted Erskine, dropping the glass from his eye. "So many, in fact, that more than once, in the course of our progress through the wilderness, did I wish myself at head-quarters with my company. Never shall I forget the proud and determined expression of Pontac's countenance, when he told Rogers, in his figurative language, 'he stood in the path in which he travelled.'"

"Thank heaven, he at least stands not in the path in which *others* travel," musingly rejoined the governor: "But what sudden movement is that within the ruin?"

"The Indians are preparing to show a white flag," shouted an artillery man from his station in one of the embrasures below.

The governor and his officers received this intelligence without surprise: the former took the glass from Captain Erskine, and coolly raised it to his eye. The consultation had ceased; and the several chiefs, with the exception of their leader and two others, were now seen quitting the bomb-proof to join their respective tribes. One of those who remained, sprang upon an elevated fragment of the ruin, and uttered a prolonged cry, the purport of which,—and it was fully understood from its peculiar nature,—was to claim attention from the fort. He then received from the hands of the other chief a long spear; to the end of which was attached a piece of white linen. This he waved several times above his head; then stuck the barb of the spear firmly into the projecting fragment. Quitting his elevated station, he next stood at the side of the Ottawa chief, who had already assumed the air and attitude of one waiting to observe in what manner his signal would be received.

"A flag of truce in all its bearings, by Jupiter!" remarked Captain Erskine. "Pontac seems to have acquired a few lessons since we first met."

"This is evidently the suggestion of some European," observed Major Blackwater; "for how should he understand any thing of the nature of a white flag? Some of these vile spies have put him up to this."

"True enough, Blackwater; and they appear to have found an intelligent pupil," observed Captain Wentworth. "I was curious to know how he would make the attempt to approach us; but certainly never once dreamt of his having recourse to so civilised a method. Their plot works well, no doubt; still we have the counter-plot to oppose to it."

"We must foil them with their own weapons," remarked the governor, "even if it be only with a view to

gain time. Wentworth, desire one of your bombardiers to hoist the large French flag on the staff." The order was promptly obeyed. The Indians made a simultaneous movement expressive of their satisfaction; and in the course of a minute, the tall warrior, accompanied by nearly a dozen inferior chiefs, was seen slowly advancing across the common, towards the group of officers.

"What generous confidence the fellow has for an Indian!" observed Captain Erskine, who could not dissemble his admiration of the warrior. "He steps as firmly and as proudly within reach of our muskets, as if he was leading in the war-dance."

"How strange," mused Captain Blessington, "that one who meditates so deep a treachery, should have no apprehension of it in others!"

"It is a compliment to the honour of our flag," observed the governor, "which it must be our interest to encourage. If, as you say, Erskine, the man is really endowed with generosity, the result of this affair will assuredly call it forth."

"If it prove otherwise, sir," was the reply, "we must only attribute his perseverance to the influence which that terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis is said to exercise over his better feelings. By the by, I see nothing of him among this flag of truce party. It could scarcely be called a violation of faith to cut off such a rascally renegade. Were he of the number of those advancing, and Valletot's rifle within my reach, I know not what use I might not be tempted to make of the last."

Poor Erskine was singularly infelicitous in touching, and ever unconsciously, on a subject sure to give pain to more than one of his brother officers. A cloud passed over the brow of the governor, but it was one that originated more in sorrow than in anger. Neither had he time to linger on the painful recollections hastily and confusedly called up by the allusion made to this formidable and mysterious being, for the attention of all was now absorbed by the approaching Indians. With a bold and confident carriage the fierce Pontec moved at the head of his little party, nor hesitated one moment in his course, until he got near the brink of the ditch, and stood face to face with the governor, at a distance that gave both parties not only the facility of tracing the expression of each other's features, but of conversing without effort. There he made a sudden stand, and thrusting his spear into the earth, assumed an attitude as devoid of apprehension as if he had been in the heart of his own encampment.

"My father has understood my sign," said the haughty chief. "The warriors of a dozen tribes are far behind the path the Ottawa has just travelled; but when the red skin comes unarmed, the hand of the Saganaw is tied behind his back."

"The strong hold of the Saganaw is his safeguard," replied the governor, adopting the language of the Indian. "When the enemies of his great father come in strength, he knows how to dispose them; but when a warrior throws himself unarmed into his power, he respects his confidence, and his arms hang rusting at his side."

"The talk of my father is big," replied the warrior, with a scornful expression that seemed to doubt the fact of so much indifference as to himself; but when it is a great chief who directs the nations, and that chief his sworn enemy, the temptation to the Saganaw may be strong."

"The Saganaw is without fear," emphatically rejoined the governor; "he is strong in his own honour; and he would rather die under the tomahawk of the red skin, than procure a peace by an act of treachery."

The Indian paused; cold, calm looks of intelligence passed between him and his followers, and a few indistinct and guttural sentences were exchanged among themselves.

"But our father asks not why our mocassins have brushed the dew from off the common," resumed the chief; "and yet it is long since the Saganaw and the red skin have spoken to each other, except through the war whoop. My father must wonder to see the great chief of the Ottawas without the hatchet in his hand."

"The hatchet often wounds those who use it unskillfully," calmly returned the governor. "The Saganaw is not blind. The Ottawas and the other tribes find the war paint heavy on their skins. They see that my young men are not to be conquered, and they have sent the great head of all the nations to sue for peace."

In spite of the habitual reserve and self-possession of his race, the haughty warrior could not repress a movement of impatience at the bold and taunting language of his enemy, and for a moment there was a fire in his eye that told how willingly he would have washed away the

insult in his blood. The same low guttural exclamations that had previously escaped their lips, marked the sense entertained of the remark by his companions.

"My father is right," pursued the chief, resuming his self-command; "the Ottawas, and the other tribes, ask for peace, but not because they are afraid of war. When they strike the hatchet into the war post, they leave it there until their enemies ask them to take it out."

"Why come they now, then, to ask for peace?" was the cool demand. The warrior hesitated, evidently at a loss to give a reply that could reconcile the palpable contradiction of his words. "The rich furs of our forests have become many," he at length observed, "since we first took up the hatchet against the Saganaw; and every bullet we keep for our enemies is a loss to our trade. We once exchanged furs with the children of our father of the pale flag. They gave us, in return, guns, blankets, powder, ball, and all that the red man requires in the hunting season. These are all expended; and my young men would deal with the Saganaw as they did with the French."

"Good; the red skins would make peace; and although the arm of the Saganaw is strong, he will not turn a deaf ear to their desire."

"All the strong holds of the Saganaw, except two, have fallen before the great chief of the Ottawas!" proudly returned the Indian, with a look of mingled scorn and defiance. "They, too, thought themselves beyond the reach of our tomahawks; but they were deceived. In less than a single moon nine of them have fallen, and the tents of my young warriors are darkened with their scalps; but this is past. If the red skin asks for peace, it is because he is tired of seeing the blood of the Saganaw on his tomahawk. Does my father hear?"

"We will listen to the great chief of the Ottawas, and hear what he has to say," returned the governor, who, as well as the officers at his side, could with difficulty conceal their disgust and sorrow at the dreadful intolerance thus imparted of the fates of their companions. "But peace," he pursued with dignity, "can only be made in the council room, and under the sacred pledge of the calumet. The great chief has a wampum belt on his shoulder, and a calumet in his hand. His aged warriors, too, are at his side. What says the Ottawa? Will he enter? If so, the gate of the Saganaw shall be open to him." The warrior started; and for a moment the confidence that had hitherto distinguished him seemed to give place to an apprehension of meditated treachery. He, however, speedily recovered himself, and observed emphatically, "It is the great head of all the nations whom my father invites to the council seat. Were he to remain in the hands of the Saganaw, his young men would lose their strength. They would bury the hatchet for ever in despair, and hide their faces in the laps of their women."

"Does the Ottawa chief see the pale flag on the strong hold of his enemies. While that continues to fly, he is safe as if he were under the cover of his own wigwam. If the Saganaw could use guile like the fox," (and this was said with marked emphasis), "what should prevent him from cutting off the Ottawa and his chiefs, even where they now stand?" A half smile of derision passed over the dark cheek of the Indian. "If the arm of an Ottawa is strong," he said, "his foot is not less swift. The short guns of the chiefs of the Saganaw" (pointing to the pistols of the officers) "could not reach us; and before the voice of our father could be raised, or his eye turned, to call his warriors to his side, the Ottawa would be already far on his way to the forest."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall judge better of the Saganaw," returned the governor. "He shall see that his young men are ever watchful at their posts:—Up, men, and show yourselves." A second or two sufficed to bring the whole of Captain Erskine's company, who had been lying flat on their faces, to their feet on the rampart. The Indians were evidently taken by surprise, though they evinced no fear. The low and guttural "ugh!" was the only expression they gave to their astonishment, not unmingled with admiration.

But, although the chiefs preserved their presence of mind, the sudden appearance of the soldiers had excited alarm among their warriors, who, grouped in and around the bomb-proof, were watching every movement of the conferring parties, with an interest proportioned to the risk they conceived their head men had incurred in venturing under the very walls of their enemies. Fierce yells were uttered; and more than a hundred dusky warriors, brandishing their tomahawks in air, leaped along the skirt of the common, evidently only awaiting the signal of their great chief, to advance and cover his retreat. At the command of the governor, however, the men had

again suddenly disappeared from the surface of the rampart; so that when the Indians finally perceived their leader stood unharmed and unmolested, on the spot he had previously occupied, the excitement died away, and they once more assumed their attitude of profound attention.

"What thinks the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the governor;—"did he imagine that the young white men lie sleeping like beavers in their dams, when the hunter sets his traps to catch them?—did he imagine that they foresee not the designs of their enemies? and that they are not always on the watch to prevent them?"

"My father is a great warrior," returned the Indian; "and if his arm is full of strength, his head is full of wisdom. The chiefs will no longer hesitate;—they will enter the strong hold of the Saganaw, and sit with him in the council." He next addressed a few words, and in a language not understood by those upon the walls, to one of the younger of the Indians. The latter acknowledged his sense and approbation of what was said to him by an assent and expressive "ugh!" which came from his chest without any apparent emotion of the lips, much in the manner of a modern ventriloquist. He then hastened, with rapid and lengthened boundings, across the common towards his band. After the lapse of a minute or two from reaching them, another simultaneous cry arose, differing in expression from any that had hitherto been heard. It was one denoting submission to the will, and compliance with some conveyed desire, of their superior.

"Is the gate of the Saganaw open?" asked the latter, as soon as his ear had been greeted with the cry we have just named. "The Ottawa and the other great chiefs are ready;—their hearts are bold, and they throw themselves into the hands of the Saganaw without fear."

"The Ottawa chief knows the path," drily rejoined the governor: "when he comes in peace, it is ever open to him; but when his young men press it with the tomahawk in their hands, the big thunder is roused to anger, and they are scattered away like the leaves of the forest in the storm. Even now," he pursued, as the little band of Indians moved slowly round the walls, "the gate of the Saganaw opens for the Ottawa and the other chiefs."

"Let the most vigilant caution be used every where along the works, but especially in the rear," continued the governor, addressing Captain Blessington, on whom the duty of the day had devolved. "We are safe, while their chiefs are with us; but still it will be necessary to watch the forest closely. We cannot be too much on our guard. The men had better remain concealed, every twentieth file only standing up to form a look-out chain. If any movement of a suspicious nature be observed, let it be communicated by the discharge of a single musket, that the drawbridge may be raised on the instant." With the delivery of these brief instructions he quitted the rampart with the majority of his officers. Meanwhile, hasty preparations had been made in the mess-room to receive the chiefs. The tables had been removed, and a number of clean rush mats, manufactured after the Indian manner, into various figures and devices, spread carefully upon the floor. At the further end from the entrance was placed a small table and chair, covered with scarlet cloth. This was considerably elevated above the surface of the floor, and intended for the governor. On either side of the room near these, were ranged a number of chairs for the accommodation of the inferior officers.

Major Blackwater received the chiefs at the gate. With a firm, proud step, rendered more confident by his very unwillingness to betray any thing like fear, he tall, and, as Captain Erskine had justly designated him, the noble-looking Pontec trod the yielding planks that might in the next moment cut him off from his people for ever. The other chiefs, following the example of their leader, evinced the same easy fearlessness of demeanour, nor glanced once behind them to see if there was any thing to justify the apprehension of hidden danger.

The Ottawa was evidently mortified at not being received by the governor in person. "My father is not here!" he said fiercely to the major:—"how is this? The Ottawa and the other chiefs are kings of all their tribes. The head of one great people should be received only by the head of another great people!"

"Our father sits in the council-hall," returned the major. "He has taken his seat that he may receive the warriors with becoming honour. But I am the second chief, and our father has sent me to receive them." To the proud spirit of the Indian this explanation scarcely sufficed. For a moment he seemed to struggle, as if en-

deavouring to stifle his keen sense of an affront put upon him. At length he nodded his head haughtily and condescendingly, in token of assent; and gathering up his noble form, and swelling out his chest, as if with a view to strike terror as well as admiration into the hearts of those by whom he expected to be surrounded, stalked majestically forward at the head of his confederates.

An indifferent observer, or one ignorant of these people, would have been at fault; but those who understood the workings of an Indian's spirit could not have been deceived by the tranquil exterior of these men. The rapid, keen, and lively glance—the suppressed sneer of exultation—the half start of surprise—the low, guttural, and almost inaudible “ugh!”—all these indicated the eagerness with which, at one shy but compendious view, they embraced the whole interior of a fort which it was of such vital importance to their future interests they should become possessed of, yet which they had so long and so unsuccessfully attempted to subdue. As they advanced into the square, they looked around, expecting to behold the full array of their enemies; but, to their astonishment, not a soldier was to be seen. A few women and children only, in whom curiosity had overcome a natural loathing and repugnance to the savages, were peeping from the windows of the block-houses. Even at a moment like the present, the fierce instinct of these latter was not to be controlled. One of the children, terrified at the wild appearance of the warriors, screamed violently, and clung to the bosom of its mother for protection. Fired at the sound, a young chief raised his hand to his lips, and was about to peal forth his terrible war whoop in the very centre of the fort, when the eye of the Ottawa suddenly arrested him.

CHAPTER XIV.

There were few forms of courtesy observed by the warriors towards the English officers on entering the council room. Pontac, who had collected all his native haughtiness into one proud expression of look and figure, strode in without taking the slightest notice even of the governor. The other chiefs imitated his example, and all took their seats upon the matting in the order prescribed by their rank among the tribes, and their experience in council. The Ottawa chief sat at the near extremity of the room, and immediately facing the governor. A profound silence was observed for some minutes after the Indians had seated themselves, during which they proceeded to fill their pipes. The handle of that of the Ottawa chief was decorated with numerous feathers fancifully disposed.

“This is well,” at length observed the governor. “It is long since the great chiefs of the nations have smoked the sweet grass in the council hall of the Saganaw. What have they to say, that their young men may have peace to hunt the beaver, and to leave the print of their moccasins in the country of the buffalo?—What says the Ottawa chief?”

“The Ottawa chief is a great warrior,” returned the other, haughtily; and again repudiating, in the indomitableness of his pride, the very views that a more artful policy had first led him to avow. “He has already said that, within a single moon, nine of the strong holds of the Saganaw have fallen into his hands, and that the scalps of the white men fill the tents of his warriors. If the red skins wish for peace, it is because they are sick with spilling the blood of their enemies. Does my father hear?”

“The Ottawa has been cunning, like the fox,” calmly returned the governor. “He went with deceit upon his lips, and said to the great chiefs of the strong holds of the Saganaw,—‘You have no more forts upon the lakes; they have all fallen before the red skins: they gave themselves into our hands; and we spared their lives, and sent them down to the great towns near the salt lake.’ But this was false: the chiefs of the Saganaw believing what was said to them, gave up their strong holds; but their lives were not spared, and the grass of the Canadas is yet moist with their blood. Does the Ottawa hear?”

A amazement and stupefaction sat for a moment on the features of the Indians. The fact was as had been stated; and yet, so completely had the several forts been cut off from all communication, it was deemed almost impossible one could have received tidings of the fate of the other, unless conveyed through the Indians themselves.

“The spies of the Saganaw have been very quick to escape the vigilance of the red skins,” at length replied the Ottawa; “yet they have returned with a lie upon their lips. I swear by the Great Spirit, that nine of the

strong holds of the Saganaw have been destroyed. How could the Ottawa go with deceit upon his lips, when his words were truth?”

“When the red skins said so to the warriors of the last forts they took, they said true; but when they went to the first, and said that all the rest had fallen, they used deceit. A great nation should overcome their enemies like warriors, and not seek to beguile them with their tongues under the edge of the scalping knife!”

“Why did the Saganaw come into the country of the red skins?” haughtily demanded the chief. “Why did they take our hunting grounds from us? Why have they strong places encircling the country of the Indians, like a belt of wampum round the waist of a warrior?”

“This is not true,” rejoined the governor. “It was not the Saganaw, but the warriors of the pale flag, who first came and took away the hunting grounds, and built the strong places. The great father of the Saganaw had beaten the great father of the pale flag quite out of the Canadas, and he sent his young men to take their place and to make peace with the red skins, and to trade with them, and to call them brothers.”

“The Saganaw was false,” retorted the Indian. “When a chief of the Saganaw came for the first time with his warriors into the country of the Ottawas, the chief of the Ottawas stood in his path, and asked him why, and from whom, he came? That chief was a bold warrior, and his heart was open, and the Ottawa liked him; and when he said he came to be friendly with the red skins, the Ottawa believed him, and he shook him by the hand, and said to his young men, ‘Touch not the life of a Saganaw; for their chief is the friend of the Ottawa chief, and his young men shall be the friends of the red warriors.’ Look,” he proceeded, marking his sense of the discovery by another of those ejaculatory “ughs!” so expressive of surprise in an Indian, “at the right hand of my father I see a chief,” pointing to Captain Erskine, “who came with those of the Saganaw who first entered the country of the Detroit;—ask that chief if what the Ottawa says is not true. When the Saganaw said he came only to remove the warriors of the pale flag, that he might be friendly and trade with the red skins, the Ottawa received the belt of wampum he offered, and smoked the pipe of peace with him, and he made his men bring bags of parched corn to his warriors who wanted food, and he sent to all the nations on the lakes, and said to them, ‘The Saganaw must pass unhurt to the strong hold on the Detroit.’ But for the Ottawas, not a Saganaw would have escaped; for the nations were thirsting for their blood, and the knives of the warriors were eager to open their scalps. Ask the chief who sits at the right hand of my father,” he again energetically repeated, “if what the Ottawa says is not true.”

“What the Ottawa says is true,” rejoined the governor; “for the chief who sits on my right hand has often said that, but for the Ottawas, the small number of the warriors of the Saganaw must have been cut off; and his heart is big with kindness to the Ottawas for what he did. But if the great chief meant to be friendly, why did he declare war after smoking the pipe of peace with the Saganaw? Why did he destroy the wigwams of the settlers, and carry off the scalps even of their weak women and children? All this has the Ottawa done; and yet he says that he wished to be friendly with my young men. But the Saganaw is not a fool. He knows the Ottawa chief had no will of his own. On the right hand of the Ottawa sits the great chief of the Delawares, and on his left the great chief of the Shawanees. They have long been the sworn enemies of the Saganaw; and they came from the rivers that run near the salt lake to stir up the red skins of the Detroit to war. They whispered wicked words in the ear of the Ottawa chief, and he determined to take up the bloody hatchet. This is a shame to a great warrior. The Ottawa was a king over all the tribes in the country of the fresh lakes, and yet he weakly took council like a woman from another.”

“My father lies!” fiercely retorted the warrior, half springing to his feet, and involuntarily putting his hand upon his tomahawk. “If the settlers of the Saganaw have fallen,” he resumed in a calmer tone, while he again sank upon his mat, “it is because they did not keep their faith with the red skins. When they came weak, and were not yet secure in their strong holds, their tongues were smooth and full of soft words; but when they became strong under the protection of their thunder, they no longer treated the red skins as their friends, and they laughed at them for letting them come into their country. “But,” he pursued, elevating his voice, “the Ottawa is a great chief, and he will be respected.” Then adverting in bitterness to the influence supposed to be exercised over him—“What my father has

said is false. The Shawanees and the Delawares are great nations; but the Ottawas are greater than any, and their chiefs are full of wisdom. The Shawanees and the Delawares had no talk with the Ottawa chief to make him do what his own wisdom did not tell him.”

“Then, if the talk came not from the Shawanees and the Delawares, it came from the spies of the warriors of the pale flag. The great father of the French was angry with the great father of the Saganaw, because he conquered his warriors in many battles; and he sent wicked men to whisper lies of the Saganaw into the ears of the red skins, and to make them take up the hatchet against them. There is a tall spy at this moment in the camp of the red skins,” he pursued with earnestness, and yet paling as he spoke. “It is said he is the bosom friend of the great chief of the Ottawas. But I will not believe it. The head of a great nation would not be the friend of a spy—of one who is baser than a dog. His people would despise him; and they would say, ‘Our chief is not fit to sit in council, or to make war; for he is led by the word of a pale face who is without honour.’”

The swarthy cheek of the Indian reddened, and his eye kindled into fire. “There is no spy, but a great warrior in the camp of the Ottawas,” he fiercely replied. “Though he came from the country that lies beyond the salt lake, he is now a chief of the red skins, and his arm is mighty, and his heart is big. Would my father know why he has become a chief of the Ottawas?” he pursued with scornful exultation. “When the strong holds of the Saganaw fell, the tomahawk of the ‘white warrior’ drank more blood than that of a red skin, and his tent is hung round with poles bending under the weight of the scalps he has taken. When the great chief of the Ottawas dies, the pale face will lead his warriors, and take the first seat in the council. The Ottawa chief is his friend.”

“If the pale face be the friend of the Ottawa,” pursued the governor, in the hope of obtaining some particular intelligence in regard to this terrible and mysterious being, “why is he not here to sit in council with the chiefs? Perhaps,” he proceeded tauntingly, as he fancied he perceived a disinclination on the part of the Indian to account for the absence of the warrior, “the pale face is not worthy to take his place among the head men of the council. His arm may be strong like that of a warrior, but his head may be weak like that of a woman; or, perhaps, he is ashamed to show himself before the pale faces, who have turned him out of their tribe.”

“My father lies!” again unceremoniously retorted the warrior. “If the friend of the Ottawa is not here, it is because his voice cannot speak. Does my father recollect the bridge on which he killed his young warrior? Does he recollect the terrible chase of the pale face by the friend of the Ottawa? Ugh!” he continued, as his attention was now diverted to another object of interest, “that pale face was swifter than any runner among the red skins, and for his fleetness he deserved to live to be a great hunter in the Canadas; but fear broke his heart—fear of the friend of the Ottawa chief. The red skins saw him fall at the feet of the Saganaw without life, and they saw the young warriors bear him off in their arms. Is not the Ottawa right?” The Indian paused, threw his eye rapidly along the room, and then, fixing it on the governor, seemed to wait with deep but suppressed interest for his reply.

“Peace to the bones of a brave warrior!” seriously and evasively returned the governor: “the pale face is no longer in the land of the Canadas, and the young warriors of the Saganaw are sorry for his loss; but what would the Ottawa say of the bridge? and what has the pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa, to do with it?”

A gleam of satisfaction pervaded the countenance of the Indian, as he eagerly bent his ear to receive the assurance that the fugitive was no more; but when allusion was again made to the strange warrior, his brow became overcast, and he replied with mingled haughtiness and anger,—“Does my father ask? He has dogs of spies among the settlers of the pale flag, but the tomahawk of the red skins will find them out, and they shall perish even as the Saganaw themselves. Two nights ago, when the warriors of the Ottawas were returning from their scout upon the common, they heard the voice of Onondato, the great wolf-dog of the friend of the Ottawa chief. The voice came from the bridge where the Saganaw killed his young warrior, and it called upon the red skins for assistance. My young men gave their war cry, and ran like wild deer to destroy the enemies of their chief; but when they came the spies had fled, and the voice of Onondato was low and weak as that of a new fawn; and when the war-

riors came to the other end of the bridge, they found the pale chief lying across the road and covered over with blood. They thought he was dead, and their cry was terrible; for the pale warrior is a great chief, and the Ottawas love him; but when they looked again, they saw that the blood was the blood of Onondato, whose throat the spies of the Saganaw had cut, that he might not hunt them and give them to the tomahawk of the red skins."

Frequent glances, expressive of their deep interest in the announcement of this intelligence, passed between the governor and his officers. It was clear the party who had encountered the terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis were not spies (for none were employed by the garrison), but their adventurous companions who had so recently quitted them. This was put beyond all doubt by the night, the hour, and the not less important fact of the locality; for it was from the bridge described by the Indian, near which the Canadian had stated his canoe to be chained, they were to embark on their perilous and uncertain enterprise. The question of their own escape from danger in this unlooked for collision with so powerful and ferocious an enemy, and of the fidelity of the Canadian, still remained involved in doubt, which it might be imprudent, if not dangerous, to seek to have resolved by any direct remark on the subject to the keen and observant warrior. The governor removed this difficulty by artfully observing,—"The great chief of the Ottawas has said they were the spies of the Saganaw who killed the pale warrior. His young men have found them, then; or how could he know they were spies?"

"Is there a warrior among the Saganaw who dares to show himself in the path of the red skins, unless he come in strength and surrounded by his thunder?" was the sneering demand. "But my father is wrong if he supposes the friend of the Ottawa is killed. No," he pursued fiercely, "the dogs of spies could not kill him; they were afraid to face so terrible a warrior. They came behind him in the dark, and they struck him on the head like cowards and foxes as they were. The warrior of the pale face, and the friend of the Ottawa chief, is sick, but not dead. He lies without motion in his tent, and his voice cannot speak to his friend to tell him who were his enemies, that he may bring their scalps to hang up within his wigwam. But the great chief will soon be well, and his arm will be stronger than ever to spill the blood of the Saganaw as he has done before."

"The talk of the Ottawa chief is strange," returned the governor, emphatically and with dignity. "He says he comes to smoke the pipe of peace with the Saganaw, and yet he talks of spilling their blood as if it was water from the lake. What does the Ottawa mean?" "Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, in his surprise. "My father is right, but the Ottawa and the Saganaw have not yet smoked together. When they have, the hatchet will be buried for ever. Until then, they are still enemies."

During this long and important colloquy of the leading parties, the strictest silence had been preserved by the remainder of the council. The inferior chiefs had continued deliberately puffing the smoke from their curled lips, as they sat cross-legged on their mats, and nodding their heads at intervals in confirmation of the occasional appeal made by the rapid glance of the Ottawa, and uttering their guttural "Ugh!" whenever any observation of the parlant parties touched their feelings, or called forth their surprise. The officers had been no less silent and attentive listeners, to a conversation on the issue of which hung so many dear and paramount interests. A pause in the conference gave them an opportunity of commenting in a low tone on the communication made, in the strong excitement of his pride, by the Ottawa chief, in regard to the terrible warrior of the Fleur de lis; who, it was evident, swayed the councils of the Indians, and consequently exercised an influence over the ultimate destinies of the English, which it was impossible to contemplate without alarm. It was evident to all, from whatsoever cause it might arise, this man cherished a rancour towards certain individuals in the fort, inducing an anxiety in its reduction scarcely equalled by that entertained on the part of the Indians themselves. Beyond this, however, all was mystery and doubt; nor had any clue been given to enable them to arrive even at a well founded apprehension of the motives which had given birth to the vindictiveness of purpose, so universally ascribed to him even by the savages themselves.

The chiefs also availed themselves of this pause in the conversation of the principals, to sustain a low and animated discussion. Those of the Shawnee and Delaware nations were especially earnest; and, as they spoke

across the Ottawa, betrayed, by their vehemence of gesture, the action of some strong feeling upon their minds, the precise nature of which could not be ascertained from their speech at the opposite extremity of the room. The Ottawa did not deign to join in their conversation, but sat smoking his pipe in all the calm and forbidding dignity of a proud Indian warrior conscious of his own importance.

"Does the great chief of the Ottawas, then, seek for peace in his heart at length?" resumed the governor; "or is he come to the strong hold of Detroit, as he went to the other strong holds, with deceit on his lips?" The Indian slowly removed the pipe from his mouth, fixed his keen eye searchingly on that of the questioner for nearly a minute, and then briefly and haughtily said, "The Ottawa chief has spoken."

"And do the great chiefs of the Shawnees, and the great chiefs of the Delawares, and the great chiefs of the other nations, ask for peace also?" demanded the governor. "If so, let them speak for themselves, and for their warriors."

We will not trespass on the reader by a transcript of the declarations of the inferior chiefs. Each in his turn avowed motives similar to those of the Ottawa for wishing the hatchet might be buried for ever, and that their young men should mingle once more in confidence, not only with the English troops, but with the settlers, who would again be brought into the country at the cessation of hostilities. When each had spoken, the Ottawa passed the pipe of ceremony, with which he was provided, to the governor. The latter put it to his lips, and commenced smoking. The Indians keenly, and half furtively, watched the act; and looks of deep intelligence, that escaped not the notice of the equally anxious and observant officers, passed among them.

"The pipe of the great chief of the Ottawas smokes well," calmly remarked the governor; "but the Ottawa chief, in his hurry to come and ask for peace, has made a mistake. The pipe and all its ornaments are red like blood: it is the pipe of war, and not the pipe of peace. The great chief of the Ottawas will be angry with himself; he has entered the strong hold of the Saganaw, and sat in the council, without doing any good for his young men. The Ottawa must come again."

A deep but subdued expression of disappointment passed over the features of the chiefs. They watched the countenances of the officers, to see whether the substitution of one pipe for the other had been attributed, in their estimation, to accident or design. There was nothing, however, to indicate the slightest doubt of their sincerity.

"My father is right," replied the Indian, with an appearance of embarrassment, which, whether natural or feigned, had nothing suspicious in it. "The great chief of the Ottawas has been foolish, like an old woman. The young chiefs of his tribe will laugh at him for this. But the Ottawa chief will come again, and the other chiefs with him, for, as my father sees, they all wish for peace; and that my father may know all the nations wish for peace, as well as their head men, the warriors of the Ottawa, and of the Shawnee, and of the Delaware, shall play at ball upon the common, to amuse his young men, while the chiefs sit in council with the chiefs of the Saganaw. The red skins shall come naked, and without their rifles and their tomahawks; and even the squaws of the warriors shall come upon the common, to show the Saganaw they may be without fear. Does my father hear?"

"The Ottawa chief says well," returned the governor; "but will the pale friend of the Ottawa come also to take his seat in the council hall? The great chief has said the pale warrior has become the second chief among the Ottawas; and that when he is dead, the pale warrior will lead the Ottawas, and take the first seat in the council. He, too, should smoke the pipe of peace with the Saganaw, that they may know he is no longer their enemy."

The Indian hesitated, uttering merely his quick ejaculatory "Ugh!" in expression of his surprise at so unexpected a requisition. "The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa, is very sick," he at length said; "but if the Great Spirit should give him back his voice before the chiefs come again to the council, the pale face will come too. If my father does not see him then, he will know the friend of the Ottawa chief is very sick."

The governor deemed it prudent not to press the question too closely, lest in so doing he should excite suspicion, and defeat his own object. "When will the Ottawa and the other chiefs come again?" he asked; "and when will their warriors play at ball upon the common, that the Saganaw may see them and be amused?" "When

the sun has travelled so many times," replied Pontecac, holding up three fingers of his left hand. "Then will the Ottawa and the other chiefs bring their young warriors and their women."

"It is too soon," was the reply; "the Saganaw must have time to collect their presents, that they may give them to the young warriors who are swiftest in the race, and the most active at the ball. The great chief of the Ottawas, too, must let the settlers of the pale flag, who are the friends of the red skins, bring in food for the Saganaw, that a great feast may be given to the chiefs, and to the warriors, and that the Saganaw may make peace with the Ottawas and the other nations as becomes a great people. In twice so many days," holding up three of his fingers in imitation of the Indian, "the Saganaw will be ready to receive the chiefs in council, that they may smoke the pipe of peace, and bury the hatchet for ever. What says the great chief of the Ottawas?"

"It is good," was the reply of the Indian, his eye lighting up with deep and exulting expression. "The settlers of the pale flag shall bring food to the Saganaw. The Ottawa chief will send them, and he will desire his young men not to prevent them. In so many days, then," indicating with his fingers, "the great chiefs will sit again in council with the Saganaw, and the Ottawa chief will not be a fool to bring the pipe he does not want."

With this assurance the conference terminated. Pontecac raised his tall frame from the mat on which he had been squatted, nodded condescendingly to the governor, and strode haughtily into the square or area of the fort. The other chiefs followed his example; and to Major Blackwater was again assigned the duty of accompanying them without the works. The glance of the savages, and that of Pontecac in particular, was less wary than at their entrance. Each seemed to embrace every object on which the eye could rest, as if to fix its position indelibly in his memory. The young chief, who had been so suddenly and opportunely checked while in the very act of peeling forth his terrible war whoop, again looked up at the windows of the block-house, in quest of those whom his savage instinct had already devoted in intention to his tomahawk, but they were no longer there. Such was the silence that reigned every where, the fort appeared to be tenanted only by the few men of the guard, who lingered near their stations, attentively watching the Indians, as they passed towards the gate. A very few minutes sufficed to bring the latter once more in the midst of their warriors, whom, for a few moments, they harangued earnestly, when the whole body again moved off in the direction of their encampment.

CHAPTER V.

The week that intervened between the visit of the chiefs and the day appointed for their second meeting in council, was passed by the garrison in perfect freedom from alarm, although, as usual, in diligent watchfulness and preparations for casualties. In conformity with his promise, the Indian had despatched many of the Canadian settlers, with such provisions as the country then afforded, to the governor, and these, happy to obtain the gold of the troops in return for what they could conveniently spare, were not slow in availing themselves of the permission. Dried bear's meat, venison, and Indian corn, composed the substance of these supplies, which were in sufficient abundance to produce a six weeks' increase to the stock of the garrison. Hitherto they had been subsisting, in a great degree, upon salt provisions; the food furtively supplied by the Canadians being necessarily, from their dread of detection, on so limited a scale, that a very small portion of the troops had been enabled to profit by it. This, therefore, was an important and unexpected benefit, derived from the filling in of the garrison with the professed views of the savages; and one which, perhaps, few officers would, like Colonel de Haldimar, have possessed the forethought to have secured. But although it served to relieve the animal wants of the men, there was little to remove his moral inquietude. Discouraged by the sanguinary character of the warfare in which they seemed doomed to be for ever engaged, and harassed by constant watchings,—seldom taking off their clothes for weeks together,—the men had gradually been losing their energy of spirit, in the contemplation of the almost irremediable evils by which they were beset; and looked forward with sad and disheartening conviction to a fate, that all things tended to prove to them was unavoidable, however the period of its consummation might be protracted. Among the officers, this dejection, although proceeding from a different cause, was no less

prevalent; and notwithstanding they sought to disguise it before their men, when left to themselves, they gave unlimited rein to a despondency hourly acquiring strength, as the day fixed on for the second council with the Indians drew near.

At length came that terrible and eventful day, and, as if in mockery of those who saw beauty in its golden beams, arrayed in all the gorgeous softness of its autumnal glory. Sad and heavy were the hearts of many within that far distant and isolated fort, as they rose, at the first glimmering of light above the horizon, to prepare for the several duties assigned them. All felt the influence of a feeling that laid prostrate the moral energies even of the boldest: but there was one young officer in particular, who exhibited a dejection, degenerating almost into stupor; and more than once, when he received an order from his superior, hesitated as one who either heard not, or, in attempting to perform it, mistook the purport of his instructions, and executed some entirely different duty. The countenance of this officer, whose attenuated person otherwise bore traces of languor and debility, but too plainly marked the abstractedness and terror of his mind, while the set stiff features and contracted muscles of the face contributed to give an expression of vacuity, that one who knew him not might have interpreted unfavourably. Several times, during the inspection of his company at the early parade, he was seen to raise his head, and throw forward his ear, as if expecting to catch the echo of some horrible and appalling cry, until the men themselves remarked, and commented, by interchange of looks, on the singular conduct of their officer, whose thoughts had evidently no connection with the duty he was performing, or the spot on which he stood.

When this customary inspection had been accomplished,—how imperfectly, has been seen,—and the men dismissed from their ranks, the same young officer was observed, by one who followed his every movement with interest, to ascend that part of the rampart which commanded an unbroken view of the country westward, from the point where the encampment of the Indians was supposed to lie, down to the bridge on which the terrible tragedy of Halloway's death had been so recently enacted. Unconscious of the presence of two sentinels, who moved to and fro near their respective posts, on either side of him, the young officer folded his arms, and gazed in that direction for some minutes, with his whole soul riveted on the scene. Then, as if overcome by recollections called up by that on which he gazed, he covered his eyes hurriedly with his hands, and betrayed, by the convulsed movement of his slender form, he was weeping bitterly. This paroxysm past, he uncovered his face, sank with one knee upon the ground, and, upraising his clasped hands, as if in appeal to his God, seemed to pray deeply and fervently. In this attitude he continued for some moments, when he became sensible of the approach of an intruder. He raised himself from his knee, turned, and beheld one whose countenance was stamped with a dejection scarcely inferior to his own. It was Captain Blessington.

"Charles, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the latter hurriedly, as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the emaciated De Haldimar, "consider you are not alone. For God's sake, check this weakness! There are men observing you on every side, and your strange manner has already been the subject of remark in the company."

"When the heart is sick, like mine," replied the youth, in a tone of fearful despondency, "it is alike reckless of forms, and careless of appearances. I trust, however," and here spoke the soldier, "there are few within this fort who will believe me less courageous, because I have been seen to bend my knee in supplication to my God. I did not think that you, Blessington, would have been the first to condemn the act."

"I condemn it, Charles! you mistake me, indeed you do," feelingly returned his captain, secretly pained at the mild reproach contained in the concluding sentence; "but there are two things to be considered. In the first instance, the men, who are yet in ignorance of the great evils with which we are threatened, may mistake the cause of your agitation; you were in tears just now, Charles, and the sentinels must have remarked it as well as myself. I would not have them to believe that one of their officers was affected by the anticipation of coming disaster, in a way their own hearts are incapable of estimating. You understand me, Charles? I would not have them too much discouraged by an example that may become infectious."

"I do understand you, Blessington," and a forced and sickly smile played for a moment over the wan yet

handsome features of the young officer; "you would not have me appear a weeping coward in their eyes."

"Nay, dear Charles, I did not say it."
"But you meant it, Blessington; yet, think not,"—and he warmly pressed the hand of his captain,—“think not, I repeat, I take your hint in any other than the friendly light in which it was intended. That I have been no coward, however, I hope I have given proof more than once before the men, most of whom have known me from my very cradle; yet, whatever they may think, is to me, at this moment, a matter of utter indifference. Blessington,” and again the tears rolled from his fixed eyes over his cheek, while he pointed with his finger to the western horizon, “I have neither thought nor feeling for myself; my whole heart lies buried there. Oh, God of Heaven!” he pursued, after a pause, and again raising his eyes in supplication, “avert the dreadful destiny that awaits my beloved sister.”

"Charles, Charles, if only for that sister's sake, then, calm an agitation which, if thus indulged in, will assuredly destroy you. All will yet be well. The delay obtained by your father has been sufficient for the purpose proposed. Let us hope for the best: if we are deceived in our expectation, it will then be time enough to indulge in a grief, which could scarcely be exceeded, were the fearful misgivings of your mind to be realised before your eyes."

"Blessington," returned the young officer,—and his features exhibited the liveliest image of despair,—“all hope has long since been extinct within my breast. See you yon theatre of death?” he mournfully pursued, pointing to the fatal bridge, which was thrown into full relief against the placid bosom of the Detroit: “recollect you the scene that was acted on it? As for me, it is ever present to my mind,—it haunts me in my thoughts by day, and in my dreams by night. I shall never forget it while memory is left to curse me with the power of retrospection. On the very spot on which I now stand was I borne in a chair, to witness the dreadful punishment; you see the stone at my feet, I marked it by that. I saw you conduct Halloway to the centre of the bridge; I beheld him kneel to receive his death; I saw, too, the terrible race for life, that interrupted the proceedings; I marked the sudden upspring of Halloway to his feet upon the coffin, and the exulting waving of his hand, as he seemed to recognise the rivals for mastery in that race. Then was heard the fatal volley, and I saw the death-struggle of him who had saved my brother's life. I could have died, too, at that moment; and would to Providence I had! but it was otherwise decreed. My aching interest was, for a moment, diverted by the fearful chase now renewed upon the height; and, in common with those around me, I watched the efforts of the pursuer and the pursued with painful earnestness and doubt as to the final result. Ah, Blessington, why was not this all? The terrible shriek, uttered at the moment when the fugitive fell, apparently dead, at the feet of the firing party, reached us even here. I felt as if my heart must have burst, for I knew it to be the shriek of poor Ellen Halloway,—the suffering wife,—the broken-hearted woman who had so recently in all the wild abandonment of her grief, wetted my pillow, and even my cheek, with her burning tears, while supplicating an intercession with my father for mercy, which I knew it would be utterly fruitless to promise. The discovery of her exchange of clothes with one of the drum boys of the grenadiers was made soon after you left the fort. I saw her leap upon the coffin, and, standing over the body of her unhappy husband, raise her hands to heaven in adjuration, and my heart died within me. I recollected the words she had spoken on a previous occasion, during the first examination of Halloway, and I felt it to be the prophetic denunciation, then threatened, that she was now uttering on all the race of De Haldimar. I saw no more, Blessington. Sick, dizzy, and with every faculty of my mind annihilated, I turned away from the horrid scene, and was again borne to my room."

Captain Blessington was deeply affected; for there was a solemnity in the voice of the young officer that carried conviction to the heart.

The attention of both was diverted by the report of a musket from the rear of the fort. Presently afterwards, the word was passed along the chain of sentinels upon the ramparts, that the Indians were issuing in force from the forest upon the common near the bomb-proof. Then was heard, as the sentinel at the gate delivered the password, the heavy roll of the drum summoning to arms.

"Ha! here already!" said Captain Blessington, as, glancing towards the forest, he beheld the skirt of the wood now alive with dusky human forms: "Pontiac's visit is earlier than we had been taught to expect; but

we are as well prepared to receive him now, as later; and, in fact, the sooner the interview is terminated, the sooner we shall know what we have to depend upon. Come, Charles, we must join the company, and let me entreat you to evince less despondency before the men. It is hard, I know, to sustain an artificial character under such disheartening circumstances; still, for example's sake, it must be done."

"What I can I will do, Blessington," rejoined the youth, as they both moved from the ramparts; "but the task is, in truth, one to which I find myself wholly unequal. How do I know that, even at this moment, my defenceless, terrified, and innocent sister may not be invoking the name and arm of her brother to save her from destruction?"

"Trust in Providence, Charles. Even although our worst apprehensions be realised, as I fervently trust they will not, your sister may be spared. The Canadian could not have been unfaithful, or we should have learnt something of his treachery from the Indians. Another week will confirm us in the truth or fallacy of our impressions. Until then, let us arm our hearts with hope. Trust me, we shall yet see the laughing eyes of Clara fill with tears of affection, as I recount to her all her too sensitive and too desponding brother has suffered for her sake."

De Haldimar made no reply. He deeply felt the kind intention of his captain, but was far from cherishing the hope that had been recommended. He sighed heavily, pressed the arm, on which he leaned, in gratitude for the motive, and moved silently with his friend to join their company below the rampart.

CHAPTER XVI.

Meanwhile the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bomb-proof; and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind, if we may except the knife which was always carried at the girdle, and which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their warlike equipment. These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawas, the Delawares, and the Shawanees; each race being distinctly recognisable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualised, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the legging before described, composed in some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deer-skin, and the flap that passed through the girdle around the loins, by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks, and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket, that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day, had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid any thing like encumbrance in their approaching sport. Each individual was provided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved, and flattened at the root extremity, like that used at the Irish hurdle; which game, in fact, the manner of ball-playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interspersed among these warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups, and were of all ages; from the hoary-headed, shrivelled-up hag, whose eyes still sparkled with a fire that her lank and attenuated frame denied, to the young girl of twelve, whose dark and glowing cheek, rounded bust, and penetrating glance, bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the younger warriors, who, throwing down their hurdles, either vied with each other in the short but incredibly swift foot-race, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping; while their companions, abandoned to the full security they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their lazy length upon the sward, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females, in addition to the moccasins, or petticoat, which in one solid square of broad-cloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front, and reaching below the knee. There was an air of constraint in their movements, which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity for which they were assembled; and it was remarkable, whether it arose

from deference to those to whom they were slaves, as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to realine themselves upon the sword in imitation of the warriors.

When it had been made known to the governor that the Indians had begun to develop themselves in force upon the common unarmed, yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct their meditated sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts; where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups, and simply in their side-arms. This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians by marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure, as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day, it was evident their satisfaction was complete.

Hitherto the principal chiefs had, as on the previous occasion, occupied the bomb-proof; and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Pontec, accompanied by the chiefs who had attended him on the former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sword sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdles, and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first they formed a dense group in the centre of the common; and then, diverging in two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain, extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and the Shawanees, and on the other the more numerous nation of the Ottawas. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups, at about twenty paces from the draw-bridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball-players.

In his circuit round the walls, Pontec was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised; and from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart, it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was moreover observed, when he passed the groups of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the dark warriors were received at the gate, by Major Blackwater; and, as with firm but elastic tread, they moved across the square, each threw his fierce eyes rapidly and anxiously around, and with less of concealment in his manner than had been manifested on the former occasion. On every hand the same air of nakedness and desertion met their gaze. Not even a soldier of the guard was to be seen; and when they cast their eyes upwards to the windows of the block-houses, they were found to be tenanted as the area through which they passed. A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians; and the features of Pontec, in particular, expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party, he now brought up the rear; and when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled, and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for a moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity, and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound, partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry, Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. At that moment Pontec sprang lightly again to his feet, responding to the yell of his confederates by another even more startling, fierce, and prolonged than their own. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the council room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which escaped not the observation of the quick-sighted chiefs. Their mats lay in the position they had previously occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition

terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, and dividing it from that of one of the officers, had been removed; and midway through this, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the governor, elevated as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change, that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and that was, not more than one half of the officers who had been present at the first conference being now in the room. Of these latter, one had, moreover, been sent away by the governor the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. "The council-room of my father, is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before, yet the number of his chiefs is not so many."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the Saganaw has promised the red skins a feast," returned the governor. "Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it, he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief, and to make peace with him as he could wish."

"My father has a great deal of cloth, red, like the blood of a pale face," pursued the Indian, rather in demand than in observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. "When the Ottawa was here last, he did not see it."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the great father of the Saganaw has a big heart to make presents to the red skins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make leggings for the chiefs of all the nations."

Apparently satisfied with this reply, the fierce Indian uttered one of his strong guttural and assentient "ughs," and then commenced filling the pipe of peace, correct on the present occasion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepressible eagerness towards the door.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick, that he cannot come; or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend the pale face is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontec had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat, amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed,—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery,—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without, was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the

scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillerymen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away every thing that should come before them. The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magic as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralysed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already, in imagination, secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless hurdle, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other. After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior, on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontec had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These, now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavours to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well-affected struggle was maintained. At his approach, the

hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction, and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball; and in which, he who had driven it with such resistless force, outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and, such was the peculiar exultation of the black and turbaned warrior, when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was pealed forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council room. What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

"Secure that traitor, men!" exclaimed the governor, advancing into the square, and pointing to the black warrior, whose quick eye was now glancing on every side, to discover some available point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. "Is there a man—are there are ten men, even with Governor de Haldimar at their head, who will be bold enough to attempt it?" he asked. "Nay!" he pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages,—“here I stand singly, and defy your whole garrison!”

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the order of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure; and he made a gesture to his followers, which was replied to by the sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectance and preparation.

"Stay, men; quit not your cover for your lives!" commanded the governor, in a loud deep voice:—"keep the barricades fast, and move not."

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so mingled with their enemies as to render the cannon useless, unless friends and foes (which was by no means probable) should alike be sacrificed. The governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage, the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the governor. The latter stepped lightly aside, and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza, that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment, a single shot, fired from the guard-house, was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, seen flying through the air, carried away by the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

"A narrow escape for us both, Colonel de Haldimar," he observed, as soon as the yell had subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. "Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart, I should have cursed myself and died: as it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life, at present. A second bullet may be better directed; and to die, robbed of my revenge, would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge!"

At the hasty command of the governor, a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men; but, before a single eye could glance along the barrel, the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians into a small space that was left unoccupied; when, stooping suddenly to the earth, he disappeared altogether from the view of his enemies. A slight movement in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway, and extending even beyond the bridge, was now discernible: it was like the waving of a field of standing corn, through which some animal rapidly winds its tortuous course, bending aside as the object advances, and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute, the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet, far in the rear of the band;

and then, uttering a force shout of exultation, to make good his retreat towards the forest.

Meanwhile, Pontecac and the other chiefs of the council continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "Waugh" that burst from the lips of all, on finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre, had been succeeded, the instant afterwards, by feelings of personal apprehension, which each, however, had collectedness enough to disguise. Once the Ottawa made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors; but the emphatical pointing of the finger of Colonel de Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the block-houses prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was remarked by the officers, who also stood on the piazza, close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the governor, a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa; and that, when he found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people, his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of the forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

"What says the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the governor, calmly, and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. "Was the Saganaw not right, when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart, and with a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces, and long before their lips have spoken."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian; "my father is a great chief, and his head is full of wisdom. Had he been feeble, like the other chiefs of the Saganaw, the strong hold of the Detroit must have fallen, and the red skins would have danced their war dance round the scalps of his young men, even in the council room where they came to talk of peace."

"Does the great chief of the Ottawas see the big thunder of the Saganaw?" pursued the governor: "if not, let him open his eyes and look. The Saganaw has but to move his lips, and swifter than the lightning would the pale faces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawa, even where they now stand: in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie."

"Ugh!" again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness: "if what my father says is true, why does he not pour out his anger upon the red skins?"

"Let the great chief of the Ottawas listen," replied the governor with dignity. "When the great chiefs of all the nations that are in league with the Ottawas came last to the council, the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts, and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace, or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners, that their warriors might be without a head; but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawas, and the word of a Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the desire of the Saganaw is to be friendly with the red skins, and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa; but a great chief should judge for himself, and take council only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go," he resumed, after a short pause; "the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace; the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them."

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled: low exclamations passed between him and his companions; and, then pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtfully,—

"It was the pale face, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawas, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall know us better," was the reply. "The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes council from his own heart, and not from the lips of a cowardly dog of a pale face, who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery, even as they are without fear."

Another of those deep interjectional "ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

"What my father says is good," he returned; "but the pale face is a great warrior, and the Ottawa chief is his friend." The Ottawa will go."

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swarthy and anxious crowd in front. These were answered by a low, sullen, yet assentient grunt, from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and distrust, and recrossed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Pontecac waited until the last Indian had departed, and then making a movement to the governor, which, with all its haughtiness, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the governor ascended to the ramparts, to follow their movements; and it was not before their report had been made that the Indians were immersing once more into the heart of the forest, the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defences, and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.*

CHAPTER XVII.

While the reader is left to pause over the rapid succession of incidents resulting from the mysterious entrance of the warrior of the Fleur de lis into the English fort, be it our task to explain the circumstances connected with the singular disappearance of Captain de Haldimar, and the melancholy murder of his unfortunate servant.

It will be recollected that the ill-fated Halloway, in the course of his defence before the court martial, distinctly stated the voice of the individual who had approached his post, calling on the name of Captain de Haldimar, on the night of the alarm, to have been that of a female, and that the language in which they subsequently conversed was that of the Ottawa Indians. This was strictly the fact; and the only error into which the unfortunate soldier had fallen, had reference merely to the character and motives of the party. He had naturally imagined, as he had stated, it was some young female of the village, whose attachment for his officer had driven to the desperate determination of seeking an interview; nor was this impression at all weakened by the subsequent discourse of the parties in the Indian tongue, with which it was well known, most of the Canadians, both male and female, were more or less conversant. The subject of that short, low, and hurried conference was, indeed, one that well warranted the singular intrusion; and, in the declaration of Halloway, we have already seen the importance and anxiety attached by the young officer to the communication. Without waiting to repeat the motives assigned for his departure, and the prayers and expostulations to which he had recourse to overcome the determination and sense of duty of the unfortunate sentinel, let us pass at once to the moment when, after having cleared the ditch, conjointly with his faithful follower, in the manner already shown, Captain de Haldimar first stood side by side with his midnight visitant.

The night, it has elsewhere been observed, was clear and starry, so that objects upon the common, such as the rude stump that here and there raised its dark low head above the surface, might be dimly seen in the distance. To obviate the danger of discovery by the sentinels, appeared to be the first study of the female; for, when Captain de Haldimar, followed by his servant, had reached the spot on which she stood, she put the forefinger of one hand to her lips, and with the other pointed to his booted foot. A corresponding signal showed that the lightness of the material offered little risk of betrayal. Donehan, however, was made to doff his heavy ammuni-

* The occurrences related in this chapter, and the awful details which follow relative to the destruction of Fort Michillimackinac, are historically correct. For a very interesting account of this eventful period of our history, see "Travels in the interior parts of North America, for more than 4,000 miles, in the years 1766, &c., by Jonathan Carver." But for a more interesting book, "Travels and Adventures in Canada, and the Indian territory, between the years 1760 and 1776. By Alexander Henry, Esq." Number 4081, octavo, in the Philadelphia Library. For a condensed and satisfactory account, see also 2d vol. of "Thacher's Indian Biography," recently published in New York, and to be had in every book store; in it will be found a life of Pontecac, or Pontiac, as it is sometimes spelled.—Ed.

tion shoes; and, with this precaution, they all stole hastily along, under the shadows of the projecting ramparts, until they had gained the extreme rear. Here the female suddenly raised her tall figure from the stooping position in which she, as well as her companions, had performed the dangerous circuit; and, placing her finger once more significantly on her lips, led in the direction of the bomb-proof, unperceived by the sentinels, most of whom, it is probable, had, up to the moment of the alarm subsequently given, been too much overcome by previous watching and excitement to have kept the most vigilant look out.

Arrived at the skirt of the forest, the little party drew up within the shadow of the ruin, and a short and earnest dialogue ensued, in Indian, between the female and the officer. This was succeeded by a command from the latter to his servant, who, after a momentary but respectful expostulation, which, however, was utterly lost on him to whom it was addressed, proceeded to divest himself of his humble apparel, assuming in exchange the more elegant uniform of his superior. Donellan, who was also of the grenadiers, was remarkable for the resemblance he bore, in figure, to Captain de Haldimar; wanting, it is true, the grace and freedom of movement of the latter, but still presenting an outline which, in an attitude of profound repose, might, as it subsequently did, have set even those who were most intimate with the officer at fault.

"This is well," observed the female, as the young man proceeded to induct himself in the grey coat of his servant, having previously drawn the glazed hat close over his waving and redundant hair; "if the Saganaw is ready, Oucanasta will go."

"Sure, and your honour does not mane to lave me behind!" exclaimed the anxious soldier, as his captain now recommended him to stand closely concealed near the ruin until his return. "Who knows what ambuscade the she-devil may lave your honour into; and thin who will you have to bring you out of it?"

"No, Donellan, it must not be: I first intended it, as you may perceive by my bringing you out; but the expedition on which I am going is of the utmost importance to us all, and too much precaution cannot be taken. I fear no ambuscade, for I can depend on the fidelity of my guide; but the presence of a third person would only embarrass, without assisting me in the least. You must remain behind; the woman insists upon it, and there is no more to be said."

"To ould Nick with the ugly winch, for her pains!" half muttered the disappointed soldier to himself. "I wish it may be as your honour says; but my mind misgives me sadly that evil will come of this. Has your honour secured the pistols?"

"They are here," returned his captain, placing a hand on either chest. "And now, Donellan, mark me: I know nothing that can detain me longer than an hour; at least the woman assures me, and I believe her, that I may be back then; but it is well to guard against accidents. You must continue here for the hour, and for the hour only. If I come not then, return to the fort without delay, for the rope must be removed, and the gate secured, before Halloway is relieved. The keys you will find in the pocket of my uniform: when you have done with them, let them be hung up in their proper place in the guard-room. My father must not know either that Halloway suffered me to pass the gate, or that you accompanied me."

"Lord love us! your honour talks as if you niver would return, g'ving such a heap of orders!" exclaimed the startled man; "but if I go back alone, as I trust in heaven I shall not, how am I to account for being dressed in your honour's rigmintals?"

"I tell you, Donellan," impatiently returned the officer, "that I shall be back; but I only wish to guard against accidents. The instant you get into the fort, you will take off my clothes and resume your own. Who the devil is to see you in the uniform, unless it be Halloway?"

"If the Saganaw would not see the earth red with the blood of his race, he will go," interrupted the female. "Oucanasta can feel the breath of the morning fresh upon her cheek, and the council of the chiefs must be begun."

"The Saganaw is ready, and Oucanasta shall lead the way," hastily returned the officer. "One word more, Donellan," and he pressed the hand of his domestic kindly: "should I not return, you must, without committing Halloway or yourself, cause my father to be apprised that the Indians meditate a deep and treacherous plan to get possession of the fort. What

that plan is, I know not yet myself, neither does this woman know; but she says that I shall hear it discussed unseen, even in the heart of their own encampment. All you have to do is to acquaint my father with the existence of danger. And now be cautious: above all things, keep close under the shadow of the bomb-proof; for there are scouts constantly prowling about the common, and the glittering of the uniform in the starlight may betray you."

"But why may I not follow your honour?" again urged the faithful soldier; "and where is the use of my remaining here to count the stars, and hear the 'all's well!' from the fort, when I could be so much better employed in guarding your honour from harm? What sort of protection can that Indian woman afford, who is of the race of our bitterest enemies, them cursed Ottawas, and your honour venturing, too, like a spy into the very heart of the blood-hounds? Ah, Captain de Haldimar, for the love of God, do not trust yourself alone with her, or I am sure I shall never see your honour again!"

The last words (unhappily too prophetic) fell only on the ear of him who uttered them. The female and the officer had already disappeared round an abrupt angle of the bomb-proof; and the soldier, as directed by his master, now drew up his tall figure against the ruin, where he continued for a period immovable, as if he had been planted there in his ordinary character of sentinel, listening, until they eventually died away in distance, to the receding footsteps of his master; and then ruminating on the several apprehensions that crowded on his mind, in regard to the probable issue of his adventurous project.

Meanwhile, Captain de Haldimar and his guide trod the mazes of the forest, with an expedition that proved the latter to be well acquainted with its bearings. On quitting the bomb-proof, she had struck into a narrow winding path, less seen than felt in the deep gloom pervading the wood, and with light steps bounded over obstacles that lay strewn in their course, emitting scarcely more sound than would have been produced by the slimy crawl of its native rattlesnake. Not so, however, with the less experienced tread of her companion. Wanting the pliancy of movement given to it by the light moccasin, the booted foot of the young officer, despite of all his precaution, fell heavily to the ground, producing such a rustling among the dried leaves, that, had an Indian ear been lurking any where around, his approach must inevitably have been betrayed. More than once, too, neglecting to follow the injunction of his companion, who moved in a stooping posture, with her head bent over her chest, his hat was caught in the closely matted branches, and fell sullenly and heavily to the earth, evidently much to the discomfiture of his guide.

At length they stood on the verge of a dark and precipitous ravine, the abrupt sides of which were studded with underwood, so completely interwoven that all passage appeared impracticable. What, however, seemed an insurmountable obstacle, proved, in reality, an inestimable advantage; for it was by clinging to this, in imitation of the example set him by his companion, the young officer was prevented from rolling into an abyss, the depth of which was lost in the profound obscurity that pervaded the scene. Through the bed of this dark dell rolled a narrow stream, so imperceptible to the eye in the "living darkness," and so noiseless in its course, that it was not until warned by his companion he stood on the very brink of it, Captain de Haldimar was made sensible of its existence. Both cleared it at a single bound, in which the activity of the female was not the least conspicuous, and, clambering up the opposite steep, secured their footing, by the aid of the same underwood that had assisted them in their descent.

On gaining the other summit, which was not done without detaching several loose stones from their sandy bed, they again fell into the path, which had been lost sight of in traversing the ravine. They had proceeded along this about half a mile, when the female suddenly stopped, and pointing to a dim and lurid atmosphere that now began to show itself between the thin foliage, whispered that in the opening beyond stood the encampment of the Indians. She then seated herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, that lay at the side of the almost invisible path they had hitherto pursued, and motioning to her companion to unboot himself, proceeded to unlace the fastenings of her moccasins.

"The foot of the Saganaw must fall like the night dew on the prairie," she observed; "the car of the red skin is quicker than the lightning, and he will know that a pale face is near, if he hear but his tread upon a blade of grass."

The young officer had, at the first suggestion of his

guide, divested himself of his boots, prepared to perform the remainder of the journey merely in his stockings, but his companion now threw herself on her knees before him, and, without further ceremony, proceeded to draw over his foot one of the moccasins she had just relinquished.

"The feet of the Saganaw are soft as those of a young child," she remarked, in a voice of commiseration; "but the moccasins of Oucanasta shall protect them from the thorns of the forest."

This was too un-European,—too much reversing the established order of things, to be borne patiently. As if he had felt the dignity of his manhood offended by the proposal, the officer drew his foot hastily back, declaring, as he sprang from the log, he did not care for the thorns, and could not think of depriving a female, who must be much more sensible of pain than himself.

Oucanasta, however, was not to be outdone in politeness. She calmly reseated herself on the log, drew her right foot over her left knee, caught one of the hands of her companion, and placing it upon the naked sole, desired him to feel how impervious to attack of every description was that indurated portion of the lower limb.

This practical argument was not without its weight, and had more effect in deciding the officer than a volume of remonstrance. When Captain de Haldimar had passed his unwilling hand over the foot of Oucanasta, which, whatever her face might have been, was certainly any thing but delicate, and encountered numerous ragged excrescences and raspy callosities that set all symmetry at defiance, a wonderful revolution came over his feelings; and secretly determining the moccasins would be equally well placed on his own feet, he no longer offered any opposition.

This important point arranged, the officer once more followed his guide in silence. Gradually the forest, as they advanced, became lighter with the lurid atmosphere before alluded to; and at length, through the trees, could be indistinctly seen the Indian fires from which it proceeded. The young man was now desired by his conductress to use the utmost circumspection in making the circuit of the wood, in order to gain a position immediately opposite to the point where the path they had hitherto pursued terminated in the opening. This, indeed, was the most dangerous and critical part of the undertaking. A false step, or the crackling of a decayed branch beneath the foot, would have been sufficient to betray proximity, in which case his doom was sealed.

Fortunate did he now deem himself in having yielded to the counsel of his guide. Had he retained his unbending boot, it must have crushed whatever it pressed; whereas, the pliant moccasin, yielding to the obstacles it encountered, enabled him to pass noiselessly over them. Still, while exempt from danger on this score, another, scarcely less perplexing, became at every instant more obvious; for, as they drew nearer to the point which the female sought to gain, the dim light of the half-slumbering fires fell so immediately upon their path, that had a single human eye been turned in that direction, their discovery was inevitable. It was with a beating heart, to which mere personal fear, however, was a stranger, that Captain de Haldimar performed this concluding stage of his adventurous course; but, at a moment when he considered detection unavoidable, and was arming himself with resolution to meet the event, the female suddenly halted, placing, in the act, the trunk of an enormous beech between her companion and the dusky forms within, whose very breathing could be heard by the anxious officer. Without uttering a word, she took his hand, and, drawing him gently forward, disappeared altogether from his view. The young man followed, and in the next moment found himself in the bowels of the tree itself; into which, on the side of the encampment, both light and sound were admitted by a small aperture formed by the natural decay of the wood.

The Indian pressed her lips to the ear of her companion, and rather breathed than said,—"The Saganaw will see and hear every thing from this in safety; and what he hears let him treasure in his heart. Oucanasta must go. When the council is over she will return, and lead him back to his warriors."

With this brief intimation she departed, and so noiselessly, that the young officer was not aware of her absence until some minutes of silence had satisfied him she must be gone. His first care then was to survey, through the aperture that lay in a level with his eye, the character of the scene before him. The small plain, in which lay the encampment of the Indians, was a sort of oasis of the forest, girt round with a rude belt of underwood, and somewhat elevated, so as to present the appearance of a mound, constructed on the first principles of art. This was thickly,

although irregularly studded with tents, some of which were formed of large coarse mats thrown over poles disposed in a conical shape, while others were more rudely composed of the leafy branches of the forest.

Within these, groups of human forms lay wrapped in their blankets, stretched at their lazy length. Others, with their feet placed close to the dying embers of their fires, diverged like so many radii from their centre, and lay motionless in sleep, as if life and consciousness were wholly extinct. Here and there was to be seen a solitary warrior securing, with admirable neatness, and with delicate ligatures formed of the sinew of the deer, the guiding feather, or fashioning the bony barb of his long arrow; while others, with the same warlike spirit in view, employed themselves in cutting and greasing small patches of smoked deer-skin, which were to secure and give a more certain direction to the murderous ballet. Among the warriors were interspersed many women, some of whom might be seen supporting in their laps the heavy heads of their unconscious helpmates, while they occupied themselves, by the firelight, in parting the long black matted hair, and maintaining a destructive warfare against the pigmy inhabitants of that dark region. These signs of life and activity in the body of the camp generally were, however, but few and occasional; but, at the spot where Captain de Haldimar stood concealed, the scene was different. At a few yards from the trees stood a sort of shed, composed of tall poles placed upright in the earth, and supporting a roof formed simply of rude boughs, the foliage of which had been withered by time. This simple edifice might be about fifty feet in circumference. In the centre blazed a large fire that had been newly fed, and around this were assembled a band of swarthy warriors, some twenty or thirty in number, who, by their proud, calm, and thoughtful bearing, might at once be known to be chiefs.

The faces of most of these were familiar to the young officer, who speedily recognised them for the principals of the various tribes Pontecac had leagued in arms against his enemies. That chief himself, ever remarkable for his haughty eye and commanding gesture, was of the number of those present; and, a little aloof from his inferiors, sat, with his feet stretched towards the fire, and half reclining on his side in an attitude of indolence; yet with his mind evidently engrossed by deep and absorbing thought. From some observations that distinctly met his ear, Captain de Haldimar gathered, the party were only awaiting the arrival of an important character, without whose presence the leading chief was unwilling the conference should begin. The period of the officer's concealment had just been long enough to enable him to fix all these particulars in his mind, when suddenly the faint report of a distant rifle was heard echoing throughout the wood. This was instantly succeeded by a second, that sounded more sharply on the ear; and then followed a long and piercing cry that brought every warrior, even of those who slept, quickly to his feet.

An anxious interval of some minutes passed away in the fixed and listening attitudes, which the chiefs especially had assumed, when a noise resembling that of some animal forcing its way rapidly through the rustling branches, was faintly heard in the direction in which the shots had been fired. This gradually increased as it evidently approached the encampment, and then, distinctly, could be heard the light yet unguarded boundings of a human foot. At every moment the rustling of the underwood, rapidly divided by the approaching form, became more audible; and so closely did the intruder press upon the point in which Captain de Haldimar was concealed, that that officer, fancying he had been betrayed, turned hastily round, and, grasping one of the pistols he had secreted in his chest, prepared himself for a last and deadly encounter. An instant or two was sufficient to re-assure him. The form glided hastily past, brushing the tawny with its garments in its course, and clearing, at a single bound, the belt of underwood that divided the encampment from the tall forest, stood suddenly among the group of anxious and expectant chiefs.

This individual, a man of tall stature, was powerfully made. He wore a jerkin, or hunting-coat of leather; and his arms were, a rifle which had every appearance of having just been discharged, a tomahawk reeking with blood, and a scalping knife, which, in the hurry of some recent service it had been made to perform, had missed its sheath, and was thrust naked into the belt that encircled his loins. His countenance wore an expression of malignant triumph; and as his eye fell on the assembled throng, its self-satisfied and exulting glance seemed to give them to understand he came not without credentials to recommend him to their notice. Captain de

Haldimar was particularly struck by the air of bold daring and almost insolent recklessness pervading every movement of this man: and it was difficult to say whether the haughtiness of bearing peculiar to Pontecac himself, was not exceeded by that of this herculean warrior.

By the body of chiefs his appearance had been greeted with a mere general grunt of approbation; but the countenance of the leader expressed a more personal interest. All seemed to expect he had something of moment to communicate; but as it was not consistent with the dignity of Indian etiquette to enquire, they waited calmly until it should please their new associate to enter on the history of his exploits. In pursuance of an invitation from Pontecac, he now took his seat on the right hand of that chief, and immediately facing the tree, from which Captain de Haldimar, strongly excited both by the reports of the shots that had been fired, and the sight of the bloody tomahawk of the recently arrived Indian, gazed earnestly and anxiously on the swarthy throng.

Glancing once more triumphantly round the circle, who sat smoking their pipes in calm and deliberative silence, the latter now observed the eye of a young chief, who sat opposite to him, intently riveted on his left shoulder. He raised his hand to the part, withdrew it, looked at it, and found it wet with blood. A slight start of surprise betrayed his own unconsciousness of the accident; yet, secretly vexed at the discovery which had been made, and urged probably by one of his wayward fits, he demanded haughtily and insultingly of the young chief, if that was the first time he had ever looked on the blood of a warrior.

"Does my brother feel pain?" was the taunting reply. "If he is come to us with a trophy, it is not without being dearly bought. The Saganaw has spilt his blood."

"The weapons of the Saganaw, like those of the smooth face of the Ottawa, are without sting," angrily retorted the other. "They only prick the skin like a thorn; but when Wacosta drinks the blood of his enemy," and he glanced his eye fiercely at the young man, "it is the blood next his heart."

"My brother has always big words upon his lips," returned the young chief, with a scornful sneer at the implied threat against himself. "But where are his proofs?"

For a moment the eye of the party thus challenged kindled into flame, while his lips were firmly compressed together; and as he half bent himself forward, to scan with greater earnestness the features of his questioner, his right hand sank to his left side, tightly grasping the handle of his scalping-knife. The action was but momentary. Again he drew himself up, puffed the smoke deliberately from his bloody tomahawk, and, thrusting his right hand into his bosom, drew leisurely forth a reeking scalp, which he tossed insolently across the fire into the lap of the young chief. A loud and general "ugh!" testified the approbation of the assembled group, at the unequivocal answer thus given to the demand of the youth. The eye of the huge warrior sparkled with a deep and ferocious exultation.

"What says the smooth face of the Ottawa now?" he demanded, in the same insolent strain. "Does it make his heart sick to look upon the scalp of a great chief?"

The young man quietly turned the horrid trophy over several times in his hand, examining it attentively in every part. Then tossing it back with contemptuous coolness to its owner, he replied,—

"The eyes of my brother are weak with age. He is not cunning, like a red skin. The Ottawa has often seen the Saganaw in their fort, and he knows their chiefs have fine hair like women; but this is like the bristles of the fox. My brother has not slain a great chief, but a common warrior."

A flush of irrepressible and threatening anger passed over the features of the vast savage.

"Is it for a boy," he fiercely asked, "whose eyes know not yet the colour of blood, to judge of the enemies that fall by the tomahawk of Wacosta? but a great warrior never boasts of actions that he does not achieve. It is the son of the great chief of the Saganaw whom he has slain. If the smooth face doubts it, and has courage to venture, even at night, within a hundred yards of the fort, he will see a Saganaw without a scalp; and he will know that Saganaw by his dress—the dress," he pursued, with a low emphatic laugh, "that Oucanasta, the sister of the smooth face, loved so much to look upon."

Quicker than thought was the upspringing of the young Indian to his feet. With a cheek glowing, an eye flashing, and his gleaming tomahawk whirling rapidly round his head, he cleared at a single bound the

fire that separated him from his insulter. The formidable man who had thus wantonly provoked the attack, was equally prompt in meeting it. At the first movement of the youth, he too had leapt to his feet, and brandished the terrible weapon that served in the double capacity of pipe and hatchet. A fierce yell escaped the lips of each, as they thus met in close and hostile collision, and the scene for the moment promised to be one of the most tragic character; but before either could find an available point on which to rest his formidable weapon, Pontecac himself had thrown his person between them, and in a voice of thunder commanded the instant abandonment of their purpose. Exasperated even as they now mutually were, the influence of that authority, for which the great chief of the Ottawas was well known, was not without due effect on the combatants. His anger was principally directed against the assailant, on whom the tones of his reproving voice produced a change the intimidation of his powerful opponent could never have effected. The young chief dropped the point of his tomahawk; bowed his head in submission, and then resuming his seat, sat during the remainder of the night with his arms folded, and his head bent in silence over his chest.

"Our brother has done well," said Pontecac, glancing approvingly at him who had exhibited the reeking trophy, and whom he evidently favoured. "He is a great chief, and his words are truth. We heard the report of his rifle, and we also heard the cry that told he had borne away the scalp of an enemy. But we will think of this to-morrow. Let us now commence our talk."

Our readers will readily imagine the feelings of Captain de Haldimar during this short but exciting scene. From the account given by the warrior, there could be no doubt the murdered man was the unhappy Donellan; who, probably, neglecting the caution given him, had exposed himself to the murderous aim of this fierce being, who was apparently a scout sent for the purpose of watching the movements of the garrison. The direction of the firing, the allusion made to the regimentals, nay, the scalp itself, which he knew from the short crop to be that of a soldier, and fancied he recognised from its colour to be that of his servant, formed but too conclusive evidence of the fact; and, bitterly and deeply, as he gazed on this melancholy proof of the man's sacrifice of life to his interest, did he repent that he had made him the companion of his adventure, or that, having done so, he had not either brought him away altogether, or sent him instantly back to the fort. Commiseration for the fate of the unfortunate Donellan naturally induced a spirit of personal hostility towards his destroyer; and it was with feelings strongly excited in favour of him whom he now discovered to be the brother of his guide, that he saw him spring fiercely to the attack of his gigantic opponent. There was an activity about the young chief amply commensurate with the great physical power of his adversary; while the manner in which he wielded his tomahawk, proved him to be any thing but the novice in the use of the formidable weapon the other had represented him. It was with a feeling of disappointment, therefore, which the peculiarity of his own position could not overcome, he saw Pontecac interpose himself between the parties.

Presently, however, a subject of deeper and more absorbing interest than even the fate of his unhappy follower engrossed every faculty of his mind, and riveted both eye and ear in painful tension to the aperture in his hiding-place. The chiefs had resumed their places, and the silence of a few minutes had succeeded to the fierce affray of the warriors, when Pontecac, in a calm and deliberate voice, proceeded to state he had summoned all the heads of the nations together, to hear a plan he had to offer for the reduction of the last remaining forts of their enemies, Michilimackinac and Detroit. He pointed out the tediousness of the warfare in which they were engaged; the desertion of the hunting-grounds by their warriors; and their consequent deficiency in all those articles of European traffic which they were formerly in the habit of receiving in exchange for their furs. He dwelt on the beneficial results that would accrue to them all in the event of the reduction of those two important fortresses; since, in that case, they would be enabled to make such terms with the English as would secure to them considerable advantages; while, instead of being treated with the indignity of a conquered people, they would be enabled to command respect from the imposing attitude this final crowning of their successes would enable them to assume. He stated that the prudence and vigilance of the commanders of these two unreduced

fortresses were likely long to baffle, as had hitherto been the case, every open attempt at their capture; and admitted he had little expectation of terrifying them into a surrender by the same artifice that had succeeded with the forts on the Ohio and the lower lakes. The plan, however, which he had to propose, was one he felt assured would be attended with success. He would disclose that plan, and the great chiefs should give it the advantage of their deliberation.

Captain de Haldimar was on the rack. The chief had gradually dropped his voice as he explained his plan, until at length it became so low, that undistinguishable sounds alone reached the ear of the excited officer. For a moment he despaired of making himself fully master of the important secret; but in the course of the deliberation that ensued, the blanks left unsupplied in the discourse of the leader were abundantly filled up. It was what the reader has already seen. The necessities of the Indians were to be urged as a motive for their being tired of hostilities. A peace was to be solicited; a council held; a ball-playing among the warriors proposed, as a mark of their own sincerity and confidence during that council; and when the garrison, lulled into security, should be thrown entirely off their guard, the warriors were to seize their guns and tomahawks, with which (the former cut short, for the better concealment of their purpose) their women would be provided, rush in, under pretext of regaining their lost ball, when a universal massacre of men, women, and children was to ensue, until nothing wearing the garb of a Saganaw should be left.

It would be tedious to follow the chief through all the minor ramifications of his subtle plan. Suffice it they were of a nature to throw the most wary off his guard; and so admirably arranged was every part, so certain did it appear their enemies must give into the snare, that the oldest chiefs testified their approbation with a vivacity of manner and expression little wont to characterise the deliberative meetings of these reserved people. But deepest of all was the approval of the tall warrior who had so recently arrived. To him had the discourse of the leader been principally directed, as one whose counsel and experience were especially wanting to confirm him in his purpose. He was the last who spoke; but, when he did, it was with a force—an energy—that must have sunk every objection, even if the plan had not been so perfect and unexceptionable in its concoction as to have precluded a possibility of all negative argument. During the delivery of his animated speech, his swarthy countenance kindled into fierce and rapidly varying expression. A thousand dark and complicated passions evidently struggled at his heart; and as he dwelt leisurely and emphatically on the sacrifice of human life that must inevitably attend the adoption of the proposed measure, his eye grew larger, his chest expanded, nay, his very nostril appeared to dilate with unfathomably guileful exultation. Captain de Haldimar thought he had never gazed on any thing, wearing the human shape, half so atrociously savage.

Long before the council was terminated, the inferior warriors, who had been so suddenly aroused from their slumbering attitudes, had again retired to their tents, and stretched their lazy length before the embers of their fires. The weary chiefs now prepared to follow their example. They emptied the ashes from the bowls of their pipe-tomahawks, replaced them carefully at their side, rose, and retired to their respective tents. Pontecac and the tall warrior alone remained. For a time they conversed earnestly together. The former listened attentively to some observations made to him by his companion, in the course of which, the words "chief of the Saganaw—fort—spy—enemy," and two or three others equally unconnected, were alone audible to the ear of him who so attentively sought to catch the slightest sound. He then thrust his hand under his hunting-coat, and, as if in confirmation of what he had been stating, exhibited a coil of rope and the glossy boot of an English officer. Pontecac uttered one of his sharp ejaculating "ughs!" and then rising quickly from his seat, followed by his companion, soon disappeared in the heart of the encampment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How shall we attempt to paint all that passed through the mind of Captain de Haldimar during this important conference of the fierce chiefs?—where find language to convey the cold and thrilling horror with which he listened to the calm discussion of a plan, the object of which was the massacre, not only of a host of beings endeared to him by long communionship of service, but of those who were wedded to his heart by the dearer ties of affection and

kindred? As Pontecac had justly observed, the English garrisons, strong in their own defences, were little likely to be speedily reduced, while their enemies confined themselves to overt acts of hostility; but, against their insidious professions of amity who could oppose a sufficient caution? His father, the young officer was aware, had all along manifested a spirit of conciliation towards the Indians, which, if followed up by the government generally, must have had the effect of preventing the cruel and sanguinary war that had so recently desolated this remote part of the British possessions. How likely, therefore, was it, having this object always in view, he should give in to the present wily stratagem, where such plausible motives for the abandonment of their hostile purpose were urged by the perfidious chiefs! From the few hasty hints already given him by his guide,—that kind being, who evidently sought to be the saviour of the devoted garrisons,—he had gathered that a deep and artful plan was to be submitted to the chiefs by their leader; but little did he imagine it was of the finished nature it now proved to be. Any other than the present attempt, the vigilance and prudence of his experienced father, he felt, would have rendered abortive; but there was so much speciousness in the pleas that were to be advanced in furtherance of their assumed object, he could not but admit the almost certainty of their influence, even on him.

Sick and discouraged as he was at the horrible perspective thus forced on his mental view, the young officer had not, for some moments, presence of mind to reflect that the danger of the garrison existed only so long as he should be absent from it. At length, however, the cheering recollection came, and with it the mantling rush of blood, to his faint heart. But, short was the consoling hope: again he felt dismay in every fibre of his frame; for he now reflected, that although his opportune discovery of the meditated scheme would save one fort, there was no guardian angel to extend, as in this instance, its protecting influence to the other; and within that other there breathed those who were dearer far to him than his own existence;—beings, whose lives were far more precious to him than any even in the garrison of which he was a member. His sister Clara, whom he loved with a love little inferior to that of his younger brother; and one, even more dearly loved than Clara,—Madeline de Haldimar, his cousin and affianced bride,—were both inmates of Michillimackinac, which was commanded by the father of the latter, a major in the — regiment. With Madeline de Haldimar he had long since exchanged his vows of affection; and their nuptials, which were to have taken place about the period when the present war broke out, had only been suspended because all communication between the two posts had been entirely cut off by the enemy.

Captain de Haldimar had none of the natural weakness and timidity of character which belonged to the gentler and more sensitive Charles. Sanguine and full of enterprise, he seldom met evils half way; but when they did come, he sought to master them by the firmness and collectedness with which he opposed his mind to their infliction. If his heart was now racked with the most acute suffering—his reason incapacitated from exercising its calm deliberative power, the seeming contradiction arose not from any deficiency in his character, but was attributable wholly to the extraordinary circumstances of the moment.

It was a part of the profound plan of the Ottawa chief, that it should be essayed on the two forts on the same day; and it was a suggestion of the murderer of poor Donellan, that a parley should be obtained, through the medium of a white flag, the nature of which he explained to them, as it was understood among their enemies. If invited to the council, then they were to enter, or not, as circumstances might induce; but, in any case, they were to go unprovided with the pipe of peace, since this could not be smoked without violating every thing held most sacred among themselves. The red, or war pipe, was to be substituted as if by accident; and, for the success of the deception, they were to presume on the ignorance of their enemies. This, however, was not important, since the period of their first parley was to be the moment chosen for the arrangement of a future council, and the proposal of a ball-playing upon the common. Three days were to be named as the interval between the first conference of Pontecac with the governor and the definitive council which was to ensue; during which, however, it was so arranged, that, before the lip of a red skin should touch the pipe of peace, the ball-players should rush in and massacre the unprepared soldiery, while the chiefs despatched the officers in council.

It was the proximity of the period allotted for the execution of their cruel scheme that mainly contributed

to the dismay of Captain de Haldimar. The very next day was appointed for carrying into effect the first part of the Indian plan: and how was it possible that a messenger, even admitting he should elude the vigilance of the enemy, could reach the distant post of Michillimackinac within the short period on which hung the destiny of that devoted fortress. In the midst of the confused and distracting images that now crowded on his brain, came at length one thought, redolent with the brightest colourings of hope. On his return to the garrison, the treachery of the Indians being made known, the governor might so far, and with a view of gaining time, give in to the plan of his enemies, as to obtain such delay as would afford the chance of communication between the forts. The attempt, on the part of those who should be selected for this purpose, would, it is true, be a desperate one: still it must be made; and, with such incentives to exertion as he had, how willingly would he propose his own services!

The more he dwelt on this mode of defeating the subtle designs of the enemy, the more practicable did it appear. Of his own safe return to the fort he entertained not a doubt; for he knew and relied on the Indian woman, who was bound to him by a tie of gratitude, which her conduct that night evidently denoted to be superior even to the interests of her race. Moreover, as he had approached the encampment unnoticed while the chiefs were yet awake to every thing around them, how little probability was there of his return being detected while all lay wrapped in the most profound repose. It is true that, for a moment, his confidence deserted him as he recurred to the earnest dialogue of the two Indians, and the sudden display of the rope and boot, the latter of which articles he had at once recognised to be one of those he had so recently worn; but his apprehensions on that score were again speedily set to rest, when he reflected, had any suspicion existed in the minds of these men that an enemy was lurking near them, a general alarm would have been spread, and hundreds of warriors despatched to scour the forest.

The night was now rapidly waning away, and already the cold damp air of an autumnal morning was beginning to make itself felt. More than half an hour had elapsed since the departure of Pontecac and his companion, and yet Oucanasta came not. With a sense of the approach of day came new and discouraging thoughts, and, for some minutes, the mind of the young officer became petrified with horror, as he reflected on the bare possibility of his escape being intercepted. The more he lingered on this apprehension, the more bewildered were his ideas; and already in horrible perspective, he beheld the destruction of his nearest and dearest friends, and the host of those who were humbler followers, and partakers in the same destiny. Absolutely terrified with the misgivings of his own heart, he, in the wildness and unconnectedness of his purpose, now resolved to make the attempt to return alone, although he knew not even the situation of the path he had so recently quitted. He had actually moved a pace forward on his desperate enterprise, when he felt a hand touching the extended arm with which he groped to find the entrance to his hiding place. The unexpected collision sent a cold shudder through his frame; and such was the excitement to which he had worked himself up, it was not without difficulty he suppressed an exclamation, that must inevitably have sealed his doom. The soft tone of Oucanasta's voice reassured him.

"The day will soon dawn," she whispered; "the Saganaw must go."

With the return of hope came the sense of all he owed to the devotedness of this kind woman. He grasped the hand that still lingered on his arm, pressed it affectionately in his own, and then placed it in silence on his throbbing heart. The breathing of Oucanasta became deeper, and the young officer fancied he could feel her trembling with agitation. Again, however, and in a tone of more subdued expression, she whispered that he must go.

There was little urging necessary to induce a prompt compliance with the hint. Cautiously emerging from his concealment, Captain de Haldimar now followed close in the rear of his guide, who took the same circuit of the forest to reach the path that led towards the fort. This they speedily gained, and then pursued their course in silence, until they at length arrived at the place where the exchange of moccasins had been made.

"Here the Saganaw may take breath," she observed, as she seated herself on the fallen tree; "the sleep of the red skin is sound, and there is no one upon the path but Oucanasta."

Anxious as he felt to secure his return to the fort, there

was an implied solicitation in the tones of her to whom he owed so much, that prevented Captain de Haldimar from offering an objection, which he feared might be construed into slight.

For a moment or two the Indian remained with her arms folded, and her head bent over her chest; and then, in a low, deep, but tremulous voice, observed,—

"When the Saganaw saved Oucanasta from perishing in the angry waters, there was a girl of the pale faces with him, whose skin was like the snows of the Canadian winter, and whose hair was black like the fur of the squirrel. Oucanasta saw," she pursued, dropping her voice yet lower, "that the Saganaw was loved by the pale girl, and her own heart was very sick, for the Saganaw had saved her life, and she loved him too. But she knew she was very foolish, and that an Indian girl could never be the wife of a handsome chief of the Saganaw; and she prayed to the Great Spirit of the red skins to give her strength to overcome her feelings; but the Great Spirit was angry with her, and would not hear her." She paused a moment, and then abruptly demanded, "Where is that pale girl now?"

Captain de Haldimar had often been rallied, not only by his brother officers, but even by his sister and Madeline de Haldimar herself, on the conquest he had evidently made of the heart of this Indian girl. The event to which she had alluded had taken place several months previous to the breaking out of hostilities. Oucanasta was directing her frail bark, one evening, along the shores of the Detroit, when a gust of wind upset the canoe, and left its pilot struggling amid the waves. Captain de Haldimar, who happened to be on the bank at the moment with his sister and cousin, was an eye-witness of her danger, and instantly flew down the steep to her assistance. Being an excellent swimmer, he was not long in gaining the spot, where, exhausted with the exertion she had made, and encumbered with her awkward moccasins, the poor girl was already on the point of perishing. But for his timely assistance, indeed, she must have sunk to the bottom; and, since that period, the grateful being had been remarked for the strong but unexpressed attachment she felt for her deliverer. This, however, was the first moment Captain de Haldimar became acquainted with the extent of feelings, the avowal of which not a little startled and surprised, and even annoyed him. The last question, however, suggested a thought that kindled every fibre of his being into expectancy.—Oucanasta might be the saviour of those he loved; and he felt that, if time were but afforded her, she would. He rose from the log, dropped on one knee before the Indian, seized both her hands with eagerness, and then in tones of earnest supplication whispered,—

"Oucanasta is right: the pale girl with the skin like snow, and hair like the fur of the squirrel, is the bride of the Saganaw. Long before he saved the life of Oucanasta, he knew and loved that pale girl. She is dearer to the Saganaw than his own blood; but she is in the fort beyond the great lake, and the tomahawks of the red skins will destroy her; for the warriors of that fort have no one to tell them of their danger. What says the red girl? will she go and save the lives of the sister and the wife of the Saganaw?"

The breathing of the Indian became deeper; and Captain de Haldimar fancied she sighed heavily, as she replied,—

"Oucanasta is but a weak woman, and her feet are not swift like those of a runner among the red skins; but what the Saganaw asks, for his sake she will try. When she has seen him safe to his own fort, she will go and prepare herself for the journey. The pale girl shall lay her head on the bosom of the Saganaw, and Oucanasta will try to rejoice in her happiness."

In the fervour of his gratitude, the young officer caught the drooping form of the generous Indian wildly to his heart; his lips pressed hers, and during the kiss that followed, the heart of the latter bounded and thrilled, as if it would have passed from her own into the bosom of her companion.

Never was a kiss less premeditated, less unchaste. Gratitude, not passion, had called it forth; and had Madeline de Haldimar been near at the moment, the feeling that had impelled the seeming infidelity to herself would have been regarded as an additional claim on her affection. On the whole, however, it was a most unfortunate and ill-timed kiss, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, led to the downfall of the woman. In the vivacity of his embrace, Captain de Haldimar had drawn his guide so far forward upon the log, that she lost her balance, and fell with a heavy and reverberating crash among the leaves and dried sticks that were strewed thickly around.

Scarcely a second elapsed when the forest was alive with human yells, that fell achingly on the ears of both; and bounding warriors were heard on every hand, rapidly dividing the dense underwood they encountered in their pursuit. Quick as thought the Indian had regained her feet. She grasped the hand of her companion; and hurrying, though not without caution, along the path, again stood on the brow of the ravine through which they had previously passed.

"The Saganaw must go alone," she whispered. "The red skins are close upon our trail, but they will find only an Indian woman, when they expect a pale face. Oucanasta will save her friend."

Captain de Haldimar did as he was desired. Clinging to the bushes that lined the face of the precipitous descent, he managed once more to gain the bed of the ravine. For a moment he paused to listen to the sounds of his pursuers, whose footsteps were now audible on the eminence he had just quitted; and then, gathering himself up for the leap that was to enable him to clear the rivulet, he threw himself heavily forward. His feet alighted upon an elevated and yielding substance, that gave way with a crashing sound that echoed far and near throughout the forest, and he felt himself secured as if in a trap. Although despairing of escape, he groped with his hands to discover what it was that thus detained him, and found he had fallen through a bark canoe, the bottom of which had been turned upwards. The heart of the fugitive now sank within him: there could be no doubt that his retreat was intercepted. The canoe had been placed there since he last passed through the ravine: and it was evident, from the close and triumphant yell that followed the landing of the frail bark, such a result had been anticipated.

Stunned as he was by the terrific cries of the savages, and confused as were his ideas, Captain de Haldimar had still presence of mind to perceive the path itself offered him no further security. He therefore quitted it altogether, and struck, in an oblique direction, up the opposite face of the ravine. Scarcely had he gone twenty yards, when he heard the voices of several Indians conversing earnestly near the canoe he had just quitted; and presently afterwards he could distinctly hear them ascending the opposite brow of the ravine by the path he had recently congratulated himself on having abandoned. To advance or to recede was now equally impracticable; for, on every side, he was begirt by enemies, into whose hands a single false step must inevitably betray him. What would he not have given for the presence of Oucanasta, who was so capable of advising him in this difficulty! but, from the moment of his descending into the ravine, he had utterly lost sight of her.

The spot on which he now rested was covered with thick brushwood, closely interwoven at their tops, but affording sufficient space beneath for a temporary close concealment; so that, unless some Indian should touch him with his foot, there was little seeming probability of his being discovered by the eye. Under this he crept, and lay, breathless and motionless, with his head raised from the ground, and his ear on the stretch for the slightest noise. For several minutes he remained in this position, vainly seeking to catch the sound of a voice, or the fall of a footstep; but the most deathlike silence had succeeded to the fierce yellings that had so recently rent the forest. At times he fancied he could distinguish faint noises in the direction of the encampment; and so certain was he of this, he at length came to the conclusion that the Indians, either baffled in their search, had relinquished the pursuit, or, having encountered Oucanasta, had been thrown on a different scent. His first intention had been to lie concealed until the following night, when the warriors, no longer on the alert, should leave the path once more open to him; but now that the conviction of their return was strong on his mind, he changed his determination, resolving to make the best of his way to the fort with the aid of the approaching dawn. With this view he partly withdrew his body from beneath its canopy of underwood; but, scarcely had he done so, when a hundred tongues, like the baying of so many blood-hounds, again rent the air with their wild cries, which seemed to rise up from the very bowels of the earth, and close to the appalled ear of the young officer.

Scarcely conscious of what he did, Captain de Haldimar grasped one of his pistols, for he fancied he felt the hot breathing of human life upon his cheek. With a sickly sensation of fear, he turned to satisfy himself whether it was not an illusion of his heated imagination. What, however, was his dismay, when he beheld beading over him a dark and heavy form, the outline of

which alone was distinguishable in the deep gloom in which the ravine remained enveloped! Desperation was in the heart of the excited officer: he cocked his pistol; but scarcely had the sharp ticking sound floated on the air, when he felt a powerful hand upon his chest; and, with as much facility as if he had been a child, was he raised by that invisible hand to his feet. A dozen warriors now sprang to the assistance of their comrade, when the whole, having disarmed and bound their prisoner, led him back in triumph to their encampment.

[CHAPTER XIX.]

The fires of the Indians were now nearly extinct; but the faint light of the fast dawning day threw a ghastly, sickly, hue over the countenances of the savages, which rendered them even more terrific in their war paint. The chiefs grouped themselves immediately around their prisoner, while the inferior warriors, forming an outer circle, stood leaning their dark forms upon their rifles, and following, with keen and watchful eye, every movement of their captive. Hitherto the unfortunate officer had been too much engrossed by his despair to pay any immediate attention to the individual who had first discovered and seized him. It was sufficient for him to know all hope of the safety of the garrison had perished with his captivity: and, with that recklessness of life which often springs from the very consciousness of inability to preserve it, he now sullenly awaited the death which he expected at each moment would be inflicted. Suddenly his ear was startled by an interrogatory, in English, from one who stood behind him.

With a movement of surprise, Captain de Haldimar turned to examine his questioner. It was the dark and ferocious warrior who had exhibited the scalp of his ill-fated servant. For a moment the officer fixed his eyes firmly and unshrinkingly on those of the savage, seeking to reconcile the contradiction that existed between his dress and features and the purity of the English he had just spoken. The other saw his drift, and, impatient of the scrutiny, again repeated, as he fiercely pulled the strong leathern thong by which the prisoner now found himself secured to his girdle,—

"Who and what are you?—whence come you?—and for what purpose are you here?" Then, as if struck by some sudden recollection, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of his victim; and, while his eye grew upon his features, he pursued, in a tone of vehemence,—*"Ha! by heaven, I should know that face!—the cursed lines of the blood of De Haldimar are stamped upon that brow! But stay, one proof and I am satisfied."* While he yet spoke he dashed the menial hat of his captive to the earth, put aside his hair, and then, with seditious exultation, pursued,—*"It is even so. Do you recollect the battle of the plains of Abraham, Captain de Haldimar?—Recollect you the French officer who aimed so desperately at your life, and whose object was defeated by a soldier of your regiment? I am that officer; my victim escaped me then, but not for ever. The hour of vengeance is nearly now arrived, and your capture is the pledge of my success. Hark, how the death-cry of all his hated race will ring in madness on your father's ear!"*

Amazement, stupefaction, and horror, filled the mind of the wretched officer at this extraordinary declaration. He perfectly recollected that the individual who had evinced so much personal hostility on the occasion alluded to, was indeed a man wearing the French uniform, although at the head of a band of savages, and of a stature and strength similar to those of him who now so fiercely avowed himself the bitter and deadly foe of all his race. If this were so, and his tone and language left little room for doubt, the doom of the ill-fated garrison was indeed irrevocably sealed. This mysterious enemy evidently possessed great influence in the councils of the Indians: and while the hot breath of his hatred continued to fan the flame of fierce hostility that had been kindled in the bosom of Pontec, whose particular friend he appeared to be, there would be no end to the atrocities that must follow. Great, however, as was the dismay of Captain de Haldimar, who, exhausted with the adventures of the night, presented a ghastly image of anxiety and fatigue, it was impossible for him to repress the feelings of indignation with which the language of this fierce man had inspired him.

"If you are in reality a French officer," he said, "and not an Englishman, as your accent would denote, the sentiments you have now avowed may well justify the belief, that you have been driven with ignominy from a service which your presence must eternally have disgraced. There is no country in Europe that would willingly claim you for its subject. Nay, even the savage

race, with whom you are now connected, would, if apprised of your true nature, spurn you as a thing unworthy to herd even with their wolf-dogs."

A fierce sardonic laugh burst from the lips of the warrior, but this was so mingled with rage as to give an almost devilish expression to his features.

"Ignominy—ignominy!" he repeated, while his right hand played convulsively with the handle of his tomahawk; "is it for a De Haldimar to taunt me with ignominy? Fool!" he pursued, after a momentary pause, "you have sealed your doom." Then abruptly quitting the handle of his weapon, he thrust his hand into his bosom, and again drawing forth the reeking scalp of Donellan, he dashed it furiously in the face of his prisoner. "Not two hours since," he exclaimed, "I cheered myself with the thought that the scalp of a De Haldimar was in my pouch. Now, indeed, do I glory in my mistake. The torture will be a more fitting death for you."

Had an arm of the insulted soldier been at liberty, the offence would not have gone unavenged even there; for such was the desperation of his heart, that he felt he could have hugged the death struggle with his insolent captor, notwithstanding the fearful odds, nor quitted him until one or both should have paid the debt of fierce enmity with life. As it was he could only betray, by his flashing eye, excited look, and the impatient play of his foot upon the ground, the deep indignation that consumed his heart.

The tall savage exalted in the mortification he had awakened, and as his eye glanced insolently from head to foot along his enemy, its expression told how much he laughed at the impotence of his anger. Suddenly, however, a change passed over his features. The moccasins of the officer had evidently attracted his attention, and he now demanded, in a more serious and imperative tone,—

"Ha! what means this disguise? Who is the wretch whom I have slain, mistaking him for a nobler victim; and how comes it that an officer of the English garrison appears here in the garb of a servant? By heaven, it is so! you are come as a spy into the camp of the Indians to steal away the councils of the chiefs. Speak, what have you heard?"

With these questions returned the calm and self-possession of the officer. He at once saw the importance of his answer, on which hung not merely his own last faint chance of safety, but that also of his generous deliverer. Struggling to subdue the disgust which he felt at holding converse with this atrocious monster, he asked in turn,—

"Am I then the only one whom the warriors have overtaken in their pursuit?"

"There was a woman, the sister of that boy," and he pointed contemptuously to the young chief who had so recently assailed him, and who now, in common with his followers, stood impatiently listening to a colloquy that was unintelligible to all. "Speak truly, was she not the traitress who conducted you here?"

"Had you found me here," returned the officer, with difficulty repressing his feelings, "there might have been some ground for the assertion; but surely the councils of the chiefs could not be overheard at the distant point at which you discovered me."

"Why then were you there in this disguise?—and who is he," again holding up the bloody scalp, "whom I have despoiled of this?"

"There are few of the Ottawa Indians," returned Captain de Haldimar, "who are ignorant I once saved that young woman's life. Is it then so very extraordinary an attachment should have been the consequence? The man whom you slew was my servant. I had brought him out with me for protection during my interview with the woman, and I exchanged my uniform with him for the same purpose. There is nothing in this, however, to warrant the supposition of my being a spy."

During the delivery of these more than equivocal sentences, which, however, he felt were fully justified by circumstances, the young officer had struggled to appear calm and confident; but, despite of his exertions, his consciousness caused his cheek to colour, and his eye to twinkle, beneath the searching glance of his ferocious enemy. The latter thrust his hand into his chest, and slowly drew forth the rope he had previously exhibited to Pontac.

"Do you think me a fool, Captain de Haldimar," he observed sneeringly, "that you expect so paltry a tale to be palmed successfully on my understanding? An English officer is not very likely to run the risk of breaking his neck by having recourse to such a means of exit from a besieged garrison, merely to intrigue with an Indian woman, when there are plenty of soldiers' wives

within, and that too at an hour when he knows the scouts of his enemies are prowling in the neighbourhood. Captain de Haldimar," he concluded, slowly and deliberately, "you have lied."

Despite of the hat insult, his prisoner remained calm. The very observation that had just been made afforded him a final hope of exculpation, which, if it benefited not himself, might still be of service to the generous Oucanasta.

"The onus of such language," he observed coolly and with dignity, "falls not on him to whom it is addressed, but on him who utters it. Yet one who professes to have been himself a soldier, must see in this very circumstance a proof of my innocence. Had I been sent out as a spy to reconnoitre the movements, and to overhear the councils of our enemies, the gate would have been open for my egress; but that rope is in itself an evidence I must have stolen forth unknown to the garrison."

Whether it was that the warrior had his own particular reasons for attaching truth to this statement, or that he merely pretended to do so, Captain de Haldimar saw with secret satisfaction his last argument was conclusive.

"Well, be it so," retorted the savage, while a ferocious smile passed over his swarthy features; "but, whether you have been here as a spy, or have merely ventured out in prosecution of an intrigue, it matters not. Before the sun has travelled far in the meridian you die; and the tomahawk of your father's deadly foe—of—of—of Wacosta, as I am called, shall be the first to drink your blood."

The officer made a final effort at mercy. "Who or what you are, or whence your hatred of my family, I know not," he said; "but surely I have never injured you: wherefore, then, this insatiable thirst for my blood? If you are, indeed, a Christian and a soldier, let your heart be touched with humanity, and procure my restoration to my friends. You once attempted my life in honourable combat, why not wait, then, until a fitting opportunity shall give not a bound and defenceless victim to your steel, but one whose resistance may render him a conquest worthy of your arm?"

"What! and be balked of the chance of my just revenge? Hear me, Captain de Haldimar," he pursued, in that low, quick, deep tone that told all the strong excitement of his heart:—"I have, it is true, no particular enmity to yourself, further than that you are a De Haldimar; but hell does not supply a feeling half so bitter as my enmity to your proud father: and months, nay years, have I passed in the hope of such an hour as this. For this have I forsworn my race, and become—what you now behold me—a savage both in garb and character. But this matters not," he continued, fiercely and impatiently, "your doom is sealed; and before another sun has risen, your stern father's gaze shall be blasted with the sight of the mangled carcass of his first born. Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed low and exultingly, "even now I think I see him withering, if heart so hard can wither, beneath this proof of my undying hate."

"Fiend!—monster!—devil!" exclaimed the excited officer, now losing sight of all considerations of prudence in the deep horror inspired by his captor:—"Kill me—torture me—commit any cruelty on me, if such be your savage will; but outrage not humanity by the fulfilment of your last disgusting threat. Suffer not a father's heart to be agonised—a father's eye to be blasted—with a view of the mangled remains of him to whom he has given life."

Again the savage rudely pulled the thong that bound his prisoner to his girdle, and removing his tomahawk from his belt, and holding its sullied point close under the eye of the former, exclaimed, as he bent eagerly over him,—

"See you this, Captain de Haldimar? At the still hour of midnight, while you had abandoned your guard to revel in the arms of your Indian beauty, I stole into the fort by means of the same rope that you had used in quitting it. Unseen by the sentinels I gained your father's apartment. It was the first time we had met for twenty years, and I do believe that had the very devil presented himself in my place, he would have been received with fewer marks of horror. Oh, how that proud man's eye twinkled beneath this glittering blade! He attempted to call out, but my look paralysed his tongue, and cold drops of sweat stole rapidly down his brow and cheek. Then it was that my seared heart once more beat with the intoxication of triumph. Your father was alone and unarmed, and throughout the fort not a sound was to be heard, save the distant tread of the sentinels. I could have laid him dead at my feet at a single blow, and yet have secured my retreat. But no, that was not my object. I came to taunt him with the

promise of my revenge—to tell him the hour of my triumph was approaching fast; and, ha!" he concluded, laughing hideously as he passed his large rude hand through the wavy hair of the now uncovered officer, "this is, indeed, a fair and unexpected first earnest of the full redemption of my pledge. No—no!" he continued, as if talking to himself, "he must not die. Tantalus-like, he shall have death ever apparently within his grasp; but, until all his race have perished before his eyes, he shall not attain it."

Hitherto the Indians had preserved an attitude of calm, listening to the interrogatories put to the prisoner with that wonder and curiosity with which a savage people hear a language different from their own; and marking the several emotions that were elicited in the course of the animated colloquy of the pale faces. Gradually, however, they became impatient under its duration; and many of them, in the excitement produced by the fierce manner of him who was called Wacosta, fixed their dark eyes upon the captive, while they grasped the handles of their tomahawks, as if they would have disputed with the former the privilege of dying his weapon first in his blood. When they saw the warrior hold up his menacing blade to the eye of his victim, while he passed his hand through the redundant hair, they at once inferred the sacrifice was about to be completed, and rushing furiously forward, they bounded, and leaped, and yelled, and brandished their own weapons in the most appalling manner.

Already had the unhappy officer given himself up for lost; fifty bright tomahawks were playing about his head at the same instant, and death—that death which is never without terror to the young, however brave they may be in the hour of generous conflict—seemed to have arrived at last. He raised his eyes to heaven, committing his soul to his God in the same silent prayer that he offered up for the preservation of his friends and comrades; and then bending them upon the earth, summoned all his collectedness and courage to sustain him through the trial. At the very moment, however, when he expected to feel the crashing steel within his brain, he felt himself again violently pulled by the thong that secured his hands. In the next instant he was pressed close to the chest of his vast enemy, who, with one arm encircling his prisoner, and the other brandishing his fierce blade in rapid evolutions round his head, kept the yelling band at bay, with the evident unshaken determination to maintain his sole and acknowledged right to the disposal of his captive.

For several moments the event appeared doubtful; but, notwithstanding his extreme agility in the use of a weapon, in the management of which he evinced all the dexterity of the most practised native, the odds were fearfully against Wacosta; and while his flashing eye and swelling chest betrayed his purpose rather to perish himself than suffer the infringement of his claim, it was evident that numbers must, in the end, prevail against him. On an appeal to Pontac, however, of which he now suddenly bethought himself, the authority of the latter was successfully exerted, and he was again left in the full and undisturbed possession of his prisoner.

A low and earnest conversation now ensued among the chiefs, in which, as before, Wacosta bore a principal part. When this was terminated, several Indians approached the unhappy officer, and unfasting the thong with which his hands were firmly and even painfully girt, deprived him both of coat, waistcoat and shirt. He was then bound a second time in the same manner, his body besmeared with paint, and his head so disguised as to give him the caricature semblance of an Indian warrior. When these preparations were completed, he was led to the tree in which he had been previously concealed, and there firmly secured. Meanwhile Wacosta, at the head of a numerous band of warriors, had departed once more in the direction of the fort.

With the rising of the sun now vanished all traces of the mist that had fallen since the early hours of morning, leaving the unfortunate officer ample leisure to survey the difficulties of his position. He had fancied, from the course taken by his guide the previous night, that the plain or oasis, as we have elsewhere termed it, lay in the very heart of the forest; but that route now proved to have been circuitous. The tree to which he was bound was one of a slight belt, separating the encampment from the open grounds which extended towards the river, and which was so thin and scattered on that side as to leave the clear silver waters of the Detroit visible at intervals. Oh, what would he not have given, at that cheering sight, to have had his limbs free, and his chance of life stake on the swiftness of his flight! While he had imagined himself begirt by interminable forest, he felt as one whose

very thought to elude those who were, in some degree, the deities of that wild scene, must be paralysed in its first conception. But here was the vivifying picture of civilised nature. Corn fields, although trodden down and destroyed—dwelling houses, although burnt or dilapidated—told of the existence of those who were of the same race with himself; and notwithstanding these had perished even as he must perish, still there was something in the aspect of the very ruins of their habitations which, contrasted with the solemn gloom of the forest, carried a momentary and indefinite consolation to his spirit. Then there was the ripe and teeming orchard, and the low whitewashed cabin of the Canadian peasant, to whom the offices of charity, and the duties of humanity, were no strangers; and who, although the secret enemies of his country, had no motive for personal hostility towards himself. Then, on the river itself, even at that early hour, was to be seen, fastened to the long stake driven into its bed, or secured by the rude anchor of stone appended to a cable of twisted bark, the light canoe or clumsy periqua of the peasant fisherman, who, ever and anon, drew up from its deep bosom whatever tenant of these waters might chance to affix itself to the traitorous hook. It is true that his view of these objects was only occasional and indistinct; but his intimate acquaintance with the localities beyond brought every thing before Captain de Haldimar's eye; and even while he sighed to think they were for ever cut off from his reach, he already, in idea, followed the course of flight he should pursue were the power but afforded him.

From this train of painful and exciting thought the wretched captive was aroused, by a faint but continued yelling in a distant part of the forest, and in the direction that had been taken by Wacousta and his warriors. Then, after a short interval, came the loud booming of the cannon of the fort, carried on with a spirit and promptitude that told of some pressing and dangerous emergency, and fainter afterwards the sharp shrill reports of the rifles, bearing evidence the savages were already in close collision with the garrison. Various were the conjectures that passed rapidly through the mind of the young officer, during a firing that had called almost every Indian in the encampment away to the scene of action, save the two or three young Ottawas who had been left to guard his own person, and who lay upon the sward near him, with head erect and ear sharply set, listening to the startling sounds of conflict. What the motive of the hurried departure of the Indians was he knew not; but he had conjectured the object of the fierce Wacousta was to possess himself of the uniform in which his wretched servant was clothed, that no mistake might occur in his identity, when its true owner should be exhibited in it, within view of the fort, mangled and disfigured, in the manner that fierce and mysterious man had already threatened. It was exceedingly probable the body of Donellan had been mistaken for his own, and that in the anxiety of his father to prevent the Indians from carrying it off, the cannon had been directed to open upon them. But if this were the case, how were the reports of the rifles, and the fierce yellings that continued, save at intervals, to ring throughout the forest to be accounted for? The bullets of the Indians evidently could not reach the fort, and they were too wily, and attached too much value to their ammunition, to risk a shot that was not certain of carrying a wound with it. For a moment the fact itself flashed across his mind, and he attributed the fire of small arms to the attack and defence of a party that had been sent out for the purpose of securing the body, supposed to be his own; yet, if so, again how was he to account for his not hearing the report of a single musket? His ear was too well practised not to know the sharp crack of the rifle from the heavy dull discharge of the musket, and as yet the former only had been distinguishable, amid the intervals that ensued between each sullen booming of the cannon. While this impression continued on the mind of the anxious officer, he caught, with the avidity of desperation, at the faint and improbable idea that his companions might be able to penetrate to his place of concealment, and procure his liberation; but when he found the firing, instead of drawing nearer, was confined to the same spot, and even more fiercely kept up by the Indians towards the close, he again gave way to his despair, and resigning himself to his fate, no longer sought comfort in vain speculation as

to its cause. His ear now caught the report of the last shell as it exploded, and then all was still and hushed, as if what he had so recently heard was but a dream.

The first intimation given him of the return of the savages was the death howl, set up by the women within the encampment. Captain de Haldimar turned his eyes, instinct with terror, towards the scene, and beheld the warriors slowly issuing from the opposite side of the forest into the plain, and bearing in silence the dead and stiffened forms of those who had been cut down by the destructive fire from the fort. Their mien was sullen and revengeful, and more than one dark and gleaming eye did he encounter turned upon him, with an expression that seemed to say a separate torture should avenge the death of each of their fallen comrades.

The early part of the morning wore away in preparation for the interment of the slain. These were placed in rows under the council shed, where they were attended by their female relatives, who composed the features and confined the limbs, while the gloomy warriors dug, within the limit of the encampment, rude graves, of a depth just sufficient to receive the body. When these were completed, the dead were deposited, with the usual superstitious ceremonies of these people, in their several receptacles, after which a mound of earth was thrown up over each, and the whole covered with round logs, so disposed as to form a tomb of semicircular shape: at the head of each grave was finally planted a pole, bearing various devices in paint, intended to illustrate the warlike achievements of the defunct parties.

Captain de Haldimar had followed the course of these proceedings with a beating heart; for too plainly had he read in the dark and threatening manner both of men and women, that the retribution about to be wreaked upon himself would be terrible indeed. Much as he clung to life, and bitterly as he mourned his early cutting off from the affections hitherto identified with his existence, his wretchedness would have been less, had he not been overwhelmed by the conviction that, with him, must perish every chance of the safety of those, the bare recollection of whom made the bitterness of death even more bitter. Harrowing as were these reflections, he felt that immediate destruction, since it could not be avoided, would be rather a blessing than otherwise. But such, evidently, was not the purpose of his relentless enemy. Every species of torment which his cruel invention could supply would, he felt convinced, be exercised upon his frame: and with this impression on his mind, it would have required sterner nerves than his, not to have shrunk from the very anticipation of so dreadful an ordeal.

It was now noon, and yet no visible preparation was making for the consummation of the sacrifice. This, Captain de Haldimar imputed to the absence of the fierce Wacousta, whom he had not seen since the return of the warriors from the skirmish. The momentary disappearance of this extraordinary and ferocious man was, however, fraught with no consolation to his unfortunate prisoner, who felt he was only engaged in taking such measures as would render not only his destruction more certain, but his preliminary sufferings more complicated and protracted. While he was thus indulging in fruitless speculation as to the motive for his absence, he fancied he heard the report of a rifle, succeeded immediately afterwards by the war-whoop, at a considerable distance, and in the direction of the river. In this impression he was confirmed, by the sudden upstarting to their feet of the young Indians to whose custody he had been committed, who now advanced to the outer edge of the belt of forest, with the apparent object of obtaining a more unconfined view of the open ground that lay beyond. The rapid gliding of spectral forms from the interior of the encampment in the same direction, denoted, moreover, that the Indians generally had heard, and were attracted by the same sound.

Presently afterwards, repeated "waughs" and "Wacousta!—Wacousta!" from those who had reached the extreme skirt of the forest, fell on the dismayed ear of the young officer. It was evident, from the peculiar tones in which these words were pronounced, that they beheld that warrior approaching them with some communication of interest; and, sick at heart, and filled with irrepressible dismay, Captain de Haldimar felt his pulse to throb more violently as each moment brought his enemy nearer to him.

A startling interest was now created among the Indians; for, as the savage warrior neared the forest, his lips peeled forth that peculiar cry which is meant to announce some intelligence of alarm. Scarcely had its echoes died away in the forest, when the whole of the warriors rushed from the encampment towards the clearing. Directed by the sound, Captain de Haldimar bent his eyes upon the thin skirt of wood that lay immediately before him, and at intervals could see the towering form of that vast warrior bounding, with incredible speed, up the sloping ground that led from the town towards the forest. A ravine lay before him but this he cleared, with a prodigious effort, at a single leap; and then, continuing his way up the slope, amid the low guttural acclamations of the warriors at his extraordinary dexterity and strength, finally gained the side of Pontecac, then leaning carelessly against a tree at a short distance from the prisoner.

A low and animated conversation now ensued between these two important personages, which at moments assumed the character of violent discussion. From what Captain de Haldimar could collect, the Ottawa chief was severely reproving his friend for the inconsiderate ardour which had led him that morning into collision with those whom it was their object to lull into security by a careful avoidance of hostility, and urging the possibility of their plan being defeated in consequence. He moreover obstinately refused the pressing request of Wacousta, in regard to some present enterprise which the latter had just suggested, the precise nature of which, however, Captain de Haldimar could not learn. Meanwhile, the rapid flitting of numerous forms to and from the encampment, arrayed in all the fierce panoply of savage warfare, while low exclamations of excitement occasionally caught his ear, led the officer to infer, strange and unusual as such an occurrence was, that either the detachment already engaged, or a second, was advancing on their position. Still, this offered little chance of security for himself; for more than once, during his long conference with Pontecac, had the fierce Wacousta bent his eye in ferocious triumph on his victim, as if he would have said,—“Come what will—whatever be the result—yon, at least, shall not escape me.” Indeed, so confident did the latter feel that the instant of attack would be the signal of his own death, that after the first momentary and instinctive cheering of his spirit, he rather regretted the circumstance of their approach; or, if he rejoiced at all, it was only because it afforded him the prospect of immediate death, instead of being exposed to all the horror of a lingering and agonising suffering from the torture.

While the chiefs were yet earnestly conversing, the alarm cry, previously uttered by Wacousta, was repeated, although in a low and subdued tone, by several of the Indians who stood on the brow of the eminence. Pontecac started suddenly to the same point; but Wacousta continued for a moment or two rooted to the spot on which he stood, with the air of one in doubt as to what course he should pursue. He then abruptly raised his head, fixed his dark and menacing eye on his captive, and was already in the act of approaching him, when the earnest and repeated demands for his presence, by the Ottawa chief, drew him once more to the outskirts of the wood.

Again Captain de Haldimar breathed freely. The presence of that fierce man had been a clog upon the vital functions of his heart; and, to be relieved from it, even at a moment like the present, when far more important interests might be supposed to occupy his mind, was a gratification, of which not even the consciousness of impending death could wholly deprive him. From the continued pressing of the Indians towards one particular point in the clearing, he now conjectured, that, from that point, the advance of the troops was visible. Anxious to obtain even a momentary view of those whom he deemed himself fated never more to mingle with in this life, he raised himself upon his feet, and stretched his neck and bent his eager glance in the direction by which Wacousta had approached; but, so closely were the dark warriors grouped among the trees, he found it impossible. Once or twice, however, he thought he could distinguish the gleaming of the English bayonets in the bright sunshine, as they seemed to flit off in a parallel line with the ravine. Oh, how his generous heart

throbbed at that moment; and how ardently did he wish that he could have stood in the position of the meanest soldier in those gallant ranks! Perhaps his own brave and devoted grenadiers were of the number, burning with enthusiasm to be led against the captors or destroyers of their officer; and this thought added to his wretchedness still more.

While the unfortunate prisoner, thus strongly excited, bent his whole soul on the scene before him, he fancied he heard the approach of a cautious footstep. He turned his head as well as his confined position would admit, and beheld, close behind him, a dark Indian, whose eyes alone were visible above the blanket in which his person was completely enveloped. His right arm was uplifted, and the blade of a scalping knife glittered in his hand. A cold shudder ran through the veins of the young officer, and he closed his eyes, that he might not see the blow which he felt was about to be directed at his heart. The Indian glanced hurriedly yet cautiously around, to see if he was observed; and then, with the rapidity of thought, divided, first the thongs that secured the legs, and then those which confined the arms of the defenceless captive. When Captain de Haldimar, full of astonishment at finding himself once more at liberty, again unclosed his eyes, they fell on the not unhandsome features of the young chief, the brother of Oucanasta.

"The Saganaw is the prisoner of Wacosta," said the Indian hastily; "and Wacosta is the enemy of the young Ottawa chief. The warriors of the pale faces are there;" and he pointed directly before him. "If the Saganaw has a bold heart and a swift foot he may save his life;" and, with this intimation, he hurried away in the same cautious manner, and was in the next instant seen making a circuit to arrive at the point at which the principal strength of the Indians was collected.

The position of Captain de Haldimar had now attained its acme of interest; for on his own exertions alone depended every thing that remained to be accomplished. With wonderful presence of mind he surveyed all the difficulties of his course, while he availed himself at the same moment of whatever advantages were within his grasp. On the approach of Wacosta, the young Indians, to whose custody he had been committed, had returned to their post; but no sooner had that warrior, obeying the call of Pontec, again departed, than they once more flew to the extreme skirt of the forest, after first satisfying themselves the ligatures which confined their prisoner were secure. Either with a view of avoiding unnecessary encumbrance in their course, or through hurry and inadvertence, they had left their blankets near the foot of the tree. The first thought of the officer was to seize one of these; for, in order to gain the point whence his final effort to join the detachment must be made, it was necessary he should pass through the body of scattered Indians who stood immediately in his way; and the disguise of the blanket could alone afford him a reasonable chance of moving unnoticed among them. Secretly congratulating himself on the insulting mockery that had inducted his upper form in the disguising war-paint of his enemies, he now drew the protecting blanket close up to his eyes; and then, with every nerve braced up, every faculty of mind and body called into action, commenced his dangerous enterprise.

He had not, however, taken more than two or three steps in advance, when, to his great discomfiture and alarm, he beheld the formidable Wacosta approaching from a distance, evidently in search of his prisoner. With the quickness of thought he determined on his course. To appear to avoid him would be to excite the suspicion of the fierce warrior; and, desperate as the alternative was, he resolved to move undeviatingly forward. At each step that drew him nearer to his enemy, the beating of his heart became more violent; and had it not been for the thick coat of paint in which he was invested, the involuntary contraction of the muscles of his face must inevitably have betrayed him. Nay, even as it was, had the keen eye of the warrior fallen on him, such was the agitation of the officer, he felt he must have been discovered. Happily, however, Wacosta, who evidently took him for some inferior warrior hastening to the point where his fellows were already assembled, passed without deigning to look at him, and so close, their forms almost touched. Captain de Haldimar now quickened his pace. It was evident there was no time to be lost; for Wacosta, on finding him gone, would at once give the alarm, when a hundred warriors would be ready on the instant to intercept his flight. Taking the precaution to disguise his walk by turning in his toes after the Indian manner, he reached, with a beating heart, the first of the numerous warriors who were collected within the belt of forest, anxiously watching the movements of

the detachment in the plain below. To his infinite joy he found that each was too much intent on what was passing in the distance, to heed any thing going on near themselves; and when he at length gained the extreme opening, and stood in a line with those who were the farthest advanced, without having excited a single suspicion in his course, he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

Still the most difficult part of the enterprise remained to be completed. Hitherto he had moved under the friendly cover of the underwood, the advantage of which had been to conceal that part of his regimental trousers which the blanket left exposed; and if he moved forward into the clearing, the quick glance of an Indian would not be slow in detecting the difference between these and his own ruder leggings. There was no alternative now but to commence his flight from the spot on which he stood; and for this he prepared himself. At one rapid and comprehensive view he embraced the immediate localities before him. On the other side of the ravine he could now distinctly see the English troops, either planning, as he conceived, their own attack, or waiting in the hope of drawing the Indians from their cover. It was evident that to reach them the ravine must be crossed, unless the more circuitous route by the bridge, which was hid from his view by an intervening hillock, should be preferred; but as the former had been cleared by Wacosta in his ascent, and was the nearest point by which the detachment could be approached, to this did he now direct his undivided attention.

While he yet paused with indecision, at one moment fancying the time for starting was not yet arrived, and at the next that he had suffered it to pass away, the powerful and threatening voice of Wacosta was heard proclaiming the escape of his captive. Low but expressive exclamations from the warriors marked their sense of the importance of the intelligence; and many of them hastily dispersed themselves in pursuit. This was the critical moment for action: for, as the anxious officer had rather wished than expected, those Indians who had been immediately in front, and whose proximity he most dreaded, were among the number of those who dashed into the heart of the forest. Captain de Haldimar now stood alone, and full twenty paces in front of the nearest of the savages. For a moment he played with his moccasined foot, to satisfy himself of the power and flexibility of its muscles, and then committing himself to his God, dashed the blanket suddenly from his shoulders, and, with eye and heart fixed on the distant soldiery, darted down the declivity with a speed of which he had never yet believed himself capable. Scarcely, however, had his fleeing form appeared in the opening, when a tremendous and deafening yell rent the air, and a dozen wild and naked warriors followed instantly in pursuit. Attracted by that yell, the terrible Wacosta, who had been seeking his victim in a different quarter, bounded forward to the front, with an eye flashing fire, and a brow compressed into the fiercest hate; and so stupendous were his efforts, so extraordinary was his speed, that had it not been for the young Ottawa chief, who was one of the pursuing party, and who, under the pretence of assisting in the recapture of the prisoner, sought every opportunity of throwing himself before, and embarrassing the movements of his enemy, it is highly probable the latter would have succeeded. Despite of these obstacles, however, the fierce Wacosta, who had been the last to follow, soon left the foremost of his companions far behind him; and but for his sudden fall, while in the very act of seizing the arm of his prisoner, his gigantic efforts must have been crowned with the fullest success. But the reader has already seen how miraculously Captain de Haldimar, reduced to the last stage of debility, as much from inanition as from the unnatural efforts of his flight, finally accomplished his return to the detachment.

CHAPTER XX.

At the western extremity of the lake Huron, and almost washed by the waters of that pigmy ocean, stands the fort of Michillimackinac. Constructed on a smaller scale, and garrisoned by a less numerical force, the defences of this post, although less formidable than those of the Detroit, were nearly similar, at the period embraced by our story, both in matter and in manner. Unlike the latter fortress, however, it boasted none of the advantages afforded by culture; neither, indeed, was there a single spot in the immediate vicinity that was not clad in the eternal forest of these regions. It is true, that art and laborious exertion had so far supplied the deficiencies of nature as to isolate the fort, and throw it under the protecting sweep of its cannon; but, while

this afforded security, it failed to produce any thing like a pleasing effect to the eye. The very site on which the fortress now stood had at one period been a portion of the wilderness that every where around was only terminated by the sands on the lake shore; and, although time and the axe of the pioneer had in some degree changed its features, still there was no trace of that blended natural scenery that so pleasingly diversified the vicinity of the sister fort. Here and there, along the imperfect clearing, and amid the dark and thickly studded stumps of the felled trees, which in themselves were sufficient to give the most lugubrious character to the scene, rose the rude log cabin of the settler; but, beyond this, cultivation appeared to have lost her power in proportion with the difficulties she had to encounter. Even the two Indian villages, L'Arbre-Croche and Chabouiga, situate about a mile from the fort, with which they formed nearly an equilateral triangle, were hid from the view of the garrison by the dark dense forest, in the heart of which they were embedded.

Lakeward the view was scarcely less monotonous; but it was not, as in the rear, that monotony which is never occasionally broken in upon by some occurrence of interest. If the eye gazed long and anxiously for the white sail of the well known armed vessel, charged at stated intervals with letters and tidings of those whom time, and distance, and danger, far from estranging, rendered more dear to the memory, and bound more closely to the heart, it was sure of being rewarded at last; and then there was no picture on which it could love to linger so well as that of the silver waves bearing that valued vessel in safety to its wonted anchorage in the offing. Moreover, the light swift bark canoes of the natives often danced joyously on its surface; and while the sight was offended at the savage, skulking among the trees of the forest, like some dark spirit moving cautiously in its course of secret destruction, and watching the moment when he might pounce unnoticed on his unprepared victim, it followed, with momentary pleasure and excitement, the activity and skill displayed by the harmless paddler, in the swift and meteor-like race that set the troubled surface of the Huron in a sheet of hissing foam. Nor was this all. When the eye turned wood-ward, it fell heavily, and without interest, upon a dim and dusky point, known to enter upon savage scenes and unexplored countries; whereas, whenever it reposed upon the lake, it was with an eagerness and energy that embraced the most vivid recollections of the past, and led the imagination buoyantly over every well-remembered scene that had previously been traversed, and which must be traversed again before the land of the European could be pressed once more. The forest, in a word, formed, as it were, the gloomy and impenetrable walls of the prison-house, and the bright lake that lay before it the only portal through which happiness and liberty could be again secured.

The principal entrance into the fort, which presented four equal sides of a square, was from the forest; but, immediately opposite to this, and behind the apartments of the commanding officer, there was another small gate that opened upon the lake shore; but which, since the investment of the place, had been kept bolted and locked, with a precaution befitting the danger to which the garrison was exposed. Still, there were periods, even now, when its sullen hinges were to be heard moaning on the midnight breeze; for it served as a medium of communication between the besieged and others who were less critically circumstanced than themselves.

The very day before the Indians commenced their simultaneous attack on the several posts of the English, the only armed vessel that had been constructed on these upper lakes, serving chiefly as a medium of communication between Detroit and Michillimackinac, had arrived with despatches and letters from the former fort. A well-concerted plan of the savages to seize her in her passage through the narrow waters of the river Sinclair had only been defeated by the vigilance of her commander; but, ever since the breaking out of the war, she had been imprisoned within the limits of the Huron. Laborious indeed was the duty of the devoted crew. Several attempts had been renewed by the Indians to surprise them; but, although their little fleets stole cautiously and noiselessly, at the still hour of midnight, to the spot where, at the last expiring rays of twilight, they had beheld her carelessly anchored, and apparently lulled into security, the subject of their search was never to be met with. No sooner were objects on the shore rendered indistinct to the eye, than the anchor was silently weighed, and, gliding wherever the breeze might choose to carry her, the light bark was made to traverse the lake, with every sail set, until dawn. None, however, were suffered to slum-

ber in the presumed security afforded by this judicious flight. Every man was at his post; and, while a silence so profound was preserved that the noise of a falling pin might have been heard upon her decks, every thing was in readiness to repel an attack of their enemies, should the vessel, in her course, come accidentally in collision with their pigmy fleets. When morning broke, and no sign of their treacherous foes was visible, the vessel was again anchored, and the majority of the crew suffered to retire to their hammocks, while the few whose turn of duty it chanced to be, kept a vigilant look-out, that, on the slightest appearance of alarm, their slumbering comrades might again be aroused to energy and action.

Severe and harassing as had been the duty on board this vessel for many months,—at one moment exposed to the assaults of the savages, at another assailed by the hurricanes that are so prevalent and so dangerous on the American lakes,—the situation of the crew was even less enviable than that of the garrison itself. What chiefly contributed to their disquietude, was the dreadful consciousness that, however their present efforts might secure a temporary safety, the period of their fall was only protracted. A few months more must bring with them all the severity of the winter of those climes, and then, blocked up in a sea of ice,—exposed to all the rigour of cold,—all the miseries of hunger,—what effectual resistance could they oppose to the numerous bands of Indians who, availing themselves of the defenceless position of their enemies, would rush from every quarter to their destruction.

At the outset of these disheartening circumstances the officer had summoned his faithful crew together, and pointing out the danger and uncertainty of their position, stated that two chances of escape still remained to them. The first was by an attempt to accomplish the passage of the river Sinclair during some dark and boisterous night, when the Indians would be least likely to suspect such an intention: it was at this point that the efforts of their enemies were principally to be apprehended; but if, under cover of storm and darkness, they could accomplish this difficult passage, they would easily gain the Detroit, and thence pass into lake Erie, at the further extremity of which they might, favoured by Providence, effect a landing, and penetrate to the inhabited parts of the colony of New York. The other alternative was,—and he left it to themselves to determine,—to sink the vessel on the approach of winter, and throw themselves into the fort before them, there to await and share the destiny of its gallant defenders.

With the generous enthusiasm of their profession, the noble fellows had determined on the latter course. With their officer they fully coincided in opinion, that their ultimate hopes of life depended on the safe passage of the Sinclair; for it was but too obvious, that soon or late, unless some very extraordinary revolution should be effected in the intentions of the Indians, the fortress must be starved into submission. Still, as it was tolerably well supplied with provisions, this gloomy prospect was remote, and they were willing to run all chances with their friends on shore, rather than desert them in their extremity. The determination expressed by them, therefore, was, that when they could no longer keep the lake in safety, they would, if the officer permitted it, scuttle the vessel, and attempt an entrance into the fort, where they would share the fate of the troops, whatever it might chance to be.

No sooner was this resolution made known, than their young commander sought an opportunity of communicating with the garrison. This, however, was no very easy task; for, so closely was the fort hemmed in by the savages, it was impossible to introduce a messenger within its walls; and so sudden had been the cutting off of all communication between the vessel and the shore, that this thought had not even occurred to either commander to establish the most ordinary intelligence by signal. In this ultimate resource was had to an ingenious expedient. The despatches of the officer were enclosed in one of the long tin tubes in which were generally deposited the maps and charts of the schooner, and to this, after having been carefully soldered, was attached an inch rope of several hundred fathoms in length: the case was then put into one of the ship's guns, so placed as to give it the elevation of a mortar; thus prepared, advantage was taken of a temporary absence of the Indians to bring the vessel within half a mile of the shore, and when the attention of the garrison, naturally attracted by this unusual movement, was sufficiently awakened, that opportunity was chosen for the discharge of the gun; and as the quantity of powder had been proportionably reduced for the limited range, the tube was soon safely deposited within the rampart. The same means were adopted in

replying; and, one end of the rope remaining attached to the schooner, all that was necessary was to solder up the tube as before, and throw it over the ramparts upon the sands, whence it was immediately pulled over her side by the watchful mariners.

As the despatch conveyed to the garrison, among other subjects of interest, bore the unwelcome intelligence that the supplies of the crew were nearly expended, an arrangement was proposed by which, at stated intervals, a more immediate communication with the former might be effected. Whenever, therefore, the wind permitted, the vessel was kept hovering in sight during the day, beneath the eyes of the savages, and on the approach of evening an unshotted gun was discharged, with a view of drawing their attention more immediately to her movements; every sail was then set, and under a cloud of canvass the course of the schooner was directed towards the source of the Sinclair, as if an attempt to accomplish that passage was to be made during the night. No sooner, however, had the darkness fairly set in, than the vessel was put about, and, beating against the wind, generally contrived to reach the offing at a stated hour, when a boat, provided with muffled oars, was sent off to the shore. This ruse had several times deceived the Indians, and it was on these occasions that the small gate to which we have alluded was opened, for the purpose of conveying the necessary supplies.

The buildings of the fort consisted chiefly of block-houses, the internal accommodations of which were fully in keeping with their rude exterior, being but indifferently provided with the most ordinary articles of comfort, and fitted up as the limited resources of that wild and remote district could supply. The best and most agreeably situated of these, if a choice could be made, was that of the commanding officer. This building rose considerably above the others, and overhanging that part of the rampart which skirted the shores of the Huron, commanded a full view of the lake, even to its extremity of frowning and belting forest.

To this block-house there were two staircases; the principal leading to the front entrance from the barrack-square, the other opening in the rear, close under the rampart, and communicating by a few rude steps with the small gate that led upon the sands. In the lower part of this building, appropriated by the commanding officer to that exclusive purpose, the official duties of his situation were usually performed; and on the ground-floor a large room, that extended from front to rear of the block-house on one side of the passage, had formerly been used as a hall of council with the Indian chiefs. The floor above this comprised both his own private apartments and those set apart for the general use of the family; but, above all, and preferable for their cheerful view over the lake, were others, which had been reserved for the exclusive accommodation of Miss de Haldimar. This upper floor consisted of two sleeping apartments, with a sitting-room, the latter extending the whole length of the block-house, and opening immediately upon the lake from the only two windows with which that side of the building was provided. The principal staircase led into one of the bed-rooms, and both of the latter communicated immediately with the sitting-room, which again, in its turn, opened, at the opposite extremity, on the narrow staircase that led to the rear of the block-house.

The furniture of this apartment, which might be taken as a fair sample of the best the country could afford, was wild, yet simple, in the extreme. Neat rush mats, of an oblong square, and fantastically put together, so as to exhibit in the weaving of the several coloured reeds both figures that were known to exist in the creation, and those which could have no being save in the imagination of their framers, served as excellent substitutes for carpets, while rush bottomed chairs, the product of Indian ingenuity also, occupied those intervals around the room that were unsupplied by the matting. Upon the walls were hung numerous specimens both of the dress and of the equipments of the savages, and mingled with these were many natural curiosities, the gifts of Indian chiefs to the commandant at various periods before the war.

Nothing could be more unlike the embellishments of a modern European boudoir than those of this apartment, which had, in some degree, been made the sanctum of its present occupants. Here was to be seen the scaly carcass of some huge serpent, extending its now harmless length from the ceiling to the floor—there an alligator, stuffed after the same fashion; and in various directions the skins of the beaver, the marten, the otter, and an infinitude of others of that genus, filled up spaces that were left unsupplied by the more ingenious specimens of Indian art. Head dresses tastefully wrought in the shape of the

crowning bays of the ancients, and composed of the gorgeous feathers of the most splendid of the forest birds—bows and quivers, handsomely and even elegantly ornamented with that most tasteful of Indian decorations, the stained quill of the porcupine; war clubs of massive iron wood, their handles covered with stained horsehair and feathers, curiously mingled together—machecotis, hunting coats, mocassins, and leggings, all worked in porcupine quill, and fancifully arranged,—these, with many others, had been called into requisition to bedeck and relieve the otherwise rude and naked walls of the apartment.

Nor did the walls alone reflect back the picture of savage ingenuity, for on the various tables, the rude polish of which was hid from view by the simple covering of green baize, which moreover constituted the garniture of the windows, were to be seen other products of their art. Here stood upon an elevated stand a model of a bark canoe, filled with its complement of paddlers carved in wood and dressed in full costume; the latter executed with such singular fidelity of feature, that although the speaking figures sprung not from the experienced and classic chisel of the sculptor but from the rude scalping knife of the savage, the very tribe to which they belonged could be discovered at a glance by the European who was conversant with the features of each: then there were handsomely ornamented vessels made of the birch bark, and filled with the delicate sugars which the natives extract from the maple tree in early spring; these of all sizes, even to the most tiny that could well be imagined, were valuable rather as exquisite specimens of the neatness with which those slight vessels could be put together, stewn as they were merely with strips of the same bark, than from any intrinsic value they possessed. Covered over with fantastic figures, done either in paint, or in quill work artfully interwoven into the fibres of the bark, they presented, in their smooth and polished surface, strong evidence of the address of the savages in their preparation of this most useful and abundant produce of the country. Interspersed with these, too, were numerous stands filled with stuffed birds, some of which combined in themselves every variety and shade of dazzling plumage; and numerous rude cases contained the rarest specimens of the American butterfly, most of which were of sizes and tints that are nowhere equalled in Europe. One solitary table alone was appropriated to whatever were a transatlantic character in this wild and museum-like apartment. On this lay a Spanish guitar, a few pieces of old music, a collection of English and French books, a couple of writing desks, and, scattered over the whole, several articles of unfinished needle-work.

Such was the apartment in which Madeline and Clara de Haldimar were met at the moment we have selected for their introduction to our readers. It was the morning of that day on which the second council of the chiefs, the result of which has already been seen, was held at Detroit. The sun had risen bright and gorgeously above the adjacent forest, throwing his golden beams upon the calm glassy waters of the lake; and now, approaching rapidly towards the meridian, gradually diminished the tall bold shadows of the block-houses upon the shore. At the distance of about a mile lay the armed vessel so often alluded to; her light low hull dimly seen in the hazy atmosphere that danced upon the waters, and her attenuated masts and sloping yards, with their slight tracery cordage, recalling rather the complex and delicate ramifications of the spider's web, than the elastic yet solid machinery to which the lives of those within had so often been committed in sea and tempest. Upon the strand, and close opposite to the small gate which now stood ajar, lay one of her boats, the crew of which had abandoned her with the exception only of a single individual, apparently her cockswain, who, with the tiller under his arm, lay half extended in the stern sheets, his naked chest exposed, and his tarpaulin hat shielding his eyes from the sun while he indulged in profound repose. These were the only objects that told of human life. Every where beyond the eye rested on the faint outline of forest, that appeared like the softened tracing of a pencil at the distant junction of the waters with the horizon.

The windows that commanded this prospect were now open; and through that which was nearest to the gate, half reclined the elegant, slight form of a female, who, with an open letter in her hand, glanced her eye alternately, and with an expression of joyousness, towards the vessel that lay beyond, and the point in which the source of the Sinclair was known to lie. It was Clara de Haldimar.

Presently the vacant space at the same window was

filled by another form, but of less girlish appearance—one that embraced all the full rich contour of the Medicean Venus, and a lazy languor in its movements that harmonised with the speaking outlines of the form, and without which the beauty of the whole would have been at variance and imperfect. The general expression, moreover, of a countenance which, closely analysed, could not be termed beautiful, marked a mind at once ardent in its conceptions, and steady and resolute in its silent accomplishments of purpose. She was of the middle height.

Such was the person of Madeline de Haldimar; but attractive, or rather winning, as were her womanly attributes, her principal power lay in her voice,—the beauty, nay, the voluptuousness of which nothing could surpass. It was impossible to listen to the slow, full, rich, deep, and melodious tones that fell trembling from her lips upon the ear, and not feel, aye shudder, under all their fascination on the soul. In such a voice might the Madonna of Raphael have been supposed to offer up her supplications from the gloomy precincts of the cloister. No wonder that Frederick de Haldimar loved her, and loved her with all the intense devotedness of his own glowing heart. His cousin was to him a divinity whom he worshipped in the innermost recesses of his being; and his, in return, was the only ear in which the accents of that almost superhuman voice had breathed the thrilling confession of an attachment, which its very tones announced could be deep and imperishable as the soul in which it had taken root. Often in the hours that preceded the period when they were to have been united, heart and mind and thought, in one common destiny, would he start from her side, his brain whirling with very intoxication, and then obeying another wild impulse, rush once more into her embrace; and clasping his beloved Madeline to his heart, entreat her again to pour forth all the melody of that confession in his enraptured ear. Artless and unaffected as she was generous and impassioned, the fond and noble girl never hesitated to gratify him whom alone she loved; and deep and fervent was the joy of the soldier, when he found that each passionate entreaty, far from being met with caprice, only drew from the lips of his cousin warmer and more affectionate expressions of her attachment. Such expressions, coming from any woman, must have been rapturous and soothing in the extreme; but, when they flowed from a voice whose very sound was melody, they acted on the heart of Captain de Haldimar with a potency that was as irresistible as the love itself which she inspired.

Such was the position of things just before the commencement of the Indian war. Madeline de Haldimar had been for some time on a visit to Detroit, and her marriage with her cousin was to have taken place within a few days. The unexpected arrival of intelligence from Michillimackinac that her father was dangerously ill, however, retarded the ceremony; and, up to the present period, their intercourse had been completely suspended. If Madeline de Haldimar was capable of strong attachment to her lover, the powerful ties of nature were no less deeply rooted in her heart, and commiseration and anxiety for her father now engrossed every faculty of her mind. She entreated her cousin to defer the solemnisation of their nuptials until her parent should be pronounced out of danger, and, having obtained his consent to the delay, instantly set off for Michillimackinac, accompanied by her cousin Clara, whom she had prevailed on the governor to part with until her own return. Hostilities were commenced very shortly afterwards, and, although Major de Haldimar speedily recovered from his illness, the fair cousins were compelled to share the common imprisonment of the garrison.

When Miss de Haldimar joined her more youthful cousin at the window, through which the latter was gazing thoughtfully on the scene before her, she flung her arm around her waist with the protecting manner of a mother. The mild blue eyes of Clara met those that were fastened in tenderness upon her, and a corresponding movement on her part brought the more matronly form of her cousin into close and affectionate contact with her own.

"Oh, Madeline, what a day is this!" she exclaimed; "and how often on my bended knees have I prayed to heaven that it might arrive! Our trials are ended at last, and happiness and joy are once more before us. There is the boat that is to conduct us to the vessel, which, in its turn, is to bear me to the arms of my dear father, and you to those of the lover who adores you. How beautiful does that fabric appear to me now! Never did I feel half the pleasure in surveying it I do at this moment."

"Dear, dear girl!" exclaimed Miss de Haldimar, and

she pressed her closer and in silence to her heart: then, after a slight pause, during which the mantling glow upon her brow told how deeply she desired the reunion alluded to by her cousin—"that, indeed, will be an hour of happiness to us both, Clara; for irrevocably as our affections have been pledged, it would be silly in the extreme to deny that. I long most ardently to be restored to him who is already my husband. But, tell me," she concluded, with an archness of expression that caused the long-lashed eyes of her companion to sink beneath her own, "are you quite sincere in your own case? I know how deeply you love your father and your brothers, but do these alone occupy your attention? Is there not a certain friend of Charles whom you have some little curiosity to see also?"

"How silly, Madeline!" and the cheek of the young girl became suffused with a deeper glow; "you know I have never seen this friend of my brother, how then can I possibly feel more than the most ordinary interest in him? I am disposed to like him, certainly, for the mere reason that Charles does; but this is all."

"Well, Clara, I will not pretend to decide; but certain it is, this is the last letter you received from Charles, and that it contains the strongest recommendations of his friend to your notice. Equally certain is it, that scarcely a day has passed, since we have been shut up here, that you have not perused and re-perused it half a dozen times. Now, as I am confessedly one who should know something of these matters, I must be suffered to pronounce these are strong symptoms, to say the very least. Ah! Clara, that blush declares you guilty. But, who have we here? Middleton and Baynton."

The eyes of the cousins now fell upon the ramparts immediately under the window. Two officers, one apparently on duty for the day, were passing at the moment; and, as they heard their names pronounced, stopped, looked up, and saluted the young ladies with that easy freedom of manner, which, unmingled with either disrespect or effrontery, so usually characterises the address of military men.

"What a contrast, by heaven!" exclaimed he who wore the badge of duty suspended over his chest, throwing himself playfully into a theatrical attitude, expressive at once of admiration and surprise, while his eye glanced intelligently over the fair but dissimilar forms of the cousins. "Venus and Psyche in the land of the Potawatamies, by all that is magnificent! Come, Middleton, quick, out with that eternal pencil of yours, and perform your promise."

"And what may that promise be?" asked Clara, laughingly, and without adverting to the hyperbolic compliment of the dark-eyed officer who had just spoken.

"You shall hear," pursued the lively captain of the guard. "While making the tour of the ramparts just now, to visit my sentries, I saw Middleton leaning most sentimentally against one of the boxes in front, his note book in one hand and his pencil in the other. Curious to discover the subject of his abstraction, I stole cautiously behind him, and saw that he was sketching the head of a tall and rather handsome squaw, who, in the midst of a hundred others, was standing close to the gateway watching the preparations of the Indian ball players. I at once taxed him with having lost his heart; and rallying him on his bad taste in devoting his pencil to any thing that had a red skin, never combed his hair, and turned its toes in while walking, pronounced his sketch to be an absolute fright. Well, will you believe what I have to add? The man absolutely flew into a tremendous passion with me, and swore that she was a Venus, a Juno, a Minerva, a beauty of the first water in short; and finished by promising, that when I could point out any woman who was superior to her in personal attraction, he would on the instant write no less than a dozen consecutive sonnets in her praise. I now call upon him to fulfil his promise, or maintain the superiority of his Indian beauty."

Before the laughing Middleton could find time to reply to the light and unmeaning rattle of his friend, the quick low roll of a drum was heard from the front. The signal was understood by both officers, and they prepared to depart.

"This is the hour appointed for the council," said Captain Baynton, looking at his watch, "and I must be with my guard, to receive the chiefs with becoming honour. How I pity you, Middleton, who will have the infliction of one of their great big talks, as Murphy would call it, dinned into your ear for the next two hours at least! Thank heaven, my tour of duty exempts me from that; and by way of killing an hour, I think I shall go and carry on a flirtation with your Indian Minerva, alias Venus, alias Juno, while you are discussing the

affairs of the nation with closed doors. But hark! there is the assembly drum again. We must be off. Come, Middleton, come. Adieu!" waving his hand to the cousins, "we shall meet at dinner."

"What an incessant talker Baynton is!" observed Miss de Haldimar, as the young men now disappeared round an angle of the rampart; "but he has reminded me of what I had nearly forgotten, and that is to give orders for dinner. My father has invited all the officers to dine with him to day, in commemoration of the peace which is being concluded. It will be the first time we shall have all met together since the commencement of this cruel war, and we must endeavour, Clara, to do honour to the feast."

"I hope," timidly observed her cousin, shuddering as she spoke, "that none of those horrid chiefs will be present, Madeline; for, without any affectation of fear whatever, I feel that I could not so far overcome my disgust as to sit at the same table with them. There was a time, it is true, when I thought nothing of these things; but, since the war, I have witnessed and heard so much of their horrid deeds, that I shall never be able to endure the sight of an Indian face again. Ah!" she concluded, turning her eyes upon the lake, while she clung more closely to the embrace of her companion; "would to heaven Madeline, that we were both at this moment gliding in yonder vessel, and in sight of my father's fort!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The eyes of Miss de Haldimar followed those of her cousin, and rested on the dark hull of the schooner, with which so many recollections of the past and anticipations of the future were associated in their minds. When they had last looked upon it, all appearance of human life had vanished from its decks; but now there was strong evidence of unusual bustle and activity. Numerous persons could be seen moving hastily to and fro, their heads just peering above the bulwarks; and presently they beheld a small boat move from the ship's side, and shoot rapidly ahead, in a direct line with the well-known bearings of the Sinclair's source. While they continued to gaze on this point, following the course of the light vessel, and forming a variety of conjectures as to the cause of a movement, especially remarkable from the circumstance of the commander being at that moment in the fort, whither he had been summoned to attend the council, another and scarcely perceptible object was dimly seen, at the distance of about half a mile in front of the boat. With the aid of a telescope, which had formed one of the principal resources of the cousins during their long imprisonment, Miss de Haldimar now perceived a dark and shapeless mass moving somewhat heavily along the lake, and in a line with the schooner and the boat. This was evidently approaching; for each moment it loomed larger upon the hazy water, increasing in bulk in the same proportion that the departing skiff became less distinct; still, it was impossible to discover, at that distance, in what manner it was propelled. Wind there was none, not as much as would have changed the course of a feather dropping through space, and, except where the dividing oars of the boatmen had agitated the waters, the whole surface of the lake was like a sea of pale and liquid gold.

At length the two dark bodies met, and the men in the boat were seen to lie upon their oars, while one in the stern seemed to be in the act of attaching a rope to the formless matter. For a few moments there was a cessation of all movement; and then again the active and sturdy rowing of the boatmen was renewed, and with an exertion of strength even more vigorous than that they had previously exhibited. Their course was now directed towards the vessel; and, as it gradually neared that fabric, the rope by which the strange looking object was secured, could be distinctly though faintly seen with the telescope. It was impossible to say whether the latter, whatever it might be, was urged by some invisible means, or merely floated in the wake of the boat; for, although the water through which it passed ran rippling and foaming from their course, this effect might have been produced by the boat which preceded it. As it now approached the vessel, it presented the appearance of a dense wood of evergreens, the overhanging branches of which descended close to the water's edge, and baffled every attempt of the cousins to discover its true character. The boat had now arrived within a hundred yards of the schooner, when a man was seen to rise from its bows, and, putting both his hands to his mouth, after the manner of sailors in hailing, to continue in that position for some moments, apparently conversing with those who were grouped along the nearest gangway. Then were observed rapid move-

ments on the decks; and men were seen hastening aloft, and standing out upon the foremast yards. This, however, had offered no interruption to the exertions of the boatmen, who still kept plying with a vigour that set even the sailless vessel in motion, as the foaming water, thrown from their bending oar-blades, dashed angrily against her prow. Soon afterwards both the boat and her prize disappeared on the opposite side of the schooner, which, now lying with her broadside immediately on a line with the shore, completely hid them from the further view of the cousins.

"Look!—Look!" said Clara, clinging sensitively and with alarm to the almost maternal bosom against which she reposed, while she pointed with her finger to another dark mass that was moving through the lake in a circular sweep from the point of wood terminating the clearing on the right of the fort.

Miss de Haldimar threw the glass on the object to which her attention was now directed. It was evidently some furred animal, and presented all the appearance either of a large water-rat or a beaver, the latter of which it was pronounced to be as a nearer approach rendered its shape more distinct. Ever and anon, too, it disappeared altogether under the water; and, when it again came in sight, it was always several yards nearer. Its course, at first circuitous, at length took a direct line with the stern of the boat, where the sailor who was in charge still lay extended at his drowsy length, his tarpaulin hat shading his eyes, and his arms folded over his uncovered and heaving chest, while he continued to sleep as profoundly as if he had been comfortably berthed in his hammock in the middle of the Atlantic.

"What a large bold animal it is," remarked Clara, in the tone of one who wishes to be confirmed in an impression but indifferently entertained. "See how close it approaches the boat! Had that lazy sailor but his wits about him, he might easily knock it on the head with his oar. It is—it is a beaver, Madeline; I can distinguish its head even with the naked eye."

"Heaven grant it may be a beaver," answered Miss de Haldimar, in a voice so deep and full of meaning, that it made her cousin startle and turn paler even than before. "Nay, Clara, dearest, command yourself, nor give way to what may, after all, prove a groundless cause of alarm. Yet, I know not how it is, my heart misgives me sadly; for I like not the motions of this animal, which are strangely and unusually bold. But this is not all: a beaver or a rat might ruffle the mere surface of the water, yet this leaves behind it a deep and gurgling furrow, as if the element had been ploughed to its very bottom. Observe how the lake is agitated and discoloured wherever it has passed. Moreover, I dislike this sudden bustle on board the schooner, knowing, as I do, there is not an officer present to order the movements now visibly going forward. The men are evidently getting up the anchor; and see how her sails are loosened, apparently courting the breeze, as if she would fly to avoid some threatened danger. Would to heaven this council scene were over; for I do, as much as yourself, dearest Clara, distrust these cruel Indians!"

A significant gesture from her trembling cousin again drew her attention from the vessel to the boat. The animal, which now exhibited the delicate and glossy fur of the beaver, had gained the stern, and remained stationary within a foot of her quarter. Presently the sailor made a sluggish movement, turning himself heavily on his side, and with his face towards his curious and daring visitant. In the act the tarpaulin hat had fallen from his eyes, but still he awoke not. Scarcely had he settled himself in his new position, when, to the infinite horror of the excited cousins, a naked human hand was raised from beneath the surface of the lake, and placed upon the gunwale of the boat. Then rose slowly, and still covered with its ingenious disguise, first the neck, then the shoulders, and finally the form, even to the midwaist, of a dark and swarthy Indian, who, stooping low and cautiously over the sailor, now reposed the hand that had quitted the gunwale upon his form, while the other was thrust searchingly into the belt encircling his waist.

Miss de Haldimar would have called out, to apprise the unhappy man of his danger; but her voice refused its office, and her cousin was even less capable of exertion than herself. The deep throbbings of their hearts were now audible to each; for the dreadful interest they took in the scene, had excited their feelings to the most intense stretch of agony. At the very moment, however, when, with almost suspended animation, they expected to see the knife of the savage driven into the chest of the sleeping and unsuspecting sailor, the latter suddenly started up, and, instinct with the full sense of the danger by which he was menaced, in less time than we take to

describe it, seized the tiller of his rudder, the only available instrument within his reach, and directing a powerful blow at the head of his amphibious enemy, laid him, without apparent life or motion, across the boat.

"Almighty God! what can this mean?" exclaimed Miss de Haldimar, as soon as she could recover her presence of mind. "There is some fearful treachery in agitation; and a cloud now hangs over all, that will soon burst with irresistible fury on our devoted heads. Clara, my love," and she conducted the almost fainting girl to a seat, "wait here until I return. The moment is critical, and my father must be apprised of what we have seen. Unless the gates of the fort be instantly closed, we are lost."

"Oh, Madeline, leave me not alone," entreated the sinking Clara. "We will go together. Perhaps I may be of service to you below."

"The thought is good; but have you strength and courage to face the dark chiefs in the council-room. If so, hasten there, and put my father on his guard, while I fly across the parade, and warn Captain Baynton of the danger."

With these words she drew the arm of her agitated cousin within her own, and, rapidly traversing the apartment, gained the bed-room which opened close upon the head of the principal staircase. Already were they descending the first steps, when a loud cry, that sent a thrill of terror through their blood, was heard from without the fort. For a moment Miss de Haldimar continued irresolute; and leaning against the rude balustrade for support, passed her hand rapidly across her brow, as if to collect her scattered energies. The necessity for prompt and immediate action was, however, evident; and she alone was capable of exertion. Speechless with alarm, and trembling in every joint, the unhappy Clara had now lost all command of her limbs; and, clinging close to the side of her cousin, by her wild looks alone betrayed consciousness had not wholly deserted her. The energy of despair lent more than woman's strength to Miss de Haldimar. She caught the fainting girl in her arms, retraced her way to the chamber, and depositing her burden on the bed, emphatically enjoined her on no account to move until her return. She then quitted the room, and rapidly descended the staircase.

For some moments all was still and hushed as the waveless air; and then again a loud chorus of shouts was heard from the ramparts of the fort. The choked breathing of the young girl became more free, and the blood rushed once more from her oppressed heart to the extremities. Never did tones of the human voice fall more gratefully on the ear of mariner cast on some desert island, than did those on that of the highly excited Clara. It was the loud laugh of the soldiery, who, collected along the line of rampart in front, were watching the progress of the ball-players. Cheered by the welcome sounds, she raised herself from the bed to satisfy her eye her ear had not deceived her. The windows of both bed-chambers looked immediately on the barrack square, and commanded a full view of the principal entrance. From that at which she now stood, the revived but still anxious girl could distinctly see all that was passing in front. The ramparts were covered with soldiers, who, armed merely with their bayonets, stood grouped in careless attitudes—some with their wives leaning on their arms—others with their children upraised, that they might the better observe the enlivening sports without—some lay indolently with their legs overhanging the works—others, assuming pugilistic attitudes, dealt their harmless blows at each other,—and all were blended together, men, women, and children, with that heedlessness of thought that told how little of distrust existed within their breasts. The soldiers of the guard, too, exhibited the same air of calm and unsuspecting confidence; some walking to and fro within the square, while the greater portion either mixed with their comrades above, or, with arms folded, legs carelessly crossed, and pipe in mouth, leant lazily against the gate, and gazed beyond the lowered drawbridge on the Indian games.

A mountain weight seemed to have been removed from the breast of Clara at this sight, as she now dropped upon her knees before the window, and raised her hands in pious acknowledgment to heaven.

"Almighty God, I thank thee," she fervently exclaimed, her eye once more lighting up, and her cheek half suffused with blushes at her late vague and idle fears; while she embraced, at a single glance, the whole of the gladdening and inspiring scene.

While her soul was yet returned whither her words had gone before, her ears were again assailed by sounds that curdled her blood, and made her spring to her feet as if stricken by a bullet through the heart, or powerfully

touched by some electric fluid. It was the well-known and devilish war-cry of the savages, startling the very air through which it passed, and falling like a deadly blight upon the spirit. With a mechanical and desperate effort at courage, the unhappy girl turned her eyes below, and there met images of death in their most appalling shapes. Hurry and confusion and despair were every where visible; for a band of Indians were already in the fort, and these, fast succeeded by others, rushed like a torrent into the square, and commenced their dreadful work of butchery. Many of the terrified soldiers, without thinking of drawing their bayonets, flew down the ramparts in order to gain their respective block-houses for their muskets: but these every where met death from the crashing tomahawk, short rifle, or gleaming knife;—others who had presence of mind sufficient to avail themselves of their only weapons of defence, rushed down in the fury of desperation on the yelling fiends, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and for some minutes an obstinate contest was maintained: but the vast superiority of the Indian numbers triumphed; and although the men fought with all the fierceness of despair, forcing their way to the block-houses, their mangled corpses strewed the area in every direction. Neither was the horrid butchery confined to these. Women clinging to their husbands for protection, and, in the recklessness of their despair, impeding the efforts of the latter in their self-defence—children screaming in terror, or supplicating mercy on their bended knees—infants clasped to their parents' breasts,—all alike sunk under the un pitying steel of the blood-thirsty savages. At the guard-house the principal stand had been made; for at the first rush into the fort, the men on duty had gained their station, and, having made fast the barricades, opened their fire upon the enemy. Mixed pele-mele as they were with the Indians, many of the English were shot by their own comrades, who, in the confusion of the moment, were incapable of taking a cool and discriminating aim. These, however, were finally overcome. A band of desperate Indians rushed upon the main door, and with repeated blows from their tomahawks and massive war-clubs, succeeded in demolishing it, while others diverted the fire of those within. The door once forced, the struggle was soon over. Every man of the guard perished, and their scalpless and disfigured forms were thrown out to swell the number of those that already deluged the square with their blood.*

Even amid all the horrors of this terrific scene, the agonised Clara preserved her consciousness. The very imminence of the danger ended her with strength to embrace it under all its most disheartening aspects; and she, whose mind had been wrought up to the highest pitch of powerful excitement by the mere preliminary threatenings, was comparatively collected under the catastrophe itself. Death, certain death, to all, she saw was inevitable; and while her perception at once embraced the futility of all attempts at escape from the general doom, she snatched from despair the power to follow its gloomy details without being annihilated under their weight.

The confusion of the garrison had now reached its acme of horror. The shrieks of women and the shrill cries of children, as they severally and fruitlessly fled from the death certain to overtake them in the end,—the cursings of the soldiers, the yellings of the Indians, the reports of rifles, and the crashings of tomahawks;—these, with the stamping of human feet in the death struggle maintained in the council-room below between the chiefs and the officers, and which shook the block-house to its very foundation, all mixed up in terrible chorus together, might have called up a not inapt image of hell to the bewildered and confounding brain. And yet the sun shone in yellow lustre, and all nature smiled, and wore an air of calm, as if the accursed deed had had the sanction of heaven, and the spirits of light loved to look upon the frightful atrocities then in perpetration.

In the first distraction of her spirit, Clara had utterly lost all recollection of her cousin; but now that she had, with unnatural desperation, brought her mind to bear upon the fiercest points of the grim reality, she turned her eye every where amid the scene of death in search of the form of her beloved Madeline, whom she did not remember to have seen cross the parade in pursuance of the purpose she had named. While she yet gazed fearfully from the window, loud bursts of mingled anguish and rage, that were almost drowned in the fiercer yells with which they were blended, ascended from the ground

* See Thacher's Indian Biography, and the other works already referred to. The above is historically true, and scarcely exaggerated.—Ed.

floor of the block-house. These had hitherto been suppressed, as if the desperate attack of the chiefs on the officers had been made with closed doors. Now, however, there was an evident outburst of all parties into the passage; and there the struggle appeared to be desperately and fearfully maintained. In the midst of that chaotic scene, the loud and piercing shriek of a female rose far above the discordant yell even of the savages. There was an instant of pause, and then the crashing of a skull was heard, and the confusion was greater than before; shrieks, and groans, and curses, and supplications rent the air.

The first single shriek came from Madeline de Haldimar, and vibrated through every chord of the heart on which it sank. Scarcely conscious of what she did, Clara, quitting the window, once more gained the top of the staircase, and at the extremity of her voice called on the name of her cousin in the most piteous accents. She was answered by a loud shout from the yelling band; and presently bounding feet and screaming voices were heard ascending the stairs. The terrified girl fancied at the moment she heard a door open on the floor immediately below her, and some one dart suddenly up the flight communicating with the spot on which she stood. Without waiting to satisfy herself, she rushed with all the mechanical instinct of self-preservation back into her own apartment. As she passed the bed room window, she glanced once more hastily into the area below, and there beheld a sight that, filling her soul with despair, paralysed all further exertion. A tall savage was bearing off the apparently lifeless form of her cousin through the combatants in the square, her white dress stained all over with blood, and her beautiful hair loosened and trailing on the ground. She followed with her burning eyes until they passed the drawbridge, and finally disappeared behind the intervening rampart, and then bowing her head between her hands, and sinking upon her knees, she reposed her forehead against the sill of the window, and awaited unshrinkingly, yet in a state of inconceivable agony, the consummation of her own unhappy destiny.

The sounds of ascending feet were now heard in the passage without; and presently, while the clangour of a thousand demons seemed to ring throughout the upper part of the building, a man rushed furiously into the room. The blood of the young girl curdled in her veins. She mechanically grasped the ledge of the window on which her aching head still reposed, and with her eyes firmly closed, to shut out from view the fiend whose sight she dreaded, even more than the death which threatened her, quietly awaited the blow that was to terminate at once her misery and her life. Scarcely, however, had the feet of the intruder pressed the sanctuary of her bedchamber, when the heavy door, strongly studded with nails, was pushed rapidly to, and bolt and lock were heard sliding into their several sockets. Before Clara could raise her head to discover the cause of this movement, she felt herself firmly secured in the grasp of an encircling arm, and borne hastily through the room. An instinctive sense of something worse even than death now flashed across the mind of the unhappy girl; and while she feared to unclose her eyes, she struggled violently to disengage herself.

"Clara! dear Miss de Haldimar, do you not know me?" exclaimed her supporter, while placing her for a moment on a seat, he proceeded to secure the fastenings of the second door, that led from the bedchamber into the larger apartment.

Re-assured by the tones of a voice which, even in that dreadful moment of trial and destruction, were familiar to her ear, the trembling girl opened her eyes wildly upon her protector. A slight scream of terror marked her painful sense of the recognition. It was Captain Baynton whom she beheld: but how unlike the officer who a few minutes before had been conversing with her from the ramparts. His fine hair, matted with blood, now hung loosely and disfiguringly over his eyes, and his pallid face and brow were covered with gore spots, the evident splatterings from the wounds of others; while a stream that issued from one side of his head attested he himself had not escaped unhurt in the cruel mêlée. A skirt and a lapel had been torn from his uniform, which, together with other portions of his dress, were now stained in various parts by the blood continually flowing from his wound.

"Oh, Captain Baynton," murmured the fainting girl, her whole soul sinking within her, as she gazed shudderingly on his person, "is there no hope for us? must we die?"

"No, by heaven, not while I have strength to save you," returned the officer, with energy. "If the savages have not penetrated to the rear, we may yet escape. I

saw the postern open just now, on my passage round the rampart, and the boat of the schooner upon the strand. Ha!" he exclaimed, as he flew to the window, and cast his eye rapidly below, "we are lost! The gate is still clear, and not an Indian to be seen; but the coward sailor is pulling for his life towards the vessel. But hold! another boat is now quitting the ship's side. See, how manfully they give themselves to the oars: in a few minutes they will be here. Come, Clara, let us fly!" and again he caught her in his arms, and bore her across the room. "Hark, hear you not the exulting yellings of the monsters? They are forcing the outer door: mark how they redouble their efforts to break it open! That passed, but one more barrier remains between us and inevitable and instant death."

"And my cousin, my uncle!" shrieked the unhappy girl, as the officer now bore her rapidly down the back staircase.

"Oh, ask me not!" exclaimed Baynton: "were I to linger again on all I have witnessed, I should go mad. All, all have perished! but, hark!"

A tremendous yell now bursting from the passage, announced at once the triumph of the savages in having effected an entrance into the bed-room, and their disappointment at finding their pursuit balked by a second door. Presently afterwards their heavy weapons were to be heard thundering at this new obstacle, in the most furious manner. This gave new stimulus to the exertions of the generous officer. Each winding of the staircase was familiar to him, and he now descended it with a rapidity which, considering the burden that reposed against his chest, could only have been inspired by his despair. The flight terminated at a door that led directly upon the rampart, without communicating with any of the passages of the building; and in this consisted the principal facility of escape: for, in order to reach them, the savages must either make the circuit of the block-house, or overtake them in the course they were now following. In this trying emergency, the presence of mind of the young officer, wounded and bleeding as he was, did not desert him. On quitting the larger apartment above, he had secured the outside fastenings of a small door at the top of the stairs, and having now gained the bottom, he took a similar precaution. All that remained was to unclose the bolts of the ponderous door that opened upon their final chance of escape: this was speedily done, but here the feelings of the officer were put to a severe test. A rude partition divided him from the fatal council-room; and while he undid the fastenings, the faint and dying groans of his butchered brother officers rung in his ears, even at the moment that he felt his feet dabbled in the blood that oozed through the imperfectly closed planks of which the partition was composed. As for Clara, she was insensible to all that was passing. From the moment of the Indian yell, announcing their entry into the bed-room, she had fainted.

The huge door came now creaking back upon its hinges, when the sounds of the yet unfinished conflict in front, which had hitherto been deadened in their descent through the remote staircase, rang once more fiercely and startlingly upon the ear. A single glance satisfied Captain Baynton the moment for exertion was come, and that the way to the lake shore, which, by some strange oversight, both the Indians and the men had overlooked, was perfectly clear. He clasped his unconscious burden closer to his chest, and then, setting his life upon the cast, hastened down the few steps that led to the rampart, and dashed rapidly through the postern; in the next minute he stood on the uttermost verge of the sands, unharmed and unfollowed. He cast his eyes anxiously along the surface of the lake; but such was the excitement and confusion of his mind, produced by the horrid recollection of the past scene, it was not until he had been abruptly hailed from it, he could see a boat, at the distance of about two hundred yards, the crew of which were lying on their oars. It was the long-boat of the schooner, which, prevented from a nearer approach by a sand bar that ran along the lake to a considerable extent, had taken her station there to receive the fugitives. Two tall young men in the dress, yet having little the mien, of common sailors, were standing up in her stern; and one of these, with evident anxiety in his manner, called on Baynton by name to make the best of his way to the boat. At that moment a loud and frantic yell came from the block-house the latter had just quitted. In the wild impulse of his excited feelings, he answered with a cheer of defiance, as he turned to discover the precise point whence it proceeded. The windows of the apartment so recently occupied by the unhappy cousins, were darkened with savage forms, who now

pealed forth their mingled fury and disappointment in the most terrific manner.

"Fly, fly, Baynton, or you are lost!" exclaimed the same voice from the boat; "the devils are levelling from the windows."

While he yet spake, several shots came whizzing along the waters, and a spent ball even struck the now rapidly fleeing officer in the back; but the distance was too great for serious injury. The guns of the savages had been cut so short for their desperate enterprise, that they carried little further than a horse pistol.

Again, in the desperation of his feelings, and heedless of the danger he was drawing on himself and charge, the officer turned fiercely round and shouted, at his utmost lungs, a peal of triumph in the ears of his enemies. Scarcely, however, had the sounds escaped his lips, when two hideously painted Indians sprang through the postern, and, silent as the spectres they resembled, rushed down the sands, and thence into the lake. Loud shouts from the windows above were again pealed forth, and from the consternation visible on the features of those within the boat, the nearly exhausted Baynton learnt all the risk he incurred. Summoning all his strength, he now made the most desperate efforts to reach his friends. The lake was little more than knee deep from the shore to the bar, but, encumbered as he was, the difficulty opposed to his movements was immeasurably against him, and yet he seemed generously resolved rather to perish than relinquish his charge. Already were his pursuers, now closely followed by a numerous band, within twenty yards of him, when the two young men, each armed with a cutlass and pistol, sprang from the boat upon the sand bar: as the Indians came on they fired deliberately at them, but both missed their aim. Encouraged by this failure, the fearless devils dashed eagerly on, brandishing their gleaming tomahawks, but uttering not a sound. Already was the unfortunate Baynton within a few feet of the bar, when he felt that the savages were immediately upon him.

"Take, take, for God's sake, take her!" he cried, with a desperate effort he threw the light form of the still unconscious girl into the arms of one of the young men. "My strength is quite exhausted, and I can do no more."

For the first time a yell burst from the lips of the pursuing savages, as they saw him, to whom the guardianship of the wretched Clara was now confided, suddenly spring from the sand bar into the lake, and in a few rapid strokes gain the side of the boat. Leaving the hapless Baynton to be disposed of by his companion, the foremost darted upon the bank, burning with disappointment, and resolved to immolate another victim. For a moment he balanced his tomahawk, and then with the rapidity of thought, darted it at the covered head of the youth who still lingered on the bar. A well-timed movement of the latter averted the blow, and the whizzing steel passed harmlessly on. A guttural "ugh!" marked the disappointment of the Indian, now reduced to his scalping-knife; but before he could determine whether to advance or to retreat, his opponent had darted upon him, and with a single blow from his cutlass, cleft his skull nearly asunder. The next instantaneous purpose of the victor was to advance to the rescue of the exhausted Baynton; but, when he turned to look for him, he saw the mangled form of what had once been that gallant and handsome officer floating, without life or motion, on the blood-stained surface of the Huron, while his fiercest murderer, calmly awaiting the approach of his companions, held up the reeking scalp, in triumph, to the view of the still yelling groups within the block-house.

"Noble, generous, self-devoted fellow!" exclaimed the youth, as he fixed his burning tearless eye for a moment on the unfortunate victim; "even you, then, are not spared to tell the horrid story of this butchery; yet is the fate of the fallen far, far more enviable than that of those who have survived this day." He then committed his cutlass to its sheath; and, leaping into the deep water that lay beyond the bar, was, in a few seconds, once more in the stern of the boat.

Meanwhile, the numerous band, who followed their two first fierce comrades into the lake, bounded rapidly forward: and, so active were their movements, that, at almost the same moment when the second of the youths had gained his temporary place of refuge, they stood yelling and screaming on the sand bar he had just quitted. Two or three, excited to desperation by the blood they had seen spilt, plunged unhesitatingly into the opposite depths of the lake; and the foremost of these was the destroyer of the ill-fated Baynton. With his bloody scalping-knife closely clutched between his teeth, and his tomahawk in his right hand, this fierce warrior buffeted

the waves lustily with one arm, and, noiselessly as in the early part of his pursuit, urged his way towards the boat. In the stern of this a few planks from the schooner had been firmly lashed, to serve as a shield against the weapons of the savages, and was so arranged as to conceal all within while retiring from the shore. A small aperture had, however, been bored for the purpose of observing the movements of the enemy without risk. Through this an eye was now directed, while only the blades of the oars were to be seen projecting from the boat's sides as they reposed in their rowlocks. Encouraged by the seeming apathy and inertness of the crew, the swimming savages paused not to consider of consequences, but continued their daring course as if they had apprehended neither risk nor resistance. Presently a desperate splash was heard near the stern of the boat, and the sinuous form of the first savage was raised above the gunwale, his grim face looking devilish in its smeared war-paint, and his fierce eyes gleaming and rolling like fire-balls in their sockets. Scarcely was he seen, however, when he had again disappeared. A blow from the cutlass that had destroyed his companion descended like lightning on his naked and hairless head; and, in the agony of death, he might be seen grinding his teeth against the knife which the instinctive ferocity of his nature forbade his relinquishing. A yell of fury burst from the savages on the bar, and presently a shower of bullets ran whistling through the air. Several were heard striking the rude rampart in the stern; but, although the boat was scarcely out of pistol-shot, the thickness of the wood prevented injury to those within. Another fierce yell followed this volley; and then nearly a score of warriors, giving their guns in charge to their companions, plunged furiously into the water; and, with an air of the most infuriated determination, leaped rather than swam along its surface.

"Now, then, my lady, give way," said he at the lookout; "there are more than a dozen of the devils in full cry; and our only chance is in flight! Ha! another here!" as, turning to issue these directions, he chanced to see the dark hand of a savage at that moment grasping the gunwale of the boat, as if with a view to retard her movements until the arrival of his companions.

A heavy blow from his cutlass accompanied these words. The fingers, divided at their very roots, rolled to the bottom of the boat, and the carcass of the savage dropped, with a yell of anguish, far in the rear. The heavy oar-blades of the seamen now made play, dashing the lake away in sheets of foam; and, in less than five minutes, the heads of the swimming savages were seen mingling like so many rats upon the water, as they returned once more in disappointment from their fruitless pursuit.

CHAPTER XXII.

The sun had gone down, as he had risen, in all the glories of his autumnal splendour, and twilight was now fast descending on the waters of the Huron. A slight breeze was just beginning to make itself felt from the land, the gradual rising of which was hailed by many an anxious heart, as the schooner, which had been making vain attempts to quit her anchorage during the day, now urged her light bows through the slightly curling element. A death-like silence, interrupted only by the low gruff voice of a veteran seaman, as he issued, in technical language, the necessary orders for the management of the vessel, prevailed every where along her decks. The dress and general appearance of this individual announced him for a petty officer of the royal service; and it was evident, from the tone of authority with which he spoke, he was now in the enjoyment of a temporary command. The crew, consisting of about thirty souls, and chiefly veterans of the same class, were assembled along the gangways, each man wearing a brace of pistols in the belt, which, moreover, secured a naked cut-throat around his loins; and these now lingered near the several guns that were thrown out from their gloomy looking ports, as if ready for some active service. But, although the arming of these men indicated hostile preparation, there was none of that buoyancy of movement and animation of feature to be observed, which so usually characterise the indomitable daring of the British sailor. Some stood leaning their heads pensively on their hands against the rigging and hammocks that were stowed away along the bulwarks, after the fashion of war ships in boarding; others, with arms tightly folded across their chests, gazed earnestly and despondingly on the burning fort in the distance, amid the rolling volumes of smoke and flame from which, ever and anon, arose the fiendish yell of those who, having already sucked, were now re-

ducing it to ashes. Nor was this the only object of their attention. On the sand bank alluded to in our last chapter were to be dimly seen through the growing dusk, the dark outlines of many of the savages, who, frantic with rage at their inability to devote them to the same doom, were still unwilling to quit a spot which approached them nearest to the last surviving objects of their enmity. Around this point were collected numerous canoes, filled also with warriors; and, at the moment when the vessel, obeying the impulse given by her flowing sails, glided from her anchorage, these followed, scudding in her wake, and made a show of attacking her in the stern. The sudden yawing of the schooner, however, in bringing her tier of bristling ports into view, had checked the ardour of the pursuing fleet; and the discharge of a single gun, destroying in its course three of their canoes, and carrying death among those who directed them, had driven them back, in the greatest hurry and confusion, to their yelling and disappointed comrades.

The after-deck of the schooner presented a different, though not less sombre and discouraging scene. On a pile of mattresses lay the light and almost inanimate form of Clara de Haldimar; her fair and redundant hair overshadowing her pallid brow and cheek, and the dress she had worn at the moment of her escape from the fort still spotted with the blood of her generous but unfortunate preserver. Close at her side, with her hands clasped in his, while he watched the expression of deep suffering reflected from each set feature, and yet with the air of one pre-occupied with some other subject of painful interest, sat, on an empty shot-box, the young man in sailor's attire, whose cutlass had performed the double service of destroying his own immediate opponent, and avenging the death of the devoted Baynton. At the head of the rude couch, and leaning against a portion of the schooner's stern-work, stood his companion, who from delicacy appeared to have turned away his eyes from the group below, merely to cast them vacantly on the dark waters through which the vessel was now beginning to urge her course.

Such was the immediate position of this little party, when the gun fired at the Indians was heard booming heavily along the lake. The loud report, in exciting new sources of alarm, seemed to have dissipated the spell that had hitherto chained the energies and perception of the still weak, but now highly excited girl.

"Oh, Captain Baynton, where are we?" she exclaimed, starting up suddenly in terror, and throwing her arms around him who sat at her side, as if she would have clung to him for protection. "Is the horrid massacre not finished yet? Where is Madeline? where is my cousin? Oh, I cannot leave the fort without her."

"Ha! where indeed is she?" exclaimed the youth, as he clasped his trembling and scarcely conscious burden to his chest, "Almighty God, where is she?" Then, after a short pause, and in a voice of tender but exquisite anguish, "Clara, my beloved sister, do you not know me? It is not Baynton but your brother, who now clasps you to his breaking heart."

A deluge of tears was the only answer of the wretched girl. They were the first she had shed,—the first marks of consciousness she had exhibited. Hitherto her heart had been oppressed; every fibre of her brain racked almost to bursting, and filled only with ghastly fitting visions of the dreadful horrors she had seen perpetrated, she had continued, since the moment of her fainting in the block-house, as one bereft of all memory of the past, or apprehension of the present. But now, the full outpouring of her grief relieved her overcharged brain and heart, even while the confused images floating before her recollection acquired a more tangible and painful character. She raised herself a moment from the chest on which her burning head reposed, looked steadfastly in the face that hung anxiously over her own, and saw indeed that it was her brother. She tried to speak, but she could not utter a word, for the memory of all that had occurred that fatal morning rushed with mountain weight upon her fainting spirit, and again she wept, and more bitterly than before.

The young man pressed her in silence to his chest; nor was it until she had given full vent to her grief, that he ventured to address her on the subject of his own immediate sorrows. At length, when she appeared somewhat calm, he observed, in a voice broken by emotion,—

"Clara, dearest, what account have you to give me of Madeline? Has she shared the fate of all? or have you reason to suppose her life has been spared?"

Another burst of tears succeeded to these questions, for coupled with the name of her cousin arose all the horrid associations connected with her loss. As soon, however,

as she could compose herself, she briefly stated all she had witnessed of the affair, from the moment when the boat of the schooner was seen to meet the strange looking object on the water, to that when she had beheld her ill-fated cousin borne away apparently lifeless in the arms of the tall Indian by whom she had been captured.

During this recital, the heart of Captain de Haldimar,—for it was he,—beat audibly against the cheek that still reposed on his breast; but when his sister had, in a faint voice, closed her melancholy narrative with the manner of her cousin's disappearance, he gave a sudden start, uttering at the same time an exclamation of joy.

"Thank God, she still lives!" he cried, pressing his sister once more in fondness to his heart; then turning to his companion, who, although seemingly abstracted, had been a silent and attentive witness of the scene,—"By heaven! Valletort, there is yet a hope. She it was indeed whom we saw borne out of the fort, and subsequently made to walk by the cruel Indian who had charge of her."

"Valletort, Valletort," murmured Clara unconsciously, her sick heart throbbing with she knew not what. "How is this, Frederick?—Where, then, is Captain Baynton? and how came you here?"

"Alas! Clara, poor Baynton is no more. Even at the moment when he confided the unconscious burden, preserved at the peril of his own life, to the arms of Sir Everard here, he fell beneath the tomahawk of a pursuing savage. Poor, noble, generous Baynton," he continued, mournfully; "to him, indeed, Clara, are you indebted for your life; yet was it purchased at the price of his own."

Again the pained and affectionate girl wept bitterly, and her brother proceeded:—

"The strange object you saw on the lake, my love, was nothing more than a canoe disguised with leafy boughs, in which Sir Everard Valletort and myself, under the guidance of old François of the Fleur de lis, whom you must recollect, have made the dangerous passage of the Sinclair in the garb of duck hunters,—which latter we had only discarded on reaching the schooner, in order to assume another we conceived better suited to our purpose. Alas!" and he struck his hand violently against his brow, "had we made directly for the shore without touching the vessel at all, there might have been time to save those we came to apprise of their danger. Do you not think there was, Valletort?"

"Most assuredly not," returned his companion, anxious to remove the impression of self-blame that existed in the mind of Captain de Haldimar. "From the moment of our reaching the schooner, which lay immediately in our route, to that when the shout was raised by the savages as they rushed into the fort, there was scarcely an interval of three minutes; and it would have required a longer period to have enabled us even to gain the shore."

"Thank, thank you for that!" exclaimed the officer, drawing himself up with the air of one who breathes more freely. "I would not, for the wealth and honours of the united world, that such a cause for self-reproach should linger on my mind. By heaven! it would break my heart to think we had been in time to save them, and yet had lost the opportunity through even one moment of neglect." Then turning once more to his sister,—"Now, Clara, that I see you in safety, I have another sacred duty to perform. I must leave you, but not alone."

"What mean you, Frederick?" exclaimed his agitated sister, clinging more closely to his embrace. "Scarce have we met, and you talk of leaving me. Oh, whither would you go?"

"Surely, my love," and he spoke half reproachfully, although with tenderness of accent, "my meaning must be obvious. But what do I say? You know it not. Madeline still lives. We saw her, as we pulled towards the shore, led across the clearing in the direction of Chabouiga. Hear me, then: the canoe in which we came is still towing from the vessel's stern, and in this do I mean to embark, without further loss of time, in search of her who is dearer to me than existence. I know," he pursued with emotion, "I have but little hope of rescuing, even if I do succeed in finding her: but at least I shall not have to suffer under the self-reproach of having neglected the only chance that now lies within my reach. If she be doomed to die, I shall then have nothing left to live for—except you, Clara," he concluded, after a pause, pressing the weeping girl to his heart, as he remarked how much she seemed pained by the declaration.

Having placed his sister once more on the couch, and covered her with a cloak that had been brought from the cabin of the unfortunate commander, Captain de Haldi-

mar now rose from his humble seat, and grasping the hand of his friend,—

"Valletort," he said, "I commit this dear girl to your keeping. Hitherto we have been equal sharers in an enterprise having for its object the preservation of our mutual companions and friends. At present, interests of a more personal nature occupy my attention; and to these I must devote myself alone. I trust you will reach Detroit in safety; and when you have delivered my unfortunate sister into the arms of her father, you will say to him from me, I could not survive the loss of that being to whom I had sworn eternal fidelity and affection. François must be my only companion on this occasion. Nay," he continued, pointing to his sister, in answer to the rising remonstrance of the baronet, "will you desert the precious charge I have confided to your keeping? Recollect, Valletort," in a more subdued tone, "that besides yourself, there will be none near her but rude and uneducated sailors;—honest men enough in their way, it is true; but not the sort of people to whom I should like to confide my poor sister."

The warm and silent pressure by Sir Everard of his hand announced his participation in the sentiment; and Captain de Haldimar now hastened forward to apprise the Canadian of his purpose. He found mine host of the *Fleur de lis* seated in the fore-castle of the schooner; and with an air of the most perfect unconcern discussing a substantial meal, consisting of dried uncooked venison, raw onions, and Indian corn bread, the contents of a large bag or wallet that lay at his feet. No sooner, however, had the impatient officer communicated his design, asking at the same time if he might expect his assistance in the enterprise, than the unfinished meal of the Canadian was discontinued, the wallet refilled, and the large greasy clasp-knife with which the portions had been separated, closed and thrust into a pocket of his blanket coat!

"I shall go to de devils for you, capitaine, if we must," he said, as he raised his portly form, not without effort, from the deck, slapping the shoulder of the officer at the same time somewhat rudely with his hand. There was nothing, however, offensively familiar in this action. It expressed merely the devotedness of heart with which the man lent himself to the service to which he had pledged himself, and was rather complimentary than otherwise to him to whom it was directed. Captain de Haldimar took it in the light in which we have just shown it, and he grasped and shook the rough hand of the Canadian with an earnestness highly gratifying to the latter.

Every thing was now in readiness for their departure. The canoe, still covered with its streaming boughs, was drawn close up to the gangway, and a few hasty necessities thrown in. While this was passing, the officer had again assumed his disguise of a duck-hunter; and he now appeared in the blanket costume in which we introduced Sir Everard and himself in the eleventh chapter.

"If I may be so bold as to put in my oar, your honour,"—said the veteran boatswain, on whom the command of the schooner had fallen, as he now advanced, rolling his quid in his mouth, and dropping his hat on his shoulder, while the fingers of the hand which clutched it were busily occupied in scratching his bald head,— "if I may be so bold, there is another chap here as might better serve your honour's purpose than that 'ere fat Canadian, who seems to think only of stuffing while his betters are fasting."

"And who is he, my good Mullins?" asked Captain de Haldimar.

"Why, that 'ere Indian, your honour, as began the butchery in the fort, yonder, by trying to kill Jack Fuller while he laid asleep this morning, waiting for the captain in the jolly boat. Jack never seed him coming, until he felt his black hands upon his throat, and then he ups with the tiller at his noddle, and sends him floundering across the boat's thwart like a flat-fish. I thought, your honour, seeing as how I have got the command of the schooner, of tying him up to the mainmast, and giving him two or three round dozen or so, and then sending him to swim among the mackerel with a twenty-four pound shot in his neckcloth; but, seeing as how your honour is going among them savages again, I thought as how some good might be done with him, if your honour could contrive to keep him in tow, and close under your lee quarter, to prevent his escape."

"At all events," returned the officer, after a pause of some moments, during which he appeared to be deliberating on his course of action, "it may be dangerous to keep him in the vessel; and yet, if we take him ashore,

he may be the means of our more immediate destruction; unless, indeed, as you observe, he can be so secured as to prevent the possibility of escape; but that I very much doubt indeed. Where is he, Mullins? I should like to see and question him."

"He shall be up, your honour, in no time," replied the sailor, once more resuming his hat, and moving a pace or two forward. Then addressing two or three men in the starboard gangway in the authoritative tone of command:—"Bear a hand there, my men, and cast off the lashings of that black Indian, and send him aft, here, to the officer."

The order was speedily executed. In a few minutes the Indian stood on the quarter-deck, his hands firmly secured behind, and his head sunk upon his chest in sullen despondency. In the increasing gloom in which objects were now gradually becoming more and more indistinct, it was impossible for Captain de Haldimar to distinguish his features; but there was something in the outline of the Indian's form that impressed him with the conviction he had seen it before. Advancing a pace or two forward, he pronounced, in an emphatic and audible whisper, the name of "Oucanasta!"

The Indian gave an involuntary start,—uttered a deep interjectional "Ugh!"—and, raising his head from his chest, fixed his eye heavily on the officer.

"Hookynaster!—Hookynaster!" growled Jack Fuller, who had followed to hear the examination of his immediate captive: "why, your honour, that jaw-breaking name reminds me as how the chap had a bit of a paper when I chucked him into the jolly boat, stuck in his girdle. It was covered over with pencil-marks, as writing like; but all was rubbed out agin, except some such sort of a name as that."

"Where is it?—what have you done with it?" hastily asked Captain de Haldimar.

"Here, in my backy-box, your honour. I kept it safe, thinking as how it might serve to let us know all about it afterwards."

The sailor now drew from the receptacle just named a dirty piece of folded paper, deeply impregnated with the perfume of stale and oft re-chewed quids of coarse tobacco; and then, with the air of one conscious of having "rendered the state some service," hitched up his trousers with one hand, while with the other he extended the important document.

To glance his eye hurriedly over the paper by the light of a dark lantern that had meanwhile been brought upon deck, unclasp his hunting-knife, and divide the ligatures of the captive, and then warmly press his liberated hands within his own, were, with Captain de Haldimar, but the work of a minute.

"Hilloo! which the devil way does the wind blow now?" muttered Fuller, the leer of self-satisfaction that had hitherto played in his eye rapidly giving place to an air of seriousness and surprise; an expression that was not at all diminished by an observation from his new commander.

"I tell you what it is, Jack," said the latter, impressively: "I don't pretend to have more gumption (qu. discernment?) than my messmates; but I can see through a millstone as clear as any man as ever heaved a lead in these here lakes; and may I never pipe boatswain's whistle again, if you ar'n't, some how or other, in the wrong box. That 'ere Indian's one of us!"

The feelings of Captain de Haldimar may easily be comprehended by our readers, when, on glancing at the paper, he found himself confirmed in the impression previously made on him by the outline of the captive's form. The writing, nearly obliterated by damp, had been rudely traced by his own pencil, on a leaf torn from his pocket-book on the night of his visit to the Indian encampment, and at the moment when, seated on the fatal log, Oucanasta had generously promised her assistance in at least rescuing his betrothed bride. They were addressed to Major de Haldimar, and briefly stated that a treacherous plan was in contemplation by the enemy to surprise the fort, which the bearer, Oucanasta (the latter word strongly marked), would fully explain, if she could possibly obtain access within. From the narrative entered into by Clara, who had particularly dwelt on the emotions of fear that had sprung up in her own and cousin's heart by the sudden transformation of a supposed harmless beaver into a fierce and threatening savage, he had no difficulty in solving the enigma.

The Indian, in whom he had recognised the young chief who had saved him from the fury of Wacosta, had evidently been won upon by his sister to perform a service which offered so much less difficulty to a war-

rior than to a woman; and it was clear, that, finding all other means of communication with the fort, undiscovered by his own people, impracticable, he had availed himself of the opportunity, when he saw the boat waiting on the strand, to assume a disguise so well adapted to insure success. It was no remarkable thing to see both the beaver and the otter moving on the calm surface of the waters in the vicinity of the forts, even at mid-day; and, occupied as the Indians were, to a man, at that moment with their cruel projects, it was by no means likely that their attention should have been called off from these to so apparently unimportant a circumstance. The act that had principally alarmed the cousins, and terminated, as we have seen, in the sudden attack of the sailor, had evidently been misconceived. The hand supposed to be feeling for the heart of the sluggard, had, in all probability, been placed on his chest with a view to arouse him from his slumber; while that which was believed to have been dropt to the handle of his knife, was, in reality, merely seeking the paper that contained the announcement, which, if then delivered, might have saved the garrison.

Such was the train of conjecture that now passed through the mind of the officer; but, although he thus placed the conduct of the Indian in the most favourable light, his impression received no confirmation from the lips of the latter. Sullen and doggedly, notwithstanding the release from his bonds, the Ottawa hung his head upon his chest, with his eyes riveted on the deck, and obstinately refused to answer every question put to him by his deliverer. This, however, did not the less tend to confirm Captain de Haldimar in his belief. He knew enough of the Indian character, to understand the indignant, and even revengeful spirit likely to be aroused by the treatment the savage had met with in return for his intended services. He was aware that, without pausing to reflect on the fact, that the sailor, ignorant of his actual purpose, could merely have seen in him an enemy in the act of attempting his life, the chief would only consider and inflame himself over the recollection of the blow inflicted; and that, with the true obstinacy of his race, he would rather suffer captivity or death itself, than humble the haughty pride of his nature, by condescending to an explanation with those by whom he felt himself so deeply injured. Still, even amid all his own personal griefs,—griefs that rendered the boon in some degree at present valueless,—Captain de Haldimar could not forget that the youth, no matter by what motive induced, had rescued him from a dreadful death on a previous occasion. With the generous warmth, therefore, of a grateful mind, he now sought to impress on the Indian the deep sense of obligation under which he laboured; explaining at the same time the very natural error into which the sailor had fallen, and concluding with a declaration that he was free to quit the vessel in the canoe in which he himself was about to take his departure for the shore, in search of her whom his sister had pledged herself, at all hazards, to save.

The address of the officer, touching and impressive as language ever is that comes from the heart, was not altogether without effect on the Indian. Several times he interrupted him with a short, quick, approving "Ugh!" and when he at length received the assurance that he was no longer a prisoner, he raised his eyes rapidly, although without moving his head, to the countenance of his deliverer. Already were his lips opening to speak for the first time, when the attention of the group around him was arrested by his giving a sudden start of surprise. At the same moment he raised his head, stretched his neck, threw forward his right ear, and, uttering a loud and emphatic "Waugh!" pointed with his finger over the bows of the vessel.

All listened for upwards of a minute in mute suspense; and then a faint and scarcely distinguishable sound was heard in the direction in which he pointed. Scarcely had it floated on the air, when a shrill, loud, and prolonged cry, of peculiar tendency, burst hurriedly and eagerly from the lips of the captive; and, spreading over the broad expanse of water, seemed to be re-echoed back from every point of the surrounding shore.

Great was the confusion that followed this startling yell on the decks of the schooner. "Cut the bell-tied down!"—"Chuck him overboard!"—"We are betrayed!"—"Every man to his gun!"—"Put the craft about!" were among the numerous exclamations that now rose simultaneously from at least twenty lips, and almost drowned the loud shriek that burst again from the wretched Clara de Haldimar.

"Stop, Mullins!—Stop, men!" shouted Captain de

Haldimar, firmly, as the excited boatswain, with two or three of his companions, now advanced with the intention of laying violent hands on the Indian. "I will answer for his fidelity with my life. If he be false, it will be time enough to punish him afterwards; but let us calmly await the issue like men. Hear me," he proceeded, as he remarked their incredulous, uncertain, and still threatening air;—"this Indian saved me from the tomahawks of his tribe not a week ago; and, even now, he has become our captive in the act of taking a note from me to the garrison, to warn them of their danger. But for that slumbering fool," he added, bitterly, pointing to Fuller, who slept when he should have watched, "you fort would not now have been what it is,—a mass of smoking ruins. He has an ocean of blood upon his soul, that all the waters of the Huron can never wash out!"

Struck by the vehement manner of the officer, and the disclosure he had just made, the sailors sunk once more into inaction and silence. The boatswain alone spoke.

"I thought, your honour, as how Jack Fuller, who certainly is a better hand at a snooze than a watch, had got into a bit of a mess; but, shiver my topmasts, if I think it's quite fair to blame him, neither, for clapping a stopper on the Indian's cable, seeing as how he was expecting a shot between wind and water. Still, as the chap turns out to be an honest chap, and has saved your honour's life above all, I don't much care if I give him a grip. Here, old fellow, tip us your fist!"

Without seeming to understand that his cry had been productive of general and intense alarm throughout the vessel, the Indian had viewed the sudden rushing of the crew towards him as an act of gratuitous hostility; and, without shrinking from the attack, had once more resumed his original air of dogged sullenness. It was evident to him, from the discussion going on, that some violence, about to be offered to his person, had only been prevented by the interference of the officer. With the natural haughtiness of his savage nature, he therefore rejected the overtures of the sailor, whose hand he had observed among the first that were raised against him.

While the angry boatswain was yet rolling his quid within his capacious jaws, racking his brain for the strongest language wherein to give vent to his indignation, his ears were suddenly saluted by a low but clear "Hilloo!" from the bows of the schooner.

"Ay, ay!" was the brief response.

"There's something approaching us ahead, on the weather fore quarter," continued the same voice, which was that of the man on the look-out.

The most profound silence now pervaded the deck. Every individual, including Captain de Haldimar and the boatswain, had flown to the gangway of the quarter indicated, which was on the side occupied by the couch of the unfortunate Clara. Presently a noise like that produced by a single paddle rapidly dividing the water, was heard by every anxious ear. Night had long since thrown her mantle over the surrounding waste; and all that was to be seen reflected from the boom of the gradually darkening river, scarcely ruffled by the yet incipient breeze, were a few straggling stars, that here and there appeared in the overcast heavens. Hitherto no object could be discovered by those who strained their eyes eagerly and painfully through the gloom, although the sounds became at each moment more distinct. It was evident the party, guided by the noise of the rippling waves that fell from the bows of the schooner, was enabled to follow up a course, the direct clue to which had been indicated by the cry of the captive. Every man stood near his gun on the starboard battery, and the burning matches hanging over their respective buckets ready to be seized at a moment's notice. Still, but little room for apprehension existed: for the practised ear of the mariners could easily tell that a solitary bark alone approached; and of one, or even ten, they entertained no fear. Suddenly, as the course of the vessel was now changed a point to windward,—a movement that brought her bows more off the adjacent shore,—the sound, in which all were more or less interested, was heard not more than twenty yards off, and in a line with the gangway at which the principal of the crew were assembled. In the next minute the low hull of a canoe came in sight, and then a tall and solitary human figure was seen in the stern, bending alternately to the right and to the left, as the paddle was rapidly and successively changed from side to side.

Another deep and exulting "Ugh!" was now heaved from the chest of the Indian, who stood calmly on the

spot on which he had first rested, while Fuller prepared a coil of rope to throw to the active steersman.

"Avast there, Jack!" growled the boatswain, addressing the sailor; "how can the stranger keep the bow of his craft on, and grapple at the same time? Just pass one end of the coil round your waist, and swing yourself gently into her."

The head of the canoe was now near enough for the purpose. The sailor did as he was desired, having previously divested himself of his shoes, and leaping forward, alighted on what appeared to be a bundle of blankets stowed away in her bows. No sooner, however, had he secured his footing, when with another desperate leap, and greatly to the astonishment of all around, he bounded once more to the deck of the schooner, his countenance exhibiting every mark of superstitious alarm. In the act of quitting the canoe he had spurned her violently several feet from the vessel, which the silent steersman was again making every effort to reach.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with you now?" exclaimed the rough boatswain, who, as well as Captain de Haldimar and the rest of the crew, had quitted the gangway to learn the cause of this extraordinary conduct. "Damn my eyes, if you ar'n't worse scared than when the Indian stood over you in the jolly boat."

"Scared, ay, to be sure I am; and so would you be scared too, if you'd a see'd what I did. May I never touch the point at Portsmouth, if I a'n't seen her ghost!"

"Where?—whose ghost?—what ghost?—what do you mean, Jack?" exclaimed several of the startled men in the same breath, while the superstitious dread so common to mariners drew them still closer in the group that encircled their companion.

"Well, then, as I am a miserable sinner," returned the man, impressively, and in a low tone, "I see'd in the bows of the canoe,—and the hand that steered it was not made of flesh and blood like ours,—what do you think?—the ghost of—"

Captain de Haldimar heard no more. At a single bound he had gained the ship's side. He strained his eyes anxiously over the gangway in search of the canoe, but it was gone. A death-like silence throughout the deck followed the communication of the sailor, and in that pause the sound of the receding boat could be heard, not urged, as it had approached, by one paddle, but by two. The heart of the officer throbbed almost to suffocation; and his firmness, hitherto supported by the manly energies of his nature, now failed him quite. Heedless of appearances, regardless of being overlooked, he tottered like a drunken man for support against the mainmast. For a moment or two he leant his head upon his hand, with the air of one immersed in the most profound abstraction; while the crew, at once alarmed and touched by the deep distress into which this mysterious circumstance had plunged him, stood silently and respectfully watching his emotion. Suddenly he started from his attitude of painful repose, like one awakening from a dream, and demanded what had become of the Indian.

Every one looked around, but the captive was no where to be seen. Search was made below, both in the cabin and in the fore decks, and men were sent up aloft to see if he had secreted himself in the rigging; but all returned, stating he was no where to be found. He had disappeared from the vessel altogether, yet no one knew how; for he had not been observed to stir from the spot on which he had first planted himself. It was plain however, he had joined the mysterious party in the canoe, from the fact of the second paddle having been detected; and all attempts at pursuit, without endangering the vessel on the shallows, whither the course of the fugitives was now directed, was declared by the boatswain utterly impracticable.

The announcement of the Indian's disappearance seemed to put the climax to the despair of the unfortunate officer. "Then is our every hope lost!" he groaned aloud, as, quitting the centre of the vessel, he slowly traversed the deck, and once more stood at the side of his no less unhappy and excited sister. For a moment or two he remained with his arms folded across his chest, gazing on the dark outline of her form; and then, in a wild paroxysm of silent, tearless grief, threw himself suddenly on the edge of the couch, and clasping her in a long close embrace to his audibly beating heart, lay like one bereft of all sense and consciousness of surrounding objects.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The night passed away without further event on board the schooner, yet in all the anxiety that might be supposed incident to men so perilously situated. Habits of

long since acquired superstition, too powerful to be easily shaken off, moreover, contributed to the dejection of the mariners, among whom there were not wanting those who believed the silent steersman was in reality what their comrade had represented,—an immaterial being, sent from the world of spirits to warn them of some impending evil. What principally gave weight to this impression were the repeated asseverations of Fuller, during the sleepless night passed by all on deck, that what he had seen was no other, could be no other, than a ghost! exhibiting in its hueless, fleshless cheek, the well known lineaments of one who was supposed to be no more; and, if the story of their comrade had needed confirmation among men in whom faith in, rather than love for, the marvellous was a constitutional ingredient, the terrible effect that seemed to have been produced on Captain de Haldimar by the same mysterious visitation would have been more than conclusive. The very appearance of the night, too, favoured the delusion. The heavens, comparatively clear at the moment when the canoe approached the vessel, became suddenly enveloped in the deepest gloom at its departure, as if to enshroud the course of those who, having so mysteriously approached, had also so unaccountably disappeared. Nor had this threatening state of the atmosphere the counterbalancing advantage of storm and tempest to drive them onward through the narrow waters of the Sinclair, and enable them, by anticipating the pursuit of their enemies, to shun the Scylla and Charbydis that awaited their more leisurely advance. The wind increased not; and the disappointed seamen remarked, with dismay, that their craft scarcely made more progress than at the moment when she first quitted her anchorage.

It was now near the first hours of day; and although, perhaps, none slept, there were few who were not apparently at rest, and plunged in the most painful reflections. Still occupying her humble couch, and shielded from the night air merely by the cloak that covered her own blood-stained garments, lay the unhappy Clara, her deep groans and stifled sobs bursting occasionally from her pent-up heart, and falling on the ears of the mariners like sounds of fearful import, produced by the mysterious agency that already bore such undivided power over their thoughts. On the bare deck, at her side, lay her brother, his face turned upon the planks, as if to shut out all objects from eyes he had not the power to close; and, with one arm supporting his heavy brow, while the other, cast around the restless form of his beloved sister, seemed to offer protection and to impart confidence, even while his lips denied the accents of consolation. Seated on an empty hen-coop at their head, was Sir Everard Valletort, his back reposing against the bulwarks of the vessel, his arms folded across his chest, and his eyes bent mechanically on the man at the helm, who stood within a few paces of him,—an attitude of absorption, which he, ever and anon, changed to one of anxious and enquiring interest, whenever the agitation of Clara was manifested in the manner already shown.

The main deck and fore-castle of the vessel presented a similar picture of mingled inquietness and repose. Many of the seamen might be seen seated on the gun-carriages, with their cheeks pressing the rude metal that served them for a pillow. Others lay along the decks, with their heads resting on the elevated hatches; while not a few, squatted on their haunches with their knees doubled up to their very chins, supported in that position the aching head that rested between their rough and horny palms. A first glance might have induced the belief that all were buried in the most profound slumber; but the quick jerking of a limb,—the fitful, sudden shifting of a position,—the utter absence of that deep breathing which indicates the unconsciousness of repose, only required to be noticed, to prove the living silence that reigned throughout was not born either of apathy or sleep.

At the gangway at which the canoe had approached now stood the individual already introduced to our readers as Jack Fuller. The same superstitious terror that caused his flight had once more attracted him to the spot where the subject of his alarm first appeared to him; and, without seeming to reflect that the vessel, in her slow but certain progress, had left all vestige of the mysterious visitant behind, he continued gazing over the bulwarks on the dark waters, as if he expected at each moment to find his sight stricken by the same appalling vision. It was at the moment when he had worked u-

in pacing up and down the decks, watching the aspect of the heavens, and occasionally tauting a rope or squaring a light yard, unassisted, as the fluttering of the canvass in the wind rendered the alteration necessary.

"Well, Jack!" bluntly observed the latter in a gruff whisper that resembled the suppressed growling of a mastiff, "what are ye thinking of now?—Not got over your flummetsification yet, that ye stand here, looking as sanctified as an old parson?"

"I'll tell ye what it is, Mr. Mullins," returned the sailor, in the same key; "you may make as much game on me as you like; but these here strange sort of doings are somehow quizzical; and, though I fears nothing in the shape of flesh and blood, still, when it comes to having to do with those as is gone to Davy Jones' locker like, it gives a fellow an all overhissness as isn't quite the thing. You understand me?"

"Hang me if I do!" was the brief rejoinder.

"Well, then," continued Fuller, "if I must out with it, I must. I think that 'ere Ingian must have been the devil, or how could he come so sudden and unbeknownst upon me, with the head of a 'possum; and then agin, how could he get away from the craft without our seeing him? and how came the ghost on board of the canoe?"

"Avast there, old fellow; you means not the head of a 'possum, but a beaver: but that 'ere's all nat'r'l enough, and easily 'counted for; but you hav'n't told us whose ghost it was, after all."

"No; the captain made such a spring to the gunwale, as frightened it all out of my head: but come closer, Mr. Mullins, and I'll whisper it in your ear.—Hark! what was that?"

"I hears nothing," said the boatswain, after a pause.

"It's very odd," continued Fuller; "but I thought as how I heard it several times afore you came."

"There's something wrong, I take it, in your upper story, Jack Fuller," coolly observed his companion; "that 'ere ghost has quite capsizeed you."

"Hark, again!" repeated the sailor. "Did'n't you hear it then? A sort of a groan, like."

"Where, in what part?" calmly demanded the boatswain; though in the same suppressed tone in which the dialogue had been carried on.

"Why, from the canoe that lies alongside there. I heard it several times afore."

"Well, if you arn't turned a real coward at last," politely remarked Mr. Mullins. "Can't the poor fat devil of a Canadian snooze a bit in his hammock, without putting you so completely out of your reckoning?"

"The Canadian—the Canadian!" hurriedly returned Fuller: "why, don't you see him there, leaning with his back to the mainmast, and as fast asleep as if the devil himself couldn't wake him?"

"Then it was the devil, you heard, if you like," quaintly retorted Mullins: "but bear a hand and tell us all about this here ghost."

"Hark, again! what was that?" once more enquired the excited sailor.

"Only a gust of wind passing through the dried boughs of the canoe," said the boatswain: "but since we can get nothing out of that crazed noddle of yours, see if you can't do something with your hands. That 'ere canoe running alongside, takes half a knot off the ship's way. Bear a hand then, and cast off the painter, and let her drop astern, that she may follow in our wake. Hilloa! what's the matter with the man now?"

And well might he ask. With his eye-balls staring, his teeth chattering, his body half bent, and his arms thrown forward, yet pendent as if suddenly arrested in that position while in the act of reaching the rope, the terrified sailor stood gazing on the stern of the canoe; in which, by the faint light of the dawning day, was to be seen an object well calculated to fill the least superstitious heart with terror and dismay. Through an opening in the foliage peered the pale and spectral face of a human being, with its dull eyes bent fixedly and mechanically upon the vessel. In the centre of the wan forehead was a dark incrustation as of blood, covering the superficies of a newly closed wound. The pallid mouth was partially unclenched, so as to display a row of white and apparently lipless teeth; and the features were otherwise set and drawn, as those of one who is no longer of earth. Around the head was bound a covering so close, as to conceal every part save the face; and once or twice a hand was slowly raised, and pressed upon the blood spot that dimmed the passing fairness of the brow. Every other portion of the form was invisible.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the boatswain, in a voice that, now elevated to more than its natural tone, sounded startlingly on the stillness of the scene; "sure enough it is, indeed, a ghost!"

"Ha! do you believe me now?" returned Fuller, gaining confidence from the admission of his companion, and in the same elevated key. "It is, as I hope to be saved, the ghost I see'd afore."

The commotion on deck was now every where universal. The sailors started to their feet, and, with horror and alarm visibly imprinted on their countenances, rushed tumultuously towards the dreaded gangway.

"Make way—room, fellows!" exclaimed a hurried voice; and presently Captain de Haldimar, who had bounded like lightning from the deck, appeared with eager eye and excited cheek among them. To leap into the bows of the canoe, and disappear under the foliage, was the work of a single instant. All listened breathlessly for the slightest sound; and then every heart throbbed with the most undefinable emotions, as his lips were heard giving utterance to the deep emotion of his own spirit.—

"Madeline, oh, my own lost Madeline!" he exclaimed with almost frantic energy of passion: "do I then press you once more to my dying heart? Speak, speak to me—for God's sake speak, or I shall go mad! Air, air,—she wants air only—she cannot be dead."

These last words were succeeded by the furious rending asunder of the fastenings that secured the boughs, and presently the whole went overboard, leaving revealed the tall and picturesque figure of the officer; whose left arm encircled while it supported the reclining and powerless form of one who well resembled, indeed, the spectre for which she had been mistaken, while his right hand was busied in detaching the string that secured a portion of the covering round her throat. At length it fell from her shoulders; and the well known form of Madeline de Haldimar, clad even in the vestments in which they had been wont to see her, met the astonished gaze of the excited seamen. Still there were some who doubted it was the corporeal woman whom they beheld; and several of the crew who were catholics even made the sign of the cross as the supposed spirit was now borne up the gangway in the arms of the pained yet gratified Do Haldimar: nor was it until her feet were seen finally resting on the deck, that Jack Fuller could persuade himself it was indeed Miss de Haldimar, and not her ghost, that lay clasped to the heart of the officer.

With the keen rush of the morning air upon her brow returned the suspended consciousness of the bewildered Madeline. The blood came slowly and imperceptibly to her cheek; and her eyes, hitherto glazed, fixed, and inexpressive, looked enquiringly, yet with stupid wonderment, around. She started from the embrace of her lover, gazed alternately at his disguise, at himself, and at Clara; and then passing her hand several times rapidly across her brow, uttered an hysterical scream, and threw herself impetuously forward on the bosom of the sobbing girl; who, with extended arms, parted lips, and heaving bosom, sat breathlessly awaiting the first dawn of the returning reason of her more than sister.

We should vainly attempt to paint all the heart-rending misery of the scene exhibited in the gradual restoration of Miss de Haldimar to her senses. From a state of torpor, produced by the freezing of every faculty into almost idiocy, she was suddenly awakened to all the terrors of the past; and the deep intonations of her rich voice were heard only in expressions of agony, that entered into the most iron-hearted of the assembled seamen; while they drew from the bosom of her gentle and sympathising cousin fresh bursts of desolating grief. Imagination itself would find difficulty in supplying the harrowing effect upon all, when, with upraised hands, and on her bended knees, her large eyes turned wildly up to heaven, she invoked in deep and startling accents the terrible retribution of a just God on the inhuman murderers of her father, with whose life-blood her garments were profusely saturated; and then, with hysterical laughter, demanded why she alone had been singled out to survive the bloody tragedy. Love and affection, hitherto the first principles of her existence, then found no entrance into her mind. Stricken, broken-hearted, stultified to all feeling save that of her immediate wretchedness, she thought only of the horrible scenes through which she had passed; and even he, whom at another moment she could have clasped in an agony of fond tenderness to her beating bosom,—he to whom she had pledged her virgin faith, and was bound by the dearest of human ties,—he whom she had so often

longed to behold once more, and had thought of, the preceding day, with all the tenderness of her impassioned and devoted soul,—even he did not, in the first hours of her terrible consciousness, so much as command a single passing regard. All the affections were for a period blighted in her bosom. She seemed as one devoted, without the power of resistance, to a grief which calcined and preyed upon all other feelings of the mind. One stunning and annihilating reflection seemed to engross every principle of her being; nor was it for hours after she had been restored to life and recollection that a deluge of burning tears, giving relief to her heart and a new direction to her feelings, enabled her at length to separate the past from, and in some degree devote herself to, the present. Then, indeed, for the first time did she perceive and take pleasure in the presence of her lover; and clasping her beloved and weeping Clara to her heart, thank her God, in all the fervour of true piety, that she at least had been spared to shed a ray of comfort on her distracted spirit. But we will not pain the reader by dwelling on a scene that drew tears even from the rugged and flint-nerved boatswain himself; for, although we should linger on it with minute anatomical detail, no powers of language we possess could convey the transcript as it should be. Pass we on, therefore, to the more immediate incidents of our narrative.

The day now rapidly developing, full opportunity was afforded the mariners to survey the strict nature of their position. To all appearance they were yet in the middle of the lake, for around them lay the belting sweep of forest that bounded the perspective of the equidistant circle, of which their bark was the focus or immediate centre. The wind was dying gradually away, and when at length the sun rose, in all his splendour, there was scarce air enough in the heavens to keep the sails from flapping against the masts, or to enable the vessel to obey her helm. In vain was the low and peculiar whistle of the seamen heard, ever and anon, in invocation of the departing breeze. Another day, calm and breathless as the preceding, had been chartered from the world of light; and their hearts failed them, as they foresaw the difficulty of their position, and the almost certainty of their retreat being cut off. It was while labouring under the disheartening consciousness of danger, peculiar to all, that the anxious boatswain summoned Captain de Haldimar and Sir Everard Valletort, by a significant beck of the finger, to the side of the deck opposite to that on which still lay the suffering and nearly broken-hearted girls.

"Well, Mullins, what now?" enquired the former, as he narrowly scanned the expression of the old man's features: "that clouded brow of yours, I fear me, bodes no agreeable information."

"Why, your honour, I scarcely knows what to say about it; but seeing as I'm the only officer in the ship, now our poor captain is killed, God bless him! I thought I might take the liberty to consult with your honours as to the best way of getting out of the jaws of them sharks of Ingians; and two heads, as the saying is, is always better than one."

"And now you have the advantage of three," observed the officer, with a sickly smile; "but I fear, Mullins, that if your own be not sufficient for the purpose, ours will be of little service. You must take counsel from your own experience and knowledge of nautical matters."

"Why, to be sure, your honour," and the sailor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, "I think I may say as how I'll venture to steer the craft with any man on the Canada lakes, and bring her safe into port too; but seeing as how I'm only a petty officer, and not yet recommended by his worship the governor for the full command, I thought it but right to consult with my superiors, not as to the management of the craft, but the best as is to be done. What does your honour think of making for the high land over the larboard bow yonder, and waiting for the chance of the night breeze to take us through the Sinclair?"

"Do whatever you think best," returned the officer. "For my part, I scarcely can give an opinion. Yet how are we to get there? There does not appear to be a breath of wind."

"Oh, that's easily managed; we have only to brail and furl up a little, to hide our cloth from the Ingians, and then send the boats a-head to tow the craft, while some of us lend a hand at her own sweeps. We shall get close under the lee of the land afore night, and then we must pull up agin along shore, until we get within a mile or so of the head of the river."

"But shall we not be seen by our enemies?" asked

Sir Everard; "and will they not be on the watch for our movements, and intercept our retreat?"

"Now that's just the thing, your honour, as they're not likely to do, if so be as we bears away for yon headlands. I knows every nook and sounding round the lake; and odd enough if I didn't, seeing as how the craft circumnavigated it, at least, a dozen times since we have been cooped up here. Poor Captain Danvers! (may the devil take his murderers, I say, though it does make a commander of me for once;) he used always to make for that 'ere point, whenever he wished to lie quiet; for never once did we see so much as a single Indian on the headland. No, your honour, they keeps all at t'other side of the lake, seeing as how that is the main road from Mackina to Detroit."

"Then, by all means, do so," eagerly returned Captain de Haldimar. "Oh, Mullins! take us but safely through, and if the interest of my father can procure you a king's commission, you shall not want it, believe me."

"And if half my fortune can give additional stimulus to exertion, it shall be shared, with pleasure, between yourself and crew," observed Sir Everard.

"Thank your honours,—thank your honours," said the boatswain, somewhat electrified by these brilliant offers. "The lads may take the money, if they like; all I cares about is the king's commission. Give me but a swab on my shoulder, and the money will come fast enough of itself. But, still, shiver my topails, if I wants any bribery to make me do my duty; besides, if 'twas only for them poor girls alone, I would go through fire and water to save them. I'm not very chicken-hearted in my old age, your honours, but I don't recollect the time when I blubbered so much as I did when Miss Madeline come aboard. But I can't bear to think of it; and now let us see and get all ready for towing."

Every thing now became bustle and activity on board the schooner. The matches, no longer required for the moment, were extinguished, and the heavy cutlasses and pistols unbuckled from the loins of the men, and deposited near their respective guns. Light forms flew aloft, and, standing out upon the yards, loosely furling the sails that had previously been hauled and clewed up; but, as this was an operation requiring little time in so small a vessel, those who were engaged in it speedily glided to the deck again, ready for a more arduous service. The boats had, meanwhile, been got forward, and into these the sailors sprang, with an alacrity that could scarcely have been expected from men who had passed not only the preceding night, but many before it, in utter sleeplessness and despair. But the imminence of the danger, and the evident necessity existing for exertion, aroused them to new energy; and the hitherto motionless vessel was now made to obey the impulse given by the tow ropes of the boats, in a manner that proved their crews to have entered on their toil with the determination of men, resolved to devote themselves in earnest to their task. Nor was the spirit of action confined to these. The long sweeps of the schooner had been shipped, and such of the crew as remained on board laboured effectually at them,—a service, in which they were essentially aided, not only by mine host of the *Fleur de lis*, but by the young officers themselves.

At mid-day the headlands were seen looming largely in the distance, while the immediate shores of the ill-fated fortress were momentarily, and in the same proportion, disappearing under the dim line of horizon in the rear. More than half their course, from the spot whence they commenced towing, had been completed, when the harassed men were made to quit their oars, in order to partake of the scanty fare of the vessel, consisting chiefly of dried bear's meat and venison. Spirit of any description they had none; but, unlike their brethren of the Atlantic, when driven to extremities in food, they knew not what it was to poison the nutritious properties of the latter by sipping the putrid drops of the water-cask; in quantities scarce sufficient to quench the fire of their parched palates. Unslaked thirst was a misery unknown to the mariners of these lakes: it was but to cast their buckets deep into the tempting element, and water, pure, sweet, and grateful as any that ever bubbled from the moss-clad fountain of sylvan deity, came cool and refreshing to their lips, neutralising, in a measure, the crudities of the coarsest food. It was to this incalculable advantage the crew of the schooner had been principally indebted for their health, during the long series of privation, as far as related to fresh provisions and rest, to which they had been subjected. All appeared as vigorous in frame, and robust in health, as at the moment when they had last quitted the waters of the Detroit; and but for the inward sinking of the spirit, reflected in many a bronzed and furrowed brow, there

was little to show they had been exposed to any very extraordinary trials.

Their meal having been hastily despatched, and sweetened by a draught from the depths of the Huron, the seamen once more sprang into their boats, and devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the completion of their task, pulling with a vigour that operated on each and all with a tendency to encouragement and hope. At length the vessel, still impelled by her own sweeps, gradually approached the land; and at rather more than an hour before sunset was so near that the moment was deemed arrived when, without danger of being perceived, she might be run up along the shore to the point alluded to by the boatswain. Little more than another hour was occupied in bringing her to her station; and the red tints of departing day were still visible in the direction of the ill-fated fortress of Michillimackinac, when the sullen rumbling of the cable, following the heavy splash of the anchor, announced the place of momentary concealment had been gained.

The anchorage lay between two projecting headlands; to the outermost extremities of which were to be seen, overhanging the lake, the stately birch and pine, connected at their base by an impenetrable brushwood, extending to the very shore, and affording the amplest concealment, except from the lake side and the banks under which the schooner was moored. From the first quarter, however, little danger was incurred, as any canoes the savages might send in discovery of their course, must unavoidably be seen the moment they appeared over the line of the horizon, while, on the contrary, their own vessel, although much larger, resting on and identified with the land, must be invisible, except on a very near approach. In the opposite direction they were equally safe; for, as Mullins had truly remarked, none, save a few wandering hunters, whom chance occasionally led to the spot, were to be met with in a part of the country that lay so completely out of the track of communication between the fortresses. It was, however, but to double the second headland in their front, and they came within view of the Sinclair, the head of which was situated little more than a league beyond the spot where they now lay. Thus secure for the present, and waiting only for the rising of the breeze, of which the setting sun had given promise, the sailors once more snatched their hasty refreshment, while two of their number were sent aloft to keep a vigilant look-out along the circuit embraced by the ensnouring headlands.

During the whole of the day the cousins had continued on deck clasped in each other's arms, and shedding tears of bitterness, and heaving the most heart-rending sobs at intervals, yet but rarely conversing. The feelings of both were too much oppressed to admit of the utterance of their grief. The vampire of despair had banqueted on their hearts. Often had Sir Everard and De Haldimar paused momentarily from the labour of their oars, to cast an eye of anxious solicitude on the scarcely conscious girls, wishing, rather than expecting, to find the violence of their desolation abated, and that, in the full expansion of unreserved communication, they were relieving their sick hearts from the terrible weight of woe that bore them down. Captain de Haldimar had even once or twice essayed to introduce the subject himself, in the hope that some fresh paroxysm, following their disclosures, would remove the horrible stupefaction of their senses; but the wild look and excited manner of Madeline, whenever he touched on the chord of her affliction, had as often caused him to desist.

Towards the evening, however, her natural strength of character came in aid of his quiescent efforts to soothe her; and she appeared not only more composed, but more sensible of the impression produced by surrounding objects. As the last rays of the sun were tinging the horizon, she drew up her form in a sitting position against the bulwarks, and, raising her clasped hands to heaven, while her eyes were bent long and fixedly on the distant west, appeared for some minutes wholly lost in that attitude of absorption. Then she closed her eyes; and through the swollen lids came coursing, one by one, over her quivering cheek, large tears, that seemed to scald a furrow where they passed. After this she became more calm—her respiration more free; and she even consented to taste the humble meal which the young man now offered for the third time. Neither Clara nor herself had eaten food since the preceding morning; and the weakness of their frames contributed not a little to the increasing despondency of their spirits; but, notwithstanding several attempts previously made, they had rejected what was offered them, with insurmountable loathing. When they had now swallowed a few morsels of the sliced venison ham, prepared with all the delicacy

the nearly exhausted resources of the vessel could supply, accompanied by a small portion of the corn-bread of the Canadian, Captain de Haldimar prevailed on them to swallow a few drops of the spirit that still remained in the canteen given them by Erskine on their departure from Detroit. The genial liquid sent a kindling glow to their chilled hearts, and for a moment deadened the pungency of their anguish; and then it was that Miss de Haldimar entered briefly on the horrors she had witnessed, while Clara, with her arm encircling her waist, fixed her dim and swollen eyes, from which a tear ever and anon rolled heavily to her lap, on those of her beloved cousin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Without borrowing the affecting language of the unhappy girl—a language rendered even more touching by the peculiar pathos of her tones, and the searching agony of spirit that burst at intervals through her narrative—we will merely present our readers with a brief summary of what was gleaned from her melancholy disclosure. On bearing her cousin to the bed-room, after the terrifying yell first heard from without the fort, she had flown down the front stairs of the block-house, in the hope of reaching the guard-room in time to acquaint Captain Baynton with what she and Clara had witnessed from their window. Scarcely, however, had she gained the exterior of the building, when she saw that officer descending from a point of the rampart immediately on her left, and almost in a line with the block-house. He was running to overtake and return the ball of the Indian players, which had, at that moment, fallen into the centre of the fort, and was now rolling rapidly away from the spot on which Miss de Haldimar stood. The course of the ball led the pursuing officer out of the reach of her voice; and it was not until he had overtaken and thrown it again over the rampart, she could succeed in claiming his attention. No sooner, however, had he heard her hurried statement, than, without waiting to take the orders of his commanding officer, he prepared to join his guard, and gave directions for the immediate closing of the gates. But the opportunity was now lost. The delay occasioned by the chase and recovery of the ball had given the Indians time to approach the gates in a body, while the unsuspecting soldiery looked on without so much as dreaming to prevent them; and Captain Baynton had scarcely moved forward in execution of his purpose, when the yelling fiends were seen already possessing themselves of the drawbridge, and exhibiting every appearance of fierce hostility. Wild, maddened at the sight, the almost frantic Madeline, alive only to her father's danger, rushed back towards the council room, whence the startling yell from without had already been echoed, and where the tramp of feet, and the clashing of weapons, were distinguishable.

Cut off from his guard, by the rapid inundation of warriors, Captain Baynton had at once seen the futility of all attempts to join the men, and his first impression evidently had been to devote himself to the preservation of the cousins. With this view he turned hastily to Miss de Haldimar, and hurriedly naming the back staircase of the block-house, urged her to direct her flight to that quarter. But the excited girl had neither consideration nor fear for herself; she thought only of her father; and, even while the fierceness of contest was as its height within, she suddenly burst into the council room. The confusion and horror of the scene that met her eyes no language can render: blood was flowing in every direction, and dying and dead officers, already stripped of their scalps, were lying strewn about the room. Still the survivors fought with all the obstinacy of despair; and many of the Indians had shared the fate of their victims. Miss de Haldimar attempted to reach her father, then vigorously combating with one of the most desperate of the chiefs; but, before she could dart through the intervening crowd, a savage seized her by the hair, and brandished a tomahawk rapidly over her neck. At that moment Captain Baynton sent his glittering blade deep into the heart of the Indian, who, relinquishing his grasp, fell dead at the feet of his intended victim. The devoted officer then threw his left arm round her waist, and parrying with his sword-arm the blows of those who sought to intercept his flight, dragged his reluctant burden towards the door. Holy pressed by the remaining officers, nearly equal in number, the Indians were now compelled to turn and defend themselves in front, when Captain Baynton took that opportunity of getting once more into the corridor, not, however, without having received a severe wound immediately behind the right ear, and leaving a skirt and

lappel of his uniform in the hands of two savages who had successively essayed to detain him. At that moment the band without had succeeded in forcing open the door of the guard room; and the officer saw, at a glance, there was little time left for decision. In hurried and imploring accents he besought Miss de Haldimar to forget every thing but her own danger, and to summon resolution to tear herself from the scene; but prayer and entreaty, and even force, were alike employed in vain. Clinging firmly to the rude balustrades, she refused to be led up the staircase, and wildly resisting all his efforts to detach her hands, declared she would again return to the scene of death, in which her beloved parent was so conspicuous an actor. While he was yet engaged in this fruitless attempt to force her from the spot, the door of the council-room was suddenly burst open, and a group of bleeding officers, among whom was Major de Haldimar, followed by their yelling enemies, rushed wildly into the passage, and, at the very foot of the stairs where they yet stood, the combat was renewed. From that moment Miss de Haldimar lost sight of her generous protector. Meanwhile the tumult of execrations, and groans, and yells, was at its height; and one by one she saw the unhappy officers sink beneath weapons yet reeking with the blood of their comrades, until not more than three or four, including her father and the commander of the schooner, were left. At length Major de Haldimar, overcome by exertion, and faint from wounds, while his wild eye darted despairingly on his daughter, had his sword-arm desperately wounded, when the blade dropped to the earth, and a dozen weapons glittered above his head. The wild shriek that had startled Clara then burst from the agonised heart of her maddened cousin, and she darted forward to cover her father's head with her arms. But her senses failed her in the attempt; and the last thing she recollected was falling over the weltering form of Middleton, who pressed her, as she lay there, in the convulsive energy of death, to his almost pulseless heart.

A vague consciousness of being raised from the earth, borne rapidly through the air, came over her even in the midst of her insensibility, but without any definite perception of the present, or recollection of the past, until she suddenly, when about midway between the fort and the point of wood that led to Chabouiga, opened her eyes, and found herself in the firm grasp of an Indian, whose features, even in the hasty and fearful glance she cast at the countenance, she fancied were not unfamiliar to her. Not another human being was to be seen in the clearing at that moment; for all the savages, including even the women assembled outside, were now within the fort assisting in the complex horrors of murder, fire, and spoliation. In the wild energy of returning reason and despair, the wretched girl struggled violently to free herself; and so far with success, that the Indian, whose strength was evidently fast failing him, was compelled to quit his hold, and suffer her to walk. No sooner did Miss de Haldimar feel her feet touching the ground, when she again renewed her exertions to free herself, and return to the fort; but the Indian held her firmly secured by a leathern thong he now attached to her waist, and every attempt proved abortive. He was evidently much disconcerted at her resistance; and more than once she expected, and almost hoped, the tomahawk at his side would be made to revenge him for the test to which his patience was subjected: but Miss de Haldimar looked in vain for the expression of ferocity and impatience that might have been expected from him at such a moment. There was an air of mournfulness, and even kindness, mingled with severity, on his smooth brow that harmonised ill with the horrible atrocities in which he had, to all appearance, covered as he was with blood, been so recent and prominent an actor. The Indian remarked her surprise; and then looking hurriedly, but keenly, around, and finding no living being near them, suddenly tore the shirt from his chest, and emphatically pronouncing the names "Oucanasta," "de Haldimar," disclosed to the still struggling captive the bosom of a woman. After which, pointing in the direction of the wood, and finally towards Detroit, she gave Miss de Haldimar to understand that was the course intended to be pursued.

In a moment the resistance of the latter ceased. She at once recognised the young Indian woman whom her cousin had rescued from death: and aware, as she was, of the strong attachment that had subsequently bound her to her preserver, she was at no loss to understand how she might have been led to devote herself to the rescue of one whom, it was probable, she knew to be his affianced wife. Once, indeed, a suspicion of a different nature crossed her mind; for the thought occurred to her

she had only been saved from the general doom to be made the victim of private revenge—that it was only to glut the jealous vengeance of the woman at a more deliberative hour, she had been made a temporary captive. The apprehension, however, was no sooner formed than extinguished. Bitterly, deeply as she had reason to abhor the treachery and cunning of the dark race to which her captor belonged, there was an expression of openness and sincerity, and even imploringness, in the countenance of Oucanasta, which, added to her former knowledge of the woman, at once set this fear at rest, inducing her to look upon her rather in the character of a disinterested saviour, than in that of a cruel and vindictive enemy, goaded on to the indulgence of malignant hate by a spirit of rivalry and revenge. Besides, even were her cruellest fears to be realised, what could await her worse than the past? If she could even succeed in getting away, it would only be to return upon certain death; and death only could await her, however refined the tortures accompanying its infliction, in the event of her quietly following and yielding herself up to the guidance of one who offered this slight consolation, at least, that she was of her own sex. But Miss de Haldimar was willing to attribute more generous motives to the Indian; and fortified in her first impression, she signified by signs, that seemed to be perfectly intelligible to her companion, she appreciated her friendly intentions, and confided wholly in her.

No longer checked in her efforts, Oucanasta now directed her course towards the wood, still holding the thong that remained attached to Miss de Haldimar's waist, probably with a view to deceive any individuals from the villages on whom they might chance to fall, into the belief that the English girl was in reality her prisoner. No sooner, however, had they entered the depths of the forest, when, instead of following the path that led to Chabouiga, Oucanasta took a direction to the left, and then moving nearly on a parallel line with the course of the lake, continued her flight as rapidly as the rude nature of the underwood, and the unpractised feet of her companion, would permit. They had travelled in this manner for upwards of four hours, without meeting a breathing thing, or even so much as exchanging a sound between themselves, when, at length, the Indian stopped at the edge of a deep cavern-like excavation in the earth, produced by the tearing up, by the wild tempest, of an enormous pine. Into this she descended, and presently re-appeared with several blankets, and two light painted paddles. Then unloosing the thong from the waist of the exhausted girl, she proceeded to disguise her in one of the blankets in the manner already shown, securing it over the head, throat, and shoulders with the badge of captivity, now no longer necessary for her purpose. She then struck off at right angles from the course they had previously pursued; and in less than twenty minutes both stood on the lake shore, apparently at a great distance from the point whence they had originally set out. The Indian gazed for a moment anxiously before her; and then, with an exclamation, evidently meant to convey a sense of pleasure and satisfaction, pointed forward upon the lake. Miss de Haldimar followed, with eager and aching eyes, the direction of her finger, and beheld the well known schooner evidently urging her flight towards the entrance of the Sinclair. Oh, how her sick heart seemed ready to burst at that moment! From the vessel she turned her eyes away upon the distant shore, which it was fast quitting, and beheld a column of mingled flame and smoke towering far above the horizon, and attesting the universal wreck of what had so long been endeared to her as her home. And she had witnessed all this, and yet had strength to survive it!

The courage of the unhappy girl had hitherto been sustained by no effort of volition of her own. From the moment when, discovering a friend in Oucanasta, she had yielded herself unresistingly to the guidance of that generous creature, her feelings had been characterised by an obtuseness strongly in contrast with the high excitement that had distinguished her previous manner. A dreamy recollection of some past horror, it is true, pursued her during her rapid and speechless flight; but any analysis of the causes conducing to that horror, her subjugated faculties were unable to enter upon. She had followed her conductor almost without consciousness, and with such deep absorption of spirit, that she neither once conjectured whither they were going, nor what was to be the final issue of their flight. But now, when she stood on the lake shore, suddenly awakened, as if by some startling spell, to every harrowing recollection, and with her attention assisted by objects long endeared, and rendered familiar to her gaze—when she beheld the ves-

sel that had last borne her across the still bosom of the Huron, fleeing for ever from the fortress where her arrival had been so joyously hailed—when she saw that fortress itself presenting the hideous spectacle of a blackened mass of ruins fast crumbling into nothingness, a faintness, as of death, came over her, and she sank without life on the beach. Of what passed afterwards, she had no recollection. She neither knew how she had got into the canoe, nor what means the Indian had taken to secure her approach to the schooner. She had no consciousness of having been removed to the bark of the Canadian, nor did she even remember having risen and gazed through the foliage on the vessel at her side; but she presumed, the chill air of morning having partially restored pulsation, she had moved instinctively from her recumbent position to the spot in which her spectre-like countenance had been perceived by Fuller. The first moment of her returning reason was that when, standing on the deck of the schooner, she found herself so unexpectedly clasped to the heart of her lover.

Twilight had entirely passed away when Miss de Haldimar completed her sad narrative; and already the crew, roused to exertion by the swelling breeze, were once more engaged in weighing the anchor, and setting and trimming the sails of the schooner, which latter soon began to shoot round the concealing headland into the opening of the Sinclair. A deathlike silence prevailed throughout the decks of the little bark, as her bows, dividing the waters of the basin that formed its source, gradually immersed into the current of that deep but narrow river; so narrow, indeed, that from its centre the least active of the mariners might have leaped without difficulty to either shore. This was the most critical part of the dangerous navigation. With a wide seaboard, and full command of their helm, they had nothing to fear; but so limited was the passage of this river, it was with difficulty the yards and masts of the schooner could be kept disengaged from the projecting boughs of the dense forest that lined the adjacent shores to their very junction with the water. The darkness of the night, moreover, while it promised to shield them from the observation of the savages, contributed greatly to perplex their movements; for such was the abruptness with which the river wound itself round in various directions, that it required a man constantly on the alert at the bows to apprise the helmsman of the course he should steer, to avoid collision with the shores. Canopies of weaving branches met in various directions far above their heads, and through these the schooner glided with a silence that might have called up the idea of a Stygian freight. Meanwhile, the men stood to their guns, concealing the matches in their water-buckets as before; and, while they strained both ear and eye through the surrounding gloom to discover the slightest evidence of danger, grasped the handles of their cutlasses with a firm hand, ready to unsheathe them at the first intimation of alarm.

At the suggestion of the boatswain, who hinted at the necessity of having cleared decks, Captain de Haldimar had prevailed on his unfortunate relatives to retire to the small cabin arranged for their reception; and here they were attended by an aged female, who had long followed the fortunes of the crew, and acted in the twofold character of laundress and sempstress. He himself, with Sir Everard, continued on deck watching the progress of the vessel with an anxiety that became more intense at each succeeding hour. Hitherto their course had been unimpeded, save by the obstacles already enumerated; and they had now, at about an hour before dawn, gained a point that promised a speedy termination to their dangers and perplexities. Before them lay a reach in the river, enveloped in more than ordinary gloom, produced by the continuous weaving of the tops of the overhanging trees; and in the perspective, a gleam of relieving light, denoting the near vicinity of the lake that lay at the opposite extremity of the Sinclair, whose name it also bore. This was the narrowest part of the river; and so approximate were its shores, that the vessel in her course could not fail to come in contact both with the obtruding foliage of the forest and the dense bulrushes skirting the edge of either bank.

"If we get safe through this here place," said the boatswain, in a rough whisper to his anxious and attentive auditors, "I think as how I'll venture to answer for the craft. I can see daylight dancing upon the lake already. Ten minutes more and she will be there." Then turning to the man at the helm,—"Keep her in the centre of the stream, Jim. Don't you see you're hugging the weather shore?"

"It would take the devil himself to tell which is the centre," growled the sailor, in the same suppressed tone.

"One might steer with one's eyes shut in such a queer place as this, and never be no worse off than with them open."

"Steady her helm, steady," rejoined Mullins, "it's as dark as pitch, to be sure, but the passage is straight as an arrow, and with a steady helm you can't miss it. Make for the light ahead."

"Aha! there!" hurriedly and loudly shouted the man on the look-out at the bows, "there's a tree lying across the river, and we're just upon it."

While he yet spoke, and before the boatswain could give such instructions as the emergency required, the vessel suddenly struck against the obstacle in question; but the concussion was not of the violent nature that might have been anticipated. The course of the schooner, at no one period particularly rapid, had been considerably checked since her entrance into the gloomy arch, in the centre of which her present accident had occurred; so that it was without immediate injury to her hull and spars she had been thus suddenly brought to. But this was not the most alarming part of the affair. Captain de Haldimar and Sir Everard both recollected, that, in making the same passage, not forty-eight hours previously, they had encountered no obstacle of the kind, and a misgiving of danger rose simultaneously to the hearts of each. It was, however, a thing of too common occurrence, where storm and tempest were so prevalent and partial, to create more than a mere temporary alarm; for it was quite as probable the barrier had been interposed by some siffling outburst of nature, as that it arose from design on the part of their enemies: and when the vessel had continued stationary for some minutes, without the prepared and expectant crew discovering the slightest indication of attack, the former impression was preserved by the officers—at least avowedly to those around.

"Bear a hand, my lads, and cut away," at length ordered the boatswain, in a low but clear tone; "half a dozen at each end of the stick, and we shall soon clear a passage for the craft."

A dozen sailors grasped their axes, and hastened forward to execute the command. They sprang lightly from the entangled bows of the schooner, and diverging in equal numbers moved to either extremity of the fallen tree.

"This is sailing through the heart of the American forest with a vengeance," muttered Mullins, whose annoyance at their detention was strongly manifested as he paced up and down the deck. "Shiver my topsails, if it isn't bad enough to clear the Sinclair at any time, much more so when one's running for one's life, and not a whisper's length from one's enemies. Do you know, Captain," abruptly checking his movement, and familiarly placing his hand on the shoulder of De Haldimar, "the last time we sailed through this very reach I couldn't help telling poor Captain Danvers, God rest his soul, what a nice spot it was for an Indian ambushade, if they had only gumption enough to think of it."

"Hark!" said the officer, whose heart, eye, and ear were painfully on the alert, "what rustling is that we hear overhead?"

"It's Jack Fuller, no doubt, your honour; I sent him up to clear away the branches from the main topmast rigging." Then raising his head, and elevating his voice, "Hilloa! aloft there!"

The only answer was a groan, followed by a deeper commotion among the rustling foliage.

"Why, what the devil's the matter with you now, Jack?" pursued the boatswain, in a voice of angry vehemence. "Are ye scared at another ghost, that ye keep groaning there after that fashion?"

At that moment a heavy dull mass was heard tumbling through the upper rigging of the schooner towards the deck, and presently a human form fell at the very feet of the small group, composed of the two officers and the individual who had last spoken.

"A light, a light!" shouted the boatswain; "the foolish chap has lost his hold through fear, and tumbled to one if he hasn't cracked his skull-piece for his pains. Quick there with a light, and let's see what we can do for him."

The attention of all had been arrested by the sound of the falling weight, and as one of the sailors now advanced, bearing a dark lantern from below, the whole of the crew, with the exception of those employed on the fallen tree, gathered themselves in a knot round the motionless form of the prostrate man. But no sooner had their eyes encountered the object of their interest, when each individual started suddenly and involuntarily back, baring his cutlass, and drawing forth his pistol, the whole presenting a group of countenances strongly marked by various shades of consternation and alarm, even while their attitudes were those of men prepared for some fierce and

desperate danger. It was indeed Fuller whom they had beheld, but not labouring, as the boatswain had imagined, under the mere influence of superstitious fear. He was dead, and the blood flowing from a deep wound, inflicted by a sharp instrument in his chest, and the scalped head, too plainly told the manner of his death, and the danger that awaited them all.

A pause ensued, but it was short. Before any one could find words to remark on the horrible circumstance, the appalling war-cry of the savages burst loudly from every quarter upon the ears of the devoted crew. In the desperation of the moment, several of the men clutched their cutlasses between their teeth, and seizing the concealed matches, rushed to their respective stations at the guns. It was in vain the boatswain called out to them, in a voice of stern authority, to desist, intimating that their only protection lay in the reservation of the fire of their batteries. Goaded and excited, beyond the power of resistance to an impulse that set all subordination at defiance, they applied the matches, and almost at the same instant the terrific discharge of both broadsides took place, rocking the vessel to the water's edge, and reverberating, throughout the confined space in which she lay, like the deadly explosion of some deeply excavated mine.

Scarcely had the guns been fired, when the seamen became sensible of their imprudence. The echoes were yet struggling to force a passage through the dense forest, when a second yell of the Indians announced the fiercest joy and triumph, unmixed by disaster, at the result; and then the quick leaping of many forms could be heard, as they divided the crashing underwood, and rushed forward to close with their prey. It was evident, from the difference of sound, their first cry had been pealed forth while lying prostrate on the ground, and secure from the bullets, whose harmless discharge that cry was intended to provoke; for now the voices seemed to rise progressively from the earth, until they reached the level of each individual height, and were already almost hotly breathing in the ears of those they were destined to fill with illimitable dismay.

"Shiver my topsails, but this comes of disobeying orders," roared the boatswain, in a voice of mingled anger and vexation. "The Indians are quite as cunning as ourselves, and arn't to be frightened that way. Quick, every cutlass and pistol to his gangway, and let's do our best. Pass the word forward for the axemen to return to quarters."

Recovered from their first paroxysm of alarm, the men at length became sensible of the presence of a directing power, which, humble as it was, their long habits of discipline had taught them to respect, and, headed on the one side by Captain de Haldimar, and on the other by Sir Everard Valletort, neither of whom, however, entertained the most remote chance of success, flew, as commanded, to their respective gangways. The yell of the Indians had again ceased, and all was hushed into stillness; but as the anxious and quicksighted officers gazed over the bulwarks, they fancied they could perceive, even through the deep gloom that every where prevailed, the forms of men, resting in cautious and eager attitudes, on the very verge of the banks, and at a distance of little more than half pistol shot. Every heart beat with expectancy,—every eye was riveted intently in front, to watch and meet the first movements of their foes, but not a sound of approach was audible to the equally attentive ear. In this state of aching suspense they might have continued about five minutes, when suddenly their hearts were made to quail by a third cry, that came, not as previously, from the banks of the river, but from the very centre of their own decks, and from the topmast and rigging of the schooner. So sudden and unexpected too was this fresh danger, that before the two parties had time to turn, and assume a new posture of defence, several of them had already fallen under the butchering blades of their enemies. Then commenced a desperate but short conflict, mingled with yellings, that again were answered from every point; and rapidly gliding down the pendant ropes, were to be seen the active and dusky forms of men, swelling the number of the assailants, who had gained the deck in the same noiseless manner, until resistance became almost hopeless.

"Ha! I hear the footsteps of our lads at last," exclaimed Mullins exultingly to his comrades, as he finished despatching a third savage with his sturdy weapon. "Quick, men, quick, up with hatchet and cutlass, and take them in the rear. If we are to die, let's die game, he would perhaps have added, but death arrested the word upon his lips; and his corpse rolled along the deck, until its further progress was stopped by the stiffened body of the unhappy Fuller.

Notwithstanding the fall of their brave leader, and the whoopings of their enemies, the flagging spirits of the men were for a moment excited by the announcement of the return even of the small force of the axemen, and they defended themselves with a courage and determination worthy of a better result; but when, by the lurid light of the torches, now lying burning about the decks, they turned and beheld not their companions, but a fresh band of Indians, at whose pouch-belts dangled the reeking scalps of their murdered friends, they at once relinquished the combat as hopeless, and gave themselves unresistingly up to be bound by their captors.

Meanwhile the cousins experienced a renewal of all those horrors from which their distracted minds had been temporarily relieved; and, petrified with alarm, as they lay in the solitary berth that contained them both, endured sufferings infinitely more terrible than death itself. The early part of the tumult they had noticed almost without comprehending its cause, and but for the terrific cry of the Indians that had preceded them, would have mistaken the deafening broadsides for the blowing up of the vessel, so tremendous and violent had been the concussion. Nay, there was a moment when Miss de Haldimar felt a pang of deep disappointment and regret at the misconception; for, with the fearful recollection of past events, so strongly impressed on her bleeding heart, she could not but acknowledge, that to be engulfed in one general and disastrous explosion, was mercy compared with the alternative of falling into the hands of those to whom her loathing spirit had been too fatally taught to deny even the commonest attributes of humanity. As for Clara, she had not the power to think, or to form a conjecture on the subject:—she was merely sensible of a repetition of the horrible scenes from which she had so recently been snatched, and with a pale cheek, a fixed eye, and an almost pulseless heart, lay without motion in the inner side of the berth. The piteous spectacle of her cousin's alarm lent a forced activity to the despair of Miss de Haldimar, in whom apprehension produced that strong energy of excitement that sometimes gives to helplessness the character of true courage. With the increasing clamour of appalling conflict on deck, this excitement grew at every moment stronger, until it finally became irresistible, so that at length, when through the cabin windows there suddenly streamed a flood of yellow light, extinguishing that of the lamp that threw its flickering beams around the cabin, she flung herself impetuously from the berth, and, despite of the aged and trembling female who attempted to detain her, burst open the narrow entrance to the cabin, and rushed up the steps communicating with the deck.

The picture that here met her eyes was at once graphic and fearful in the extreme. On either side of the river, lines of streaming torches were waved by dusky warriors high above their heads, reflecting the grim countenances, not only of those who bore them, but of dense groups in their rear, whose numbers were alone concealed by the foliage of the forest in which they stood. From the branches that wove themselves across the centre of the river, and the topmast and rigging of the vessel, the same strong yellow light, produced by the bark of the birch tree steeped in gum, streamed down upon the decks below, rendering each line and block of the schooner as distinctly visible as if it had been noon on the sunniest of those far distant lakes. The deck itself was covered with the bodies of slain men—sailors and savages mixed together; and amid these were to be seen fierce warriors, reclining triumphantly and indolently on their rifles, while others were occupied in scouring the arms of their captives with leathern thongs behind their backs. The silence that now prevailed was strongly in contrast with, and even more fearful than, the horrid shouts by which it had been preceded; and, but for the ghastly countenances of the captives, and the quick rolling eyes of the savages, Miss de Haldimar might have imagined herself the sport of some extraordinary and exciting illusion. Her glance over these prominent features in the tragedy had been cursory, yet accurate. It now rested on one that had more immediate and terrifying interest for herself. At a few paces in front of the companion ladder, and with their backs turned towards her, stood two individuals, whose attitudes denoted the purpose of men resolved to sell with their lives alone a passage to a tall fierce-looking savage, whose countenance betrayed every mark of triumphant and deadly passion, while he apparently hesitated whether his uplifted arm should stay the weapon it wielded. These individuals were Captain de Haldimar and Sir Everard Valletort; and to the former of these the attention of the savage was more immediately and exultingly directed; so much so, indeed, that Miss de Haldimar thought she could read

in the ferocious expression of his features the death-warrant of her cousin. In the wild terror of the moment she gave a piercing scream that was answered by a hundred yelling voices, and rushing between her lover and his enemy threw herself wildly and supplicatingly at the feet of the latter. Uttering a savage laugh, the monster spurned her from him with his foot, when, quick as thought, a pistol was discharged within a few inches of his face; but with a rapidity equal to that of his assailant, he bent aside his head, and the ball passed harmlessly on. The yell that followed was terrific; and while it was yet swelling into fulness, Captain de Haldimar felt an iron hand furiously grappling his throat, and, ere the grasp was relinquished, he again stood the bound and passive victim of the warrior of the Fleur de lis.

CHAPTER XXV.

The interval that succeeded to the last council scene of the Indians was passed by the officers of Detroit in a state of inexpressible anxiety and doubt. The fears entertained for the fate of their companions, who had set out in the perilous and almost forlorn hope of reaching Michillimackinac, in time to prevent the consummation of the threatened treachery, had, in some degree, if not wholly, been allayed by the story narrated by the Ottawa chief. It was evident, from his statement, the party had again met, and been engaged in fearful struggle with the gigantic warrior they had all so much reason to recollect; and it was equally apparent, that in that struggle they had been successful. But still, so many obstacles were likely to be opposed to their navigation of the several lakes and rivers over which lay their course, it was almost feared, even if they eventually escaped unharmed themselves, they could not possibly reach the fort in time to communicate the danger that awaited their friends. It is true, the time gained by Governor de Haldimar on the first occasion had afforded a considerable interval, of which advantage might be taken; but it was also, on the other hand, uncertain whether Pontecac had commanded the same delay in the council of the chiefs investing Michillimackinac, to which he had himself assented. Three days were sufficient to enable an Indian warrior to perform the journey by land; and it was chiefly on this vague and uncertain ground they based whatever little of hope was entertained on the subject.

It had been settled at the departure of the adventurers, that the instant they effected a communication with the schooner on Lake Huron, François should be immediately sent back, with instructions so to contrive the period of his return, that his canoe should make its appearance soon after daybreak at the nearest extremity of Hog Island, the position of which has been described in our introductory chapter. From this point a certain signal, that could be easily distinguished with the aid of a telescope, was to be made from the canoe, which, without being of a nature to attract the attention of the savages, was yet to be such as could not well be mistaken by the garrison. This was a precaution adopted, not only with the view of giving the earliest intimation of the result of the enterprise, but lest the Canadian should be prevented, by any closer investment on the part of the Indians, from communicating personally with the fort in the way he had been accustomed.

It will easily be comprehended therefore, that as the period approached when they might reasonably look for the return of François, if he should return at all, the nervous anxiety of the officers became more and more developed. Upwards of a week had elapsed since the departure of their friends; and already, for the last day or two, their impatience had led them, at early dawn, and with beating hearts, to that quarter of the rampart which overlooked the eastern extremity of Hog Island. Hitherto, however, their eager watching had been in vain. As far as our recollection of the Canadian tradition of this story serves us, it must have been on the fourth night after the final discomfiture of the plans of Pontecac, and the tenth from the departure of the adventurers, that the officers were assembled in the mess-room, partaking of the scanty and frugal supper to which their long confinement had reduced them. The subject of their conversation, as it was ever of their thoughts, was the probable fate of their companions; and many and various, although all equally melancholy, were the conjectures offered as to the result. There was on the countenance of each, that deep and fixed expression of gloom, which, if it did not indicate any unmanliness of despair, told at least that hope was nearly extinct: but more especially was this remarkable in the young but sadly altered Charles de Haldimar, who, with a vacant eye and a pre-

occupied manner, seemed wholly abstracted from the scene before him.

All was silence in the body of the fort. The men off duty had long since retired to rest in their clothes, and only the "All's well!" of the sentinels was heard at intervals of a quarter of an hour, as the cry echoed from mouth to mouth in the line of circuit. Suddenly, however, between two of those intervals, and during a pause in the languid conversation of the officers, the sharp challenge of a sentinel was heard, and then quick steps on the rampart, as of men hastening to the point whence the challenge had been given. The officers, whom this new excitement seemed to arouse into fresh activity, hurriedly quitted the room; and, with as little noise as possible, gained the spot where the voice had been heard. Several men were bending eagerly over the rampart, and, with their muskets at the recover, riveting their gaze on a dark and motionless object that lay on the verge of the ditch immediately beneath them.

"What have you here, Mitchell?" asked Captain Blessington, who was in command of the guard, and who had recognised the gruff voice of the veteran in the challenge just given.

"An American burnt log, your honour," muttered the soldier, "if one was to judge from its stillness; but if it is, it must have rolled there within the last minute; for I'll take my affidavit it wasn't here when I passed last in my beat."

"An American burnt log, indeed! it's some rascal of a spy, rather," remarked Captain Erskine. Who knows but it may be our big friend, come to pay us a visit again? And yet he is not half long enough for him, either. Can't you try and tickle him with the bayonet, any of you fellows, and see whether he is made of flesh and blood?"

Although this observation was made almost without object, it being totally impossible for any musket, even with the addition of its bayonet, to reach more than half way across the ditch, the several sentinels threw themselves on their chests, and, stretching over the rampart as far as possible, made the attempt to reach the suspicious looking object that lay beyond. No sooner, however, had their arms been extended in such a manner as to be utterly powerless, when the dark mass was seen to roll away in an opposite direction, and with such rapidity that, before the men could regain their feet and level their muskets, it had entirely disappeared from their view.

"Cleverly managed, to give the red skin his due," half laughingly observed Captain Erskine, while his brother officers continued to fix their eyes in astonishment on the spot so recently occupied by the strange object; "but what the devil could be his motive for lying there so long? Not playing the eaves-dropper, surely; and yet, if he meant to have picked off a sentinel, what was to have prevented him from doing it sooner?"

"He had evidently no arms," said Esnign Delme.

"No, nor legs either, it would appear," resumed the literal Erskine. "Curse me if I ever saw any thing in the shape of a human form bundled together in that manner."

"I mean he had no fire-arms—no rifle," pursued Delme.

"And if he had, he certainly would have rifled one of us of a life," continued the captain, laughing at his own conceit. "But come, the bird is flown, and we have only to thank ourselves for having been so egregiously duped. Had Valletot been here, he would have given a different account of him."

"Hist! listen!" exclaimed Lieutenant Johnstone, calling the attention of the party to a peculiar and low sound in the direction in which the supposed Indian had departed.

It was repeated, and in a plaintive tone, indicating a desire to propitiate. Soon afterwards a human form was seen advancing slowly, but without show either of concealment or hostility in its movements. It finally remained stationary on the spot where the dark and shapeless mass had been first perceived.

"Another Oucanasta for De Haldimar, no doubt," observed Captain Erskine, after a moment's pause. "These grenadiers carry every thing before them as well in love as in war." The error of the good-natured officer was, however, obvious to all but himself. The figure, which was now distinctly traced in outline for that of a warrior, stood boldly and fearlessly on the brink of the ditch, holding up its left arm, in the hand of which dangled something that was visible in the starlight, and pointing unergetically to this pendant object with the other. A voice from one of the party now addressed the Indian in two several dialects, but without eliciting a re-

ply. He either understood not, or would not answer the question proposed, but continued pointing significantly to the indistinct object which he still held in an elevated position.

"The governor must be apprised of this," observed Captain Blessington to De Haldimar, who was his subaltern of the guard. "Hasten, Charles, to acquaint your father, and receive his orders."

The young officer willingly obeyed the injunction of his superior. A secret and indefinable hope rushed through his mind, that as the Indian came not in hostility, he might be the bearer of some communication from their friends; and he moved rapidly towards that part of the building occupied by his father.

The light of a lamp suspended over the piazza leading to the governor's rooms reflecting strongly on his regimentals, he passed unchallenged by the sentinels posted there, and uninterruptedly gained a door that opened on a narrow passage, at the further extremity of which was the sitting-room usually occupied by his parent. This again was entered from the same passage by a second door, the upper part of which was of common glass, enabling any one on the outside to trace with facility every object within when the place was lighted up.

A glance was sufficient to satisfy the youth his father was not in the room; although there was strong evidence he had not retired for the night. In the middle of the floor stood an oaken table, and on this lay an open writing desk, with a candle on each side, the wicks of which had burnt so long as to throw a partial gloom over the surrounding wainscoting. Scattered about the table and desk were a number of letters that had apparently been just looked at or read; and in the midst of these an open case of red morocco, containing a miniature. The appearance of these letters, thus left scattered about by one who was scrupulously exact in the arrangement of his papers, added to the circumstance of the neglected and burning candles, confirmed the young officer in an impression that his father, overcome by fatigue, had retired into his bed-room, and fallen unconsciously asleep. Imagining, therefore, he could not, without difficulty, succeed in making himself heard, and deeming the urgency of the case required it, he determined to wave the usual ceremony of knocking, and penetrate to his father's bed-room unannounced. The glass door being without fastening within, easily yielded to his pressure of the latch; but as he passed by the table, a strong and natural feeling of curiosity induced him to cast his eye upon the miniature. To his infinite surprise, nay, almost terror, he discovered it was that of his mother—the identical portrait which his sister Clara had worn in her bosom from infancy, and which he had seen clasped round her neck on the very deck of the schooner in which she sailed for Michillimackinac. He felt there could be no mistake, for only one miniature of the sort had ever been in possession of the family, and that the one just accounted for. Almost stupefied at what he saw, and scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, the young officer glanced his eye hurriedly along one of the open letters that lay around. It was in the well remembered hand-writing of his mother, and commenced, "Dear, dearest Reginald." After this followed expressions of endearment no woman might address except to an affianced lover, or the husband of her choice; and his heart sickened while he read. Scarcely, however, had he scanned half a dozen lines, when it occurred to him he was violating some secret of his parents; and, discontinuing the perusal with an effort, he prepared to acquit himself of his mission.

On raising his eyes from the paper he was startled by the appearance of his father, who, with a stern brow and a quivering lip, stood a few paces from the table, apparently too much overcome by his indignation to be able to utter a sentence. Charles de Haldimar felt all the awkwardness of his position. Some explanation of his conduct, however, was necessary; and he stammered forth the fact of the portrait having riveted his attention, from its striking resemblance to that in his sister's possession.

"And to what do these letters bear resemblance?" demanded the governor, in a voice that trembled in its attempt to be calm, while he fixed his penetrating eye on that of his son. "They, it appears, were equally objects of attraction with you."

"The letters were in the hand-writing of my mother; and I was irresistibly led to glance at one of them," replied the youth, with the humility of conscious wrong. "The action was involuntary, and no sooner committed than repented of. I am here, my father, on a mission of importance, which must account for my presence."

"A mission of importance!" repeated the governor,

with more of sorrow than of anger in the tone in which he now spoke. "On what mission are you here, if it be not to intrude unwarrantably on a parent's privacy?"

The young officer's cheek flushed high, as he proudly answered:—"I was sent by Captain Blessington, sir, to take your orders in regard to an Indian who is now without the fort under somewhat extraordinary circumstances, yet evidently without intention of hostility. It is supposed he bears some message from my brother."

The tone of candour and offended pride in which this formal announcement of duty was made seemed to banish all suspicion from the mind of the governor; and he remarked, in a voice that had more of the kindness than had latterly distinguished his address to his son, "Was this, then, Charles, the only motive for your abrupt intrusion at this hour? Are you sure no inducement of private curiosity was mixed up with the discharge of your duty, that you entered thus unannounced? You must admit, at least, I found you employed in a manner different from what the urgency of your mission would seem to justify."

There was lurking irony in this speech; yet the softened accents of his father, in some measure, disarmed the youth of the bitterness he would have flung into his observation.—"That no man on earth, his parent excepted, should have dared to insinuate such a doubt with impunity."

For a moment Colonel de Haldimar seemed to regard his son with a surprised but satisfied air, as if he had not expected the manifestation of so much spirit, in one whom he had been accustomed greatly to undervalue.

"I believe you, Charles," he at length observed; "forgive the justifiable doubt, and think no more of the subject. Yet, one word," as the youth was preparing to depart; "you have read that letter" (and he pointed to that which had principally arrested the attention of the officer): what impression has it given you of your mother? Answer me sincerely. My name," and his faint smile wore something of the character of triumph, "is not *Reginald*, you know."

The pallid cheek of the young man flushed at this question. His own undistinguished impression was, that his mother had cherished a guilty love for another than her husband. He felt the almost impiety of such a belief, but he could not resist the conviction that forced itself on his mind; the letter in her handwriting spoke for itself; and though the idea was full of wretchedness, he was unable to conquer it. Whatever his own inference might be, however, he could not endure the thought of imparting it to his father: he therefore answered evasively.

"Doubtless my mother had some dear relative of the name, and to him was this letter addressed; perhaps a brother, or an uncle. But I never knew," he pursued, with a look of appeal to his father, "that a second portrait of my mother existed. This is the very counterpart of Clara's."

"It may be the same," remarked the governor, but in a tone of indecision, that denied his faith in what he uttered.

"Impossible, my father. I accompanied Clara, if you recollect, as far as Lake Sinclair; and when I quitted the deck of the schooner to return, I particularly remarked my sister wore her mother's portrait, as usual, round her neck."

"Well, no matter about the portrait," hurriedly rejoined the governor; "yet, whatever your impression, Charles," and he spoke with a warmth that was far from habitual to him, "dare not to sully the memory of your mother by a doubt of her purity. An accident has given this letter to your inspection, but breathe not its contents to a human creature; above all, respect the being who gave you birth. Go, tell Captain Blessington to detain the Indian; I will join you immediately."

Strongly, yet confusedly, impressed with the singularity of the scene altogether, and more particularly with his father's strange admonition, the young officer quitted the room, and hastened to rejoin his companions. On reaching the rampart he found that the Indian, during his long absence, had departed; yet not without depositing, on the outer edge of the ditch, the substance to which he had previously directed their attention. At the moment of De Haldimar's approach, the officers were bending over the rampart, and, with straining eyes, endeavouring to make out what it was, but in vain; something was just perceptible in the withered turf, but

what that something was no one could succeed in discovering.

"Whatever this be, we must possess ourselves of it," said Captain Blessington; "it is evident, from the energetic manner of him who left it, it is of importance. I think I know who is the best swimmer and climber of our party."

Several voices unanimously pronounced the name of "Johnstone."

"Any thing for a dash of enterprise," said that officer, whose slight wound had been perfectly healed. "But what do you propose that the swimmer and climber should do, Blessington?"

"Secure yon parcel, without lowering the draw-bridge."

"What! and be scalped in the act! Who knows if it be not a trick after all, and that the rascal who placed it there is not lying within a few feet, ready to pounce upon me the instant I reach the bank."

"Never mind," said Erskine, laughingly, "we will revenge your death, my boy."

"Besides, consider the *namquam non paratus*, Johnstone," slyly remarked Lieutenant Leslie.

"What, again, Leslie?" energetically responded the young Scotman. "Yet think not I hesitate, for I did but jest: make fast a rope round my loins, and I think I will answer for the result."

Colonel de Haldimar now made his appearance. Having heard a brief statement of the facts, and approving of the suggestion of Captain Blessington, a rope was procured, and made fast under the shoulders of the young officer, who had previously stripped himself of his uniform and shoes. He then suffered himself to drop gently over the edge of the rampart, his companions gradually lowering the rope, until a deep and gasping aspiration, such as is usually wrung from one coming suddenly in contact with cold water, announced he had gained the surface of the ditch. The rope was then slackened, to give him the unrestrained command of his limbs; and in the next instant he was seen clambering up the opposite elevation.

Although the officers, indulging in a forced levity, in a great degree meant to encourage their companion, had treated his enterprise with indifference, they were far from being without serious anxiety for the result. They had laughed at the idea, suggested by him, of being scalped; whereas, in truth, they entertained the apprehension far more powerfully than he did himself. The artifices resorted to by the savages, to secure an isolated victim, were so many and so various, that suspicion could not but attach to the mysterious occurrence they had just witnessed. Willing even as they were to believe their present visitor, whoever he was, came not in a spirit of enmity, they could not altogether divest themselves of a fear that it was only a subtle artifice to decoy one of them within the reach of their traitorous weapons. They, therefore, watched the movements of their companion with quickening pulses; and it was with a lively satisfaction they saw him, at length, after a momentary search, descend once more into the ditch, and, with a single powerful impulsion of his limbs, urge himself back to the foot of the rampart. Neither feet nor hands were of much service, in enabling him to scale the smooth and slanting logs that composed the exterior surface of the works; but a slight jerk of the well secured rope, serving as a signal to his friends, he was soon dragged once more to the summit of the rampart, without other injury than a couple of slight bruises.

"Well, what success?" eagerly asked Leslie and Captain Erskine, in the same breath, as the dripping Johnstone buried himself in the folds of a capacious cloak procured during his absence.

"You shall hear," was the reply; "but first, gentlemen, allow me, if you please, to enjoy, with yourselves, the luxury of dry clothes. I have no particular ambition to contract an American ague fit just now; yet, unless you take pity on me, and reserve my examination for a future moment, there is every probability I shall not have a tooth left by to-morrow morning."

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lately attracted the notice of his son. For a moment he hesitated, and his cheek was observed to turn pale, and his hand to tremble; but quickly subduing his indecision, he hurriedly unfastened the clasp, and disclosed to the astonished view of the officers the portrait of a young and lovely woman, habited in the Highland garb.

Exclamations of various kinds burst from the lips of the group of officers. Several knew it to be the portrait of Mrs. de Haldimar; others recognised it from the striking likenesses it bore to Clara and to Charles; all knew it had never been absent from the possession of the former since her mother's death; and feeling satisfied as they did that its extraordinary appearance among them, at the present moment, was an announcement of some dreadful disaster, their countenances wore an impress of dismay little inferior to that of the wretched Charles, who, agonised beyond all attempt at description, had thrown himself into a seat in the rear of the group, and sat like one bewildered, with his head buried in his hands.

"Gentlemen," at length observed Colonel de Haldimar, in a voice that proved how vainly his natural emotion was sought to be subdued by his pride, "this, I fear me, is an unwelcome token. It comes to announce to a father the murder of his child; to us all, the destruction of our last remaining friends and comrades."

"God forbid!" solemnly aspirated Captain Blessington. After a pause of a moment or two he pursued: "I know not why, sir; but my impression is, the appearance of this portrait, which we all recognise for that worn by Miss de Haldimar, bears another interpretation."

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No one ventured to question why; for notwithstanding all were aware that, in the mysterious ravisher of the wife of Halloway, Colonel de Haldimar had a fierce and inexorable private enemy, no allusion had ever been made by that officer himself to the subject.

"Will you permit me to examine the portrait and envelope, colonel?" resumed Captain Blessington: I feel almost confident, although I confess I have no other motive for it than what springs from a recollection of the manner of the Indian, that the result will bear me out in my belief the bearer came not in hostility but in friendship."

"By my faith, I quite agree with Blessington," said Captain Erskine; "for, in addition to the manner of the Indian, there is another evidence in favour of his position. Was it merely intended in the light in which you consider it, colonel, the case or the miniature itself might have been returned, but certainly not the metal in which it is set. The savages are fully aware of the value of gold, and would not so easily let it slip through their fingers."

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Finding his worst fears now confirmed, Colonel de Haldimar, for the first time, cast a glance towards his son, whose drooping head, and sorrowing attitude, spoke volumes to his heart. For a moment his own cheek blanched, and his eye was seen to glisten with the first tear ever witnessed there by those around him. Subduing his emotion, however, he drew up his person to its lordly height, as if that act reminded him the commander was not to be lost in the father, and quitting the room with a heavy brow and step, recommended to his officers the repose of which they appeared to stand so much in need. But not one was there who felt inclined to court the solitude of his pillow. No sooner were the footsteps of the governor heard dying away in the distance, when fresh lights were ordered, and several logs of wood heaped on the slackening fire. Around this the officers now grouped, and throwing themselves back in their chairs, assumed the attitudes of men seeking to indulge rather in private reflection than in personal converse.

The grief of the wretched Charles de Haldimar, hitherto restrained by the presence of his father, and encouraged by the touching evidences of interest afforded him by the ever considerate Blessington, now burst forth audibly. No attempt was made by the latter officer to check the emotion of his young friend. Knowing his passionate fondness for his sister, he was not without fear that the sudden shock produced by the appearance of her miniature might destroy his reason, even if it affected not his

in the ferocious expression of his features the death-warrant of her cousin. In the wild terror of the moment she gave a piercing scream that was answered by a hundred yelling voices, and rushing between her lover and his enemy threw herself wildly and supplicatingly at the feet of the latter. Uttering a savage laugh, the monster spurned her from him with his foot, when, quick as thought, a pistol was discharged within a few inches of his face; but with a rapidity equal to that of his assailant, he bent aside his head, and the ball passed harmlessly on. The yell that followed was terrific; and while it was yet swelling into fulness, Captain de Haldimar felt an iron hand furiously grappling his throat, and, ere the grasp was relinquished, he again stood the bound and passive victim of the warrior of the Flour de lis.

CHAPTER XXV.

The interval that succeeded to the last council scene of the Indians was passed by the officers of Detroit in a state of inexpressible anxiety and doubt. The fears entertained for the fate of their companions, who had set out in the perilous and almost forlorn hope of reaching Michillimackinac, in time to prevent the consummation of the threatened treachery, had, in some degree, if not wholly, been allayed by the story narrated by the Ottawa chief. It was evident, from his statement, the party had again met, and been engaged in fearful struggle with the gigantic warrior they had all so much reason to recollect; and it was equally apparent, that in that struggle they had been successful. But still, so many obstacles were likely to be opposed to their navigation of the several lakes and rivers over which lay their course, it was almost feared, even if they eventually escaped unharmed themselves, they could not possibly reach the fort in time to communicate the danger that awaited their friends. It is true, the time gained by Governor de Haldimar on the first occasion had afforded a considerable interval, of which advantage might be taken; but it was also, on the other hand, uncertain whether Pontiac had commanded the same delay in the council of the chiefs investing Michillimackinac, to which he had himself assented. Three days were sufficient to enable an Indian warrior to perform the journey by land; and it was chiefly on this vague and uncertain ground they based whatever little of hope was entertained on the subject.

It had been settled at the departure of the adventurers, that the instant they effected a communication with the schooner on Lake Huron, François should be immediately sent back, with instructions so to contrive the period of his return, that his canoe should make its appearance soon after daybreak at the nearest extremity of Hog Island, the position of which has been described in our introductory chapter. From this point a certain signal, that could be easily distinguished with the aid of a telescope, was to be made from the canoe, which, without being of a nature to attract the attention of the savages, was yet to be such as could not well be mistaken by the garrison. This was a precaution adopted, not only with the view of giving the earliest intimation of the result of the enterprise, but lest the Canadian should be prevented, by any closer investment on the part of the Indians, from communicating personally with the fort in the way he had been accustomed.

It will easily be comprehended therefore, that as the period approached when they might reasonably look for the return of François, if he should return at all, the nervous anxiety of the officers became more and more developed. Upwards of a week had elapsed since the departure of their friends; and already, for the last day or two, their impatience had led them, at early dawn, and with beating hearts, to that quarter of the rampart which overlooked the eastern extremity of Hog Island. Hitherto, however, their eager watching had been in vain. As far as our recollection of the Canadian tradition of this story serves us, it must have been on the fourth night after the final discomfiture of the plans of Pontiac, and the tenth from the departure of the adventurers, that the officers were assembled in the mess-room, partaking of the scanty and frugal supper to which their long confinement had reduced them. The subject of their conversation, as it was ever of their thoughts, was the probable fate of their companions; and many and various, although all equally melancholy, were the conjectures offered as to the result. There was on the countenance of each, that deep and fixed expression of gloom, which, if it did not indicate any unmanliness of despair, told at least that hope was nearly extinct; but more especially was this remarkable in the young but sadly altered Charles de Haldimar, who, with a vacant eye and a pre-

occupied manner, seemed wholly abstracted from the scene before him.

All was silence in the body of the fort. The men off duty had long since retired to rest in their clothes, and only the "All's well!" of the sentinels was heard at intervals of a quarter of an hour, as the cry echoed from mouth to mouth in the line of circuit. Suddenly, however, between two of those intervals, and during a pause in the languid conversation of the officers, the sharp challenge of a sentinel was heard, and then quick steps on the rampart, as of men hastening to the point whence the challenge had been given. The officers, whom this new excitement seemed to arouse into fresh activity, hurriedly quitted the room; and, with as little noise as possible, gained the spot where the voice had been heard. Several men were bending eagerly over the rampart, and, with their muskets at the recover, riveting their gaze on a dark and motionless object that lay on the verge of the ditch immediately beneath them.

"What have you here, Mitchell?" asked Captain Blessington, who was in command of the guard, and who had recognised the gruff voice of the veteran in the challenge just given.

"An American burnt log, your honour," muttered the soldier, "if one was to judge from its stillness; but if it is, it must have rolled there within the last minute; for I'll take my affidavit it wasn't here when I passed last in my beat."

"An American burnt log, indeed! it's some rascal of a spy, rather," remarked Captain Erskine. Who knows but it may be our big friend, come to pay us a visit again? And yet he is not half long enough for him, either. Can't you try and tickle him with the bayonet, any of you fellows, and see whether he is made of flesh and blood?"

Although this observation was made almost without object, it being totally impossible for any musket, even with the addition of its bayonet, to reach more than half way across the ditch, the several sentinels threw themselves on their chests, and, stretching over the rampart as far as possible, made the attempt to reach the suspicious looking object that lay beyond. No sooner, however, had their arms been extended in such a manner as to be utterly powerless, when the dark mass was seen to roll away in an opposite direction, and with such rapidity that, before the men could regain their feet and level their muskets, it had entirely disappeared from their view.

"Cleverly managed, to give the red skin his due," half laughingly observed Captain Erskine, while his brother officers continued to fix their eyes in astonishment on the spot so recently occupied by the strange object; "but what the devil could be his motive for lying there so long? Not playing the eaves-dropper, surely; and yet, if he meant to have picked off a sentinel, what was to have prevented him from doing it sooner?"

"He had evidently no arms," said Esau Delme.

"No, nor legs either, it would appear," resumed the literal Erskine. "Curse me if I ever saw any thing in the shape of a human form bundled together in that manner."

"I mean he had no fire-arms—no rifle," pursued Delme.

"And if he had, he certainly would have rifled one of us of a life," continued the captain, laughing at his own conceit. "But come, the bird is flown, and we have only to thank ourselves for having been so egregiously duped. Had Valletort been here, he would have given a different account of him."

"Hist! listen!" exclaimed Lieutenant Johnstone, calling the attention of the party to a peculiar and low sound in the direction in which the supposed Indian had departed.

It was repeated, and in a plaintive tone, indicating a desire to propitiate. Soon afterwards a human form was seen advancing slowly, but without show either of concealment or hostility in its movements. It finally remained stationary on the spot where the dark and shapeless mass had been first perceived.

"Another Oucanasta for De Haldimar, no doubt," observed Captain Erskine, after a moment's pause. "These grenadiers carry every thing before them as well in love as in war." The error of the good-natured officer was, however, obvious to all but himself. The figure, which was now distinctly traced in outline for that of a warrior, stood boldly and fearlessly on the brink of the ditch, holding up its left arm, in the hand of which dangled something that was visible in the starlight, and pointing energetically to this pendant object with the other. A voice from one of the party now addressed the Indian in two several dialects, but without eliciting a re-

ply. He either understood not, or would not answer the question proposed, but continued pointing significantly to the indistinct object which he still held in an elevated position.

"The governor must be apprised of this," observed Captain Blessington to De Haldimar, who was his subaltern of the guard. "Hasten, Charles, to acquaint your father, and receive his orders."

The young officer willingly obeyed the injunction of his superior. A secret and indefinable hope rushed through his mind, that as the Indian came not in hostility, he might be the bearer of some communication from their friends; and he moved rapidly towards that part of the building occupied by his father.

The light of a lamp suspended over the piazza leading to the governor's rooms reflecting strongly on his regimentals, he passed unchallenged by the sentinels posted there, and uninterruptedly gained a door that opened on a narrow passage, at the further extremity of which was the sitting-room usually occupied by his parent. This again was entered from the same passage by a second door, the upper part of which was of common glass, enabling any one on the outside to trace with facility every object within when the place was lighted up.

A glance was sufficient to satisfy the youth his father was not in the room; although there was strong evidence he had not retired for the night. In the middle of the floor stood an oaken table, and on this lay an open writing desk, with a candle on each side, the wicks of which had burnt so long as to throw a partial gloom over the surrounding wainscoting. Scattered about the table and desk were a number of letters that had apparently been just looked at or read; and in the midst of these an open case of red morocco, containing a miniature. The appearance of these letters, thus left scattered about by one who was scrupulously exact in the arrangement of his papers, added to the circumstance of the neglected and burning candles, confirmed the young officer in an impression that his father, overcome by fatigue, had retired into his bed-room, and fallen unconsciously asleep. Imagining, therefore, he could not, without difficulty, succeed in making himself heard, and deeming the urgency of the case required it, he determined to wave the usual ceremony of knocking, and penetrate to his father's bed-room unannounced. The glass door being without fastening within, easily yielded to his pressure of the latch; but as he passed by the table, a strong and natural feeling of curiosity induced him to cast his eye upon the miniature. To his infinite surprise, nay, almost terror, he discovered it was that of his mother—the identical portrait which his sister Clara had worn in her bosom from infancy, and which he had seen clasped round her neck on the very deck of the schooner in which she sailed for Michillimackinac. He felt there could be no mistake, for only one miniature of the sort had ever been in possession of the family, and that the one just accounted for. Almost stupified at what he saw, and scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, the young officer glanced his eye hurriedly along one of the open letters that lay around. It was in the well remembered hand-writing of his mother, and commenced, "Dear, dearest Reginald." After this followed expressions of endearment no woman might address except to an affianced lover, or the husband of her choice; and his heart sickened while he read. Scarcely, however, had he scanned half a dozen lines, when it occurred to him he was violating some secret of his parents; and, discontinuing the perusal with an effort, he prepared to acquit himself of his mission.

On raising his eyes from the paper he was startled by the appearance of his father, who, with a stern brow and a quivering lip, stood a few paces from the table, apparently too much overcome by his indignation to be able to utter a sentence. Charles de Haldimar felt all the awkwardness of his position. Some explanation of his conduct, however, was necessary; and he stammered forth the fact of the portrait having riveted his attention from its striking resemblance to that in his sister's possession.

"And to what do these letters bear resemblance?" demanded the governor, in a voice that trembled in its attempt to be calm, while he fixed his penetrating eye on that of his son. "They, it appears, were equal objects of attraction with you."

"The letters were in the hand-writing of my mother, and I was irresistibly led to glance at one of them," replied the youth, with the humility of conscious wrong. "The action was involuntary, and no sooner committed than repented of. I am here, my father, on a mission of importance, which must account for my presence."

"A mission of importance!" repeated the governor,

with more of sorrow than of anger in the tone in which he now spoke. "On what mission are you here, if it be not to intrude unwarrantably on a parent's privacy?"

The young officer's cheek flushed high, as he proudly answered:—"I was sent by Captain Blessington, sir, to take your orders in regard to an Indian who is now without the fort under somewhat extraordinary circumstances, yet evidently without intention of hostility. It is supposed he bears some message from my brother."

The tone of candour and offended pride in which this formal announcement of duty was made seemed to banish all suspicion from the mind of the governor; and he remarked, in a voice that had more of the kindness than had latterly distinguished his address to his son, "Was this, then, Charles, the *only* motive for your abrupt intrusion at this hour? Are you sure no inducement of private curiosity was mixed up with the discharge of your duty, that you entered thus unannounced? You must admit, at least, I found you employed in a manner different from what the urgency of your mission would seem to justify."

There was lurking irony in this speech; yet the softened accents of his father, in some measure, disarmed the youth of the bitterness he would have flung into his observation.—"That no man on earth, his parent excepted, should have dared to insinuate such a doubt with impunity."

For a moment Colonel de Haldimar seemed to regard his son with a surprised but satisfied air, as if he had not expected the manifestation of so much spirit, in one whom he had been accustomed greatly to undervalue.

"I believe you, Charles," he at length observed; "forgive the justifiable doubt, and think no more of the subject. Yet, one word," as the youth was preparing to depart; "you have read that letter" (and he pointed to that which had principally arrested the attention of the officers): what impression has it given you of your mother? Answer me sincerely. My name," and his faint smile wore something of the character of triumph, "is not *Reginald*, you know."

The pallid cheek of the young man flushed at this question. His own undisguised impression was, that his mother had cherished a guilty love for another than her husband. He felt the almost impiety of such a belief, but he could not resist the conviction that forced itself on his mind; the letter in her handwriting spoke for itself; and though the idea was full of wretchedness, he was unable to conquer it. Whatever his own inference might be, however, he could not endure the thought of imparting it to his father: he therefore answered evasively.

"Doubtless my mother had some dear relative of the name, and to him was this letter addressed; perhaps a brother, or an uncle. But I never knew," he pursued, with a look of appeal to his father, "that a second portrait of my mother existed. This is the very counter-part of Clara's."

"It may be the same," remarked the governor, but in a tone of indecision, that denied his faith in what he uttered.

"Impossible, my father. I accompanied Clara, if you recollect, as far as Lake Sinclair; and when I quitted the deck of the schooner to return, I particularly remarked my sister wore her mother's portrait, as usual, round her neck."

"Well, no matter about the portrait," hurriedly rejoined the governor; "yet, whatever your impression, Charles," and he spoke with a warmth that was far from habitual to him, "dare not to sully the memory of your mother by a doubt of her purity. An accident has given this letter to your inspection, but breathe not its contents to a human creature; above all, respect the being who gave you birth. Go, tell Captain Blessington to detain the Indian; I will join you immediately."

Strongly, yet confusedly, impressed with the singularity of the scene altogether, and more particularly with his father's strange admonition, the young officer quitted the room, and hastened to rejoin his companions. On reaching the rampart he found that the Indian, during his long absence, had departed; yet not without depositing, on the outer edge of the ditch, the substance to which he had previously directed their attention. At the moment of De Haldimar's approach, the officers were bending over the rampart, and, with straining eyes, endeavouring to make out what it was, but in vain; something was just perceptible in the withered turf, but

what that something was no one could succeed in discovering.

"Whatever this be, we must possess ourselves of it," said Captain Blessington; "it is evident, from the energetic manner of him who left it, it is of importance. I think I know who is the best swimmer and climber of our party."

Several voices unanimously pronounced the name of "Johnstone."

"Any thing for a dash of enterprise," said that officer, whose slight wound had been perfectly healed. "But what do you propose that the swimmer and climber should do, Blessington?"

"Secure yon parcel, without lowering the draw-bridge."

"What! and be scalped in the act? Who knows if it be not a trick after all, and that the rascal who placed it there is not lying within a few feet, ready to pounce upon me the instant I reach the bank?"

"Never mind," said Erskine, laughingly, "we will revenge your death, my boy."

"Besides, consider the *nunquam non paratus*, Johnstone," shily remarked Lieutenant Leslie.

"What, again, Leslie?" energetically responded the young Scotsman. "Yet think not I hesitate, for I did but jest: make fast a rope round my loins, and I think I will answer for the result."

Colonel de Haldimar now made his appearance. Having heard a brief statement of the facts, and approving of the suggestion of Captain Blessington, a rope was procured, and made fast under the shoulders of the young officer, who had previously stripped himself of his uniform and shoes. He then suffered himself to drop gently over the edge of the rampart, his companions gradually lowering the rope, until a deep and gasping aspiration, such as is usually wrung from one coming suddenly in contact with cold water, announced he had gained the surface of the ditch. The rope was then slackened, to give him the unrestrained command of his limbs; and in the next instant he was seen clambering up the opposite elevation.

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The grief of the wretched Charles de Haldimar, hitherto restrained by the presence of his father, and encouraged by the touching evidences of interest afforded him by the ever considerate Blessington, now burst forth audibly. No attempt was made by the latter officer to check the emotion of his young friend. Knowing his passionate fondness for his sister, he was not without fear that the sudden shock produced by the appearance of her miniature might destroy his reason, even if it affected not his

life; and as the moment was now come when tears might be shed without exciting invidious remark in the only individual who was likely to make it, he sought to promote them as much as possible. Too much occupied in their own mournful reflections to bestow more than a passing notice on the weakness of their friend, the group round the fire-place scarcely seemed to have regarded his emotion.

This violent paroxysm past, De Haldimar breathed more freely; and, after listening to several earnest observations of Captain Blessington, who still held out the possibility of something favourable turning up, on a re-examination of the portrait by daylight, he was so far composed as to be able to attend to the summons of the sergeant of the guard, who came to say the relief were ready, and waiting to be inspected before they were finally marched off. Clapping the extended hand of his captain between his own, with a pressure indicative of his deep gratitude, De Haldimar now proceeded to the discharge of his duty, and having caught up the portrait, which still lay on the table, and thrust it into the breast of his uniform, he repaired hurriedly to rejoin his guard, from which circumstances alone had induced his unusually long absence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The remainder of that night was passed by the unhappy De Haldimar in a state of indescribable wretchedness. After inspecting the relief, he had thrown himself on his rude guard-bed; and, drawing his cloak over his eyes, given full rein to the wanderings of his excited imagination.

Miserable as he felt his position to be, it was not without satisfaction he again heard the voice of his sergeant summoning him to the inspection of another relief. This duty performed, and anxious to avoid the paining presence of his servant, he determined, instead of returning to his guard-room, to consume the hour that remained before day in pacing the ramparts. Leaving word with his subordinate, that, in the event of his being required, he might be found without difficulty, he ascended to that quarter of the works where the Indian had been first seen who had so mysteriously conveyed the sad token he still retained in his breast. It was on the same side with that particular point whence we have already stated a full view of the bridge with its surrounding scenery, together with the waters of the Detroit, where they were intersected by Hog Island, were distinctly commanded. At either of those points was stationed a sentinel, whose duty it was to extend his beat between the boxes used now rather as lines of demarcation than as places of temporary shelter, until each gained that of his next comrade, when they again returned to their own, crossing each other about half way: a system of precaution pursued by the whole of the sentinels in the circuit of the rampart.

The ostensible motive of the officer in ascending the works, was to visit his several posts; but no sooner had he found himself between the points alluded to, which happened to be the first in his course, than he seemed to be riveted there by a species of fascination.

Reminded, for the first time, as he was pursuing his measured but aimless walk, by the fatal portrait which he more than once pressed with feverish energy to his lips, of the singular discovery he had made that night in the apartments of his father, he was naturally led, by a chain of consecutive thought, into a review of the whole of the extraordinary scene. The fact of the existence of a second likeness of his mother was one that did not now fail to re-awaken all the unqualified surprise he had experienced at the first discovery. So far from having ever heard his father make the slightest allusion to this memorial of his departed mother, he perfectly recollected his repeatedly recommending to Clara the safe custody of a treasure, which, if lost, could never be replaced. What could be the motive for this mystery?—and why had he sought to impress him with the belief it was the identical portrait worn by his sister which had so unintentionally been exposed to his view? Why, too, had he evinced so much anxiety to remove from his mind all unfavourable impressions in regard to his mother? Why have been so energetic in his caution not to suffer a taint of impurity to attach to her memory? Why should he have supposed the possibility of such impression, unless there had been sufficient cause for it? In what, moreover, originated his triumphant expression of feature, when, on that occasion, he reminded him that his name was not Reginald? Who, then, was this Reginald? Then came the recollection of what had been repeated to him of the parting scene between Halloway

and his wife. In addressing her ill-fated husband, she had named him Reginald. Could it be possible this was the same being alluded to by his father? But no; his youth forbade the supposition, being but two years older than his brother Frederick; yet might he not, in some way or other, be connected with the Reginald of the letter? Why, too, had his father shown such unrelenting severity in the case of this unfortunate victim?—a severity which had induced more than one remark from his officers, that it looked as if he entertained some personal feeling of enmity towards a man who had done so much for his family, and stood so high in the esteem of all who knew him.

Then came another thought. At the moment of his execution, Halloway had deposited a packet in the hands of Captain Blessington;—could these letters—could that portrait be the same? Certain it was, by whatever means obtained, his father could not have had them long in his possession; for it was improbable letters of so old a date should have occupied his attention now, when many years had rolled over the memory of his mother. And then, again, what was the meaning of the language used by the implacable enemy of his father, that uncouth and ferocious warrior of the Fleur de lis, not only on the occasion of the execution of Halloway, but afterwards to his brother, during his short captivity; and subsequently, when, disguised as a black, he penetrated, with the band of Pontiac, into the fort, and aimed his murderous weapon at his father's head. What had made him the enemy of his family? and where and how had originated his father's connection with so extraordinary and so savage a being? Could he, in any way, be implicated with his mother? But no; there was something revolting, monstrous, in the thought: besides, had not his father stood forward the champion of her innocence?—had he not declared, with an energy carrying conviction with every word, that she was untainted by guilt? And would he have done this, had he had reason to believe in the existence of a criminal love for him who evidently was his mortal foe? Impossible.

Such were the questions and solutions that crowded on and distracted the mind of the unhappy De Haldimar, who, after all, could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. It was evident there was a secret,—yet, whatever its nature, it was one likely to go down with his father to the grave; for, however humiliating the reflection to a haughty parent, compelled to vindicate the honour of a mother to her son, and in direct opposition to evidence that scarcely bore a shadow of misinterpretation, it was clear he had motives for consigning the circumstance to oblivion, which far outweighed any necessity he felt of adducing other proofs of her innocence than those which rested on his own simple yet impressive assertion.

In the midst of these bewildering doubts, De Haldimar heard some one approaching in his rear, whose footsteps he distinguished from the heavy pace of the sentinels. He turned, stopped, and was presently joined by Captain Blessington.

"Why, dearest Charles," almost querulously asked the kind officer, as he passed his arm through that of his subaltern,—“why will you persist in feeding this love of solitude? What possible result can it produce, but an utter prostration of every moral and physical energy? Come, come, summon a little fortitude; all may not yet be so hopeless as you apprehend. For my own part, I feel convinced the day will dawn upon some satisfactory solution of the mystery of that packet.”

"Blessington, my dear Blessington!"—and De Haldimar spoke with mournful energy,—“you have known me from my boyhood, and, I believe, have ever loved me; seek not, therefore, to draw me from the present temper of my mind; deprive me not of an indulgence which, melancholy as it is, now constitutes the sole satisfaction I take in existence.”

"By heaven! Charles, I will not listen to such language. You absolutely put my patience to the rack.”

"Nay, then, I will urge no more," pursued the young officer. "To revert, therefore, to a different subject. Answer me one question with sincerity. What were the contents of the packet you received from poor Halloway previous to his execution? and in whose possession are they now?"

Pleased to find the attention of his young friend diverted from the moment from his sister, Captain Blessington quickly rejoined, he believed the packet contained letters which Halloway had stated to him were of a nature to throw some light on his family connections. He had, however, transferred it, with the seal unbroken, as desired by the unhappy man, to Colonel de Haldimar.

An exclamation of surprise burst involuntarily from

the lips of the youth. "Has my father ever made any allusion to that packet since?" he asked?"

"Never," returned Captain Blessington; "and, I confess, his failing to do so has often excited my astonishment. But why do you ask?"

De Haldimar energetically pressed the arm of his captain, while a heavy sigh burst from his oppressed heart. "This very night, Blessington, on entering my father's apartment to apprise him of what was going on here, I saw,—I can scarcely tell you what, but certainly enough to convince me, from what you have now stated, Halloway was, in some degree or other, connected with our family. Tell me," he anxiously pursued, "was there a portrait enclosed with the letters?"

"I cannot state with confidence, Charles," replied his friend; "but if I might judge from the peculiar form and weight of the packet, I should be inclined to say not. Have you seen the letters, then?"

"I have seen certain letters which, I have reason to believe, are the same," returned De Haldimar. "They were addressed to 'Reginald;' and Halloway, I think you have told me, was so called by his unhappy wife."

"There can be little doubt they are the same," said Captain Blessington; "but what were their contents, and by whom written, that you deem they prove a connection between the unhappy soldier and your family?"

De Haldimar felt the blood rise into his cheek, at this natural but unexpected demand. "I am sure, Blessington," he replied, after a pause, "you will not think me capable of unworthy mystery towards yourself; but the contents of these letters are sacred, inasmuch as they relate only to circumstances connected with my father's family."

They soon both prepared to quit the rampart. As they passed the sentinel stationed at that point where the Indian had been first seen, their attention was directed by him to a fire that now suddenly rose, apparently at a great distance, and rapidly increased in volume. The singularity of this occurrence riveted the officers for a moment in silent observation; until Captain Blessington at length ventured a remark, that, judging from the direction, and the deceptive nature of the element at night, he should incline to think it was the hut of the Canadian burning.

"Which is another additional proof, were any such wanting, that every thing is lost," mournfully urged the ever apprehensive De Haldimar. "François has been detected in rendering aid to our friends; and the Indians, in all probability, after having immolated their victim, are sacrificing his property to their rage."

During this exchange of opinions, the officers had again moved to the opposite point of the limited walk of the younger. Scarcely had they reached it, and before Captain Blessington could find time to reply to the fears of his friend, when a loud and distant booming like that of a cannon was heard in the direction of the fire. The alarm was given hastily by the sentinels, and sounds of preparation and arming were audible in the course of a minute or two every where throughout the fort. Startled by the report, which they had half inclined to imagine produced by the discharge of one of their own guns, the half-slumbering officers had quitted the chairs in which they had passed the night in the mess-room, and were soon at the side of their more watchful companions, then anxiously listening for a repetition of the sound.

The day was just beginning to dawn, and as the atmosphere cleared gradually away, it was perceived the fire rose not from the hut of the Canadian, but at a point considerably beyond it. Unusual as it was to see a large fire of this description, its appearance became an object of minor consideration, since it might be attributed to some caprice or desire on the part of the Indians to excite apprehension in their enemies. But how was the report which had reached their ears to be accounted for? It evidently could only have been produced by the discharge of a cannon; and if so, where could the Indians have procured it? No such arm had recently been in their possession; and if it were, they were totally unacquainted with the manner of serving it.

As the day became more developed, the mystery was resolved. Every telescope in the fort had been called into requisition; and as they were now levelled in the direction of the fire, sweeping the line of horizon around, exclamations of surprise escaped the lips of several.

"It is an unusual hour for the Indians' war dance," observed Captain Blessington. "My experience furnishes me with no one instance in which it has not been danced previous to their retiring to rest."

"Unless," said Lieutenant Boyce, "they should have been thus engaged all night; in which case the singularity may be explained."

"Look, look," eagerly remarked Lieutenant Johnstone—"see how they are flying to their canoes, bounding and leaping like so many devils broke loose from their chains. The fire is nearly deserted already."

"The schooner—the schooner!" shouted Captain Erskine. "By heaven, our own gallant schooner! see how beautifully she drives past the island. It was her gun we heard, intended as a signal to prepare us for her appearance."

A thrill of wild and indescribable emotion passed through every heart. Every eye was turned upon the point to which attention was now directed. The graceful vessel, with every stitch of canvas set, was shooting rapidly past the low bushes skirting the sands that still concealed her hull; and in a moment or two she loomed largely and proudly on the bosom of the Detroit, the surface of which was slightly curled with a northwestern breeze.

"Safe, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the delighted Erskine, dropping the glass upon the rampart, and rubbing his hands together with every manifestation of joy.

"The Indians are in chase," said Lieutenant Boyce; "upwards of fifty canoes are following in the schooner's wake. But Danvers will soon give us an account of their Lilliputian fleet."

"Let the troops be held in readiness for a sortie, Mr. Lawson," said the governor, who had joined his officers just as the schooner cleared the island; "we must cover their landing, or, with this host of savages in pursuit, they will never effect it alive."

During the whole of this brief but exciting scene, the heart of Charles de Haldimar beat audibly. A thousand hopes and fears rushed confusedly on his mind, and he was as one bewildered by, and scarcely crediting, what he saw. Could Clara—could his cousin—could his brother—could his friend be on board? He scarcely dared to ask himself these questions; still it was with a fluttering heart, in which hope, however, predominated, that he hastened to execute an order of his captain, that bore immediate reference to his duty as subaltern of the guard.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Meanwhile the schooner dashed rapidly along, her hull occasionally hid from the view of those assembled on the ramparts by some intervening orchard or cluster of houses, but her tall spars glittering in their cover of white canvas, and marking the direction of her course. At length she came to a point in the river that offered no other interruption to the eye than what arose from the presence of almost all the inhabitants of the village, who, urged by curiosity and surprise, were to be seen crowding the intervening bank. Here the schooner was suddenly put about, and the English colours, hitherto concealed by the folds of the canvas, were at length discovered proudly floating in the breeze.

Immediately over the gateway of the fort there was an elevated platform, approached by the rampart of which it formed a part, by some half dozen rude steps on either side; and on this platform was placed a long eighteen pounder, that commanded the whole extent of road leading from the drawbridge to the river. Hither the officers had all repaired, while the schooner was in the act of passing the town; and now that, suddenly brought up in the wind's eye, she rode leisurely in the offing, every movement on her decks was plainly discernible with the telescope.

"Where can Danvers have hid all his crew?" first spoke Captain Erskine; "I count but half a dozen hands altogether on deck, and these are barely sufficient to work her."

"Lying concealed, and ready, no doubt, to give the canoes a warm reception," observed Lieutenant Johnstone; "but where can our friends be? Surely, if there, they would show themselves to us."

There was truth in this remark; and each felt discouraged and disappointed that they did not appear.

"There come the whooping hell fiends," said Major Blackwater. "By heaven! the very water is darkened with the shadows of their canoes."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the vessel was suddenly surrounded by a multitude of savages, whose fierce shouts rent the air, while their dripping paddles, gleaming like silver in the rays of the rising sun, were alternately

waved aloft in triumph, and then plunged into the troubled element, which they spurned in fury from their blades.

"What can Danvers be about? Why does he not either open his fire, or crowd sail and away from them?" exclaimed several voices.

"The detachment is in readiness, sir," said Mr. Lawson, ascending the platform, and addressing Major Blackwater.

"The deck, the deck!" shouted Erskine.

Already the eyes of several were bent in the direction alluded to by the last speaker, while those whose attention had been diverted by the approaching canoes glanced rapidly to the same point. To the surprise and consternation of all, the tall and well-remembered form of the warrior of the Fleur de lis was seen towering far above the bulwarks of the schooner; and with an expression in the attitude he had assumed, which no one could mistake for other than that of triumphant defiance. Presently he drew from the bosom of his hunting coat a dark parcel, and springing into the rigging of the mainmast, ascended with incredible activity to the point where the English ensign was faintly floating in the breeze. This he tore furiously away, and rending it into many pieces, cast the fragments into the silver element beneath him, on whose bosom they were seen to float among the canoes of the savages, many of whom possessed themselves, with eagerness, of the gaudy coloured trophies. The dark parcel was now unfolded by the active warrior, who, after having waved it several times round his head, commenced attaching it to the lines whence the English ensign had so recently been torn. It was a large black flag, the purport of which was too readily comprehended by the excited officers.

"Hang the ruffian! can we not manage to make that flag serve as his own winding sheet?" exclaimed Captain Erskine. "Come, Wentworth, give us a second edition of the sortie firing; I know no man who understands pointing a gun better than yourself, and this eighteen pounder might do some mischief."

"The idea was instantly caught at by the officer of artillery, who read his consent in the eye of Colonel de Haldimar. His companions made way on either side; and several gunners, who were already at their stations, having advanced to work the piece at the command of their captain, it was speedily brought to bear upon the schooner.

"This will do, I think," said Wentworth, as, glancing his experienced eye carefully along the gun, he found it pointed immediately on the gigantic frame of the warrior. "If this chain-shot miss him, it will be through no fault of mine."

Every eye was now riveted on the main mast of the schooner, where the warrior was still engaged in attaching the portentous flag. The gunner, who held the match, obeyed the silent signal of his captain; and the massive iron was heard rushing past the officers, bound on its murderous mission. A moment or two of intense anxiety elapsed; and when at length the rolling volumes of smoke gradually floated away, to the dismay and disappointment of all, the fierce warrior was seen standing apparently unharmed on the same spot in the rigging. The shot had, however, been well aimed, for a large rent in the outstretched canvas, close at his side, and about mid-height of his person, marked the direction it had taken. Again he tore away, and triumphantly waved the black flag around his head, while from his capacious lungs there burst yells of defiance and scorn, that could be distinguished for his own even at that distance. This done, he again secured the death symbol to its place; and gliding to the deck by a single rope, appeared to give orders to the few men of the crew who were to be seen; for every stitch of canvas was again made to fill, and the vessel, bounding forward before the breeze then blowing upon her quarter, shot rapidly behind the town, and was finally seen to cast anchor in the navigable channel that divides Hog Island from the shores of Canada.

At the discharge of the eighteen pounder, the river had been suddenly cleared, as if by magic, of every canoe; while, warned by the same danger, the groups of inhabitants, assembled on the bank, had rushed for shelter to their respective homes; so that, when the schooner disappeared, not a vestige of human life was to be seen

along that vista so recently peopled with human forms. An order from Colonel de Haldimar to the adjutant, countermanding the sortie, was the first interruption to the silence that had continued to pervade the little band of officers; and two or three of those having hastened to the western front of the rampart, in order to obtain a more distinct view of the movements of the schooner, their example was speedily followed by the remainder, all of whom now quitted the platform, and repaired to the same point.

Here, with the aid of their telescopes, they again distinctly commanded a view of the vessel, which lay motionless close under the sandy beach of the island, and exhibiting all the technicalities of skill in the disposition of sails and yards peculiar to the profession. In vain, however, was every eye strained to discover, among the multitudes of savages that kept momentarily leaping to her deck, the forms of those in whom they were most interested. A group of some half dozen men, apparently common sailors, and those, in all probability, whose services had been compelled in the working of the vessel, were the only evidences that civilised man formed a portion of that grotesque assemblage. These, with their arms evidently bound behind their backs, and placed on one of the gangways, were only visible at intervals, as the band of savages that surrounded them, brandishing their tomahawks around their heads, occasionally left an opening in their circle. The formidable warrior of the Fleur de lis was no longer to be seen, although the flag which he had hoisted still fluttered in the breeze.

"All is lost, then," ejaculated the governor, with a mournfulness of voice and manner that caused many of his officers to turn and regard him with surprise. "That black flag announces the triumph of my foe in the too certain destruction of my children. Now, indeed," he concluded in a lower tone, "for the first time, does the curse of Ellen Halloway sit heavily upon my soul."

A deep sigh burst from one immediately behind him. The governor turned suddenly round, and beheld his son. Never did human countenance wear a character of more poignant misery than that of the unhappy Charles at the moment. Attracted by the report of the cannon, he had flown to the rampart to ascertain the cause, and had reached his companions only to learn the strong hope so recently kindled in his breast was fled for ever. His cheek, over which hung his neglected hair, was now pale as marble, and his lips bloodless and parted; yet, notwithstanding this intensity of personal sorrow, a tear had started to his eye, apparently wrung from him by this unusual expression of dismay in his father.

"Charles—my son—my only now remaining child," murmured the governor, with emotion, as he remarked, and started at the death-like image of the youth; "look not thus, or you will utterly unman me."

A sudden and involuntary impulse caused him to extend his arms. The young officer sprang forward into the proffered embrace, and sank his head upon the cheek of his father. It was the first time he had enjoyed that privilege since his childhood; and even overwhelmed as he was by his affliction, he felt it deeply.

This short but touching scene was witnessed by their companions, without levity in any, and with emotion by several. None felt more gratified at this demonstration of parental affection for the sensitive boy, than Blessington and Erskine.

"I cannot yet persuade myself," observed the former officer, as the colonel again assumed that dignity of demeanour which had been momentarily lost sight of in the ebullition of his feelings—"I cannot yet persuade myself things are altogether so bad as they appear. It is true the schooner is in the possession of the enemy, but there is nothing to prove our friends are on board."

"If you had reason to know him into whose hands she has fallen, as I do, you would think differently, Captain Blessington," returned the governor. "That mysterious being," he pursued, after a short pause, "would never have made this parade of his conquest, had it related merely to a few lives, which to him are of utter insignificance. The very substitution of yon black flag, in his insolent triumph, was the pledge of redemption of a threat breathed in my ear within this very fort: on what occasion I need not state, since the events connected with that unhappy night are still fresh in the recollections of us all. That he is my personal enemy, gentle-

ment, it would be in vain to disguise from you; although who he is, or of what nature his enmity, it imports not now to enter upon. Suffice it, I have little doubt my children are in his power; but whether the black flag indicates they are no more, or that the tragedy is only in preparation, I confess I am at a loss to understand."

Deeply affected by the evident despondency that had dictated these unusual admissions on the part of their chief, the officers were forward to combat the inferences he had drawn: several coinciding in the opinion now expressed by Captain Wentworth, that the fact of the schooner having fallen into the hands of the savages by no means implied the capture of the fort whence she came; since it was not at all unlikely she had been chased during a calm by the numerous canoes into the Sinclair, where, owing to the extreme narrowness of the river, she had fallen an easy prey.

"Moreover," observed Captain Blessington, "it is highly improbable the ferocious warrior could have succeeded in capturing any others than the unfortunate crew of the schooner; for had this been the case, he would not have lost the opportunity of crowning his triumph by exhibiting his victims to our view in some conspicuous part of the vessel."

"This, I grant you," rejoined the governor "to be one solitary circumstance in our favour; but may it not, after all, merely prove that our worst apprehensions are already realised?"

"He is not one, methinks, since vengeance seems his aim, to exercise it in so summary, and therefore merciful, a manner. Depend upon it, colonel, had any one of those in whom we are more immediately interested, fallen into his hands, he would not have failed to insult and agonise us by an exhibition of his prisoners."

"You are right, Blessington," exclaimed Charles de Haldimar, in a voice that his choking feelings rendered almost sepulchral; "he is not one to exercise his vengeance in a summary and merciful manner. The deed is yet unaccomplished, for even now the curse of Ellen Halloway rings again in my ear, and tells me the atoning blood must be spilt on the grave of her husband."

The peculiar tone in which these words were uttered, caused every one present to turn and regard the speaker, for they recalled the prophetic language of the unhappy woman. There was now a wildness of expression in his handsome features, marking the mind utterly dead to hope, yet struggling to work itself up to passive endurance of the worst. Colonel de Haldimar sighed painfully, as he bent his eye half reproachfully on the dull and attenuated features of his son; and although he spoke not, his look betrayed the anguish that allusion had called up to his heart.

"Ha! what new movement is that on the part of the savages?" exclaimed Captain Erskine, who had kept his glass to his eye mechanically, and chiefly with a view of hiding the emotion produced in him by the almost infantine despair of the younger De Haldimar: "surely it is—yet, no, it cannot be—yes, see how they are dragging several prisoners from the wood to the beach. I can distinctly see a man in a blanket coat, and two others considerably taller, and apparently sailors. But look, behind them are two females in European dress. Almighty heaven! there can be no doubt."

A painful pause ensued. Every other glass and eye was levelled in the same direction; and, even as Erskine had described it, a party of Indians were seen, by those who had the telescopes, conducting five prisoners towards a canoe that lay in the channel communicating from the island with the main land on the Detroit shore. Into the bottom of these they were presently huddled, so that only their heads and shoulders were visible above the gunwale of the frail bark. Presently a tall warrior was seen bounding from the wood towards the beach. The crowd of gesticulating Indians made way, and the warrior was seen to stoop and apply his shoulder to the canoe, one half of which was high and dry upon the sands. The heavily laden vessel obeyed the impetus with a rapidity that proved the muscular power of him who gave it. Like some wild animal, instinct with life, it lashed the foaming waters from its bows, and left a deep and gurgling furrow where it passed. As it quitted the shore the warrior sprang lightly in, taking his station at the stern; and while his tall and remarkable figure bent nimbly to the movement, he dashed his paddle from right to left alternately in the stream, with a quickness that rendered it almost invisible to the eye. Presently the canoe disappeared round an intervening headland, and the officers lost sight of it altogether.

"The portrait, Charles; what have you done with the portrait?" exclaimed Captain Blessington, actuated by a sudden recollection, and with a trepidation in his

voice and manner that spoke volumes of despair to the younger De Haldimar. "This is our only hope of solving the mystery. Quick, give me the portrait, if you have it."

The young officer hurriedly tore the miniature from the breast of his uniform, and pitched it through the interval that separated him from his captain, who stood a few feet off; but with so uncertain and trembling an aim, it missed the hand extended to secure it, and fell upon the very stone the youth had formerly pointed out to Blessington, as marking the particular spot on which he stood during the execution of Halloway. The violence of the fall separated the back of the frame from the picture itself, when suddenly a piece of white and crumpled paper, apparently part of the back of a letter, yet cut to the size and shape of the miniature, was exhibited to the view of all.

"Ha!" resumed the gratified Blessington, as he stooped to possess himself of the prize; "I knew the miniature would be found to contain some intelligence from our friends. It is only this moment it occurred to me to take it to pieces, but accident has anticipated my purpose. May the omen prove a good one! But what have we here?"

With some difficulty, the anxious officer now succeeded in making out the characters, which, in default of pen or pencil, had been formed by the pricking of a fine pin on the paper. The broken sentences, on which the whole of the group now hung with greedy ear, ran nearly as follows:—"All is lost. Michillimackinac is taken. We are prisoners, and doomed to die within eight and forty hours. Alas! Clara and Madeline are of our number. Still there is a hope, if my father deem it prudent to incur the risk. A surprise, well managed, may do much; but it must be to-morrow night; forty-eight hours more, and it will be of no avail. He who will deliver this is our friend, and the enemy of my father's enemy. He will be in the spot at the same hour to-morrow night, and will conduct the detachment to wherever we may chance to be. If you fail in your enterprise, receive our last prayers for a less disastrous fate. God bless you all!"

The blood ran coldly through every vein during the perusal of these important sentences, but not one word of comment was offered by an individual of the group. No explanation was necessary. The captives in the canoe, the tall warrior in its stern, all sufficiently betrayed the horrible truth. Colonel de Haldimar at length turned an enquiring look at his two captains, and then addressing the adjutant, asked—"What companies are off duty to-day, Mr Lawson?"

"Mine," said Blessington, with an energy that denoted how deeply rejoiced he felt at the fact, without giving the adjutant time to reply.

"And mine," impetuously added Captain Erskine; "and (with an oath) I will answer for them; they never embarked on a duty of the sort with greater zeal than they will on this occasion."

"Gentlemen, I thank you," said Colonel de Haldimar, with deep emotion, as he stepped forward and grasped in turn the hands of the generous hearted officers. "To heaven, and to your exertions, do I commit my children."

"Any artillery, colonel?" enquired the officer of that corps.

"No, Wentworth, no artillery. Whatever remains to be done, must be achieved by the bayonet alone, and under favour of the darkness. Gentlemen, again I thank you for this generous interest in my children—this forwardness in an enterprise on which depend the lives of so many dear friends. I am not one given to express warm emotion, but I do, indeed, appreciate this conduct deeply." He then moved away, desiring Mr. Lawson, as he quitted the rampart, to cause the men for this service to be got in instant readiness.

Following the example of their colonel, Captain Blessington and Erskine quitted the rampart also, hastening to satisfy themselves by personal inspection of the efficiency in all respects of their several companies; and in a few minutes, the only individual to be seen in that quarter of the works was the sentinel, who had been a silent and pained witness of all that had passed among his officers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sufficient has been shown, from the conversations among his officers, elsewhere transcribed, to account for the governor's conduct in the case of Halloway. That the recommending of his son, Captain de Haldimar, had not been attended to, arose not from any particular ill-

will towards the unhappy man, but simply because he had always been in the habit of making his own selections from the ranks, and that the present recommendation had been warmly urged by one who he fancied pretended to a discrimination superior to his own, in pointing out merits that had escaped his observation. It might be, too, that there was a latent pride about the manner of Halloway that displeased and dissatisfied one who looked upon his subordinates as things that were amenable to the haughtiness of his glance,—not enough of deference in his demeanour, or of supplicating obsequiousness in his speech, to entitle him to the promotion prayed for. Whatever the motive, there was nothing of personality to influence him in the rejection of the appeal made in favour of one who had never injured him; but who, on the contrary, as the whole of the regiment could attest, had saved the life of his son.

Rigid disciplinarian as he was, and holding himself responsible for the safety of the garrison, it was but natural, when the discovery had been made of the unaccountable unfastening of the gate of the fort, suspicion of no ordinary kind should attach to the sentinel posted there; and that he should steadily refuse all credence to a story wearing so much appearance of improbability. Proud, and inflexible, and bigoted to first impressions, his mind was closed against those palliating circumstances, which, adduced by Halloway in his defence, had so mainly contributed to stamp the conviction of his moral innocence on the minds of his judges and the attentive auditory; and could he even have conquered his pride so far as to have admitted the belief of that innocence, still the military crime of which he had been guilty, in infringing a positive order of the garrison, was in itself sufficient to call forth all the unrelenting severity of his nature. Throughout the whole of the proceedings subsequently instituted, he had acted and spoken from a perfect conviction of the treason of the unfortunate soldier, and with the fullest impression of the falsehood of all that had been offered in his defence. The considerations that influenced the minds of his officers, found no entrance into his proud breast, which was closed against every thing but his own dignified sense of superior judgment. Could he, like them, have given credence to the tale of Halloway, or really have believed that Captain de Haldimar, educated under his own military eye, could have been so wanting in subordination, as not merely to have infringed a positive order of the garrison, but to have made a private soldier of that garrison accessory to his delinquency, it is more than probable his stern habits of military discipline would have caused him to overlook the offence of the soldier, in deeper indignation at the conduct of the infinitely more culpable officer; but not one word did he credit of a statement, which he assumed to have been got up by the prisoner with the mere view of shielding himself from punishment; and when to these suspicions of his fidelity was attached the fact of the introduction of his alarming visitor, it must be confessed his motives for indulging in this belief were not without foundation.

The impatience manifested during the trial of Halloway was not a result of any desire of systematic persecution, but of a sense of wounded dignity. It was a thing unheard of, and unpardonable in his eyes, for a private soldier to assert, in his presence, his honour and his respectability in extenuation, even while admitting the justice of a specific charge; and when he remarked the court listening with that profound attention, which the peculiar history of the prisoner had excited, he could not repress the manifestation of his anger. In justice to him, however, it must be acknowledged that, in causing the charge, to which the unfortunate man pleaded guilty, to be framed, he had only acted from the conviction that, on the two first, there was not sufficient evidence to condemn one whose crime was as clearly established, to his judgment, as if he had been an eye-witness of the treason. It is true, he availed himself of Halloway's voluntary confession, to effect his condemnation; but estimating him as a traitor, he felt little delicacy was necessary to be observed on that score.

Much of the despotic military character of Colonel de Haldimar had been communicated to his private life; so much, indeed, that his sons,—both of whom, it has been seen, were of natures that belied their origin from so stern a stock,—were kept at nearly as great a distance from him as any other subordinates of his regiment. But although he seldom indulged in manifestations of parental regard towards those whom he looked upon rather as inferiors in military rank, than as beings connected with him by the ties of blood, Colonel de Haldimar was not without that instinctive love for his children, which every animal in the creation feels for its offspring. He, also, valued

and took a pride in, because they reflected a certain degree of lustre upon himself, the talents and accomplishments of his eldest son, who, moreover, was a brave, enterprising officer, and, only wanted, in his father's estimation, that severity of carriage and hauteur of deportment, befitting his son, to render him perfect. As for Charles,—the gentle, bland, winning, universally conciliating Charles,—he looked upon him as a mere weak boy, who could never hope to arrive at any post of distinction, if only by reason of the extreme delicacy of his physical organisation; and to have shown any thing like respect for his character, or indulged in any expression of tenderness for one so far below his estimate of what a soldier, a child of his, ought to be, would have been a concession of which his proud nature was incapable. In his daughter Clara, however, the gentleness of sex claimed that warmer affection which was denied to him who resembled her in almost every attribute of mind and person. Colonel de Haldimar doted on his daughter with a tenderness, for which few, who were familiar with his harsh and unbending nature, ever gave him credit. She was the image of one on whom all of love that he had ever known had been centered; and he had continued in Clara an affection, that seemed in itself to form a portion, distinct and apart, of his existence.

We have already seen, as stated by Charles de Haldimar to the unfortunate wife of Halloway, with what little success he had pleaded in the interview he had requested of his father, for the preserver of his gallant brother's life; and we have also seen how equally inefficient was the lowly and supplicating anguish of that wretched being, when, on quitting the apartment of his son, Colonel de Haldimar had so unexpectedly found himself clasped in her despairing embrace. There was little to be expected from an intercession on the part of one claiming so little ascendancy over his father's heart, as the universally esteemed young officer; still less from one who, in her shriek of agony, had exposed the haughty chief to the observation both of men and officers, and under circumstances that caused his position to border on the ludicrous. But however these considerations might have failed in effect, there was another which, as a soldier, he could not wholly overlook. Although he had offered no comment on the extraordinary recommendation to mercy annexed to the sentence of the prisoner, it had a certain weight with him; and he felt, all absolute even as he was, he could not, without exciting strong dissatisfaction among his troops, refuse attention to a document so powerfully worded, and bearing the signature and approval of so old and valued an officer as Captain Blossington. His determination, therefore, had been formed, even before his visit to his son, to act as circumstances might require; and, in the meanwhile, he commanded every preparation for the execution to be made.

In causing a strong detachment to be marched to the conspicuous point chosen for his purpose, he had acted from a conviction of the necessity of showing the enemy the treason of the soldier had been detected; reserving to himself the determination of carrying the sentence into full effect, or pardoning the condemned, as the event might warrant. Not one moment, meanwhile, did he doubt the guilt of Halloway, whose description of the person of his enemy was, in itself, to him, confirmatory evidence of his treason. It is doubtful whether he would, in any way, have been influenced by the recommendation of the court, had the first charges been substantiated; but as there was nothing but conjecture to bear out these, and as the prisoner had been convicted only on the ground of suffering Captain de Haldimar to quit the fort contrary to orders, he felt he might possibly go too far in carrying the capital punishment into effect, in decided opposition to the general feeling of the garrison,—both of officers and men.

When the shot was subsequently fired from the hut of the Canadian, and the daring rifleman recognized as the same fearful individual who had gained access to his apartment the preceding night, conviction of the guilt of Halloway came even deeper home to the mind of the governor. It was through François alone that a communication was kept up secretly between the garrison and several of the Canadians without the fort; and the very fact of the mysterious warrior having been there so recently after his daring enterprise, bore evidence that whatever treason was in operation, had been carried on through the instrumentality of mine host of the Fleur de lis. In proof, moreover, there was the hat of Donellan, and the very rope Halloway had stated to be that by which the unfortunate officer had effected his exit. Colonel de Haldimar was not one given to indulge in the mysterious or to believe in the romantic. Every thing was plain matter of fact, as it now appeared before him;

and he thought it evident, as though it had been written in words of fire, that if his son and his unfortunate servant had quitted the fort in the manner represented, it was no less certain they had been forced off by a party, at the head of whom was his vindictive enemy, and with the connivance of Halloway. We have seen, that after the discovery of the sex of the supposed drummer-boy when the prisoners were confronted together, Colonel de Haldimar had closely watched the expression of their countenances, but failed in discovering any thing that could be traced into evidence of a guilty recognition. Still he conceived his original impression to have been too forcibly borne out, even by the events of the last half hour, to allow this to have much weight with him; and his determination to carry the thing through all its fearful preliminary stages became more and more confirmed.

In adopting this resolution in the first instance, he was not without a hope that Halloway, standing, as he must feel himself to be, on the verge of the grave, might be induced to make confession of his guilt, and communicate whatever particulars might prove essential not only to the safety of the garrison generally, but to himself individually, as far as his personal enemy was concerned. With this view, he had charged Captain Blossington, in the course of their march from the hut to the fatal bridge, to promise a full pardon, provided he should make such confession of his crime as would lead to a just appreciation of the evils likely to result from the treason that had in part been accomplished. Even in making this provision, however, which was met by the prisoner with solemn yet dignified reiteration of his innocence, Colonel de Haldimar had not made the refusal of pardon altogether conclusive in his own mind: still, in adopting this plan, there was a chance of obtaining a confession; and not until there was no longer a prospect of the unhappy man being led into that confession, did he feel it imperative on him to stay the progress of the tragedy.

What the result would have been, had not Halloway, in the strong excitement of his feelings, sprung to his feet upon the coffin, uttering the exclamation of triumph, is scarcely doubtful. However much the governor might have contemned and alighted a credulity in which he in no way participated himself, he had too much discrimination not to perceive, that to have persevered in the capital punishment would have been to have rendered himself personally obnoxious to the comrades of the condemned, whose dispirited air and sullen mien, he clearly saw, denounced the punishment as one of unnecessary rigour. The haughty commander was not a man to be intimidated by manifestations of discontent; neither was he one to brook a spirit of insubordination, however forcibly supported; but he had too much experience and military judgment, not to determine that this was not a moment, by foregoing an act of compulsory clemency, to instil divisions in the garrison, when the safety of all so much depended on the cheerfulness and unanimity with which they lent themselves to the arduous duties of defence.

However originating in policy, the lenity he might have been induced to have shown, all idea of the kind was chased from his mind by the unfortunate action of the prisoner. At the moment when the distant heights resounded with the fierce yells of the savages, and leaping forms came bounding down the slope, the remarkable warrior of the Fleur de lis—the fearful enemy who had whispered the most demoniac vengeance in his ears the preceding night,—was the only one that met and riveted the gaze of the governor. He paused not to observe or to think who the flying man could be of whom the mysterious warrior was in pursuit,—neither did it, indeed, occur to him that it was a pursuit at all. But one idea suggested itself to his mind, and that was an attempt at rescue of the condemned on the part of his accomplice; and when at length Halloway, who had at once, as if by instinct, recognised his captain in the fugitive, shouted forth his gratitude to heaven that “he at length approached who alone had the power to save him,” every shadow of mercy was banished from the mind of the governor, who, labouring under a natural misconception of the causes of his exulting shout, felt that justice imperatively demanded her victim, and no longer hesitated in awarding the doom that became the supposed traitor. It was under this impression that he sternly gave and repeated the fatal order to fire; and by this misjudged and severe, although not absolutely cruel act, not only destroyed one of the noblest beings that ever wore a soldier's uniform, but entailed upon himself and family that terrific curse of his maniac wife, which rang like a prophetic warning in the ears of all, and was often heard in the fitful startings of his own ever-after troubled slumbers.

What his feelings were, when subsequently he discovered, in the wretched fugitive, the son whom he already believed to have been numbered with the dead, and heard from his lips a confirmation of all that had been advanced by the unhappy Halloway, we shall leave it to our readers to imagine. Still, even amid his first regret, the rigid disciplinarian was strong within him; and no sooner had the detachment regained the fort, after performing the last offices of interment over their ill-fated comrade, than Captain de Haldimar received an intimation, through the adjutant, to consider himself under close arrest for disobedience of orders. Finally, however, he succeeded in procuring an interview with his father; in the course of which, disclosing the plot of the Indians, and the short period allotted for its being carried into execution, he painted in the most gloomy colours the alarming dangers which threatened them all, and finished by urgently imploring his father to suffer him to make the attempt to reach their unsuspecting friends at Michilimackinac. Fully impressed with the difficulties attendant on a scheme that offered so few feasible chances of success, Colonel de Haldimar for a period denied his concurrence; but when at length the excited young man dwelt on the horrors that would inevitably await his sister and betrothed cousin, were they to fall into the hands of the savages, these considerations were found to be effective. An after-arrangement included Sir Everard Valletort, who had expressed a strong desire to shew his danger in the enterprise; and the services of the Canadian, who had been brought back a prisoner to the fort, and on whom promises and threats were bestowed in an equally lavish manner, were rendered available. In fact, without the assistance of François, there was little chance of their effecting in safety the navigation of the waters through which they were to pass to arrive at the fort. He it was, who, when summoned to attend a conference among the officers, bearing on the means to be adopted, suggested the propriety of their disguising themselves as Canadian duck hunters; in which character they might expect to pass unmolested, even if encountered by any outlying parties of the savages. With the doubts that had previously been entertained of the fidelity of François, there was an air of forlorn hope given to the enterprise; still, as the man expressed sincere earnestness of desire to repay the clemency accorded him, by a faithful exercise of his services, and as the object sought was one that justified the risk, there was, notwithstanding, a latent hope cherished by all parties, that the event would prove successful. We have already seen to what extent their anticipations were realised.

Whether it was that he secretly acknowledged the too excessive sternness of his justice in regard to Halloway (who still, in the true acceptance of facts, had been guilty of a crime that entailed the penalty he had paid,) or that the apprehension that arose to his heart in regard to her on whom he yearned with all a father's fondness governed his conduct, certain it is, that, from the hour of the disclosure made by his son, Colonel de Haldimar became an altered man. Without losing any thing of that dignity of manner, which had hitherto been confounded with the most repellent haughtiness of bearing, his demeanour towards his officers became more courteous; and although, as heretofore, he kept himself entirely aloof, except when occasions of duty brought them together, still, when they did meet, there was more of conciliation in his manner, and less of austerity in his speech. There was, moreover, a dejection in his eye, strongly in contrast with his former imperious glance; and more than one officer remarked, that, if his days were devoted to the customary practical arrangements for defence, his pallid countenance betokened that his nights were nights rather of vigil than repose.

However natural and deep the alarm entertained for the fate of the sister fort, there could be no apprehension on the mind of Colonel de Haldimar in regard to his own; since, furnished with the means of foiling his enemies with their own weapons of cunning and deceit, a few extraordinary precautions alone were necessary to secure all immunity from danger. Whatever might be the stern peculiarities of his character,—and these had originated chiefly in an education purely military,—Colonel de Haldimar was an officer well calculated to the important trust reposed in him; for, combining experience with judgment in all matters relating to the diplomacy of war, and being fully conversant with the character and habits of the enemy opposed to him, he possessed singular aptitude to seize whatever advantages might present themselves.

The prudence and caution of his policy have already been made manifest in the two several council scenes with the chiefs recorded in our previous pages. It may

appear singular, that, with the opportunity thus afforded him of retaining the formidable Pontec, —the strength and sinew of that long protracted and ferocious war,—in his power, he should have waived his advantage; but here Colonel de Haldimar gave evidence of the tact which so eminently distinguished his public conduct throughout. He well knew the noble, fearless character of the chief; and felt, if any hold was to be secured over him, it was by grappling with his generosity, and not by the exercise of intimidation. Even admitting that Pontec continued his prisoner, and that the troops, pouring their destructive fire upon the mass of enemies so suddenly arrested on the drawbridge, had swept away the whole, still they were but as a mite among the numerous nations that were leagued against the English; and to these nations, it was evident, they must, sooner or later, succumb.

Colonel de Haldimar knew enough of the proud but generous nature of the Ottawa, to deem that the policy he proposed to pursue in the last council scene would not prove altogether without effect on that warrior. It was well known to him, that much pains had been taken to instil into the minds of the Indians the belief that the English were resolved on their final extirpation; and as certain slights, offered to them at various periods, had given a colouring of truth to this assertion, the formidable league which had already accomplished the downfall of so many of the forts had been the consequence of these artful representations. Although well aware that the French had numerous emissaries distributed among the fierce tribes, it was not until after the disclosure made by the haughty Pontec, at the close of the first council scene, that he became apprised of the alarming influence exercised over the mind of that warrior himself by his own terrible and vindictive enemy. The necessity of counteracting that influence was obvious; and he felt this was only to be done (if at all) by some marked and extraordinary evidence of the peaceful disposition of the English. Hence his determination to suffer the faithless chiefs and their followers to depart unharmed from the fort, even at the moment when the attitude assumed by the prepared garrison fully proved to the assailants their designs had been penetrated and their schemes rendered abortive.

CHAPTER XXIX.

With the general position of the encampment of the investing Indians, the reader has been made acquainted through the narrative of Captain de Haldimar. It was, as has been shown, situate in a sort of oasis close within the verge of the forest, and (girt by an intervening underwood which nature, in her caprice, had fashioned after the manner of a defensive barrier) embraced a space sufficient to contain the tents of the fighting men, together with their women and children. This, however, included only the warriors and inferior chiefs. The tents of the leaders were without the belt of underwood, and principally distributed at long intervals on that side of the forest which skirted the open country towards the river; forming, as it were, a chain of external defences, and sweeping in a semicircular direction round the more dense encampment of their followers. At its highest elevation the forest shot out suddenly into a point, naturally enough rendered an object of attraction from whatever part it was commanded.

Darkness was already beginning to spread her mantle over the intervening space, and the night fires of the Indians were kindling into brightness, glimmering occasionally through the wood with that pale and lambent light peculiar to the fire-fly, of which they offered a not inapt representation, when suddenly a lofty tent, the brilliant whiteness of which was thrown into strong relief by the dark field on which it reposed, was seen to rise at a few paces from the abrupt point in the forest just described, and on the extreme summit of a ridge, beyond which lay only the western horizon in golden perspective.

The opening of this tent looked eastward and towards the fort; and on its extreme summit floated a dark flag, which at intervals spread itself before the slight evening breeze, but oftener hung drooping and heavily over the glittering canvass. One solitary pine, whose trunk exceeded not the ordinary thickness of a man's waist, and standing out as a landmark on the ridge, rose at the distance of a few feet from the spot on which the tent had been erected; and to this was bound the tall and elegant figure of one dressed in the coarse garb of a sailor. The arms and legs of this individual were perfectly free; but a strong rope, rendered doubly secure after the manner of what is termed "whipping" among seamen, after having been tightly drawn several times around his waist,

and then firmly knotted behind, was again passed round the tree, to which the back of the prisoner was closely lashed; thus enabling, or rather compelling, him to be a spectator of every object within the tent.

Layers of bark, over which were spread the dressed skins of the bear and the buffalo, formed the floor and carpet of the latter; and on these, in various parts, and in characteristic attitudes, reposed the forms of three human beings; one, the formidable warrior of the Fleur de lis. Attired in the garb in which we first introduced him to our readers, and with the same weapons reposing at his side, the haughty savage lay at his lazy length; his feet reaching beyond the opening of the tent, and his head reposing on a rude pillow formed of a closely compressed pack of skins of wild animals, over which was spread a sort of mantle or blanket. One hand was introduced between the pillow and his head, the other grasped the pipe tomahawk he was smoking; and while the mechanical play of his right foot indicated pre-occupation of thought, his quick and meaning eye glanced frequently and alternately upon the furthest of his companions, the prisoner without, and the distant fort.

Within a few feet of the warrior lay, extended on a buffalo skin, the delicate figure of a female, whose hair, complexion, and hands, denoted her European extraction. Her dress was entirely Indian, however; consisting of a macebocoti with leggings, moccasins, and shirt of printed cotton studded with silver brooches,—all of which were of a quality and texture to mark the wearer as the wife of a chief; and her fair hair, done up in a club behind, reposed on a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her eyes were large, blue, but wild and unmeaning; her countenance vacant; and her movements altogether mechanical. A wooden bowl filled with hominy,—a preparation of Indian corn,—was at her side; and from this she was now in the act of feeding herself with a spoon of the same material, but with a negligence and slovenliness that betrayed her almost utter unconsciousness of the action.

At the further side of the tent there was another woman, even more delicate in appearance than the one last mentioned. She, too, was blue eyed, and of surpassing fairness of skin. Her attitude denoted a mind too powerfully absorbed in grief to be heedful of appearances; for she sat with her knees drawn up to her chin, and rocking her body to and fro with an undulating motion that seemed to have its origin in no effort of volition of her own. Her long fair hair, hung negligently over her shoulders; and a blanket drawn over the top of her head like a veil, and extending partly over the person, disclosed here and there portions of an apparel which was strictly European, although rent, and exhibiting in various places stains of blood. A bowl similar to that of her companion, and filled with the same food, was at her side; but this was untasted.

"Why does the girl refuse to eat?" asked the warrior of her next him, as he fiercely rolled a volume of smoke from his lips. "Make her eat, for I would speak to her afterwards."

"Why does the girl refuse to eat?" responded the woman in the same tone, dropping her spoon as she spoke, and turning to the object of remark with a vacant look. "It is good," she pursued, as she rudely shook the arm of the heedless sufferer. "Come, girl, eat."

A shriek burst from the lips of the unhappy girl, as, apparently roused from her abstraction, she suffered the blanket to fall from her head, and staring wildly at her questioner, faintly demanded,—"Who, in the name of mercy, are you, who address me in this horrid place in my own tongue? Speak; who are you? Surely I should know that voice for that of Ellen, the wife of Frank Holloway!"

A maniac laugh was uttered by the wretched woman. This continued offensively for a moment; and she observed, in an infuriated tone and with a searching eye,—"No, I am not the wife of Holloway. It is false. I am the wife of Wacousta. This is my husband!" and as she spoke she sprang nimbly to her feet, and was in the next instant lying prostrate on the form of the warrior; her arms thrown wildly around him, and her lips imprinting kisses on his cheek.

But Wacousta was in no mood to suffer her endearments. He for the first time seemed alive to the presence of her who lay beyond, and to whose whole appearance a character of animation had been imparted by the temporary excitement of her feelings. He gazed at her a moment, with the air of one endeavouring to recall the memory of days long gone by; and as he continued to do so, his eye dilated, his chest heaved, and

his countenance alternately flushed and paled. At length he threw the form that reposed upon his own, violently, and even savagely, from him; sprang eagerly to his feet; and clearing the space that divided him from the object of his attention at a single step, bore her from the earth in his arms with as much ease as if she had been an infant, and then returning to his own rude couch, placed his horror-stricken victim at his side.

"Nay, nay," he urged sarcastically, as she vainly struggled to free herself; "let the De Haldimar portion of your blood rise up in anger if it will; but that of Clara Beverley, at least——"

"Gracious Providence! where am I, that I hear the name of my sainted mother thus familiarly pronounced?" interrupted the startled girl; "and who are you,"—turning her eyes wildly on the starchy countenance of the warrior,—"who are you, I ask, who, with the mien and in the garb of a savage of these forests, appear thus acquainted with her name?"

The warrior passed his hand across his brow for a moment, as if some painful and intolerable reflection had been called up by the question; but he speedily recovered his self-possession, and, with an expression of feature that almost petrified his auditor, vehemently observed,—

"You ask who I am! One who knew your mother long before the accursed name of De Haldimar had ever been whispered in her ear; and whom love for the one and hatred for the other has rendered the savage you now behold! But," he continued, while a fierce and hideous smile lighted up every feature, "I overlook my past sufferings in my present happiness. The image of Clara Beverley, even such as my soul loved her in its youth, is once more before me in her child; that child shall be my wife!"

"Your wife! monster;—never!" shrieked the unhappy girl, again vainly attempting to disengage herself from the encircling arm of the savage. "But," she pursued, in a tone of supplication, while the tears coursed each other down her cheek, "if you ever loved my mother, as you say you have, restore her children to their home; and, if saints may be permitted to look down from heaven in approval of the acts of men, she whom you have loved will bless you for the deed."

A deep groan burst from the vast chest of Wacousta; but, for a moment, he answered not. At length he observed, pointing at the same time with his finger towards the cloudless vault above their heads,—"Do you behold yon blue sky, Clara de Haldimar?"

"I do;—what mean you?" demanded the trembling girl, in whom a momentary hope had been excited by the subdued manner of the savage.

"Nothing," he coolly rejoined; "only that were your mother to appear there at this moment, clad in all the attributes ascribed to angels, her prayer would not alter the destiny that awaits you. Nay, nay; look not thus sorrowfully," he pursued, as, in despite of her efforts to prevent him, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips. "Even thus was I once wont to linger on the lips of your mother; but hers ever pouted to be pressed by mine; and not with tears, but with sunniest smiles did she court them." He paused; bent his head over the face of the shuddering girl; and gazing fixedly for a few minutes on her countenance, while he pressed her struggling form more closely to his own, exultingly pursued, as if to himself,—"Even as her mother was, so is she. Ye powers of hell! who would have ever thought a time would come when both my vengeance and my love would be gratified to the utmost? How strange it never should have occurred to me he had a daughter!"

"What mean you, fierce, unpitied man?" exclaimed the terrified Clara, to whom a full sense of the horror of her position had lent unusual energy of character. "Surely you will not detain a poor defenceless woman in your hands,—the child of her you say you have loved. But it is false!—you never knew her, or you would not now reject my prayer."

"Never knew her!" fiercely repeated Wacousta. Again he paused. "Would I had never known her! and I should not now be the outcast wretch I am,"—he added, slowly and impressively. Then once more elevating his voice,—"Clara de Haldimar, I have loved your mother as man never loved woman; and I have hated your father" (grinding his teeth with fury as he spoke) "as man never hated man. That love, that hatred are unquenched—unquenchable. Before me I see at once the image of her who, even in death, has lived enshrined in my heart, and the child of him who

is my bitterest foe. Clara de Haldimar, do you understand me now?"

"Almighty Providence! is there no one to save me?—can nothing touch your stubborn heart?" exclaimed the affrighted girl; and she turned her swimming eyes on those of the warrior, in appeal; but his glance caused her own to sink in confusion. "Ellen Halloway," she pursued, after a moment's pause, and in the wild accents of despair, "if you are indeed the wife of this man, as you say you are, oh! plead for me with him; and in the name of that kindness, which I once extended to yourself, prevail on him to restore me to my father!"

"Ellen Halloway!—who calls Ellen Halloway?" said the wretched woman, who had again resumed her slowly meal on the rude couch, apparently without consciousness of the scene enacting at her side. "I am not Ellen Halloway: they said so; but it is not true. My husband was Reginald Morton: but he went for a soldier, and was killed; and I never saw him more."

"Reginald Morton! What mean you, woman?—What know you of Reginald Morton?" demanded Wacosta, with frightful energy, as, leaning over the shrinking form of Clara, he violently grasped and shook the shoulder of the unhappy maniac.

"Stop; do not hurt me, and I will tell you all, sir," she almost screamed. "Oh, sir, Reginald Morton was my husband once; but he was kinder than you are. He did not look so fiercely at me; nor did he pinch me so."

"What of him?—who was he?" furiously repeated Wacosta, as he again impatiently shook the arm of the wretched Ellen. "Where did you know him?—Whence came he?"

"Nay, you must not be jealous of poor Reginald!" and, as she uttered these words in a softening and conciliating tone, her eye was turned upon those of the warrior with a mingled expression of fear and cunning. "But he was very good and very handsome, and generous; and we lived near each other, and we loved each other at first sight. But his family were very proud, and they quarreled with him because he married me; and then we became very poor, and Reginald went for a soldier, and—; but I forget the rest, it is so long ago." She pressed her hand to her brow, and sank her head upon her chest.

"Ellen, woman, again I ask you where he came from? this Reginald Morton that you have named. To what country did he belong?"

"Oh, we were both Cornish," she answered, with a vivacity singularly in contrast with her recent low and monotonous tone; "but, as I said before, he was of a great family, and I only a poor clergyman's daughter."

"Cornish!—Cornish, did you say?" fiercely repeated the dark Wacosta, while an expression of loathing and disgust seemed for a moment to convulse his features; "then is it as I had feared. One word more. Was the family seat called Morton Castle?"

"It was," unhesitatingly returned the poor woman, yet with the air of one wondering to hear a name repeated, long forgotten even by herself. "It was a beautiful castle too, on a lovely ridge of hills; and it commanded such a nice view of the sea, close to the little port of—; and the parsonage stood in such a sweet valley, close under the castle; and we were all so happy." She paused, again put her hand to her brow, and pressed it with force, as if endeavouring to pursue the chain of connection in her memory, but evidently without success.

"And your father's name was Clayton?" said the warrior, enquiringly. "Henry Clayton, if I recollect aright?"

"Eh! who names my father?" shrieked the wretched woman. "Yes, sir, it was Clayton—Henry Clayton—the kindest, the noblest of human beings. But the affliction of his child, and the persecutions of the Morton family, broke his heart. He is dead, sir, and Reginald is dead too; and I am a poor lone widow in the world, and have no one to love me." Here the tears coursed each other rapidly down her faded cheek, although her eyes were staring and motionless.

"It is false!" vociferated the warrior, who, now he had gained all that was essential to the elucidation of his doubts, quitted the shoulder he had continued to press with violence in his nervous hand, and once more extended himself at his length; "in me you behold the uncle of your husband. Yes, Ellen Clayton, you have been the wife of two Reginald Mortons. Both," he pursued with unutterable bitterness, while he again started up and shook his tomahawk menacingly in the direction of the fort,—"both have been the victims of

you cold-blooded governor; but the hour of our reckoning is at hand. Ellen," he fiercely added, "do you recollect the curse you pronounced on the family of that haughty man, when he slaughtered your Reginald? By Heaven! it shall be fulfilled; but first shall the love I have so long borne the mother be transferred to the child."

Again he sought to encircle the waist of her whom, in the strong excitement of his rage, he had momentarily quitted; but the unutterable disgust and horror produced in the mind of the unhappy Clara lent an almost supernatural activity to her despair. She dexterously eluded his grasp, gained her feet, and with tottering steps and outstretched arms darted through the opening of the tent, and piteously exclaiming, "Save me! oh, for God's sake, save me!" sank exhausted, and apparently lifeless, on the chest of the prisoner without.

To such of our readers as, deceived by the romantic nature of the attachment stated to have been originally entertained by Sir Everard Valletort for the unseen sister of his friend, have been led to expect a tale abounding in manifestations of its progress when the parties had actually met, we at once announce disappointment. Neither the lover of amorous adventure, nor the admirer of witty dialogue, should dive into these passages. Room for the exercise of the invention might, it is true, be found; but ours is a tale of sad reality, and our heroes and heroines figure under circumstances that would render wit a satire upon the understanding, and love a reflection upon the heart. Within the bounds of probability have we, therefore, confined ourselves.

What the feelings of the young baronet must have been, from the first moment when he received from the hands of the unfortunate Captain Baynton (who, although an officer of his own corps, was personally a stranger to him,) that cherished sister of his friend, on whose ideal form his excited imagination had so often latterly loved to linger, up to the present hour, we should vainly attempt to paint. There are emotions of the heart, it would be mockery in the pen to trace. From the instant of his first contributing to preserve her life, on that dreadful day of blood, to that when the schooner fell into the hands of the savages, few words had passed between them, and these had reference more to the position in which they found themselves, and whenever Sir Everard felt he could, without indelicacy or intrusion, render himself in the slightest way serviceable to her. The very circumstances under which they had met, conducing to the suppression, if not utter extinction, of all passion attached to the sentiment with which he had been inspired. A new feeling had quickened in his breast; and it was with emotions more assimilated to friendship than to love that he now regarded the beautiful but sorrow stricken sister of his bosom friend. Still there was a softness, a purity, a delicacy and tenderness in this new feeling, in which the influence of sex secretly though unacknowledgedly predominated; and even while sensible it would have been a profanation of every thing most sacred and delicate in nature to have admitted a thought of love within his breast at such a moment, he also felt he could have entertained a voluptuous joy in making any sacrifice, even to the surrender of life itself, provided the tranquillity of that gentle and suffering being could be by it ensured.

Clara, in her turn, had been in no condition to admit so exclusive a power as that of love within her soul. She had, it is true, even amid the desolation of her shattered spirit, recognised in the young officer the original of a portrait so frequently drawn by her brother, and dwelt on by herself. She acknowledged, moreover, the fidelity of the painting; but however she might have felt and acted under different circumstances, absorbed as was her heart, and paralysed her imagination, by the harrowing scenes she had gone through, she, too, had room but for one sentiment in her fainting soul, and that was friendship for the friend of her brother; on whom, moreover, she bestowed that woman's gratitude, which could not fail to be awakened by a recollection of the risks he had encountered, conjointly with Frederick, to save her from destruction. During their passage across lake Huron, Sir Everard had usually taken his seat on the deck, at that respectful distance which he conceived the delicacy of the position of the unfortunate cousins demanded; but in such a manner that, while he seemed wholly abstracted from them, his eye had more than once been detected by Clara fixed on hers, with an affectionateness of interest she could not avoid repaying with a glance of recognition and approval.

These, however, were the only indications of regard that had passed between them.

If, however, a momentary and irrepressible flashing of that sentiment, which had, at an earlier period, formed a portion of their imaginings, did occasionally steal over their hearts while there was a prospect of reaching their friends in safety, all manifestation of its power was again finally suppressed when the schooner fell into the hands of the savages. Become the immediate prisoners of Wacosta, they had been surrendered to that ferocious chief to be dealt with as he might think proper; and, on disembarking from the canoe in which their transit to the mainland had been despatched that morning from the fort, had been separated from their equally unfortunate and suffering companions. Captain de Haldimar, Madeline, and the Canadian, were delivered over to the custody of several choice warriors of the tribe in which Wacosta was adopted; and, bound hand and foot, were, at that moment, in the war tent of the fierce savage, which, as Pontecac had once boasted to the governor, was every where hung around with human scalps, both of men, of women, and of children. The object of this mysterious man, in removing Clara to the spot we have described, was one well worthy of his ferocious nature. His vengeance had already devoted her to destruction; and it was within view of the fort, which contained the father whom he loathed, he had resolved his purpose should be accomplished. A refinement of cruelty, such as could scarcely have been supposed to enter the breast even of such a remorseless savage as himself, had caused him to convey to the same spot, him whom he rather suspected than knew to be the lover of the young girl. It was with the view of harrowing up the soul of one whom he had recognised as the officer who had disabled him on the night of the rencontre on the bridge, that he had bound Sir Everard to the tree, whence, as we have already stated, he was a compelled spectator of every thing that passed within the tent; and yet with that free action of limb which only tended to tantalize him the more amid his unavoidable efforts to rid himself of his bonds,—a fact that proved not only the dire extent to which the revenge of Wacosta could be carried, but the actual and gratuitous cruelty of his nature.

One must have been similarly circumstanced, to understand all the agony of the young man during this odious scene, and particularly at the fierce and repeated declaration of the savage that Clara should be his bride. More than once had he essayed to remove the ligatures which confined his waist; but his unsuccessful attempts only drew an occasional smile of derision from his enemy, as he glanced his eye rapidly towards him. Conscious at length of the inutility of efforts, which, without benefiting her for whom they were principally prompted, rendered him in some degree ridiculous even in his own eyes, the wretched Valletort desisted altogether, and with his head sunk upon his chest, and his eyes closed, sought at least to shut out a scene which blasted his sight, and harrowed up his very soul.

But when Clara, uttering her wild cry for protection, and rushing forth from the tent, sank almost unconsciously in his embrace, a thrill of inexplicable joy ran through each awakened fibre of his frame. Bending eagerly forward, he had extended his arms to receive her; and when he felt her light and graceful form pressing upon his own as its last refuge—when he felt her heart beating against his—when he saw her head drooping on his shoulder, in the wild recklessness of despair,—even amid that scene of desolation and grief he could not help enfolding her in tumultuous ecstasy to his breast. Every horrible danger was for an instant forgotten in the soothing consciousness that he at length encircled the form of her, whom in many an hour of solitude he had thus pictured, although under far different circumstances, reposing confidently on him. There was delight mingled with agony in his sensation of the wild throb of her bosom against his own; and even while his soul fainted within him, as he reflected on the fate that awaited her, he felt as if he could himself now die more happily.

Momentary, however, was the duration of this scene. Furious with anger at the evident disgust of his victim, Wacosta no sooner saw her sink into the arms of her lover, than with that agility for which he was remarkable he was again on his feet, and stood in the next instant at her side. Uniting to the generous strength of his manhood all that was wrung from his mingled love and despair, the officer clasped his hand round the waist of the drooping Clara; and with clenched teeth, and feet firmly set, seemed resolved to defy every effort of

the warrior to remove her. Not a word was uttered on either side; but in the fierce smile that curled the lip of the savage, there spoke a language even more terrible than the words that smile implied. Sir Everard could not suppress an involuntary shudder; and when at length Wacosta, after a short but violent struggle, succeeded in again securing and bearing off his prize, the wretchedness of soul of the former was indescribable.

"You see 'tis vain to struggle against your destiny, Clara de Haldimar," sneered the warrior. "Ours is but a rude nuptial couch, it is true; but the wife of an Indian chief must not expect the luxuries of Europe in the heart of an American wilderness."

"Almighty Heaven! where am I?" exclaimed the wretched girl, again unclosing her eyes to all the horror of her position; for again she lay at the side, and within the encircling arm, of her enemy. "Oh, Sir Everard Valletort, I thought I was with you, and that you had saved me from this monster. Where is my brother?—Where are Frederick and Madoline?—Why have they deserted me?—Ah! my heart will break. I cannot endure this longer, and live."

"Clara, Miss de Haldimar," groaned Sir Everard, in a voice of searching agony; "could I lay down my life for you, I would; but you see these bonds. Oh God! oh God! have pity on the innocent; and for once incline the heart of yon fierce monster to the whisperings of mercy." As he uttered the last sentence, he attempted to sink on his knees in supplication to Him he addressed, but the tension of the cord prevented him; yet were his hands clasped, and his eyes upraised to heaven, while his countenance beamed with an expression of fervent enthusiasm.

"Peace, babbler! or, by Heaven! that prayer shall be your last," vociferated Wacosta. "But no," he pursued to himself, dropping at the same time the point of his upraised tomahawk; "these are but the natural writhings of the crushed worm; and the longer protracted they are, the more complete will be my vengeance." Then turning to the terrified girl,—"You ask, Clara de Haldimar, where you are? In the tent of your mother's lover, I reply,—at the side of him who once pressed her to his heart, even as I now press you, and with a fondness that was only equalled by her own. Come, dear Clara," and his voice assumed a tone of tenderness that was even more revolting than his natural ferocity, "let me woo you to the affection she once possessed. It was a heart of fire in which her image stood enshrined,—it is a heart of fire still, and well worthy of her child."

"Never, never!" shrieked the agonised girl. "Kill me, murder me, if you will; but oh! if you have pity, pollute not my ear with the avowal of your detested love. But again I repeat, it is false that my mother ever knew you. She never could have loved so fierce, so vindictive a being as yourself."

"Ha! do you doubt me still?" sternly demanded the savage. Then drawing the shuddering girl still closer to his vast chest,—"Come hither, Clara, while to convince you I unfold the sad history of my life, and tell you more of your parents than you have ever known. When," he pursued solemnly, "you have learnt the extent of my love for the one, and of my hatred for the other, and the wrongs I have endured from both, you will no longer wonder at the spirit of mingled love and vengeance that dictates my conduct towards yourself. Listen, girl," he continued fiercely, "and judge whether mine are injuries to be tamely pardoned, when a whole life has been devoted to the pursuit of the means of avenging them."

Irresistibly led by a desire to know what possible connection could have existed between her parents and this singular and ferocious man, the wretched girl gave her passive assent. She even hoped that, in the course of his narrative, some softening recollections would pass over his mind, the effect of which might be to predispose him to mercy. Wacosta buried his face for a few moments in his large hand, as if endeavouring to collect and concentrate the remembrances of past years. His countenance, meanwhile, had undergone a change; for there was now a shade of melancholy mixed with the fierceness of expression usually observable there. This, however, was dispelled in the course of his narrative, and as various opposite passions were in turn powerfully and severally developed.

CHAPTER XXX.

"It is now four and twenty years," commenced Wacosta, "since your father and myself first met as subalterns in the regiment he now commands, when an

intimacy suddenly sprang up between us, which, as it was then to our brother officers, has since been a source of utter astonishment to myself. He, all coldness, prudence, obsequiousness, and forethought, all enthusiasm, carelessness, impetuosity, and independence. Whether this intimacy sprang from the adventitious circumstance of our being more frequently thrown together as officers of the same company,—for we were both attached to the grenadiers,—or that my wild spirit was soothed by the bland amenity of his manners, I know not. The latter, however, is not improbable; for proud, and haughty, and dignified, as the colonel now is, such was not then the character of the ensign; who seemed thrown out of one of nature's supplest moulds, to fawn, and cringe, and worm his way to favour by the wily speciousness of his manners. Oh God!" pursued Wacosta, after a momentary pause, and striking his palm against his forehead, "that I ever should have been the dupe of such a cold-blooded hypocrite!"

"As you have just learnt, Cornwall is the country of my birth. I was the eldest of the only two surviving children of a large family; and, as heir to the baronetcy of the proud Mortons, was looked up to by lord and vassal as the future perpetrator of the family name. My brother had been designed for the army; but as this was a profession to which I had attached my inclinations, the point was waived in my favour, and at the age of eighteen I first joined the ——— regiment, then quartered in the Highlands of Scotland. During my boyhood I had ever accustomed myself to athletic exercises, and loved to excite myself by encountering danger in its most terrific forms.

"The wild daring by which my boyhood had been marked was powerfully awakened by the bold and romantic scenery of the Scottish Highlands; and as the regiment was at that time quartered in a part of those mountainous districts, where, from the disturbed nature of the times, society was difficult of attainment, many of the officers were driven from necessity, as I was from choice, to indulge in the sports of the chase. On one occasion a party of four of us set out early in the morning in pursuit of deer, numbers of which we knew were to be met with in the mountainous tracts of Bute and Argyllshire. The course we happened to take lay through a succession of dark deep glens, and over frowning rocks; the difficulties of access to which only stirred up my dormant spirit of enterprise the more. We had continued in this course for many hours, overcoming one difficulty only to be encountered by another, and yet without meeting a single deer; when, at length, the faint blast of a horn was heard far above our heads in the distance, and presently a noble stag was seen to ascend a ledge of rocks immediately in front of us. To raise my gun to my shoulder and fire was the work of a moment, after which we all followed in pursuit. On reaching the spot where the deer had first been seen, we observed traces of blood, satisfying us he had been wounded; but the course taken in his flight was one that seemed to defy every human effort to follow it. It was a narrow pointed ledge, ascending boldly towards a huge cliff that projected frowningly from the extreme summit, and on either side lay a dark, deep, and apparently fathomless ravine; to look even on which was sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and unnerve the steadiest brain. For me, however, long accustomed to dangers of the sort, it had no terror. I had proceeded about five hundred yards further, when I came to the termination of the ledge, from the equally narrow transverse extremity of which branched out three others; the whole contributing to form a figure resembling that of a trident. Along the ledge I had quitted I had remarked occasional traces where the stricken deer had passed; and the same blood-spots now directed me at a point where, but for these, I must have been utterly at fault. The centre of these new ridges, and the narrowest, was that taken by the animal, and on that I once more renewed my pursuit. I continued my course towards the main body of rock that now rose within a hundred yards. How this was to be gained I knew not; for it shewed out abruptly from the extreme summit, overhanging the abyss, and presenting an appearance which I cannot more properly render than by comparing it to the sounding-boards placed over the pulpits of our English churches. Still I was resolved to persevere to the close, and I but too unhappily succeeded.

"It was evident to me that there must be some opening through which the deer had effected his escape to the precipitous height above; and I felt a wild and fearful triumph in following him to his cover, over passes which it was my pleasure to think none of the hardy

mountaineers themselves would have dared to venture upon with impunity. I paused not to consider of the difficulty of bearing away my prize, even if I succeeded in overtaking it. At every step my excitement and determination became stronger, and I felt every fibre of my frame to dilate, as when, in my more boyish days, I used to brave, in my gallant skiff, the mingled fury of the warring elements of sea and storm. Suddenly, while my mind was intent only on the dangers I used then to hold in such light estimation, I found my further progress intercepted by a fissure in the crag. It was not the width of this opening that disconcerted me, for it exceeded not ten feet; but I came upon it so unadvisedly, that, in attempting to check my forward motion, I had nearly lost my equipoise, and fallen into the abyss that now yawned before on either side of me. To pause upon the danger, would, I felt, be to ensure it. Summoning all my dexterity into a single bound, I cleared the chasm; and with one buskined foot (for my hunting costume was strictly Highland) clung firmly to the ledge, while I secured my balance with the other. At this point the rock became gradually broader, so that I now trod the remainder of the rude path in perfect security, until I at length found myself close to the vast mass of which these ledges were merely ramifications or veins: but still I could discover no outlet by which the wounded deer could have escaped. While I lingered, thoughtfully, for a moment, half in disappointment, half in anger, and with my back leaning against the rock, I fancied I heard a rustling, as of the leaves and branches of underwood, on that part which projected like a canopy, far above the abyss. I bent my eyes eagerly and fixedly on the spot whence the sound proceeded, and presently could distinguish the blue sky appearing through an aperture, to which was, the instant afterwards, applied what I conceived to be a human face. No sooner, however, was it seen than withdrawn; and then the rustling of leaves was heard again, and all was still as before.

"A new direction was now given to my feelings. I felt a presentiment that my adventure, if prosecuted, would terminate in some extraordinary and characteristic manner; and obeying, as I ever did, the first impulse of my heart, I prepared to grapple once more with the difficulties that yet remained to be surmounted. Securing my gun between some twisted roots that grew out of and adhered to the main body of the rock, I commenced the difficult ascent; and, after considerable effort, found myself at length immediately under the aperture. My progress along the lower superficies of this projection was like that of a crawling reptile. My back hung suspended over the chasm, into which one false movement of hand or foot, one yielding of the roots entwined in the rock, must inevitably have precipitated me; and, while my toes wormed themselves into the tortuous fibres of the latter, I passed hand over hand beyond my head, until I had arrived within a foot or two of the point I desired to reach. Here, however, a new difficulty occurred. A slight projection of the rock, close to the aperture, impeded my further progress in the manner hitherto pursued; and, to pass this, I was compelled to drop my whole weight, suspended by one vigorous arm, while, with the other, I separated the bushes that concealed the opening. A violent action of every muscle now impelled me upward, and at length I had so far succeeded as to introduce my head and shoulders through the aperture; after which my final success was no longer doubtful."

One of those painful pauses with which his narrative was often broken, here occurred; and, with an energy that terrified her whom he addressed, Wacosta pursued,—"Clara de Haldimar, it was here—in this garden—this paradise—this oasis of the rocks in which I now found myself, that I first saw and loved your mother. Ha! you start: you believe me now. Loved her!" he continued, after another short pause,—"oh, what a feeble word is love to express the concentration of mighty feelings that flowed like burning lava through my veins. Who shall pretend to give a name to the emotion that ran thrillingly—madly through my excited frame, when first I gazed on her, who, in every attribute of womanly beauty, realised all my fondest fancy ever painted? Listen to me, Clara," he pursued, in a fiercer tone, and with a convulsive pressure of the form he still embraced,—"If, in my younger days, my mind was alive to enterprise, and loved to contemplate danger in its most appalling forms, this was far from being the master passion of my soul; nay, it was the strong necessity of pouring into some devoted bosom the overflowing fullness of my heart, that made me court in solitude the

positions of danger with which the image of woman was ever associated.

"I have already said that, on gaining the summit of the rock, I found myself in a sort of oasis of the mountains. It was so. Belted on every hand by bold and precipitous crags, that seemed to defy the approach even of the wildest animals, and putting utterly at fault the penetration and curiosity of man, was spread a carpet of verdure, a luxuriance of vegetation, that might have put to shame the fertility of the soft breeze-nourished valleys of Italy and Southern France.

"At about twenty yards from the aperture, and on a bank, formed of turf, covered with moss, and interspersed with roses and honey-suckles, sat the divinity of the oasis. She, too, was clad in the Highland dress, which gave an air of wildness and elegance to her figure that was in classic harmony with the surrounding scenery. At the moment of my appearance she was in the act of dressing the wounded shoulder of a stag that had recently been shot; and from the broad tartan riband I perceived attached to its neck, added to the fact of the tameness of the animal, I presumed that this stag, evidently a favourite of its mistress, was the same I had fired at and wounded. The rustling I made among the bushes had attracted her attention; she raised her eyes from the deer, and, beholding me, started to her feet, uttering a cry of terror and surprise. Fearing to speak, as if the sound of my own voice were sufficient to dispel the illusion that fascinated both eye and heart into delicious tension on her form, I stood for some moments as motionless as the rock out of which I appeared to grow, gazing upon her I was destined to love for ever.

"It was this utter immobility on my own part, that ensured me a continuance of the exquisite happiness I then enjoyed. The first movement of the startled girl had been to fly towards her dwelling, which stood at a short distance, half imbedded in the same clustering roses and honey-suckles that adorned her bank of moss; but when she remarked my utter stillness, and apparent absence of purpose, she checked the impulse that would have directed her departure, and stopped, half in curiosity, half in fear, to examine me once more. At that moment all my energies appeared to be restored; I threw myself into an attitude expressive of deep contrition for the intrusion of which I had been unconsciously guilty, and dropping on one knee, and raising my clasped hands, inclined them towards her in token of mingled deprecation of her anger, and respectful homage to herself. At first she hesitated,—then gradually and timidly retraced her way to the seat she had so abruptly quitted in her alarm. Emboldened by this movement, I made a step or two in advance, but no sooner had I done so than she again took to flight. Once more, however, she turned to behold me, and again I had dropped on my knee, and was conjuring her, with the same signs, to remain and bless me with her presence. Again she returned to her seat, and again I advanced. Scarcely less timid, however, than the deer, which followed her every movement, she fled a third time,—a third time looked back, and was again induced, by my supplicating manner, to return. Frequently was this repeated, before I finally found myself at the foot, and pressing the hand—(oh God! what torture in the recollection!)—yes, pressing the hand of her for whose smile I would, even at that moment, have sacrificed my soul. Such was your mother, Clara de Haldimar; yes, even such as I have described her was Clara Beverly."

Again Wacosta paused, and his pause was longer than usual, as, with his large hand again covering his face, he seemed endeavouring to master the feelings which these recollections had called up. Clara scarcely breathed. Unmindful of her own desolate position, her soul was intent only on a history that related so immediately to her beloved mother, of whom all that she had hitherto known was, that she was a native of Scotland, and that her father had married her while quartered in that country. The deep emotion of the terrible being before her, so often manifested in the course of what he had already given of his recital, added to her knowledge of the facts just named, scarcely left a doubt of the truth of his statement on her mind. Her ear was now bent achingly towards him, in expectation of a continuance of his history, but he still remained in the same attitude of absorption. An irresistible impulse caused her to extend her hand, and remove his own from his eyes: they were filled with tears; and even while her mind rapidly embraced the hope that this manifestation of tenderness was but the dawning mercy towards the children of her he had once loved, her kind nature could not avoid sympathizing with him, whose uncouthness of appearance and savageness of nature were, in

some measure, lost sight of in the fact of the powerful love he yet apparently acknowledged.

But no sooner did Wacosta feel the soft pressure of her hand, and meet her eyes, turned on his with an expression of interest, than the most rapid transition was effected in his feelings. He drew the form of the weakly resisting girl closer to his heart; again imprinted a kiss upon her lips; and then, while every muscle in his iron frame seemed quivering with emotion, exclaimed,—"By heaven! that touch, that glance, were Clara Beverly's. Yes, Clara," he proceeded more deliberately, as he scanned her form with an eye that made her shudder, "such as your mother was, so are you; the same delicacy of proportion; the same graceful curvature of limb, only less rounded, less womanly. But you must be younger by about two years than she then was."

There was a cool licence of speech—a startling freedom of manner—in the latter part of this address, that disappointed not less than it pained and offended the unhappy Clara. She shuddered; and sighing bitterly, suffered her tears to force themselves through her closed lids upon her pallid cheek. This change in her appearance seemed to act as a check on the temporary excitement of Wacosta. Again obeying one of those rapid transitions of feeling, for which he was remarkable, he once more assumed an expression of seriousness, and thus continued his narrative.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"It boots not now, Clara, to enter upon all that succeeded to my first introduction to your mother. It would take long to relate, not the gradations of our passion, for that was like the whirlwind of the desert, sudden and devastating from the first; but the burning vow, the plighted faith, the reposing confidence, the unchecked abandonment that flew from the lips, and filled the heart of each, sealed, as they were, with kisses, long, deep, enervating, even such as I had ever pictured that divine pledge of human affection should be. Yes, Clara de Haldimar, your mother was the child of nature then."

"I was not always the rugged being I now appear. Of surpassing strength I had ever been, and fleet of foot; but not then had I attained to my present gigantic stature; neither was my form endowed with the same herculean rudeness; nor did my complexion wear the swarthy hue of the savage; nor had my features been rendered repulsive, from the perpetual action of those fierce passions which have since assailed my soul.

"Your mother had been brought up in solitude, and without having seen the face of another man than her father. Colonel Beverly, of English name, but Scottish connections, was an old gentleman of considerable eccentricity of character. He had taken a part in the rebellion of 1715; but sick and disgusted with an issue by which his fortunes had been affected, and heart-broken by the loss of a beloved wife, whose death had been accelerated by circumstances connected with the disturbed nature of the times, he had resolved to bury himself and child in some wild, where the face of man, whom he loathed, might no more offend his sight. This oasis of the mountains was the spot selected for his purpose; for he had discovered it some years previously, on an occasion, when, closely pursued by some of the English troops, and separated from his followers, he had only effected his escape by venturing on the ledges of rock I have already described. After minute subsequent search, at the opposite extremity of the oblong belt of rocks that shut it in on every hand, he had discovered an opening, through which the transport of such necessities as were essential to his object might be effected; and, causing one of his dwelling houses to be pulled down, he had the materials carried across the rocks on the shoulders of the men employed to re-erect them in his chosen solitude. A few months served to complete these arrangements, which included a garden abounding in every fruit and flower that could possibly live in so elevated a region; and this, in time, under his own culture, and that of his daughter, became the Eden it first appeared to me.

"Previous to their entering on this employment, the workmen had been severally sworn to secrecy; and when all was declared ready for his reception, the colonel summoned them a second time to his presence; when, after making a handsome present to each, in addition to his hire, he found no difficulty in prevailing on them to renew their oath that they would preserve the most scrupulous silence in regard to the place of his retreat. He then took advantage of a dark and tempestuous night to execute his project; and, attended only by an old woman and her daughter, faithful dependants of the family, set out in quest of his new abode, leaving all his neighbours

to discuss and marvel at the singularity of his disappearance. True to his text, however, not even a boy was admitted into his household: and here they had continued to live, unseen and unseen by man, except when a solitary and distant mountaineer occasionally fitted among the rocks below in pursuit of his game. Fruits and vegetables composed their principal diet; but once a fortnight the old woman was despatched through the opening already mentioned, which was at other times so secured by her master, that no hand but his own could remove the intricate fastenings. This expedition had for its object the purchase of bread and animal food at the nearest market; and every time she sallied forth an oath was administered to the crone, the purport of which was, not only that she would return, unless prevented by violence or death, but that she would not answer any questions put to her, as to whom she was, whence she came, or for whom the fruits of her marketing were intended.

"Meanwhile, wrapped up in his books, which were chiefly classic authors, or writers on abstruse sciences, the misanthropical colonel paid little or no attention to the cultivation of the intellect of his daughter, whom he had merely instructed in the elementary branches of education; in all which, however, she evinced an aptitude and perfectibility that indicated quickness of genius and a capability of far higher attainments. Books he principally withheld from her, because they brought the image of man, whom he hated, and wished she should also hate, too often in flattering colours before her; and had any work treating of love been found to have crept accidentally into his own collection, it would instantly and indignantly have been committed to the flames.

"Thus left to the action of her own heart—the guidance of her own feelings—it was but natural your mother should have suffered her imagination to repose on an ideal happiness, which, although in some degree destitute of shape and character, was still powerfully felt. What dear acknowledgments (alas! too deceitful) flowed from her guileless lips, even during our first interview.

"Two long and delicious hours," pursued Wacosta, after another painful pause of some moments, "did we pass together, exchanging thought, and speech, and heart, as if the terms of our acquaintance had been coeval with the first dawn of our intellectual life; when suddenly a small silver-toned bell was heard from the direction of the house, hid from the spot on which we sat by the luxuriant foliage of an intervening harnum. This sound seemed to dissipate the dreamy calm that had wrapped the soul of your mother into forgetfulness. She started suddenly up, and bade me, if I loved her, begone; as that bell announced her required attendance on her father, who, now awakened from the mid-day slumber in which he ever indulged, was about to take his accustomed walk around the grounds; which was little else, in fact, than a close inspection of the walls of his natural castle. I rose to obey her: our eyes met, and she threw herself into my extended arms. We whispered anew our vows of eternal love. She called me her husband, and I pronounced the endearing name of wife. A burning kiss sealed the compact; and, on her archly observing that the sleep of her father continued about two hours at noon, and that the old woman and her daughter were always occupied within doors, I promised to repeat my visit every second day until she finally quitted her retreat to be my own for life.

"One morning I had hastily sketched an outline of your mother's features in pencil, with a view to assist me in the design of a miniature I purposed painting from memory. While occupied the second day in its completion, it occurred to me I was in orders for duty on the following, which was that of my promised visit to the oasis; and I despatched my servant with my compliments to your father, and a request that he would be so obliging as to take my guard for me on the morrow, and I would perform his duty when next his name appeared on the roster. Some time afterwards I heard the door of the room in which I sat open, and some one enter. Presuming it to be my servant, (returned from the execution of the message with which he had just been charged,) I paid no attention to the circumstance; but finding, presently, he did not speak, I turned round with a view of demanding what answer he had brought. To my surprise, however, I beheld, not my servant, but your father. He was standing looking over my shoulder at the work on which I was engaged; and notwithstanding in the instant he resumed the cold, quiet, smirking look that usually distinguished him, I thought I could trace the evidence of some deep emotion which my action had suddenly dispelled. He apologised for his intrusion, although we were on those terms that rendered apology unnecessary, but said he had just received my message, and preferred coming in person to assure me how happy he

should feel to take my duty, or to render me any other service in his power. I thought he laid unusual emphasis on the last sentence; yet I thanked him warmly, stating that the only service I should now exact of him would be to take my guard, as I was compelled to be absent nearly the whole of the following morning. He observed with a smile, he hoped I was not going to venture my neck on those dangerous precipices a second time, after the narrow escape I had had on the preceding day. As he spoke, I thought his eye met mine with a sly yet scrutinising glance; and, not wishing to reply immediately to his question, I asked him what he thought of the work with which I was endeavouring to beguile an idle hour. He took it up, and I watched the expression of his handsome countenance with the anxiety of a lover who wishes that all should think his mistress beautiful as he does himself. It betrayed a very indefinite sort of admiration; and yet it struck me there was an eagerness in his dilating eye that contrasted strongly with the calm and unconcern of his other features. At length I asked him laughingly, what he thought of my Cornish cousin. He replied, cautiously enough, that since it was the likeness of a cousin, and he dwelt emphatically on the word, he could not fail to admire it. Candour, however, compelled him to admit, that had I not declared the original to be one so closely connected with me, he should have said the talent of so perfect an artist might have been better employed.

"The next day saw me again at the side of your mother, who received me with the same artless demonstrations of affection. After the first full and unreserved interchange of our souls' best feelings, our conversation turned upon lighter topics; and I took an opportunity to produce the fruit of my application since we had parted. Never shall I forget the surprise and delight that animated her beautiful countenance when first she gazed upon the miniature. She expressed a strong desire to retain it; and to this I readily assented; stipulating only to keep it until my next visit, in order that I might take an exact copy for myself. She herself, she said, had not been idle. Although her pencil could not call up my image in the same manner, her pen had better repaid her exertions; and, in return for the portrait she would give me a letter she had written to beguile her loneliness on the preceding day. As she spoke she drew a sealed packet from the bosom of her dress, and placing it in my hand, desired me not to read it until I had returned to my home. But there was an expression of sweet confusion in her lovely countenance, and a trepidation in her manner, that, half disclosing the truth, rendered me utterly impatient of the delay imposed; and eagerly breaking the seal, I devoured rather than read its contents.

"Accursed madness of recollection!" pursued Wacosta, again striking his brow violently with his hand,—"why is it that I ever feel thus unarmed while recurring to those letters? Oh! Clara de Haldimar, never did woman pen to man such declarations of tenderness and attachment as that too dear but faithless letter of your mother contained. All confidence, she sank her head upon my chest, which heaved scarcely less wildly than her own.

"The hour of parting at length arrived, announced, as before, by the small bell of her father, and I again tore myself from her arms."

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Nearly a month passed away in this manner; and at each interview our affection seemed to increase. One day, while preparing to set out on my customary excursion, a report suddenly reached me that the route had arrived for the regiment, who were to march from within three days. This intelligence I received with inconceivable delight; for it had been settled between your mother and myself, that this should be the moment chosen for her departure.

"With a glowing cheek, and a countenance radiant with happiness, did your mother receive my proposal to prepare for her departure on the following day. She was sufficiently aware, even through what I had stated myself, that there were certain ceremonies of the church to be performed, in order to give sanctity to our union, and ensure her own personal respectability in the world; and these, I told her, would be solemnised by the chaplain of the regiment. She implicitly confided in me; and she was right; for I loved her too well to make her my mistress, while no barrier existed to her claim to a dearer title.

"The only difficulty that now occurred was the manner of her flight. I had proposed, as the most feasible and rational plan, that the colonel should be compelled to

give us egress through the secret passage, when we might command the services of the old woman to guide us through the passes that led to the town; but to this your mother most urgently objected, declaring that she would rather encounter any personal peril that might attend her escape in a different manner, than appear to be a participator in an act of violence against her parent, whose obstinacy of character she moreover knew too well to leave a hope of his being intimidated into the accomplishment of our object, even by a threat of death itself. This plan I was therefore compelled to abandon; and as neither of us were able to discover the passage by which the deer always effected its entrance, I was obliged to fix upon one, which it was agreed should be put in practice on the following day.

"On my return, I occupied myself with preparations for the reception of her who was so speedily to become my wife. Unwilling that she should be seen by any of my companions, until the ceremony was finally performed, I engaged apartments in a small retired cottage, distant about half a mile from the furthest extremity of the town, where I purposed she should remain until the regiment finally quitted the station. This point secured, I hastened to the quarters of the chaplain, to engage his services for the following evening; but he was from home at the time, and I repaired to my own rooms, to prepare the means of escape for your mother. These occupied me until a very late hour; and when at length I retired to rest, it was only to indulge in the fondest imaginings that ever filled the heart of a devoted lover. Alas! (and the dark warrior again sighed heavily) the day-dream of my happiness was already fast drawing to a close.

"At half an hour before noon, I was again in the oasis; your mother was at the wonted spot; and although she received me with her sunniest smiles, there were traces of tears upon her cheek. She implored me to forgive her weakness; but it was the first time she was to be separated from her parent; and conscious as she was that it was to be for ever, she could not repress the feeling that rose, despite of herself, to her heart. She had, however, prepared a letter, at my suggestion, to be left on her favourite moss seat, where it was likely she would first be sought by her father, to assure him of her safety, and of her prospects of future happiness; and the consciousness that he would labour under no harrowing uncertainty in regard to her fate, seemed, at length, to soothe and satisfy her heart.

"I now led her to the aperture, where I had left the apparatus provided for my purpose: this consisted of a close netting, about four feet in depth, with a board for a footstool at the bottom, and furnished at intervals with hoops, so as to keep it full and open. The top of this netting was provided with two handles, to which were attached the ends of a cord many fathoms in length; the whole of such durability, as to have borne weights equal to those of three ordinary sized men, with which I had proved it prior to my setting out. My first care was to bandage the eyes of your mother, (who willingly and fearlessly submitted to all I proposed,) that she might not see, and become faint with seeing, the terrible chasm over which she was about to be suspended. I then placed her within the netting, which, fitting closely to her person, and reaching under her arms, completely secured her; and my next urgent request was, that she would not, on any account, remove the bandage, or make the slightest movement, when she found herself stationary below, until I had joined her. I then dropped her gently through the aperture, lowering fathom after fathom of the rope, the ends of which I had firmly secured round the trunk of a tree, as an additional safeguard, until she finally came on a level with that part of the cliff on which I had reposed when first she beheld me. As she still hung immediately over the abyss, it was necessary to give a gradual impetus to her weight, to enable her to gain the landing-place. I now, therefore, commenced swinging her to and fro, until she at length came so near the point desired, that I clearly saw the principal difficulty was surmounted. The necessary motion having been given to the balance, with one vigorous and final impulse I dexterously contrived to deposit her several feet from the edge of the lower rock, when, slackening the rope on the instant, I had the inexpressible satisfaction to see that she remained firm and stationary. The waving of her scarf immediately afterwards (a signal previously agreed upon), announced she had sustained no injury in this rather rude collision with the rock, and I in turn commenced my descent.

"Fearing to cast away the ends of the rope, lest their weight should by any chance affect the balance of the footing your mother had obtained, I now secured them around my loins, and accomplishing my descent in the

customary manner, speedily found myself once more at the side of my heart's dearest treasure. I prepared to execute the remainder of my task; and again applied the bandage to her eyes, saying that, although the principal danger was over, still there was another I could not bear she should look upon.

"Disengaging the rope from the handles of the netting; I now applied to these a broad leathern belt, and stooping with my back to the cherished burden with which I was about to charge myself, passed the centre of the belt across my chest, much in the manner in which, as you are aware, Indian women carry their infant children. As an additional precaution, I had secured the netting round my waist by a strong lacing of cord, and then raising myself to my full height, and satisfying myself of the perfect freedom of action of my limbs, seized a long balancing pole I had left suspended against the rock at my last visit, and commenced my descent of the sloping ridge. On approaching, the horrible chasm, a feeling of faintness came over me, despite of the confidence with which I had previously armed myself. This, however, was but momentary. Sensible that every thing depended on rapidity of movement, I paused not in my course; but, quickening my pace as I gradually drew nearer, gave the necessary impetus to my motion, and cleared the gap with a facility far exceeding what had distinguished my first passage, and which was the fruit of constant practice alone. Here my balance was sustained by the pole; and at length I had the inexpressible satisfaction to find myself at the very extremity of the ridge, and immediately at the point where I had left my companions in my first memorable pursuit.

"In the deep transport of my joy, I once more threw myself on my knees in speechless thanksgiving to Providence for the complete success of my undertaking. Your mother, whom I had previously released from her confinement, did the same; and at that moment the union of our hearts seemed to be cemented by a divine influence, manifested in the fulness of the gratitude of each. Throwing over her shoulders the mantle of a youth, which I had secreted near the spot, I enjoined her to follow me closely in the path I was about to pursue.

"I have not hitherto found it necessary to state," continued Wacosta, his brow lowering with fierce and gloomy thought, "that more than once, latterly, on my return from the oasis, which was usually at a stated hour, I had observed a hunter hovering near the end of the ledge, yet quickly retreating as I advanced. There was something in the figure of this man that recalled to my recollection the form of your father; but ever, on my return to quarters, I found him in uniform, and exhibiting any thing but the appearance of one who had recently been threading his weary way among rocks and fastnesses. Besides, the improbability of this fact was so great, that it occupied not my attention beyond the passing moment. On the present occasion, however, I saw the same hunter, and was more forcibly than ever struck by the resemblance to my friend. Prior to my quitting the point where I had liberated your mother from the netting, I had, in addition to the disguise of the cloak, found it necessary to make some alteration in the arrangement of her hair; the redundancy of which, as it floated gracefully over her polished neck, was in itself sufficient to betray her sex. With this view I had removed her plumed bonnet. It was the first time I had seen her without it; and so deeply impressed was I by the angel like character of the extreme feminine beauty she, more than ever, then exhibited, that I knelt in silent adoration for some moments at her feet, my eyes and countenance alone expressing the fervent and almost holy emotion of my enraptured soul.

"Immediately we pursued our course; and after an hour's rather laborious exertion, at length emerged from the succession of glens and rocks that lay in our way; when, skirting the valley in which the town was situated, we finally reached the cottage where I had secured my lodging. Previous to entering it, I had told your mother, that for the few hours that would intervene before the marriage ceremony could be performed, I should, by way of alluding the curiosity of her hostess, introduce her as a near relative of my own. This I did accordingly; and, having seen that every thing was comfortably arranged for her convenience, and recommending her strongly to the care of the old woman, I set off once more in search of the chaplain of the regiment. Before I could reach his residence, however, I was met by a sergeant of my company, who came running towards me, evidently with some intelligence of moment. He stated, that my presence was required without delay. The grenadiers, with the senior subaltern, were in orders for detachment for an important service; and considerable displeasure had

been manifested by the colonel at my absence, especially as of late I had greatly neglected my military duties. He had been looking for me every where, he said, but without success, when Ensign de Haldimar had pointed out to him in what direction it was likely I might be found.

"With a beating heart did I assume an uniform that appeared, at that moment, hideous in my eyes; yet I was not without a hope I might yet get off this ill-timed duty. Before I had completed my equipment, your father entered my quarters; and when I first glanced my eye full upon him, I thought his countenance exhibited evidences of confusion. This immediately reminded me of the unknown hunter, and I asked him if he was not the person I described. His answer was not a positive denial, but a mixture of raillery and surprise that lulled my doubts, enfeebled as they were by the restored calm of his features. I then told him that I had a particular favour to ask of him, which, in consideration of our friendship, I trusted he would not refuse; and that was, to take my duty in the expedition about to set forth. His manner implied concern; and he asked, with a look that had much deliberate expression in it, 'if I was aware that it was a duty in which blood was expected to be shed? He could not suppose that any consideration would induce me to resign my duty to another officer, when apprised of this fact.' All this was said with the air of one really interested in my honour; but in my increasing impatience, I told him I wanted none of his cant; I simply asked him a favour, which he would grant or decline as he thought proper. This was a harshness of language I had never indulged in; but my mind was sore under the existing causes of my annoyance, and I could not bear to have my motives reflected on at a moment when my heart was torn with all the agonies attendant on the position in which I found myself placed. His cheek paled and flushed more than once, before he replied, 'that in spite of my unkindness his friendship might induce him to do much for me, even as he had hitherto done, but that on the present occasion it rested not with him. In order to justify himself he would no longer disguise the fact from me, that the colonel had declared, in the presence of the whole regiment, I should take my duty regularly in future, and not be suffered to make a convenience of the service any longer. If, however, he could do any thing for me during my absence, I had but to command him.

"While I was yet giving vent, in no very measured terms, to the indignation I felt at being made the subject of public censure by the colonel, the same sergeant came into the room, announcing that the company were only waiting for me to march, and that the colonel desired my instant presence. In the agitation of my feelings, I scarcely knew what I did, putting several portions of my regimental equipment on so completely awry, that your father noticed and rectified the errors I had committed; while again, in the presence of the sergeant, I expressed the deepest regret he could not relieve me from a duty that was hateful to the last degree.

"Torn with agony at the thought of the uncertainty in which I was compelled to leave her whom I so fondly adored, I had now no other alternative than to make a partial confidant of your father. I told him that in the cottage which I pointed out he would find the original of the portrait he had seen me painting on a former occasion,—the Cornish cousin, whose beauty he professed to hold so cheaply. More he should know of her on my return; but at present I confided her to his honour, and begged he would prove his friendship for me by rendering her whatever attention she might require in her humble abode. With these hurried injunctions he promised to comply; and it has often occurred to me since, although I did not remark it at the time, that while his voice and manner were calm, there was a burning glow upon his handsome cheek, and a suppressed exultation in his eye, that I had never observed on either before. I then quitted the room; and hastening to my company with a glow on my brow that indicated the wretchedness of my inward spirit, was soon afterwards on the march from ———."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"If, hitherto, Clara de Haldimar, I have been minute in the detail of all that attended my connection with your mother, it has been with a view to prove to you how deeply I have been injured; but I have now arrived at a part of my history, when to linger on the past would grieve me into madness, and render me unfit for the purpose to which I have devoted myself.

"Will you credit the monstrous truth," he added, in a fierce but composed whisper, while he bent eagerly over

the form of the trembling yet attentive girl, "when I tell you that, on my return from that fatal expedition, during my continuance on which her image had never once been absent from my mind, I found Clara Beverley the wife of De Haldimar? To what satanic arts so calculating a villain could have had recourse to effect his object I know not; but it is not the less true, that she, from whom my previous history must have taught you to expect the purity of intention and conduct of an angel, became his wife,—and I a being accursed among men." Here the agitation of Wacosta became terrific. The labouring of his chest was like that of one convulsed with some racking agony; and the swollen veins and arteries of his head seemed to threaten the extinction of life in some fearful paroxysm. At length he burst into a violent fit of tears, more appalling, in one of his iron nature, than the fury which had preceded it,—and it was many minutes before he could so far compose himself as to resume.

"Think not, Clara de Haldimar, I speak without the proof. Her own words confessed, her own lips avowed it, and yet I neither slew her, nor her paramour, nor myself. On my return to the regiment I had flown to the cottage, on the wings of the most impatient and tender love that ever filled the bosom of man for woman. To my enquiries the landlady replied, that my cousin had been married two days previously, by the military chaplain, to a handsome young officer, who had visited her soon after my departure, and was constantly with her from that moment; and that immediately after the ceremony they had left, but she knew not whither. Wild, desperate, almost bereft of reason, and with a heart bounding against my bosom, as if each agonising throb were to be its last, I ran like a maniac back into the town, nor paused till I found myself in the presence of your father. My mind was a volcano, but still I attempted to be calm, even while I charged him, in the most outrageous terms, with his villany. Deny it he could not; but, far from excusing it, he boldly avowed and justified the step he had taken, intimating, with a smile full of meaning, there was nothing in a connection with the family of De Haldimar to reflect disgrace on the cousin of Sir Reginald Morton; and that the highest compliment he could pay his friend was to attach himself to one whom that friend had declared to be so near a relative of his own. There was a coldness of taunt in these remarks, that implied his sense of the deception I had practised on him, in regard to the true nature of the relationship; and for a moment, while my hand firmly grasped the hilt of my sword, I hesitated whether I should not cut him down at my feet: I had self-command, however, to abstain from the outrage, and I have often since regretted I had. My own blood could have been but spilt in atonement for my just revenge; and as for the obloquy attached to the memory of the assassin, it could not have been more bitter than that which has followed me through life.

"For weeks I was insensible to any thing but the dreadful shock my soul had sustained. A heavy stupor weighed me down, and for a period it was supposed my reason was overthrown: no such mercy was reserved for me. The regiment had quitted the Highlands, and were now stationary in ———, whither I had accompanied it in arrest. The restoration of my faculties was the signal for new persecutions. Scarcely had the medical officers reported me fit to sustain the ordeal, when a court-martial was assembled to try me on a variety of charges. Who was my prosecutor? Listen, Clara," and he shook her violently by the arm. "He who had robbed me of all that gave value to life, and incentive to honour,—he who, under the guise of friendship, had stolen into the Eden of my love, and left it barrenless of affection. In a word, you detested governor, to whose inhuman cruelty even the son of my brother has, by some strange fatality of coincidence, so recently fallen a second sacrifice. Curses, curses, on him," he pursued, with frightful vehemence, half rising as he spoke, and holding forth his right arm in a menacing attitude; "but the hour of retribution is at hand, and revenge, the exclusive passion of the gods, shall at length be mine. In no other country in the world—under no other circumstances than the present—could I have so secured it.

"What were the charges preferred against me?" he continued, with a violence that almost petrified the unhappy girl. "Hear them, and judge whether I have not cause for the inextinguishable hate that rankles at my heart. Every trifling disobedience of orders—every partial neglect of duty that could be raked up—was tortured into a specific charge; and, as I have already admitted I had latterly transgressed not a little in this respect, these were numerous enough. Yet they were but preparatory to others of greater magnitude. Will you, can you believe

any thing half so atrocious, as that your father should have called on a petty officer not only to prove some violent and insubordinate language I had used in reference to the commanding officer in my own rooms, but also to substantiate a charge of cowardice, grounded on the unwillingness I had expressed to accompany the expedition, and the extraordinary trepidation I had evinced, while preparing for the duty, manifested, as it was stated to be, by the various errors he had rectified in my equipment with his own hand? Yes, even this pitiful charge was one of the many preferred; but the severest was that which he had the unblushing effrontery to make the subject of public investigation, rather than of private redress—the blow I had struck him in his own apartments. And who was his witness in this monstrous charge?—your mother, Clara. Yea, I stood as a criminal in her presence; and yet she came forward to tender an evidence that was to consign me to a disgraceful sentence. My vile prosecutor had, moreover, the encouragement, the sanction of his colonel throughout, and by him he was upheld in every contemptible charge his ingenuity could devise. Do you not anticipate the result?—I was found guilty, and dismissed the service.

"What agonies of mind I endured,—what burning tears I nightly shed upon a pillow I was destined to press in freezing loneliness,—what hours of solitude I passed, far from the haunts of my fellow-men, and forming plans of vengeance,—it would take much longer time to relate than I have actually bestowed on my unhappy history. To comprehend their extent and force you must understand the heart of fire in which the deep sense of injury had taken root; but the night wears away, and briefly told must be the remainder of my tale. The rebellion of forty-five saw me in arms in the Scottish ranks; and, in one instance, opposed to the regiment from which I had been so ignominiously expelled. Never did revenge glow like a living fire in the heart of man as it did in mine; for the effect of my long brooding in solitude had been to inspire me with a detestation, not merely for those who had been most rancorous in their enmity, but for every thing that wore the uniform, from the commanding officer down to the meanest private. Every blow that I dealt, every life that I sacrificed, was an insult washed away from my attained honour; but him whom I most sought in the mêlée I never could reach. At length the corps to which I had attached myself was repulsed, and I saw, with rage in my heart, that my enemy still lived to triumph in the fruit of his villany.

"Although I was grown considerably in stature at this period, and was otherwise greatly altered in appearance, I had been recognised in the action by numbers of the regiment; and, indeed, more than once I had, in the intoxication of my rage, accompanied the blow that slew or maimed one of my former associates with a declaration of the name of him who inflicted it. The consequence was, I was denounced as a rebel and an outlaw, and a price was put upon my head. Accustomed, however, as I had ever been, to rocks and fastnesses, I had no difficulty in eluding the vigilance of those who were sent in pursuit of me; and thus compelled to live wholly apart from my species, I at length learned to hate them, and to know that man is the only enemy of man upon earth.

"A change now came over the spirit of my vengeance; for about this period your mother died. She was the only being I had ever looked upon with fondness; and deeply even as I had been injured by her, I wept her memory with many a scalding tear. This, however, only increased my hatred for him who had rioted in her beauty and supplanted me in her devotedness. I had the means of learning, occasionally, all that passed in the regiment, and the same account that brought me the news of your mother's death, also gave me the intelligence that three children had been the fruit of her union with De Haldimar. I heard moreover, (and this gave me pleasure,) that their father doted on them; and from that moment I resolved to turn his cup of joy into bitterness, even as he had turned mine. I no longer sought his life; for the jealousy that had half impelled that thirst existed no longer; but, deeming his cold nature at least accessible through his parental affection, I was resolved that in his children he should suffer a portion of the agonies he had inflicted on me. I waited, however, until they should be grown up to an age when the heart of the parent would be more likely to mourn their loss; and then I was determined my vengeance should be complete.

"Circumstances singularly favoured my design. Many years afterwards, the regiment formed one of the expedition against Quebec under General Wolfe. They were commanded by your father, who, in the course of promotion, had obtained the lieutenant-colonelcy; and I observed by the army list, that a subaltern of the same name,

whom I presumed to be his eldest son, was in the corps. Here was a field for my vengeance beyond any I could have hoped for. I contrived to pass over into Cornwall, the ban of outlawry being still unrepealed: and having procured from my brother a sum sufficient for my necessities, and bade him an eternal farewell, embarked in a fishing-boat for the coast of France, whence I subsequently took a passage to this country. At Montreal I found the French general, who gladly received my allegiance as a subject of France, and gave me a commission in one of the provincial corps that usually served in concert with our Indian allies. With the general I soon became a favourite; and, as a mark of his confidence, at the attack on Quebec, he entrusted me with the command of a detached irregular force, consisting partly of Canadians and partly of Indians, intended to harass the flanks of the British army. This gave me an opportunity of being at whatever point of the field I might think most favourable to my design; and I was too familiar with the detested uniform of the regiment not to be able to distinguish it from afar. In a word, Clara, for I am weary of my own tale, in that engagement I had an opportunity of recognising your brother. He struck me by his martial appearance as he encouraged his grenadiers to the attack of the French columns; and, as I turned my eye upon him in admiration, I was stung to the soul by his resemblance to his father. Vengeance thrilled throughout every fibre of my frame at that moment. The opportunity I had long sought was at length arrived; and already, in anticipation, I enjoyed the conquest his fall would occasion to my enemy. I rushed within a few feet of my victim; but the bullet aimed at his heart was received in the breast of a faithful soldier, who had flown to intercept it. How I cursed the meddler for his officiousness!"

"Oh, that soldier was your nephew," eagerly interrupted Clara, pointing towards her companion, who had fallen into a profound slumber, "the husband of this unfortunate woman. Frank Halloway (for by that name was he alone known in the regiment) loved my brother as though he had been of the same blood. He it was who flew to receive the ball that was destined for another. But I nursed him on his couch of suffering, and with my own hands prepared his food and dressed his wound. Oh, if pity can touch your heart (and I will not believe that a heart that once felt as you say yours has felt, can be inaccessible to pity), let the recollection of your nephew's devotedness to my mother's child disarm you of vengeance, and induce you to restore us!"

"Never!" thundered Wacosta,—"never! The very circumstance you have now named is an additional incentive to my vengeance. My nephew saved the life of your brother at the hazard of his own; and how has he been rewarded for the generous deed? By an ignominious death, inflicted, perhaps, for some offence not more dishonouring than those which have thrown me an outcast upon these wilds; and that at the command and in the presence of the father of him whose life he was fool enough to preserve. Yet, what but ingratitude of the grossest nature could a Morton expect at the hands of the false family of De Haldimar! They were destined to be our bane, and well have they fulfilled the end for which they were created."

"Almighty Providence," aspirated the sinking Clara, as she turned her streaming eyes to heaven; "can it be that the human heart can undergo such change? Can this be the being who once loved my mother with a purity and tenderness of affection that angels themselves might hallow with approval; or is all that I have heard but a bewildering dream?"

"No, Clara," calmly and even solemnly returned the warrior; "it is no dream, but a reality—a sad, dreadful, heart-rending reality; yet, if I am that altered being, to whom is the change to be ascribed? Who turned the generous current of my blood into a river of overflowing gall?—Your father! But these are idle words. What I have been, you know; what I now am, and through what agency I have been rendered what I now am, you know also. Not more fixed is fate than my purpose. Your brother dies even on the spot on which my nephew died; and you, Clara, shall be my bride; and the first thing your children shall be taught to hiss shall be curses on the vile name of De Haldimar!"

"Once more, in the name of my sainted mother, I implore you to have mercy," shrieked the unhappy Clara. "Oh!" she continued with vehement supplication, "let the days of your early love be brought back to your memory, that your heart may be softened; and cut yourself not wholly off from your God, by the commission of such dreadful outrages. Again, I conjure you, restore us to my father."

"Never!" savagely repeated Wacosta. "I have

passed years of torture in the hope of such an hour as this; and now that fruition is within my grasp, may I perish if I forego it! Ha, sir!" turning from the almost fainting Clara to Sir Everard, who had listened with deep attention to the history of this extraordinary man—"for this," and he thrust aside the breast of his hunting coat, exhibiting the scar of a long but superficial wound,—for this do you owe me a severe reckoning. I would recommend you, however,—and he spoke in mockery,—“when next you drive a weapon into the chest of an unresisting enemy, to be more certain of your aim. Had that been as true as the blow from the butt of your rifle, I should not have lived to triumph in this hour. I little deemed,” he pursued, still addressing the nearly heart-broken officer in the same insolent strain, “that my intrigue with that dark-eyed daughter of the old Canadian would have been the means of throwing your companion so speedily into my power, after his first narrow escape. Your disguise was well managed, I confess; and but that there is an instinct about me, enabling me to discover a De Haldimar, as a hound does the deer, by scent, you might have succeeded in passing for what you appeared. But” (and his tone suddenly changed its irony for fierceness) “to the point, sir. That you are the lover of this girl I clearly perceive, and death were preferable to a life embittered by the recollection that she whom we love reposes in the arms of another. No such kindness is meant you, however. To-morrow you shall return to the fort; and, when there, you may tell your colonel, that, in exchange for a certain miniature and letters, which, in the hurry of departure, I dropped in his apartment, some ten days since, Sir Reginald Morton, the outlaw, has taken his daughter Clara to wife, but without the solemnisation of those tedious forms that bound himself in accursed union with her mother. Oh! what would I not give,” he continued bitterly, “to wit-gess the pang inflicted on his false heart, when first the damning truth arrests his ear. Never did I know the triumph of my power until now; for what revenge can be half so sweet as that which attains a loathed enemy through the dishonour of his child? But, hark! what mean those sounds?”

A loud yelling was now heard at some distance in rear of the tent. Presently the bounding of many feet on the turf was distinguishable; and then, at intervals, the peculiar cry that announces the escape of a prisoner. Wacosta started to his feet, and fiercely grasping his tomahawk, advanced to the front of the tent, where he seemed to listen for a moment attentively, as if endeavouring to catch the direction of the pursuit.

"Ha! by heaven!" he exclaimed, "there must be treachery in this, or yon slippery captain would not so soon be at his flight again, bound as I had bound him." Then uttering a deafening yell, and rushing past Sir Everard, near whom he paused an instant, as if undecided whether he should not first dispose of him, as a precautionary measure, he flew with the speed of an antelope in the direction in which he was guided by the gradually receding sounds.

"The knife, Miss de Haldimar," exclaimed Sir Everard, after a few moments of breathless and intense anxiety. "See, there is one in the belt that Ellen Halloway has girt around her loins. Quick, for heaven's sake, quick; our only chance of safety is in this."

With an activity arising from her despair, the unhappy Clara sprang from the rude couch on which she had been left by Wacosta, and stooping over the form of the maniac, extended her hand to remove the weapon from her side; but Ellen, who had been awakened from her long slumber by the yells just uttered, seemed resolute to prevent it. A struggle for its possession now ensued between these frail and delicate beings; in which Clara, however, had the advantage, not only from the recumbent position of her opponent, but from the greater security of her grasp. At length, with a violent effort, she contrived to disengage it from the sheath, around which Ellen had closely clasped both her hands; but, with the quickness of thought, the latter were again clenched round the naked blade, and without any other evident motive than what originated in the obstinacy of her madness, the unfortunate woman fiercely attempted to wrest it away. In the act of doing so, her hands were dreadfully cut; and Clara, shocked at the sight of the blood she had been the means of shedding, lost all the energy she had summoned, and sunk senseless at the feet of the maniac, who now began to utter the most piteous cries.

"Oh, God, we are lost," exclaimed Sir Everard; the voice of that wretched woman has alarmed our enemy, and even now I hear him approaching. Quick, Clara, give me the knife. But no, it is now too late; he is here."

At that instant, the dark form of a warrior rushed

noiselessly to the spot on which he stood. The officer turned his eyes in desperation on his enemy, but a single glance was sufficient to assure him it was not Wacosta. The Indian paused not in his course, but passing close round the tree to which the baronet was attached, made a circular movement, that brought him in a line with the direction that had been taken by his enemy; and again they were left alone.

A new fear now oppressed the heart of the unfortunate Valletot, even to agony: Clara still lay senseless, speechless before him; and his impression was, that, in the struggle, Ellen Halloway had murdered her. The latter yet continued her cries; and, as she held up her hands, he could see by the fire-light they were covered with blood. An instinctive impulse caused him to bound forward to the assistance of the motionless Clara; when, to his infinite surprise and joy, he discovered the cord, which had bound him to the tree, to be severed. The Indian who had just passed had evidently been his deliverer; and a sudden flash of recollection recalled the figure of the warrior that had escaped from the schooner and was supposed to have leaped into the canoe of Oucanasta at the moment when Madeline de Haldimar was removed into that of the Canadian.

In a transport of conflicting feelings, Sir Everard now raised the insensible Clara from the ground; and, having satisfied himself she had sustained no serious injury, prepared for a flight which he felt to be desperate, if not altogether hopeless. There was not a moment to be lost, for the cries of the wretched Ellen increased in violence, as she seemed sensible she was about to be left utterly alone; and ever and anon, although afar off, yet evidently drawing nearer, was to be heard the fierce denouncing yell of Wacosta. The spot on which the officer stood, was not far from that whence his unfortunate friend had commenced his flight on the first memorable occasion; and as the moon shone brightly in the cloudless heavens, there could be no mistake in the course he was to pursue. Dashing down the steep, therefore, with all the speed his beloved burden would enable him to attain, he made immediately for the bridge over which his only chance of safety lay.

It unfortunately happened, however, that, induced either by the malice of her insanity, or really terrified at the loneliness of her position, the wretched Ellen Halloway had likewise quitted the tent, and now followed close in the rear of the fugitives, still uttering the same piercing cries of anguish. The voice of Wacosta was also again heard in the distance; and Sir Everard had the inexpressible horror to find that, guided by the shrieks of the maniac woman, he was now shaping his course, not to the tent where he had left his prisoners, but in an oblique direction towards the bridge, where he evidently hoped to intercept them. Aware of the extreme disadvantages under which he laboured in a competition of speed with his active enemy, the unhappy officer would have here terminated the struggle, had he not been partially sustained by the hope that the detachment prayed for by De Haldimar, through the friendly young chief, to whom he owed his own liberation, might be about this time on its way to attempt their rescue. This thought supported his faltering resolution, although nearly exhausted with his efforts—compelled, as he was, to sustain the motionless form of the slowly reviving Clara; and he again braced himself to the unequal flight. The moon still shone beautifully bright, and he could now distinctly see the bridge over which he was to pass; but notwithstanding he strained his eyes as he advanced, no vestige of a British uniform was to be seen in the open space that lay beyond. Once he turned to regard his pursuers. Ellen was a few yards only in his rear; and considerably beyond her rose, in tall relief against the heavens, the gigantic form of the warrior. The pursuit of the latter was now conducted with a silence that terrified even more than the yells he had previously uttered; and he gained so rapidly on his victims, that the tread of his large feet was now distinctly audible. Again the officer, with despair in his heart, made the most incredible exertions to reach the bridge, without seeming to reflect that, even when there, no security was offered him against his enemy. Once, as he drew nearer, he fancied he saw the dark heads of human beings peering from under that part of the arch which had afforded cover to De Haldimar and himself on the memorable occasion of their departure with the Canadian; and, convinced that the warrior of Wacosta had been sent there to lie in ambush and intercept his retreat, his hopes were utterly paralyzed; and although he stopped not, his flight was rather chancal than the fruit of any systematic plan of escape.

He had now gained the extremity of the bridge, with Ellen Halloway and Wacosta close in his rear, when suddenly the heads of many men were once more distinguishable, even in the shadow of the arch that overhung the sands of the river. Three individuals detached themselves from the group, and leaping upon the farther extremity of the bridge, moved rapidly to meet him. Meanwhile the baronet had stopped suddenly, as if in doubt whether to advance or to recede. His suspense was but momentary. Although the persons of these men were disguised as Indian warriors, the broad moonlight that beamed full on their countenances disclosed the well-remembered features of Blessington, Erskine, and Charles de Haldimar. The latter sprang before his companions, and, uttering a cry of joy, sank in speechless agony on the neck of his still unconscious sister.

"For God's sake, free me, De Haldimar!" exclaimed the excited baronet, disengaging his charge from the embrace of his friend. "This is no moment for gratulation. Erskine, Blessington, see you not who is behind me? Be upon your guard; defend your lives!" And as he spoke, he rushed forward with faint and tottering steps to place his companions between the unhappy girl and the danger that threatened her.

The swords of the officers were drawn; but instead of advancing upon the formidable being, who stood as if paralysed at this unexpected rencontre, the two seniors contented themselves with assuming a defensive attitude, retiring slowly and gradually towards the other extremity of the bridge.

Overcome by his emotion, Charles de Haldimar had not noticed this action of his companions, and stood apparently riveted to the spot. The voice of Blessington calling on him by name to retire, seemed to arouse the dormant consciousness of the unhappy maniac. She uttered a piercing shriek, and springing forward, sank on her knees at his feet, exclaiming, as she forcibly detained him by his dress—

"Almighty Heaven! where am I? surely that was Captain Blessington's kind voice I heard; and you—you are Charles de Haldimar. Oh! save my husband; plead for him with your father!—but no," she continued wildly,—"he is dead—he is murdered! Behold these hands all covered with his blood! Oh!"

"Ha! another De Haldimar!" exclaimed Wacosta, recovering his slumbering energies, "this spot seems indeed fated for our meeting. More than thrice have I been banished of my just revenge, but now will I secure it. Thus, Ellen, do I avenge your husband's and my nephew's death. My own wrongs demand another sacrifice. But, ha! where is she? where is Clara? where is my bride?"

Bounding over the ill-fated De Haldimar, who lay, even in death, firmly clasped in the embrace of the wretched Ellen, the fierce man dashed furiously forward to renew his pursuit of the fugitives. But suddenly the extremity of the bridge was filled with a column of armed men, that kept issuing from the arch beneath. Sensible of his danger, he sought to make good his retreat; but when he turned for the purpose, the same formidable array met his view at the opposite extremity; and both parties now rapidly advanced in double quick time, evidently with a view of closing upon and taking him prisoner. In this dilemma, his only hope was in the assistance that might be rendered him by his warriors. A yell, so terrific as to be distinctly heard in the fort itself, burst from his vast chest, and rolled in prolonged echoes through the forest. It was faintly answered from the encampment, and met by deep but noiseless curses from the exasperated soldiery, whose the sight of their murdered officer was momentarily working into frenzy.

"Kill him not, for your lives!—I command you, men, kill him not!" muttered Captain Blessington with suppressed passion, as his troops were preparing to immolate him on their chattering bayonets. "Such a death were, indeed, mercy to such a villain."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Wacosta in bitter scorn; "who is there of all your accursed regiment who will dare to take him alive?" Then brandishing his tomahawk around him, to prevent their finally closing, he dealt his blows with such astonishing velocity, that no unguarded point was left about his person; and more than one soldier was brought to the earth in the course of the unequal struggle.

"By G—d!" said Captain Erskine, "are the two best companies of the regiment to be kept at bay by a single desperado? Shame on ye, fellows! If his hands are too many for you, lay him by the heels."

This ruse was practised with success. In attempting to defend himself from the attack of those who sought to throw him down, the warrior necessarily left his upper

person exposed; when advantage was taken to close with him and deprive him of the play of his arms. It was not, however, without considerable difficulty, that they succeeded in disarming and binding his hands; after which a strong cord being fastened round his waist, he was tightly lashed to a gun, which, contrary to the original intention of the governor, had been sent out with the expedition. The retreat of the detachment then commenced rapidly; but it was not without being hotly pursued by the band of warriors the yell of Wacosta had summoned in pursuit, that they finally gained the fort: under what feelings of sorrow for the fate of an officer so beloved, we leave it to our readers to imagine.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The morning of the next day dawned on few who had pressed their customary couches—on none, whose feverish pulse and bloodshot eye failed to attest the utter sleeplessness in which the night had been passed. Numerous groups of men were to be seen assembling after the reveillé, in various parts of the barrack square—those who had borne a part in the recent expedition commingling with those who had not, and recounting to the latter, with mournful look and voice, the circumstances connected with the bereavement of their universally lamented officer. As none, however, had seen the blow struck that deprived him of life, although each had heard the frantic exclamations of a voice that had been recognised for Ellen Halloway's, much of the marvellous was necessarily mixed up with truth in their narrative,—some positively affirming Mr. de Haldimar had not once quitted his party, and declaring that nothing short of a supernatural agency could have transported him unnoticed to the fatal spot, where, in their advance, they had beheld him murdered. The singular appearance of Ellen Halloway also, at that moment, on the very bridge on which she had pronounced her curse on the family of De Haldimar, and in company with the terrible and mysterious being who had borne her off in triumph on that occasion to the forest, and under circumstances calculated to excite the most superstitious impressions, was not without its weight in determining their rude speculations; and all concurred in opinion, that the death of the unfortunate young officer was a judgment on their colonel for the little mercy he had extended to the noble-hearted Halloway.

Then followed allusion to their captive, whose gigantic stature and efforts at escape, tremendous even as the latter were, were duly exaggerated by each, with the very laudable view of claiming a proportionate share of credit for his own individual exertions; and many and various were the opinions expressed as to the manner of death he should be made to suffer. Among the most conspicuous of the orators were those with whom our readers have already made slight acquaintance in our account of the sortie by Captain Erskine's company for the recovery of the supposed body of Frederick de Haldimar. One was for impaling him alive, and setting him up to rot on the platform above the gate. Another for blowing him from the muzzle of a twenty-four pounder, into the centre of the first band of Indians that approached the fort, that thus perceiving they had lost the strength and sinew of their cunning war, they might be the more easily induced to propose terms of peace. A third was of opinion he ought to be chained to the top of the flag-staff, as a target, to be shot at with arrows only, contriving never to touch a mortal part. A fourth would have had him tied naked over the sharp spikes that constituted the chevaux-de-frise garnishing the sides of the drawbridge. Each devised some new death—proposed some new torture; but all were of opinion, that simply to be shot, or even to be hanged, was too merciful a punishment for the wretch who had so wantonly and inhumanly butchered the kind-hearted, gentle-mannered officer, whom they had almost all known and loved from his very boyhood; and they looked forward, with mingled anxiety and vengeance, to the moment when, summoned as it was expected he shortly would be, before the assembled garrison, he would be made to expiate the atrocity with his blood.

While the men thus gave indulgence to their indignation and their grief, their officers were even more painfully affected. The body of the ill-fated Charles had been borne to his apartment, where, divested of its disguise, it had again been inducted in such apparel as was deemed suited to the purpose. Extended on the very bed on which he lay at the moment when she, whose maniac raving, and forcible detention, had been the immediate cause of his destruction, had preferred her wild but fruitless supplication for mercy, he exhibited, even in death, the same delicate beauty that had characterised him on

that occasion; yet, with a mildness and serenity of expression on his still, pale features, strongly in contrast with the agitation and glow of excitement that then distinguished him.

Around the bed were grouped nearly all the officers, standing in attitudes indicative of anxiety and interest, and gazing mournfully on the placid features of their ill-fated friend. All, on entering, moved noiselessly over the rude floor, as though fearful of disturbing the repose of one who merely slumbered; and the same precaution was extended to the brief but heart-felt expressions of sorrow that passed from one to the other, as they gazed on all that remained of the gentle De Haldimar.

Gradually the officers moved away in the same noiseless manner they had approached, either in pursuance of their several duties, or to make their toilet of the morning. Two only of their number remained near the couch of death.

"Poor unfortunate De Haldimar!" observed one of these, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself; "too fatally, indeed, have your forebodings been realised; and what I considered as the mere despondency of a mind crushed into feebleness by an accumulation of suffering, was, after all, but the first presentiment of a death no human power might avert. By heaven! I would give up half my own being to be able to reanimate that form once more,—but the wish is vain."

"Who shall announce the intelligence to his sister?" sighed his companion. "Never will that already nearly heart-broken girl be able to survive the shock of her brother's death. Blessington, you alone are fitted to such a task; and, painful as it is, you must undertake it. Is the colonel apprised of the dreadful truth, do you know?"

"He is. It was told him at the moment of our arrival last night; but from the little outward emotion displayed by him, I should be tempted to infer he had almost anticipated some such catastrophe."

"Poor, poor Charles!" bitterly exclaimed Sir Everard Valletort—for it was he. "What would I not give to recall the rude manner in which I spurned you from me last night. But, alas! what could I do, laden with such a trust, and pursued, without the power of defence, by such an enemy? Little, indeed, did I imagine what was so speedily to be your doom! Blessington," he pursued, with increased emotion, "it grieves me to wretchedness to think that he, whom I loved as though he had been my twin brother, should have perished with his last thoughts, perhaps, lingering on the seeming unkindness with which I had greeted him after so anxious an absence."

"Nay, if there be blame, it must attach to me," sorrowfully observed Captain Blessington. "Had Erskine and myself not retired before the savage, as we did, our unfortunate friend would in all probability have been alive at this very hour. But in our anxiety to draw the former into the ambuscade we had prepared for him, we utterly overlooked that Charles was not retreating with us."

"How happened it," demanded Sir Everard, his attention naturally directed to the subject by the preceding remarks, "that you lay thus in ambuscade, when the object of the expedition, as solicited by Frederick de Haldimar, was an attempt to reach us in the encampment of the Indians?"

"It certainly was under that impression we left the fort; but, on coming to the spot where the friendly Indian lay waiting to conduct us, he proposed the plan we subsequently adopted as the most likely, not only to secure the escape of the prisoners, whom he pledged himself to liberate, but to defend ourselves with advantage against Wacosta and the immediate guard set over them, should they follow in pursuit. Erskine approving, as well as myself, of the plan, we halted at the bridge, and disposed of our men under each extremity; so that, if attacked by the Indians in front, we might be enabled to throw them into confusion by taking them in rear, as they flung themselves upon the bridge. The event seemed to answer our expectations. The alarm raised in the encampment satisfied us the young Indian had contrived to fulfil his promise; and we momentarily looked for the appearance of those whose flight we naturally supposed would be directed towards the bridge. To our great surprise, however, we remarked that the sounds of pursuit, instead of approaching us, seemed to take an opposite direction, apparently towards the point whence we had seen the prisoners disembarked in the morning. At length, when almost tempted to regret we had not pushed boldly on, in conformity with our first intention, we heard the shrill cries of a woman; and, not long afterwards, the sounds of human feet rushing down the slope. What our sensations were, you may imagine; for we all believed it

to be either Clara or Madeline de Haldimar fleeing alone, and pursued by our ferocious enemies. To show ourselves would, we were sensible, be to ensure the death of the pursued, before we could possibly come up; and, although it was with difficulty we repressed the desire to rush forward to the rescue, our better judgment prevailed. Finally we saw you approach, followed closely by what appeared to be a mere boy of an Indian, and, at a considerable distance, by the tall warrior of the Fleur de lis. We imagined there was time enough for you to gain the bridge; and finding your more formidable pursuer was only accompanied by the youth already alluded to, conceived at that moment the design of making him our prisoner. Still there were half a dozen muskets ready to be levelled on him should he approach too near to his fugitives, or manifest any other design than that of simply recapturing them. How well our plan succeeded you are aware; but, alas!" and he glanced sorrowfully at the corpse, "why was our success to be embittered by so great a sacrifice?"

"Ah, would to heaven that he at least had been spared," sighed Sir Everard, as he took the wan white hand of his friend in his own; "and yet I know not: he looks so calm, so happy in death, it is almost selfish to repine he has escaped the horrors that still await us in this dreadful warfare. But what of Frederick and Madeline de Haldimar? From the statement you have given, they must have been liberated by the young Ottawa before he came to me; yet, what could have induced them to have taken a course of flight so opposite to that which promised their only chance of safety?"

"Heaven only knows," returned Captain Blessington. "I fear they have again been recaptured by the savages; in which case their doom is scarcely doubtful; unless, indeed, our prisoner of last night be given up in exchange for them."

"Then will their liberty be purchased at a terrible price," remarked the baronet. "Will you believe, Blessington, that that man, whose enmity to our colonel seems almost devilish, was once an officer in this very regiment?"

"You astonish me, Valletort. Impossible! and yet it has always been apparent to me they were once associates."

"I heard him relate his history only last night to Clara, whom he had the audacity to sully with proposals to become his bride," pursued the baronet. "His tale was a most extraordinary one. He narrated it, however, only up to the period when the life of De Haldimar was attempted by him at Quebec. But with his subsequent history we are all acquainted, through the fame of his bloody atrocities in all the posts that have fallen into the hands of Pontiac. That man, savage and even fiendish as he now is, was once possessed of the noblest qualities. I am sorry to say it; but Colonel de Haldimar has brought this present affliction upon himself. At some future period I will tell you all."

"Alas!" said Captain Blessington, "poor Charles, then, has been made to pay the penalty of his father's errors; and, certainly, the greatest of these was his dooming the unfortunate Halloway to death in the manner he did."

"What think you of the fact of Halloway being the nephew of this extraordinary man, and both of high family?" demanded Sir Everard.

"Indeed! and was the latter, then, aware of the connection?"

"Not until last night," replied Sir Everard. "Some observations made by the wretched wife of Halloway, in the course of which she named his true name, (which was that of the warrior also,) first indicated the fact to the latter. But, what became of that unfortunate creature?—was she brought in?"

"I understand not," said Captain Blessington. "In the confusion and hurry of securing our prisoner, and the apprehension of immediate attack from his warriors, Ellen was entirely overlooked. Some of my men say they left her lying, insensible, on the spot whence they had raised the body of our unfortunate friend, which they had some difficulty in releasing from her convulsive embrace. But, hark! there is the first drum for parade, and I have not yet exchanged my Indian garb."

Captain Blessington now quitted the room, and Sir Everard, relieved from the restraining presence of his companions, gave free vent to his emotion, throwing himself upon the body of his friend, and giving utterance to the feelings of anguish that oppressed his heart.

He had continued some minutes in this position, when he fancied he felt the warm tears of a human being bedewing a hand that reposed on the neck of his unfortunate friend. He looked up, and, to his infinite surprise,

beheld Clara de Haldimar standing before him at the opposite side of the bed. Her likeness to her brother, at that moment, was so striking, that, for a second or two, the irrepressible thought passed through the mind of the officer, it was not a living being he gazed upon, but the immaterial spirit of his friend. The whole attitude and appearance of the wretched girl, independently of the fact of her noiseless entrance, tended to favour the delusion. Her features, of an ashy paleness, seemed fixed, even as those of the corpse beneath him; and, but for the tears that coursed silently down her cheek, there was scarcely an outward evidence of emotion.

"You are surprised to see me here, mingling my grief with yours, Sir Everard," she at length observed, with the same calm mien, and in tones of touching sweetness. "I came, with my father's permission, to take a last farewell of him whose death has broken my heart. I expected to be alone; but—Nay, do not go," she added, perceiving that the officer was about to depart. "Had you not been here, I should have sent for you; for we have both a sacred duty to perform. May I not ask your hand?"

Dismayed at her collected manner, the young officer gazed at her with the deepest sorrow depicted in every line of his own countenance. He extended his hand, and Clara, to his surprise, grasped and pressed it firmly.

"It was the wish of this poor boy that his Clara should be the wife of his friend, Sir Everard. Did he ever express such to you?"

"It was the fondest desire of his heart," returned the baronet, unable to restrain the emotion of joy that mingled, despite of himself, with his worst apprehensions.

"I need not ask how you received his proposal," continued Clara, with the same calmness of manner. "Last night," she pursued solemnly, "I was the bride of the murderer of my brother, of the lover of my mother,—to-morrow night I may be the bride of death; but to-night I am the bride of my brother's friend. Yes, here am I come to pledge myself to the fulfilment of his wish. If you deem a heart-broken girl not unworthy of you, I am your wife, Sir Everard; and, recollect, it is a solemn pledge, that which a sister gives over the lifeless body of a brother, beloved as this has been."

"Oh, Clara—dearest Clara," passionately exclaimed the excited young man, "if a life devoted to your happiness can repay you for this, count upon it as you would upon your eternal salvation. In you will I love both my friend and the sister he has bequeathed to me. Clara, my betrothed wife, summon all the energies of your nature to sustain this cruel shock; and exert yourself for him who will be to you both a brother and a husband."

As he spoke he drew the unresisting girl towards him, and, locking her in his embrace, pressed, for the first time, the lips, which it had maddened him the preceding night to see polluted by the forcible kisses of Wacosta. But Clara shared not, but merely suffered his momentary happiness. Her cheek wore not the crimson of excitement, neither were her tears discontinued. She seemed as one who mechanically submitted to what she had no power of resistance to oppose; and even in the embrace of her affianced husband, she exhibited the same death-like calm that had startled him at her first appearance. Religion could not hallow a purer feeling than that which had impelled the action of the young officer. The very consciousness of the sacred pledge having been exchanged over the corpse of his friend, imparted a holiness of fervour to his mind; and even while he pressed her, whom he secretly swore to love with all the affection of a fond brother and a husband united, he felt that if the spirit of him, who slept unconscious of the scene, were suffered to linger near, it would be to hallow it with approval.

"And now," said Clara at length, yet without attempting to disengage herself,— "now that we are united, I would be alone with my brother. My husband, leave me."

Deeply touched at the name of husband, Sir Everard could not refrain from imprinting another kiss on the lips that uttered it. He then gently disengaged himself from his lovely but suffering charge, whom he deposited with her head resting on the bed; and making a significant motion of his hand to the woman, who, as well as old Morrison, had been spectators of the whole scene, stole gently from the apartment, under what mingled emotions of joy and grief it would be difficult to describe.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was the eighth hour of morning, and both officers and men, quitting their ill-relished meal, were to be seen

issuing to the parade, where the monotonous roll of the *assemblée* now summoned them. Presently the garrison was formed, presenting three equal sides of a square. The vacant space fronted the guard house, near one extremity of which was to be seen a flight of steps communicating with the rampart, where the flag-staff was erected. Several men were employed at this staff, passing strong ropes through iron pulleys that were suspended from the extreme top, while in the basement of the staff itself, to a height of about twenty feet, were stuck at intervals strong wooden pegs, serving as steps to the artillerymen for greater facility in clearing, when foul, the lines to which the colours were attached. The latter had been removed; and, from the substitution of a cord considerably stronger than that which usually appeared there, it seemed as if some far heavier weight was about to be appended to it. Gradually the men, having completed their unusual preparations, quitted the rampart, and the flag-staff which was of tapering pine, was left totally unguarded.

The "Attention!" of Major Blackwater to the troops, who had been hitherto standing in attitudes of expectancy that rendered the injunction almost superfluous, announced the approach of the governor. Soon afterward that officer entered the area, wearing his characteristic dignity of manner, yet exhibiting every evidence of one who had suffered deeply. Preparation for a drum-head court-martial, as in the first case of Halloway, had already been made within the square, and the only actor wanting in the drama was he who was to be tried.

Once Colonel de Haldimar made an effort to command his appearance, but the huskiness of his voice choked his utterance, and he was compelled to pause. After the lapse of a few moments, he again ordered, but in a voice that was remarked to falter,—

"Mr. Lawson, let the prisoner be brought forth."

The feeling of suspense that ensued between the delivery and execution of this command was painful throughout the ranks. All were penetrated with curiosity to behold a man who had several times appeared to them under the most appalling circumstances, and against whom the strongest feeling of indignation had been excited for his barbarous murder of Charles de Haldimar. It was with mingled awe and anger they now awaited his approach. At length the captive was seen advancing from the cell in which he had been confined, his gigantic form towering far above those of the guard of grenadiers by whom he was surrounded; and with a haughtiness in his air, and insolence in his manner, that told he came to confront his enemy with a spirit unsubdued by the fate that too probably awaited him.

Many an eye was turned upon the governor at that moment. He was evidently struggling for composure to meet the scene he felt it to be impossible to avoid; and he turned pale and paler as his enemy drew near.

At length the prisoner stood nearly in the same spot where his unfortunate nephew had lingered on a former occasion. He was unchained; but his hands were firmly secured behind his back. He threw himself into an attitude of carelessness, resting on one foot, and tapping the earth with the other; riveting his eye, at the same time, with an expression of the most daring insolence, on the governor, while his swarthy cheek was moreover lighted up with a smile of the deepest scorn.

"You are Reginald Morton the outlaw, I believe," at length observed the governor in an uncertain tone, that, however, acquired greater firmness as he proceeded,— "one whose life has already been forfeited through his treasonable practices in Europe, and who has, moreover, incurred the penalty of an ignominious death, by acting in this country as a spy of the enemies of England. What say you, Reginald Morton, that you should not be convicted in the death that awaits the traitor?"

"Ha! ha! by heaven, such cold, pompous insolence amuses me," vociferated Wacosta. "It reminds me of Ensign de Haldimar of nearly five and twenty years back, who was then as cunning a dissembler as he is now." Suddenly changing his ribald tone to one of scorn and rage:—"You believe me, you say, to be Reginald Morton, the outlaw. Well do you know it. I am that Sir Reginald Morton, who became an outlaw, not through his own crimes, but through your villany. As you may, I heed it not. You may award me death, but shall not chain my tongue. To your whole regiment do I proclaim you for a false, remorseless villain." Then turning his flashing eye along the ranks—

"I was once an officer in this corps, and long before any of you wore the accursed uniform. That man, the fiend, affected to be my friend; and under the guise of friendship, stole into the heart I loved better than my

own life. Yes," fervently pursued the excited prisoner, stamping violently with his foot upon the earth, "he robbed me of my affianced wife; and for that I resented an outrage that should have banished him to some lone region, where he might never again pollute human nature with his presence—he caused me to be tried by a court martial, and dismissed the service. Then, indeed, I became the outlaw he has described, but not until then. Now, Colonel de Haldimar, that I have proclaimed your infamy, poor and inefficient as the triumph be, do your worst—I ask no mercy. Yesterday I thought that years of toilsome pursuit of the means of vengeance were about to be crowned with success; but fate has turned the tables on me, and I yield."

To all but the baronet and Captain Blessington this declaration was productive of the utmost surprise. Every eye was turned upon the colonel. He grew impatient under the scrutiny, and demanded if the court, who meanwhile had been deliberating, satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner, had come to a decision in regard to his punishment. An affirmative answer was given, and Colonel de Haldimar proceeded.

Reginald Morton, with the private misfortunes of your former life we have nothing to do. It is the decision of this court, who are merely met out of form, that you suffer immediate death by hanging, as a just recompense for your double treason to your country. "There," and he pointed to the flag staff, "will you be exhibited to the misguided people whom your wicked artifices have stirred up into hostility against us. When they behold your fate, they will take warning from your example; and, finding we have heads and arms not to suffer offence with impunity, be more readily brought to obedience."

"I understand your allusion," coolly rejoined Wacosta, glancing earnestly at, and apparently measuring with his eye, the dimensions of the conspicuous scaffold on which he was to suffer. "You had ever a calculating head, De Haldimar, where any secret villany, any thing to promote your own selfish ends, was to be gained by it; but your calculation seems now, methinks, at fault."

Colonel de Haldimar looked at him enquiringly. "You have still a son left," pursued the prisoner with the same recklessness of manner, and in a tone denoting allusion to him who was no more, that caused an universal shudder throughout the ranks. "He is in the hands of the Ottawa Indians, and I am the friend of their great chief, inferior only in power among the tribe to himself. Think you that he will see me hanged up like a dog, and fail to avenge my disgraceful death?"

"Ha! presumptuous renegade, is this the deep game you have in view? Hope you then to stipulate for the preservation of a life every way forfeited to the offended justice of your country? Dare you to cherish the belief, that, after the horrible threats so often denounced by you, you will again be let loose upon a career of crime and blood?"

"None of your cant, De Haldimar, as I once observed to you before," coolly retorted Wacosta, with bitter sarcasm. "Consult your own heart, and ask if its catalogue of crime be not far greater than my own: yet I ask not my life. I would but have the manner of my fate altered, and fain would die the death of the soldier I was before you rendered me the wretch I am. Methinks the boon is not so great, if the restoration of your son be the price."

"Do you mean, then," eagerly returned the governor, "that if the mere mode of your death be changed, my son shall be restored?"

"I do," was the calm reply.

"What pledge have we of the fact? What faith can we repose in the word of a fiend, whose brutal vengeance has already sacrificed the gentlest life that ever animated human clay?" Here the emotion of the governor almost choked his utterance, and considerable agitation and murmuring were manifested in the ranks.

"Gentle, said you?" replied the prisoner, musingly; "then did he resemble his mother, whom I loved, even as his brother resembles you whom I have so much reason to hate. Had I known the boy to be what you describe, I might have felt some touch of pity even while I delayed not to strike his death blow; but the false moonlight deceived me, and the detested name of De Haldimar, pronounced by the lips of my nephew's wife—that wife whom your cold blooded severity had widowed and driven mad—was in itself sufficient to ensure his doom."

"Inhuman ruffian!" exclaimed the governor, with increasing indignation; "to the point. What pledge have you to offer that my son will be restored?"

"Nay, the pledge is easily given, and without much

trick. You have only to defer my death until your messenger return from his interview with Pontac. If Captain de Haldimar accompany him back, shoot me as I have requested; if he come not, then it is but to hang me after all."

"Ha! I understand you; this is but a pretext to gain time, a device to enable your subtle brain to plan some mode of escape."

"As you will, Colonel de Haldimar," calmly retorted Wacosta; and again he sank into silence, with the air of one utterly indifferent to results.

"Do you mean," resumed the colonel, "that a request from yourself to the Ottawa chief will obtain the liberation of my son?"

"Unless the Indian be false as yourself, I do."

"And of the lady who is with him?" continued the colonel, colouring with anger.

"Of both."

"How is the message to be conveyed?"

"Ha, sir!" returned the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height, "now are you arrived at a point that is pertinent. My wampum belt will be the passport, and the safeguard of him you send; then for the communication. There are certain figures, as you are aware, that, traced on bark, answer the same purpose among the Indians with the European language of letters. Let my hands be cast loose," he pursued, but in a tone in which agitation and excitement might be detected, "and if bark be brought me, and a burnt stick or coal, I will give you not only a sample of Indian ingenuity, but a specimen of my own progress in Indian acquirements."

"What, free your hands, and thus afford you a chance of escape?" observed the governor, doubtingly.

Wacosta bent his steadfast gaze on him for a few moments as if he questioned he had heard aright. Then bursting into a wild and scornful laugh,—"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "This is, indeed, a high compliment you pay me at the expense of these fine fellows. What, Colonel de Haldimar afraid to liberate an unarmed prisoner, hemmed in by a forest of bayonets? 'This is good; gentlemen,' and he bent himself in sarcastic reverence to the astonished troops, 'I beg to offer my very best congratulations on the high estimation in which you are held by your colonel.'"

"Peace, sirrah!" exclaimed the governor, enraged beyond measure at the insolence of him who thus held him up to contempt before his men, "or, by heaven, I will have your tongue cut out!—Mr. Lawton, let what this fellow requires be procured immediately." Then addressing Lieutenant Boyce, who commanded the immediate guard over the prisoner,—"Let his hands be liberated, sir, and enjoin your men to be watchful of the movements of this supple traitor. His activity I know of old to be great, and he seems to have doubled it since he assumed that garb."

The command was executed, and the prisoner stood, once more, free and unfettered in every muscular limb. A deep and unbroken silence ensued; and the return of the adjutant was momentarily expected. Suddenly a loud scream was heard, and the slight figure of a female, clad in white, came rushing from the piazza in which the apartment of the deceased De Haldimar was situated. It was Clara. The guard of Wacosta formed the fourth front of the square; but they were drawn up somewhat in the distance, so as to leave an open space of several feet at the angles. Through one of these the excited girl now passed into the area, with a wildness in her air and appearance that riveted every eye in painful interest upon her. She paused not until she had gained the side of the captive, at whose feet she now sank in an attitude expressive of the most profound despair.

"Tiger!—monster!" she raved, "restore my brother!—give me back the gentle life you have taken, or destroy my own! See, I am a weak defenceless girl: can you not strike!—you who have no pity for the innocent. But come," she pursued mournfully, regaining her feet and grasping his iron hand,—"come and see the sweet calm face of him you have slain!—come with me, and behold the image of Clara Beverley; and, if you ever loved her as you say you did, let your soul be touched with remorse for your crime."

The excitement and confusion produced by this unexpected interruption was great. Murmurs of compassion for the unhappy Clara, and of indignation against the prisoner, were no longer sought to be repressed by the men; while the officers, quitting their places in the ranks, grouped themselves indiscriminately in the foreground. One, more impatient than his companions, sprang forward, and forcibly drew away the delicate hand that still grasped that of the captive. It was Sir Everard Valletort.

"Clara, my beloved wife!" he exclaimed, to the astonishment of all who heard him, "pollute not your lips by further communion with such a wretch; his heart is as inaccessible to pity as the rugged rocks on which his spring-life was passed. For Heaven's sake,—for my sake,—linger not within his reach. There is death in his very presence."

"Your wife, sir!" haughtily observed the governor, with irrepressible astonishment and indignation in his voice; "what mean you?—Gentlemen, resume your places in the ranks. Clara—Miss de Haldimar, I command you to retire instantly to your apartment. We will discourse of this later, Sir Everard Valletort. I trust you have not dared to offer an indignity to my child."

While he was yet turned to that officer, who had taken his post, as commanded, in the inner angle of the square, and with a countenance that denoted the conflicting emotions of his soul, he was suddenly startled by the confused shout and rushing forward of the whole body, both of officers and men. Before he had time to turn, a loud and well-remembered yell burst upon his ear. The next moment, to his infinite surprise and horror, he beheld the bold warrior rapidly ascending the very staff that had been destined for his scaffold, and with Clara in his arms!

Great was the confusion that ensued. To rush forward and surround the flag-staff, was the immediate action of the troops. Many of the men raised their muskets, and in the excitement of the moment, would have fired, had they not been restrained by their officers, who pointed out the certain destruction it would entail on the unfortunate Clara. With the rapidity of thought, Wacosta had snatched up his victim, while the attention of the troops was directed to the singular conversation passing between the governor and Sir Everard Valletort, and darting through one of the open angles already alluded to, had gained the rampart before they had recovered from the stupor produced by his daring action. Stepping lightly upon the pegs, he had rapidly ascended to the utmost height of these, before any one thought of following him; and then grasping in his teeth the cord which was to have served for his execution, and holding Clara firmly against his chest, while he embraced the smooth staff with knees and feet closely compressed around it, accomplished the difficult ascent with an ease that astonished all who beheld him. Gradually, as he approached the top, the tapering pine waved to and fro; and at each moment it was expected, that, yielding to their united weight, it would snap asunder, and precipitate both Clara and himself, either upon the rampart, or into the ditch beyond.

More than one officer now attempted to follow the fugitive in his adventurous course; but, even Lieutenant Johnstone, the most active and experienced in climbing of the party, was unable to rise more than a few yards above the pegs that afforded a footing, and the enterprise was abandoned as an impossibility. At length Wacosta was seen to gain the extreme summit. For a moment he turned his gaze anxiously beyond the town, in the direction of the bridge; and, after peeling forth one of his terrific yells, exclaimed, exultingly, as he turned his eye upon his enemy:—

"Well, colonel, what think you of this sample of Indian ingenuity? Did I not tell you," he continued, in mockery, "that, if my hands were but free, I would give you a specimen of my progress in Indian acquirements?"

"If you would avoid a death even more terrible than that of hanging," shouted the governor, in a voice of mingled rage and terror, "restore my daughter."

"Ha! ha! ha!—excellent!" vociferated the savage.

"You threaten largely, my good governor; but your threats are harmless as those of a weak besieging army before an impregnable fortress. It is for the strongest, however, to propose his terms. If I restore this girl to life, will you pledge yourself to mine?"

"Now!" thundered Colonel de Haldimar, with unusual energy. "Men, procure axes; cut the flag-staff down, since this is the only means left of securing yon insolent traitor! Quick to your work: and mark, who first seizes him shall have promotion on the spot."

Axes were instantly procured, and two of the men now lent themselves vigorously to the task. Wacosta seemed to watch these preparations with evident anxiety; and to all it appeared as if his courage had been paralysed by this unexpected action. No sooner, however, had the axemen reached the heart of the staff, than, holding Clara forth over the edge of the rampart, he shouted,—

"One stroke more, and she perishes!"

Instantaneously the work was discontinued. A silence of a few moments ensued. Every eye was turned up-

ward,—every heart beat with terror to see the delicate girl, held by a single arm, and apparently about to be precipitated from that dizzying height. Again Wacosta shouted,—

"Life for life, De Haldimar! If I yield her shall I live?"

"No terms shall be dictated to me by a rebel, in the heart of my own fort," returned the governor. "Restore my child, and we will then consider what mercy may be extended to you."

"Well do I know what mercy dwells in such a heart as yours," gloomily remarked the prisoner; "but I come."

"Surround the staff, men," ordered the governor, in a low tone. "The instant he descends, secure him: lash him in every limb, nor suffer even his insolent tongue to be longer at liberty."

"Boyce, for God's sake open the gate, and place men in readiness to lower the drawbridge," implored Sir Everard of the officer of the guard, and in a tone of deep emotion that was not meant to be overheard by the governor. "I fear the boldness of this vengeful man may lead him to some desperate means of escape."

While the officer whom he addressed issued a command, the responsibility of which he fancied he might, under the peculiar circumstances of the moment, take upon himself, Wacosta began his descent, not as before, by adhering to the staff, but by the rope which he held in his left hand, while he still supported the apparently senseless Clara against his right chest with the other.

"Now, Colonel de Haldimar, I hope your heart is at rest," he shouted, as he rapidly glided by the cord; "enjoy your triumph as best may suit your pleasure."

Every eye followed his movement with interest; every heart beat lighter at the certainty of Clara being again restored, and without other injury than the terror she must have experienced in such a scene. Each congratulated himself on the favourable termination of the terrible adventure, yet were all ready to spring upon and secure the desperate author of the wrong. Wacosta had now reached the centre of the flag-staff. Pausing for a moment, he grappled it with his strong and nervous feet, on which he apparently rested, to give a momentary relief to the muscles of his left arm. He then abruptly abandoned his hold, swinging himself out a few yards from the staff, and returning again, dashed his feet against it with a force that caused the weakened mass to vibrate to its very foundation. Impelled by his weight, and the violence of his action, the creaking pine gave way; its lofty top gradually bending over the exterior rampart until it finally snapped asunder, and fell with a loud crash across the ditch.

"Open the gate, down with the drawbridge!" exclaimed the excited governor.

"Down with the drawbridge," repeated Sir Everard to the men already stationed there ready to let loose at the first order. The heavy chains rattled sullenly through the rusty pulleys, and to each the bridge seemed an hour descending. Before it had reached its level, it was covered with the weight of many armed men rushing confusedly to the front; and the foremost of these leaped to the earth before it had sunk into its customary bed. Sir Everard Valletort and Lieutenant Johnstone were in the front, both armed with their rifles, which had been brought them before Wacosta commenced his descent. Without order or combination, Erskine, Blessington, and nearly half of their respective companies, followed as they could; and dispersing as they advanced, sought only which could outstrip his fellows in the pursuit.

Meanwhile the fugitive, assisted in his fall by the gradual rending asunder of the staff, had obeyed the impulsion first given to his active form, until, suddenly checking himself by the rope, he dropped with his feet downward into the centre of the ditch. For a moment he disappeared, then came again uninjured to the surface; and in the face of more than fifty men, who, lining the rampart with their muskets levelled to take him at advantage the instant he should reappear, seemed to laugh their efforts to scorn. Holding Clara before him as a shield, through which the bullets of his enemies must pass before they could attain him, he impelled his gigantic form with a backward movement towards the opposite bank, which he rapidly ascended; and, still fronting his enemies, commenced his flight in that manner with a speed which (considering the additional weight of the drenched garments of both) was inconceivable. The course taken by him was not through the town, but circuitously across the common until he arrived on that immediate line whence, as we have before stated, the bridge was distinctly visible from the rampart; on which, nearly the whole of the remaining troops, in defiance of

the presence of their austere chief, were now eagerly assembled, watching, with unspeakable interest, the progress of the chase.

Desperate as were the exertions of Wacosta, who evidently continued this mode of flight from a conviction that the instant his person was left exposed the fire-arms of his pursuers would be brought to bear upon him, the two officers in front, animated by the most extraordinary exertions, were rapidly gaining upon him. Already was one within fifty yards of him, when a loud yell was heard from the bridge. This was fiercely answered by the fleeing man, and in a manner that implied his glad sense of coming rescue. In the wild exultation of the moment, he raised Clara high above his head, to show her in triumph to the governor, whose person his keen eye could easily distinguish among those crowded upon the rampart. In the gratified vengeance of that hour, he seemed utterly to overlook the actions of those who were so near him. During this brief scene, Sir Everard had dropped upon one knee, and supporting his elbow on the other, aimed his rifle at the heart of the ravisher of his wife. An exulting shout burst from the pursuing troops. Wacosta bounded a few feet in air, and placing his hand to his side, uttered another yell, more appalling than any that had hitherto escaped him. His flight was now uncertain and wavering. He staggered as one who had received a mortal wound; and discontinuing his unequal mode of retreat, turned his back upon his pursuers, and threw all his remaining energies into a final effort at escape.

Inspired by the success of his shot, and expecting momentarily to see him fall weakened with the loss of blood, the excited Valletort redoubled his exertions. To his infinite joy, he found that the efforts of the fugitive became feebler at each moment. Johnstone was about twenty paces behind him, and the pursuing party at about the same distance from Johnstone. The baronet had now reached his enemy, and already was the butt of his rifle raised with both hands with murderous intent when suddenly Wacosta, every feature distorted with rage and pain, turned like a wounded lion at bay, and eluding the blow, deposited the unconscious form of his victim upon the sward. Springing upon his infinitely weaker pursuer, he grappled him furiously by the throat, exclaiming through his clenched teeth:—

"Nay then, since you will provoke your fate—be it so. Die like a dog, and be damned, for having balked me of my just revenge!"

As he spoke, he hurled the gasping officer to the earth with a violence that betrayed the dreadful excitement of his soul, and again hastened to assure himself of his prize.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Johnstone had come up, and seeing his companion struggling, as he presumed with advantage, with his severely wounded enemy, made it his first care to secure the unhappy girl; for whose recovery the pursuit had been principally instituted. Quitting his rifle, he now essayed to raise her in his arms. She was without life or consciousness, and the impression on his mind was that she was dead.

While in the act of raising her, the terrible Wacosta stood at his side, his vast chest heaving forth a laugh of mingled rage and contempt. Before the officer could extricate, with a view of defending himself, his arms were pinioned as though in a vice; and ere he could recover from his surprise, he felt himself lifted up and thrown to a considerable distance. When he opened his eyes a moment afterwards, he was lying amid the moving feet of his own men.

From the instant of the closing of the unfortunate Valletort with his enemy, the Indians, hastening to the assistance of their chief, had come up, and a desultory fire had already commenced, diverting, in a great degree, the attention of the troops from the pursued. Emboldened by this new aspect of things, Wacosta now deliberately grasped the rifle that had been abandoned by Johnstone; and raising it to his shoulder, fired among the group collected on the ramparts. For a moment he watched the result of his shot, and then, peeling forth another fierce yell, he hurled the now useless weapon into the very heart of his pursuers; and again raising Clara in his arms, once more commenced his retreat, which, under cover of the fire of his party, was easily effected.

"Who has fallen?" demanded the governor of his adjutant, perceiving that some one had been hit at his side, yet without taking his eyes off his terrible enemy.

"Mr. Delme, sir," was the reply. "He has been shot through the heart, and his men are bearing him from the rampart."

"This must not be," resumed the governor with

energy. "Private feelings must no longer be studied at the expense of the public good. That pursuit is hopeless; and already too many of my officers have fallen. Desire the retreat to be sounded, Mr. Lawson. Captain Wentworth, let one or two covering guns be brought to bear upon the savages. They are gradually increasing in numbers; and if we delay, the party will be wholly cut off."

In issuing these orders, Colonel de Haldimar evinced a composure that astonished all who heard him. But although his voice was calm, despair was upon his brow. Still he continued to gaze fixedly on the retreating form of his enemy, until he finally disappeared behind the orchard of the Canadian of the Fleur de lis.

Obedying the summons from the fort, the troops without now commenced their retreat, bearing off the bodies of their fallen officers and several of their comrades who had fallen by the Indian fire. There was a show of harassing them on their return; but they were too near the fort to apprehend much danger. Two or three well-directed discharges of artillery effectually checked the onward progress of the savages; and, in the course of a minute, they had again wholly disappeared.

In gloomy silence, and with anger and disappointment in their hearts, the detachment now re-entered the fort. Johnstone was only severely bruised; Sir Everard Valletort not dead. Both were conveyed to the same room, where they were instantly attended by the surgeon, who pronounced the situation of the latter hopeless.

Major Blackwater, Captains Blessington and Erskine, Lieutenants Leslie and Boyce, and Ensigns Fortescue and Summers, were now the only regimental officers that remained of thirteen originally comprising the strength of the garrison. The whole of these stood grouped around their colonel, who seemed transfixed to the spot he had first occupied on the rampart, with his arms folded, and his gaze bent in the direction in which he had lost sight of Wacosta and his child.

Hitherto the morning had been cold and cheerless, and objects in the far distance were but indistinctly seen through a humid atmosphere. At about half an hour before mid-day the air became more rarified, and, the murky clouds gradually disappearing, left the blue autumnal sky without spot or blemish. Presently, as the bells of the fort struck twelve, a yell as of a legion of devils rent the air; and, riveting their gaze in that direction, all beheld the bridge, hitherto deserted, suddenly covered with a multitude of savages, among whom were several individuals attired in the European garb, and evidently prisoners. Each officer had a telescope raised to his eye, and each prepared himself, shudderingly, for some horrid consummation. Presently the bridge was cleared of all but a double line of what appeared to be women, armed with war-clubs and tomahawks. Along the line were now seen to pass, in slow succession, the prisoners that had previously been observed. At each step they took (and it was evident they had been compelled to run the gauntlet), a blow was inflicted by some one or other of the line, until the wretched victims were successively despatched. A loud yell from the warriors, who, although hidden from view by the intervening orchards, were evidently merely spectators in the bloody drama, announced each death. These yells were repeated, at intervals, to about the number of thirty, when, suddenly, the bridge was again deserted as before.

After the lapse of a minute, the tall figure of a warrior was seen to advance, holding a female in his arms. No one could mistake, even at that distance, the gigantic proportions of Wacosta, as he stood in the extreme centre of the bridge, in imposing relief against the flood that glittered like a sea of glass beyond. From his chest there now burst a single yell; but, although audible, it was fainter than any remembered ever to have been heard from him by the garrison. He then advanced to the extreme edge of the bridge; and, raising the form of the female far above his head with his left hand, seemed to wave her in vengeful triumph. A second warrior was seen upon the bridge, and stealing cautiously to the same point. The right hand of the first warrior was now raised and brandished in air; in the next instant it descended upon the breast of the female, who fell from his arms into the ravine beneath. Yells of triumph from the Indians, and shouts of execration from the soldiers, mingled faintly together. At that moment the arm of the second warrior was raised, and a blade was seen to glitter in the sunshine. His arm descended, and Wacosta was observed to stagger forward and fall heavily into the abyss into which his victim had the instant before been precipitated. Another loud yell, but of disappointment and anger, was heard drowning that of exultation pealed by the triumphant warrior, who, darting to the open ex-

tremitly of the bridge, directed his flight along the margin of the river, where a light canoe was ready to receive him. Into this he sprang, and, seizing the paddle, sent the waters foaming from its sides; and, pursuing his way across the river, had nearly gained the shores of Canada before a bark was to be seen following in pursuit.

How felt—how acted Colonel de Haldimar throughout this brief but terrible scene? He uttered not a word. With his arms still folded across his breast, he gazed upon the murder of his child; but he heaved not a groan, he shed not a tear. A momentary triumph seemed to irradiate his pallid features, when he saw the blow struck that annihilated his enemy; but it was again instantly shaded by an expression of the most profound despair.

"It is done, gentlemen," he at length remarked. "The tragedy is closed, the curse of Ellen Halloway is fulfilled, and I am—childless!—Blackwater," he pursued, endeavouring to stifle the emotion produced by the last reflection, "pay every attention to the security of the garrison, see that the drawbridge is again properly chained up, and direct that the duties of the troops be prosecuted in every way as heretofore."

Leaving his officers to wonder at and pity that apathy of mind that could mingle the mere forms of duty with the most heart-rending associations, Colonel de Haldimar now quitted the rampart; and, with a head that was remarked for the first time to droop over his chest, paced his way musingly to his apartments.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Night had long since drawn her circling mantle over the western hemisphere; and deeper, far deeper than the gloom of that night was the despair which filled every bosom of the devoted garrison, whose fortunes it has fallen to our lot to record. A silence, profound as that of death, pervaded the ramparts and exterior defences of the fortress, interrupted only, at long intervals, by the customary "All's well!" of the several sentinels; which, after the awful events of the day, seemed to many who now heard it as if uttered in mockery of their hopelessness of sorrow. The lights within the barracks of the men had been long since extinguished; and, consigned to a mere repose of limb, in which the eye and heart shared not, the inferior soldiery pressed their rude couches with spirits worn out by a succession of painful excitements, and frames debilitated by much abstinence and watching. It was an hour at which sleep was wont to afford them the blessing of a temporary forgetfulness of endurance that weighed the more heavily as they were believed to be endless and without fruit; but sleep had now apparently been banished from all; for the low and confused murmur that met the ear from the several block-houses was continuous and general, betraying at times, and in a louder key, words that bore reference to the tragic occurrences of the day.

The only lights visible in the fort proceeded from the guard-house and a room adjoining that of the ill-fated Charles de Haldimar. Within the latter were collected, with the exception of the governor, and grouped around a bed on which lay one of their companions in a nearly expiring state, the officers of the garrison, reduced nearly one third in number since we first offered them to the notice of our readers. The dying man was Sir Everard Valletort, who, supported by pillows, was concluding a narrative that had chained the earnest attention of his auditory, even amid the deep and heartfelt sympathy perceptible in each for the forlorn and hopeless condition of the narrator. At the side of the unhappy baronet, and enveloped in a dressing gown, as if recently out of bed, sat, reclining in a rude elbow chair, one whose pallid countenance denoted that, although far less seriously injured, he, too, had suffered severely:—it was Lieutenant Johnstone.

The narrative was at length closed; and the officer, exhausted by the effort he had made in his anxiety to communicate every particular to his attentive and surprised companions, had sunk back upon his pillow, when, suddenly, the loud and unusual "Who comes there?" of the sentinel stationed on the rampart above the gateway, arrested every ear. A moment of pause succeeded, when again was heard the "Stand, friend!" evidently given in reply to the familiar answer to the original challenge. Then were audible rapid movements in the guard-house, as of men aroused from temporary slumber, and hastening to the point whence the voice proceeded.

Silently yet hurriedly the officers now quitted the bedside of the dying man, leaving only the surgeon and the invalid Johnstone behind them; and, flying to the rampart, stood in the next minute confounded with the guard, who were already grouped round the challenging senti-

nel, bending their gaze eagerly in the direction of the road.

"What now, man?—whom have you challenged?" asked Major Blackwater.

"It is I—De Haldimar," hoarsely exclaimed one of four dark figures that, hitherto unnoticed by the officers, stood immediately beyond the ditch, with a burden deposited at their feet. "Quick, Blackwater, let us in for God's sake! Each succeeding minute may bring a scouting party on our track. Lower the drawbridge!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the major: "after all that has passed, it is more than my commission is worth to lower the bridge without permission. Mr. Lawson, quick to the governor, and report that Captain de Haldimar is here: with whom shall he say?" again addressing the impatient and almost indignant officer.

"With Miss de Haldimar, François the Canadian, and one to whom we all owe our lives," hurriedly returned the officer; "and you may add," he continued gloomily, "the corpse of my sister. But while we stand in parley here, we are lost: Lawson fly to my father, and tell him we wait for entrance."

With nearly the speed enjoined the adjutant departed. Scarcely a minute elapsed when he again stood upon the rampart, and advancing closely to the major, whispered a few words in his ear.

"Good God! can it be possible? When? How came this? but we will enquire later. Open the gate; down with the bridge, Leslie," addressing the officer of the guard.

The command was instantly obeyed. The officers flew to receive the fugitives; and as the latter crossed the drawbridge, the light of a lantern, that had been brought from the guard-room, flashed full upon the harassed countenances of Captain and Miss de Haldimar, François the Canadian, and the devoted Oucanasta.

Silent and melancholy was the greeting that took place between the parties: the voice spoke not; the hand alone was eloquent; but it was in the eloquence of sorrow only that it indulged. Pleasure, even in this almost despaired of re-union, could not be expressed; and even the eye shrank from mutual encounter, as if its very glance at such a moment were sacrilege. Recalled to a sense of her situation by the preparation of the men to raise the bridge, the Indian woman was the first to break the silence.

"The Saganaw is safe within his fort, and the girl of the pale faces will lay her head upon his bosom," she remarked solemnly. "Oucanasta will go to her solitary wigwam among the red skins."

The heart of Madeline de Haldimar was oppressed by the weight of many griefs; yet she could not see the generous preserver of her life, and the rescuer of the body of her ill-fated cousin, depart without emotion. Drawing a ring of some value and great beauty, from her finger, which she had more than once observed the Indian to admire, she placed it on her hand; and then, throwing herself on the bosom of the faithful creature, embraced her with deep manifestations of affection, but without uttering a word.

Oucanasta was sensibly gratified: she raised her large eyes to heaven as if in thankfulness; and by the light of the lantern, which fell upon her dark but expressive countenance, tears were to be seen starting unbidden from their source.

Released from the embrace of her, whose life she had twice preserved at imminent peril to her own, the Indian again prepared to depart; but there was another, who, like Madeline, although stricken by many sorrows, could not forego the testimony of his heart's gratitude. Captain de Haldimar, who, during this short scene, had despatched a messenger to his room for the purpose, now advanced to the poor girl, bearing a short but elegantly mounted dagger, which he begged her to deliver as a token of his friendship to the young chief her brother. He then dropped on one knee at her feet, and raising her hand, pressed it fervently against his heart; an action which, even to the untutored mind of the Indian, bore evidence only of the feeling that prompted it. A heavy sigh escaped her labouring chest; and as the officer now rose and quitted her hand, she turned slowly and with dignity from him, and crossing the drawbridge, was in a few minutes lost in the surrounding gloom.

Our readers have, doubtless, anticipated the communication made to Major Blackwater by the Adjutant Lawson. Bowed down to the dust by the accomplishment of the curse of Ellen Halloway, the inflexibility of Colonel de Haldimar's pride was not proof against the utter annihilation wrought to his hopes as a father by the unrelenting hatred of the enemy his early falsehood and treachery had raised up to him. When the adjutant

entered his apartment, the stony coldness of his cheek attested he had been dead some hours.

We pass over the few days of bitter trial that succeeded to the restoration of Captain de Haldimar and his bride to their friends; days, during which were consigned to the same grave the bodies of the governor, his lamented children, and the scarcely less regretted Sir Everard Valletort. The funeral service was attempted by Captain Blessington; but the strong affection of that excellent officer, for three of the defunct parties at least, was not armed against the trial. He had undertaken a task far beyond his strength; and scarcely had commenced, ere he was compelled to relinquish the performance of the ritual to the adjutant. A large grave had been dug close under the rampart, and near the fatal flag-staff, to receive the bodies of their deceased friends; and, as they were lowered successively into their last earthly resting place, tears fell unrestrainedly over the bronzed cheeks of the oldest soldiers, while many a female sob blended with and gave touching solemnity to the scene.

On the morning of the third day from this quadruple interment, notice was given by one of the sentinels that an Indian was approaching the fort, making signs as if in demand for a parley. The officers, headed by Major Blackwater, now become the commandant of the place, immediately ascended the rampart, when the stranger was at once recognised by Captain de Haldimar for the young Ottawa, the preserver of his life, and the avenger of the deaths of those they mourned, in whose girdle was thrust, in seeming pride, the richly mounted dagger that officer had caused to be conveyed to him through his no less generous sister. A long conference ensued, in the language of the Ottawas, between the parties just named, the purport of which was of high moment to the garrison, now nearly reduced to the last extremity. The young chief had come to apprise them, that, won by the noble conduct of the English, on a late occasion, when his warriors were wholly in their power, Pontecac had expressed a generous determination to conclude a peace with the garrison, and henceforth to consider them as his friends. This he had publicly declared in a large council of the chiefs, held the preceding night; and the motive of the Ottawa's coming was to assure the English, that, on this occasion, their great leader was perfectly sincere in a resolution, at which he had the more readily arrived, now that his terrible coadjutor and vindictive adviser was no more. He prepared them for the coming of Pontecac and the principal chiefs of the league to demand a council on the morrow; and, with this final communication, again withdrew.

The Ottawa was right. Within a week from that period the English were to be seen once more issuing from their fort; and, although many months elapsed before the wounds of their suffering hearts were healed, still were they grateful to Providence for their final preservation from a doom that had fallen, without exception, on every fortress on the line of frontier in which they lay.

Time rolled on; and, in the course of years, Oucanasta might be seen associating with and bearing curious presents, the fruits of Indian ingenuity, to the daughters of De Haldimar, now become the colonel of the — regiment; while her brother, the chief, instructed his sons in the athletic and active exercises peculiar to his race. As for poor Ellen Halloway, search had been made for her, but she never was heard of afterwards.

END OF WACOSTA.

REGARD FOR HOME.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O, blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

Goldsmith.

Narrative of a Journey

FROM

CALCUTTA TO EUROPE BY WAY OF EGYPT.

IN THE YEARS 1827 AND 1828.

BY MRS. CHARLES LUSHINGTON.

Introduction to the first American edition.

Two ladies claim the honour of being the first to perform the land journey between India and England; Mrs. Lushington from India, and Mrs. Colonel Ellwood to that country. The narrative of the former we have preferred for publication on account of its superior style and greater brevity, having been avowedly condensed from the original notes; whilst Mrs. Ellwood's two ponderous volumes have been immoderately swelled from the writings of other travellers, without embracing more personal adventures than those described in the following pages. Both authors have established in their own personal sketches the possibility and even feasibility of this journey for ladies, and it may be presumed that many others will follow their example.

The perusal of such books enhances our opinion of female intrepidity in thus venturing to pioneer the way through deserts, and among savage hordes; while at the same time our admiration is excited by the display of knowledge and correct taste in those who could not only perform the feat, but furnish the general reader with an agreeable account of it.

The present may be called a travelling century; the English press has teemed for many years with books of tours through every country accessible to the restless, the idle, or the scientific; but "the Continent" has been particularly overrun with book makers. Every one talks familiarly of

"The Alps and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po."

It is refreshing to turn from these, and visit the country of the Pyramids, with an intelligent female guide like the lady who has here indited a short and spirited itinerary through regions never before visited by an European female.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

When the author left Calcutta, she promised several of her friends there to keep a journal of the occurrences of her journey, and to furnish them with copies of it to enable them to judge of the practicability of the undertaking, especially by ladies, and to determine whether the enjoyment would be likely to compensate for the inconveniences inseparable from travelling alternately by water and by land, and partly through countries unprovided with the comforts and facilities of civilised life. In short, she was expected to give a faithful estimate of the comparative advantages between the long tried passage round the Cape of Good Hope, and what was familiarly called the "Journey overland through Egypt."

In order to comply with these wishes, she kept very detailed notes of all that happened throughout her travels; but when the time of copying them arrived, she found it required some immediate stimulus to compel her not to defer the task of arrangement and transcription. Frequent enquiries respecting Egypt, notwithstanding the numerous excellent books already published relative to that country, induced her to think that a narrative of her journey, in a plain and unpretending form, might be presented to the public, and her engagements to her distant friends be thus fulfilled. These considerations led to the present publication.

The author is deeply sensible how much the defects of her book will demand indulgence, as it has not been revised by any literary person, but was at once delivered by herself into the hands of the publisher; indeed, little alteration has been made in the original journal, beyond adapting its contents to a narrative form, and omitting details that might prove tedious, and descriptions which

had been infinitely better executed by established authorities.

Previously to her entering Egypt, the author, of course, consulted the best writers on the subject, and occasionally referred to them when viewing the splendid remains of antiquity of which they treat; yet the reader must not be disappointed, if in the following pages he merely found the record of her own sentiments and observations, as it was her undeviating object to preserve them, as far as possible, unbiased by the opinions she had read. Although, therefore, her imperfect work will prove quite unworthy the notice of the scientific, and those who require deep research, and acute disquisition, still it may not, she flatters herself, be found useless to those who contemplate a similar journey, nor wholly unamusing to people fond of light reading.

Lastly, the author has naturally calculated that some persons, who are friendly to her, will be interested in the narrative; it is possible that others may derive benefit from her experience; and it is too probable that many may disapprove of her presumption in publishing at all: but it is impossible (and she fearlessly asserts it) that the work can give one moment's pain to a single individual.

CHAPTER I.

Reflections on leaving Calcutta—Departure in the Ganges Steam Vessel—Voyage to Trincomalee—Disolate appearance of the place—Point de Galle—Beauty of the scenery—Mrs. Gibson's school.

For many years the plan of returning to England from India by the Red Sea and Egypt had been familiar to my imagination. The facility of the undertaking had been satisfactorily demonstrated by a gentleman who edited one of the Calcutta newspapers, and who recommended the route on his own experience of its eligibility; and I constantly dwelt on the delightful contrast of employing the necessary period of passing from Asia to Europe, in exploring the novelties of the Desert; in viewing the stupendous monuments of Egypt; and in visiting the lovely countries of Sicily and Italy; instead of devoting five long months to the monotony of a voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, in a ship crowded with passengers, little known, or too well known, and distracted by the mirth or frictions of numerous children.

Whether from early prejudice, from frequent illness, from witnessing the generally dreadful devastation of the climate, or from the loss of friends, I had not done justice to India, nor appreciated the advantages which, notwithstanding its various drawbacks, it still afforded. To return to England was the incessant yearning of my heart; and, while compelled to remain in Bengal, I merely exercised a resignation similar to that of the sufferers in Dante's Purgatory, who were

Contenti

Nel fuoco, perchè speran di venire
Quando che sia, alle beate genti.

But, although the hope of returning home had latterly buoyed me up, and rendered all the sufferings from the climate light, yet, when the event actually arrived, it was attended with far different feelings. The dissolution of long-established associations was acutely painful. The recollection of the many years of youth and happiness passed away; the sober anticipations of the future which had taken place of expectations of unbounded enjoyment; (and who at one period of life does not look forward in the same manner?) the parting with numerous valued friends endeared by similarity of habits and pursuits, so weakened, for the time, my anxiety to quit the country, that I no longer wondered at that determination, or rather change of determination, so fatal to many, of "remaining one year more."

In leaving India, after many years' residence, there is, perhaps, no greater demand on sensibility and good feeling than a sale of one's property. Time is seldom allowed for much consideration before the house is thrown open to the public; and as the inconvenience of sending home much baggage admits of little selection, many tokens of remembrance must be parted with; paper after paper sacrificed; the bundle of letters put by for future consideration, taken up again, and again put by to be reconsidered, still, in the end, must share the same fate; and thus are destroyed kind expressions, and assurances of regard and affection, which were to solace many an evening in future life. Those only who have been similarly situated can understand all the distress which such scenes occasion, even under the least annoying circumstances; but when these take place in

consequence of the death of the master of the family, the case is greatly aggravated. In India it is almost invariably the practice to sell by auction the effects of a person deceased, a few days after his demise; and it often happens, by the precipitation of an unconcerned executor, that the unfortunate survivor is irretrievably deprived of what might have best conducted to her consolation.*

In England, on the contrary, the son, or some near relative, generally succeeds to the estate, and the widow is not immediately ejected from the house to which she has been accustomed. At all events, there is a home where the family circle can assemble; every local tie is not in a moment discovered: whereas, in India, the widow, within a few weeks, if not a few days from the fatal event, is hurried on board ship, almost ignorant of the spot where her husband's remains are deposited, and can only teach her children that their father lies buried in a distant land, and that to them his tomb is now inaccessible.

Travellers proceeding to England from Bengal by the Red Sea, find it difficult to reconcile the several favourable seasons for sailing. To arrive at Bombay early in December, which is the best time for leaving it for the Red Sea, it is necessary to quit Bengal before the north-east monsoon has begun; hence a sailing ship has a very tedious, and probably a boisterous passage. We were, however, so fortunate as to procure accommodation in one of the company's steam vessels, which had been ordered round to Bombay just at the very time it suited our purpose. My prudent Calcutta friends peared in upon me remonstrances against the whole of the undertaking. They represented to me the discomfort and risk of the steamer, the shoals of the Red Sea, the horrors of the desert, and the uncertainties of the Turkish government; but I had duly weighed all these difficulties, which I was satisfied I had sufficient courage and fortitude to encounter. In addition to this, the stimulus of performing a journey which no female from our side of India had achieved before me, joined to the advantage of travelling with the party which was expecting us at Bombay, made every peril appear light;—so promising to some, whom I was about to leave, a narrative of my adventures, I embarked on board the Ganges, on the 26th of September, 1827.

As the Ganges was an experimental vessel, it may not be amiss shortly to describe her. She was built of teak, pierced for ten guns; carried two engines of forty-horse power each, and was intended for either a vessel of war or despatch. Unfortunately, however, in qualifying her for the former purpose, too much regard had been paid to solidity, and the object of celerity was thus defeated; the force of our steam in calm weather impelling us little more than five miles an hour against the swell. Nevertheless this very defect proved a benefit to us in the cabin, as the strength of her build prevented our feeling the tremulous motion so generally complained of on board steam vessels.

I was surprised to find that we experienced much less heat in the steamer than we should have done at the same season in a sailing vessel. Her perpetual motion caused a current of air even during the calms, and we found the climate still cooler when the wind was contrary, than when it was fair, as we have had to press forward against it, and the steam was carried off much above our heads.

It was originally intended that we should proceed directly to Point de Galle, for which end we had, as we supposed, taken in a supply of coal for fifteen days' con-

* Among the Europeans in India there are scarcely any old persons, as almost every body is a temporary resident. Hence, if you search the well tenanted burying grounds of the large cities, you will discover few besides the graves of the youthful, who have been cut off by some violent disease amid the buoyancy of health, or the tombs of those of middle age arrested by death when just about to reap the fruit of long toil and privation by returning to their native land. It is this which renders our Indian cemeteries so peculiarly melancholy; for though we bow to the decree which summons away the aged and the infirm, yet, humanly speaking, and in our blindness, we are apt to pronounce the death of the young to be premature, and a fit subject of aggravated regret.

"——For oh, it goes against the mind of man,
To be turn'd out from its warm, wonted house,
Ere yet one rent admits the winter's chill.

MISS BAILEY'S *Rayner*.

sumption; but after we had been out ten days, during which nothing material occurred, it was ascertained that, from the defective quality of the coal, we should not have a sufficient stock of it to take us to that harbour. On the 7th of October, therefore, the fires were extinguished, and we made the best of our way to Trincomalee by beating under sail, reserving the remainder of our coal for steam with which to stem the current off the port.

The entrance into Trincomalee is highly picturesque; but the inner bay, which is the secure harbour, is so surrounded by hills that the sea becomes quite smooth, and the atmosphere heavy and confined. I had heard this spot so much extolled, that I was a good deal disappointed. There is little about it remarkable, in my opinion, except the size of the harbour itself, and the view from Fort Ostenburg; and these have been so often described that I need not dwell on them. At Trincomalee we first saw the vessels of the coast with their singular outrigger, being a sort of frame-work of four crossed beams or oars thrown over the side, extending about eight feet to windward for the purpose of steadying the vessel, which is very narrow, and would, without it, upset when under sail. It is extraordinary the people should prefer this clumsy contrivance to the simple method of making the boat a little wider. The presence of our steamer excited no interest among the natives, few of the boatmen laying aside their apathy sufficiently to approach the ship.

On the afternoon of the 10th of October, we quitted Trincomalee with the most glorious sunset I had ever witnessed. We passed the formidable rocks called the Basses, during the night of the 12th, at the distance, it was calculated, of only three miles, and anchored in the harbour of Point de Galle on the 13th, having perceived our vicinity to it long before we reached the shore, from the spicy perfumes wafted by the land-breeze. The view of the town from the sea, though not so magnificent, is more cheerful than that of Trincomalee. The garrison and inhabitants were assembled on the ramparts to see us come in, and afforded a very lively spectacle; whereas at Trincomalee the place seemed deserted, and disappointment and dejection to prevail. The entrance to Point de Galle is marked by several bold rocks, against which the sea beats with great violence. The exasperation of the waves must be tremendous in a southerly gale.

Though long accustomed to India, I was struck on landing with the beauty of the scenery, for though quite oriental, it was in a style essentially differing from that of Hindostan; the roads cut through tops of cocoa-nut trees, rustic bridges over winding streams, hills and deep dells, and huts made of palm-leaves, woven in a variety of different plaits. The natives are an elegant, but an effeminate race; the men scarcely to be distinguished from the women by their dress, which consists of a vest and loose robe of cotton; their hair long, and gathered up in knots and braids, fastened behind with gold bodkins, or large combs of tortoise-shell, of a fanciful shape. Instead of the umbrellas, the more wealthy natives have a gigantic fan, made of the talipot leaf, carried to protect them from the sun; and this had a curious effect. I remarked here a handsome tree, the leaves resembling a vine in shape, but very much larger, and the colour of a brilliant dark green; and was greatly gratified by finding it the fir-famed bread fruit. The fruit resembled in appearance a small jack (*artocarpus integrifolia*;) and, though not equal to a French roll, was nearly as good, when baked or roasted, as a yam or oatmeal cake.

The rain prevented our driving out in the evening; a privation only understood in a tropical climate, where the heat is an insurmountable obstacle to anything like sight-seeing during the day. Next morning, however, our kind host (Mr. Twynham) lent us a conveyance, in which we took a delightful drive, partly along the sea-shore, and up to a hill where Mrs. Gibson had erected school-rooms for male and female children,—an admirable work of charity, as till then no school existed on the island. Mrs. Gibson was not only unassisted at the commencement of her undertaking, but discouraged by those who, with less zeal, excused their own indolence, by expressing a belief "that nothing could be done." Nevertheless, this excellent woman persisted, till at the expiration of twenty-five years she was enabled to show how much could be accomplished. The girls perform household occupations, and are taught plain and fancy work with their needle, and the boys are brought up to several trades. The girls

are so usefully educated, that the missionaries are glad to select wives from among them for their assistants. I left Point de Galle with much regret. The scenery was so novel and so beautiful, that I would gladly have remained some days longer, particularly as, unlike regions nearer home, it was not probable that my destiny would ever lead me again—

"Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast."

The morning after our departure from Point de Galle, Adam's Peak, situated in the centre of Ceylon, was still visible from the deck, though at the estimated distance of one hundred miles. I was surprised to find that Cape Comorin, instead of being a high promontory, as I had imagined, is very low land; but the mountains in the vicinity are extremely picturesque. Those called the Ghauts are universally admired; but had they presented a less beautiful appearance, they would still have delighted one who had so long been accustomed to the flat surface of Bengal.

Our course leading along the shore, we had, for several days, the majestic Ghauts in sight; and we beheld in succession the towns of Cochin, Tellicherry, and Quilon; and the forts of Mangalore, Ghieriah, and Severndroog; and at last, at mid-day, the high land of Bombay was descried.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Bombay.—The interest excited by the appearance of the steamer—Addresses and entertainment to Mr. Elphinstone, on his relinquishing the government—Departure from Bombay—Straits of Babel Mandeb.

The arrival of the first steamer which had ever visited Bombay was expected with the greatest anxiety; two guns were to be fired from the ramparts on her heaving in sight, that the public might have timely notice; and at twelve o'clock the signal announced the appearance of the long looked-for Ganges. Towards sunset, on the 21st of October, one of the most delightful evenings of a tropical autumn, we approached the harbour, after a prosperous voyage of twenty-three days, without an hour of bad weather, or accident, or inconvenience of any kind. The whole population, European and native, were in motion. The scene was truly exhilarating; the exquisite natural beauties of the harbour, the delightful serenity of the weather, the variety of vessels, the thousands of natives crowded on the shore, while the sea was covered with boats, some full of European officers in their scarlet uniforms, some laden with Parsees in their singular costume, and others swarming with the common Hindoos, Coucanes, and Malabars, gave an indescribable life and brilliancy to the scene.

In the midst of this confusion of excitement, a superior kind of boat was seen approaching, and our kind friend, Mr. Elphinstone, who had come so far to welcome us, was soon on the deck of the Ganges. We then landed, and accompanied him to his country-house at Parrell.

Bombay has been so fully described, that I will dismiss it with proper brevity. During our stay, we visited the island of Salsette. The timber on it is so fine, and nature has been so liberal in bestowing every feature essential to the formation of a beautiful landscape, that I could scarcely have selected a spot which might not have been converted into an English park. A delightful drive through Gorechandeb, and Tannah, brought us to the fort and town of Basdeen. Within the walls are the ruins of fourteen chapels. This is a striking place: one would think the whole town had been inhabited by monks, and depopulated by plague; a curse seems to have fallen upon it, and its only tenants are a single sepooy, and an enormous Cobra di Capella, which is said to haunt an ancient Hindoo temple in the centre. The walls of the fort are perfect, and those of the monasteries and chapels in excellent preservation: these, with a few additions, might form handsome and substantial dwellings for the people in the neighbourhood, who now live in miserable huts. I hear that Basdeen was abandoned from the unhealthiness of its situation; one cause of which I can perfectly understand, if the fishing were carried on in its vicinity formerly as it is now: the smell was so dreadful as we passed, that I was compelled to leave the deck of the vessel, and go below. The fish when caught is strewed more than ankle deep upon the

shore, where it is left to dry; and in such a climate, the mass of corruption thus engendered may well be imagined. It is an ancient privilege which the people claim of manuring the ground with fish, founded on a stipulation at the first transfer of the island from the Portuguese. Hence the governor has never interfered with it, even to protect the environs of his country-house; in consequence, the air there is often disagreeably infected.

We drove to Malabar Point, a situation which commands a full view of Bombay and its harbour. The moment I approached the edge of the Point, and the magnificent scene broke upon my sight, I exclaimed, "This reminds me of the descriptions of Naples!" and I was then informed that the comparison had often been before made. This similarity, on reaching Naples, I was enabled to verify. Malabar Point would form a delightful residence in the hot months, were the dwelling-house anything but what it now is, literally composed of a few huts. Mr. Elphinstone was, however, so economical of the Company's funds, that he had been content to inhabit it in its present state, rather than allow the government to incur expense for his own personal comfort.

Sir John Malcolm having arrived, the 15th of November was fixed for presenting to Mr. Elphinstone the addresses of the clergy and the European and native inhabitants of Bombay, and in the evening I attended an entertainment given to him by the English society. I do not think it possible that in any country the illuminations, the decorations of the rooms, and the arrangements altogether, could have been more elegant or splendid; suffice it to say, these were the combined production of the twelve heads best qualified as to taste and gastronomy in Bombay.

Sir John Malcolm, in a speech after supper, declared that he should be at a loss to say whether, in evincing all this enthusiasm towards Mr. Elphinstone, the society did him or themselves most honour.*

In addition to a service of plate, a picture, and a statue voted at a meeting of the European inhabitants, the compliment most congenial to Mr. Elphinstone's feelings must have been that which he received from the natives within the presidency, of all religious denominations, who subscribed upwards of a lac of rupees, or 10,000/., for one or two professorships in the native college, to be filled from England, and to be called after his name; to perpetuate, as they said, to their children's children the memory of one who had been to them a friend and a father.

We left the ball-room to embark on board the vessel on which we were to accompany Mr. Elphinstone to Cossier. Deep and universal was the sorrow his departure excited: many persons followed him to the boat, and as it left the shore, an illuminated stage, on the very verge of the pier, exhibiting the words, "Once more farewell," gave a last affecting proof of attachment and regret.

Our little vessel, the *Palinurus*, of 190 tons, was fitted up in the yacht style; and our party consisted of Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Steele of the civil service, Messrs. Wallace and Gordon of the medical department, Mr. L. and myself.

Favoured by the prevalent winds of the season, we made as much progress as the inferior sailing of our brig permitted; passed in a few days Cape Aden and the Straits of Babel Mandeb, and reached Mosha on the 1st of December.

The entrance into the Straits of Babel Mandeb afforded a sight equally unique and grand. A rush of the sea appears to have divided a bed of hard black rock, and thus to have forced a channel for itself of two or three miles in breadth. This rock rises on each side, black, barren, and cheerless; and while surveying this desolate spot, I learnt that the left shore was the island of Perim, where, during the expedition of the Indian army into

* The late Bishop Heber, in his *Journal of a Tour through India*, has portrayed Mr. Elphinstone's character in a manner which all who have the happiness of knowing the latter, must recognise as eminently correct. May I be permitted thus incidentally to express my own sorrow at the loss of Bishop Heber?—but to describe the grief which pervaded all India at the death of this amiable prelate, would be as difficult as justly to depict his excellence.

Egypt, a detachment was encamped. No station could possibly be more dreary—in some places a few blades of grass endeavoured to force themselves through the crevices of the rock; but even fresh water was brought from the Abyssinian shore, the scarcity of this most necessary article being thus added to many other privations.

CHAPTER III.

MOCHA.

The view of Mocha in the setting sun was very beautiful. The buildings, of one unvaried white, gave it the semblance of being excavated from a quarry of marble, and no tree or shrub broke the uniformity of colour. The fort is built along the shore, with a circular tower at each end, projecting into the sea; the whole forming nearly a semi-circle. The contrast of the lustrous white with the dark blue sea, a colour unknown to those who have not left the coast of England, was very remarkable, and it was only on a near approach that we discovered the houses were constructed of unbaked brick, and then plastered and whitewashed. From the absence of rain the buildings retain their freshness for a length of time; but one heavy tropical shower would wholly change the aspect of the town, and render its appearance as deplorable as it is now the reverse.

Mr. Elphinstone landed in the evening, through a tremendous sea, and proceeded immediately to the house of the Dowla, or Governor, where he was received with rude honours nearly similar to the pageantry exhibited by Indian chieftains on state occasions. I did not go on shore till the morning, at which time the wind usually moderates, and then proceeded to a small house provided for us by the Resident.

After breakfast I was present when the Dowla returned the visit Mr. Elphinstone had paid him the night before. His appearance was that of a fat native of Bengal; he was accompanied into the room by two or three Arabs, fine intelligent looking men, and the secretary, whom I should have taken for a dull quiet lad of eighteen, had I not heard he was very clever, and was sent from Senna as a sort of spy upon the Dowla.

Having ascertained there was no objection, I sat veiled, at the upper end of the room, during the conference; at which nothing passed beyond the usual ceremonies of smoking, exchanging of hookas, &c., but I observed the Arabs preferred the tea, provided by the Resident, to their own coffee.

After dinner, some Arab minstrels, armed with pistols and daggers, were introduced. Their instruments were a rude guitar, a ruder flageolet, and a common tabor. The songs were of love and war, occasionally animated, but generally the music was soft and monotonous, and the cadences at the end of the stanzas reminded me of the Spanish bolero. The guitar was played sometimes with the fingers, and sometimes with little crooked sticks.

The love-song began, as I was informed, with a complaint to heaven of the lover's hard fortune: "O God, who restoredst the kingdom of Soolimann, restore my peace, &c.;" it next described the fair lady as "killing with a glance," and concluded with "great is the intoxication of friendship, wine, or war, but that of love is greatest."

Among the visitors at the Residency were some Indian merchants, who appeared very much out of their element. They stated, that, except on the side of the sea, the expenses, on account of carriage, guards, &c., absorbed the profits of the inland trade. It must, therefore, have been the gains of their maritime speculations which tempt them to remain, as is their practice, with scarcely any society, and unmarried, in a land obnoxious to their religious and domestic feelings. The exact nature of the trade which they exercise I could not ascertain.

The coffee bean is cultivated in the interior of the provinces, whence supplies of it are taken to Judda, for the consumption of Egypt, and the quantity required for the European and American markets is conveyed to Mocha. The Arabs themselves, either from economy or preference, generally use an infusion made from the husk, and, judging from the indifferent specimen of the coffee made from the bean, which I drank at the Residency, this latter method of preparing it was rare, even among the higher classes. I had, of course, expected to taste coffee at Mocha in the highest perfection, and was therefore disappointed to find it of an inferior quality.

Besides coffee, dates, honey, and a few shells are articles of export; and from the coast of Aden or Abyssinia are derived supplies of grain, horses, asses, and large-tailed sheep. A good horse costs about four hundred

dollars. Slaves also are procured from that coast. Some of its inhabitants, called Somalees, were then at Mocha; they are, of course, very black, with the usual thick lip, but tall and well made. One of them wore, with perfect gravity, an immense wig of brown wool; others had their own hair highly frizzled and whitened with a kind of powder.

Vegetables are grown round the town; and fruits, especially grapes, are brought in the summer season from Senna and the interior. The date tree requires watering, and lasts about twenty years.

The Wahabees, once so notorious, had, it was reported, merged into other tribes, and ceased to profess the heretical opinions which had caused so much bloodshed.

There are twelve schools in Mocha; and it was said that, inland, near Senna, there were several colleges, where the twelve branches of Mahomedan sciences are taught, as usual in Turkey and India.

The Arab women marry about the age of sixteen. They are allowed great liberty, visiting each other till late at night without interruption; indeed, being in company with a female is considered by the Arabs as the best protection. A woman is enabled to divorce her husband on very slight grounds; a bad temper on his part is a sufficient reason; and if no serious offence can be proved against the wife, she is entitled to receive back her dower. Every lady, when she visits, carries on her arm a little bag of coffee; this is boiled at the house where she spends the evening, thus enabling her to enjoy society without putting her friend to expense.

The Arab troops seemed very disorderly. They wore turbans, dirks, swords, and fire-arms. They had a curious method of walking, supporting each other four abreast, and each resting the hand on the other's shoulder. As I saw them swagger, or rather reel along, I could scarcely imagine them to be the warlike soldiers they are described. The people in the streets were inoffensive, and allowed me to walk without molestation, when there might have been some excuse for a rude indulgence of their curiosity, as only two European ladies had ever been seen at Mocha before. Were an Arabian female, in full costume, to make her appearance in Hyde Park, I suspect she would not have to speak so favourably of the courtesy of John Bull.

A short time before our arrival, during a tumult which took place in the town, a member of the Residency shot a Turk at the moment of his breaking into the house and aiming a pistol at one of the servants. This act of resolution, combined with the judicious conduct of the Resident, might have conducted to the estimation in which the British were then held; for, a few years back, a Christian could scarcely appear in the streets without being spit upon. The Turks vowed vengeance on Mr. —, and, in the emphatic language of the country, sent him word that his grave was dug; but, though the threat was not much regarded, the gentleman was persuaded, after keeping on the alert for some days, to leave Mocha. No blame, however, could be attached to him, as he shot the man in self-defence. The Arabs took no part in the fray, preferring even the infidels to the Turks.

The day after we landed, arrived an Arab ship with some British officers, bent on the same expedition as ourselves. She got on shore, and by the mismanagement of the captain it was thought she would have been stranded. A hundred Indian pilgrims, men, women, and children, were on board, and the scene of confusion, as related to me, cannot be imagined. It is supposed that not a hundred out of the many thousands of the miserable wretches, who annually visit Mecca, ever return, multitudes perishing by the way from famine and fatigue.

Numbers of these people pressed upon us on the quay, looking squalid and poor. We thought they were part of the population of the town, and it was not until we had again embarked that we heard they were the pilgrims. Perhaps it was as well, for had we given them money, they probably would have fought for it among themselves, have been punished for the disturbance, and have had to resign to the Dowla's myrmidons any trifle they might have obtained.

While some of the gentlemen rode into the country, I remained on the terrace of the Resident's house, watching the setting sun, and the moon at the same time nearly at its full. The town formed one mass of white. The façades and cornices of the houses were varied in every shape of fretwork and arabesque. The terraces of each building, as white and as fresh as the walls, with little verandahs closed, or open, in many fantastic patterns—the sea calm near the shore, (the colour varying on the different shoals,) and a little farther, curling and glitter-

ing in the sun, and then, as it were, in the paler light of the moon—a grove of green dates on one side, and the curious bee-hive shaped huts of the Bedouins and Jews on the other, formed altogether a novel and charming scene. I was forcibly struck with the extreme stillness, interrupted only by the muezzin calling to prayers, and the tinkling of a few bells on the trappings of the horses, as our party returned from their ride. I saw not a creature on the terraces, nor one at the windows or loop-holes. On entering the harbour, I had remarked that the city appeared destitute of inhabitants; and at this moment, as I cast my eyes around, I felt the impression still more strongly.

Mountains, woods, rivers, and seas, are, to the general reader, no more than high ground, trees and water; beautiful certainly, but conveying still the same ideas. To the spectator, each of these objects presents itself under numerous different aspects; and if the reader be an experienced traveller and an observer of nature, he may, perhaps, be able to imagine some of the beauty which is intended to be expressed by a narrator. But the difficulty of accurately communicating to others one's own notions of scenery particularly struck me on beholding the hills and mountains behind the town; they were picturesque, but merely so from the variety of their form, and the curious undulation on every ridge. I do not think, however, any description would have enabled me to form a conception of the three ranges of hills which were then before my eyes. Thunder and lightning, and rain in torrents, occur frequently on these hills: the two former never reach the town, and seldom the latter. How perpetually during the hot season must its inhabitants be tantalised with a view of these refreshing streams, while they are smothered with dust, and the thermometer never lower than 78°! It seldom, however, rises above 84°. The dust, indeed, is so distressing, that even at the favourable season my eyes suffered; and I heard several of the gentlemen on board the ship complaining of its effects, though we were at anchor a considerable distance from the shore.

On the whole, however, I was much pleased with Mocha. Had not my friends been of the same opinion, I might have doubted my own taste; for all previous travellers had viewed the place in a far different light, and had given me such an unfavourable impression of it, that at first I had not wished even to land, and I should thus have been deprived of a great gratification.

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage up the Red Sea—Dangers of the navigation—Discovery of a new shoal—Arrival at Coesir.

On leaving Mocha, we received another passenger, Lieut. McMahon, of the 87th regiment. He brought with him, as an attendant, an old Chinaman, thus adding a new language to the already numerous jargons prevalent on board, which now consisted of Italian, Portuguese, Hindoostanee, Arabic, Persian, Chinese, and Abyssinian; and the horrible confusion of tongues may easily be imagined, when these men quarrelled and abused each other, in all the variety of their respective dialects.

This, however, was an annoyance necessarily tolerated, as it is difficult to procure in India servants properly qualified, especially as interpreters, to perform such a journey.

We passed our time very pleasantly in the Red Sea, most of us being closely occupied in acquiring knowledge of the countries which we were so eager to explore. In the morning, regular lectures on Italian were held on deck; and after tea, one of the party read out portions of Turkish history, till it was time to retire to rest.

The wind was tolerably fair till we reached the latitude of St. John's, the point at which all mariners expect to be baffled, and where they are seldom wrong in their expectations. We had fifteen journals on board, which all spoke of storm and tempest from St. John's to Coesir. In consequence, we were daily and nightly prepared for bad weather. The least puff of wind more than ordinary caused the dead lights to be put in; and in truth these precautions, though troublesome, were necessary—for about this position the danger becomes most frequent just as the wind becomes most adverse.

Lascars were stationed at night on the fore-castle and on the gangways, to look out for shoals, and every half hour exclaimed to each other, "Khoob dekh augil," (Keep a good look out forward;—but I apprehend that, with the characteristic apathy of the natives of Bengal, who are generally fatalists, they answered, like Baron Trenck, in their sleep, and that our security was in the remoteness of the shoals, not in their vigilance.)

The captain and officers were, I believe, as anxious as

myself, the Red Sea being but imperfectly surveyed: for instance, after it was supposed we had passed a notorious reef more than once, while beating about against a foul wind, we beheld it somewhat unexpectedly; and on the 18th of December, the uncertainty of the navigation was still further evinced by the discovery of a dangerous shoal close to us, which was not mentioned on the chart. At half past three, while we were at dinner, breakers were reported from the mast head, and at four they were visible from the deck, at the distance of one mile. We went between this reef and the shore; but towards night, the breeze diminishing, we stood to the southward to round the shoal, not being able to get to windward of it. We were soon becalmed, and it was impossible to anchor, from the great depth of water. Hence our position became very precarious, being at one time within half a mile of the shoal, the breakers on which we heard occasionally; and on drifting away from it, we came within reach of the sound of those on the shore side. Truly thankful was I when a slight breeze extricated us from our perilous situation.

After ten days more buffeting against our old enemy, the northeast wind, we reached Cosseir on the 26th of December, having made a passage of twenty-three days from Mocha, and thirty-nine from Bombay.

The appearance of Cosseir is unpromising; the hills, houses, and sands, are all of the same colour. The houses are mostly in the form of public ovens, small and wretched in the extreme. Some of the gentlemen said they could fancy themselves in the Dekkan, the aspect of the buildings being so exactly similar. The officer next in rank to the effendi came on board as soon as we anchored, and brought a civil message from the latter to Mr. Elphinstone. The Turk accepted a glass of brandy, and on his departure received a present of six bottles of it for the honour of the faith! As he said the horses and mules, which were to have been sent from Cairo, had not arrived, we feared something untoward had happened, and were sorry to learn that it was the death of Mr. Salt which had caused the disappointment. We had relied so much on experiencing from him the kindness which he invariably showed to travellers, that this alone would have made us regret his death; but, in addition, we heard rumours of the unsettled state of affairs between Great Britain and the Turks, which might interrupt our progress, and we naturally depended on him for advice and assistance.

Early the next morning Mr. Elphinstone and the other gentlemen called on the effendi, who received them courteously in the upper room of a miserable mud hut, (the best house in the place,) but nothing occurred beyond the usual ceremonies. The next morning the effendi walked to the tents to return Mr. Elphinstone's visit. After some conversation, he imparted to him, in an under tone, the intelligence of the battle of Navarino, adding—"Please God, friendship will yet continue with the English." It was impossible to be more civil; he told Mr. Elphinstone "he was in a desert, and could furnish but little on earth; yet if he wanted any thing from heaven, he would go there to fetch it." Then assuring Mr. Elphinstone that the pasha had ordered every thing to be provided for the party, his excellency begged a bag of potatoes, and took his leave.

On landing, I found our tents pitched, and every thing within them as comfortable as I could have wished—not so without, for we were on a barren plain, close to the town, surrounded by the dead carcasses of camels, asses, and goats, and in the midst of all kinds of filth. The perpetual barking of the ferocious Egyptian dogs, one of which made its way into the outer tent, and drank up a bucket of water, my next day's allowance, the strangeness and novelty of the situation, the anticipation of what might be our future lot, and some vague thoughts that my destination might be the Seven Towers, prevented my sleeping; and notwithstanding illness and fatigue, I was glad to rise at five o'clock; indeed, in spite of the coldness of the mornings, I found it necessary, during the whole journey across the desert, to leave my bed even before that hour.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the journey across the Desert—Tukhte Rowan—Exhilarating climate—Entertainment on New Year's Day in the Desert—Surprise at unexpectedly seeing Carnac—Tranquil encampment at Luxor.

Some time elapsed before so large a party as ours could be accommodated with camels; they were procurable in any number, though they could not be collected without a little delay. They were white and black, besides the usual dun colour. I may here remark, that the distinction between the dromedary and camel is no

further known in Egypt, than that the former is used for the purposes of riding and despatch, the latter for the conveyance of burthens.

Our cavalcade consisted of ninety-six camels, besides many asses,—no great number, when it is to be recollected we carried with us tents, clothes, wine, water, and provisions. The captain, and one of the officers of the *Palinurus*, had joined our party, and with them several *Lascars*, who were of great use in pitching our tents, &c. &c.

For Mr. L., myself, and two servants, we had twenty-two camels and three donkeys. I was to travel in a covered litter, called a *Tukhte rowan*, somewhat resembling a Sicilian lettiga: this was made at Bombay of the strongest possible materials, and, in consequence of its weight and size, it was necessary to employ the largest and tallest camels for its conveyance. The machine, from its height, presented a formidable appearance, being raised six feet above the ground; and I had to ascend to it by a ladder, which, from the unsteadiness of the camels, was rather a difficult undertaking.

The Arabs having lashed the trunks after their own method, to my astonishment I found myself in actual progress about noon on the 28th. But, without Mr. Elphinstone's servant, Antonio, and the additional assistance of Mr. Porter, the officer of the *Palinurus*, I think I might have been in the Desert still. The concourse of people, the roaring of the camels, the vociferation of the servants and *Lascars*, in their vain endeavours to make the Arabs understand and move—and, as usual, the less they could make them understand the louder they bawled—one camel rising with half its load, another throwing down the whole of his, others making off altogether—every driver screeching as much of the cord that was given him as he could hide, snatching from the man next to him the quantity required,—the combat that ensued, the one universal clamour for *bucksees*, their struggle against each other to obtain it,—presented a scene of confusion and uproar, which, though to the gentlemen, from its strangeness, might prove amusing; to me was somewhat alarming, particularly as I was, for a short time, left alone with the drivers.

My interpreter, who was a Darfour man, and who professed to understand Hindoostanee, could not comprehend one word I said to him, which increased my discomfort. At this moment my *tukhte rowan* was assailed by five or six dancing girls, called *Almehs*. I immediately lowered the silk blind, which, however, I thought they would have torn off in the same clamour and struggle for *bucksees*.^{*} I could not help seeing them as I strove to keep down the curtain; and it was impossible to behold them without disgust. Their countenances appeared inflamed by drinking, their persons were greatly exposed, and altogether they more resembled common robust English women under the influence of liquor, rather than what I had fancied of the delicate and elegant Egyptian females. They wore the same full petticoat as the nautch girls of India. I may seem capriciously affected by the customs of the inhabitants amongst whom I travelled, but to me these women appeared doubly bold and degraded from the absence of the veil. It is so entirely contrary to the prejudices of the country for a female to appear without it, that the lowest peasant's wife will not allow any one to pass without drawing her muffler of coarse blue cloth closer round her face; and to expose it thus must be the height of abandonment.

"In the *tukhte rowan*," says Hajji Baba, "when the mules take to trotting, or when the one proceeds willingly and the other refuses to go except by beating, the sufferer in the cage between both undergoes strange motions." The motion, at times, in the camel *tukhte rowan*, was so violent that it put me to great pain. I was the more surprised at this, as on first setting off the animals stepped well together, and we moved on most comfortably. Every half hour I had to complain, and Mr. Porter, the officer before alluded to, kindly "new-rigged the tackling," as he phrased it. It was at last discovered by mere accident, that as soon as the drivers thought they could do so without detection, they slipped off part of the cord harness which kept the litter steady, although they saw how much I suffered; yet, for the sake of this trifling acquisition, they would have harassed me during the whole journey. The next morning, one of the same Arabs harnessed a vicious camel to the *tukhte rowan*;—away flew my litter over the plain, fortunately without me, and was with difficulty recovered; and then, while the camels were in this unsteady state, I was hoisted in

at the door in a very unceremonious manner, my ladder having been forgotten in the confusion.

The whole business required some courage, as owing to the delay I was left nearly alone, and was fearful of being benighted. This, however, was the last of my disasters; for I found, on my arrival at the halting ground, that the delinquent had been reformed by a *bastinado*, inflicted by the *Chioush* who attended us,—the usual Turkish recipe for all misdeemeanours.

My maid was placed the first two days in a sort of basket with a hood, fastened on the back of a camel, but, though well padded, she found the motion so severe that she was glad to descend, and she performed the rest of the journey, with perfect ease, on a donkey. The gentlemen, also, except two, having tried the camels, preferred this humble conveyance, walking and halting as they felt inclined. Indeed, were I to undertake the journey again, I should dispense with the *tukhte rowan*, and adopt this mode of travelling.

Though much variety of country or occurrence cannot be expected in the desert, I may say, with truth, that the passage through it was to me very interesting and agreeable. For the first three stages the road was diversified by some inequalities of ground and remarkable passes through the rocky mountains; but the course of our journey, in general, lay through an arid plain of sand and stones, about two or three miles in breadth, bounded by rocks of sandstone of an almost uniform appearance. On the second day's march I saw one or two trees; and the road was so varied, that I could then scarcely believe myself in a desert, which I had always pictured to my imagination as a dreary and interminable plain, with heavy loose sand curled into clouds by every breath of wind.

Our second place of encampment was truly singular, our tents being pitched in a sort of circus, about two miles in extent, completely closed in (except at two passages) by rugged mountains, part of which rose above our heads almost perpendicularly. I left my bed before daylight, when the whole camp was buried in sleep, and indulged my astonishment at the novel spectacle of tents surrounded by numerous camels, with their drivers and burthens, ranged in a circle, according to the position of their respective masters. I wondered to find myself thus tranquilly situated in the desert, whose difficulties had been so magnified; and I looked up to the canopy of stars, the view of which was so remarkably bounded by the belt of mountains, with feelings which I shall not now attempt to recall in their original intensity.

I cannot imagine that any climate in the world can excel that of the desert at the season we crossed it. I never found the heat of the sun injurious, nor did any of the gentlemen of the party, who were exposed to it many hours each day. The air was so bracing, that although I had caught a severe cold the day of my arrival at Cosseir, which caused acute pain in my face, and ended in an abscess, yet I felt the fatigue of being so long on the road, the want of sleep, and the labour of packing, &c. less than I should an evening's drive in a carriage in the hot weather in India.

Anniversaries passed in strange countries, and at a long distance from home, are generally celebrated by travellers with extraordinary zest and cordiality; and though I am apprehensive of being considered tedious in dwelling upon what indifferent persons may deem uninteresting, yet I will venture to describe the fête which Mr. Elphinstone gave us on New-year's day, 1828. Ill as I was, and fatigued by pain rather than the journey, I wished on this day to join the gentlemen in the dinner tent; and I confess I was amused by the contrast of the narrative which I had been reading with the appearance of the table and party before me. The author of the book in question described the delight of the traveller on arriving at the wells where we were then encamped, and his satisfaction, after all his privations, at quenching his thirst with plenty of water; and, in short, would have impressed us with the notion that the desert he had passed, and in which we then were, was such a one as depicted by Burckhardt, abounding in sand, hunger, and thirst. But, behold our party, consisting of ten persons, sitting in a comfortable tent lined with yellow baize, and cheerfully lighted up; a clean table-cloth, and the following bill of fare:—roast turkey, ham, fowls, mutton in various shapes, curry, rice, and potatoes, damson tart, and a pudding; madeira, claret, sherry, port, and Hodgson's beer. For the dessert, Lemann's biscuits, almonds and raisins, watermelons, pumplenose (or shaddock), and a plumcake as a finale!

What astonished me, was the ease with which the whole arrangement of our meals was conducted; however, I believe this was principally to be attributed to the

^{*} Christmas boxes. Bishop Heber has recorded the analogy between these two words.—Ed.

skilful superintendence of Mr. Elphinstone's head servant, Antonio. He was active and strong; a good tailor, and a good cook; speaking a little of most languages, but being master of Arabic, French, and Italian. He mended my harness like a practised saddler; and, in short, could do any thing and every thing as it was required. The cook, dining tent, and apparatus, were sent forward early in the morning, before we started ourselves, and at six in the evening our dinner was ready.

While traversing the desert we met numerous droves of camels, the Arabs belonging to which offered us for sale grapes, dates, watermelons, and ready boiled hard eggs. Every person was so inoffensive, that after the first day, the gentlemen laid aside their arms as useless incumbrances, and travelled with such perfect security, that individuals were occasionally separated from the caravan without any fear of molestation.

We did not gain a sight of the fertile country and of the Nile till about twelve or fifteen miles from Legayta, just before our arrival at Hujaza, the next stage to Luxor; but the contrast with the desert did not appear to me very striking. This part of the journey, though interesting, afforded little of novelty, as the face of the country resembled so much that on the banks of the Ganges. Indeed, but for the curious method of my own conveyance, and the road, which was a causeway raised above the inundation, and crowded with camels, I could have scarcely believed I was not in India. The date-groves, at a little distance, were perfectly similar to tops of cocoa-nut trees. The young wheat was of a brilliant pomona green, interspersed with the dried-up stubble of the preceding crop. There were also fields of sugar-cane and Indian corn, and little water-courses, for irrigation, winding in every direction. The wheel used for this purpose, turned by oxen, was in perpetual motion. It had small pots attached to it which raised up the water, and as the wheel revolved, threw it into the channels above noticed. It was curious to hear the noise of these wheels, which made a constant creaking like the singing of crickets, not disagreeable, and which never ceased by day or by night. I observed the same at Bombay. The plough, also, is quite Indian.

The day was particularly fine, and the first sight of the numerous cattle, so truly English, caused me a sensation of joy which those only can appreciate who have long been absent from home. I was never tired of looking at, and admiring, these beautiful cows, each of which would have been worth forty or fifty pounds in Calcutta. They were of a fine black and white or bay colour;—how unlike the little miserable, half-starved, dirty-white animals of Bengal, with humps on their necks!

We met many Turks, their horses gaily caparisoned, some with four or five pistols stuck in their girdles, all with a martial air, but perfectly civil, yet forming a great contrast to the simplicity of our quiet, unarmed Englishmen.

While I was leisurely travelling along, thinking only of our arrival at Luxor, one of the party who had preceded us, called to me from a rising ground to turn to the left, and having gone a few hundred yards off the road, I beheld, unexpectedly, the temple of Carnac. It was long after I reached my tent ere I recovered from the bewilderment into which the view of these stupendous ruins had thrown me. No one, who has not seen them, can understand the awe and admiration they excite even in unscientific beholders. When I compare the descriptions of Denon and Hamilton, I find them essentially correct, yet without giving me any adequate idea of the glorious reality. They fail in describing what never has been, and what I think never can be, described. No words can impart a conception of the profusion of pillars, standing, prostrate, inclining against each other, broken and whole. Stones of a gigantic size, propped up by pillars, and pillars again resting upon stones, which appear ready to crush the gazer under their sudden fall; yet, on a second view, he is convinced nothing but an earthquake could move them; all these pillars, covered with sculpture, perhaps three thousand years old, though fresh as if finished but yesterday, not of grotesque and hideous objects, such as we are accustomed to associate with ideas of Egyptian mythology, but many of the figures of gods, warriors, and horses, much larger than life, yet exhibiting surpassing beauty and grace.* As I had seen

none but English and Welsh ruins, and some of the caves at Elephanta and Salsette, I might have doubted my own judgment, had I not found every one else, learned and unlearned, struck with the same admiration. Some of the gentlemen returned to view Carnac at night. I was too unwell to partake of this pleasure. They all came back highly gratified, observing that the detached ruins derived advantage from the moonlight, though the temple itself could not be seen with sufficient distinctness. One only of the four obelisks, mentioned by Pococke, is now standing; it is not equal to either of the two at Luxor, which are the most perfect in the world.

Our tents were pitched under the walls of Luxor, close to the banks of the Nile. The sight of the few boats on the peaceful waters,—our own encampment,—the contented appearance of the camels, which had thrown off their loads, and were luxuriating on the fresh herbage,—and of their drivers, who knew they were to have one or two days' rest, and had a reward in prospect,—composed as cheerful a scene as well can be imagined, and imparted a sensation of tranquillity and repose quite refreshing to a weary traveller like myself.

The houses at Luxor are built with sun-burnt bricks and baked clay pipes; and, about three or four feet from the top, branches of trees are inserted, either to bind the structure, or to accommodate the pigeons, which flock to the town in myriads, and perching on these branches, add to the curious appearance of the place. The walls are battlemented, and in the port-holes are piled up six clay pipes, which, at a distance, have the appearance of small cannon. On the very top of the parapet circular pots are placed, which, also viewed from afar, looked like so many men's heads; so that when I first discovered the town, it seemed to me that all its inhabitants had mounted the roofs of their houses to see us. The pigeons of the country belong to no particular proprietors, but are not destroyed, in consequence of the manure which they produce. Some time ago an English traveller, ignorant of the value attached to these birds, having killed one with his gun, was maltreated and wounded by the people of the village. It was remarkable to see the miserable mud huts of the moderns built on some of the magnificent pillars of the ancient city.

CHAPTER VI.

Crossed the Nile—Encampment near Goornoo—Visit to the Tombs of the Kings—Memnonium—Midinet Haboo—Colossal Statues.

The next day, having crossed the river, I mounted my donkey, and, in company with Mr. Wilkinson, who had resided several years in Egypt, employed in scientific pursuits, visited the Tombs of the Kings at Biban el Moolk. Candles being lighted, we descended first into the tomb discovered by Belzoni, and called by him that of Psammis.

I suffered greatly from oppression at first entering,—as much, perhaps, from fear, as from the closeness of the air,—and returned after proceeding some way. Another party, however, descending, inspired me with more courage, and I made a second attempt. The uncomfortable sensation, arising from the lowness of the roof, and being under ground, decreased as I advanced, and as the beauty and wonder of the place soon banished every feeling but curiosity, I was enabled to enjoy all its strange and novel sights without qualification.

culables de tant de somptuosité." M. Champollion, also, in a letter, a translation of which has recently been published in the Literary Gazette, thus adverts to the indescribable grandeur of Carnac:—"I at length went to the palace, or rather, the city of monuments at Carnac: I here beheld all the magnificence of the Pharaohs, the grandest productions ever conceived and executed by man. All that I had seen at Thebes, all that I had admired with enthusiasm on the left bank, appeared miserable in comparison with the gigantic conceptions with which I was surrounded. I shall take care not to attempt to describe any thing; for either my description would not express a thousandth part of what ought to be said when speaking of such objects; or, if I drew a faint sketch of them, I should be taken for an enthusiast, or perhaps for a madman. It will suffice to add, that no people, either ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime and so grand a scale as the ancient Egyptians: their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high; and the imagination, which in Europe rises far above our porticoes, sinks abashed at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the Hypostyle Hall of Carnac."

The paintings, with colours as vivid as those of any modern artists,—and the engravings, in alto and basso-relievo, in perfect preservation, did not delight me so much as an unfinished chamber, the walls of which were covered with drawings previously to their being cut in the stone. These were mere outlines in black or red, but sketched with such boldness and lightness, that the more I looked the more I admired. Scarcely yet can I believe the hand that traced them to have been dead so many centuries. Many of the figures are as large as life, and though mere outlines, wrought with as much expression as a finished painting. Flaxman's illustrations may serve to give an idea of the sort of thing in miniature; but I doubt whether even these must not yield in spirit and grace to the Egyptian composition.

After leaving this tomb, we visited that opened so long ago by Bruce, supposed to be the tomb of Ramses III.; it was also exceedingly curious, and in tolerable preservation. The whole of the walls are covered with paintings; and there I beheld tables, chairs and sideboards, patterns of embossed silk and chintz, drapery with folds and fringe, precisely as an upholsterer would have fitted up a room when Egyptian furniture was in vogue. Indeed, it was an amusement to us all when I discovered some patterns exactly similar to those which I had sent, only seven years before, to a gentleman of our party.

Of the Harpers, mentioned by Bruce, one is almost defaced; and the other, I fear, will not last long; but they interested me as showing the antiquity of the instrument on which they are represented to be playing.

Mr. Wilkinson told me, that the destruction which we had observed in Belzoni's tomb, and which was evinced by large fragments lying on the ground, had taken place within three months of our visit.

No book could better have portrayed the usages of the Egyptians than these tombs. Every thing is described—in one chamber, preparing and dressing the meat, boiling the cauldron, making the bread, lighting the fire, fetching water. Another chamber presents scenes in a garden, a boy being beaten for stealing fruit, a canal, pleasure-boats, fruit, flowers, the process of various arts, such as sculpturing, painting, mixing colours, &c. Here most of the people are standing at their work, while in India, the gardener, painter, sculptor, blacksmith, cook, all sit. They do not plough the ground sitting, but I think they would if they could.

After seeing two more tombs, I was compelled to return home from fatigue. The gentlemen remained exploring till a late hour, but I could not gather from their conversation that they had met with any novelties.

In order to avoid the importunity of the town's people, we removed the next day across the Nile, and encamped on a quiet spot, close to the banks of the river, commanding a fine view of Luxor, Carnac, Goornoo, (the great repository of the dead), the Memnonium, Midinet Haboo, and the two colossal statues seated on the plain, like brother genii, in solitary grandeur.

These two statues seem to have formed the side pillars, or entrance, of some enormous gateway. I understand the learned are much puzzled to discover which of the two is the one from which the sound is said to have proceeded every morning at sunrise; but I, who do not enter deeply into these discussions, am content to believe the vocal Memnon to be that which bears so many Greek inscriptions on its foot, stating that certain persons had heard the sounds, and specifying the day and the hour on which the prodigy took place. Unless these names be considered as fabrications, I do not perceive how the doubt could have arisen.

While viewing these two statues one morning, the sight of a gentleman-like looking Turk coming towards us (Turks are seldom to be seen in such a lonely place as we were then in) surprised me a good deal. He made the usual Mahomedan salutations, and I was for the moment startled at hearing him address us in good English. The enigma, however, was soon solved, when the stranger introduced himself as Major Temple, of the 15th Hussars, lately returned from Nubia. He, with Mr. Wilkinson, who was also attired in a Turkish dress, had fitted up two tombs, in one of the Goornoo mountains, for their residence. The Turkish garb may command some respect among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, but certainly has not the same effect in the lower provinces, where the English and French nations are so much esteemed, that a Frank dress is considered the best protection.

The villagers in our vicinity, and who chiefly live in the caves of Goornoo, had a wild and resolute appearance. Every man was at this time armed with a spear, to resist, it was said, the compulsory levies of the Pasha, who found it vain to attack them in their fastnesses. I, who

* Denon observes, "On est fatigué d'écrire, on est fatigué de lire, on est épouvanté de la pensée d'une telle conception; on ne peut croire même, après l'avoir vu, à la réalité de l'existence de tant de constructions réunies sur un même point, à leur dimension, à la constance obstinée qu'a exigée leur fabrication, aux dépenses incal-

was so delighted with the beauty and peace of our new abode, felt quite disturbed to discover that the very spot where we were encamped had, four years before, witnessed the massacre of many hundreds of Arabs, then in resistance against this recruiting system, and who were blown from guns, or shot while endeavouring to make their escape by swimming across the river. The poor people around, however, behaved with civility to us, and I felt no apprehension at going among them with a single companion, or even alone. To be sure, we were obliged to take especial care of our property, for which purpose the chief of Luxor assisted us, by furnishing half a dozen men to watch by night round the encampment. Nevertheless, once after I had gone to sleep, I was awakened by the extinguishing of the light, and felt my little camp bed raised up by a man creeping underneath; he fled on my crying out, and escaped the pursuit, as he had the vigilance, of our six protectors.

I was greatly delighted with the temple of Medinet Haboo. A detention of some days, on account of boats, gave us ample time to expatiate among these glorious sights; but I grieved to observe, on comparing them with the descriptions of Hamilton and Denon, how much mischief had been done to all these ruins within the last twenty years. Of the eight statues at Medinet Haboo, mentioned by the former, I could not, on my first visit, discover a vestige. His explanations of the battle and hunting scenes are so much in detail, that but for the real beauty and magnificence of the whole, I should have felt some disappointment from finding that, owing to the recent dilapidations, I could seldom, after a minute inspection with his book in my hand, make out any thing like a connected story.

On a subsequent visit to Medinet Haboo, I discovered one of the statues above adverted to. They appear, by this relic, to have been of the same form (and had, in a like manner, the arms crossed over the chest) with those of the Memnonium. The circumstance of this statue being built up is likely to ensure its preservation, for it is perfectly hid from the view of any one standing in the court, by the wall in which it is inclosed.

Notwithstanding the great pains taken by Cambyzes to destroy these temples, and he left 25,000 men behind him for this purpose, the sculpture is so superabundant, that much remains uninjured. In many places the outlines of the figures, which are cut in granite, two or three inches deep, have been filled up with mud; and this, when dislodged with a small stick, showed the colours underneath in vivid preservation. I considered even this slight act an approach to profanation, but one of the gentlemen at this time of our party, imbued with a far different spirit, would, but for my remonstrance, have broken off, with sacrilegious hand, a fragment from the vocal Memnon; and another, in the same manner, while crossing the desert, threw stones into the well at Lagayta, to ascertain its depth; not recollecting that if every traveller adopted the same mode of measurement, little water would remain for the thirsty wanderer, less plentifully supplied than ourselves.

I need say little of Ebek, and the Memnonium, which already have been so well and so frequently described by others. Smitten with the superior grandeur of Carnac, I had visited the Memnonium several times before I would admit its temple to any share of my admiration, or do justice to its beauty, for the sculpture on it is in singular perfection. I was at first more occupied in wondering at the cut and graven stones, great and small, which lay scattered on the ground; huge blocks of granite, inscribed with hieroglyphics, and bearing marks of having once formed sphinxes, obelisks, pillars, &c. The large mutilated statue, called by the French the Memnon, is really stupendous, and I would have fain learned how such a block could have been removed, how it could have been chiseled, (for it is supposed the Egyptians had no iron tools) and how it could have been put up. The fragments (for I must call them such, though the smallest is large enough to form a statue for our pigmy ideas) still retain a fine polish, and will probably remain as landmarks long after the buildings in the vicinity have disappeared.

This country must be different from any other. We here lived and rode amidst a city of the dead; and from the ruins around, so much larger than life, both in the human and animal form, I could scarcely believe the former race of inhabitants not to have been of a mightier stature, and of a nature superior to our own; yet we are assured that these very people "cut off their hair upon the death of a dog, and shaved their eyebrows for a dead cat."

CHAPTER VII.

Detention at Thebes—Departure of the gentlemen for Edfoo—Arrival of a deputation of Turks from Kennah—Their astonishment at seeing a lady write—The author witnesses the opening of a mummy.

Having been thus detained a fortnight at Thebes, I was enabled to visit its various antiquities at perfect leisure. The colossal statues became like old friends, between which we used to sit down and take our refreshment, enjoying the heavenly climate; and, while repeatedly examining the majestic Carnac, we gratified our imaginations by reposing in the hall of Sesostris.

The detention, as I have before mentioned, was occasioned by the want of boats. We arrived at the time of the conscription, when every vessel was pressed for the conveyance of the recruits; and the boats sent up to us having shared the same fate, most of the gentlemen took advantage of this delay to visit Eneah and Edfoo, in a canoa belonging to Mr. Wilkinson, so small that it could not afford me accommodation also. Denon had given such an inviting description of these temples, that I regretted this disappointment greatly; and my heart failed a little when I saw my friends depart and leave me nearly alone, for the tent of the only gentleman who remained was pitched so far from mine, that I felt almost without protection. Besides, as evening shut in, the wilderness of the country, and the men by whom I was surrounded, rendered my situation somewhat lonely; but, with returning light, returned my usual cheerfulness; and while planning an excursion for the day, I perceived a party of Turks land from a handsome boat, decorated with streamers: altogether it was the gayest set out I had seen since I arrived in Egypt; and on enquiring the reason of such an invasion of our peaceful camp, it proved to be a deputation from the Cacheef of Kennah, with letters, and a long complimentary message to Mr. Elphinstone. The difficulty, however, was how to convey these, and when arrived at their destination, what would be their utility, as they were in the Turkish language, and the gentlemen had taken no interpreter on their excursion. At last, after a consultation with Antonio, it was agreed that I, being the only scribe then in camp, the letter and message should be explained to me, that I might communicate them to Mr. Elphinstone. Accordingly, having put on my veil, accompanied by Antonio, and encompassed with all the state I could summon, I entered the tent where four Turks and a Greek lad were sitting. They did not attempt to rise, but regarded me with their usual imperturbable countenances. The letter was opened in due form, and, with the message, was translated from Turkish into Arabic by the young Greek, (for the Turks, as usual, could not read,) and then explained to me in Italian by Antonio, when, after much writing, folding, sealing, and directing, I despatched my letter, amusing myself during the whole process, which I purposely protracted, with the astonishment which I knew I created—and so it proved: for though these grave Mussulmen did not betray their wonder at the time, they subsequently inquired whether other Frank ladies were so accomplished, as to read, write, fold, and seal; marvelling that, while their own women could not even talk sense, an unbelieving female should possess a knowledge of which Khadijah, the prophet's wife, was destitute.

In the evening, I accepted the invitation of Signor Piccinini, a Lucchese, in the service of the Swedish consul at Alexandria, who had resided about nine years at Thebes, to see the opening of a mummy, that I might myself take out the scarabeus, or any such sacred ornament as might be found in the coffin. The signor's dwelling was nothing more than a mud hut on the hills of Goornoo. I ascended to the only apartment by a few steps; this room contained his couch, his arms, his wine, his few drawings, and all his worldly goods. The window shutters, steps, and floor, were composed of mummy coffins, painted with hieroglyphical figures, perhaps four thousand years old; and it was curious to observe the profuse expenditure of materials to which I had been accustomed to attach ideas of value, from seeing them only in museums and collections of antiquities.

I had accompanied Signor Piccinini with great gloe, thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell my friends in England. What my notions of opening a mummy were I cannot define,—something, however, very classical and antique—certainly any thing but what it proved in reality.

Half a dozen Arabs were standing around, panting under heat, dust, and fatigue. They had only just brought in their burthen, and were watching with eager look the examination of its contents, (their profits depending upon the value of the prize,) while the candles

which they held to assist the search lighted up their anxious countenances.

The outside case of the mummy was covered with hieroglyphics, and the inner one consisted of a figure as large as life, with the face and eyes painted like a mask. On lifting up this cover, nothing was seen but a mass of dark yellow cloth, which, though it must have consisted of at least fifty folds, yielded like sand to the merciless hand of the operator, and the skeleton appeared to view. It was some time before I could recover from the horror with which the scene impressed me; I saw no more, but this little was sufficient to make me consider the employment as disgusting as that of a resurrection man, and the manner of performing it not less unfeeling. It may be called the pursuit of science, but to me it appeared nothing more than rifling the dead for the sake of the trifling ornaments with which the corpse is generally buried. This, indeed, was the fact; for the moment it was ascertained that the mummy contained no ornament, the skeleton, together with the papyrus, on which were inscribed numerous distinct hieroglyphics, and the other materials, was cast forth as worthless rubbish. Sufficient papyrus and relics have been procured for the interests of science; and I think it would redound to the pasha's credit if he were to issue an edict, to clear his country from these mummy scavengers. He had, indeed, ordered all the corpses to be reinterred; but according to evident demonstration, this order was habitually disregarded. Scarabæi are scarce; a few were brought us by the Fellahs, while wandering about the ruins, though none of value. Ancient coins are procurable in abundance, but they were too numerous to prove curious, and they had certainly no beauty to attract us to be purchasers.

Signor Piccinini had found on a mummy some bracelets, about an inch wide, of small coloured beads, which were remarkable, from resembling so much the fashion of the present day, yet, from the absence of all device, not nearly so pretty. The beads, which were of coral, cornelian, garnets, amethysts, and vitreous porcelain of a bright blue colour, were strung together, and separated at every inch by a gold wire, or link, to which they were attached, in order to keep the bracelets flat on the arm. The signor thought them very handsome; but they appeared to me of no value, except for their antiquity. During the many years he had resided at Thebes, he had only discovered one mummy likely to indemnify him for the labour of excavation.

Passing through his miserable kitchen, the shelves of which were also made of ancient coffins, we entered a tomb, where lay the mummy in question, supposed to be that of a high priest. It was placed in a stone case, the lid of which was removed, and inclosed in three coffins, each having a gilt mask at the upper end. The entire lid of the last coffin was also covered with gilding, in vivid preservation, and the body was wrapped in a garment curiously wrought with gold lace, and apparently of a tough texture. The whole figure seemed as fresh as if it had been prepared a few months before, but the envelopment remained unfolded. Signor Piccinini said he might obtain five hundred dollars for this mummy at Alexandria, but he considered it of such value, that he thought of taking it himself to Tuscany. Whether or not this appreciation was to excite the cupidity of purchasers, I pretend not to determine.

The mountains in this neighbourhood, called Goornoo, have for centuries been the cemeteries for the dead: and notwithstanding the havoc which during some years has been made amongst them, their contents appear inexhaustible. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, the mountains are merely roofs over the masses of mummies within them. The coffins serve as fire wood to the whole neighbourhood: I saw nothing else burnt. At first I did not relish the idea of my dinner being dressed with this resurrection wood, particularly as two or three of the coffin lids,—which, as I said before, were in the shape of human figures,—were usually to be seen standing upright against the tree under which the cook was performing his operations, staring with their large eyes as if in astonishment at the new world upon which they had opened. The coffins were usually made of sycamore wood, which may serve, in some degree, to account for the almost total extinction of that tree in Upper Egypt,

* This unfortunate individual is since dead, after having passed so many years of painful and revolting labour, struggling with poverty, deprived of the alleviations of civilised life, and exposed to the insults and oppression of the Turkish authorities.

"Poorly, poor man, he lived—poorly, poor man, he died."

that, under which my tent was pitched, being the only one in the neighbourhood. This extinction, perhaps, may also be explained by the increasing aridity of the soil. As numerous pits full of mummies have been discovered in the heart of the mountains, without coffins and merely embalmed, it may be inferred that these were the bodies of the poorer classes, who could not afford that expensive mode of interment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return of the gentlemen from Edfoo—Misconduct of the Turks regarding boats for the party—Condition of the Arabs of Upper Egypt—Fertility of the soil—Paucity of inhabitants about Thebes—Description of the boat in which the author embarked for Cairo.

After an absence of six days the gentlemen returned from Edfoo. On their way thither, they saw Erment, or Hermonthis, to the inner temple of which they could not gain admittance, as it was occupied by the Turks. Near this place the Nile is remarkably narrow, not exceeding, in appearance, the breadth of one hundred and fifty yards. They seemed to have been somewhat disappointed with Edfoo; owing, perhaps, to Denon's exaggerated praise of it. After reading his description, I had set my heart upon seeing it; and I therefore was not sorry when I learned that the ardent Frenchman had, in some degree, supplied the dilapidations of time and barbarous destruction by his own vivid imagination. I feel no inclination, however, to speak of Denon but with the greatest respect; the general accuracy of his drawings and descriptions is wonderful;—indeed so much so, that I know not how he could have accomplished the task under the privations to which he was exposed. Forced marches after a flying enemy,—the heat of an Egyptian summer, blinded as he was by dust and ophthalmia,—deprived of all remedies or alleviations,—unaccustomed, from his previous habits, to the hardships of a soldier's life, and at an age when such habits are neither easily formed, nor is the constitution enabled to bear them: his good humour and activity, aided by zeal and talent, under all these adverse circumstances, are really worthy of admiration.

An elaborate account of the Temple of Edfoo would now be superfluous. It will, however, soon altogether cease to correspond with the existing delineations of it, as the inner part of the temple is occupied by people of the village, who have disfigured it by building mud partitions between the pillars, almost up to their exquisite lotus capitals, and desecrate it by every species of abomination.

On their return they landed at Eleithias. The chief objects of curiosity in these caves have been enumerated by Hamilton; but the gentlemen were much interested in tracing the striking similarity of the representations of ancient Egyptian manners and occupations with those which actually prevail among the Hindoos. The Egyptian temples, too, resemble the Hindoo in the general structure, the form of the pillars, and the darkness of the interior. The representation of mythological figures is another coincidence, though there is no decided similarity between the deities represented. There are not wanting, on the other hand, strong points of distinction—the absence of pyramidal structures, and obelisks, and hieroglyphics, in India, where the inscriptions, if any, are in alphabetical writing. It may also be observed, that the most celebrated Hindoo temples are generally excavated, whereas the Egyptian are erected.

At Esneh, or Latopolis, the person in charge of the temple readily offered the gentlemen admission, and conducted them wherever the place was accessible. But it was occupied as a storehouse for cotton, large bales of which were piled against its beautiful columns, and the hieroglyphics were much defaced by smoke.

The kaimakan of the city was extremely civil; invited the party to drink coffee, sent a present of a sheep, and lent them horses to convey them to Aphroditopolis. A full grown lioness, quietly basking in the sun, was chained to one of the pillars of the gallery through which they passed; and apparently, from the length of her chain, there was no other protection to passengers, in such a dangerous vicinity, than the animal's forbearance.

They landed at Crocodilopolis, but, notwithstanding its significant name, did not see one of the animals which abounded there formerly, and from which the place took its appellation. Indeed, if I recollect right, we saw only one crocodile during the time we were on the Nile.

After ten days' delay, the boats from Kennah arrived, but the cacheef had fixed so large a price for them, and the reis, or captain, required so much more in addition,

that Antonio went off to procure others. He succeeded; but these boats, with several more which joined him on his passage, anchored two miles below Thebes, the crew being fearful of approaching till those belonging to the cacheef had been hired. When this was discovered, some of the gentlemen rode down to the spot, took possession each of a boat, and brought them up in triumph. The Turks of the cacheef's boats were so incensed when they saw this, that they fired three shots over one of the cangias* to intimidate the men. Matters, however, were at last accommodated, and all the boats were divided among the party; those of the cacheef being taken at an exorbitant price, with the intimation, however, that a complaint respecting the exaction would be made to the pasha. The above arrangements brought us to the 18th of January, an unfortunate loss of time, as I feared to encounter the plague at Alexandria, and in consequence a lengthened quarantine at Malta. Moreover, the state of politics made us anxious to leave Egypt, though it was scarcely possible to fancy a more peaceful country at that time. If I were to judge from what I saw, I should call the Arabs of Upper Egypt a happy people, notwithstanding the dwellings of the poorer class were wretched in the extreme; indeed, they generally lived in holes in the mountains, in order to place themselves in security from the inundation of the Nile. But as I wandered through the villages on the plain, the donkey drivers constantly offered me to partake of excellent wheaten bread; the sheep and cattle were abundant; the milk rich; and eggs were in such plenty that we need to obtain eighty for a piastre.†

The soil of Egypt may truly be called luxuriant, and the surprising variety of the crops give a pleasing novelty to our rides. Plains of the richest clover, in which the cattle revelled uncontrolled, besides fields of wheat, maize, beans of the sweetest scent, indigo, cotton, flax, (and I must not omit the blue lupine, which is here used as an article of food,) were to be seen extending in every direction. Still, amidst all this fruitfulness, I could not help remarking the loneliness of Thebes itself, (if I may so denominate Carnac and Luxor,) and how few animals and birds, pigeons alone excepted, broke the universal stillness. To my eye, accustomed to the swarming multitudes of Calcutta, the paucity of inhabitants here was very conspicuous. The absence, also, of all fishermen on the Nile was yet more remarkable. On the Ganges, hundreds of fishermen may be observed, and vessels are frequently obliged to alter their course, to avoid injuring the numerous nets; but at Thebes I never perceived any person engaged in that employment, and the Nile flows silently and tranquilly along, undisturbed by a single boat. Meditating on this diversity, my imagination, rapidly passing over the occurrences of many weeks, transported me back to India, and forced upon me the contrast of Calcutta, the city of palaces, in the very pruriency of traffic and population, with the once magnificent Thebes, the city of a hundred gates, devoid of inhabitants, without commerce, and lying waste, in all the desolation of ruined majesty.

Our servant had the whole morning been cleaning the maash selected for us, from the mud and dirt, which adhered to it at least two inches thick. The outside had already dispelled any illusions I might have had of its resemblance to Cleopatra's galley, but when I entered it, I confess I was quite dismayed. A common coal barge on the river Thames would have afforded better accommodation. Two small cabins in the stern, the wooden partitions besmeared with dirt, every plank divided, some entirely broken out, admitting sun, wind, and rats, and the lowness of the ceiling, which did not allow of my standing upright, made me look round in hopeless discomfort. Few minutes, however, elapsed before our tent was dismantled, the walls thrown over the top of the boat, and a projecting pole added, which, with the help of our trunks for a platform, and a carpet over them, formed a sort of verandah. We nailed table-cloths on the ceiling and sides of the cabin, and the openings most exposed to cold I closed with little coloured mats, which I happened to have brought with me from India. The

* The boats employed on the Nile are maashes, djerms, dahabears, and cangias. The maash is a barge, used for accommodation or for burthen; the djeerm, somewhat lighter and swifter, for the latter purpose exclusively. Dahabears and cangias differ little in size and construction; the latter being smaller, and better calculated for expedition: both are employed solely for the conveyance of passengers.

† Fifteen piastres one dollar—one piastre, not quite three pence.

carpet was spread; our two little brass camp beds soon looked like sofas, and it was no small gratification to me to see a clean, comfortable, nay, almost pretty habitation, instead of the dirty dismal hole I had entered an hour before.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Thebes—Dendera—Accident on return from thence—Want of cleanliness in the Arabs—Instances of their inoffensiveness and distrust—Siout—Bennihassen—First sight of the Pyramids.

Having thus long pitched our tents at Thebes I looked upon it as a home, and quitted it with much regret. We embarked on the 18th of January, and on the 19th arrived at Dendera, situated just opposite to Kennah, the cacheef of which place had behaved so ill about the boats, that we determined not to land. It was not without threats, however, that we made the reis pass on, Kennah being the usual place for obtaining supplies; but no sooner did we cast anchor, than the boat's crew, our servant, and interpreter, all deserted us. Next morning, after tracking in a boat an hour and a half, and riding another hour, we reached the temple of Dendera. But the first view in the distance was less striking than I had anticipated. The portico alone was visible, and it was only upon a closer examination that I found much to admire, as the building itself is heavy, and the pillars, though they have been so highly praised, cannot justly be called beautiful.

The Egyptians being unacquainted with the scientific principles of the arch,* their pillars are always too much crowded together, but their height, and elegant proportions, and the absence of ceiling, generally diminish this defect. Not so at Dendera: the portico, which is roofed in, and in perfect preservation, consists of twenty-four pillars, three in a row, and the four enormous faces of the goddess Isis, upon the capital of each, give the building a very clumsy appearance. The sculpture on the walls is extremely fine; and though most of the figures have been defaced with peculiar care, some intervening event must have arrested the progress of the destroying hand. The very spot is marked, one half of a figure in the middle of a row is defaced, and the other half, with two ranges of figures above, remains entire. When I discovered the western wall of the temple, my admiration was unbounded. It is in perfect preservation. The figures are finer, the proportions better, and the carving much superior to those on any building I had yet seen. The wall consists of immense blocks of stone, so smooth, and well put together, that the joints do not break the line of exquisite sculpture. One warrior is represented with a flowing robe, of such transparent workmanship, that the limbs are visible through it. But the whole of this noble edifice has already been described, and well justifies the praises bestowed upon it by Hamilton and Denon. It is equally wonderful in its magnitude, and the profusion of its ornaments, as in the combination it exhibits of the refined taste of the Greeks, with the solidity and splendour of more ancient times; and it is a curious fact that the Greeks and Romans continued to adopt the Egyptian style of architecture in the sacred edifices raised by them after the country had come under their dominion. The names deciphered at Dendera are comparatively modern,—Ptolemy, Tiberius, Claudius, Domitian, Trajan, and Antonine.

On our return from the temple, I was nearly meeting with an awkward adventure. After a long ride, we found we had missed the place where we had left the ferry-boat, and that we had to cross a quicksand before we could reach our maash. In a minute, my donkey sank up to the saddle, and one second more saw me off its back, and thrown across the shoulder of an Arab: no sack of corn could have been treated with less ceremony. At any other time, I should have shuddered at the approach of his garment to within a yard of my person. But when I had recovered from my first surprise, my ridiculous position would have made me laugh audibly, had I not been fearful that, if the man had caught the contagion, he might have let me fall into the stream. Fortunately I did not recollect, at that moment, the confession of an Arab boatman, with whom I remonstrated on his want of cleanliness, and who, on my questioning him how often he washed, answered, with apparent simplicity, that he had only done so three times in his life, when the ceremonies of his religion peremptorily required it. What a contrast to the practice of the Hindoos, who

* I have since heard of the discovery at Saccara of one ancient arch on the key-stone principle, and undoubtedly Egyptian.

never allow a day to pass without plenary ablution, and who, in the coldest weather, bathe their shivering limbs in the Ganges, allowing the clothes, which they wash with themselves, to dry on their persons!

I should not forget to mention that the deputy of the governor of Kenneh, fearing the consequence of our threatened appeal to the pasha, who severely punishes extortion on the part of his officers towards strangers, came on board to offer his apologies, which were of course accepted, as the principal motive for resisting the demands for the boats was to preserve future travellers from similar exactions.

Passing How, where the French defeated the Mamelukes, we reached Girgeh on the 23d. This town contains a convent, the superior and monks of which dress in the Arab style. One of them, Padre Ladelao, a Roman, who was at Cairo when the English prisoners taken in General Fraser's unfortunate expedition were there, had resided fifteen or sixteen years at Girgeh. He mentioned that there were in the place, eight hundred or one thousand Christians, of whom about four hundred were Catholics, the rest Copts, at least in name. The Coptic church is descended from the ancient Eutyrians and Jacobites of the Monophysite heresy.

The wind being very high, we were obliged to anchor under a range of mountains, in which were many holes, or mammy pits, inhabited by Arabs apparently very poor. Mr. L. and I walked about a mile from the boat, and fell in with some of these men, of the wildest appearance, feeding their flocks. We selected a sheep which we wished to purchase, and agreed on the terms, but no persuasion could induce the Arabs to take it to the boat till they had the money in hand. We had none with us, as our interpreter as well as our signs explained, but we promised to pay them the moment we reached the boat, which was then in sight. Their incredulity, however, was such that, poor as they were, they permitted us to depart, rather than depend upon our promise.

Belzoni mentions that a promise to an Arab is a thing of nought, and this, I could imagine, might be the case at Philæ; but not within a short distance of Cairo, where traffic cannot, I should presume, always be carried on in ready money. Perhaps they apprehended oppression similar to that which they experienced from the Turks, who, I believe, forcibly seize every thing they stand in need of.

Our boat's crew breakfasted on coffee, poached or hard eggs, and bread. They frequently purchased meat in addition to that which we gave them; which surprised me, as I had heard so much of their poverty. Although there is plenty of fish in the Nile, some of which I tasted and found good, the Arabs do not trouble themselves to take it, as they find the cultivation of the soil more profitable. The mention of these circumstances reminds me of an instance of the unceremoniousness of our insubordinate crew. Having procured a sheep, I promised them a portion of it; but while I was giving directions to the servant as to what parts to retain, I found they had spared me the trouble of subdivision, by appropriating, without further authority, the best half to themselves.

The north wind continued so strong that the boat made little progress, and we were enabled to land generally when we felt inclined. Frequently, accompanied only by my female servant, I wandered to a considerable distance from the boat. The reis at first remonstrated with me upon my temerity, and recommended me to have an armed attendant, but notwithstanding I disregarded his warnings, I met with no alarms. The Fellahs, carrying loads of forage on their asses or camels, permitted us to pass without interruption, and their wives generally stopped to open their baskets filled with rice, eggs, and bread, in hopes of sale. Were it not for the voyage from Alexandria to Malta, and the quarantine, I could fancy, to a person fond of change, no less than variety than passing a winter in Egypt. The climate is exhilarating in the extreme; the sailing and floating down the Nile attended with no trouble; the scenery beautiful; and, indeed, the lasting gratification of seeing such objects as Thebes and the Pyramids is worth greater sacrifices than a sea voyage and a temporary imprisonment.

We were soon obliged to desire the Reis to anchor below a town or village, for, on approaching Lower Egypt, we had come to the vicinity of the Turks, who were more curious and presuming than the Arabs, and usually assembled to see what the boat contained. The women, too, were importunate, coming down to beg, and whining out "*Meskeen Khawajah*," which means "I am poor, merchant," an appellation they give to every one in a Frank dress, for it never enters into their contemplation that a person can travel for pleasure, or from any other

motive than gain; perhaps, however, this term is intended as one of respect when applied to Christians.

Sicut, the capital of Upper Egypt, where we landed on the 27th, is a nice looking town, with several good minarets. The house of Ibrahim Pasha, the governor, who is also son-in-law to Mahomed Ali, was far superior to any we had seen in this country; but the materials of it were not more substantial. The people were not uncivil, and apparently accustomed to Europeans. A Turkish boy, however, of about fifteen years old, deprived us of a couple of asses we had just hired, by intimidating the driver. Being in front of the Turkish main guard, it was prudent to submit to this act of insolence.

Signor Massari, a Neapolitan physician employed here by the pasha as a vaccinator, informed us that the ambassadors of England, France and Russia, had left Constantinople; a piece of intelligence which rendered me more anxious than ever to proceed.

On the night of the 28th we were off Antinoë, built by Hadrian, in honour of his favourite, Antinous, who was supposed to have been drowned in the Nile near this spot. Its ruins, described by Hamilton, induced some of the gentlemen, though it was so late as eleven o'clock, to visit them. After a good deal of trouble, they procured a guide from the village; and, at the end of a desolate walk, they were disappointed by finding every relic of value removed, it was said, for materials for the new buildings at Sicut, and to embellish the duffurdar's palace at Cairo. It would have been gratifying to have seen these ruins, and thus been enabled to compare the architecture of Hadrian's city on the banks of the Nile, with Hadrian's magnificent villa near Rome.

On reaching Bennisnassen, we anchored just below the grottoes which are half-way up the mountain. Within a square cut in the rock, is seen a temple supported by pillars, on which rests a pediment. These pillars, which are more in the Grecian than the Egyptian style, are singularly elegant, having their shafts composed of four rods compressed at the neck of the capital which is formed by their expansion. The scenes on the walls are excellently described by Hamilton. The colours were a good deal covered by dirt and smoke, but when we removed these with a wet towel, fixed to the end of a pole, we were all surprised at a brilliant picture making its appearance. The colours are occasionally very vivid; the green, lilac, and light blue, of the plumage of some birds, represented in the act of being snared, are particularly fine. I observed no mythological figures here, and few hieroglyphics. On this spot I was struck with the quantities of little flattened stones, or, as it were, pieces of burnt clay of a sand colour, about the size of a shilling, and called by the natives angels' money; they were as numerous on these mountains as shingles on the seashore.

As we advanced towards Cairo, the navigation of the Nile became more precarious, and the maash frequently got aground, where our course, from a partial depth of the stream, seemed least liable to interruptions. Two maashes, sunk in a rocky and dangerous part of the river, almost a whirlpool, proved the risk we encountered in going on at night; and yet this we were compelled to do, from the violence of the contrary wind which prevailed during the day.

The next morning, on looking out of the maash, I was struck by seeing what appeared to me a mountain of singular shape, inclining to one side, as if the foundation had partially given way. A little below, the view of the Pyramids of Ghizeh first broke upon me; and as the mountain above mentioned made them look small, they did not fill me with that degree of astonishment which I had expected them to excite. Great, therefore, was my surprise to find that what I had imagined to be a mountain, was called the false pyramid—which, from being nearer, and built upon a mound, seemed, though the reverse, of a larger size than the others. Had I at first known the truth, the effect would, perhaps, have been far more imposing; but, as it was, I looked and looked, and endeavoured to raise myself to something like enthusiasm, but I could not succeed. The Pyramids still continued to be, in my eyes, no more than the pigmy efforts of human imperfection to rival the surrounding mountains.

CHAPTER X.

Approach to Cairo—Ride from the boats to the Consulate—Apprehension of the Plague—Excursion through the city and its environs—Duffurdar—Anecdote of the Pasha's summary justice—Tombs of the Mamaluke Sultans—Wretched condition of the Children—Visit to Shoobra—Anecdote of the Pasha's affection for his late wife.

Our approach to Cairo was not under favourable auspices. The rain which, for the last three days, had so

unusually prevailed, continued to drizzle, and the cloudy sky added to the melancholy appearance of the decayed and deserted barrack-looking houses on each side the Nile, in which the casements were broken, if they had ever been glazed. A few stragglers along the banks, and no boats in activity on the river, gave but little idea of our vicinity to a capital.

The first thing which attracted my attention after the Pyramids, was a castellated building, perched on the summit of the mountain on the right bank of the river—so high and so obscured by the mist, that I had no idea of what it was till I looked through a telescope, when it proved a picturesque fort, of the same colour as the mountain on which it stood; and, from the latter being scarped from top to bottom, the ascent outside appeared very difficult. We pulled on till two hours after dark, and remained all night in a creek of the river, to avoid the noise of the numerous craft in the principal stream, and also to escape a visit from the rats, which are ever ready to shift their quarters on the arrival of a new vessel. A steam-boat was lying opposite the island of Rhoda, where the Indian army was encamped in 1801. Next morning we landed at Bulae, and found horses and donkeys provided for us by the kindness of Mr. Malas, acting for Mr. Barker, the English consul, then at Alexandria. The gentleman went first, and after despatching our baggage to Cairo, I mounted my dapple, and, attended by Antonio the Italian servant, followed to the consulate.

I felt some little nervousness at the idea of riding through the crowded streets at noon; but there proved no just cause of apprehension from the people, who, though they looked intently, and one or two Turks made observations to each other, offered not the slightest incivility.

I believe the women I met eyed me with as much interest as I regarded them. They resembled friars more than women; appearing generally coarse and fat, riding *en cavalier*, and enveloped in a loose, shapeless garment of black silk, which covered the head as well as the figure, and on the forehead joined a piece of white linen, which descended in a peak to the waist, and which, without sticking close, concealed the face like a mask. Two holes were cut in this for the eyes, sometimes so large that one might guess at the character of the face beneath; and the cloth, from the forehead down to the tip of the nose, was adorned with a row of sequins, or other ornaments. Altogether the whole dress was grotesque and ugly. Many streets were so narrow that, but for the blows of the donkey drivers, I think I should have been squeezed to death by the camels and their loads. Men, horses, donkeys, and camels, all hurried on, without the least regard to whom or what might be in their way, and yet all appeared to escape with safety. The day was still overcast, and the sight of so many narrow streets and deserted houses, both then and the day before, filled me with a melancholy I could not shake off, and which was not diminished by the appearance of the consulate where we were to lodge. Mr. Salt being lately dead, the house was consequently uninhabited, and, to an English eye, unfurnished.

The conversation, in the evening, turned on the plague; and we heard that one *accident* (the term used for a death by plague) had already occurred. It was natural, therefore, on retiring to my gloomy chamber at night, to dwell on this awful subject. These meditations were not cheered by the sight of an iron bedstead and several bottles of camphor on a bureau, indicating the precautions observed against infection; and I felt an increased dejection from having, in the morning, received letters which transported me in idea to England, and all the smiling comforts of a home, where happily such dreadful afflictions are unknown. Casting off, however, these lugubrious reflections, I joined my friends next day in an excursion to view the various objects of interest within our reach.

Crossing the Esbequier, or great square, we came to the house of the duffurdar who married the pasha's daughter, to which a garden is attached, with a summer-house or pavilion in it, and a marble fountain. The orange trees were in full fruit: the most conspicuous flowers were French marigolds, interspersed in the same beds with large cabbages; the fruit, flower, and kitchen garden being thus combined in one.

It was in this garden where General Kleber was assassinated. We saw the spot where he was standing, and the well to which his murderer fled for concealment. It is well known that the assassin was impaled, and that he survived three days in agony. The adjoining house to this palace is a humble one, but it was that in

which Bonaparte held his head-quarters while at Cairo. The dasturidar is much disliked; he was said to be of a sanguinary disposition, and only kept in check by the pasha. It was generally stated that, since Mahomed Ali had felt himself secure in the pashalic, he had ceased to be cruel; seldom, of late years, taking away life, and never with torture; and if the subordinate Turks were as well disposed as himself, the Arabs, notwithstanding the oppressive taxes, would feel their property more secure. One instance of his prompt justice excited much astonishment; yet a more deliberate method would not probably, with such a people, have produced an equal effect. A Cachef, who had not long been accustomed to the Pasha's rule, punished one of his own servants with death. The chief was called before Mahomed, who asked him by what authority he committed this outrage. He replied that the man was his own servant. "True," retorted the Pasha, "but he was my subject;" and with that he passed sentence, and had the unfortunate Cachef immediately beheaded—an effectual warning to the rest of the grandees present. The above act of severity has saved the life of many of the Arabs, who, in former times, would have been sacrificed by their Turkish masters on the most trifling pretences.

Passing near the ancient mosque called Sultaun Hakim's, and the lofty gateway denominated Babool Futah, we proceeded by the Babool Nusar, the handsomest gate of the city, and built in the grand Saracenic style. It is impossible to see Cairo without being struck with the size and durability of the ancient edifices, compared with the fragility of those of modern date. However, these are relative terms, for the times of Saladin, which in England I should call ancient, I must in Egypt term modern, and shall express my meaning more clearly if I say the fragility of the buildings erected within the last one hundred and fifty years: all these are going to decay, while those of seven or eight hundred years ago are standing, and if left to time, without being dilapidated by man, will, to all appearance, last for some centuries to come. On our way we passed by a small red and white striped house, in which Buckhardt died. His name is never mentioned without paenegyric, and expressions of deep regret.

The ultimate object of our excursion was the tombs of the Mamaluke Sultauns. These are situated, as it would appear, in the very heart of the desert; and it struck me as one of the most singular features of Grand Cairo, that, from the very centre of population, from a scene of luxuriant cultivation, we in a moment, without the slightest preparation, passed on to a plain and hills of sand. Not a tree, not a habitation breaks the uniformity of the surface: nothing is visible but a district of graves, extending as far as the eye can reach; and, where the stones are no longer perceptible, little hillocks of sand mark the places of sepulture.

Amidst this desolation arise the tombs of the Mamalukes. The largest is that of Sultan Beerkook and his followers. It is in the form of a square, and its walls are in excellent preservation. On one side, in an arched and vaulted room inlaid with coloured marbles, are placed his remains; at the extremity of an open gallery is a similar room, now used as a mosque. The square is embellished with a minar and dome. The latter especially, with the pulpit or muezzin, is cut in the most elegant and delicate fretwork of stone.

The rest of the building was occupied by poor Arabs, who lived by begging, and in this dwelling are safe from taxes and extortion.

The wretchedness of the children was beyond anything I had ever seen; several were totally blind, others almost so, and some who had lost one eye, and evidently, from disease and dirt, were losing the other, excited my utmost compassion. It was in vain I explained to their parents the necessity of cleanliness; they replied, "water was cold, water would make them worse," and returned to the clamour for buckraes, which they appeared to value above the blessing of sight. Many of these little wretches wore strings of blue beads as necklaces and bracelets, and others had bunches of them hung on their ears, while their eyes swarmed with flies, rendering them the most piteous objects I ever beheld.

As I had already seen an Egyptian garden, I looked forward to an excursion to Shooobra, the country seat of the pasha, with little or no curiosity. Proceeding, however, by a fine road, planted on each side with acacias and sycamores, whose growth, owing to the richness of the soil, kept pace with the impatient disposition of the pasha, who had, at one sweep, cut down the avenue of mulberry trees three years before, we arrived at the

house, which is situated close to the Nile, and commands a fine prospect of the river and city.

The exterior of the building exhibited nothing remarkable. On ascending a terrace a few feet square, we passed through a rough wooden door, such as is fit only for an outhouse, and found ourselves in the pasha's room of audience. It was matted, and round the walls was fixed a row of cushions, on two corners of which were placed satin pillows, marking the seat the pasha occupied according to the position of the sun. Just over a low ledge in the door, we stepped into a small room with a bedding on the floor; this was his sleeping chamber. Surely never monarch had so little luxury or state. Thence we came at once to the magnificent suite of apartments appropriated to the chief lady of the harem.

The centre of the principal room formed a sort of octagon, with three recesses, all inlaid with marble. From the four corners opened four smaller rooms, fitted with splendid divans and cushions of velvet, and cloth of gold; and a set of marble baths completed this series of elegant apartments.

The ceilings, executed by a Greek artist, were lofty and vaulted, ornamented with gold and representations of landscapes, or of palaces and colonnades, the whole painted in light and pleasing colours.

The sultana's private sitting room was still more sumptuous. The ceiling consisted of a circus of palaces, the columns and arches of which were delineated with a most successful regard to perspective. These apartments were until lately occupied by the pasha's deceased wife, mother of Ibrahim Pasha, by a former husband. Their splendour was singularly contrasted with the plainness of those inhabited by the pasha himself. This led one of my friends to ask if I was not penetrated with so convincing a proof of the gallantry of the Turk: and he challenged me to cite the English husband who would have done so much for the exclusive gratification of his wife. To which I could only reply that, with my erratic propensities, I should not willingly resign the privilege of locomotion for such proofs of affection; and that I apprehended few English women would answer either the pasha's or Sancho Panza's idea of a good wife, by continually remaining, according to the latter's proverb, "like an honest woman at home, as if her leg were broken."

Mahomed Ali's late consort had great influence over him during her life, as he considered his marriage with her the foundation of his good fortune. She was esteemed and beloved by the people, for her influence was ever employed on the side of justice and mercy. Much of her time was occupied in receiving petitions; but it was seldom she had to refer them to the pasha, as her power was too well known by the ministers to require this last appeal. If, however, in consequence of any demur on their part, she had to apply to him, he answered their remonstrance by saying—"It is enough. By my two eyes! if she requires it, the thing must be done; be it through fire, water, or stone."

His highness, during the heats of summer, sits below, in a room particularly adapted for coolness, and having a marble fountain in the centre. On one of the walls is inscribed, in large Arabic characters, a verse from the Koran, signifying "An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer."

The gardens of Shooobra, with their golden fruit and aromatic flowers, having already been described by former travellers, I shall pass on to the magnificent pavilion, which constitutes the chief embellishment of the place, and which was completed only a few weeks before my visit. This pavilion is about two hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred broad. On its sides run four galleries, or colonnades, composed of elegant pillars of the finest white marble (of an order resembling the composite), surrounding a sunken court of six feet deep, paved throughout with the same beautiful material. At each corner of the colonnade is a terrace, over which water passes into the court below in a murmuring cascade, having on its ledges figures of fish, sculptured so true to nature that, with the flowing stream, they appear to move. The whole supply of water rises again through a fountain in the centre, and re-appears in a beautiful jet-d'eau, lofty, sparkling, and abundant. One seldom sees an exhibition of this character without apprehending a failure of water; but here the works are fed by the Nile, and the spectator is aware that its exuberance will not cease.

In fine weather, the pasha occasionally resorts to this splendid fountain with the ladies of his harem, who row about in the flooded court for the amusement of his highness, while he is seated in the colonnade. Great is the commotion when the ladies descend into the garden. A

signal is given, and the gardeners vanish in an instant. We were all struck with the ruddy cheeks and healthy appearance of these men. They were principally Greeks; and the gay colours of their fanciful costume—each with a nosegay or bunch of fruit in his hand—combined with the luxuriant scenery around, gave them more the semblance of actors in a ballet representing a fête in Arcadia, than the real labourers of a Turkish despot.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to the citadel—Labour of the women and children—Splendid view from the terrace—The pasha's palace—Slave market—Cemetery of the pasha's family—Tusoon Pasha—Immel Pasha.

The next day, while the gentlemen were gone to visit the governor of Cairo,* I followed to the citadel, accompanied by Osman, the Scotsman, so often mentioned by travellers in Egypt, who now practises physic in the city, and has received the title of *effendi* from the pasha. After passing many splendid mosques, we ascended through a gate, which still retained shot-marks and other indications of former warfare, and entered at once on a paved road, very steep, and inclosed between high walls. "Here it was," whispered Osman, "that *those persons*, whose names I will not mention, were massacred on their return from visiting the pasha." A painful feeling made me look round to see if there was no escape; there was none; and no resistance could have availed, as the assailants were above, protected by the walls, whence they fired in perfect security on the Mamalukes—who, with their attendants and horses pressing on each other, formed a dense mass below. I shuddered as I beheld in imagination the slaughter of these unfortunate people, utterly helpless, unable to fly, indeed scarcely able to move.

Osman made the only excuse which could be given for this treacherous act—that policy required it, for that the Mamalukes were conspiring against the pasha, and if he had not killed them they would have destroyed him. Those best acquainted with the pasha, say he was himself much disturbed during the day, and reproved, by his silence and a look, one of his Frank physicians who alluded to the subject with levity.

The citadel, which was much shaken four years ago by the explosion of a magazine, is now undergoing a thorough repair. We here saw many vestiges of this destructive accident, the effects of which were aggravated by its having occurred when the plague was at its height; for persons, who had shut themselves up to avoid contagion, were obliged to fly from their houses, mingle with the crowd, and assist in extinguishing the fire which followed the explosion. Among the ruins about to be pulled down, I grieved to observe some interesting relics of the reign of Saladin: one of these, his hall, which might long have stood the ravages of time, is to make room for a square. The roof of this edifice is very beautiful. It is formed of a succession of little domes made of wood, into which are introduced concave circles, containing octagons of blue and gold. The corners and arches of the building are carved in the best Gothic manner, and in many places the colours and gilding continue perfectly bright.

Parties of women and children were running up and down the precipitous rock on which the citadel stands, on planks, without railing, removing the rubbish, and carrying mortar for the new building. My heart ached when I saw these poor creatures struck with a thick stick which the overseer flourished in his hand; though but for the blows I should scarcely have known they were not all in play, as they were singing in the loudest key; this, however, I afterwards learned, was compulsory. The different parties, in presenting themselves for work, almost tore the overseer to pieces, screaming out their song, and never ceasing to run round and round, like so many dervishes, in a circle, till their hods were emptied or filled. Moved by their apparently hard fate, I was lamenting my inability to relieve the whole of the wretched crowd, when, after a longer inspection, I observed with astonishment how little either the children or women seemed to care for it themselves—the former, with all

* The governor received the party very courteously, and patted one of them on the back incredulously, when he said he had been thirty years in India, and did not mean to return; not understanding how any person could tear himself from that country after so long a residence. The Italian interpreter knelt at his feet. On leaving the audience-chamber, the gentlemen saw about twenty of the household ranged in a line, saying prayers, according to the motions of a Moolah placed in front as a fugleman.

the hilarity of their early age, were dancing about, and running up and down without their burthens, evidently for pleasure. While the women slunk away, hiding under the guns, and behind the rubbish, and when detected by the harassed overseer, only fled from the expected blow with a loud laugh; in the end, I scarcely knew who was most to be pitied, the overseer or themselves. Each village sends a certain number of inhabitants for the public works, and also an overseer, who being of the same village, and a countryman, might be expected to feel more compassion than a Turk. The labourers are supplied with as much bread as they can eat, in fact are better fed than they would be at home; and on the collection of the taxes, a small sum is remitted to them, equal, I believe, to a penny a day each. Leaving the above scene, so painful to an English eye, I joined the party at Joseph's well, the work of Saladin's vizier, whose name was Yusuf, (the Arabic for Joseph,) easily, but erroneously, transformed into that of the patriarch Joseph.

After examining this famous well, too much known by the description of former travellers to require any comments of mine, we ascended to the terrace leading to the pasha's palace, whence there is a magnificent view of Cairo and the surrounding country; white palaces, old and decayed houses, numerous mosques, with their lofty and elegant minarets, the Nile flowing through fields in perfect verdure, and bearing on its bosom the boats of the country, with their picturesque lateen sails,* the distant pyramids, the huge mosque of Sultan Hassan almost at the foot of the terrace, the burying grounds outside the city studded with white tombs, the busy market places, the white and green tents of the military, the elegant mausoleums of the Mameluke caliphs,—even the large mounds of rubbish from their contrast, formed a prospect in itself almost worth a journey from India to behold. We then entered the palace, infinitely more splendid and capacious than that at Shoobra; the grand hall measuring between the divans one hundred and fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, with large plate-glass windows, and paved with marble slabs, of the extraordinary size of eighteen feet in the square. The furniture of the side-rooms was cloth of gold embossed with tulips and roses, in purple and green velvet, and had been brought from Constantinople.

I conclude that persons, by a long residence in Egypt, become callous to the fear of the plague; but I confess it had not decreased with me, for as, on my return from the citadel, I rode along the crowded bazaar, the coming in contact with some of the wretched and diseased people filled me with apprehension. Nor could this collision always be avoided, although I had a man walking on each side of my donkey, and a chioush in front to clear the way. Nobody seems surprised in the streets, whatever may be the encounter, whether with a brick-loaded camel, (a tremendous opponent in a narrow lane,) a water-carrier's mule, or a couple of bullocks abreast. When, however, in addition to the customary obstacles, I was stopped by a marriage procession, I despaired of escape, for these mendicants are in the habit of silently touching you to attract attention, and, by way of asking charity, or thanking you for it, they take your hand and kiss it before you are aware of their intention. These incidents may appear of little moment to those who quietly read of them by their fireside, but happening to the traveller in a land of contagion, are subjects of anxiety.

The slave market is a small square, in which were a few people eating very comfortably together, some of whom, it was said, were slaves, but no distress or misery was to be discovered, and the whole scene had so little singularity about it, that our party soon passed on, partaking of that indifference which seemed to pervade all the inmates of the place in question. On a terrace above were perceived a few girls and children from Darfour, stated to be for sale, who were laughing very heartily, and amusing themselves at the curiosity they excited. Feeling hearts need not grieve over such a state of slavery. Slaves are usually treated with kindness in Asia, and in most other countries, except where Europeans are concerned, and are, in many instances, happier in that condition than in their original state, which is generally one of extreme penury and wretchedness. Let me not, however, be supposed to say any thing in extenuation of West India slavery, or its horrible mode of supply.

Among the curiosities of Cairo is the cemetery of the pasha's family. It is a vaulted stone building, consisting

of five domes, under which, in splendid marble tombs, ornamented with painting and gold, repose the bodies of the pasha's two sons, Tussoon Pasha and Ismael Pasha. Here also is buried Mahomed Ali's first and favourite wife, mother of the present Ibrahim Pasha, so well known in Greece. The pasha's sister is buried in a tomb he had intended for himself. On a pillar, erected at the foot of this tomb, which, as usual, looks towards Mecca, is the distinguishing mark of the grave of a female. A turban at the top of the pillar designates that of a man.

The body of Tussoon Pasha, who died suddenly in Upper Egypt, was forwarded in a cangia to Shoobra. The pasha was then at Ghizeh, and only hearing that his son was ill, instantly sent to Cairo for an Italian physician, and hurried to Shoobra in the greatest anxiety. When arrived, he immediately called for his son, and the attendants, unwilling to tell the distressing news, pointed to the cangia—rushing in, the pasha ascertained the afflicting truth. Having followed the corpse on foot to the place of interment, he shut himself up, and was for some time inconsolable; on the third day, however, he called his ministers around him, and said that his grief had been such, that at first he could have killed himself, but that now he must no further yield to affliction, nor longer cease to recollect that he was the father of his people. After this he proceeded to business, and gave his orders as usual. Independent of the pasha's affection for this young man—and every one represents him as being a fond and indulgent father—he must have deplored his death in a political point of view, as he had now only one surviving son. Tussoon was also much regretted by the people. He was said to be mild, kind, and generous; indeed, his liberality amounted to such profusion, as not always to please the old pasha;—for instance, once when some arms, splendidly inlaid, had arrived from Europe for sale, Mahomed Ali enquired the price of one of the guns, and being told it was 10,000 piastres, refused to take it for that sum. "But," said he, "I will deal fairly; I will weigh the gun against piastres, and will pay for the value of the materials and workmanship in gold." It weighed 9000 piastres.

The pasha then heard Tussoon order the rest of the arms into his tent, without enquiring their cost, to be distributed in presents to his Meem Bashees, and other followers. "Aha!" exclaimed the pasha, "to whom do these arms belong? who sends into Tussoon's tents presents to the value of 10,000 piastres? where is his head? Take care," turning to Mr. Walmas, the purveyor of these articles, "that presents only to the amount of one purse, or one purse and a half at most, be placed at the disposal of that foolish young man."—"Who am I?" replied Tussoon, "that I should be thus restricted? Am I not a pasha of three tails? and shall I not give presents according to my rank?" This story has no particular point, except as showing the arbitrary character of the pasha, and how it yielded to indulgence towards his son, for it ended in allowing him to appropriate the presents; nor should I mention it, but as tending to refute the improbable tale that he had hastened the death of his favourite child;—however, when the pasha talks of taking off heads, even in jest, I suspect the surrounding crowd cannot feel themselves quite at their ease.

The guards made some demur before they allowed me to pass into the cemetery of Ali Pasha, the great predecessor of Mahomed Ali. I was more pleased with these tombs than those of Mahomed Ali's family, as they were delicately carved in fret-work of marble, while the simplicity of the others was spoiled by ornaments of painting and gold.

Nobody thought it worth while to ascend the mountain which overhangs the city, to visit Jebbel Jehusi, said to be the site of the Egyptian Babylon.

CHAPTER XII.

Ascent of the great pyramid of Ghizeh—Sphinx—Rude behaviour of the Arabs—Pyramids of Abousir, Sacarra, and Dashedour—Visit to Signor Cavaglia—Site of Memphis—Stone Quarries.

After crossing the river a gentle ride of three hours brought us to the pyramids of Ghizeh. The ascent of the great pyramid, the only one that can be called accessible,* had been so differently represented, that I could form no just idea of its facility or difficulty. Savary talks of the great pains and many efforts necessary to effect it, and mentions that, after having descended, without falling into the abyss below, he looked up to the

* The upper part of the other large pyramid (that of Cephrenes) is covered with a coating of stones or marble, which scarcely affords any footing. It has, however, been ascended by one or two Englishmen, besides Arabs. The entrance is now closed by stones which have fallen in.

pyramid with horror. Count de Noé again, says, that he arrived at the summit, "avec la plus grande peine, épuisé de fatigue, et dans un état d'étourdissement difficile à décrire." Dr. Clarke* relates that one of his military companions was so overcome by the arduousness of mounting the pyramid, that he abandoned the attempt in despair, until his friends, returning from the top, urged him to resume his efforts, which were at last successful. On the other hand, Major Sherer asserts that the pyramid is ascended without further inconvenience than is caused by the great height of the steps, and that there is no sort of danger. Dr. Richardson goes still further:—"Lady Belmore," he remarks, "ascended it with the most perfect ease, and none of the party experienced the smallest difficulty or vertigo. Indeed, every step recedes so much from the one below it, and affords such excellent footing, that the mind has the most perfect conviction of security, and I am disposed to think that giddiness has but rarely occurred to those who have attempted to climb this lofty pile." The reader, therefore, will, I think, not be displeased, after these contradictory testimonies, with a faithful description of my experience in achieving the same enterprise.

On my arrival, I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge, and, certainly, their apparently perilous situation justified me in the conviction that I should never be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance has been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground, to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken off, requiring a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner where the ascent is in many places absolutely on the angle, leaving no protection on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened; and when I heard one gentleman from above call to me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success to their advice rather than to my own deficiency of spirit. Each of the gentlemen as they descended told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but, at length, in answer to my question a hundred times repeated of, do you think I could go? they proposed to me to try at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went, and by the assistance of a footstool in some places, and the aid of the guides, and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half-way, all the time exclaiming I should never get down again; and, indeed, my head was so giddy that it was some minutes after I was seated, at the resting stone half-way, before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent, but the guides were so clamorous that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing, and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen at length brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance, and partly by carrying the majority to the top, and leaving only two with me. This quiet in some degree restored my head, and the footing, as I advanced, becoming more easy, I reached the summit amidst the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square.

The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax, and green wheat, like so many squares in a chess-board, with the Nile and its various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side; I must, however, acknowledge that this scenery I enjoyed on recollection, for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think much of the picturesque. A railing even of straws might give some slight idea of security, but here there was absolutely nothing, and I had to cross and re-cross the angle, as the broken ledges rendered it necessary; for it is a mistake to suppose there are steps: the passage is performed over blocks of stone and granite, some broken off, others crumbling away, and others, which, having dropped out altogether, have left angles in

* It is now too late to enquire why Dr. Clarke omitted, in subsequent editions, the sublime passage relative to the impressions excited by these monuments, which occurs in the quarto volume of his *Travels in Egypt*:—

"Ideas of duration, almost endless; of power inconceivable; of majesty supreme; of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose."

* These sails, so different from the large square one of Bengal, I observed first at Ceylon. They continued with us from that latitude up the Red Sea, and we recognised them again in the Mediterranean.

the masonry; but all these are very irregular. Occasionally the width and height of the stones are equal, but generally the height greatly exceeds the width; in many parts the blocks are four feet high. Once the stone was so high, that as I slipped off I feared that my feet would shoot beyond the ledge on which they were next to rest, and which certainly was but a few inches wide. Another time I was in great peril: I had stretched one foot down with much exertion as far as it could reach, and as the other followed, the heel of the shoe caught in a crevice of the rock, and I had nearly lost my balance in the effort to extricate myself. In a few places the width of the ledges enabled me to use the footstool, which considerably diminished the fatigue, but the greater number were far too narrow for its three feet to rest upon, and I thought it too insecure to allow an Arab to support it with his hands, while I stepped upon it.

After all this it may be supposed I was glad when I had accomplished the undertaking; for, to tell the truth, the greatest pleasure I felt in ascending the pyramid, was to be enabled to say at some future time that I had been at its summit. I cannot, however, understand on what grounds it can be asserted that the ascent or descent is not attended with danger. I may not be considered a competent witness, but it was the unanimous opinion of the gentlemen who mounted with me, that in many places if a person made a false step he would be dashed to pieces. Two of our party paced one side of the pyramid simultaneously, and both made the length two hundred and sixty yards. The area of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields has been adduced as a means of judging of the bulk of this pyramid; and I heard at Alexandria of a calculation made by a Frenchman, that it contains stone enough to build a wall round the whole of France, ten feet high, and one foot broad. I conclude he meant the France of the Bourbons, not that of Bonaparte.*

The pyramid of Cephrenes is about ten minutes' walk from the great one, (called that of Cheops.) The celebrated Sphinx, which is at the foot of the former, has only its face and part of the back uncovered; the inscription, and the temple between the fore paws, have been purposely closed up with sand, to preserve them. The third of the pyramids of Ghizeh, called that of Mycerinus, is much smaller than the other two, and, after them, is no object of curiosity. Upon the whole, I was disappointed with these wonders of the world; probably, because my anticipations had been too much raised. We read and hear of them from our earliest youth, and are told constantly of their magnitude, till our imagination exalts them so much, that no reality is likely to come up to our expectations.

Leaving the rest of our party to proceed to the pyramids of Dashour and Saccara, I prepared to return home, accompanied by Mr. Maltes (the vice-consul,) my maid, and the chiosh. We were followed by troops of Arabs, who had been our guides at the pyramids, and who now endeavoured to outstrip each other, that they might be employed to carry us across an intervening stream, too deep for the dunkeys to wade. The largeness of the party had kept them under restraint in the morning, when I crossed without danger, but at this time they actually fought for the bucksees. Two seized me on their shoulders, a third took my feet, a fourth my parasol, another my bag, and in their anxiety for the rewards which were distributed by Mr. Maltes, who crossed first, they almost dropped me into the water—as it was, their impatience was so great, that they put me down in the mud, and rushed upon poor Mr. Maltes, who was almost pulled to pieces in the conflict which ensued. I was mentioning the above circumstance, when I was told of their stopping a gentleman when half-way up the pyramid, and throwing his hat over, saying at the same time, if he did not give them bucksees, he should follow!

As the evening was shutting in fast after we had re-crossed the Nile, we expected to find some difficulty in

entering the city gates, which are always closed two hours after sunset, and nobody is then permitted to pass without a lantern.*

We, however, reached the Frank quarter just in time, and escaped the fate of a military friend, who, on returning from a similar expedition, without this necessary equipment, was lodged in the guard-house, where he remained all night with the soldiers, who treated him civilly, giving him coffee and pipes, and at daylight allowed him to depart.

I learnt from the gentlemen, on their return, that the pyramids of Abousir and Saccara were scarcely worth seeing after those at Ghizeh, particularly the pyramids at Abousir, which are very small; though that at Saccara, which is built in stages, has a singular appearance. The interior is said to consist of two chambers, gradually inclining to a great height. Near were some sarcophagi, lately excavated by Signor Caviglia, in beautiful preservation. Several in limestone resemble the wooden mummy coffins in form, and in the figure of the head on the lid. One of granite has the roof-shaped operculum, the sides within and without covered with hieroglyphics, figures of Anubis, &c., mystical boats and processions, as in the tomb of the kings, and on the bottom is a large figure of Isis all cut in intaglio.

The double-angled pyramid of Dashour was described to me as an admirable structure, possessing more beauty than that of Cheops, though yielding to it in magnitude by about eighty or ninety feet in the square. This superiority is caused by a coating of stone, which gives its surface the appearance of unbroken masonry. In visiting these monuments people go expressly to wonder at their size: this object accomplished, they rarely look to any thing beyond. Hence the Dashour pyramid seldom meets with that attention which its elegant construction seems to deserve. Its upper angles are still perfect, but the lower corners and sides of the northwestern angle have been deplorably injured, as before mentioned, to furnish stone for the duffurda's palace. It is lamentable that he should have selected this pyramid, which is the most perfect, for his purpose, while there are several in the vicinity already in a state of dilapidation. The interior is said to be inaccessible.

The brick pyramid is nearer the river, and its form has been much altered by the falling in of its materials. The bricks are of a large size, formed of earth and straw, bits of which latter are every where perceptible. It is said formerly to have borne an inscription upon it, the purport of which is as follows:—

"Despise me, not in comparison with pyramids of stone: for I excel them as far as Jupiter surpasses the other gods. Men thrust poles into the swamp, and collecting the mud that adhered to them, formed bricks, and in this manner was I constructed."

The very mention of straw and bricks carries us back to the times of Pharaoh, in whose reign the unhappy children of Israel heard that nought of their tasks should be diminished, and who were at one period supposed to have been the builders of these mighty fabrics; and I should have liked to yield to the error, which I have sometimes heard mentioned, that one of these monuments was erected to the memory of that Joseph, who had, by his predictions saved the land from the extreme effects of famine.

It is impossible but that the pyramids must have been the work of some despotic monarch, who could command the unlimited services of his subjects, in the same manner as the present Pasha enforced the labour of his Arab vassals to construct the canal of Mahoudiah;† an undertaking so wonderful in reference to the celerity with which it was completed. If any excuse can be alleged for such oppression, it should be made, not for the pyramids by which mankind have no wise benefited, but in favour of a work of immense utility, which deserves an infinitely higher place in our estimation, than those huge but useless monuments of caprice and ostentation.

* These lanterns, which are far different from the same articles used in England, are made of white or coloured paper, in the shape of the old fashioned elastic powder-puffs: when lighted and ornamented with streamers, they give to a crowded street a very gay and Arabian nights-like appearance.

† This work is about forty-eight miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and from fifteen to eighteen in depth. At one time above 250,000 men were employed in the excavation, which was completed in about six weeks!

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From the pyramids, the gentlemen visited Signor Caviglia, a man most disinterestedly devoted to the pursuits of science. He was living in a miserable hut, reconciled to ill health, and almost every privation, by the satisfaction of having, through his discoveries, fixed the long doubtful site of the city of Memphis. Close to his hut was lying the colossal statue, which he excavated three or four years ago. This statue has the name of Ameen mi Ramses (or Sesostris) engraved on it in six places. It was lying partly on its face, but the features and smiling expression of countenance, like the designs in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, were easily discernible; the head-dress is high, and the sides of it resemble that of the Sphinx at the pyramid of Cephrenes. A dagger is stuck in the girdle, which latter is covered with hieroglyphics and ornaments; below hangs a kilt in the Roman style; the hands fall on either side; the back and feet of the statue are mutilated, but the features and front of the body look as if just dismissed from the artist's hands. The statue, which is about thirty-five feet in length, being too unwieldy to be removed entire, it was proposed to send it to England in three pieces. The necessity of a division is greatly to be lamented, but I conclude it was unavoidable.* If this be the statue of Sesostris, of which there seems no doubt, the site of Memphis is ascertained, for we learn from ancient history, that Sesostris placed a colossal statue of himself within the foundations of that city.† There were many indications of statues and other relics of antiquity in the vicinity; but Signor Caviglia said that, though it would be highly interesting to extend his researches in this quarter, he was without funds for the purpose.

The spot where the statue in question was found may be known by a large tank of water, and a fine grove of date-trees.

On their return, the gentlemen crossed the Nile, to examine the immense quarries, whence the stones of the pyramids are supposed to have been taken. One of these excavations, which are exceedingly capacious, it was calculated might alone contain 50,000 men.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sardinian consul's ball—The Pasha's military school—Lithographic press—Duffurda's palace—Tragic end of Ishmael Pasha—Encomium on the Pasha's conduct with respect to strangers—Tyranny towards his own subjects.

The Sardinian consul having kindly asked me to a ball, I gladly availed myself of the invitation, that I might judge of the state of foreign manners in the Egyptian capital. My wishes, however, were in some degree disappointed, as the party was thinly attended, for reasons which generally prevail in small societies. I was struck with the extraordinary agility of the gentlemen; they danced with a zeal, spirit, and indefatigability worthy of a better cause. The ladies, on the contrary, were very quiet, and danced languidly. Every dance which was called, with the exception of one quadrille, was *une contredanse Anglaise*; and, strange to say, by no effort of example or explanation, for I just got up to show them, could even the common figure of the lady turning the gentleman, and the gentleman turning the lady, down the middle, and up again, be accomplished. One couple would come up to the top after every figure, another went down the middle when they ought to have turned, and about the sixth couple there was such a complete jumble that the consequent clamour became the signal for the band striking up the waltz. Every face brightened, every couple found their place, and they whirled about till they were tired, when again came the effort of memory in the *contredanse Anglaise*. One gentleman, whose agility had been most remarkable, came to beg the honour of dancing with me. I declined, and ended by saying, I never danced. "Jamais! vous ne dansez jamais! et comment vous amusez-vous donc?" Never! you never dance! and how then do you amuse yourself? I was so amused at the oddity of such a question, at the wonder expressed in the man's countenance, and at the importance attached to dancing, so little felt by English women, that I could scarcely restrain my laughter.

The Austrian consul's daughter, a child of six years of age, entered the room by herself, went up to her acquaintance, kissed the ladies first on one cheek, then on the other, and behaved with all the self-possession of one long used to the gay world. Her own hair hung in ringlets on her shoulders; her little head was dressed with a

* It is stated in a letter from Mr. Champollion, that there is at Turin a counterpart of this statue.

† The present level of the soil appears to be ten or twelve feet higher than when the statue fell.

* "The pyramids of Djizeh, the largest and most remarkable of this stupendous class of monuments, stand upon a bed of rock, 150 feet above the Desert, which contributes to their being seen at so great a distance. The largest of the three, which, on the authority of Herodotus, is ascribed to Cheops, is a square of 746 feet, and its perpendicular height is 461 feet, being 24 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 117 feet higher than St. Paul's at London." The quantity of stone used in this pyramid is estimated at six millions of tons, "which is just three times that of the vast breakwater thrown across Plymouth Sound;" and a hundred thousand men are said to have been employed for twenty years in raising this empty sepulchre!—*Modern Traveller—Egypt*, part 2, page 297-299.—See also Russel's Egypt.

profusion of curls (false I believe,) in addition to five bows of pink satin ribbon, and several artificial flowers; whilst a large fan in one hand, and her reticule in the other, gave her the appearance of the little ladies and gentlemen we see in the prints of the days of the ancien régime in France. The poor child danced and waltzed till two in the morning. On one of the ladies telling me the known fact of the difficulty of rearing European children in Cairo, I hinted that, as the climate was so inimical, double care might be necessary, and perhaps that such late hours and hot rooms might not agree with their health. "Cela se peut; mais comment les amuser, pauvres petites! c'est un pays si triste." It may be so, but how will the poor little things amuse themselves in this sad country? I enquired whether this dissipation did not interfere with the schooling next day? "Yes, that was true enough, it turned their heads a little."—"Mais comment les amuser?" was again her question; and then at the risk of being considered very rigid, I told my new acquaintance, that in England, children of that age would generally have bread and milk for supper, and be sent to bed at eight o'clock.

There was no variety in the dress of the ladies excepting two, who were in the Levantine costume. This dress is not pretty, nor agreeable to English taste or decorum. I was amused by a gay little Piedmontese, who related the adventure of his being on shore at the battle of Navarino, and not finding an adequate place for shelter, he hid himself as well as he was able behind a rock, which, however proved too small to screen his whole person; so thinking it pleasanter to lose his heels than his head, he placed the latter on the ground, and permitted his legs to remain exposed to the fire of the fleet.

One of the Italian instructors of the pasha's new levees was at the ball dancing all the evening, and apparently the person in the assembly least likely to have any serious business on his mind; but it was mentioned openly, that the next morning he was engaged to fight a duel. This report would have excited anxiety, had it not been known that Cairo duels are seldom attended with bloodshed, as the pasha has declared that he does not understand such Frank customs, and that he who kills a man in his dominions shall be hanged.

The day of our departure from Cairo, I visited the pasha's Military College. This was such an unprecedented step for a female, and was so much at variance with the established usage of the country, that I expressed some doubt of its propriety, as well as practicability. However, I was not reluctant to have my scruples overruled; and accompanied by the gentlemen of the party, Osman, and a Chiosh, I rode into the first court of the building. In this place there were only a few boys collected; but on entering the quadrangle, I believe the whole fourteen hundred belonging to the college poured out to see the extraordinary spectacle. The presence of the veiled Circassian, celebrated by Hajji Baba, on the play-ground of Eton or Westminster, could not have excited half so much astonishment as the sight of a lady on a side-saddle in the English costume created among the multitude of Greeks, Turks, and Mamalukes, great and small, here assembled.

When the phenomenon before them was ascertained to be really a Frank woman, a shout so long and so loud was raised, that my ears and eyes almost failed, and the crowd continuing to thicken and press around me, I felt my situation rather disagreeable. Fortunately the din of the tumult roused one of the masters, a few lashes of whose whip caused the poor boys to retreat, and satisfy their curiosity at a greater distance. This afforded me an opportunity of escaping up stairs, when the professor of mathematics, an old Italian, received us civilly, and gave us some insight into the details of the institution. He said the boys knew neither French, Italian, nor Latin; that though they were learning these languages, yet with such disqualifications, he found great difficulty in teaching them mathematics; the pasha's order, however, to this effect was peremptory, and must be obeyed. He had commenced with seven grown-up pupils, who had made some progress, and who, when qualified, were in their turn to become instructors; but "these," said he, "were married, and only day-scholars, and thought more of their wives and children, than of their studies."

The Persian professor was also an Italian; and although he had travelled in Persia, did not know enough of the language to understand what was addressed to him by one of the party in that tongue.

Besides these professors, there were other instructors, chiefly Italians, who, in addition to their own language, taught Arabic, Turkish, and French, besides botany and arithmetic.

Of the pupils, three hundred were military conscripts,

one hundred and fifty Greek slaves, and the rest Turkish boys from Roumelia, a few Nubians, and many Egyptians, who were either Mamalukes, or slaves of the pasha. These were divided into classes of sixty or a hundred each, every class under an instructor and subordinate monitors. Besides the mathematical students, twenty were learning Persian, a great many French and Italian, and the whole were taught to read and write Turkish and Arabic. It being unfortunately a holiday, we were prevented from seeing the process of instruction; but from the inefficiency of the Persian professor, I should not augur much progress on the part of the scholars; and the Italian mathematician appeared too old to cope with the lively nature of the boys, or to keep pace with the rapidity of the pasha's wishes. As it is, however, there are only two branches of the education of the college, and it is to be hoped that the others prove more consonant to the enlightened policy which created and fosters this interesting institution. Of the fourteen hundred boys of which the college consists, five hundred are boarders, and the rest day-scholars; all appeared healthy, clean, and well clothed.

The munificence of the pasha allots above six thousand dollars a month to the maintenance of the college; and this, though a small sum, when compared to what would be the expenses of a similar establishment on an equal scale in England, is adequate to its purpose in a country where the necessities of life are so cheap and abundant.

The pasha's lithographic and printing presses next engaged our attention. They were apparently well conducted, under the management of a Druse, a native of Mount Lebanon, a young man of polite manners, lively, and intelligent, and one of the many who had been sent by the pasha to Europe for education. I saw printing in all its branches, from the formation of the letters to the completion of a book. The works already printed were a Turkish History, by an officer of the Grand Vizier; Correspondence between the Pasha and the Porte; a translation, in Turkish, of some French work on military and naval tactics, with lithographic plates; the Persian poem called the Goolistann, and some grammars. The presses were made under the superintendence of this Druse, but the paper was of European manufacture.

We then proceeded to the apartments of the superintendent, who conversed in Italian. Here, as is the invariable custom, we were presented with coffee in little China cups, which, instead of saucers, are fixed in cups of silver gilt, or other inferior metal, according to the rank and riches of the owner.

Near Bulac, is a palace building for the Dufturdar Bey. Much of its architecture is light and elegant, though without regard to regularity, for Grecian porticoes and Turkish domes and ornaments are mixed together. But the interest I took in the spot arose from learning that among the numerous granite and marble pillars and broken capitals, lying in confusion around, those most to be admired were part of the spoils of Antioch. Several had been broken to favour transportation, but most of them appeared to have been thrown down, with utter disregard or ignorance of their value. On the walls I observed stone tablets on which were cut hieroglyphical figures, placed without any regard to uniformity, some standing on their head, others on their heels, as little prized as any common material, which might equally answer the purpose of building. Without being an enthusiast, I could not help grieving over these precious monuments of antiquity, and regretting that there was no possibility of rescuing them from the hands of the barbarians, and transporting them to England, where they would be prized as of inestimable value.

On the way to our place of embarkation, we passed another handsome palace, (in the style of the public buildings at Amsterdam,) formerly the residence of Ismael Pasha, but now converted into a warehouse. Ismael was sent by his father into Nubia, to procure recruits for his army. One of the chiefs of the country begged some little delay, as he had then no slaves ready; but Ismael, striking him, said he would admit of none. "Well, then, my lord, to-morrow, we will see what can be done;" but this morrow did not dawn upon Ismael; for the straw huts which he occupied were set on fire by the Nubians in the night, and he and all his suite perished. The pasha's army made a severe example of the unfortunate inhabitants in the vicinity, but the real culprits had escaped, far beyond the reach of punishment.

And now embarking on our boats, we bade farewell to Cairo. Well does it deserve the name of Grand; and amply does it repay the traveller for every hour spent in exploring its singular and striking interior, its pleasant environs, and the numerous interesting objects with which it every where abounds. Still it must be acknowledged

that, as a city, it is not so superior in itself, but that it derives much of its estimation from the associations which it presents, and the ancient and romantic hold which it has on our imagination.

While dwelling on the merits of his capital, let me pay a tribute of admiration to the pasha's enlightened and liberal conduct towards strangers. We had now passed six weeks in Egypt during a season of political agitation, and travelled from Cosseir to Cairo without the slightest interruption or molestation from any class of persons whatever, and without the smallest exaction (unless I so term the cupidity of the Cacheef of Kennah before-mentioned) on the part of the government or its officers, or any demand on account of customs, fees, or imposts. I wish I could speak as favourably of the pasha's policy towards his subjects; but in that respect, his views are very confined. In his dominions, the time of his subjects, the fruits of the earth, and the produce of its waters—all he considers exclusively his own. Hence, in travelling, it is needless to ask to whom any thing belongs, for from the huge manufactory to the crop of dried clover, Mahomed Ali is absolute proprietor. If a Fellah sows a little cotton, and his wife spins it into a garment, it is liable to seizure unless it be stamped with the pasha's mark, as a proof of its having paid duty.

Still, notwithstanding this enormous monopoly, it is to be hoped that the introduction of so many manufactures, though the Arabs, at present, work at them by compulsion, and receive but little pay for their labour, may, in time, have the effect of civilising the people, and be the means of introducing improvements in a more enlightened and permanent form. Much, however, must depend upon the pasha's successor. The choice, it is supposed, lies between Ibrahim Pasha, the son of his late wife, and the Dufturdar Bey, who has married his daughter. The latter chief dislikes the Franks, and is particularly hostile to the recent innovations, which he regards with the jealous eye of a Mussulman bigot. The Franks, however, the pasha never admits to any share of political power, and it is a peculiar feature of his policy, that while he employs French and Italian officers to drill the Arab soldiery, he limits them to the bare duty of instruction, availing himself of European improvement, while he is careful to repress European encroachment. This characteristic jealousy is not confined to the Franks only, but shows itself, occasionally, in his arbitrary treatment of his own subjects when they venture to offend him by the least infringement of his commands. For instance, a few months ago he had ordered that the dollar should pass for a fixed number of piastres, and it was mentioned in his presence that the rate was not strictly followed. His highness expressing some doubts of the fact, the head interpreter observed, carelessly, that a Jew-broker, whom he named, had, a few days before, exchanged dollars for him at the rate asserted.—"Let him be hanged immediately," exclaimed the pasha! The interpreter, an old and favourite servant, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, deprecating his own folly, and imploring pardon for the wretched culprit; but all intercession was in vain—the pasha said his orders must not be disregarded, and the unfortunate Jew was executed. Let me in justice add, that this was the only instance of rigour which had occurred for a long time; and his lenity, I might almost say, seemed verified by the miserable appearance of the public executioner, who begged of me in the streets, and by his squalid looks gave strong indication how little his trade flourished.

CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage down the Nile to Fouah—Entrance into the canal—Vexatious delays—Arrival at Alexandria—Anecdote relative to Diocletian's Pillar—Capture of a fort by English sailors—Good humour of the Pasha on the occasion—His magnanimity on bearing of the battle of Navarino—His unpopularity.

The inconveniences of the journey, if I can so term such trifling privations, now commenced, since it was necessary, for the purpose of expedition, that we should embark on a very small cangia, the cabin of which did not admit even of our sitting on chairs, and afforded but narrow accommodation for three persons.

The wind, however, being moderate, our progress down the stream was so rapid, that we reached the entrance of the Mahoudiah canal on the night after we left Cairo, a voyage which, at that season, is seldom accomplished under five or six days. Here we encountered an unexpected obstacle in finding, that a mound of earth, about twenty yards broad, separated the Nile from the canal. This involved another change of boats and the troublesome shifting of our baggage.

While employed in these arrangements I was disturbed by hearing from two English travellers, that the

pasha had laid an embargo on all vessels at Alexandria, pending the departure of his fleet with provisions for Greece, and I feared that the delay caused by this ordinance would prove a serious inconvenience, as persons leaving Alexandria late in the season are subjected to a longer quarantine at Malta.

From the low state of the water in the canal we had to embark on board a still smaller boat than the last, the dirt of which was so great, that no effort of mine could purify it. Hitherto we had been singularly free from all annoyances so prevalent in Egypt. By the assistance of a cat, and the manner in which I had arranged the partitions, I had prevented the entrance of the rats into the cabin, though I had heard them above and all around making their ineffectual attempts. Except a few fleas, I had met with no grievances of the kind usually complained of; and, as most travellers have recorded in their narratives their personal sufferings on this head, I must attribute the absence of vermin to the comfort of female superintendence. The contrary winds compelled us to tack all day. Nothing could be more tedious than our snail-like pace, which was still further delayed by mistakes and the mismanagement of the crew of our new boat; nevertheless we reached Alexandria before day-break, on the 14th, though just too late to see the pasha, who had stepped into his cangia to proceed to Cairo, as the gentlemen of our party were hastening to visit him. As I also expected to get a glimpse of this extraordinary man, his sudden departure was the only real disappointment I had met with since the commencement of my travels, and it was a real one to me. The delay, the laziness of the people, the time we had spent in seeing sights of inferior interest at Cairo, for I consider the pasha as great a wonder as any in his dominions,—in fact every thing which had retarded our progress, now appeared to be intolerable. At the Consulate I saw his portrait, which does not at all represent the face of a tyrant. I heard that great difficulty was experienced in painting this likeness, (from which several copies have been taken,) as the Mussulmans have a religious horror of every kind of picture; and while sitting, the pasha was compelled to lock himself up with the artist, under pretence of transacting business.

Alexandria was so full of Franks, that we could have no choice of lodgings, and were obliged to put up with some miserable rooms in an okel, or quarter, secured for us by Mr. Barker the consul, which seemed the very focus of wretchedness and pestilence. I had heard, too, that the plague was raging in Syria, whence it was expected daily to find its way into Alexandria; and had it reached our vicinity, the narrowness of the passages to our dwelling, and the utter impossibility of shutting it up, rendered escape from contagion almost hopeless. I observed that the lower class of Franks in the streets were a better race of people than those at Cairo, for many I saw there were a disgrace to the name of Europeans—dirty, squalid, and full of disease, brought on apparently by intemperance rather than the effects of climate; for the Greeks, native Christians, Jews, Turks, and Arabs generally, had a strong, healthy, and active appearance. Alexandria itself is dirty to a degree. The only cleanly or airy looking part of the town, is a sort of square inhabited by the consuls; but the approach to this quarter, even on donkeys, involves a difficult navigation through pools of water, mud, and dirt. On foot the streets are scarcely passable for a lady; but perhaps I saw them in their worst state, as, notwithstanding the proverbial dryness of the climate, we had experienced for the last fortnight a succession of gales with wet weather. I was enabled, however, to make excursions to the few objects of curiosity in the vicinity. The catacombs were closed against us in consequence of the erection of a new fort near them; but I visited Diocletian's, commonly called Pompey's, Pillar; the two Obelisks, Cleopatra's Needle standing, the other prostrate (the latter has so long been on its way to England, that I fear it will now never arrive;) and the pasha's palace, not yet finished, and less magnificent than those at Cairo and Shoobra.

The splendid pillar of Diocletian surpassed in my opinion every thing of the kind I had ever seen: to view it in perfection, it is, however, necessary to stand close under it, and to keep out of sight the numerous English names, in large black letters, which deface one side of the polished shaft, and perpetuate the bad taste of the writers. On the anniversary of the battle of Alexandria some of the officers and crew of his majesty's ship—hoisted the English ensign and the pasha's colours at the top of this pillar. This was not agreeable to his highness, who desired the Arabs to take the flags down. After various attempts, they found it impossible, and some of our own tars were at length obliged to reascend for

this purpose. How Miss Talbot ever succeeded in reaching the top I cannot understand, for the difficulty of the undertaking was great, even to sailors accustomed to climb. The pasha appears thoroughly to understand the character of our sailors, as the following occurrence seems to prove.

One Sunday he received intelligence that a small fort at the entrance of the harbour had been taken possession of by certain Franks, and that the Turks belonging to it had been made prisoners. Some consternation prevailed among his people, but instead of being angry he laughed heartily, and swearing by his two eyes, (his favourite oath,) that they must be English sailors, he directed his interpreter to write to their captain, to order his men on board ship again. Upon enquiry it proved as the pasha had anticipated; the men had landed, got drunk, and crowned their liberty by seizing on the fort and confining the unfortunate Turks, who, indolently smoking their pipes, never could have anticipated such an attack in time of profound peace.

I visited with great interest the field of battle where Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, and the Bay of Aboukir, which is at the distance of eight or ten miles. After wandering a considerable time among the French redoubts, I picked up a few musket-shot, the evidence of the modern battle, and some ancient coins, the relics of many hundred years. The spot is too well known to require description; but the heart must be cold indeed, which can, for the first time, view these scenes, and reflect upon the events which have occurred there, without lively emotion.

After all, in truth, the most striking and interesting sight is the Mediterranean itself, which rolls into the harbour of Alexandria; its waters as blue and as transparent as Lord Byron has described them. These classic waves I first saw in a deep calm. It was succeeded by a storm which agitated them to a tremendous height, and placed in jeopardy the numerous ships at anchor in the port. This storm, however, besides affording a grand sight, was of substantial use to us, for it detained a fleet bound to Malta, and thus enabled us to leave a country in which our residence had ceased to be agreeable. Among the ships lying in the harbour was the wreck of one of the Pasha's own vessels. The captain had committed some crime, which was represented by his crew to the pasha, who ordered him immediately on shore to answer his accusers. Knowing his guilt, he pretended sickness, till a second message from the pasha left him no alternative; and unable longer to evade his fate, he sent all his crew on shore, and calling to an old and faithful servant, the only person on board, he bade him jump out of the port; at the same time loading two pistols, he fired into the magazine, and blew up the ship and himself together. When the story was related to the pasha, he said, "These are Frank customs: this is dying like an Englishman!"*

The agitation excited by the battle of Navarino seemed to have totally subsided, and it was curious to see English and French frigates lying peaceably alongside a Turkish man-of-war, which bore evident marks of the dreadful conflict in which the forces of the three nations had so recently been engaged. The magnanimity evinced by the pasha, when he first heard of the event which destroyed his navy and humbled his power, was highly honourable to his character. He had not finished the perusal of the unwelcome tidings, when he desired Mr. Wolmas to assure the Franks that they should not be molested, and that they might pursue their occupations as heretofore in perfect security.

But notwithstanding the kindness which the pasha manifests towards the Franks, he is not popular with those at Alexandria, in consequence of the dulness of trade, resulting from his monopolies. Neither has he friends among the Turks or Arabs, the former complaining that the new system of tactics has thrown them out of employment, while the latter hate him for forcing them into the military service. On the whole, the best informed persons said that the state of his government rendered him very anxious, especially as he had already incurred the displeasure of the Porte, by repeatedly urging the Sultan to acquiesce in the demands of the allies.

His country, too, was nearly ruined by the Greek war,

* A similar, but more atrocious instance of desperation, occurred, it is said, a short time ago at Valparaiso, or some other port in South America. The commander of an English vessel, being pressed by his creditors, invited some of them to dinner, and during the meal went down to the gun-room, where, setting fire to the powder, he destroyed himself and his guests, by blowing up the stern of the ship.

not only from the vast sums he had expended in his co-operation with the Porte, but also from the depopulation occasioned by the hosts of troops whom he had been compelled to send into the Morea, thereby draining his provinces of their cultivators.

At the house of the English consul I had the pleasure of seeing Lady —, whose interesting projects enhanced the gratification of meeting with a countrywoman in that distant land. Her ladyship meditated the establishment of a school at Jerusalem, for the superintendence of which she was qualifying herself by the assiduous study of Arabic.* On the feasibility and utility of this plan opinions may differ, but nobody, I think, can witness its author's self-devotion without wishing that it may be rewarded by success.

Our stay at Alexandria was limited to four days, on the last of which divine service was performed at the consulate, and a very long but not a bad sermon preached in English, by a Swiss missionary, attired in a Turkish dress, forming a heterogeneous compound for the pulpit.

CHAPTER XV.

Departure from Alexandria—Severe weather in the Mediterranean—Difference of Asiatic and European navigation—Arrival at Malta—Lazaretto.

The next morning, the 18th of February, we embarked on board the Columbia, an English merchantman of five hundred tons, laden with the pasha's cotton, consigned to Liverpool. The breeze being light, we were a whole day passing the bar, which is an affair of some difficulty and anxiety in a large ship, when the wind is not quite favourable. This was our case, but under the skillful guidance of an old man, at whom I looked with much interest on hearing that he was Lord Nelson's pilot at the battle of the Nile, we got safe over at eight o'clock p. m., when I took my last view of the shores of Egypt.

It must not be supposed, because the Columbia was of the respectable size of five hundred tons, that we had suitable accommodation. The whole ship was crowded with cotton, a small portion of which had been removed from the cabin to afford just sufficient space for our own beds, while my maid was located in the corner on the remaining bales. These had been so loosened by a separation from the rest, that every night of bad weather I expected some of them to fetch away, as they say on board ship, and smother us in their fall.

During the first six days the wind was strong and favourable, and brought us almost within sight of our destined port; but for the remainder of the voyage, which lasted ten days longer, the weather became very boisterous and adverse. I had been three times round the Cape of Good Hope, and yet, whether from lapse of time or increase of timidity, it seemed to me that I had never before witnessed such alarming storms.

Those who have only read of the dark blue sea of the Mediterranean, as depicted by the author of the *Corair*, must not form their idea of the gales we experienced from his description, but rather rely upon a later poet, who thus apostrophises the stormy ocean:—

"Tremendous art thou! in thy tempest ire,
When the mad surges to the clouds respire;
And like new Apennines from out the sea,
Thy waves march on in mountain majesty."

Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity.

Navigation is differently conducted in the east and in west. Our little brig, the *Palinurus*, of one hundred and ninety tons, had a complement of seventy men; whereas a crew of twenty, officers included, managed the Columbia, and excellently too, though I could not help shuddering sometimes at night while scudding at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, to see the wheel in the hands of a weakly boy of sixteen, who shifted it with the greatest difficulty.

We were within view of Malta four days before the inexorable gale allowed us to reach it; to add to our vexation, the *Dryad* frigate passed us one evening, and by being able to "lay closer" to the wind, got into Malta six and thirty hours before us. Still we had cause to congratulate ourselves on having taken our passage in an English ship, as some of my acquaintances, who sailed the same day with us in a Maltese vessel, did not arrive till a fortnight afterwards.

The approach to Malta is very beautiful. The en-

* Lady — was encouraged to adopt this benevolent project, by the success which had attended Mrs. Wilson's exertions in educating native females at Calcutta, one considered as hopeless an undertaking there as that in which Lady — proposed to embark.

trance into the quarantine harbour is so narrow, that it is necessary to tow ships into it. For this purpose numerous boats are always ready, whose lofty prows, like those of the Roman galleys, betoken a form of ancient date, and being rowed by men with their faces to the bows, exhibit a very singular appearance.

After anchoring, we were hailed by the port captain, and our seamen and passengers mustered at the gangway; when, on its being ascertained that they were all well, the boat was permitted to approach sufficiently near for us to drop our letters into a bucket for fumigation, and we were ourselves allowed to row to the Lazaretto.

I should have been cautious not to trouble my readers with the ennui occasioned by my seclusion in the Lazaretto, had I endured any. But, in truth, I felt none. I had led such a wandering and fatiguing life for some time past, and been so harassed by the tempestuous weather of the Mediterranean, that the tranquillity of the confinement was as agreeable to my feelings, as it was beneficial to my health.

The Lazaretto is an extensive building, situated on an islet, having Fort Emanuel, where the military and persons of rank under quarantine are quartered, at its back.

We had three large and airy apartments up stairs, from the windows of which there was a good view of the harbour and surrounding country.

Excepting a couple of tables and a few chairs, the rooms were quite empty; but fortunately, we were supplied with our own camp beds, and the few cups and plates which had escaped from the shocks of land and sea, and soon made ourselves comfortable.

Each family or party has a guardian appointed to take care of them, and each vessel has two. The duty of these men is to prevent contact between persons whose period of confinement is different, and to secure their not touching those who are not in quarantine. You may receive company in the Parlatorio, or on the terraces of the building, being careful to keep at a distance; for if you put your finger on a visitor's dress, he would be condemned to the same term of confinement as yourself. It is amusing to observe the caution of the officers of the establishment, and the nimbleness with which they fly from any apprehended approximation to themselves on the part of the prisoner; and this caution is again learned by the latter, who in his turn becomes equally distrustful of a new occupant of the Lazaretto, lest his own endurance should be prolonged by the other's touch. Provisions are supplied by a person called a spenditore, who brings the articles required on his own account, or from an hotel at Valetta.

Though the accommodations are excellent, a just complaint may be made of the unnecessary privation of exercise, to which persons in quarantine are subjected. We were only allowed to walk on a small ill-paved terrace about sixty feet long, which, though pleasant enough in the cool season, must be intolerable in summer on account of the heat. I cannot perceive any good reason why a suitable place for exercise might not be allotted on the islet, which is sufficiently capacious to admit of this indulgence without hazard of unauthorised communication.

The Lazaretto is shut up from twelve till two, when the persons in charge of it go to their dinner, and from sunset, when they return home, till seven the next morning. I know not what would become of its inmates in case of sudden illness—but people never seem to think of such a danger in this favoured climate, which to me who have long lived in the regions of fever and cholera, is an event of no rare occurrence; and where, in the latter case, the delay of an hour in procuring assistance would, in all probability, prove the death of the sufferer.

Strange as it may appear, I never could gain any accurate account of the duration of quarantine, until I was myself actually immured, and the fiat of the superintendent had pronounced my doom, which proved irreversible—no appeal, no remission; and his words might have been,

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

The period of quarantine for vessels and passengers from the eastward is generally twenty-five days; under the most favourable circumstances it is never less than twenty-two, the day of entrance and departure being included. The latter was our case, though little was it known at that time either to the superintendent or ourselves, that two deaths, supposed to be from plague, had occurred at our okel at Alexandria, previously to our departure. A deduction is also made in favour of king's ships.

The quarantine establishment consists of a superin-

tendent, a captain of the Lazaretto, a clerk, and about eighty guardians, besides persons whose duty it is to smoke packets and letters. The expenses are moderate. The business appears to be conducted in an excellent manner, and with great courtesy and civility on the part of the superintendent and his subordinates.

The time of our emancipation having arrived, we repaired to Beverley's hotel, the superior accommodation of which, after the Bedouin life we had been leading for some months past, and the confinement of the Lazaretto, was highly acceptable.

CHAPTER XVI.

Beauty of Malta—Want of sufficient accommodation for the protestant congregation—Miscellaneous observations—Hospitality of the English residents.

Malta is certainly a most singular island. I was delighted with the views from the ramparts, and astonished at its fortifications, the height of which in some places is one hundred and thirty feet perpendicular. On various parts of the ramparts are the tombs of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Sir Alexander Ball, Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Thomas Freemantle, and the Marquess of Hastings. At present only plain flat stones are placed over the remains of Sir Thomas Maitland and Lord Hastings. The government, I heard, offered to erect a monument at the public expense to the former; but it was understood, on the island, that the offer was declined in consequence of the wish of his family to fulfil that duty. The whole vicinity is covered by a most exuberant profusion of geraniums almost perpetually in full bloom, together with other gay flowers and shrubs, whose gaudy appearance divests the place of its solemnity.

Lord Hastings was much beloved by the inhabitants of the island, some of whom, before his grave was inclosed with an iron railing, placed two or three ornamental tributes on the slab. One of them is a cushion of stone, on which the following lines are engraved:—

*"Hastings defleto Melite dat Florea seda,
Nam grato assurgit pectore vividior."*

I was told that the translation of these lines is rather unmanageable.

The palace contains some tolerable paintings, but the tapestry is admirable. Of this I saw counterparts afterwards at Fontainebleau. The armoury had been admirably arranged by the chief engineer. The roof of the building being weak, the beams of it required support, which Colonel Whitmore contrived to afford, not only in an unobjectionable, but in a pleasing and tasteful manner, by placing props of wood at regular distances, so disguised with pikes and pistols, as to present the appearance of ornamental columns.

St. John's Church is a splendid edifice, but is most conspicuous, as is well known, for its exquisite and unique mosaic pavement, formed by the inlaid marble gravestones of the knights of the order. In one of the chapels on the right are two or three fine marble monuments, one of which comprises an admirable picture, in mosaic, of one of the grand masters. Here, also, is a silver gate, which was preserved from the rapacity of the French, by the simple precaution of covering it with black paint.

When the island was ceded to the British, Sir Thomas Maitland received orders, according to the strict construction of the capitulation, to appropriate the cathedral of St. John to the protestant worship; but with correct judgment and good feeling, he referred the case back to the home government, representing how much the religious prejudices of the Maltese were interested in the retention of the church for the Roman Catholic rites as formerly; endeared to them also, as it was, by containing the remains of their illustrious ancestors, and how essential he felt it to conciliate their attachment, by yielding to their expectations on this point. The application was successful, and a portion of the protestant congregation, exclusive of the military, is now accommodated in the chapel belonging to the palace. But this act of national self-denial is attended with inconvenience, as the chapel does not contain above one third of the persons who might resort to it. It may be doubted, however, whether the sacrifice has increased the respect of the Maltese, whose religious zeal can scarcely be satisfied with the numerous splendid churches in which it is exhibited, while the fervour of their protestant rulers is compressed within the walls of one humble and insufficient chapel.

There are several churches in the town of Valetta worth visiting, and its being holy week they were thronged with devotees; indeed Malta appeared to me to be

the hot-bed of catholicism; I have never since seen it carried to such excess. Processions were hourly passing through the streets with many of the Scripture scenes represented as literally as possible. Among them was our Saviour hanging on the cross; a boy, dressed in sheepskin, representing St. John the Baptist; a baby, as the infant Saviour, &c. &c. In some of these processions walked people, who, I was afterwards told, were of the first consideration in the town, dragging many yards of heavy chain at their heels; but the most astonishing instance of superstition was that which occurred on Good Friday; all the bells of the churches were stopped, and a noise succeeded, like that of a hundred watchmen's rattles, which upon inquiry I found was caused by stones shaken in a box, intended to represent the grinding of Judas's bones!! Mass was performed both day and night during the whole week, and I should speak favourably of the religion of the Maltese, if I had to judge of its sincerity by the decorum of their behaviour at church.

A short distance from Valetta the governor has a country seat, named St. Antonio; it is a lovely spot, and would be considered such in any country, but here its shade and coolness are felt doubly refreshing from the absence of these advantages in other parts of the island.

In the garden I found Loquats superior to those in India, also the Teparree, or Cape gooseberry, called by a variety of names, and oranges in full fruit. The white nectarine, the peach, apricot, and fig are, I understood, of the most exquisite flavour and in great abundance. Flowers from every part of the world appear to make this garden their native soil—beautiful climbers of all sorts, ixias, justicias, geraniums as large as shrubs: the yucca gloriosa, and the night-blowing cereus, surprised me as growing in the open air, by the side of violets, polyantheses, roses, cowslips, ranunculuses, and other more hardy plants.

Malta contains about 100,000 inhabitants, and Gozo 20,000. The revenue of the islands is under 100,000*l.*, of which a large portion is derived from a very low duty on spirits and wine. Spirits and inferior wines pay 1*d.* a gallon, and the better kinds of wines 2*d.* a bottle, and yet it will hardly be believed that the consumption of the latter is so great that the produce of the tax on it does not fall short of the annual sum of 10,000*l.* 30,000*l.* of the revenue is devoted to the maintenance of hospitals and other charitable institutions; of this sum, the School of Industry, founded by Lord Hastings, draws 2500*l.* per annum. This establishment is on a very liberal scale, and supports three hundred girls and a few very old men. Public subscriptions are also received; but the aggregate contributions not being equal to the expenditure, forty girls had lately been dismissed. There might probably be difficulty in interfering with the prejudices of the Roman Catholics, and additional expense and indulgence on that account be requisite; otherwise, I should venture to say, that the children here, as in many similar institutions, are brought up with a degree of luxury, both as respects their accommodation, food and habits, which is likely to unfit them to encounter with cheerfulness the hardships of servitude, to which, in after life, they must necessarily be exposed.

The island, though very fruitful, does not grow corn sufficient for its consumption. The importation of grain is subject to no restrictions, but the government always keeps a certain quantity in store to check excessive prices. The grain is preserved in large pits, the mouths of which are covered with circular stones, and the apertures being hermetically closed with cement, it does not suffer from damp. Much to my surprise, I learned here that Sicily, formerly the granary of Europe, no longer exports corn, for the supplies of which Malta is now principally indebted to Egypt.

The monopoly of ice is granted to an individual, who imports it in immense quantities from Sicily, and who is liable to a penalty of five guineas for every hour he may be without a suitable supply during the summer. It is well known that in the southern parts of Europe ice is indispensable to the poorer classes, and the privation of it would not only affect the health of the population, but probably excite a commotion.

To quit the subject of Malta without acknowledging the kindness I experienced there, would be an excess of ingratitude. Indeed, wherever I stopped, on my long journey, I had received very obliging attentions; but Malta is the land of hospitality, where society is on the most liberal footing, and where a stranger is welcomed with a degree of warmth and cordiality truly engaging. In this spirit of kind consideration, Sir Edward Codrington, then commanding the station, authorised our accept-

ance of Sir Thomas Fellowes's offer to convey us, in the Dartmouth frigate,* to Syracuse.

CHAPTER XVII.

Favourable passage to Syracuse—Dionysius's Ear, &c.—Lentini—Catania—Cereemonial at the Cathedral—Admirable situation of Taurominium—Messina.

We embarked in the evening, and the wind being strong and favourable, we lay-to till near daylight, to avoid approaching the coast at night, and about ten o'clock entered the magnificent harbour of Syracuse, having as we approached a fine view of Etna, with its top unclouded and sprinkled with snow.

Our first visit on landing was to Dionysius's Ear. This celebrated cavern may be reasonably imagined to bear the form of an ear; and from its security, the mark of rivets in the wall, and its general appearance, my conviction will not allow me to doubt that it was used for the purpose of a prison, as stated in history. The echo in the main hollow is very distinct; but it is still more perfect in the small cave above, on the right hand of the entrance of the cavern, where the tyrant, it is said, took up his position when he desired to overhear the conversation of his prisoners. The natives have a way of reaching the top, with which they would not acquaint us, saying it was far too precipitous for us to attempt. It is their interest to make the ascent difficult, and the only method, they pretended, by which we could accomplish it, was by being drawn up in a chair—both it and the rope, however, from which it was suspended, looked so fragile, that I would not venture upon the enterprise. Nevertheless, one of our party was hoisted up in this perilous manner to the cave, (which is, I should think, about sixty or seventy feet high,) whence to my astonishment he answered the questions we put to him in a low whisper from beneath, without difficulty, or hesitation.

We afterwards visited the remains of the theatre and amphitheatre, the view from which is delightful—the Capuchin convent in the vicinity, not worth seeing—the cathedral, built on the remains of an ancient temple of Minerva; and lastly the Fountain of Arethusa, where we saw the usual number of old women washing in the stream. One of them offered me a glass in which to drink some water from the pool, but I was apprehensive that its purity might have been injured by these Naiads, and declined.

There being no roads sufficiently good in Sicily to allow of wheel carriages, I travelled upon a mule, and hired a lettiga, the usual conveyance of priests and females, as a shelter in the event of bad weather. In shape it resembles a double sedan-chair, or the body of a shabby vis-a-vis; and being slung, not between camels like my tukhte-rowan, but between mules, proved a much less uneasy vehicle. The state of the road and the distance not admitting of our going direct to Catania, we proceeded to Lentini to sleep, and here we experienced the advantage of having brought with us our camp equipage; for, except a very dirty room, we found no accommodation, as the beds were so disgusting it would have been impossible to rest in them. We were obliged to send out into the town for provisions, but the bread alone was good—superior, perhaps, to any in Europe, except that in Spain. The flour is of the finest quality, of a pale sulphur colour—whether artificial, or the natural tint of the corn, I did not ascertain. I was the more surprised at the excellence and abundance of the bread, when I was told that the Sicilians annually had to import grain, the island not yielding sufficient even for the consumption of its thin population. Lentini is close to a small lake, and, though prettily situated, is considered very unhealthy. Indeed, one cannot help being shocked at the squalid features of its inhabitants, and the generally wretched appearance of the town.

The country as far as Catania was not very striking—but we had Etna in front of us, which we were continually approaching, and of which we had so clear a view as to perceive the English house, near the summit, about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, looking like a large black slab in the surrounding snow. The landlord of our inn, Signor Abbate, who is a distinguished guide, said we could not reach the top in consequence of a recent fall of snow, and I was rather

glad at the time to be furnished with a decent excuse for avoiding a toilsome excursion, which I suspect does not repay one for the certainty of great fatigue and the risk of illness with which it is attended.

The view of Catania, at a distance, was splendid; its white palaces glittering in the sun, surrounded by dark and verdant foliage. But upon a nearer approach, the city wore a melancholy appearance, from the ruined state of the houses, which had not been regularly repaired since they were injured by the last earthquake. In fact, scarcely a wall remains entire; but it is almost impossible to judge of the effects of this calamity, without having beheld the pleasant plains in the vicinity of a burning mountain, converted into huge masses of black lava, now as hard as rock, and recollecting that these had once been streams of liquid fire. There are, however, still some buildings in a perfect state, such as the cathedral, the Benedictine church, and a convent. One street, called Strada Steriscorea, is of immense length, presenting a beautiful vista, terminated by the venerable Etna.

I witnessed at the cathedral a grand ceremonial of the inauguration of a new Bishop of Catania. There was little decorum observable in the spectators, principally composed of priests, who appeared, instead of devout actors in the scene, to have come, like ourselves, only to enjoy the show. In consequence of the noise, it was impossible to hear any thing said by the bishop, archbishop, or officiating priests: seeing, however, some clergymen reading out of books, I fancied, if I could catch a glimpse of a few words, I might gain a knowledge of what was passing; but looking over the shoulder of one of the priests for this purpose, I found his manual was an Italian play.

The ride from Catania to Giarra was most delightful. We made a detour of two miles in order to visit the church Del Ermitaggio, from the terrace of which is a splendid view over an extensive plain, studded with towns, Ai Reale, and several others, and bounded by the sea. The rocks of the Cyclops lay below us, and the mountains of Calabria crowned the distance, while on the left rose Etna in all its glory, on whose sides were seen numerous white villages and farm-houses sparkling in the sunshine. We passed lovely gardens full of orange and lemon trees, bearing fruit and blossoms at the same time; and over the walls in front of the houses hung roses, carnations, and double stocks of an immense size. Even the very weeds on the road-side sprang up and blossomed like elegant flowers, in colours of yellow, pink, blue, and scarlet, of the brightest hues.

Still, I had only to look to the beds of lava in the vicinity for this gay scene to vanish from my mind, in the associations raised by the frightful contrast. Torrents of cinders gave a broken, gloomy, and ragged appearance to much of the rich and cultivated country which lay before me. Signor Abbate, who accompanied us, pointed out a small village, whose fate may better exemplify the effects of the calamity I was deploring, than any description of mine. The village had contained one hundred and fifty men, with their wives and children. From the smallness of the church these were compelled to attend divine service at different times. The women had gone and returned first as usual, and the men occupied their places; but scarcely had they assembled, when an earthquake occurred, which destroyed the priest and the whole of the congregation—absolutely not one man in the village escaped! My informant added that the poor women being left destitute, (here I expected a tale of distress,) resorted to another parish, to recruit for fresh husbands; "for what," said he, "could they do, but settle themselves again in matrimony as soon as possible?"

If the ride to Giarra was delightful, I must search for some stronger word to express the enjoyment I derived from our journey to Fiumi di Nisi, during which every variety of the grand and the lovely in prospect was offered to our view. The route generally lay between the sea on the right hand and the range of mountains on the left, on whose sides were, as usual, scattered numerous white villages, with churches and convents, all seated amidst the most luxuriant vegetation; and, here and there, on the very summit of a lofty mountain, was perched a castle, to all appearance inaccessible. The town of Mola is situated on the top of an immense rock. We had to ascend towards it in order to reach Taurominium, which is itself one thousand two hundred feet higher than the level of the sea—still Mola towered far above us. Taurominium (an amphitheatre both by nature and art) justifies all the praises which have been lavished on it by travellers, for the views from it combine all that is magnificent in scenery. I can imagine nothing finer in Europe,—I had almost said in the world.

Our lodging at the hamlet of Fiumi di Nisi was as humble as can be imagined; every thing was primitive except the disposition to overcharge, which seemed to have the usual advantage of modern improvement.

A beautiful ride of eighteen miles, equally lovely with that described above, brought us to Messina. The manner of travelling prevented our making much progress, for the mules seldom go out of a walk, and this method, though it may appear tedious to those accustomed to travel post, affords the best means of seeing the country to advantage; indeed the climate is so delightful, and the various views so attractive, that one ceases to wish for greater celerity. At the time we were in Sicily the roads admitted of no other mode of conveyance, if I may call by the name of roads, paths through rocks, beds of torrents, and any places, in fact, over which the mules could scramble, though frequently the way lay over grassy downs and flowery plains, and the sands and shingles on the sea shore. The communication, however, will be shortly improved, for in many parts above our heads I saw the people employed in the construction of a new carriage road equal to any in Italy. It is to run from Syracuse through Messina to Palermo; and with the advantage of the steam vessel, which plies between Naples and the latter place, this road will render Sicily as accessible and as civilised as any other part of southern Europe—still I should be loth to adopt a more refined mode of travelling in exchange for the airy and independent one I have described.

If Messina were not so well known, I should dilate upon the splendour of its situation and the enchanting beauty of its harbour and environs. The city itself has a gay appearance, and the buildings, many of them quite new, give one hopes that it has risen again to opulence, and that the calamitous effects of the last earthquake have ceased to be felt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Embarkation on a speronaro for Salerno—Charybdis—Pæstum—Pompeii.

Unfavourable accounts of the road, and the increasing heat of the weather, induced us to abandon our intention of visiting Palermo; and we resolved on going directly to Naples. No packets or large vessels being procurable, we were compelled to hire a speronaro—a small half-decked boat, rowed by ten men; and though considered a secure conveyance, yet no boat of such a size and construction could either be safe or agreeable on the open seas. The accommodation was so limited, that a gentleman who had accompanied us from Syracuse had just space to creep into a hole below deck, while we spread our bedding above; a canvass awning being the only shelter from the rain and spray. On the 19th of April, we left Messina, and passed through the Faro, with a fine and favourable breeze. There was nothing alarming in crossing the famous whirlpool, which has long since lost its dangerous character; but the spirit of that person must indeed be dull who could be rocked on the waves of Charybdis without hearing in imagination the barking of Scylla, and while bounding over a sea consecrated by the fascination of classical embellishment, fail to be animated by recollections fraught with every object of interest and admiration.

Towards evening, we passed near Stromboli, which, though then burning, we did not think it worth while to visit, but desired our captain, as the wind was freshening, to shape his course for Pæstum. Pretending, however, that the breeze would not admit of our making the latter place, he touched at Acropolis, a curious town, built on a precipitous rock, which presents a bold and singular appearance from the sea. We had intended to proceed by land to Pæstum, but so exorbitant a price was demanded for the mules, that we determined to go by water to Salerno, a measure I heartily repented of at the time, as the wind had increased to a gale, but which, when we had landed in safety, and all our perils were at an end, I was glad had been adopted. It afforded us the opportunity of seeing the Bay of Salerno in perfection. The town, built half-way up a mountain—its summit, crowned with an ancient fortress of the most picturesque shape—Acropolis towering on the neighbouring height, and contrasted with the temples of Pæstum, on the low, damp plain, formed, on the whole, a view scarcely to be equalled by Naples itself.

At day-break next morning, we set off for Pæstum, in a carriage drawn in the ancient style, by four horses abreast—(our boat also was drawn up on the beach, as if it had been under the orders of Palinurus;) and after staying there a couple of hours, we returned to Salerno at eight o'clock. I was gratified by the excursion, not so

* Sir Thomas Fellowes had two of his sons, one a child of nine years old, on board the Dartmouth at the battle of Navarino. These young midshipmen behaved with a coolness scarcely to be expected at their tender age; and during the action, the elder, only twelve himself, had the admirable good sense and feeling to keep his brother out of their father's sight, lest the latter's anxiety should be excited.

much, perhaps, from the sight of the temples themselves, as from being able to contrast them with the stupendous monuments we had lately seen; and, without affectation, I may venture to say, that the Egyptian traveller finds it an effort to bestow great admiration on the ruins of Pestum.

Leaving Salerno, we passed through the most lovely scenery, especially about La Cava. Hanging gardens, interspersed with woods and running streams, sometimes lay planted in deep ravines below the level of the road, sometimes cut in the sides of the mountain, towered high above our heads. A little farther were fields of beans, peas, lupines, and the most brilliant clover; while vineyards, with their vines gracefully trained to the branches of high poplars, bordered the road as far as Pompeii. The pass of La Cava is indeed one of fairy land.

A far different scene awaited us in the ruins of Pompeii; but as there were many workmen employed in repairs, and a large and boisterous party preceding us, I was disappointed by the interruption to the stillness and desolation which ought to form such a peculiar contrast to the busy din of the inhabited world around. Although, however, the illusion was destroyed, still there was, of course, much of surpassing interest in the examination of this disintegrated city; and on subsequently visiting the Studio at Naples, I found the bronzes and other articles, removed there from Pompeii, by far the most curious objects of that extensive and valuable collection.

Naples is not seen to advantage in coming through Portici, but it is still a grand sight; and justifies the descriptions usually given of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

Naples—Vesuvius—Best views of the city and the bay—Eustace's tomb—Admirable statuary in the church of San Severo—Anecdote relative to the palace of Capo di Monte—Curious etiquette at San Carlo—Inferiority of Italian singers in Italy—No English church at Naples.

Now that I have brought my narrative so far as the beaten ground of Naples, my privilege of description, throughout much abridged that I might not weary by repetition, must be still further curtailed; and I shall be careful not to expatiate on topics already familiar, and especially to avoid intruding into that province which Mrs. Starke has appropriated to herself, by her accurate and entertaining Guide-book. It requires some self-denial, however, to dismiss Naples without dwelling on its innumerable beauties.

At the time I visited Vesuvius, the crater was quite tranquil, and afforded little interest. Those who ascend the summit merely for the purpose of enjoying the prospect, may have that pleasure without any labour on the road a little beyond the Hermitage, a short distance from the foot of the mountain. There is, indeed, a still better view from the Convent of St. Martin; but the one which, in my judgment, must be superior to any in Naples, is that which I heard is afforded from the terrace of Camaldoli.

In my rambles, I stepped into the Church of Le Crocette, to see poor Eustace's tomb. It is but a humble monument for a man so distinguished, yet it may serve to remind us how severe the world has been towards one who, notwithstanding his errors, has greatly contributed to its amusement and instruction.

The church of San Severo, which is little more than a mausoleum of the Sangro family, contains three celebrated pieces of statuary, of which I obtained a more detailed account than I have seen elsewhere; one of Modesty, covered wholly with a veil; a man caught in a net; and a recumbent figure of a dead Christ, which surpasses all imagination by its exquisite sculpture and admirable expression. The first statue is said to represent the mother of Don Raimondo di Sangro, who himself is exhibited in the second, as one undeceived with respect to the vanities of the world by his better reason, here expressed by a Genius disentangling a man from a net.

The first of these masterpieces is by a Genoese named Quercia; the second by Corrodino, who designed the third statue also, but which was executed after his death by San Martino; the last is transcendent.

There is also in the church a monument of Don Francesco di Sangro, represented as rising out of a chest, in armour, and grasping a drawn sword. He pretended to be dead, and caused himself to be inclosed in a vault, from which he issued at night to take vengeance on his unprepared enemies.

It is said, that the Palace of Capo di Monte, which is on an elevated spot about two miles from the town, owes its construction to the following circumstances:—The late king of Naples having, while in alliance with England, acted against us in a hostile man-

ner, a fleet was sent to require satisfaction. The admiral forwarded his despatches on shore by an officer, with directions to bring back a proper answer before the lapse of an hour. The Neapolitans wanted to prevent his landing, but he pointed to the guns of the admiral's ship, and was allowed to pass. No one could be persuaded to take his despatches to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who was in the council chamber. The officer carried them thither himself, but was told the council was sitting, and could not be disturbed; whereupon he opened the door, and delivered them with his own hands. The king and council demurred—they were told the guns of the fleet would open on the town when the hour was expired. Being without resource, the concession demanded was agreed to, and the king gave orders for building the palace at Capo di Monte, that he might at least have a residence beyond the reach of the British cannon.

A piece of etiquette which prevails at the theatre of San Carlos is sufficiently curious. If any of the royal family be present, none of the audience testify the least approbation of the performance till a slight motion of the august hands gives the signal for applause. It was amusing to see all eyes directed to the royal box, when there was a disposition in the house to applaud, and to perceive how frequently the dozing of the illustrious referees defeated their good intentions. Any expression of disapprobation is strictly prohibited.

In Italy, I had fully expected to be delighted by hearing the music of its best masters, sung by performers best qualified to do it justice;—but in this I was greatly disappointed. There were no good vocalists; even at San Carlo, and at the Scala, at Milan, the two finest theatres in the world, the prima donnas were decidedly inferior, and would scarcely have been listened to at the English Opera. Generally speaking, indeed, the absence of music, especially in the streets, is remarkable throughout Italy. As the sovereigns are the principal contributors to the theatres, perhaps the Italians are less fastidious than they were formerly, being contented to accept an inferior amusement at a smaller price. The true reason, however, probably is, that wealthier nations can afford to give greater remuneration to professional talent, and thus Polyhymnia is bribed to desert her once favoured land. On asking for the English church, I was told there was none. Not because there was any objection on the part of the Neapolitans—not because there was any deficiency of Protestants in the city—not because there were wanting clergymen anxious for the appointment; but because the numerous English residents and visitors would not contribute towards paying the moderate salary of a chaplain, one moiety of which the British government has consented to defray. The consul-general had endeavoured to overcome this indifference on the part of our countrymen, and his failure, it must be reluctantly allowed, remains a blot on the national respectability.

CHAPTER XX.

Pontine Marshes—Destruction of early illusions by Mr. Niebuhr—Author's admiration of Rome unimpaired by having previously visited Egypt—Defacement of public monuments—Hospice of St. Bernard—Return to England.

Having fairly commenced our Italian journey, we dismissed all our heavy baggage, as the country through which we had to pass would render it superfluous, though, notwithstanding the luxuries which English travellers had for some years introduced, I found at many stages pudding dishes for basins, and a variety of other such expedients prevailing. On crossing the Pontine Marshes, the postillions drove us slowly, because we refused them double fees. These famous marshes, however, appeared not much more formidable to me than the Barrackpore road near Calcutta, when the rice grounds on each side are overflowed and stagnant.

On our entrance into Albano, we passed a ruin hitherto supposed to be the tomb of the Curiatii. Must we have all our pleasing, youthful fancies and associations dispelled by Mr. Niebuhr's sober wand of truth?—I now consider it an advantage to have travelled through the country before having heard of his book, and to have been enabled to yield, without suspicion, to long established illusions regarding the acts and fortunes of many celebrated men, whom his unpoetical erudition has proved to have had existence only in fiction.

After visiting the lake, we reached Rome, about one o'clock, passing on the approach to our inn the Coliseum, the Forum, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, and other interesting objects, impressed upon our minds from the earliest period of our youth; and the sight of which, even in more sober age, made my heart beat with enthusiasm.

The author of the "English in Italy" takes an opportunity of condemning the affectation of those travellers, who, having visited Egypt, pretend to find nothing interesting in the "Eternal City." In this instance I shall not come under his censure, for I do not hesitate to say, that after all the wonders of Egypt, and after raising my anticipations to the highest pitch, Rome still surpassed my most exaggerated expectations. I would not, however, offend my ancient favourites in Egypt, by comparing them to objects so dissimilar. Rome and Egypt have each their peculiar beauties, and one may enjoy the delight of having seen both, without entering on the unsatisfactory task of contrast.

The late pope was most meritoriously regardful of the cleanliness of the capital, and thus enabled visitors not to restrict their admiration to the ancient city alone, but to extend it to the modern improvements, evinced in the embellishment of churches and the opening of new fountains. He also liberally contributed to the health and comfort of the people, by completing extensive walks and drives, commenced by the French, (that of Mount Pincio particularly)—but above all, his scrupulous preservation and repair of every ancient relic demand our gratitude. From Rome we passed through Florence, to Pisa, a city which interested me next to Rome itself.

At Leghorn I discovered our first approach to a vicinity crowded by sailors and a lower class of English, not alone from the appearance of their ships, and their activity on the quay, but from the habits of destructiveness so peculiar to the nation, an organ which I am sure Spurzheim would find highly developed in most of our countrymen.

While admiring the beautiful colossal figures in bronze attached to the statue of Ferdinand I., which stands in the dock yard, I observed that they were in some places indented, and covered with mud. On inquiring the cause, I was informed that this violence was attributed to the English sailors, many of whose missiles, in the shape of stones and brickbats, were lying around. It is too well known that this propensity of our countrymen to mischief is not exercised in foreign lands only, and it furnishes the sole excuse for shutting up our churches and public edifices, a practice so universally condemned by foreigners;—but who can wonder at these restrictions, after seeing placards affixed in the metropolis itself, denouncing punishment against those who wantonly deface its embellishments, and would even demolish the monuments of national gratitude?

By a far different feeling is the Italian actuated. There is not a Roman who does not consider St. Peter's as his own. Let the slightest disrespect be shown towards it, or the smallest injury offered to its ornaments, or to those of any building in the city, and he would resent it as a personal insult, and consider it his own peculiar misfortune.

Leaving Leghorn, we went to Lucca, Spezzia*, Genoa, and Nice. Thence crossing the Col di Tenda, by the magnificent and lovely road lately opened for posting, we came to Turin, Milan, Como, and Lago Maggiore, and crossing the Simplon, arrived, by the way of Martigny, at Geneva. From Geneva I ascended to Chamouni and Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, and crossed the Col de Balme, back to Martigny. Thence we thought it necessary to make an excursion to the great St. Bernard, which I shall mention somewhat more at large, and perhaps spare others, who may form romantic preconceptions, the disappointment I experienced; for great part of the road is dreary, without affording any grand prospects, and the establishment at the Hospice partakes so much of a secular and every day character, that I do not think the interest of the journey compensates for its length and fatigue.

The monks being at prayers when we arrived at the Hospice, we were introduced by a servant into a comfortable room, where we were shortly joined by the Père Econome. After some conversation, he took us a short and dreary walk to the chapel and the charnel house, where the bodies of strangers who have perished in the snow are deposited. There had been no accidents of this kind during the past year, and I could only perceive, by the momentary glance I took of the mournful receptacle, a mass of skeletons and mouldering remains. I suspect, indeed, the effects of the climate in preserving the features for many years from alteration or decomposition have been greatly exaggerated, if they do not

* The road from Spezzia to Genoa was still, in many parts, in a very rugged state, but I think far surpasses in sublimity that over the Simplon.

exist altogether in the imagination of novelists. I found the Père Ecomme quite a man of the world in his discourse and manners. On our return from walking, he produced some music books, led me to the piano, and took a chair by my side, and I never thought myself more out of place than when I beheld a monk of St. Bernard in his high black cap, and in the dress of his order, bending over the notes of the instrument at which I was seated.

It being a fast-day, the other brethren excused themselves, and we sat down to dinner, which consisted of the usual ingredients of maigre day, with him alone.

During the favourable season, scarcely a day passes without visitors; there have sometimes been forty at once. In proof of this I may mention, that on our return home we met twelve persons on their way to the Hospice. In consequence of this influx of guests it has become necessary to enlarge the building, which has now the appearance of an hotel, and is attended by a waiter and a chamber-maid. The only difference is, that one goes through the form of dining with the monks, and receiving, under the semblance of obligation, the hospitality for which the convent is amply repaid. When there are female guests, the monks usually join them at meals, in the strangers' parlour; otherwise, the gentlemen are admitted into the refectory. So much has it come to be considered in the light of an inn, that some persons have been guilty of the indecorum of expressing a desire to dine alone, which was very properly refused on the part of the monks, with whom it is a rule that one at least should preside in the visitors' room.

St. Bernard is a dependence of the Augustine monastery, at Martigni. None but young and robust men reside at the Hospice, and as they become old or unfit to withstand the inclemency of the mountain climate, they are transferred to the establishment below. The monks of the order have the privilege of writing directly to the pope, are permitted to drink wine, and to read newspapers and books of miscellaneous literature to amuse their solitude. Having so much society and so many indulgences, the condition of these monks is, probably, on the whole, more comfortable than that of their brethren in many other convents.

The old breed of dogs is all but extinct. The new ones do not possess the same large head and double nose, but are said to be equally sagacious; and the activity of the brethren is as sedulous as ever in seeking out persons lost in the snow, and though the loss of lives has not of late been so frequent, the establishment is still eminently useful to travellers. The convent register contains a touching acknowledgment of one of these from Turin, who fell down from exhaustion for the fourth time just at the door of the Hospice, when he was accidentally perceived and recovered.

The neighbouring peasantry, who frequently miss their way in traversing the mountains, experience the kindest treatment from the monks, who, though they receive, as is but fair, contributions from opulent visitants, extend their benevolence gratuitously to the poor.

After leaving Saint Bernard, we traversed the greater part of Switzerland, ascending the Grimsel and Righi. Our course then took us to Lyons, and after a short stay at Paris, I reached England early in September, 1828, having been above eleven months on my varied and most interesting journey.

The foregoing pages contain so many proofs of the facility with which the overland journey is performed, and of the gratification which rewards the undertaking, that it seems now superfluous for the author to declare her decided preference of it to the sea voyage round the Cape. While peace continues with the Turks, there can be no just ground for apprehending molestation on their part; but, on the contrary, every degree of courtesy may be expected from the Egyptian government. The shoals of the Red Sea and the storms of the Mediterranean are not usually considered so formidable as the hurricanes of the Mauritius, and the gales off the Cape of Good Hope. The expense of the overland passage is much less, for it is not necessary to consume one half of the time which the author did in Egypt and the continent of Europe. From the moment of entering a ship for the Cape voyage, until its termination at the end of four or five months, persons are unavoidably subjected, whatever may be the kindness of the commander, to restraint and inactivity; but, on the other hand, the passage up the Red Sea having been effected, all then is novelty, interest, and enjoyment.

Appendix.

The following extracts from the works of Hamilton and Richardson, relative to the principal buildings in the author's route through Egypt are inserted, as likely to be acceptable to the homeward bound traveller. The most essential parts only, however, have been given, and reference must be had to the originals for more detailed information.

It seems to be still doubtful on which side of the Nile Thebes Proper was situated. On the right bank are the ruins of the temples of Luxor and Carnac, and on the left the palace of Medinet Haboo, the burying places of the kings and queens, Ebek, the Memnonium, and the catacombs of Gournoo, all of which may be included under the term Thebes.

LUXOR.

[Hamilton's *Egyptiaca*, p. 114.]

"In approaching this temple from the north, the first object is a magnificent propylon, or gateway, which is two hundred feet in length, and the top of it fifty-seven feet above the present level of the soil. In front of the entrance are the two most perfect obelisks in the world, each of a single block of red granite, from the quarries of Elephantine; they are between seven and eight feet square at the base, and above eighty feet high; many of the hieroglyphical figures with which they are covered are an inch and three quarters deep, cut with the greatest nicety and precision. Between these obelisks and the propylon are two colossal statues, also of red granite; though buried in the ground to the chest, they still measure twenty-one and twenty-two feet from thence to the top of their mitres. The attention of the traveller is soon diverted from these masses, to the sculptures which cover the eastern wing of the north front of the propylon, on which is a very animated description of a remarkable event in the campaigns of some Osymandrias or Sesotris." The "ruined portico," which is entered from the gateway, is of "very large dimensions" [p. 119:] "from this a double row of seven columns, with lotus capitals, two and thirty feet in circumference, conducts you into a court, one hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and forty wide, terminated at each side by a row of columns, beyond which is another portico of thirty-two columns, and the adytum, or interior apartments of the building."

[Richardson's *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 84.]

"The temple of Luxor was probably built on the banks of the Nile for the convenience of sailors and wayfaring men: where, without much loss of time, they might stop, say their prayers, present their offerings, &c. Great and magnificent as it is, it only serves to show us the way to a much greater, to which it is hardly more in comparison than a kind of porter's lodge; I mean the splendid ruin of the temple at Carnac. The distance from Luxor to Carnac is about a mile and a half, or two miles. The whole road was formerly lined with a row of sphinxes on each side. At present these are entirely covered up for about two thirds of the way, on the end nearest to Luxor. On the latter part of the road, near to Carnac, a row of criosphinxes (that is, with a ram's head and a lion's body) still exist on each side of the way."

CARNAC.

[Hamilton, p. 132.]

"The name of Diosopolis is sufficient to entitle us to call the grand temple at Carnac the temple of Jupiter. This temple has twelve principal entrances, each of which is composed of several propyla and colossal gateways, or *moles*, besides other buildings attached to them, in themselves larger than most other temples. One of the propyla is entirely of granite, adorned with the most finished hieroglyphics. On each side of many of them have been colossal statues of basalt, breccia, and granite; some sitting, some erect, from twenty to thirty feet in height.

"The body of the temple, which is preceded by a large court, at whose sides are colonnades, of thirty columns in length, and through the middle of which are two rows of columns fifty feet high, consists, first, of a prodigious hall, or portico, whose roof is sustained by one hundred and thirty-four columns, some of which are twenty-six feet in circumference, and others thirty-four; then are four beautiful obelisks, marking the entrance to the adytum, near which the monarch is represented as embraced by the arms of Isis.

The adytum itself consists of three apartments, entirely of granite. The principal room, which is in the centre,

is twenty feet long, sixteen wide, and thirteen feet high. Three blocks of granite form the roof, which is painted with clusters of gilt stars, on a blue ground. Beyond are other porticoes and galleries, which have been continued to another propylon, at the distance of two thousand feet from that of the western extremity of the temple.

"It may not be uninteresting to add a few more particulars relative to this temple, the largest, perhaps, and certainly one of the most ancient in the world.

"Two of the porticoes within it appear to have consisted of pillars, in the form of human figures, in the character of Hermes, that is, the lower part of the body hidden, and unshapen, with his arms folded, and in his hand the insignia of divinity; perhaps the real origin of the Grecian Caryatides.

"Exclusive of these columnar statues, which have been thirty-eight in number, and the least of them thirty feet high, there are fragments more or less mutilated, of twenty-three other statues, in granite, breccia, and basalt, seventeen of which are colossal, and have been placed in front of the several entrances. They are in general from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, and executed in the best Egyptian style."

BIBAN OOL MOOLK,

OR THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

[Richardson's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 304.]

"It is a most dismal looking spot, a valley of rubbish, without a drop of water, or blade of grass. The entrance to the tombs looks out from the rock like the entrance to so many mines; and were it not for the recollections with which it is peopled, and the beautiful remains of ancient art which lie hid in the bosom of the mountain, would hardly ever be visited by man or beast. The heat is excessive, from the confined dimensions of the valley, and the reflection of the sun from the rock and sand. The whole valley is filled with rubbish that has been washed down from the rock, or carried out in the making of the tombs, with merely a narrow road up the centre."

[Richardson's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 305.]

"Diodorus Siculus states, on the authority of the Egyptian priests, that forty-seven of these tombs were entered in their sacred registers, only seventeen of which remained in the time of Ptolemy Lagus. And in the 80th Olympiad, about sixty years B. C., when Diodorus Siculus was in Egypt, many of these were greatly defaced. Before Mr. Belzoni began his operations in Thebes, only eleven of these tombs were known to the public. From the great success that crowned his exertions, the number of them is nearly double. The general appearance of these tombs is that of a continued shaft, or corridor, cut in the rock, in some places spreading out into large chambers; in other places small chambers pass off by a small door from the shaft, &c. In some places where the rock is low and disintegrated, a broad excavation is formed on the surface, till it reaches a sufficient depth of solid stone, when it narrows, and enters by a door of about six or eight feet wide, and about ten feet high. The passage then proceeds with a gradual descent for about a hundred feet, widening or narrowing according to the plan or object of the architect, sometimes with side chambers, but more frequently not. The beautiful ornament of the globe, with the serpent in its wings, is sculptured over the entrance. The ceiling is black, with silver stars, and the vulture, with outspread wings, holding a ring and a broad feathered sceptre by each of his feet, is frequently repeated on it, with numerous hieroglyphics, which are white or variously coloured. The walls on each side are covered with hieroglyphics, and large sculptured figures of the deities of Egypt, and of the hero for whom the tomb was excavated. Sometimes both the hieroglyphics and the figures are wrought in intaglio; at other times they are in relief; but throughout the same tomb they are generally all of one kind. The colours are green, blue, red, black, and yellow, on a white ground, and in many instances are as fresh and vivid as if they had not been laid on a month. Intermixed with the figures, we frequently meet with curious devices, representing tribunals where people are upon their trials, and sometimes undergoing punishment; the preparation of mummies, and people bearing them in procession on their shoulders; animals tied for sacrifice, and partly cut up; and occasionally the more agreeable pictures of entertainments, with music and dancing, and well-dressed people listening to the sound of the harp, played by a priest, with his head shaved, and dressed in a loose flowing white robe, shot with red stripes."

END OF THE NARRATIVE.

Rambles of a Naturalist.

BY THE LATE DR. GODMAN.

(Now first collected.)

PREFACED BY A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

As an appropriate accompaniment to the "Rambles of a Naturalist," we have transferred into our columns from the "Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences," an able biographical memoir of the author, written by the editor, Dr. Drake of Cincinnati. It is highly creditable to Dr. D's heart and judgment, and forms an interesting specimen of American Biography, which we are anxious to preserve, and gratified to be the means of widely disseminating.

To know Dr. Godman intimately was to admire and love him. A friend who enjoyed peculiar advantages for studying his disposition thus characterises the peculiar traits of his mind:—

The great characteristics of Dr. Godman's mind, were his retentive memory, an unwearied industry and quick perception, and his capacity of concentrating all his powers upon any given object of pursuit. What he had once read or observed, he rarely, if ever, forgot. Hence it was, that although his early education was much neglected, he became an excellent linguist, and made himself master of Latin, French, and German, besides acquiring a knowledge of Greek, Italian and Spanish. He had read the best works in all these languages, and wrote with facility the Latin and French.

His powers of observation were quick, patient, keen and discriminating; and it was these qualities that rendered him so admirable a naturalist. He came to the study of natural history as an investigator of facts, and not as a pupil of the schools; and while he regarded systems and nomenclature with perhaps too little respect, his great aim was to learn the instincts, the structure and the habits of all animated beings. This science was his favourite pursuit, and he devoted himself to it with indefatigable zeal. He has been heard to say, that in investigating the habits of the shrew mole, he walked many hundred miles. Those parts of his natural history in which he relates the results of his own observation, are among the most interesting essays on that subject in our language. This praise is due in a still greater degree to his *Rambles of a Naturalist*, which are not inferior in poetical beauty and vivid and accurate description, to the celebrated letters of Gilbert White on the Natural History of Selbourne. These essays were among the last productions of his pen, and were written in the intervals of acute pain and extreme debility. They form a mere sketch of what he intended, and had he lived to complete them, he would have left a work and a name of enduring popularity.

There were few subjects of general literature, excepting the pure and mixed mathematics, with which Dr. Godman was not more or less familiar. Among other pursuits to which his attention had been turned, was the study of ancient coins, of which he had acquired a critical knowledge.

The powers of his mind were always buoyant. His eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge seemed like the impulses of gnawing hunger and unquenchable thirst. Neither adversity nor disease could allay it, and had it pleased Providence to heal his mortal wound, and prolong his life and strength, he would have borne away the palm from all his contemporaries.

The fine imagination and deep enthusiasm of Dr. Godman occasionally burst forth in impassioned poetry. He wrote verse and prose with almost equal facility, and had he lived and enjoyed leisure to prune the exuberance of his style, and to bestow the last polish upon his labours, he would have ranked as one of the great masters of our language, both in regard to the curious felicity, and the strength and clearness of his diction. The following specimens of his poetical compositions are selected less for their intrinsic excellence, than for the picture which they furnish of his private meditations.

A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

'Tis midnight's solemn hour! now wide unfurled
Darkness expands her mantle o'er the world:
The fire-fly's lamp has ceased its fitful gleam;
The cricket's chirp is hushed; the boding scream
Of the grey owl is stilled; the lofty trees
Scarce wave their summits to the falling breeze;
All nature is at rest, or seems to sleep;
'Tis thine alone, oh man! to watch and weep!
Thine 'tis to feel thy system's sad decay,
As flares the taper of thy life away
Beneath the influence of fell disease:—
Thine 'tis to know the want of mental ease
Springing from memory of time mispent;
Of slighted blessings; deepest discontent,
And riotous rebellion 'gainst the laws
Of health, truth, heaven, to win the world's applause!

Such was thy course, Eugenio, such thy hardened heart,
Till mercy spoke, and death unsheathed the dart,
Twanged his unerring bow, and drove the steel,
Too deep to be withdrawn, too wide the wound to heal;
Yet left of life a feebly glimmering ray,
Slowly to sink and gently ebb away.

—And yet, how blest am I?
While myriad others lie
In agony of fever or of pain,
With parching tongue and burning eye,
Or fiercely throbbing brain;
My feeble frame, though spoiled of rest,
Is not of comfort dispossessed.
My mind awake, looks up to thee,
Father of mercy! whose blest hand I see
In all things acting for our good,
Howe'er thy mercies be misunderstood.

—See where the waning moon
Slowly surmounts yon dark tree tops,
Her light increases steadily, and soon
The solemn night her stole of darkness drops:
Thus to my sinking soul in hours of gloom,
The cheering beams of hope resplendent come,
Thus the thick clouds which sin and sorrow rear
Are changed to brightness, or swift disappear.

Hark! that shrill note proclaims approaching day;
The distant east is streaked with lines of gray;
Faint warblings from the neighbouring groves arise,
The tuneful tribes salute the brightening skies.
Peace breathes around; dim visions o'er me creep,
The weary night outwatched, thank God! I too may sleep.

Lines written under a feeling of the immediate approach of Death.

The damps of death are on my brow, the chill is in my heart,
My blood has almost ceased to flow, my hopes of life depart;
The valley and the shadow before me open wide,
But thou, Oh Lord! even there wilt be my guardian and my guide.

For what is pain, if thou art nigh its bitterness to quell?
And where death's boasted victory, his last triumphant spell?

Oh! Saviour, in that hour when mortal strength is nought,
When nature's agony comes on, and every anguished thought

Springs in the breaking heart a source of darkest woe,
Be nigh unto my soul, nor permit the floods o'erflow.
To thee! to thee alone! dare I raise my dying eyes;
Thou didst for all atone, by thy wondrous sacrifice;
Oh! in thy mercy's richness extend thy smiles on me,
And let my soul outspoke thy praise throughout eternity!

Beneath the above stanzas is the following note.
"Rather more than a year has elapsed since the above was first written. Death is now certainly near at hand; but my sentiments remain unchanged, except that my reliance on the Saviour is stronger."

This reliance on the mercies of God through Christ Jesus, became indeed the habitual frame of his mind; and imparted to the closing scenes of his life a solemnity and a calmness, a sweet serenity and a holy resignation, which robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its

victory. It was a melancholy sight to witness the premature extinction of such a spirit; yet the dying couch on which genius, and virtue, and learning thus lay prostrated, beamed with more hallowed lustre, and taught a more salutary lesson than could have been imparted by the proudest triumphs of intellect. The memory of Dr. Godman, his blighted promise, and his unfinished labours, will long continue to call forth the vain regrets of men of science and learning. There are those who treasure up in their hearts as a more precious recollection, his humble faith and his triumphant death, and who can meet with an eye of pity, the scornful glance of the scoffer, and the infidel, at being told that if Dr. Godman was a philosopher, he was also a Christian.

From the Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences.

MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

Of Dr. Godman's early years, we have received a number of interesting memoranda, from his first medical preceptor, Dr. Luckey, now of Circleville, in this state. According to this gentleman, Dr. G. was born at Wilmington, in the state of Delaware. At an early period he lost his parents, and was left without patrimony, or deprived of it. Dr. Luckey first saw him in 1810, when he was fifteen years old. The doctor was, at that time, a senior student in the office of Dr. Thomas E. Bond, of Baltimore. "The office," says Dr. L., "was fitted up with taste, and boys, attracted by its appearance, would frequently drop in, to gaze on the labelled jars and drawers. Among them I discovered, one evening, an interesting lad, who was amusing himself with the manner in which his comrades pronounced the 'hard words,' with which the furniture was labelled. He appeared to be quite an adept in the Latin language. A strong curiosity soon prompted me to inquire 'Who are you?' 'Don't you recollect,' says he, 'that you visited a boy at Mr. Creery's, who had a severe attack of bilious colic?' 'I do. But what is your name my little boy?' 'He was small of his age. 'My name, sir, is John D. Godman.' 'Did you study the Latin language with Mr. Creery?' 'No, he does not teach any but an English school.' 'Do you intend to prosecute your studies alone?' 'I do. And I will, if I live, make myself a Latin, Greek, and French scholar.'

In the autumn of 1811, Dr. Luckey commenced the practice of medicine in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, and the next summer received a letter from his protégé, stating that he had been bound an apprentice to the printer of a newspaper. With this business, he was, from the beginning, exceedingly dissatisfied, as he evinced in his numerous letters to Dr. Luckey.

In one of these, dated July 23d, 1812, he expressed the opinion, that it was worse than "cramping his genius over a pestle and mortar"—it was "cramping it over a font of types, where there are words without ideas."

Addicted to reading, and aspiring to a more intellectual pursuit, it is not probable that our young printer was much devoted to the drudgery of the office, or performed his duties *con amore*; which may sufficiently explain the origin of the difficulties, set forth in the following paragraph from a subsequent letter to the same.

"Every thing is in *status quo* with me. The same series of oppressions, impositions and insults are still my lot to bear. But I will not bear them long. From the oldest to the youngest, master and man, all seem to have a disposition to peck at me. You will (or may be) surprised to hear that I can never make a printer. It is an erroneous opinion of some people, that no one can make a printer unless he be a scholar. On the contrary, scholars can hardly, if at all, be printers. I would not wish you to think that I count myself a scholar. On the contrary I think myself no scholar."

The following extract from another letter, dated October 23d, 1813, shows that, at this early period, young Godman was threatened with the malady which ultimately destroyed him.

"The disease for which I mentioned a recipe in my last has commenced its direful effects on my poor body. A continued pain in my breast, and at night a slow but burning fever, convince me that I am travelling down a much frequented road to the place where disease has no effect. This my friend is no phantasy. I do not say it from affectation. I feel it. I cannot believe in this

disease being contagious, or I should be certain that I have caught it. I sleep with a youth who was born with it and has it fully."

In the opinion of Dr. L., the deceased, at that early period, laboured under a hypertrophy of the heart.

Through the whole of his apprenticeship, young Godman had a strong desire to study medicine, but his guardian was opposed to any change of destination. Early in the month of January, 1814, he writes to Dr. L.—

"At the suggestion of Dr. Anderson, I have determined to commence the study of chemistry, as he says it will be a great improvement to the mind, and more so, I may be enabled, the ensuing season (if I should live so long) to attend the lectures at the University (of Maryland), and it seems to run greatly in Dr. A.'s head that I shall one day be a physician. How far this surmise may be right, time will disclose. It may indeed so happen, and should I study chemistry now, I shall not have it to do at a future period. I must, however, ask your opinion in this affair."

On the 24th of the same month, he writes to the same gentlemen—

"I have read the catechetical part of Parke's Chemistry, and I can assure you I liked it not a little. But my knowledge, so far as I may obtain it, will only be theoretical."

In the same letter he sets forth his early views of the Christian religion:

"I have not ever had a fixed determination to read the works of that Modern Serpent,* nor had I determined not to do it; and it seems to me surprising, that a fellow student of yours should recommend the perusal of such writings as Thomas Paine's."

"I had, thank heaven, before I asked you the question, and still have, the 'Apology for the Bible,' by the celebrated Lord Regius, of Landaff, (Bishop Watson.) There is a great comfort in the belief of that glorious doctrine of salvation, that teaches us to look to the Great Savior for happiness in a future life; and it has always been my earnest desire, and I must endeavour to die the death of the righteous, that my last end and future state may be like his. It would be a poor hope indeed—it would be a sandy fountain for the dying soul, to have no hope but such as might be derived from the works of Bolingbroke and Paine; and how rich the consolation and satisfaction afforded by the glorious tidings of the blessed Scriptures. It is my opinion, there has never one of these modern deists died as their writings would lead us to believe; nor are but few of their writings read at the present day."

In the year 1814, when the war raged in the Chesapeake, he became a sailor under Com. Barney, and was engaged in the service at the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. Early in the next year, Dr. Luckey, captivated by his genius, and touched by his misfortunes, resolved to invite him to his house, in Elizabethtown, and afford him all the facilities in his power for studying the profession to which he aspired. It does not appear how he had rid himself of his apprenticeship; but he seems to have been at liberty to accept the doctor's generous invitation. This he did, with emotions of joy which are uttered in the following simple and affecting reply, dated April 4th, 1815.

"I have this hour received your last letter, and I can assure, you, that language is inadequate to express to you my sincere, unfeigned joy, for the pleasing news you have communicated to me. Let the manner in which these lines are penned, convince you of the state of my mind at present. I was, thirty minutes before I received your letter, on the point of going to a printer, in this city, to seek employment, and, but for Providence, I should have done so. You may suppose that, as soon as I read your letter, I abandoned this intention and returned to my sister's house,† with fire in each eye and paper in each hand, to answer your epistle of friendship's own dictating. I must lay this aside for a short time, till my mind becomes settled and undisturbed. I stopped at the line above, in order that I might recover a small degree of composure, in order to express myself as I ought, to so good a friend. I will certainly comply with your request, should it please God to continue my health and strength during the ensuing week. Should it please the mercy of Providence to suffer me to take up my residence with you, I shall endeavour, by the most indefatigable study and diligence, to give you the satisfaction your kindness to me deserves. I am in hopes that I shall be able to come some day in the course of the next week;

but, as my journey must be a pedestrian one, I should not wish to mention a particular day."

"On the 10th of April, four days after the date of this letter, he arrived," says Dr. L., "at my house, and took up his residence in my family. He made his promise good, for in six weeks he had acquired more knowledge in the different departments of medical science, than most students do in a year. During this short period he not only read Chaptal, Fourcroy, Chemselden, Murray, Brown, Cullen, Rush, Sydenham, Sharp, and Cooper, but wrote annotations on each, including critical remarks on the incongruities in their reasonings. He remained with me five months, and at the end of that time, you would have imagined from his conversation, that he was an Edinburgh graduate. When he sat down to study, so completely was he absorbed by his subject, that it seemed as though the amputation of one of his limbs would scarcely withdraw his attention."

A circumstance having no connection with the relation between him and his benefactor, but involving them both, led to premature separation. One or both of them were requested by the political party to which they belonged, to deliver orations on the approaching Fourth of July. Dr. L. began at the appointed hour, and went through with his discourse, but attempts were made by the opposite party to offer insult and create disturbance; at which our young orator became indignant; and yielding to the impulse of his strong native feelings, not only refused to deliver what he had prepared, but resolved on returning forthwith to Baltimore. His oration was left with his preceptor, who speaks of it as not unworthy of Patrick Henry.

Departing from Elizabethtown, he returned to Baltimore, and became a pupil of Dr. Hall; and, in the succeeding autumn, began to attend the lectures in that city. His pecuniary difficulties, however, were pressing, and, in the ensuing February, 1816, he wrote to his benefactor in the following eloquent and affecting style:

"Need I then inform you how high my expectations were raised, when I commenced attending the lectures this winter—need I say I was almost certain of future competency? Alas! my friend, the Great Ruler of events has interposed (in order to teach me resignation to his will) this heavy disappointment. By unforeseen events—by domestic calamities, I have been compelled to relinquish the study of medicine, so long the ultimatum of all my hopes. FATHER OF ALL, THY WILL BE DONE. I have made this my motto—my consolation; and did I not daily see the truth of 'Omnia pro optima,' I might perhaps repine. I am now in expectation of a situation with an eminent apothecary of this city, and I may be enabled, at a future period, to recommence the study of medicine."

This situation however he did not obtain.

"Let me now give you a retrospect of 'the days of my life.' Since I have returned from you, I have discovered my real age, in an old book of my father's, (and you would hardly suppose it.) I was 21 years old the 20th day of December, 1815. Before I was two years old I was motherless—before I was five years old I was fatherless and friendless—I have been cast among strangers—I have been deprived of property by fraud, that was mine by right—I have eaten the bread of misery—I have drunk of the cup of sorrow—I have passed the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived—at what? Manhood, poverty, and desolation. Heavenly Parent, teach me patience and resignation to thy will."

About this time he seems to have found a patron in Professor Davidge, and, on the 18th of April following, he wrote to Dr. Luckey—

"I still continue to study with Dr. Wright, (the partner of Dr. Davidge), and provided it shall be the will of heaven, I may possibly procure admission in the course of the next year into the venerable circle of medicine."

In speaking of his perplexed and embarrassed situation, and of the mutations of fortune, he says:—

"There is only one thing which points to, and affords immutable consolation, and that is, the observance of religion. Although we should be incapable of reaping enjoyment in this world, even from uninterrupted prosperity, yet we can ardently long for, and sincerely believe, we may be eternally happy in the next."

In this situation he finished his medical education. In the language of Professor Sewell*—

"Here he pursued his studies with such diligence and zeal, as to furnish, even at that early period, strong intimations of his future eminence. So indefatigable was he in the acquisition of knowledge, that he left no op-

portunity of advancement unimproved, and notwithstanding the deficiencies of his preparatory education, he pressed forward with an energy and perseverance, that enabled him not only to rival, but to surpass all his fellows."

He appears to have attended the lectures in the Baltimore school, through the sessions commencing in the autumns of 1816, and 1817. In the course of the last, Professor Davidge was disabled, by an accident, for several weeks, and Mr. Godman was appointed to supply his place. This, as he had been an apprentice to a trade, not three years before, in the same city, was an honourable testimony to his talents and industry, and must have been highly gratifying to his ambition. According to Professor Sewall, (*loc. citato.*)

"This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety—he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence, his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause; and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the University as one who was destined at some future period to confer high honour upon the profession."

In reference to his graduation, on the 10th of February, 1818, he wrote to his friend, Dr. Luckey, in these emphatical words:

"I know not what to tell you for news; unless I tell you that I passed my graduate examination, on Saturday; (Feb. 7,) which lasted twenty minutes; and, of course, I have now the 'vast unbounded prospect all before me;' though 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.' I will go to the country to practise, most probably to Frederick county."

In the United States, it is common to see young men, without preparatory education or fortune, become practitioners of medicine; but most of this class struggle into the ranks of the profession, totally unprepared; and depart from it for other pursuits, or for the grave, unknown and unhonoured by the scientific world. Such an admission, must not be confounded with that of young Godman; who scorned to enter the profession unqualified and unauthorised by those who guard, or ought to guard, its portals. In this respect he was a shining example; and his subsequent success should animate every friendless young man, who may engage in the study of medicine, to imitate his industry and unflinching perseverance. By these means, if not blessed with his genius, they may prepare themselves for extensive usefulness, and earn respectability if not renown.

We come now to contemplate Dr. Godman, as a member of the profession. His first location was in the village of New Holland, on the banks of the Susquehanna; where, however, he remained but a few months. The next was on the Patapsco, near Baltimore, whence, in July, 1819, he wrote to Dr. Luckey as follows:

"My success in business has been considerable, or my practice, at least, has been as extensive as I could rationally expect." "What my success may be in the end is at present very doubtful. I still have considerable expectation of being recalled to Baltimore, in order to fill the place which I held in the University. If it so happen, I shall be much delighted, as a country life is very little, or not at all, to my taste."

In these rural situations he devoted himself to the study of nature; and, at a subsequent time, set forth the fruits of his observations in a series of papers, entitled the Rambles of a Naturalist. But his ardent temperament was little adapted to the stagnant existence of a village doctor. He thirsted for competition, and longed to engage in the rivalries which prevail among the candidates for fame. Nature seems to have urged him on. It was she who revealed to him the compass of his intellectual powers; and bid him seek a theatre commensurate with their efficiency. A different arrangement from what he had anticipated was made in the Baltimore school; he returned, however, to that city, but at length boldly resolved to fix himself in Philadelphia, and become a public teacher of anatomy and physiology.

But an unexpected event gave, for the time being, a different direction to his efforts. The writer of this article was enquiring, at that time, for a suitable person to fill the chair of surgery in the medical college of Ohio, the first session of which had just closed; and Dr. Godman was recommended. His qualifications for the first place, were expressed by Professor Gibson, then of the University of Pennsylvania, but previously a member of the Baltimore institution, in the following unequivocal and prophetic language. "In my opinion, Dr. Godman would do honour to any school in America." He was forthwith appointed; and arrived in Cincinnati the en-

* Thomas Paine.

† Mrs. Stella Miller, of Baltimore.

* Eulogy on Dr. Godman, p. 4.

uing October, (1831,) in time to enter on the second session of the school.

For the practical details of such a professorship, he could not of course be well prepared, as his surgical experience was exceedingly limited; but he was learned in the institutes of the science, and his knowledge of anatomy was comprehensive, accurate and commanding. As a dissector, he was equally rapid and adroit. His lectures were well received by the class, who admired his genius, were captivated by his eloquence, and charmed with the naivete of his manners.

In the course of the session, difficulties, of which he was neither the cause nor the victim, were generated in the faculty, the class was small, and the prospects of the institution overcast: under these circumstances, Dr. Godman resigned, but did not at that time return to the east.

Not long before, the author of this narrative had issued proposals for a medical journal, to be edited by the professors of the college, and obtained a number of subscribers; but the distracted state of the institution prevented the fulfilment of the design. To this enterprise, as soon as he had resigned, Dr. Godman directed his attention; and assisted by Mr. Foote, a liberal and literary bookseller in this city, in a few weeks issued the first number of the *Western Quarterly Reporter*. Thus, if not the first to project, Dr. G. had the honour of being the first to commence, a journal of medicine, in the Valley of the Mississippi. At the end of the 6th number, of a hundred pages each, the work was discontinued, for, previously to that time, its editor had returned to Philadelphia. More than three hundred pages of this periodical were from his own pen; chiefly in translations and reviews of anatomy, physiology, and medical jurisprudence.

Dr. Godman resided in our city for one year only; but in that short period he deeply inscribed himself on the public mind. The memory of his works still remains with us. In addition to writing for his medical journal, and to his practice, which was considerable for a stranger, he erected an apparatus for sulphurous fumigation, and translated and published a French pamphlet on that remedy; he read medical books, and many current works of general literature; prosecuted the study of the German and Spanish languages; and labelled the ancient coins and medals of the Western Museum. In the midst of the whole, he found time to cultivate his social relations; and every day added a new friend to the catalogue of those, who loved him for his simplicity and frankness, not less than they admired him for his genius, vivacity, and diligence. Thus, to use an idiomatic expression, he was a growing man, and might have remained with us and done well. But the hand of destiny was upon him. He had left the banks of the Patapo, to be a public teacher: the same object had drawn him from Philadelphia to Cincinnati; and that object, at length, restored him to the great emporium of the medical sciences. Contrary to the wishes and importunities of his western friends, in the autumn of 1822, with his young family, he set off for the theatre of his future glory; which he reached in safety, though not without some of the many difficulties, at that time connected with a journey across the state of Ohio; of which, in a letter from Wheeling to one of his friends in this city, he gave a familiar account, in all respects so characteristic, that we hope to be excused for extracting it:

"We arrived last night, after a journey which exceeded in miseries any twenty journeys I ever made in my life. Thank God, the whole has been productive of nothing worse, than some hoarseness to my wife, and a galloping consumption of my bank notes. We were thirteen days on the way, twelve of which gave us as heavy rains as ever poor mortals could venture to travel in; and this produced such a delightfully soft state of the roads, that but for the rocks, (which fortunately were not twenty feet below the surface,) we might have been extracted some thousand years hence, in a high state of preservation, to decorate Best's museum, having one of Dorsville's mummy labels around our necks.

"If I was one of the 'tristful travellers,' I might draw much 'matter of melancholy' from these 'misadventures,' as my friend Sancho Panza calls them. But as the blessed sun of heaven has driven forth once more in his beamy chariot, and the clouds are scattered from their long hold seats, those which have loomed on my mind, have also fled; and with 'a light heart,' I am once more preparing to encounter all the good or ill that God may send."

Of Dr. Godman's life and labours from this time forward, we shall say but little, as they are known to all the reading people of the United States, both in and out

of the profession; and as our chief object is to present the difficulties and triumphs of his earlier years, for the benefit of our younger readers.

In Philadelphia he immediately began to lecture on anatomy and physiology, his first and greatest objects; and succeeded so well, that, in 1826, he was called to Rutgers' College, in the city of New York, as an associate of Mott and Hosack.

In 1824 he was made one of the editors, (a *working* editor,) of the Philadelphia Journal of the Medical Sciences: and continued a liberal contributor to that respectable periodical, to the last weeks of his life.

At different times he published a number of interesting and eloquent introductory lectures.

He was the writer of several elaborate analytical and critical reviews, in the American Quarterly.

At the present time, actual discoveries in anatomy are no more to be expected, yet Dr. G., with admirable skill, revealed many new connections and relations of certain parts, and described them in a volume which he entitled *Anatomical Investigations*.

He translated and published from the Latin, French, and German languages, a variety of papers and distinct treatises; several of them on subjects not professional, as for example, Lavasseur's Narrative of La Fayette's Visit to the United States.

He wrote critical and emendatory notes on several important English and continental works, which the booksellers of this country were about to publish.

The article of Natural History, in the Encyclopedia Americana, was exclusively confided to him, and his labours upon it ended only with his life.

He studied the Zoology of N. America, both existing and fossil, and favoured us with an interesting and extended history of all its own quadrupeds, embracing a great variety of new observations.

Such were the labours of the deceased, during the seven years that he resided in Philadelphia and New York. For the whole of that period, his life was one of unmitigated toil. As far back as November, 1823, he writes to his friend Dr. Best,

"Whatever you may think of my long continued silence, it has been unavoidably produced by the incessant and laborious employments which have occupied the whole of my time."

In 1824, he writes to another friend—

"My time has been very much occupied in the various duties which devolve on me here, and I am obliged to neglect my friends, in appearance, because it is out of my power to bestow the necessary attention to correspondence."

Again, in 1825, he says to the same—

"It is needless to tell you, that I am excessively occupied, and shall be more so as the winter approaches."

In the next year we find him still in the same condition—

"If you expect news at my hands," says he to Dr. Best, "you expect in vain. My life is one monotonous round of incessant toil after bread and fame, that 'certain portion of uncertain paper.' Of my success in the bread making way, I can, thank God, speak more satisfactorily, than when we last met, though still nothing to boast of."

Again in the same year he writes—

"You recollect how much and how hard I had to work, when you were here—that was nothing to what I have to do now, as vigilance and labour are incessantly demanded, not only to gain more 'reputation,' but to retain that which I have already with vast toil acquired."

In the following year, after he had removed to New York, and was there a candidate for professional business, he writes to the same friend—

"The prospects of our college are fair enough at present, but what will be the event, cannot be told until the time of trial arrives. For my own part, I am not a little sick of the life such a business occasions, and think you far better off, in a situation, where you can acquire a subsistence and respect, without the incessant worry and vexation attendant on a life of professional ambition. For my own part, I shall lay myself as much out for the profession as I can, though I fear, not the best subject for improvement in that way. My situation is such, that I am obliged to rely, in a very great degree, on my pen, and that, you will say, produces habits very little compatible with the introduction of one's self into practice, where there are so many professed bowers, scrapers, and flatterers."

In the ensuing winter he was seized with the disease of the lungs, of which he finally died, and was compelled to suspend his lectures. In the following January, 1829, he speaks to the same gentleman, of his situation and labours, in these affecting words—

"My excessive exertion, and the exposure to a dreadful climate destroyed me. My lungs became diseased, and last winter, I was threatened with so rapid a decline as to force me to escape from the climate of New York, by going to the West India. The months of February, March, and April, my wife and I spent in the Danish Island of Santa Cruz, where I very nearly perished from my disease, though I certainly should have done so in New York. On my return to Philadelphia, in May, I took a house in Germantown, within seven miles from the city, where I have since resided. During the warm weather I was able to creep about, but since the first of the fall have been confined to a single room. My health during all this time has been in a very wretched state, and my consumption very obvious indeed, for I wasted to bones and lost all my strength. Until the last three weeks past, I was exceedingly low, unable to sit up, eat, or perform any function advantageously. Since the time mentioned I have greatly recovered in all respects. My cough is by no means troublesome, and I eat and sleep well. What is best of all is that I have never had hectic since leaving New York, where I was not properly prescribed for. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I have had my family to support, and have done so merely by my pen. This you may suppose severe enough for one in my condition, nevertheless necessity is a ruthless master. At present, that I am comparatively well, my literary occupations form my chief pleasure, and all the regret I experience is, that my strength is so inadequate to my wishes. Should my health remain as it is now I shall do very well, and I cannot but hope, since we have recently passed through a tremendous spell of cold weather, without my receiving any injury. All my prospects as a public teacher of anatomy are utterly destroyed, as I can never hope, nor would I venture if I could, again to resume my labours. My success promised to be very great, but it has pleased God that I should move in a different direction."

In the following year, continuing to write for the support of his family till the last month of his existence, he was taken from them, and in him they lost their all. Twelve years of unflinching industry, that had carried his name into all the countries where science is cultivated, had not enabled him to accumulate property; and ended by consigning him to the grave, ere he reached the noon-day of life, or had put forth, to their full extent, the vast intellectual powers, with which he was endowed. In all this, there is much more to grieve than astonish us. As a physician and surgeon, Dr. Godman's business was never considerable. At the very beginning of his professional career, his mind took a different direction. No human heart was ever imbued with a deeper thirst for knowledge, or warmed with a nobler love of glory. He made the former subservient to the latter; but the objects of his ambition were teaching and writing, not the practice of his profession. Perhaps, indeed, he adapted the aims of his ambition to his taste. He relished reading, writing, and lecturing, more than the practice of medicine; and sought to derive from them, that enjoyment, which, in this country, they seldom afford, and which can much more certainly be drawn from a close attention to the practical duties of the profession. Had he possessed a patrimony, this course would have been unexceptionable; without such a reliance, no young physician should neglect the means of acquiring professional business, at the outset of his career.

Dr. Godman was, without doubt, a man of genius; but he was not, perhaps, so much the expositor, as the historian of nature. Observing, imaginative, fluent, and graphical, he abounded less in deep and original analysis than vivid and accurate delineations. Thus his mind, like that of Lucretius, Darwin, and Good, was poetical and philosophical; and he left behind him several fugitive pieces, written chiefly in his last illness, which prove that he might have shone as the poet of nature, not less than her historian, had circumstances awakened his powers.

He possessed uncommon abilities for dissection, and was accustomed, in the presence of his class, to disentangle the structures intended for exhibition; thus showing their connections and dependences, while he described them with that clearness, animation, and eloquence, which only can render the study of anatomy attractive.

In every situation, and on every subject, his attention was active and acute, his perceptions rapid, his memory exceedingly retentive, and his ratiocination profound and analytical.

For languages, he had both taste and talents; and, succeeded in acquiring a practical knowledge of a greater number, perhaps, than any American physician who had preceded him.

The qualities of his heart harmonised with those of his head. They did honour to the profession, and inspired confidence wherever he went. To pure moral habits, and incorruptible honesty, he added that unsuspecting frankness, and all those fine and glowing sensibilities, which at once excite our respect, and win our affection.

But it is not our design to attempt an extended delineation of his character, and we shall close an article already prolonged far beyond our original intention, with his own statement of his opinions and hopes, in regard to that world of which he is now a "bright inhabitant."

In his last letter to Dr. Best, who followed him in a few months, he writes:—

"It gives me great happiness to learn that you have been taught, as well as myself, to fly to the Rock of Ages for shelter against the afflictions of this life, and for hopes of eternal salvation. But for the hopes afforded me, by a humble reliance on the all-sufficient atonement of our blessed Redeemer, I should have been the most wretched of men. But I trust, that the afflictions I have endured have been sanctified to my awakening, and to the regeneration of my heart and life. May we, my dear friend, persist to cling to the only sure support against all that is evil in life, and all that is fearful in death."

Thus fell from the firmament of the American profession, before he had reached his meridian splendour, one of the brightest stars which have yet risen above its horizon; but he was one only, and, we may hope, that his own example will contribute to place some other in the constellation.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

The following interesting sketches appeared first in "The Friend," a weekly periodical of this city. As few of our subscribers have an opportunity of seeing that work, we think the Rambles will furnish a pleasing diversity in the columns of the "Library," and supply to our young readers especially, some interesting instruction, while they afford useful suggestions for a farther prosecution of the healthful and delightful study. Few, we believe, will finish their perusal without regretting that death frustrated the original intention of the amiable and gifted author, to extend the series sufficiently to form a volume. Dr. Godman died on the 17th of April, 1830, deeply regretted by a large circle of acquaintances, who will long hold him in affectionate remembrance.

It is very gratifying to have an opportunity of redeeming "gems so rich and rare," from comparative obscurity, and giving them at once an extensive circulation, and a merited and abiding celebrity.

NO. I.

From early youth devoted to the study of nature, it has always been my habit to embrace every opportunity of increasing my knowledge and pleasures by actual observation, and have ever found ample means of gratifying this disposition, wherever my place has been allotted by Providence. When an inhabitant of the country, it was sufficient to go a few steps from the door to be in the midst of numerous interesting objects; when a resident of the crowded city, a healthful walk of half an hour placed me where my favourite enjoyment was offered in abundance; and now, when no longer able to seek in fields and woods and running streams for that knowledge which cannot readily be elsewhere obtained, the recollection of my former rambles is productive of a satisfaction, which past pleasures but seldom bestow. Perhaps a statement of the manner in which my studies were pursued, may prove interesting to those who love the works of nature, and may not be aware how great a field for original observation is within their reach, or how vast a variety of instructive objects are easily accessible, even to the occupants of a bustling metropolis. To me it will be a source of great delight to spread these resources before the reader, and enable him so cheaply to participate in the pleasures I have enjoyed, as well as place him in the way of enlarging the general stock of knowledge by communicating the results of his original observations.

One of my favourite walks was through Turner's lane, near Philadelphia, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and not much wider than an ordinary street, being closely fenced in on both sides; yet my reader may feel surprised when informed that I found ample employment for all my leisure, during six weeks, within and about its

precincts. On entering the lane from the Ridge road, I observed a gentle elevation of the turf beneath the lower rails of the fence, which appeared to be uninterruptedly continuous; and when I had cut through the verdant roof with my knife, it proved to be a regularly arched gallery or subterranean road, along which the inhabitants could securely travel at all hours without fear of discovery. The sides and bottom of this arched way were smooth and clean, as if much used; and the raised superior portion had long been firmly consolidated by the grass roots, intermixed with tenacious clay. At irregular and frequently distant intervals, a side path diverged into the neighbouring fields, and by its superficial situation, irregularity, and frequent openings, showed that its purpose was temporary, or had been only opened for the sake of procuring food. Occasionally I found a little gallery diverging from the main route beneath the fence, towards the road, and finally opening on the grass, as if the inmate had come out in the morning to breathe the early air, or to drink of the crystal dew which daily gemmed the close cropped verdure. How I longed to detect the animal which tenanted these galleries, in the performance of his labours! Farther on, upon the top of a high bank, which prevented the pathway from continuing near the fence, appeared another evidence of the industry of my yet unknown miner. Half a dozen hillocks of loose, almost pulverised earth were thrown up, at irregular distances, communicating with the main gallery by side passages. Opening one of these carefully, it appeared to differ little from the common gallery in size, but it was very difficult to ascertain where the loose earth came from, nor have I ever been able to tell, since I never witnessed the formation of these hillocks, and conjectures are forbidden, where nothing but observation is requisite to the decision. My farther progress was now interrupted by a delightful brook which sparkled across the road over a clear sandy bed; and here my little galleries turned into the field, coursing along at a moderate distance from the stream. I crept through the fence into the meadow on the west side, intending to discover, if possible, the animal whose works had first fixed my attention, but as I approached the bank of the rivulet something suddenly retreated towards the grass, seeming to vanish almost unaccountably from sight. Very carefully examining the point at which it disappeared, I found the entrance of another gallery or burrow, but of very different construction from that first observed. This new one was formed in the grass, near and among whose roots and lower stems a small but regular covered way was practised. Endless, however, would have been the attempt to follow this, as it opened in various directions, and ran irregularly into the field, and towards the brook, by a great variety of passages. It evidently belonged to an animal totally different from the owner of the subterranean passage, as I subsequently discovered, and may hereafter relate. Tired of my unavailing pursuit, I now returned to the little brook, and seating myself on a stone, remained for some time unconsciously gazing on the fluid which gushed along in unsullied brightness over its pebbly bed. Opposite to my seat, was an irregular hole in the bed of the stream, into which, in an idle mood, I pushed a small pebble with the end of my stick. What was my surprise, in a few seconds afterwards, to observe the water in this hole in motion, and the pebble I had pushed into it gently approaching the surface. Such was the fact; the hole was the dwelling of a stout little crayfish or fresh water lobster, who did not choose to be incommoded by the pebble, though doubtless he attributed its sudden arrival to the usual accidents of the stream, and not to my thoughtless movements. He had thrust his broad lobster-like claws under the stone, and then drawn them near to his mouth; thus making a kind of shelf; and as he reached the edge of the hole, he suddenly extended his claws, and rejected the incumbrance from the lower side, or down stream. Delighted to have found a living object with whose habits I was unacquainted, I should have repeated my experiment, but the crayfish presently returned with what might be called an armful of rubbish, and threw it over the side of his cell, and down the stream as before. Having watched him for some time while thus engaged, my attention was caught by the considerable number of similar holes along the margin and in the bed of the stream. One of these I explored with a small rod, and found it to be eight or ten inches deep, and widened below into a considerable chamber, in which the little lobster found a comfortable abode. Like all of his tribe, the crayfish makes considerable opposition to being removed from his dwelling, and bit smartly at the stick with his claws: as my present object was only to gain acquaintance with his dwelling, he was speedily permitted to return to it in peace.

Under the end of a stone lying in the bed of the stream, something was floating in the pure current, which at first seemed like the tail of a fish, and being desirous to obtain a better view, I gently raised the stone on its edge, and was rewarded by a very beautiful sight. The object first observed was the tail of a beautiful salamander, whose sides were of a pale straw colour, flecked with circlets of the richest crimson. Its long lizard like body seemed to be semitransparent, and its slender limbs appeared like mere productions of the skin. Not far distant, and near where the upper end of the stone had been, lay crouched, as if asleep, one of the most beautifully coloured frogs I had ever beheld. Its body was slender compared with most frogs, and its skin covered with stripes of bright reddish brown and grayish green, in such a manner as to recall the beautiful markings of the tiger's hide; and since the time alluded to, it has received the name of *Tigrina* from Leconte, its first scientific describer. How long I should have been content to gaze at these beautiful animals, as they lay basking in the living water, I know not, had not the intense heat made me feel the necessity of seeking a shade. It was now past 12 o'clock, I began to retrace my steps towards the city; and without any particular object moved along by the little galleries examined in the morning. I had advanced but a short distance, when I found the last place where I had broken open the gallery was repaired. The earth was perfectly fresh, and I had lost the chance of discovering the miner, while watching my new acquaintances in the stream. Hurrying onward, the same circumstance uniformly presented; the injuries were all efficiently repaired, and had evidently been very recently completed. Here was one point gained; it was ascertained that these galleries were still inhabited, and I hoped soon to become acquainted with the inmates. But at this time, it appeared fruitless to delay longer, and I returned home, filled with anticipations of pleasure from the success of my future researches. These I shall relate on another occasion, if such narrations as the present be thought of sufficient interest to justify their presentation to the reader.

NO. II.

On the day following my first related excursion, I started early in the morning, and was rewarded by one sight, which could not otherwise have been obtained, well worth the sacrifice of an hour or two of sleep. There may be persons who will smile contemptuously at the idea of a man's being delighted with such trifles; nevertheless, we are not inclined to envy such as disesteem the pure gratification afforded by these simple and easily accessible pleasures. As I crossed an open lot on my way to the lane, a succession of gossamer spider webs, lightly suspended from various weeds and small shrubs, attracted my attention. The dew which had formed during the night was condensed upon this delicate lace, in globules of most resplendent brilliance, whose clear lustre pleased while it dazzled the sight. In comparison with the immaculate purity of these dew-drops, which reflected and refracted the morning light in beautiful rays as the gossamer webs trembled in the breeze, how poor would appear the most invaluable diamonds that were ever obtained from Golconda or Brazil! How rich would any monarch be that could boast the possession of one such, as here glittered in thousands on every herb and spray! They are exhaled in an hour or two and lost, yet they are almost daily offered to the delighted contemplation of the real lover of nature, who is ever happy to witness the beneficence of the great Creator, not less displayed in trivial circumstances, than the most wonderful of his works.

No particular change was discoverable in the works of my little miners, except that all the places which had been a second time broken down were again repaired, showing that the animal had passed between the times of my visit; and it may not be uninteresting to observe how the repair was effected. It appeared, when the animal arrived at the spot broken open or exposed to the air, that it changed its direction sufficiently downwards to raise enough of earth from the lower surface to fill up the opening; this of course slightly altered the direction of the gallery at this point, and though the earth thrown up was quite pulverulent, it was so nicely arched as to retain its place, and soon became consolidated. Having broken open a gallery where the turf was very close, and the soil tenacious, I was pleased to find the direction of the chamber somewhat changed; on digging farther with my clasp knife, I found a very beautiful cell excavated in very tough clay, deeper than the common level of the gallery and towards one side. This little lodging-room

would probably have held a small melon, and was nicely arched all round. It was perfectly clear, and quite smooth, as if much used; to examine it fully, I was obliged to open it completely. (The next day, it was replaced by another, made a little farther to one side, exactly of the same kind; it was replaced a second time, but when broken up a third time, it was left in ruins.) As twelve o'clock approached, my solicitude to discover the little miner increased to a considerable degree; previous observation led me to believe that about that time his presence was to be expected. I had trodden down the gallery for some inches in a convenient place, and stood close by, in vigilant expectation. My wishes were speedily gratified; in a short time the flattened gallery began at one end to be raised to its former convexity, and the animal rapidly advanced. With a beating heart, I thrust the knife blade down by the side of the rising earth, and quickly turned it over to one side, throwing my prize fairly into the sun-shine. For an instant, he seemed motionless from surprise, when I caught and imprisoned him in my hat. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my pleasure in having thus succeeded, small as was my conquest. I was delighted with the beauty of my captive's fur; with the admirable adaptation of his diggers or broad rose-tinted hands; the wonderful strength of his forelimbs, and the peculiar suitability of his head and neck to the kind of life the Author of nature had designed him for. It was the shrew-mole, or *scalops canadensis*, whose history and peculiarities of structure are minutely related in the 1st volume of Godman's American Natural History. All my researches never enabled me to discover a nest, female or young one of this species. All I ever caught were males, though this most probably was a mere accident. The breeding of the scalops is nearly all that is wanting to render our knowledge of it complete.

This little animal has eyes, though they are not discoverable during its living condition, nor are they of any use to it above ground. In running round a room, (until it had perfectly learned where all the obstacles stood,) it would uniformly strike hard against them with its snout, and then turn. It appeared to me as singular that a creature which fed upon living earth worms with all the greediness of a pig, would not destroy the larvæ or maggots of the flesh fly. A shrew-mole lived for many weeks in my study, and made use of a gun case, into which he squeezed himself, as a burrow. Frequently he would carry the meat he was fed with into his retreat; and as it was warm weather, the flies deposited their eggs in the same place. An offensive odour led me to discover this circumstance, and I found a number of large larvæ over which the shrew-mole passed without paying them any attention: nor would he, when hungry, accept of such food, though nothing could exceed the eager haste with which he seized and munched earth worms. Often when engaged in observing him thus employed, have I thought of the stories told me, when a boy, of the manner in which snakes were destroyed by swine; his voracity readily exciting a recollection of one of these animals, and the poor worms writhing and twining about his jaws answering for the snakes. It would be tedious were I to relate all my rambles undertaken with a view to gain a proper acquaintance with this creature, at all hours of the day, and late in the evening, before daylight, &c. &c.

Among other objects which served as an unfailing source of amusement, when resting from the fatigue of my walks, was the little inhabitant of the brook, called the *gyrinus natator*. These merry swimmers occupied every little sunny pool in the stream, apparently altogether engaged in sport. A circumstance connected with these insects, gives them additional interest to a close observer; they are allied by their structure and nature to those nauseous vermin, the cimices (or bed-bugs.) All of which, whether found infesting fruits or our dormitories, are distinguished by their disgusting odour. But their distant relatives, called by the boys the water-wickets and apple smellers, the *gyrinus natator* above alluded to, has a delightful smell, exactly similar to that of the richest, mellowest apple. This peculiarly pleasant smell frequently causes the idler many unavailing efforts to secure some of these creatures, whose activity in water renders their pursuit very difficult, though by no means so much so as that of some of the long legged water spiders which walk the waters dry shod, and evade the grasp with surprising ease and celerity. What purposes either of these racers serve in the great economy of nature, has not yet been ascertained, and will scarcely be determined until our store of facts is far more extensive than at present. Other and still more remarkable inhabitants of the brook, at the same time,

came within my notice, and afforded much gratification in the observation of their habits.

NO. III.

In moving along the borders of the stream, we may observe, where the sand or mud is fine and settled, a sort of mark or cutting, as if an edged instrument had been drawn along, so as to leave behind it a track or groove. At one end of this line, by digging a little into the mud with the hand, you will generally discover a shell of considerable size, which is tenanted by a molluscous animal of singular construction. On some occasions, when the mud is washed off from the shell, you will be delighted to observe the beautifully regular dark lines with which its greenish smooth surface is marked. Other species are found in the same situations, which, externally, are rough and inelegant, but within are ornamented to a most admirable degree, presenting a smooth surface of the richest pink, crimson, or purple, to which we have nothing of equal elegance to compare it. If the mere shells of these creatures be thus splendid, what shall we say of their internal structure, which, when examined by the microscope, offers a succession of wonders? The beautiful apparatus for respiration, formed of a network regularly arranged, of the most exquisitely delicate texture; the foot, or organ by which the shell is moved forward through the mud or water, composed of an expanded spongy extremity, capable of assuming various figures to suit particular purposes, and governed by several strong muscles that move it in different directions; the ovaries, filled with myriads, not of eggs, but of perfect shells, or complete little animals, which, though not larger than the point of a fine needle, yet when examined by the microscope, exhibit all the peculiarities of conformation that belong to the parent; the mouth, embraced by the nervous ganglion, which may be considered as the animal's brain; the stomach, surrounded by the various processes of the liver, and the strongly acting, but transparent heart, all excite admiration and gratify our curiosity. The puzzling question often presents itself to the enquirer, why so much elaborateness of construction, and such exquisite ornament as are common to most of these creatures, should be bestowed? Destined to pass their lives in and under the mud, possessed of no sense that we are acquainted with, except that of touch, what purpose can ornament serve in them? However much of vanity there may be in asking the question, there is no answer to be offered. We cannot suppose that the individuals have any power of admiring each other, and we know that the foot is the only part they protrude from their shell, and that the inside of the shell is covered by the membrane called the mantle. Similar remarks may be made relative to conchology at large: the most exquisitely beautiful forms, colours and ornaments are lavished upon genera and species which exist only at immense depths in the ocean; or buried in the mud; nor can any one form a satisfactory idea of the object the great Author of nature had in view, in thus profusely beautifying creatures occupying so low a place in the scale of creation.

European naturalists have hitherto fallen into the strangest absurdities concerning the motion of the bivalved shells, which five minutes' observation of nature would have served them to correct. Thus they describe the upper part of the shell as the *lower*, and the *kind* part as the front, and speak of them as moving along on their rounded convex surface, like a boat on its keel; instead of advancing with the edges or open part of the shell towards the earth. All these mistakes have been corrected, and the true mode of progression indicated from actual observation, by our fellow citizen, Isaac Lea, whose recently published communications to the American Philosophical Society, reflect the highest credit upon their author, who is a naturalist in the best sense of the term.

As I wandered slowly along the borders of the run, towards a little wood, my attention was caught by a considerable collection of shells lying near an old stump. Many of these appeared to have been recently emptied of their contents, and others seemed to have long remained exposed to the weather. On most of them, at the thinnest part of the edge, a peculiar kind of fracture was obvious, and this seemed to be the work of an animal. A closer examination of the locality showed the foot-steps of a quadruped which I readily believed to be the muskrat, especially as upon examining the adjacent banks numerous traces of burrows were discoverable. It is not a little singular that this animal, unlike all others of the larger gnawers, as the beaver, &c. appears to increase instead of diminishing with the increase of population. Whether it is that the dams and other works thrown up by men, afford more favourable situations for

their multiplication, or their favourite food is found in greater abundance, they certainly are quite as numerous now, if not more so, than when the country was first discovered, and are to be found at this time almost within the limits of the city. By the construction of their teeth, as well as all the parts of the body, they are closely allied to the rat kind; though in size and some peculiarities of habit, they more closely approximate the beaver. They resemble the rat especially, in not being exclusively herbivorous, as is shown by their feeding on the uniones or muscles above mentioned. To obtain this food, requires no small exertion of their strength; and they accomplish it by introducing the claws of their fore-paws between the two edges of the shell, and tearing it open by main force. Whoever has tried to force open one of these shells, containing a living animal, may form an idea of the effort made by the muskrat:—the strength of a strong man would be requisite to produce the same result in the same way.

The burrows of muskrats are very extensive, and consequently injurious to dykes and dams, meadow banks, &c. The entrance is always under water, and thence sloping upwards above the level of the water, so that the muskrat has to dive in going in and out. These creatures are excellent divers and swimmers, and being nocturnal are rarely seen unless by those who watch for them at night. Sometimes we alarm one near the mouth of the den, and he darts away across the water, near the bottom, marking his course by a turbid streak in the stream: occasionally we are made aware of the passage of one to some distance down the current in the same way; but in both cases the action is so rapidly performed, that we should scarcely imagine what was the cause, if not previously informed. Except by burrowing into and spoiling the banks, they are not productive of much evil, their food consisting principally of the roots of aquatic plants, in addition to the shellfish. The musky odour, which gives rise to their common name, is caused by glandular organs placed near the tail, filled with a viscid and powerfully musky fluid, whose uses we know but little of, though it is thought to be intended as a guide by which these creatures may discover each other. This inference is strengthened by finding some such contrivance in different races of animals, in various modifications. A great number carry it in pouches similar to those just mentioned. Some, as the musk animal, have the pouch under the belly; the shrew has the glands on the side; the camel on the back of the neck; the crocodile under the throat, &c. At least no other use has ever been assigned for this apparatus; and in all creatures possessing it, the arrangement seems to be adapted peculiarly to the habits of the animals. The crocodile, for instance, generally approaches the shore in such a manner, as to apply the neck and throat to the soil, while the hinder part of the body is under water. The glands under the throat leave the traces of his presence, therefore, with ease, as they come in contact with the shore. The glandular apparatus on the back of the neck of the male camel, seems to have reference to the general elevation of the olfactory organs of the female; and the dorsal gland of the peccary, no doubt has some similar relation to the peculiarities of the race.

The value of the fur of the muskrat causes many of them to be destroyed, which is easily enough effected by means of a trap. This is a simple box, formed of rough boards nailed together, about three feet long, having an iron door, made of pointed bars, opening *inwards*, at both ends of the box. This trap is placed with the end opposite to the entrance of a burrow observed during the day time. In the night when the muskrat sallies forth, he enters the box, instead of passing into the open air, and is drowned, as the box is quite filled with water. If the traps be visited and emptied during the night, two may be caught in each trap, as muskrats from other burrows may come to visit those where the traps are placed, and thus one be taken going in as well as on coming out. These animals are frequently very fat, and their flesh has a very wholesome appearance, and would probably prove good food. The musky odour, however, prejudices strongly against its use; and it is probable that the flesh is rank, as the muscles it feeds on are nauseous and bitter, and the roots which supply the rest of its food are generally unpleasant and acrid. Still we should not hesitate to partake of its flesh in case of necessity, especially if of a young animal, from which the musk bag had been removed immediately after it was killed.

In this vicinity, the muskrat does not build himself a house for the winter, as our fields and dykes are too often visited. But in other parts of the country where extensive marshes exist, and muskrats are abundant, they build very snug and substantial houses, quite as service-

able and ingenious as those of the beaver. They do not dam the water as the beaver, nor cut branches of trees to serve for the walls of their dwellings. They make it of mud and rushes, raising a cone two or three feet high, having the entrance on the south side under water. About the year 1804, I saw several of them in Worrell's marsh, near Chestertown, Maryland, which were pointed out to me by an old black man who made his living principally by trapping these animals, for the sake of their skins. A few years since I visited the marshes, near the mouth of Magerthy river in Maryland, where I was informed by a resident, that the muskrats still built regularly every winter. Perhaps these quadrupeds are as numerous in the vicinity of Philadelphia as elsewhere, as I have never examined a stream of fresh water, dyked meadow, or milldam, herabout, without seeing traces of vast numbers. Along all the water courses and meadows in Jersey, opposite Philadelphia, and in the meadows of the neck, below the navy yard, there must be large numbers of muskrats. Considering the value of the fur, and the ease and trifling expense at which they might be caught, we have often felt surprised that more of them are not taken, especially as we have so many poor men complaining of wanting something to do. By thinning the number of muskrats, a positive benefit would be conferred on the farmers and furriers, to say nothing of the profits to the individual.

NO. IV.

My next visit to my old hunting ground, the lane and brook, happened on a day in the first hay harvest, when the verdant sward of the meadows was rapidly sinking before the keen edged scythes swung by vigorous mowers. This unexpected circumstance afforded me considerable pleasure, for it promised me a freer scope to my wanderings, and might also enable me to ascertain various particulars, concerning which my curiosity had long been awakened. Nor was this promise unattended by fruition of my wishes. The reader may recollect, that, in my first walk, a neat burrow in the grass, above ground, was observed, without my knowing its author. The advance of the mowers explained this satisfactorily, for in cutting the long grass, they exposed several nests of field mice, which, by means of these grass-covered alleys, passed to the stream in search of food or drink, unseen by their enemies, the hawks and owls. The numbers of these little creatures were truly surprising; their fecundity is so great, and their food so abundant, that were they not preyed upon by many other animals, and destroyed in great numbers by man, they would become exceedingly troublesome. There are various species of them, all bearing a very considerable resemblance to each other, and having to an incidental observer much of the appearance of the domestic mouse. Slight attention, however, is requisite to perceive very striking differences, and the discrimination of these will prove a source of considerable gratification to the enquirer. The nests are very nicely made, and look much like a bird's nest, being lined with soft materials, and usually placed in some snug little hollow, or at the root of a strong tuft of grass. Upon the grass roots and seeds these nibblers principally feed; and where very abundant, the effects of their hunger may be seen in the brown and withered aspect of the grass they have injured at the root. But under ordinary circumstances, the hawks, owls, domestic cat, weasels, crows, &c. keep them in such limits, as prevent them from doing essential damage.

I had just observed another and a smaller grassy covered way, where the mowers had passed along, when my attention was called towards a wagon at a short distance, which was receiving its load. Shouts and laughter, accompanied by a general running and scrambling of the people, indicated that some rare sport was going forward. When I approached, I found that the object of chase was a jumping mouse, whose actions it was truly delightful to witness. When not closely pressed by its pursuers, it ran with some rapidity in the usual manner, as if seeking concealment. But in a moment it would vault into the air, and skim along for ten or twelve feet, looking more like a bird than a little quadruped. After continuing this for some time, and nearly exhausted its pursuers with running and falling over each other, the frightened creature was accidentally struck down by one of the workmen, during one of its beautiful leaps, and killed. As the hunters saw nothing worthy of attention in the dead body of the animal, they very willingly resigned it to me; and with great satisfaction I retreated to a willow shade, to read what nature had written in its form for my instruction. The general appearance was mouse-like; but the length and slenderness of the body,

the shortness of its fore limbs, and the disproportionate length of its hind limbs, together with the peculiarity of its tail, all indicated its adaptation to the peculiar kind of action I had just witnessed. A sight of this little creature vaulting or bounding through the air, strongly reminded me of what I had read of the great kangaroo of New Holland; and I could not help regarding our little jumper as in some respects a sort of miniature resemblance of that curious animal. It was not evident, however, that the jumping mouse derived the aid from its tail, which so powerfully assists the kangaroo. Though long and sufficiently stout in proportion, it had none of the robust muscularity which, in the New Holland animal, impels the lower part of the body immediately upward. In this mouse, the leap is principally, if not entirely effected by a sudden and violent extension of the long hind limbs, the muscles of which are strong, and admirably suited to their object. We have heard that these little animals feed on the roots, &c. of the green herbage, and that they are every season to be found in the meadows. It may perhaps puzzle some to imagine how they subsist through the severities of winter, when vegetation is at rest, and the earth generally frozen. Here we find another occasion to admire the all-perfect designs of the awful Author of nature, who has endowed a great number of animals with the faculty of retiring into the earth, and passing whole months in a state of repose so complete, as to allow all the functions of the body to be suspended, until the returning warmth of the spring calls them forth to renewed activity and enjoyment. The jumping mouse, when the chill weather begins to draw nigh, digs down about six or eight inches into the soil, and there forms a little globular cell, as much larger than his own body as will allow a sufficient covering of fine grass to be introduced. This being obtained, he contrives to coil up his body and limbs in the centre of the soft dry grass, so as to form a complete ball; and so compact is this, that, when taken out, with the torpid animal, it may be rolled across a floor without injury. In this snug cell, which is soon filled up and closed externally, the jumping mouse securely abides through all the frosts and storms of winter, needing neither food nor fuel, being utterly quiescent, and apparently dead, though susceptible at any time of reanimation, by being very gradually stimulated by light and heat.

The little burrow under examination, when called to observe the jumping mouse, proved to be made by the merry musicians of the meadows, the field crickets, *acheta campestris*. These lively black crickets are very numerous, and contribute very largely to that general song which is so delightful to the ear of the true lover of nature, as it rises on the air from myriads of happy creatures rejoicing amid the bounties conferred on them by Providence. It is not a voice that the crickets utter, but a regular vibration of musical chords, produced by nibbling the nervures of the elytra against a sort of network intended to produce the vibrations. The reader will find an excellent description of the apparatus in Kirby and Spence's book, but he may enjoy a much more satisfactory comprehension of the whole, by visiting the field cricket in his summer residence, see him tuning his viol, and awakening the echoes with his music. By such an examination as may be there obtained, he may derive more knowledge than by frequent perusal of the most eloquent writings, and perhaps observe circumstances which the learned authors are utterly ignorant of.

Among the great variety of burrows formed in the grass, or under the surface of the soil, by various animals and insects, there is one that I have often anxiously and as yet fruitlessly explored. This burrow is formed by the smallest quadruped animal known to man, the minute shrew, which, when full grown, rarely exceeds the weight of thirty-six grains. I had seen specimens of this very interesting creature in the museum, and had been taught, by a more experienced friend, to distinguish its burrow, which I have often perseveringly traced, with the hope of finding the living animal, but in vain. On one occasion, I patiently pursued a burrow nearly round a large barn, opening it all the way. I followed it under the barn floor, which was sufficiently high to allow me to crawl beneath. There I traced it about to a tiresome extent, and was at length rewarded by discovering where it terminated, under a foundation stone, perfectly safe from my attempts. Most probably a whole family of them were then present, and I had my share for my pains. As these little creatures are nocturnal, and are rarely seen from the nature of the places they frequent, the most probable mode of taking them alive would be, by placing a small mouse trap in their way, baited with a little tainted or slightly spoiled meat. If a common

mouse trap be used, it is necessary to work it over with additional wire, as this shrew could pass between the bars even of a close mouse trap. They are sometimes killed by cats, and thus obtained, as the cat never eats them, perhaps on account of their rank smell, owing to a peculiar glandular apparatus on each side, that pours out a powerfully odorous greasy substance. The species of the shrew genus are not all so exceedingly diminutive, as some of them are even larger than a common mouse. They have their teeth coloured at the tips in a remarkable manner; it is generally of a pitchy brown, or dark chestnut hue, and, like the colouring of the teeth in the beaver and other animals, is owing to the enamel being thus formed, and not to any mere accident of diet. The shrews are most common about stables and cow-houses; and there, should I ever take the field again, my traps shall be set, as my desire to have one of these little quadrupeds is still as great as ever.

NO. V.

Hitherto my rambles have been confined to the neighbourhood of a single spot, with a view of showing how perfectly accessible to all, are numerous and various interesting natural objects. This habit of observing in the manner indicated, began many years anterior to my visit to the spots heretofore mentioned, and have extended through many parts of our own and another country. Henceforward my observations shall be presented without reference to particular places, or even of one place exclusively, but with a view to illustrate whatever may be the subject of description, by giving all I have observed of it under various circumstances.

A certain time of my life was spent in that part of Anne Arundel county, Md. which is washed by the river Patapsco on the north, the great Chesapeake bay on the west, and the Severn river on the south. It is in every direction cut up by creeks, or arms of the rivers and bay, into long, flat strips of land, called necks, the greater part of which is covered by dense pine forests, or thickets of small shrubs and saplings, rendered impervious to human footsteps by the growth of vines, whose inextricable mazes nothing but a fox, wild cat, or weasel, could thread. The soil cleared for cultivation is very generally poor, light, and sandy, though readily susceptible of improvement, and yielding a considerable produce in Indian corn, and most of the early garden vegetables, by the raising of which for the Baltimore market the inhabitants obtain all their ready money. The blight of slavery has long extended its influence over this region, where all its usual effects are but too obviously visible. The white inhabitants are few in number, widely distant from each other, and manifest, in their mismanagement, and half indigent circumstances, how trifling an advantage they derive from the thralldom of their dozen or more of sturdy blacks, of different sexes and ages. The number of marshes formed at the heads of the creeks, render this country frightfully unhealthy in autumn, at which time the life of a resident physician is one of incessant toil and severe privation. Rising from morning till night, to get round to visit a few patients, his road leads generally through pine forests, whose aged and lofty trees, encircled by a dense undergrowth, impart an air of sombre and unbroken solitude. Rarely or never does he encounter a white person on his way, and only once in a while will he see a miserably tattered negro, seated on a sack of corn, carried by a starveling horse or mule, which seems poorly able to bear the weight to the nearest mill. The red-head woodpecker, and the flicker or yellow-hammer, a kindred species, occasionally glance across his path; sometimes when he turns his horse to drink at the dark coloured branch, (as such streams are locally called,) he disturbs a solitary rufous thrush engaged in washing its plumage; or as he moves steadily along, he is slightly startled by a sudden appearance of the towhee bunting close to the side of the path. Except these creatures, and these by no means frequently seen, he rarely meets with animated objects; at a distance the harsh voice of the crow is often heard, or flocks of them are observed in the cleared fields, while now and then the buzzard, or turkey vulture, may be seen wheeling in graceful circles in the higher regions of the air, sustained by his broadly expanded wings, which apparently remain in a state of permanent and motionless extension. At other seasons of the year, the physician must be content to live in the most positive seclusion; the white people are all busily employed in going to and from market; and even were they at home, they are poorly suited for companionship. I here spent month after month, and, except the patients I visited, saw no one but the blacks; the house in which I boarded was kept by a widower, who, with myself, was

the only white man within the distance of a mile or two. My only compensation was this, the house was pleasantly situated on the bank of Curtis's creek, a considerable arm of the Patuxent, which extended for a mile or two beyond us, and immediately in front of the door expanded so as to form a beautiful little bay. Of books I possessed very few, and those exclusively professional; but in this beautiful expanse of sparkling water, I had a book opened before me, which a life-time would scarcely suffice me to read through. With the advantage of a small but neatly made and easily manageable skiff, I was always independent of the service of the blacks, which was ever repugnant to my feelings and principles. I could convey myself in whatever direction objects of inquiry might present, and as my little bark was visible for a mile in either direction from the house, a handkerchief waved, or the loud shout of a negro, was sufficient to recall me, in case my services were required.

During the spring months, and while the garden vegetables are yet too young to need a great deal of attention, the proprietors frequently employ their blacks in hauling the seine; and this in these creeks is productive of a very ample supply of yellow perch, which affords a very valuable addition to the diet of all. The blacks in an especial manner profit by this period of plenty, since they are permitted to eat of them without restraint, which cannot be said of any other sort of provision allowed them. Even the pigs and crows obtain their share of the abundance, as the fishermen, after picking out the best fish, throw the smaller ones on the beach. But as the summer months approach, the aquatic grass begins to grow, and this fishing can no longer be continued, because the grass rolls the seine up in a wisp, so that it can contain nothing. At this time the spawning season of the different species of sun-fish begins, and to me this was a time of much gratification. Along the edge of the river, where the depth of water was not greater than from four feet to as shallow as twelve inches, an observer would discover a succession of circular spots cleared of the surrounding grass, and showing a clear sandy bed. These spots, or cleared spaces, we may regard as the nest of this beautiful fish. There, balanced in the transparent wave, at the distance of six or eight inches from the bottom, the sun-fish is suspended in the glittering sunshine, gently swaying its beautiful tail and fins; or, wheeling around in the limits of its little circle, appears to be engaged in keeping it clear of all incumbrances. Here the mother deposits her eggs or spawn, and never did hen guard her callow brood with more eager vigilance, than the sun-fish the little circle within which her promised offspring are deposited. If another individual approach too closely to her borders, with a fierce and angry air she darts against it, and forces it to retreat. Should any small, and not too heavy object be dropped in the nest, it is examined with jealous attention, and displaced if the owner be not satisfied of its harmlessness. At the approach of man she flies with great velocity into deep water, as if willing to conceal that her presence was more than accidental where first seen. She may, after a few minutes, be seen cautiously venturing to return, which is at length done with velocity; then she would take a hurried turn or two around, and send back again to the shady bowers formed by the river grass which grows up from the bottom to within a few feet of the surface, and attains to twelve, fifteen, or more feet in length. Again she ventures forth from the depths; and if no further cause of fear presented, would gently sail into the placid circle of her home, and with obvious satisfaction explore it in every part.

Besides the absolute pleasure I derived from visiting the habitations of these glittering tenants of the river, hanging over them from my little skiff, and watching their every action, they frequently furnished me with a very acceptable addition to my frugal table. Situated as my boarding house was, and all the inmates of the house busily occupied in raising vegetables to be sent to market, our bill of fare offered little other change than could be produced by varying the mode of cookery. It was either broiled bacon and potatoes, or fried bacon and potatoes, or cold bacon and potatoes, and so on at least six days out of seven. But, as soon as I became acquainted with the habits of the sun-fish, I procured a neat circular iron hoop for a net; secured to it a piece of an old seine, and whenever I desired to dine on fresh fish, it was only necessary to take my skiff, and push her gently along from one sun-fish nest to another, myriads of which might be seen along all the shore. The fish, of course, darted off as soon as the boat first drew near, and during this absence the net was placed so as to cover the nest, of the bottom of which the meshes but slightly intercepted the view. Finding all things quiet, and not being disturbed by the net, the fish would resume its central station, the net was

suddenly raised, and the captive placed in the boat. In a quarter of an hour, I could generally take as many in this way as would serve two men for dinner, and when an acquaintance accidentally called to see me, during the season of sun-fish, it was always in my power to lessen our dependence on the endless bacon. I could also always select the finest and largest of these fish, as while standing up in the boat, one could see a considerable number at once, and thus choose the best. Such was their abundance, that the next day would find all the nests re-occupied. Another circumstance connected with this matter gave me no small satisfaction; the poor blacks, who could rarely get time for angling, soon learned how to use my net with dexterity; and thus, in the ordinary time allowed them for dinner, would borrow it, run down to the shore, and catch some fish to add to their very moderate allowance.

NO. VI.

After the sun-fish, as regular annual visitants of the small rivers and creeks containing salt or brackish water, came the crabs in vast abundance, though for a very different purpose. These singularly constructed and interesting beings furnished me with another excellent subject for observation; and, during the period of their visitation, my skiff was in daily requisition. Floating along with an almost imperceptible motion, a person looking from the shore might have supposed her entirely adrift; for as I was stretched at full length across the seats, in order to bring my sight as close to the water as possible without inconvenience, no one would have observed my presence from a little distance. The crabs belong to a very extensive tribe of beings, which carry their skeletons on the outside of their bodies, instead of within; and of necessity the fleshy, muscular, or moving power of the body, is placed in a situation the reverse of what occurs in animals of a higher order, which have internal skeletons or solid frames to their systems. This peculiarity of the crustaceous animals and various other beings, is attended with one apparent inconvenience; when they have grown large enough to fill their shell or skeleton completely, they cannot grow farther, because the skeleton being external, is incapable of enlargement. To obviate this difficulty, the Author of nature has endowed them with the power of casting off the entire shell, increasing in size, and forming another equally hard and perfect, for several seasons successively, until the greatest or maximum size is attained, when the change or sloughing ceases to be necessary, though it is not always discontinued on that account. To undergo this change with greater ease and security, the crabs seek retired and peaceful waters, such as the beautiful creek I have been speaking of, whose clear, sandy shores are rarely disturbed by waves causing more than a pleasing murmur, and where the number of enemies must be far less in proportion than in the boisterous waters of the Chesapeake, their great place of concourse. From the first day of their arrival in the latter part of June, until the time of their departure, which in this creek occurred towards the first of August, it was astonishing to witness the vast multitudes which flocked towards the head of the stream.

It is not until they have been for some time in the creek, that the moult or sloughing generally commences. They may be then observed gradually coming closer in shore, to where the sand is fine, fairly exposed to the sun, and a short distance farther out than the lowest water mark, as they must always have at least a depth of three or four inches water upon them.

The individual having selected his place, becomes perfectly quiescent, and no change is observed during some hours but a sort of swelling along the edges of the great upper shell at its back part. After a time this posterior edge of the shell becomes fairly disengaged like the lid of a chest, and now the more difficult work of withdrawing the great claws from their cases, which every one collects to be vastly larger at their extremities and between the joints than the joints themselves. A still greater apparent difficulty presents in the shedding of the sort of tendon which is placed within the muscles. Nevertheless, the Author of nature has adapted them to the accomplishment of all this. The disproportionate sized claws undergo a peculiar softening, which enables the crab, by a very steadily continued, scarcely perceptible effort, to pull them out of their shells, and the business is completed by the separation of the complex parts about the mouth and eyes. The crab now slips out from the slough, settling near it on the sand. It is now covered by a soft, perfectly flexible skin; and though possessing precisely the same form as before, seems incapable of the slightest exertion. Notwithstanding that such is its con-

dition, while you are gazing on this helpless creature, it is sinking in the fine loose sand, and in a short time is covered up sufficiently to escape the observation of careless or inexperienced observers. Neither can one say how this is effected, although it occurs under their immediate observation; the motions employed to produce the displacement of the sand are too slight to be appreciated, though it is most probably owing to a gradual lateral motion of the body by which the sand is displaced in the centre beneath, and thus gradually forced up at the sides until it falls over and covers the crab. Examine him within twelve hours, and you will find the skin becoming about as hard as fine writing paper, producing a similar crackling if compressed; twelve hours later the shell is sufficiently stiffened to require some slight force to bend it, and the crab is said to be in *buckram*, as in the first stage it was in *paper*. It is still helpless, and offers no resistance; but at the end of thirty-six hours, it shows that its natural instincts are in action, and by the time forty-eight hours have elapsed, the crab is restored to the exercise of all his functions. I have stated the above as the periods in which the stages of the moult are accomplished, but I have often observed that the rapidity of this process is very much dependent upon the temperature, and especially upon sunshine. A cold, cloudy, raw, and disagreeable spell happening at this period, though by no means common, will retard the operation considerably, protracting the period of helplessness. This is the harvest season of the white fisherman and of the poor slave. The laziest of the former are now in full activity, wading along the shore from morning till night, dragging a small boat after them, and holding in the other hand a forked stick with which they raise the crabs from the sand. The period during which the crabs remain in the paper state is so short, that great activity is required to gather a sufficient number to take to market, but the price at which they are sold is sufficient to awaken all the cupidity of the crabbers. Two dollars a dozen is by no means an uncommon price for them, when the season first comes on; they subsequently come down to a dollar, and even to fifty cents, at any of which rates the trouble of collecting them is well paid. The slaves search for them at night, and then are obliged to kindle a fire of pine-knots on the bow of the boat, which strongly illuminates the surrounding water, and enables them to discover the crabs. Soft crabs are, with great propriety, regarded as an exquisite treat by those who are fond of such eating; and though many persons are unable to use crabs or lobsters in any form, there are few who taste of the soft crabs without being willing to recur to them. As an article of luxury they are scarcely known north of the Chesapeake, though there is nothing to prevent them from being used to considerable extent in Philadelphia, especially since the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. The summer of 1829 I had the finest soft crabs from Baltimore. They arrived at the market in the afternoon, were fried according to rule, and placed in a tin butter kettle, then covered for an inch or two with melted lard, and put on board the steam boat which left Baltimore at five o'clock the same afternoon. The next morning before ten o'clock they were in Philadelphia, and at one they were served up at dinner in Germantown. The only difficulty in the way is that of having persons to attend to their procuring and transmission, as when cooked directly after they arrive at market, and forwarded with as little delay as above mentioned, there is no danger of their being the least injured.

At other seasons, when the crabs did not come close to the shore, I derived much amusement by taking them in the deep water. This is always easily effected by the aid of proper bait; a leg of chicken, piece of any raw meat, or a salted or spoiled herring, tied to a twine string of sufficient length, and a hand net of convenient size, is all that is necessary. You throw out your line and bait, or you fix as many lines to your boat as you please, and in a short time you see, by the straightening of the line, that the bait has been seized by a crab, who is trying to make off with it. You then place your net where it can conveniently be picked up, and commence steadily but gently to draw in your line, until you have brought the crab sufficiently near the surface to distinguish him; if you draw him nearer, he will see you and immediately let go, otherwise his greediness and voracity will make him cling to his prey to the last. Holding the line in the left hand, you now flip your net edge foremost into the water at some distance from the line, carry it down perpendicularly until it is five or six inches lower than the crab, and then with a sudden turn out bring it directly before him, and lift up at the same time. Your prize is generally secured, if your net be at all properly placed; for as soon as he is alarmed, he pushes directly down-

wards, and is received in the bag of the net. It is better to have a little water in the bottom of the boat to throw them into, as they are easier emptied out of the net, always letting go when held over the water. This a good crabber never forgets, and should he unluckily be seized by a large crab, he holds him over the water and is freed at once, though he loses his game. When not held over the water, they bite sometimes with dreadful obstinacy, and I have seen it necessary to crush the forceps, or claws before one could be induced to let go the fingers of a boy. A poor black fellow also placed himself in an awkward situation; the crab seized him by a finger of his right hand, but he was unwilling to lose his captive by holding him over the water, instead of which he attempted to secure the other claw with his left hand, while he tried to crush the biting claw between his teeth. In doing this, he somehow relaxed his left hand, and with the other claw, the crab seized poor Jem by his under lip, which was by no means a thin one, and forced him to roar with pain. With some difficulty he was freed from his tormentor, but it was several days before he ceased to excite laughter, as the severe bite was followed by a swelling of the lip, which imparted a most ludicrous expression to a naturally comical countenance.

NO. VII.

On the first arrival of the crabs, when they throng the shoals of the creeks in vast crowds, as heretofore mentioned, a very summary way of taking them is resorted to by the country people, and for a purpose that few would suspect without having witnessed it. They use a three pronged fork or gig made for this sport, attached to a long handle; the crabber standing up in the skiff, pushes it along until he is over a large collection of crabs, and then strikes his spear among them. By this several are transfixed at once and lifted into the boat, and the operation is repeated until enough have been taken. The purpose to which they are to be applied is to feed the hogs, which very soon learn to collect in waiting upon the beach when the crab spearing is going on. Although these bristly gentry appear to devour almost all sorts of food with great relish, it seemed to me that they regarded the crabs as a most luxurious banquet; and it was truly amusing to see the grunTERS, when the crabs were thrown on shore for them, and were scampering off in various directions, seizing them in spite of their threatening claws, holding them down with one foot, and speedily reducing them to a state of helplessness by breaking off their forceps. Such a crunching and cracking of the unfortunate crabs I never have witnessed since; and I might have commiserated them more, had not I known that death in some form or other was continually awaiting them, and that their devourers were all destined to meet their fate in a few months in the sty, and thence through the smoke house to be placed upon our table. On the shores of the Chesapeake I have caught crabs in a way commonly employed by all those who are unprovided with boats and nets. This is to have a forked stick and a baited line, with which the crabber wades out as far as he thinks fit, and then throws out his line. As soon as he finds he has a bite, he draws the line in, cautiously lifting but a very little from the bottom. As soon as it is near enough to be fairly in reach, he quickly, yet with as little movement as possible, secures the crab by placing the forked stick across his body and pressing him against the sand. He must then stoop down and take hold of the crab by the two posterior swimming legs, so as to avoid being seized by the claws. Should he not wish to carry each crab ashore as he catches it, he pinions or *spannels* (as the fishermen call it) them. This is a very effectual mode of disabling them from using their biting claws, yet it is certainly not the most humane operation; it is done by taking the first of the sharp-pointed feet of each side, and forcing it in for the length of the joint behind the moveable joint or thumb of the opposite biting claw. The crabs are then strung upon a string or wythe, and allowed to hang in the water until the crabber desists from his occupations. In the previous article crabs were spoken of as curious and interesting, and the reader may not consider the particulars thus far given as being particularly so. Perhaps, when he takes them altogether, he will agree that they have as much that is curious about their construction as almost any animal we have mentioned, and in the interesting details we have as yet made but a single step.

The circumstance of the external skeleton has been mentioned, but who would expect an animal, as low in the scale as a crab, to be furnished with ten or twelve pair of jaws to its mouth? Yet such is the fact, and all these variously constructed pieces are provided with ap-

propriate muscles, and move in a manner which can scarcely be explained, though it may be very readily comprehended when once observed in living nature. But, after all the complexity of the jaws, where would an inexperienced person look for their teeth? surely not in the stomach? Nevertheless, such is their situation; and these are not mere appendages, that are called teeth by courtesy, but stout regular grinding teeth, with a light brown surface. They are not only within the stomach, but fixed to a cartilage nearest to its lower extremity, so that the food, unlike that of other creatures, is submitted to the action of the teeth as it is passing from the stomach; instead of being chewed before it is swallowed. In some species the teeth are five in number; but throughout this class of animals the same general principle of construction may be observed. Crabs and their kindred have no brain, because they are not required to reason upon what they observe; they have a nervous system excellently suited to their mode of life, and its knots or ganglia send out nerves to the organs of sense, digestion, motion, &c. The senses of these beings are very acute, especially their sight, hearing and smell. Most of my readers have heard of crabs' eyes, or have seen these organs in the animal on the end of two little projecting knobs, above and on each side of the mouth; few of them, however, have seen the crab's ear, yet it is very easily found, and is a little triangular bump placed near the base of the feelers. This bump has a membrane stretched over it, and communicates with a small cavity, which is the internal ear. The organ of smell is not so easily demonstrated as that of hearing, though the evidence of their possessing the sense to an acute degree is readily attainable. A German naturalist inferred, from the fact of the nerve corresponding to the olfactory nerve in man being distributed to the antennae, in insects, that the antennae were the organs of smell in them. Cuvier and others suggest that a similar arrangement may exist in the crustacea. To satisfy myself whether it was so or not, I lately dissected a small lobster, and was delighted to find that the first pair of nerves actually went to the antennae, and gave positive support to the opinion mentioned. I state this, not to claim credit for ascertaining the truth or inaccuracies of a suggestion, but with a view of inviting the reader to do the same in all cases of doubt. Where it is possible to refer to nature for the actual condition of facts, learned authorities give me no uneasiness. If I find that the structure bears out their opinions, it is more satisfactory; when it convicts them of absurdity, it saves much fruitless reading, as well as the trouble of shaking off prejudices.

The first time my attention was called to the extreme acuteness of sight possessed by these animals, was during a walk along the flats of Long Island, reaching towards Governor's Island in New York. A vast number of the small land crabs, called fiddlers by the boys (*gecarcinus*), occupy burrows or caves dug in the marshy soil, whence they come out and go for some distance, either in search of food or to sun themselves. Long before I approached close enough to see their forms with distinctness, they were scampering towards their holes, into which they plunged with a tolerable certainty of escape; these retreats being of considerable depth, and often communicating with each other, as well as nearly filled with water. On endeavouring cautiously to approach some others, it was quite amusing to observe their vigilance; to see them slowly change position, and from lying extended in the sun, beginning to gather themselves up for a start should it prove necessary; at length standing up as it were on tiptoe, and raising their pedunculated eyes as high as possible. One quick step on the part of the individual approaching was enough—away they would go, with a celerity which must appear surprising to any one who had not previously witnessed it. What is more remarkable, they possess the power of moving equally well with any part of the body foremost, so that when endeavouring to escape, they will suddenly dart off to one side or the other, without turning round, and thus elude pursuit. My observations upon the crustaceous animals have extended through many years, and in very various situations; and for the sake of making the general view of their qualities more satisfactory, I will go on to state what I remarked of some of the genera and species in the West Indies, where they are exceedingly numerous and various. The greater proportion of the genera feed on animal matter, especially after decomposition has begun; a large number are exclusively confined to the deep waters, and approach the shoals and lands only during the spawning season. Many live in the sea, but daily pass many hours upon the rocky shores for the pleasure of basking in the sun; others live in marshy or moist ground, at a considerable distance from the water, and

feed principally on vegetable food, especially the sugar cane, of which they are extremely destructive. Others again reside habitually on the hills or mountains, and visit the sea only once a year for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. All those which reside in burrows made in moist ground, and those coming daily on the rocks to bask in the sun, participate in about an equal degree in the qualities of vigilance and swiftness. Many a breathless race have I run in vain, attempting to intercept them, and prevent their escaping into the sea. Many an hour of cautious and solicitous endeavour to steal upon them unobserved, has been frustrated by their long sighted watchfulness; and several times, when, by extreme care and cunning approaches, I have actually succeeded in getting between a fine specimen and the sea, and had full hope of driving him farther inland, have all my anticipations been ruined by the wonderful swiftness of their flight, or the surprising facility with which they would dart off in the very opposite direction, at the very moment I felt almost sure of my prize. One day, in particular, I saw on a flat rock, which afforded a fine sunning place, the most beautiful crab I had ever beheld. It was of the largest size, and would have covered a large dinner plate, most beautifully coloured with bright crimson below, and a variety of tints of blue, purple, and green above; it was just such a specimen as could not fail to excite all the solicitude of a collector to obtain. But, it was not in the least deficient in the art of self-preservation; my most careful manoeuvres proved ineffectual, and all my efforts only enabled me to see enough of it to augment my regrets to a high degree. Subsequently I saw a similar individual in the collection of a resident; this had been killed against the rocks during a violent hurricane, with very slight injury to its shell. I offered high rewards to the black people if they would bring me such a one, but the most expert among them seemed to think it an unpromising search, as they knew of no way of capturing them. If I had been supplied with some powder of nux vomica with which to poison some meat, I might have succeeded.

NO. VIII.

The fleet running crab (*cypoda pugilator*), mentioned as living in burrows dug in a moist soil, and preying chiefly on the sugar cane, is justly regarded as one of the most noxious pests that can infect a plantation. Their burrows extend to a great depth, and run in various directions; they are also, like those of our fiddlers, nearly full of muddy water, so that, when these marauders once plump into their dens, they may be considered as entirely beyond pursuit. Their numbers are so great, and they multiply in such numbers, as in some seasons to destroy a large proportion of a sugar crop, and sometimes their ravages, combined with those of the rats and other plunderers, are absolutely ruinous to the sea-side planters. I was shown, by the superintendent of a place thus infested, a great quantity of cane utterly killed by these creatures, which cut it off in a peculiar manner, in order to suck the juice; and he assured me that, during that season, the crop would be two thirds less than its average, solely owing to the inroads of the crabs and rats, which if possible are still more numerous. It was to me an irresistible source of amusement to observe the air of spite and vexation with which he spoke of the crabs; the rats he could shoot, poison, or drive off for a time with dogs. But the crabs would not eat his poison, while sugar cane was growing; the dogs could only chase them into their holes; and if, in helpless irritation, he sometimes fired his gun at a cluster of them, the shot only rattled over their shells like hail against a window. It is truly desirable that some summary mode of lessening their number could be devised, and it is probable that this will be best effected by poison, as it may be possible to obtain a bait sufficiently attractive to ensnare them. Species of this genus are found in various parts of our country, more especially towards the south. About Cape May, our friends may have excellent opportunities of testing the truth of what is said of their swiftness and vigilance.

The land crab, which is common to many of the West India islands, is more generally known as the Jamaica crab, because it has been most frequently described from observation in that island. Wherever found, they have all the habit of living, during great part of the year, in the highlands, where they pass the day time, concealed in huts, cavities, and under stones, and come out at night for their food. They are remarkable for collecting in vast bodies, and marching annually to the sea side, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand; and this accomplished, they return to their former abodes, if undisturbed. They commence their march in the night, and move in

the most direct line towards the destined point. So obstinately do they pursue this route, that they will not turn out of it for any obstacle that can possibly be surmounted. During the day time they skulk and lie hid as closely as possible, but thousands upon thousands of them are taken for the use of the table by whites and blacks, as on their seaward march they are very fat and of fine flavour. On the homeward journey, those that have escaped capture are weak, exhausted, and unfit for use. Before dismissing the crabs, I must mention one which was a source of much annoyance to me at first, and of considerable interest afterwards, from the observation of its habits. At that time I resided in a house delightfully situated about two hundred yards from the sea, fronting the setting sun, having in clear weather the lofty mountains of Porto Rico, distant about eighty miles, in view. Like most of the houses in the island, ours had seen better days, as was evident from various breaks in the floors, angles rotted off the doors, sunken sills, and other indications of decay. Our sleeping room, which was on the lower floor, was especially in this condition; but as the weather was delightfully warm, a few cracks and openings, though rather large, did not threaten much inconvenience. Our bed was provided with that indispensable accompaniment, a mosquito bar or curtain, to which we were indebted for escape from various annoyances. Scarcely had we extinguished the light, and composed ourselves to rest, than we heard, in various parts of the room, the most startling noises. It appeared as if numerous hard and heavy bodies were trailed along the floor; then they sounded as if climbing up by the chairs and other furniture, and frequently something like a large stone would tumble down from such elevations with a loud noise, followed by a peculiar chirping noise. What an effect this produced upon entirely inexperienced strangers, may well be imagined by those who have been suddenly waked up in the dark, by some unaccountable noise in the room. Finally, these invaders began to ascend the bed; but happily the mosquito bar was securely tucked under the bed all around, and they were denied access, though their efforts and tumbles to the floor produced no very comfortable reflections. Towards daylight they began to retire, and in the morning no trace of any such visitants could be perceived. On mentioning our troubles, we were told that this nocturnal disturber was only Bernard the Hermit, called generally the soldier crab, perhaps from the peculiar habit he has of protecting his body by thrusting it into an empty shell, which he afterwards carries about, until he outgrows it, when it is relinquished for a larger. Not choosing to pass another night quite so noisily, due care was taken to exclude Monsieur Bernard, whose knockings were therefore confined to the outside of the house. I baited a large wire rat trap with some corn meal, and placed it outside of the back door, and in the morning, found it literally half filled with these crabs, from the largest sized shell that could enter the trap, down to such as were not larger than a hickory nut. Here was a fine collection made at once, affording a very considerable variety in the size and age of the specimens, and the different shells into which they had introduced themselves.

The soldier, or hermit crab, when withdrawn from his adopted shell, presents about the head and claws, a considerable family resemblance to the lobster. The claws, however, are very short and broad, and the body covered with hard shell only in that part which is liable to be exposed or protruded. The posterior or abdominal part of the body, is covered only by a tough skin, and tapers towards a small extremity, furnished with a sort of book-like apparatus, enabling it to hold on to its factitious dwelling. Along the surface of its abdomen, as well as on the back, there are small projections, apparently intended for the same purpose. When once fairly in possession of a shell, it would be quite a difficult matter to pull the crab out, though a very little heat applied to the shell will quickly induce him to leave it. The shells they select are taken solely with reference to their suitability, and hence you may catch a considerable number of the same species, each of which is in a different species or genus of shell. The shells commonly used by them, when of larger size, are those of the whilk, which are much used as an article of food by the islanders, or the smaller conch (strombus) shells. The very young hermit crabs are found in almost every variety of small shell found on the shores of the Antilles. I have frequently been amused by ladies eagerly engaged in making collection of these beautiful little shells, and not dreaming of their being tenanted by a living animal, suddenly startled, on displaying their acquisitions, by observing them to be actively endeavouring to escape; or on introducing the hand into the reticula to produce a particular

fine specimen, to receive a smart pinch from the claws of the little hermit. The instant the shell is closely approached or touched, they withdraw as deeply into the shell as possible, and the small ones readily escape observation, but they soon become impatient of captivity, and try to make off. The species of this genus (pagurus) are very numerous, and during the first part of their lives are all aquatic. That is, they are hatched in the little pools about the margin of the sea, and remain there until those that are destined to live on land are stout enough to commence their travels. The hermit crabs, which are altogether aquatic, are by no means so careful to choose the lightest and thinnest shells, as the land troops. The aquatic soldiers may be seen towing along shells of most disproportionate size; but their relatives, who travel over the hills by moonlight, know that all unnecessary incumbrance of weight should be avoided. They are as pugnacious and spiteful as any of the crustaceous class; and when taken, or when they fall and jar themselves, considerably, utter a chirping noise, which is evidently an angry expression. They are ever ready to bite with their claws, and the pinch of the larger individuals is quite painful. It is said, that when they are changing their shells, for the sake of obtaining more commodious coverings, they frequently fight for possession, which may be true where two that have forsaken their old shells meet, or happen to make choice of the same vacant one. It is also said, that one crab is sometimes forced to give up the shell he is in, should a stronger chance to desire it. This, as I never saw it, I must continue to doubt; for I cannot imagine how the stronger could possibly accomplish his purpose, seeing that the occupant has nothing to do but keep close quarters. The invader would have no chance of seizing him to pull him out, nor could he do him any injury by biting upon the surface of his hard claws, the only part that would be exposed. If it be true that one can dispossess the other, it must be by some contrivance of which we are still ignorant. These soldier crabs feed on a great variety of substances, scarcely refusing any thing that is edible; like the family they belong to, they have a decided partiality for putrid meats, and the planters accuse them also of too great a fondness for the sugar cane. Their excursions are altogether nocturnal, in the day time they lie concealed very effectually in small holes, among stones, or any kind of rubbish, and are rarely taken notice of, even where hundreds are within a short distance of each other. The larger soldier crabs are sometimes eaten by the blacks, but they are not much sought after even by them, as they are generally regarded with aversion and prejudice. There is no reason, that we are aware of, why they should not be as good as many other crabs, but they certainly are not equally esteemed.

NO. IX.

Those who have only lived in forest countries, where vast tracts are shaded by a dense growth of oak, ash, chestnut, hickory and other trees of deciduous foliage, which present the most pleasing varieties of verdure and freshness, can have but little idea of the effect produced on the feelings by aged forests of pine, composed in great degree of a single species, whose towering summits are crowned with one dark green canopy, which successive seasons find unchanged, and nothing but death causes to vary. Their robust and gigantic trunks rise an hundred or more feet high in purely proportioned columns, before the limbs begin to diverge; and their tops, densely clothed with long bristling foliage, intermingle so closely as to allow of but slight entrance to the sun. Hence the undergrowth of such forests is comparatively slight and thin, since none but shrubs and plants that love the shade, can flourish under this perpetual exclusion of the animating and invigorating rays of the great exciter of the vegetable world. Through such forests, and by the merest foot paths in great part, it was my lot to pass many miles almost every day; and had I not endeavoured to derive some amusement and instruction from the study of the forest itself, my time would have been as fatiguing to me, as it was certainly quiet and solemn. But wherever nature is, and under whatever form she may present herself, enough is always proffered to fix attention and produce pleasure, if we will condescend to observe with carefulness. I soon found that even a pine forest was far from being devoid of interest, and shall endeavour to prove this by stating the result of various observations made during the time I lived in this situation.

The common pitch, or as it is generally called Norway pine, grows from a seed, which is matured in vast abundance in the large cones peculiar to the pines. This seed is of a rather triangular shape, thick and heavy at the

part by which it grows from the cone, and terminating in a broad membranous fan or sail, which, when the seeds are shaken out by the wind, enables them to sail obliquely through the air to great distances. Should an old corn-field or other piece of ground be thrown out of cultivation for more than one season, it is sown with the pine seeds by the winds, and the young pines shoot up as closely and compactly as hemp. They continue to grow in this manner until they become twelve or fifteen feet high, until their roots begin to encroach on each other, or until the stoutest and best rooted begin to overtop so as entirely to shade the smaller. These gradually begin to fail, and finally dry up and perish, and a similar process is continued until the best trees acquire room enough to grow without impediment. Even when the young pines have attained to thirty or forty feet in height, and are as thick as a man's thigh, they stand so closely together, that their lower branches, which are all dry and dead, are intermingled, sufficiently to prevent any one from passing between the trees without first breaking these obstructions away. I have seen such a wood as that just mentioned, covering an old corn-field, whose ridges were still distinctly to be traced, and which an old resident informed me he had seen growing in corn. In a part of this wood which was not far from my dwelling, I had a delightful retreat, that served me as a private study or closet, though enjoying all the advantages of the open air. A road that had once passed through the field, and was of course more compacted than any other part, had denied access to the pine seeds for a certain distance, while on each side of it they grew with their usual density. The ground was covered with the soft layer or carpet of dried pine leaves which gradually and imperceptibly fall throughout the year, making a most pleasant surface to tread on, and rendering the step perfectly noiseless. By beating off with a stick all the dried branches that projected towards the vacant space, I formed a sort of chamber, fifteen or twenty feet long, which above was canopied by the densely mingled branches of the adjacent trees, which altogether excluded or scattered the rays of the sun, and on all sides was so shut in by the trunks of the young trees, as to prevent all observation. Hitherto during the hot season, I was accustomed to retire, for the purpose of reading or meditation; and within this deeper solitude, where all was solitary, very many of the subsequent movements of my life were suggested or devised.

From all I could observe, and all the enquiries I could get answered, it appeared that this rapidly growing tree does not attain its full growth until it is eighty or ninety years old, nor does its time of full health and vigour much exceed an hundred. Before this time it is liable to the attacks of insects, but these are of a kind that bore the tender spring shoots to deposit their eggs therein, and their larvae appear to live principally on the sap which is very abundant, so that the tree is but slightly injured. But after the pine has attained its acme, it is attacked by an insect which deposits its egg in the body of the tree, and the larva devours its way through the solid substance of the timber; so that after a pine has been for one or two seasons subjected to these depredators, it will be fairly riddled, and if cut down is unfit for any other purpose than burning. Indeed, if delayed too long, it is poorly fit for firewood, so thoroughly do these insects destroy its substance. At the same time that one set of insects is engaged in destroying the body, myriads of others are at work under the bark, destroying the sap vessels, and the foliage wears a more and more pale and sickly appearance as the tree declines in vigour. If not cut down, it eventually dies, becomes leafless, stripped of its bark, and as the decay advances, all the smaller branches are broken off; and it stands with its naked trunk and a few ragged limbs, as if bidding defiance to the tempest which howls around its head. Under favourable circumstances, a large trunk will stand in this condition for nearly a century, so extensive and powerful are its roots, so firm and stubborn the original knitting of its giant frame. At length some storm, more furious than all its predecessors, wrenches those ponderous roots from the soil, and hurls the helpless carcass to the earth, crushing all before it in its fall. Without the aid of fire, or some peculiarity of situation favourable to rapid decomposition, full another hundred years will be requisite to reduce it to its elements, and obliterate the traces of its existence. Indeed, long after the lapse of more than that period, we find the heart of the pitch pine still preserving its original form, and from being thoroughly imbued with turpentine, become utterly indestructible except by fire.

If the proprietor attend to the warnings afforded by the woodpecker, he may always cut his pines in time to prevent them from being injured by insects. The wood-

peckers run up and around the trunks, tapping from time to time with their powerful bill. The bird knows at once by the sound whether there be insects below or not. If the tree is sound, the woodpecker soon forsakes it for another; should he begin to break into the bark, it is to catch the worm, and such trees are at once to be marked for the axe. In felling such pines, I found the woodmen always anxious to avoid letting them strike against neighbouring sound trees, as they said that the insects more readily attacked an injured tree than one whose bark was unbroken. The observation is most probably correct, at least the experience of country folks in such matters is rarely wrong, though they sometimes give very odd reasons for the processes they adopt.

A full grown pine forest is at all times a grand and majestic object to one accustomed to moving through it. Those vast and towering columns, sustaining a waving crown of deepest verdure; those robust and rugged limbs standing forth at a vast height overhead, loaded with the cones of various seasons; and the diminutiveness of all surrounding objects compared with these gigantic children of nature, cannot but inspire ideas of seriousness and even of melancholy. But how awful and even tremendous does such a situation become, when we hear the first wailings of the gathering storm, as it stoops upon the lofty summits of the pine, and soon increases to a deep hoarse roaring, as the boughs begin to wave in the blast, and the whole tree is forced to sway before its power. In a short time the fury of the wind is at its height, the loftiest trees bend suddenly before it, and scarce regain their upright position ere they are again obliged to cower beneath its violence. Then the tempest literally howls, and amid the tremendous reverberations of thunder, and the blazing glare of the lightning, the unfortunate wanderer hears around him the crash of numerous trees hurled down by the storm, and knows not but the next may be precipitated upon him. More than once have I witnessed all the grandeur, dread, and desolation of such a scene, and have always found safety either by seeking as quickly as possible a spot where there were none but young trees, or if on the main road choosing the most open and exposed situation out of the reach of the large trees. There, seated on my horse, who seemed to understand the propriety of such patience, I would quietly remain, however thoroughly drenched, until the fury of the wind was completely over. To say nothing of the danger from falling trees, the peril of being struck by the lightning which so frequently shivers the loftiest of them, is so great as to render any attempt to advance at such time highly imprudent.

Like the ox among animals, the pine tree may be looked upon as one of the most universally useful of the sons of the forest. For all sorts of building, for firewood, tar, turpentine, rosin, lamp black, and a vast variety of other useful products, this tree is invaluable to man. Nor is it a pleasing contemplation, to one who knows its usefulness, to observe to how vast an amount it is annually destroyed in this country, beyond the proportion that nature can possibly supply. However, we are not disposed to believe that this evil will ever be productive of very great injury, especially as coal fuel is becoming annually more extensively used. Nevertheless, were I the owner of a pine forest, I should exercise a considerable degree of care in the selection of the wood for the axe.

NO. X.

Among the enemies with which the farmers of a poor or light soil have to contend, I know of none so truly formidable and injurious as the crows, whose numbers, cunning, and audacity, can scarcely be appreciated, except by those who have had long continued and numerous opportunities of observation. Possessed of the most acute senses, and endowed by nature with a considerable share of reasoning power, these birds bid defiance to almost all the contrivances resorted to for their destruction; and when their numbers have accumulated to vast multitudes, which annually occurs, it is scarcely possible to estimate the destruction they are capable of effecting. Placed in a situation where every object was subjected to close observation, as a source of amusement, it is not surprising that my attention should be drawn to so conspicuous an object as the crow; and having once commenced remarking the peculiarities of this bird, I continued to bestow attention upon it during many years, in whatever situation it was met with. The thickly wooded and well watered parts of the state of Maryland, as affording them a great abundance of food, and almost entire security during their breeding season, are especially infested by these troublesome creatures, so that at

some times of the year they are collected in numbers, which would appear incredible to any one unaccustomed to witness their accumulations.

Individually, the common crow (*corvus corone*) may be compared in character with the brown or Norway rat, being, like that quadruped, addicted to all sorts of mischief, destroying the lives of any small creatures that may fall in its way, plundering with audacity wherever any thing is exposed to its rapaciousness, and triumphing by its cunning over the usual artifices employed for the destruction of ordinary noxious animals. Where food is at any time scarce, or the opportunity for such marauding inviting, there is scarcely a young animal about the farm yards safe from the attacks of the crow. Young chickens, ducks, goslings, and even little pigs, when quite young and feeble, are carried off by them. They are not less eager to discover the nests of domestic fowls, and will sit very quietly in sight, at a convenient distance, until the hen leaves the nest, and then fly down and suck her eggs at leisure. But none of their tricks excited in me a greater interest, than the observation of their attempts to rob a hen of her chicks. The crow, alighting at a little distance from the hen, would advance in an apparently careless way towards the brood, when the vigilant parent would bristle up her feathers, and rush at the black rogue to drive him off. After several such approaches, the hen would become very angry, and would chase the crow to a greater distance from the brood. This is the very object the robber has in view, for as long as the parent keeps near her young, the crow has very slight chance of success; but as soon as he can induce her to follow him to a little distance from the brood, he takes advantage of his wings, and before she can regain her place, has flown over her, and seized one of her chickens. When the cock is present, there is still less danger from such an attack, for chivalry shows all his vigilance and gallantry in protecting his tender offspring, though it frequently happens that the number of hens with broods renders it impossible for him to extend his care to all. When the crow tries to carry off a gosling from the mother, it requires more daring and skill, and is far less frequently successful than in the former instance. If the gander be in company, which he almost uniformly is, the crow has his labour in vain. Notwithstanding the advantages of flight and superior cunning, the honest vigilance and determined bravery of the former are too much for him. His attempts to approach, however cautiously conducted, are promptly met, and all his tricks rendered unavailing, by the fierce movements of the gander, whose powerful blows the crow seems to be well aware might effectually disable him. The first time I witnessed such a scene, I was at the side of the creek, and saw on the opposite shore a goose with her goslings beset by a crow; from the apparent alarm of the mother and brood, it seemed to me they must be in great danger, and I called to the owner of the place, who happened to be in sight, to inform him of their situation. Instead of going to their relief, he shouted back to me, to ask if the gander was not there too; and as soon as he was answered in the affirmative, he bid me be under no uneasiness, as the crow would find his match. Nothing could exceed the cool impudence and pertinacity of the crow, who, perfectly regardless of my shouting, continued to worry the poor gander for an hour, by his efforts to obtain a nice gosling for his next meal. At length convinced of the fruitlessness of his efforts, he flew off to seek some more easily procurable food. Several crows sometimes unite to plunder the goose of her young, and are then generally successful, because they are able to distract the attention of the parents, and lure them farther from their young.

In the summer the crows disperse in pairs for the purpose of raising their young, and then they select lofty trees in the remotest parts of the forest, upon which with dry sticks and twigs they build a large strong nest, and line it with softer materials. They lay four or five eggs, and when they are hatched, feed, attend, and watch over their young with the most zealous devotion. Should any one by chance pass near the nest while the eggs are still unhatched, or the brood are very young, the parents keep close, and neither by the slightest movement nor noise betray their presence. But if the young are fledged, and beginning to take their first lessons in flying, the approach of a man, especially if armed with a gun, calls forth all their cunning and solicitude. The young are immediately placed in the securest place at hand, where the foliage is thickest, and remain perfectly motionless and quiet. Not so the alarmed parents, both of which fly nearer and nearer to the hunter, uttering the most discordant screams, with an occasional peculiar note, which seems intended to direct or warn their young. So close do they approach, and so clamorous are they as the

hunter endeavours to get a good view of them on the tree, that he is almost uniformly persuaded the young crows are also concealed there; but he does not perceive, as he is cautiously trying to get within gun shot, that they are moving from tree to tree, and at each remove are farther and farther from the place where the young are hid. After continuing this trick, until it is impossible that the hunter can retain any idea of the situation of the young ones, the parents cease their distressing outcries, fly quietly to the most convenient lofty tree, and calmly watch the movements of their disturber. Now and then they utter a loud quick cry, which seems intended to bid their offspring lie close and keep quiet, and it is very generally the case that they escape all danger by their obedience. An experienced crow-killer watches eagerly for the tree where the crows first start from; and if this can be observed, he pays no attention to their clamours, nor pretence of throwing themselves in his way, as he is satisfied they are too vigilant to let him get a shot at them; and if he can see the young, he is tolerably sure of them all, because of their inability to fly or change place readily.

The time of the year in which the farmers suffer most from them is in the spring, before their enormous congregations disperse, and when they are rendered voracious by the scantiness of their winter fare. Woe betide the corn field which is not closely watched, when the young grain begins to shoot above the soil! If not well guarded, a host of these marauders will settle upon it at the first light of the dawn, and before the sun has risen far above the horizon, will have plundered every shoot of the germinating seed, by first drawing it skilfully from the moist earth by the young stalk, and then swallowing the grain. The negligent or careless planter, who does not visit his field before breakfast, finds, on his arrival, that he must either replant his corn, or relinquish hopes of a crop; and without the exertion of due vigilance, he may be obliged to repeat this process twice or thrice the same season. Where the crows go to rob a field in this way, they place one or more sentinels, according to circumstances, in convenient places, and those are exceedingly vigilant, uttering a single warning call, which puts the whole to flight the instant there is the least appearance of danger or interruption. Having fixed their sentinels, they begin regularly at one part of the field, and pursuing the rows along, pulling up each shoot in succession, and biting off the corn at the root. The green shoots thus left along the rows, as if they had been arranged with care, offer a melancholy memorial of the work which has been effected by these cunning and destructive plunderers.

Numerous experiments have been made, where the crows are thus injurious, to avert their ravages; and the method I shall now relate, I have seen tried with the most gratifying success. In a large tub a portion of tar and grease were mixed, so as to render the tar sufficiently thin and soft, and to this was added a portion of slaked lime in powder, and the whole stirred until thoroughly incorporated. The seed corn was then thrown in, and stirred with the mixture until each grain received a uniform coating. The corn was then dropped in the hill, and covered as usual. This treatment was found to retard the germination about three days, as the mixture greatly excludes moisture from the grain. But the crows did no injury to the field; they pulled up a small quantity in different parts of the planting, to satisfy themselves it was all alike; upon becoming convinced of which, they quietly left it for some less carefully managed ground, where pains had not been taken to make all the corn so nauseous and bitter.

NO. XI.

It rarely happens that any of the works of nature are wholly productive of evil, and even the crows, troublesome as they are, contribute in a small degree to the good of the district they frequent. Thus, though they destroy eggs and young poultry, plunder the corn fields, and carry off whatever may serve for food, they also rid the surface of the earth of a considerable quantity of carrion, and a vast multitude of insects and their destructive larvae. The crows are very usefully employed when they alight upon newly ploughed fields, and pick up great numbers of those large and long-lived worms which are so destructive to the roots of all growing vegetables; and they are scarcely less so, when they follow the seine haulers along the shores, and pick up the small fishes, which would otherwise be left to rot and lose the air with unpleasant vapours. Nevertheless, they become far more numerous in some parts of the country than is at all necessary to the good of the inhabitants.

and whoever would devise a method of lessening their numbers suddenly, would certainly be doing a service to the community.

About a quarter of a mile above the house I lived in on Curtis's creek, the shore was a sand bank or bluff, twenty or thirty feet high, crowned with a dense young pine forest to its very edge. Almost directly opposite, the shore was flat, and formed a point extending in the form of a broad sand bar, for a considerable distance into the water, and when the tide was low, this flat afforded a fine level space, to which nothing could approach in either direction, without being easily seen. At a short distance from the water, a young swamp wood of maple, gum, oaks, &c. extended back, towards some higher ground. As the sun descended, and threw his last rays in one broad sheet of golden effulgence over the crystal mirror of the waters, innumerable companies of crows arrived daily, and settled on this point, for the purpose of drinking, picking up gravel, and uniting in one body prior to retiring for the night to their accustomed dormitory. The trees adjacent and all the shore would be literally blackened by those plumed marauders, while their increasing outcries, chattering and screams, were almost deafening. It certainly seems that they derive great pleasure from their social habits, and I often amused myself by thinking the uninterrupted clatter which was kept up, as the different gangs united with the main body, was produced by the recital of the adventures they had encountered during their last marauding excursions. As the sun became entirely sunk below the horizon, the grand flock crossed to the sand bluff on the opposite side, where they generally spent a few moments in picking up a further supply of gravel, and then arising in dense and ample column, they sought their habitual roost in the deep entanglements of the distant pines. This daily visit to the point, so near to my dwelling, and so accessible by means of the skiff, led me to hope that I should have considerable success in destroying them. Full of such anticipations, I loaded two guns, and proceeded in my boat to the expected place of action, previous to the arrival of the crows. My view was to have my boat somewhere about half way between the two shores, and as they never manifested much fear of boats, to take my chance of firing upon the main body as they were flying over my head to the opposite side of the river. Shortly after I had gained my station, the companies began to arrive, and every thing went on as usual. But whether they suspected some mischief from seeing a boat so long stationary in their vicinity, or could see and distinguish the guns in the boat, I am unable to say; the fact was, however, that when they set out to fly over, they passed at an elevation which secured them from my artillery effectually, although, on ordinary occasions they were in the habit of flying over me at a height of not more than twenty or thirty feet. I returned home without having had a shot, but resolved to try if I could not succeed better the next day. The same result followed the experiment, and when I fired at one gang, which it appeared possible to attain, the instant the gun was discharged, the crows made a sort of halt, descended considerably, flying in circles, and screaming most vociferously, as if in contempt or derision. Had I been prepared for this, a few of them might have suffered for their bravado. But my second gun was in the bow of the boat, and before I could get it, the black gentry had risen to their former security. While we were sitting at tea that evening, a black came to inform me that a considerable flock of crows, which had arrived too late to join the great flock, had pitched in the young pines not a great way from the house, and at a short distance from the road-side. We quickly had the guns in readiness, and I scarcely could restrain my impatience until it should be late enough and dark enough to give us a chance of success. Without thinking of any thing but the great number of the crows, and their inability to fly to advantage in the night, my notions of the numbers we should bring home were extravagant enough, and I only regretted that we might be obliged to leave some behind. At length, led by the black boy, we sallied forth, and soon arrived in the vicinity of this temporary and unusual roost; and now the true character of the enterprise began to appear. We were to leave the road, and penetrate several hundred yards among the pines, whose proximity to each other, and the difficulty of moving between which, on account of the dead branches, has been heretofore stated. Next, we had to be careful not to alarm the crows before we were ready to act, and at the same time were to advance with cocked guns in our hands. The only way of moving forwards at all, I found to be that of turning my shoulders as much as possible to the dead branches, and breaking my

way as gently as I could. At last we reached the trees upon which the crows were roosting; but as the foliage of the young pines was extremely dense, and the birds were full forty feet above the ground, it was out of the question to distinguish where the greatest number were situated. Selecting the trees which appeared by the greater darkness of their summits to be most heavily laden with our game, my companion and I pulled our triggers at the same moment. The report was followed by considerable outcries from the crows, by a heavy shower of pine twigs and leaves upon which the shot had taken effect, and a deafening roar caused by the sudden rising on the wing of the alarmed sleepers. One crow at length fell near me, which was wounded too badly to fly or retain his perch, and as the flock had gone entirely off, with this one crow did I return, rather crest fallen from my grand nocturnal expedition. This crow, however, afforded me instructive employment and amusement during the next day, in the dissection of its nerves and organs of sense, and I know not that I ever derived more pleasure from any anatomical examination, than I did from the dissection of its internal ear. The extent and convolutions of its semicircular canals, show how highly the sense of hearing is perfected in these creatures, and those who wish to be convinced of the truth of what we have stated in relation to them, may still see this identical crow skull, in the Baltimore Museum, to which I presented it after finishing the dissection. At least, I saw it there a year or two since, though I little thought, when employed in examining, or even when I last saw it, that it would ever be the subject of such a reference "in a printed book."

Not easily disheartened by preceding failures, I next resolved to try to outwit the crows, and for this purpose prepared a long line, to which a very considerable number of lateral lines were tied, having each a very small fishing hook at the end. Each of these hooks was baited with a single grain of corn, so cunningly put on, that it seemed impossible that the grain could be taken up without the hook being swallowed with it. About four o'clock, in order to be in full time, I rowed up to the sandy point, made fast my main line to a bush, and extending it toward the water, pegged it down to the other end securely in the sand. I next arranged all my baited lines, and then covering them all nicely with sand, left nothing exposed but the bait. This done, I scattered a quantity of corn all around, to render the baits as little liable to suspicion as possible. After taking a final view of the arrangement, which seemed a very hopeful one, I pulled my boat gently homeward, to wait the event of my solicitude for the capture of the crows. As usual, they arrived in thousands, blackened the sand beach, chattered, screamed, and fluttered about in great glee, and finally sailed over the creek and away to their roost, without having left a solitary unfortunate to pay for having meddled with my baited hooks. I jumped into the skiff, and soon paid a visit to my unsuccessful snare. The corn was all gone; the very hooks were all bare, and it was evident that some other expedient must be adopted before I could hope to succeed. Had I caught but one or two alive, it was my intention to have employed them to procure the destruction of others, in a manner I shall hereafter describe.

NO. XII.

Had I succeeded in obtaining some living crows, they were to be employed in the following manner. After having made a sort of concealment of brushwood within good gunshot distance, the crows were to be fastened by their wings on their backs, between two pegs, yet not so closely as to prevent them from fluttering or struggling. The other crows, who are always very inquisitive where their species is in any trouble, were expected to settle down near the captives, and the latter would certainly seize the first that came near enough with their claws, and hold on pertinaciously. This would have produced fighting and screaming in abundance, and the whole flock might gradually be so drawn into the fray, as to allow many opportunities of discharging the guns upon them with full effect. This I have often observed, that when a quarrel or fight took place in a large flock or gang of crows, a circumstance by no means infrequent, it seemed soon to extend to the whole, and, during the continuance of their anger, all the usual caution of their nature appeared to be forgotten, allowing themselves at such times to be approached closely and regardless of men, fire-arms, or the fall of their companions, continuing their wrangling with rancorous obstinacy. A similar disposition may be produced among them by catching a large owl, and tying it with a cord

of moderate length to the limb of a naked tree in a neighbourhood frequented by the crows. The owl is one of the few enemies which the crow has much reason to dread, as it robs the nests of their young, whenever they are left for the shortest time. Hence, whenever crows discover an owl in the day time, like many other birds, they commence an attack upon it, screaming most vociferously, and bringing together all of their species with in hearing. Once this clamour has fairly begun, and their passions are fully aroused, there is little danger of their being scared away, and the chance of destroying them by shooting is continued as long as the owl remains uninjured. But one such opportunity presented during my residence where crows were abundant, and this was unfortunately spoiled by the eagerness of one of the gunners, who, in his anxiety to demolish one of the crows fixed upon some that were most busy with the owl, and killed it instead of its disturbers, which at once ended the sport. When the crows leave the roost, at early dawn, they generally fly to a naked or leafless tree in the nearest field, and there plume themselves and chatter until the daylight is sufficiently clear to show all objects with distinctness. Of this circumstance I have taken advantage several times to get good shots at them in this way. During the day time, having selected a spot within proper distance of the tree frequented by them in the morning, I have built with brushwood and pine bushes a thick, close screen, behind which one or two persons might move securely without being observed. Proper openings, through which to level the guns were also made, as the slightest stir or noise could not be made at the time of action, without a risk of rendering all the preparations fruitless. The guns were all in order and loaded before going to bed, and at an hour or two before daylight, we repaired quietly to the field and stationed ourselves behind the screen, where, having mounted our guns at the loop-holes to be in perfect readiness, we waited patiently for the daybreak. Soon after the gray twilight of the dawn began to displace the darkness, the voice of one of our expected visitants would be heard from the distant forest, and shortly after a single crow would slowly sail towards the solitary tree and settle on its very summit. Presently a few more would arrive singly, and in a little while small flocks followed. Conversation among them is at first rather limited to occasional salutations, but as the flock begins to grow numerous, it becomes general and very animated, and by this time all that may be expected on this occasion have arrived. This may be known also, by observing one or more of them descend to the ground, and if the gunners do not now make the best of the occasion, it will soon be lost, as the whole gang will presently sail off, scattering as they go. However, we rarely waited till there was a danger of their departure, but as soon as the flock had fairly arrived and were still crowded upon the upper parts of the tree, we pulled triggers together, aiming at the thickest of the throng. In this way, by killing and wounding them, with two or three guns, a dozen or more would be destroyed. It was of course needless to expect to find a similar opportunity in the same place for a long time afterwards, as those which escaped had too good memories to return to so disastrous a spot. By ascertaining other situations at considerable distances, we could every now and then obtain similar advantages over them.

About the years 1800, 1, 2, 3, 4, the crows were so vastly accumulated and destructive in the state of Maryland, that the government, to hasten their diminution, received their heads in payment of taxes, at the price of three cents each. The store-keepers bought them of the boys and shooters, who had no taxes to pay, at a rather lower rate, or exchanged powder and shot for them. This measure caused a great havoc to be kept up among them, and in a few years so much diminished the grievance, that the price was withdrawn. Two modes of shooting them in considerable numbers were followed and with great success; the one, that of killing them while on the wing towards the roost, and the other attacking them in the night when they had been for some hours asleep. I have already mentioned the regularity with which vast flocks move from various quarters of the country to their roosting places every afternoon, and the uniformity of the route they pursue. In cold weather, when all the small bodies of water are frozen, and they are obliged to protract their flight towards the bays or sea, their return is a work of considerable labour, especially should a strong wind blow against them; at this season also, being rather poorly fed, they are of necessity less vigorous. Should the wind be adverse, they fly as near the earth as possible, and of this the shooters at the time I allude to took advantage. A large number would

collect on such an afternoon, and station themselves close along the foot-way of a high bank, over which the crows were in the habit of flying; and as they were in a great degree screened from sight as the flock flew over, keeping as low as possible because of the wind, their shots were generally very effectual. The stronger was the wind, the greater was their success. The crows that were not injured found it very difficult to rise; and those that diverged laterally, only came nearer to gunners stationed in expectation of such movements. The flocks were several hours in passing over, and as there was generally a considerable interval between each company of considerable size, the last arrived, unsuspecting of what had been going on, and the shooters had time to recharge their arms. But the grand harvest of crow heads, was derived from the invasion of their dormitories, which are well worthy a particular description, and should be visited by every one who wishes to form a proper idea of the number of these birds, that may be accumulated in a single district. The roost is most commonly the densest pine thicket that can be found, generally at no great distance from some river, bay, or other sheet of water, which is the last to freeze, or rarely is altogether frozen. To such a roost, the crows, which, are during the day-time, scattered over perhaps more than a hundred miles of circumference, wing their way every afternoon, and arrive shortly after sunset. Endless columns pour in from various quarters, and as they arrive pitch upon their accustomed perches, crowding closely together for the benefit of the warmth and the shelter afforded by the thick foliage of the pine. The trees are literally bent by their weight, and the ground is covered for many feet in depth by their dung, which by its gradual fermentation, must also tend to increase the warmth of the roost. Such roosts are known to be thus occupied for years, beyond the memory of individuals; and I know of one or two, which the oldest residents in the quarter state to have been known to their grandfathers, and probably had been resorted to by the crows during several ages previous. There is one of great age and magnificent extent, in the vicinity of Rock Creek, an arm of the Patuxent. They are sufficiently numerous on the rivers opening into the Chesapeake, and are every where similar in their general aspect. Wilson has signalled such a roost at no great distance from Bristol, Pa. and I know by observation, that not less than a million of crows sleep there nightly during the winter season.

To gather crow heads from the roost, a very large party was made up, proportioned to the extent of surface occupied by the dormitory. Armed with double barrelled and duck guns, which threw a large charge of shot, the company was divided into small parties, and these took stations, selected during the day time, so as to surround the roost as nearly as possible. A dark night was always preferred, as the crows could not when alarmed fly far, and the attack was delayed until full midnight. All being at their posts, the firing was commenced by those who were most advantageously posted, and followed up successively by the others, as the affrighted crows sought refuge in their vicinity. On every side the carnage then raged fiercely, and there can scarcely be conceived a more forcible idea of the horrors of a battle, than such a scene afforded. The crows screaming with fright and the pain of wounds, the loud deep roar produced by the raising of their whole number in the air, the incessant flashing and thundering of the guns, and the shouts of their eager destroyers, all produced an effect which can never be forgotten by any one who has witnessed it, nor can it well be adequately comprehended by those who have not. Blinded by the blaze of the powder, and bewildered by the thicker darkness that ensued, the crows rise and settle again at a short distance, without being able to withdraw from the field of danger; and the sanguinary work is continued until the shooters are fatigued, or the approach of daylight gives the survivors a chance of escape. Then the work of collecting the heads from the dead and wounded began, and this was a task of considerable difficulty, as the wounded used their utmost efforts to conceal and defend themselves. The bill and half the front of the skull were cut off together, and strung in sums for the tax-gatherer, and the product of the night divided according to the nature of the party formed. Sometimes the great mass of shooters were hired for the night, and received no shares of scalps, having their ammunition provided by the employers; other parties were formed of friends and neighbours, who clubbed for the ammunition, and shared equally in the result.

During hard winters the crows suffer severely, and perish in considerable numbers from hunger, though they endure a wonderful degree of abstinence without much injury. When starved severely, the poor

wretches will swallow bits of leather, rope, rags, in short any thing that appears to promise the slightest relief. Multitudes belonging to the Bristol roost, perished during the winter of 1828-9 from this cause. All the water courses were solidly frozen, and it was distressing to observe these starvelings every morning winging their weary way towards the shores of the sea in hopes of food, and again to see them toiling homewards in the afternoon, apparently scarce able to fly.

In speaking of destroying crows, we have never adverted to the use of poison, which in their case is wholly inadmissible on this account. Where crows are common hogs generally run at large, and to poison the crows would equally poison them; the crows would die, and fall to the ground, where they would certainly be eaten by the hogs.

Crows, when caught young, learn to talk plainly, if pains be taken to repeat certain phrases to them, and they become exceedingly impudent and troublesome. Like all of their tribe, they will steal and hide silver or other bright objects, of which they can make no possible use.

Reminiscences of a Voyage to India.

We are tempted to insert, from the same journal, the following Reminiscences of a Voyage to India, written by DR. REYNELL COATES, of this city. They furnish descriptions in a department of natural history but little attended to, and are penned with a skill which will produce lasting fame to the author, should he undertake a more extended effort.

NO. I.

The American public need not be reminded of the folly of those tourists, who, after a week's residence in a capital city, take passage in a line of coaches, and hastily circumambulating a small portion of a great continent, return to launch out into profound disquisitions on national character and the mutability of governments. I am not of this school; but as no one can travel round two thirds of the circumference of our globe, either by land or sea, without acquiring many facts, and making many observations highly interesting to those who quietly enjoy the sweets of social intercourse around the paternal hearth, I hope that these detached reminiscences, while they contribute to my own happiness by recalling scenes of grandeur and of beauty which I can never hope to revisit, may also prove a harmless recreation.

MINUTE ANIMALS OF THE OCEAN.

The innumerable tribes of insects which swarm in every part of the world, delighting us by the brilliancy of their colouring, or tormenting us with their attacks upon our persons or our property, although their armies sometimes render whole countries uninhabitable, destroying every blade of grass in their career; even these seemingly interminable hosts must yield the palm in number, beauty, every thing except destructiveness, to the sky-tinted denizens of the ocean. Every leaf of sea-weed, every fragment of floating timber, teems with life in some of its most interesting forms, and the blue expanse of waves is every where studded with animated gems, which sail along its surface or lie hidden in its bosom.

The seaman, as the vessel hurries along, catches occasional glimpses of misty specks floating beneath him, which, to his careless eye, appear like the spawn of fishes, or the slime washed from their bodies, yet in these unpromising and neglected atoms, closer examination discovers beings whose delicacy of structure defies the pencil, and whose tints are rivalled only by those of a summer's evening.

It is much to be regretted that many minds capable of enjoying, in the highest degree, those pleasures which may be drawn from every department of natural history, are arrested on the threshold of the study by the dry and technical systems, which are but the common-place books of the science, but which are too generally regarded as the science itself. Some knowledge of these systems seems indispensable to the grand and general views which constitute the chief interest of many departments of nature; but the minute inhabitants of the ocean possess a charm for every eye, an interest peculiarly their own. In observing their beauties and their manners, the tra-

veller would find delightful occupation, and the tedium of the sea would be forgotten.

Much of my time was employed in catching these minute animals with a net of bunting secured to a cane twelve feet in length, with which practice soon rendered me so adroit, that little escaped me that floated within three feet of the surface. I cannot hope, by mere description, to inspire others with the same enthusiastic admiration which I felt in a personal examination of the wonders of my net; but I trust that, in introducing some of these new acquaintances to your readers, I shall not be accused of making a burdensome addition to their circle.

The vast tract of waters constituting the Gulf stream, stretching itself along the coast of North America, lies like a huge ocean desert, shunned even by the fish, which are seen but rarely within its limits; but on the farther side a counter current travels at a slower pace in the opposite direction. The surface of this current is thickly covered with masses of sea-weed and other floating bodies, swept by the stream from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the southern states, and collected in the eddies. Each little tuft, if carefully taken, and placed in a tumbler or basin of salt water, will display a number of beautiful shrimps, spotted, chequered, or striped with every shade of colouring; a variety of minute crabs, little shells, and not unfrequently fish, in comparison with which the minnows of our creeks are leviathans. Most of these various tribes which have been carried by the current from their native shores, would speedily perish in the unfathomable depths of their own element, if deprived for a long time of the support afforded by their little vessel.

One would suppose that a voyage of three thousand miles, performed in company, and within the narrow confines of a tuft of leaves, would be sufficient to establish a good understanding in the little community; but, alas! the natural propensities to violence and plunder, which not even the lofty attribute of human reason can control, here rage with unrestrained violence; no sooner is this mimic world confined within the precincts of the tumbler or the basin, than the whole vessel displays a system of inveterate warfare. In vain do the smaller shrimps dart through the labyrinth of leaves to elude the pursuit of the crabs; they are speedily torn in pieces, or driven from their shelter to become the prey of some voracious fish, which, flying before the persecution of its larger brethren, thus repays the hospitality of those in whose dominions it seeks obscurity and safety. But this ingratitude seldom passes unpunished. Pent within narrow bounds, and unable to elude pursuit by shooting beyond the grasp of its insulted protectors, a desperate conflict ensues between the fish and the crabs, and in a few hours nothing of the animated scene survives, except some two or three mutilated combatants, who, no longer possessed of their dangerous weapons of offence, or exhausted with wounds, are fain to make a peaceable meal upon the carcases of their former associates. What moral might the observer extract from the high daring and noble prowess of these little aquatics, none of which ever acquire the paltry magnitude of three quarters of an inch! What exquisite smiles might be drawn from such a fertile source to embellish the pages of history, or to be sounded upon the harp of flattery, to swell the festive raptures of the hero!

Nothing is more striking to the naturalist than the contrast between the grandeur and the immensity of power displayed by the angry waves around him, and the delicate and fragile forms which crowd their surface.

The crest of a billow, which causes the tough fir-ribbed vessel to tremble beneath it like a child under the rod of its tutor, passes harmlessly over myriads of beings, which, when removed from their native element, dissolve under the fervour of the sun, or break in pieces by their own weight. Yet, unobtrusive as are these lower links in the scale of nature, escaping by their very humility that destruction which so often overwhelms the proud lord of the creation in spite of all his science and his strength, they are often individually dressed in beauty before which the lily would fade, and the rose hide its blushes; and, collectively, they produce some of the most sublime phenomena, which have even astonished the philosopher, building up islands in the midst of the deep, or, in mimic sportiveness, alarming the mariner with the appearance of unreal shoals, and wakening the lightning of the waters to increase the brilliancy of moonlight, or to render more terrific the gloom of the midnight tempest.

This picture may appear too glowing to many, but in my next I will endeavour to establish its correctness.

NO. II.

MOLLUSCAE. FALSE SHOALS.

Those who have sought relief from the summer heats at Long Branch or Cape May, have probably noticed, in their ramblings along the beach, certain gelatinous transparent masses deposited by the receding tide upon the sands. They resemble very large plano-convex lenses, and are devoid of colour, except in a few minute points, which appear like grains of yellow sand, or the eggs of some shells embedded in their substance. This has led many to consider them as the spawn of some marine animal.

If one of these gellies be placed in a tub of brine immediately after it reaches the shore, the observer will be surprised to find it possessed of animation. The superior, or convex part, will expand like the top of an umbrella, and from its under surface several fringed and leaf-like membranes will be developed. The remains of numerous threads, or tendrils, will float out from the margin of the umbrella, following the motions of the animal as it swims around the tub. These threads are often several feet in length before they are broken by the sand; they are probably employed both to entice and secure the prey, and they produce a sharp, stinging sensation, when applied to the skin. It is from the appearance and offensive power of these last organs, that seamen have given the animal the title of the sea nettle, and naturalists the generic name medusa.

I have offered this rude description of the medusa, as a familiar example of the class of animated beings which are the subjects of the following remarks. They are all alike gelatinous and transparent, and many of them melt and flow away when exposed in the open air to the direct rays of the sun.

Of all the tribes of molluscae which are scattered over every part of the ocean, the most splendid and the best known is the Portuguese man-of-war (physalia). This is an oblong animated sack of air, elongated at one extremity into a conical neck, and surmounted by a membranous expansion running nearly the whole length of the body, and rising above into a semicircular sail, which can be expanded or contracted to a considerable extent, at the pleasure of the animal. From beneath the body are suspended from ten to fifty or more little tubes, from half an inch to an inch in length, open at their lower extremity, and formed like the flower of the blue bottle. These have been regarded as temporary receptacles for food, like the first stomach of cattle; but as the animal is destitute of any visible mouth or alimentary canal, and as I have frequently seen fish in their cavities apparently half digested, I cannot but consider them as proper stomachs; nor indeed is it a greater paradox in zoology that an animal should possess many independent stomachs, than that the strange carnivorous vegetable, the sarcines, should make use of its leaves apparently for a similar purpose.

From the centre of this group of stomachs depends a little cord, never exceeding the fourth of an inch in thickness, and often forty times as long as the body.

The size of the Portuguese man-of-war varies from half an inch to six inches in length. When it is in motion, the sail is accommodated to the force of the breeze, and the elongated neck is curved upward, giving to the animal a form strongly resembling the little glass vases which we sometimes see swimming in goblets.

It is not the form, however, which constitutes the chief beauty of this little navigator. The lower part of the body and the neck are devoid of all colour, except a faint iridescence in reflected lights, and they are so perfectly transparent that the finest print is not obscured when viewed through them. The back becomes gradually tinged as we ascend, with the finest and most delicate blue that can be imagined; the base of the sail equals the purest sky in depth and beauty of tint; the summit is of the most splendid red, and the central part is shaded by the gradual intermixture of these colours through all the intermediate grades of purples. Drawn as it were upon a ground-work of mist, the tints have an aerial softness far beyond the reach of art, and warranting the seemingly imaginative description given at the close of the first number.

The group of stomachs is less transparent, and although the hue is the same as that of the back, they are, on this account incomparably less elegant. By their weight and form they fill the double office of a keel and ballast, while the cord-like appendage, which floats out for yards behind, is called by seamen the cable.

The mode in which the animal secures his prey has been a subject of much speculation, for the fish and crabs that are frequently found within the little tubes,

are often large enough to tear them in pieces could they retain their natural vigour during the contest. Deceived by the extreme pain which is felt when the cable is brought into contact with the back of the hand, naturalists have concluded, I think too hastily, that this organ secretes a poisonous or acrid fluid, by which it benumbs any unfortunate fish or other animal that ventures within its toils, allured by the hope of making a meal upon what, in its ignorance, it has mistaken for a worm. The secret will be better explained by a more careful examination of the organ itself. The chord is composed of a narrow lair of contractile fibres, scarcely visible when relaxed, on account of its transparency. If the animal be large, this layer of fibres will sometimes extend itself to the length of four or five yards. A spiral line of blue bead-like bodies, less than the head of a pin, revolves around the cable from end to end, and under the microscope these beads appear covered with minute prickles, so hard and sharp, that they will readily enter the substance of wood, adhering with such pertinacity that the cord can rarely be detached without breaking.

It is to these prickles that the man-of-war owes its power of destroying animals much its superior in strength and activity. When any thing becomes impaled upon the cord, the contractile fibres are called into action, and rapidly shrink from many feet in length to less than the same number of inches, bringing the prey within reach of the little tubes, by one of which it is immediately swallowed.

This weapon, so insignificant in appearance, is yet sufficiently formidable even to man. I had once the misfortune to become entangled with the cable of a very large man-of-war while swimming in the open ocean, and amply did it avenge its fellows, who now sleep in my cabinet robbed at once of life and beauty. The pain which it inflicted was almost insupportable for some time, nor did it entirely cease for twenty-four hours.

I might now proceed to describe many analogous animals scarcely inferior in interest, but it is time to notice some individuals of another tribe, residing beneath the surface, and therefore less generally known.

The grandest of these is the beroc. In size and form it precisely resembles a purse, the mouth, or orifice, answering to one of the modern metallic clasps. It is perfectly transparent, and in order to distinguish its filmy outlines, it is necessary to place it in a tumbler of brine held between the observer and the light. In certain directions the whole body appears faintly iridescent, but there are several longitudinal narrow lines which reflect the full rich tints of the rainbow in the most vivid manner, for ever varying and mingling the hues, even while the animal remains at rest. Under the microscope these lines display a succession of innumerable coloured scales or minute fins, which are kept unceasingly in motion, thus producing the play of colours by continually changing the angle of reflection.

The movements of the beroc are generally retrograde, and are not aided by the coloured scales, but depend upon the alternate contraction and dilatation of the mouth. The lips are never perfectly closed, and the little fish and shrimps which play around them are continually entering and leaving them at pleasure. The animal is dependent for its food upon such semi-animated substances as it draws within its grasp by moving slowly backwards in the water, and retains them in consequence of their own feebleness and inability to escape the weakest of snares.

Another tribe of the sea-purses, (salpa,) though much smaller than the beroc, are more complex in structure, and possess a higher interest in consequence of the singular habits of some of the species. They are double sacks, resembling the beroc in general form, but destitute of iridescence.

The outer sack, or mantle, rarely exceeds an inch in length, and is commonly about half as wide. The inner sack is much smaller, and the interval between these forms a cavity for the water which they breathe, and for some of the viscera. Their visible organs are a transparent heart, which can only be seen in the strongest light; a splendid double row of whitish bead-like cavities forming a spiral line near one extremity, and supposed to be either lungs or ovaries; numerous broad, flat, pearly muscles, barely distinguished by their distinctness, and an alimentary canal as fine as horse-hair, with a slight enlargement at one spot, which has been called a stomach. This enlargement resembles both in size and colour a grain of sand. From the base of the animal arises two longer and four or five shorter conical

spines of jelly, curved into hooks at the points, by means of which numerous individuals attach themselves together in double rows like the leaflets of a pinnated leaf. Cords of this kind, composed of forty or fifty animals, were often taken, but they separate and reattach themselves at pleasure.

To the gregarious habits of this little mollusque we owe a very singular and striking phenomena, which I have never seen noticed by naturalists, although we frequently witnessed it near the Cape of Good Hope.

The animals are occasionally found associated together in such countless myriads that the sea is literally filled with them, sometimes over three or four square miles of surface, and to the depth of several fathoms. The yellow spots which have been described being the only coloured portions of their body, give to the whole tract the appearance of a shoal or sand bank at some distance below the surface. The deception is heightened by the greater smoothness of the water at these places, particularly in calm weather, for so closely are the animals crowded together, that the water is rendered in a manner less fluid; the smaller billows break around the margin and are lost, while the heavy waves of the southern ocean are somewhat opposed in their progress, and take on in a slight degree the usual appearance of the ground swell. There can be but little doubt that many of the numerous shoals laid down in the charts of this region, but which have never been seen by any but the supposed discoverers, have been immense banks of these gregarious molluscae. In sailing through a tract of this description, in which the progress of the ship was very sensibly retarded, I have dipped up with the ship's bucket a greater bulk of the animals than of the water in which they were suspended. How wonderful are the effects produced by the minute links of creation!

C.

C. wishes those of his friends who have devoted themselves to the study of natural history, to understand distinctly that the anatomical and chemical terms contained in these essays, are employed, not in their scientific but in their popular sense, and also that in drawing the organs of the salpa he has followed Lamarck and Cuvier, without committing himself by any opinions upon the correctness of their generic descriptions, as applicable to this particular species.

No. III.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

As the glow-worm and the fire-fly enliven the night by land, so do many of the molluscae and other marine animals kindle their mimic fires by sea—but on a far grander and more imposing scale.

If, during a dark night, we watch attentively the advance and retreat of the breakers on the beach, we shall generally perceive the crest of each billow to be illuminated by a faint flash at the moment of its fall; and after the wave subsides, the beach will be spangled with minute but brilliant spots, which shine for a few moments and then disappear. These lights will convey an idea of what is meant by the phosphorescence of the ocean.

At all times, and in nearly all situations, the spray thrown up by the bow of the vessel is thickly strewed during the night with little silvery stars, that dance and whirl about among the eddies, until they are lost in the distance. These luminous particles are generally so small that they are caught with difficulty, and so perfectly transparent, that they can scarcely be distinguished from the drops of brine adhering to the net. Their own radiance, by which they are visible in their native element, is soon lost when brought into the air, for it ceases instantly on the death of the animal. The few specimens which I have examined were either gelatinous molluscae or microscopic shrimps; the former being luminous throughout their entire substance, and the latter, like the glow-worm, emitting an intermittent light from a lantern near the tail.

Such were the appearances noticed in most parts of the North Atlantic Ocean, excepting the Gulf stream. The fretful waves of this region, vexed as it is by perpetual squalls, appear to be wrapped in total darkness. But in the tropical regions, and throughout the vast expanse of the Southern and Indian Oceans, the grandeur and sublimity of the night scene were often beyond description. The vivid hues of "the double headed shot clouds," which rise like immense mountains from the water of the western horizon, seemed to fade into twilight only to give place to a still more beautiful illumination in the bosom of the waves. The bow of the vessel scattered far around a blaze of light, which shone

brilliantly under the brightest moon, and was often sufficiently intense to enable us to read upon the deck. Leaning over the stern, our track resembled a vast trough of fire, studded with innumerable floating lanterns and stars, such as fall from an exploding sky-rocket. In the eddies, the whirling of these bodies produced long streams of light like serpents drawn in flame, and occasionally immense globes of fire would roll along beneath the keel, at the depth of several fathoms, yet so intensely bright that the little rudder fish were distinctly visible sporting beneath the cabin windows. These globes are generally as large as a flour barrel, and according to Peron and Lesueur, they are sometimes seen to reach the enormous diameter of twenty feet. I had once the gratification to observe one of these animals within a foot of the surface. It was a medusa, large enough to fill a bushel basket, visible in every fibre by its own illumination.

At these times the crest of every wave resembles a long line of ignited phosphorus, and every dip of the oar, or plunge of the bucket, produces a flash of light, and scattered scintillations on every side. Even the larger fish, when they approach the vessel, are followed by a luminous path like the tail of a comet, and they are often struck with the harpoon, guided by this appearance alone.

The sea at times resembles a field of snow or milk, and Peron asserts that it is often tinged with prismatic colours, varying at every moment; but these phenomena were not witnessed in our voyage.

The strangest of all the modes in which the phosphorescence of the ocean is exhibited, was witnessed near the island of Tristan D'Acunha, under circumstances too impressive to be forgotten.

The night was dark and damp, and the breeze too light to steady the vessel. She rolled heavily over the waves, making it difficult for a landsman to walk the deck. A fog bank, which hung around the northern horizon at sunset, now swept slowly down towards us. The captain ordered the light sails furled in expectation of a squall, and we stood leaning together over the rail, watching the mist, which approached more and more rapidly, till it resembled, in the increasing darkness, an immense wall extending from the water to the clouds, and seemed threatening to crush us beneath it. Just at this moment, a flash, like a broad sheet of lightning, spread itself over the surface of the ocean as far as the eye could reach—five or six times, at intervals of a few seconds, the flash was repeated, and then the vessel was enveloped in the fog. The breeze quickened—the bustle of preparation attracted the attention of every one, and in a few moments we were bounding along at the rate of ten miles an hour, over waves sparkling in the clear moonshine, but the “lightning of the waters” had ceased. I have always regretted that I did not ascertain by what animal this most singular phenomenon was produced, but the wild interest of the scene banished every thought of the kind. In the course of the night we passed through several beds of the salpa, and it is very probable that the flashes were produced by these little creatures, induced, by a wonderful instinct, to act in concert for some inscrutable purpose.

There are few phenomena in nature which have led to a greater diversity of opinion among modern men of science, than the luminous appearance of the ocean during the night. Some have regarded it as the effect of electricity, produced by the friction of the waves; others as the product of a species of fermentation in the water, occurring accidentally in certain places. Many have attributed it to the well known phosphorescence of putrid fish, or to the decomposition of their slime and exuvia, and a few only to the real cause—the voluntary illumination of many distinct species of marine animals, generally analogous to the tribes which were described in the former number of these Reminiscences. Even those authors who have acknowledged the agency of animal life in producing this wonderful appearance, have been in a manner compelled, by its universality, and by the almost incredible multiplication of beings which it infers, to admit the probable co-operation of other causes.

My own observation has led to the conclusion, that the phosphorescence of the ocean is due solely to the peculiar instinct of the molluscs, and some genera of the crustaceae.

The electrical hypothesis is certainly fallacious, for were we even to grant the possibility of producing an electric light in an agitated fluid, which is itself an imperfect conductor, similar to that occasioned by the attrition of white sugar or glass in the dark, the acknow-

ledged physical law, that like causes produce like effects, would lead us to expect an uniform diffusion of the phosphorescence over a considerable extent of water under the same latitude and longitude; but this is not the case. A ship will often be enveloped for a few moments in so bright an illumination that a book may be read upon the deck, and at the next instant she may be involved in almost total darkness. Again, electricity is eliminated with the greatest facility in a cold and dry atmosphere; but the phosphorescence of the ocean is most considerable in tropical climates, nor is it diminished by storms or rain. The supposition of a fermentation of the surface is equally unsatisfactory, for such a process would lead to an equable diffusion of light over the whole space in which it acted. But the luminous matter is almost always seen in distinct masses or particles; and the few exceptions to this rule which have been observed, do not admit of an explanation according to the known effects of fermentation. The light eliminated by putrid fish furnishes a most plausible theory, but the very wide extent of the illumination, is, of itself, sufficient to prove its incorrectness. It has been already shown to what an incalculable amount the living inhabitants of the ocean increase, but the reverse is true of the dead. The air and the water swarm with innumerable depurators, who devour every thing that dies, whether beneath the surface or upon it. The albatross, the stormy petrel, the Cape pigeon, some of the gulls, and other marine fowls, which are constantly soaring by thousands over every sea, seize upon all unprotected animals, dead or living, which remain within their reach. The three former birds will follow the ship for days during calm weather, to share the offals thrown over by the cook; and so ravenous is their appetite, that they are frequently caught with the hook and line baited with meat, and trolled in the wake of the vessel. I have frequently seen them bathing their feathers in the grease which floats around the refuse of the camboose, and skimming it up with their spoon-shaped bills with every demonstration of pleasure. Those bodies that sink by their gravity fall a prey to the fish, and those that are too minute to attract the attention of the larger animals, are speedily devoured by the molluscs. Thus the waters are preserved in a high degree of purity, and probably there does not remain sufficient putrescent matter in a cubic league of water to render luminous a cubic yard. In passing over an extent of ocean greater than the whole circumference of the earth, I did not see a single dead animal of any kind.

The purpose for which this phosphorescence is designed, is lost in conjecture; but when we recollect that fish are attracted to the net by the lights of the fishermen, and that many of the marine shells will leave their native element to crawl around a fire built upon the beach, are we not warranted in supposing that the animals of which we have been speaking, are provided with their luminous properties, in order to entice their prey within their grasp?

In quitting the subject of the minute animals of the ocean, I should not neglect to refer the curious to three engravings in the volume of plates to the Voyage aux Terres Australes, by Peron and Lesueur, where may be seen the happiest efforts of the pencil in delineating some of these interesting beings. The work is contained in the Philadelphia library, and will amply repay the trouble of a visit.

FINLAND SONG.

ADDRESSED BY A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

By Dr. John Leyden.

Sweet bird of the meadow,
Oh, soft be thy rest!
Thy mother will wake thee
At morn from thy nest;
She has made a soft nest,
Little redbreast, for thee,
Of the leaves of the birch,
And the moss of the tree.
Then soothe thee, sweet bird
Of my bosom, once more!
'Tis Sleep, little infant,
That stands at the door.
“Where is the sweet babe,”
You may hear how he cries,
“Where is the sweet babe
In his cradle that lies;
“In his cradle, soft swaddled
In vestments of down?
“’Tis mine to watch o’er him
Till darkness be flown.”

Biographical Memoir

OF

JOHN LEYDEN, M. D.

From the Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

INTRODUCTION.

The example of such men as the subject of the following sketch is peculiarly adapted for the instruction of the aspiring and energetic youth of a rising republic. His talents were bestowed by nature, but they were improved, enlarged, and brought into service, by his own assiduity and studious research. The vocation of Leyden's father was little above that of a day labourer, and all his household establishment corresponded with his external means. A friend to whom we had loaned the memoir, says:—“I well and fondly remember the time when I partook of the kind hospitality of the patriarch under the roof of their thatched cottage. Their board was humble, and their fare frugal, but the serenity, the cheerfulness, the intelligence, that pervaded the happy circle, rendered the paternal mansion of Leyden a scene which kings and princes might envy.”

Springing from such origin, bursting, by the force of almost unaided genius, through the many obstacles to success, he at an early age took a distinguished rank among contemporary literary characters. He made for himself a name, and what is still more honourable, he left it untarnished. His principles, based on an immutable foundation, resisted all the allurements of pleasure, and the whisperings of selfishness. Manfully he pursued his course—but his desires soared beyond the power of accomplishment, and he no doubt felt a victim to his eager pursuit after knowledge. Is there not, however, more attained in such a life than in the three score and ten years of the idler, or the dull and lazy plodding of so many of our race?

Where talent and principle are so finely blended, we have the more confidence in recommending it as an example to the young, while we gratify our senior readers with a delightful biographical sketch of a distinguished man, and that sketch written by Sir Walter Scott. The Poetical Remains of Leyden were collected and edited by the Rev. James Morton, and are in the Philadelphia Library, as well as the “Malay Annals,” and an “Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa,” enlarged and completed by Hugh Murray, Esq. The latter is the basis of a more recent work, entitled, “Narrative of Discovery and Adventure in Africa, by Professor Jameson, James Wilson, and Hugh Murray,” republished in Harper's Family Library.

The subject of the present brief memorial will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was descended from a family of small farmers, long settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, Roxburghshire, Scotland. He loved to mention some traditional rhymes, which one of his ancestors had composed, and to commemorate the prowess of another, who had taken arms with the insurgent Cameronians, about the time of the revolution, and who distinguished himself by his gallantry at the defence of the church-yard of Dunkeld, 21st August, 1689, against a superior body of Highlanders, when Colonel Cleland, the leader of these rustic enthusiasts, was slain at their head. John Leyden, residing in the village of Denholm, and parish of Cavers Roxburghshire, and Isabella Scott, his wife, were the parents of Dr. Leyden, and still survive to deplore the irreparable loss of a son, the honour alike of his family and country. Their irreproachable life, and simplicity of manners, recommended them to the respect and kindness of their neighbours, and to the protection of the family of Mr. Douglas of Cavers, upon whose estate they resided.

John Leyden, so eminent for the genius which he displayed, and the extensive knowledge which he accumu-

lated during his brief career, was born at Denholm, on 8th September, 1775, and bred up, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

"About a year after his birth," says his relative and biographer, Mr. Morton, "his parents removed to Henslawhill, a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Neather Toils, which was then held by Mr. Andrew Blithe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life.

"Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progress was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testament."

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, schoolmaster at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year, (1786), when a Mr. W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterised John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused and upon the watch. The rude traditional tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory, and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his own mind, and many, if not all the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a borderer of former times. To this may be ascribed his eager admiration of adventurous deeds and military achievement, his contempt of luxury, his zealous and somewhat exclusive preference of his native district, an affected dislike to the southron, as the "auld enemies of Scotland," an earnest desire to join to the reputation of high literary acquirements the praise of an adept at all manly exercises, and the disregard of ceremony, and bold undaunted bearing in society, which might be supposed to have characterised an ancient native of the border. In his early days, also, he probably really felt the influence of those superstitious impressions, which at a later period he used sometimes to assume, to the great amusement of his friends, and astonishment of strangers. It was indeed somewhat singular, when he got upon this topic, to hear Leyden maintain powerfully, and with great learning, the exploded doctrines of demonology, and sometimes even affect to confirm the strange tales with which his memory abounded, by reference to the ghostly experiences of his childhood. Even to those most intimate with him, he would sometimes urge such topics, in a manner which made it impossible to determine whether he was serious or jocular; and most probably his fancy, though not his sober judgment, actually retained some impressions borrowed from the scenes he has himself described.

The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,
The haunted mountain streams that murmur'd near,
The antique tombstone, and the church-yard green,
Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen:
Oft when the eastern moon rose darkly red,
I heard the viewless paces of the dead,
Heard in the breeze the wandering spirits' sigh,
Or airy skirts unseen, that rustled by.

Scenes of Infancy.

But the romantic legend and heroic ballad did not satiate, though they fed, his youthful appetite for knowledge. The obscure shepherd boy never heard of any source of information within his reach, without straining every nerve to obtain access to it. A companion, for example, had met with an odd volume of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and gave an account of its contents, which excited the curiosity of young Leyden. This precious book was in possession of a blacksmith's apprentice, who lived at several miles distance from Denholm, and the season was winter. Leyden, however, waded through the snow, to present himself by daybreak at the forge door, and request a perusal of this interesting book in presence of the owner, for an unlimited loan was scarcely to be hoped for. He was disappointed, was obliged to follow the blacksmith to a still greater distance, where he was employed on some temporary job, and when he found him, the son of Vulcan, with caprice worthy of a modern collector, was not disposed to impart his treasure, and put him off with some apology. Leyden remained stationary beside him the whole day, till the lad, softened, or wearied out by his pertinacity, actually made him a present of the volume, and he returned home by sunset, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but in triumphant possession of a treasure, for which he would have subjected himself to yet greater privations. This childish history took place when he was about eleven years old; nor is there any great violence in conjecturing that these fascinating tales, obtained with so much difficulty, may have given his youthful mind that decided turn towards oriental learning which was displayed through his whole life, and illustrated by his regretted and too early decease. At least, the anecdote affords an early and striking illustration of the ardour of his literary curiosity, and the perseverance which marked his pursuit of the means for gratifying it.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike, or a Birmingham knife, would have been to Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. From the new teacher at Kirktown, Leyden acquired some smattering of the Latin language; but ere he could make any progress, the school became again vacant in the year 1786. Next year it was again opened by a third schoolmaster, named Andrew Scott, under whom Leyden gained some knowledge of arithmetic. Thus transferred from one teacher to another, snatching information at such times, and in such portions, as those precarious circumstances afforded, he continued not only to retain the elemental knowledge which he had acquired, but to struggle onward vigorously in the paths of learning. It seems probable that the disadvantage sustained from want of the usual assistances to early learning, may, in so energetic a mind as that of Leyden, be in many respects balanced by the habit of severe study, and painful investigation, which it was necessary to substitute for those adventitious aids. The mind becomes doubly familiar with that information which it has attained through its own laborious and determined perseverance, and acquires a readiness in encountering and overcoming difficulties of a similar nature, from the consciousness of those which it has already successfully surmounted. Accordingly, Leyden used often to impute the extraordinary facility which he possessed in the acquisition of languages to the unassisted exercises of his juvenile years.

About this period his predominant desire for learning had determined his parents to breed young Leyden up for the Church of Scotland, trusting for his success to those early talents which already displayed themselves so strongly. Mr. Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in the Latin language. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the College of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned Professor Andrew Dalzell used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercises. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to

those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension, and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

The Greek language was long his favourite study, and, considering his opportunities, he became much more intimately acquainted with its best authors than is usual in Scotland, even among those who make some pretensions to literature. The Latin he understood thoroughly; and it is, perhaps, the best proof of his classical attainments, that, at a later period, to use his own expression, "he passed muster pretty well when introduced to Dr. Parr."

Leyden was now at the fountain head of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations, by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, particularly some of the medical classes,—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church, a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics, under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at college. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study: whatever subject interested his mind at the time attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit. It seemed frequently to be Leyden's object to learn just so much of a particular science as should enable him to resume it at any future period: and to those who objected to the miscellaneous, or occasionally the superficial nature of his studies, he used to answer with his favourite interjection, "Dash it, man, never mind: if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please." But this mode of study, however successful with John Leyden, cannot be safely recommended to a student of less retentive memory and robust application. With him, however, at least while he remained in Britain, it seemed a matter of little consequence for what length of time he resigned any particular branch of study; for when either some motive, or mere caprice, induced him to resume it, he could, with little difficulty, reunite all the broken associations, and begin where he left off months or years before, without having lost an inch of ground during the interval.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodising, and enlarging, the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at college. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to perform. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrances by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft, of which it was the supposed scene; and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement,

contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-vials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish, who began to account this abstracted student like the gifted person described by Wordsworth, as possessing—

—waking empire wide as dreams,
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear;
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer:
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds, and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.

This was a distinction which, as we have already hinted, he was indeed not unwilling to affect, and to which, so far as the visions existing in the high fancy of the poet can supply those ascribed to the actual ghost-seer, he had indeed no slight pretensions.

Books as well as retirement were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies, and not always attainable. But his research collected from every quarter such as were accessible by loan, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that were not otherwise to be procured. The reputation also of his prosperous career of learning obtained him occasional access to the library at Cavers; an excellent old collection, in which he met, for the first time, many of those works of the middle ages which he studied with so much research and success. A Froissart, in particular, translated by Lord Berners, captivated his attention with all those tales "to savage virtue dear," which coincided with his taste for chivalry, and with the models on which it had been formed: and tales of the Black Prince, of the valiant Chandos, and of Geoffrey Tete-Noire, now rivalled the legends of Johnnie Armstrong, Walter the Devil, and the Black Douglas.

In the country, Leyden's society was naturally considerably restricted, but while at college it began to extend itself among such of his fellow students as were distinguished for proficiency in learning. Among these we may number the celebrated author of the *Pleasures of Hope*; the Rev. Alexander Murray, united with Leyden in the kindred pursuit of oriental learning, and whose lamp, like that of his friend, was extinguished at the moment when it was placed in the most conspicuous elevation;* William Erskine, with whom Leyden renewed his friendship in India; the late ingenious Dr. Thomas Brown, distinguished for his early proficiency in the science of moral philosophy, of which he was professor in the Edinburgh College; the Rev. Robert Lundie, Minister of Kelso, and several other young men of talents, who at that time pursued their studies in the University of Edinburgh.

Leyden was also fortunate enough to attract the notice and patronage of Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh, the first man of letters who presented the public with a complete edition of English poetry, from the time of Chaucer downwards. The notice and encouragement of a gentleman, whose benevolence of disposition placed all his literary experience at the command of the young student, was of the utmost consequence to the direction of his studies, and was always warmly remembered and kindly acknowledged by John Leyden, who, under the doctor's patronage, had also an opportunity of trying his young wings by a flight or two in the poetical department of the *Edinburgh Magazine*.

In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the College of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured Leyden the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, a situation which he retained for two or three years. During the winter of 1798, he attended the two young gentlemen to their studies at the College of St. Andrew's. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation. The secluded situation also of St. Andrew's, the monastic life of the students, the fragments of antiquity with which that once metropolitan town is surrounded, and the libraries of its colleges, gave him additional opportunity and impulse to pursue his favourite plans of study.

* This amiable man, and great orientalist, died within a few months after he had been appointed to the chair of the Hebrew professorship in the University of Edinburgh, in consequence of such a list of splendid attestations of his qualifications, as has rarely honoured the most distinguished scholars.

About the time he resided at St. Andrew's, the renown of Mungo Park, and Leyden's enthusiastic attachment to all researches connected with oriental learning, turned his thoughts towards the history of Africa, in which he found much to enchant an imagination that loved to dwell upon the grand, the marvellous, the romantic, and even the horrible, and which was rather fired than appalled by the picture of personal danger and severe privation. Africa, indeed, had peculiar charms for Leyden. He delighted to read of hosts, whose arrows intercepted the sun-beams; of kings and leaders, who judged of the numberless number of their soldiers by marching them over the trunk of a cedar, and only deemed their strength sufficient to take the field when such myriads had passed as to reduce the solid timber to impalpable dust; the royal halls also of Dahomy, built of skulls and cross-bones, and moistened with the daily blood of new victims of tyranny;—all, in short, that presented strange, wild, and romantic views of what have been quaintly entitled "the ultimities and summities of human nature," and which furnished new and unheard of facts in the history of man, had great fascination for his ardent imagination. And about this time he used to come into company, quite full of these extraordinary stories garnished faithfully with the unpronounceable names of the despots and tribes of Africa, which any one at a distance would have taken for the exorcism of a conjuror. The fruit of his researches he gave to the public in a small volume, entitled "A Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa, at the close of the 18th century," crown 8vo. 1799. It is written on the plan of Raynal's celebrated work, and as it contains a clear and lively abridgment of the information afforded by travellers whose works are of rare occurrence, it was favourably received by the public. Among Leyden's native hills, however, there arose a groundless report that this work was compiled for the purpose of questioning whether the evidence of Mungo Park went the length of establishing the western course of the Niger. This unfounded rumour gave offence to some of Mr. Park's friends, nicely jealous of the fame of their countryman, of whom they had such just reason to be proud. And thus, what would have been whimsical enough, the dispute regarding the course of the Niger in Africa, had nearly occasioned a feud upon the Scottish border. For John Leyden happening to be at Hawick while the upper troop of Roxburghshire yeomanry were quartered there, was told, with many exaggerations, of menaces thrown out against him, and advised to leave the town. Leyden was then in the act of quitting the place; but, instead of expediting his retreat, in consequence of this friendly hint, he instantly marched to the market-place, at the time when the corps paraded there, humming surlily, like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a border song,

I've done nae ill, I'll brook nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray I will gang.

His appearance and demeanour were construed into seeking a quarrel, with which his critics, *more majorum*, would readily have indulged him, had not friendly interposition appeased the causeless resentment of both parties. The *History of African Discoveries*, Leyden proposed to extend to four volumes 8vo. and had made great preparations for the work; he was in constant communication on the subject with Messrs. Longman and Co., by whom it was to have been published, and some sheets were actually printed, when the design was interrupted by his Indian voyage.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St. Andrew's, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr. Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal, and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr. Campbell's, were secure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society, to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr. Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description, and it originated in the following circumstances.

John Leyden's feelings were naturally poetical, and he was early led to express them in the language of poetry. Before he visited St. Andrew's, and while residing there, he had composed both fragments and complete

pieces of poetry in almost every style and stanza which our language affords, from an unfinished tragedy on the fate of the Darien settlement, to songs, ballads, and comic tales. Many of these essays afterwards found their way to the press through the medium of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, as already mentioned. In this periodical miscellany appeared, from time to time, poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, from the Arabic, from the Syriac, from the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces, indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed J. L.; and the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793 and 1794, and the speculations which he formed respecting an author, who, by many indicia, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted. About this time also Mr. Archibald Constable, whose enterprising and liberal conduct of business has since made his name so conspicuous as a publisher, was opening business chiefly as a retailer of curious and ancient books, a department in which he possessed extensive knowledge; Mr. Richard Heber, the extent of whose invaluable library is generally known, was, in the winter of 1799–1800, residing in Edinburgh, and a frequenter of course of Mr. Constable's shop, where he made many valuable acquisitions, at a rate very different from the exactions of the present day. In these researches he formed an acquaintance with Leyden, who examined, as an amateur, the shelves which Mr. Heber ransacked as a purchaser, and the latter discovered with pleasure the unknown author of the poems which I have already alluded to. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and was cemented by mutual advantage. Mr. Heber had found an associate as ardent as himself in the pursuit of classical knowledge, and who would sit up night after night to collate editions, and to note various readings; and Leyden, besides the advantage and instruction which he derived from Mr. Heber's society, enjoyed that of being introduced, by his powerful recommendation, to the literary gentlemen of Edinburgh, with whom he lived in intimacy. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, the distinguished author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr. Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad, romance, and border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception. And by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar; nor indeed were they at any time much modified during his continuing in Europe; and here, perhaps, as properly as elsewhere, we may endeavour to give some idea of his personal appearance and deportment in company.

In his complexion the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with his brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well-proportioned features, gave an acute and interesting turn of expression to his whole countenance. He was of middle stature, of a frame rather thin than strong built, but muscular and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exertions, in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For he was no less anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for learning and literary talent, than to be held a fearless player at single-stick, a formidable boxer, and a distinguished adept at leaping, running, walking, climbing, and all exercises which depend on animal spirits and muscular exertion. Feats of this nature he used to detail with such liveliness as sometimes led his audience to charge him with exaggeration; but, unlike the athletic in Æsop's apologue, he was always ready to attempt the repetition of his great leap at Rhodes, were it at the peril of breaking his neck on the spot. And certainly in many cases his spirit and energy carried him through enterprises, which his friends considered as most rashly undertaken. An instance occurred on board of ship in India, where two gentlemen, by way of ridiculing Leyden's pretensions to agility, offered him a bet of sixty gold mohrs that he could not go aloft. Our bard instantly betook himself to the shrouds, and, at all the risk incident to a landman who first attempts such an ascent, successfully scaled the maintop. There it was intended to subject him to a usual practical sea joke, by *seizing him up*, i. e. tying

him, till he should redeem himself by paying a fine. But the spirit of Leyden dictated desperate resistance, and, finding he was likely to be overpowered, he flung himself from the top, and, seizing a rope, precipitated himself on deck by letting it slide rapidly through his grasp. In this operation he lost the skin of both hands, but of course won his wager. But when he observed his friends look grave at the expensive turn which their jest had taken, he tore and flung into the sea the order for the money which they had given him, and contented himself with the triumph which his spirit and agility had gained. This little anecdote may illustrate his character in more respects than one.

In society, John Leyden's first appearance had something that revolted the fastidious and alarmed the delicate. He was a bold and uncompromising disputant, and neither subdued his tone, nor modified the form of his argument, out of deference to the rank, age, or even sex, of those with whom he was maintaining it. His voice, which was naturally loud and harsh, was on such occasions exaggerated into what he himself used to call his *saw-tones*, which were not very pleasant to the ear of strangers. His manner was animated, his movements abrupt, and the gestures with which he enforced his arguments rather forcible than elegant; so that, altogether, his first appearance was somewhat appalling to persons of low animal spirits, or shy and reserved habits, as well as to all who expected much reverence in society on account of the adventitious circumstances of rank or station. Besides, his spirits were generally at top-flood, and entirely occupied with what had last arrested his attention; and thus his own feats, or his own studies, were his topic more frequently than is consistent with the order of good company, in which every person has a right to expect his share of conversation. He was indeed too much bent on attaining personal distinction in society to choose nicely the mode of acquiring it. For example, in the course of a large evening party, crowded with fashionable people, to many of whom Leyden was an absolute stranger, silence being imposed for the purpose of a song, one of his friends with great astonishment, and some horror, heard Leyden, who could not sing a note, scream forth a verse or two of some border ditty, with all the dissonance of an Indian war-whoop. In their way home, his friend ventured to remonstrate with him on this extraordinary exhibition, to which his defence was, "Dash it, man, they would have thought I was afraid to sing before them." In short, his egotism, his bold assumption in society, his affectation of neglecting many of its forms as trifles beneath his notice, circumstances which often excited against his first appearance an undue and disproportionate prejudice, were entirely founded upon the resolution to support his independence, and to assert that character formed between the lettered scholar, and the wild rude borderer, the counterpart, as it were, of Anacharsis, the philosophic Scythian, which, from his infancy, he was ambitious of maintaining.

His humble origin was with him rather a subject of honest pride than of false shame, and he was internally not unwilling that his deportment should to a certain degree partake of the simplicity of the ranks from which he had raised himself by his talents, to bear a share in the first society. He boasted in retaining these marks of his birth, as the Persian tribe, when raised to the rank of kings and conquerors, still displayed as their banner the leathern apron of the smith who founded their dynasty. He bore, however, with great good-humour all decent railery on his rough manners, and was often ready to promote such pleasantry by his own example. When a lady of rank and fashion one evening insisted upon his dancing, he wrote next morning a lively poetical epistle to her in the character of a dancing bear. This was his usual mode of escaping or apologising for any *besot* which his high spirits and heedless habits might lead him to commit, and several very pretty copies of complimentary verses were a sort of peace-offerings for trivial encroachments upon the ceremonial of society.

Having thus marked strongly the defects of his manner, and the prejudice which they sometimes excited, we crave credit from the public, while we record the real virtues and merits by which they were atoned a thousand-fold. Leyden's apparent harshness of address covered a fund of real affection to his friends, and kind-

ness to all with whom he mingled, unwearied in their service, and watchful to oblige them. To gratify the slightest wish of a friend, he would engage at once in the most toilsome and difficult researches, and when perhaps that friend had forgotten he ever intimated such a wish, Leyden came to pour down before him the fullest information on the subject which had excited his attention. And his temper was in reality, and notwithstanding an affectation of roughness, as gentle as it was generous. No one felt more deeply for the distress of those he loved. No one exhibited more disinterested pleasure in their success. In dispute, he never lost temper, and if he despised the outworks of ceremony, he never trespassed upon the essentials of good-breeding, and was himself the first to feel hurt and distressed if he conceived that he had, by any rash or hasty expression, injured the feelings of the most inconsiderable member of the company. In all the rough play of his argument too, he was strictly good-humoured, and was the first to laugh, if, as must happen occasionally to those who talk much, and upon every subject, some disputant of less extensive but more accurate information, contrived to arrest him in his very pitch of pride, by a home fact or incontrovertible argument. And, when his high and independent spirit, his firm and steady principles of religion and virtue, his constant good-humour, the extent and variety of his erudition, and the liveliness of his conversation, were considered, they must have been fastidious indeed who were not reconciled to the foibles or peculiarities of his tone and manner.

Many of those whose genius has raised them to distinction, have fallen into the fatal error of regarding their wit and talents as an excuse for the unlimited indulgence of their passions, and their biographers have too frequently to record the acts of extravagance, and habits of immorality, which disgraced and shortened their lives. From such crimes and follies John Leyden stood free and stainless. He was deeply impressed with the truths of Christianity, of which he was at all times a ready and ardent assertor, and his faith was attested by the purity of morals, which is its best earthly evidence. To the pleasures of the table he was totally indifferent, never exceeded the bounds of temperance in wine, though frequently in society where there was temptation to do so, and seemed hardly to enjoy any refreshment excepting tea, of which he sometimes drank very large quantities. When he was travelling or studying, his temperance became severe abstinence, and he often passed an entire day without any other food than a morsel of bread. To sleep he was equally indifferent, and when, during the latter part of his residence in Edinburgh, he frequently spent the day in company, he used, upon retiring home, to pursue his studies till a late hour in the morning, and satisfy himself with a very brief portion of repose. It was the opinion of his friends, that his strict temperance alone could have enabled him to follow so hard a course of reaching as he enjoined himself. His pecuniary resources were necessarily much limited; but he knew that independence, and the title of maintaining a free and uncontrolled demeanour in society, can only be attained by avoiding pecuniary embarrassments, and he managed his funds with such severe economy, that he seemed always at ease upon his very narrow income.

We have only another trait to add to his character as a member of society. With all his bluntness and peculiarity, and under disadvantages of birth and fortune, Leyden's reception among females of rank and elegance was favourable to a distinguished degree. Whether it is that the tact of the fair sex is finer than ours, or that they more readily pardon peculiarity in favour of originality, or that an uncommon address and manner is in itself a recommendation to their favour, or that they are not so readily offended as the male sex by a display of superior learning,—in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Leyden was a favourite among those whose favour all are ambitious to attain. Among the ladies of distinction who honoured him with their regard, it is sufficient to notice the late Duchess of Gordon, and Lady Charlotte Campbell, (now Bury,) who were then leaders of the fashionable society of Edinburgh. It is time to return to trace the brief events of his life.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher of the gos-

pel, and entered upon the functions then conferred upon him, by preaching in several of the churches in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. His style of pulpit oratory was marked with the same merits and faults which distinguish his poetry. His style was more striking than rhetorical, and his voice and gesture more violent than elegant; but his discourses were marked with strong traits of original genius, and although he pleaded an internal feeling of disappointment at being unequal to attain his own ideas of excellence as a preacher, it was impossible to listen to him without being convinced of his uncommon extent of learning, knowledge of ethics, and sincere zeal for the interest of religion.

The autumn of the same year was employed in a tour to the Highlands and Hebrides, in which Leyden accompanied two young foreigners who had studied at Edinburgh the preceding winter. In this tour he visited all the remarkable places of that interesting part of his native country, and diverging from the common and more commodious route, visited what are called the *rough bounds* of the Highlands, and investigated the decaying traditions of Celtic manners and story which are yet preserved in the wild districts of Moldart and Knoidart. The journal which he made on this occasion was a curious monument of his zeal and industry in these researches, and contained much valuable information on the subject of Highland manners and traditions, which is now probably lost to the public. It is remarkable, that after long and painful research in quest of original passages of the poems of Ossian, he adopted an opinion more favourable to their authenticity than has lately prevailed in the literary world. But the confessed infidelity of Macpherson must always excite the strongest suspicion on this subject. Leyden composed, with his usual facility, several detached poems upon Highland traditions, all of which have probably perished, excepting a ballad founded upon the romantic legend respecting Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin, inscribed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and published in the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*, which appeared at the distance of about a twelvemonth after the two first volumes of that work. The opening of this ballad exhibits a power of numbers, which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.* Nor were these legendary effusions the only fruit of his journey; for in his passage through Aberdeen, Leyden so far gained the friendship of the venerable Professor Beattie, that he obtained his permission to make a transcript from the only existing copy of the interesting poem entitled *Albania*. This work, which is a panegyric on Scotland, in nervous blank verse, written by an anonymous author in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Leyden afterwards republished along with Wilson's Clyde, under the title of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, 12mo, 1802.

In 1801, when Mr. Lewis published his *Tales of Wonder*, Leyden was a contributor to that collection, and furnished the ballad called the Elf-King. And in the following year, he employed himself earnestly in the congenial task of procuring materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the first publication of the editor of that collection. In this labour he was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad, with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of the saw-tones of his voice already commemorated. It turned out, that he had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of anti-

* It will be found at the close of this biographical sketch.—Ed.

quity. His antiquarian researches and poetic talents were also liberally exerted for the support of this undertaking. To the former, the reader owes in a great measure the Dissertation on Fairy Superstition, which, although arranged and digested by the editor, abounds with instances of such curious reading as Leyden alone had read, and was originally compiled by him: and to the latter the spirited ballads entitled Lord Soulis and the Court of Keeldar.

Leyden's next publication was *The Complaynt of Scotland*, a new edition of an ancient and singularly rare tract bearing that title, written by an uncertain author, about the year 1548. This curious work was published by Mr. Constable, in the year 1801. As the tract was itself of a diffuse and comprehensive nature, touching upon many unconnected topics, both of public policy and private life, as well as treating of the learning, the poetry, the music, and the arts of that early period, it gave Leyden an opportunity of pouring forth such a profusion of antiquarian knowledge in the Preliminary Dissertation, Notes, and Glossary, as one would have thought could hardly have been accumulated during so short a life, dedicated, too, to so many and varied studies. The intimate acquaintance which he has displayed with Scottish antiquities of every kind, from manuscript histories and rare chronicles down to the tradition of the peasant, and the rhymes even of the nursery, evince an extent of research, power of arrangement, and facility of recollection, which has never been equalled in this department.

This singular work was the means of introducing Leyden to the notice and correspondence of Mr. Ritson, the celebrated antiquary, who, in a journey to Scotland, during the next summer, found nothing which delighted him so much as the conversation of the editor of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, in whose favour he smoothed down and softened the natural asperity of his own disposition. The friendship, however, between these two authors was broken off by Leyden's running his Border hobby-horse a full tilt against the Pythagorean palfrey of the English antiquary. Ritson, it must be well remembered, had written a work against the use of animal food; Leyden, on the other hand, maintained it was a part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether the substance was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked; and he concluded a tirade to this purpose, by eating a raw beef-steak before the terrified antiquary, who never afterwards could be prevailed upon to regard him, except as a kind of learned Ogre. This breach, however, did not happen till they met in London, previous to Leyden's leaving Britain.

Meanwhile other pursuits were not abandoned in the study of Scottish antiquities. The *Edinburgh Magazine* was united in 1802 with the old *Scots Magazine*, and was now put under the management of Leyden by Mr. Constable the publisher. To this publication, during the period of his management, which was about five or six months, he contributed several occasional pieces of prose and poetry, in all of which he was successful, excepting in those where humour was required, which talent, notwithstanding his unvaried hilarity of temper, Leyden did not possess. He was also, during this year, engaged with his *Scenes of Infancy*, a poem which was afterwards published on the eve of his leaving Britain, and in which he has interwoven his own early feelings and recollections with the description and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. His individual partiality may be also traced in this interesting poem. Cavers and Denholm, the scenes of his childhood, and Hardou, formerly the seat of an ancient family from which one of his friends is descended, detain him with particular fondness. The poem was composed at different intervals, and much altered before publication. In particular, as it was originally written, the right or southern side of the Teviot was first surveyed, ere the poet took notice of the streams and scenery of the northern banks. A friend objected, that this arrangement was rather geographical than poetical, upon which Leyden new-modelled the whole poem, and introduced the subjects in their natural order, as they would occur to the traveller who should trace the river from its source to its junction with the Tweed. It is another remarkable circumstance, that the author has interwoven in this poem many passages which were originally either fragments or parts of essays upon very different subjects. This will in some degree account for the similes, in particular, not being always such as the subject seems naturally to suggest, but rather calculated to distract the attention, by hurrying it from the vale of

Teviot to distant countries, to Africa, to India, and to America, to the palaces of Gondar, and the enchanted halls of the Caliph Vathek. Indeed, as Leyden's reading was at all times somewhat ostentatiously displayed, so in his poetry he was sometimes a little too ambitious in introducing scientific allusions or terms of art, which embarrassed instead of exalting the simplicity of his descriptions. But when he is contented with a pure and natural tone of feeling and expression, his poetical powers claim the admiration and sympathy of every reader.

The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life. He had been for two years in orders, and there was every reason to hope that he might soon obtain a church, through the numerous friends and powerful interest which he now possessed. More than one nobleman of high rank expressed a wish to serve him, should any church in their gift become vacant; and from the recommendation of other friends to those possessed of political interest, he was almost assured of being provided for, by a crown prescution, on some early opportunity. But his eager desire of travelling, and of extending the bounds of literary and geographical knowledge, had become, as he expressed himself to an intimate friend, "his thought by day and his dream by night, and the discoveries of Mungo Park haunted his very slumbers." When the risk was objected to him, he used to answer in the phrase of Ossian, "Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead," and it became hopeless to think that this eager and aspiring spirit could be confined within the narrow sphere, and limited to the humble, though useful, duties of a country clergyman.

It was therefore now the wish of his friends to turn this irresistible thirst for discovery into some channel which might at once gratify the predominant desire of his heart, and be attended with some prospect of securing his fortune. It was full time to take such steps; for in 1802 Leyden had actually commenced overtures to the African Society, for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of that continent; an enterprise which sad examples had shown to be little better than an act of absolute suicide. To divert his mind from this desperate project, a representation was made to the Right Hon. William Dundas, who had then a seat at the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. Mr. Dundas entered with the most liberal alacrity into these views; but it happened, unfortunately as it might seem, that the sole appointment then at his disposal was that of surgeon's assistant, which could only be held by a person who had taken a surgical degree, and could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession, (the late Mr. John Bell of Edinburgh,) he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Leyden was, however, incautious in boasting of his success after so short a course of study, and found himself obliged, in consequence of his imprudence, to relinquish his intention of taking out the degree of M. D. at Edinburgh, and to have recourse to another Scottish University for that step in his profession. Meanwhile the sudden change of his profession gave great amusement to some of his friends, especially when a lady having fainted in a crowded assembly, Dr. Leyden advanced to her assistance, and went through the usual routine of treatment with all the gravity which becomed his new faculty. In truth, the immediate object of his studies was always, in season and out of season, predominant in Leyden's mind; and just about this time, he went to the evening party of a lady of the highest rank with the

remnants of a human hand in his pocket, which he had been dissecting in the morning, and on some question being stirred about the muscular action, he was with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained. The character of Leyden cannot be understood without mentioning these circumstances that are allied to oddity; but it is not so easy to body forth those qualities of energy, application, and intelligence, by which he dignified his extravagances, and vindicated his assumption of merit, far less to paint his manly, generous and friendly disposition.

In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant surgeon on the Madras establishment. It was sufficiently understood that his medical character was only assumed to bring him within the compass of Mr. Dundas's patronage, and that his talents should be employed in India with reference to his literary researches. He was, however, *pro forma*, nominated to the Madras hospital. While awaiting this call, he bent his whole energies to the study of the Oriental languages, and amused his hours of leisure by adding to the *Scenes of Infancy*, many of those passages addressed to his friends, and bearing a particular reference to his own situation on the eve of departure from Scotland; which, flowing warm from the heart, constitute the principal charm of that impressive poem. Mr. Ballantyne, of Kelso, an early and intimate friend of Leyden, had just then established in Edinburgh his press, which has since been so distinguished. To the critical skill of a valued and learned friend, and to the friendly, as well as professional care of Mr. Ballantyne, Leyden committed this last memorial of his love to his native land. The last sheets reached him before he left Britain, no more to return.

Upon examining these, it would appear that he imagined his critical friends had exercised, with more rigour than mercy, the prerogative of retrenchment with which he had invested them. He complains of these alterations in a letter, which is no bad picture of his manner in conversation. It is dated from the Isle of Wight, where he states himself to be "like a weathercock, veering about with every wind," expecting and hoping every moment when the boatwain's whistle should pipe all hands on board, and that he may be off from the old island for ever in fifteen minutes. "I fancy," he continues, "you expect to receive a wagon-load, at least, of thanks for your mid-wife skill, in swaddling my bantling so tight, that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you, and your razor witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate, whose tastes I do not pretend to think any thing like equal to my own, though, before I left Scotland, I thought them amazingly acute; but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere, which greatly brightens the understanding, and furbishes the taste. This is all the vengeance you have unfortunately left in my power, for I sincerely am of opinion, that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you have retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the Spectre Ship, in the whole poem; and I defy you and —, and the whole Edinburgh Review, to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding-sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother's roping tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode; so you have certainly what I liked, and left what I did not care a sixpence about, for I would not have been half so enraged, if you had omitted the whole episode; and what is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching! By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. But my only revenge is to triumph over your bad tastes. When — showed me this part, I tore the sheet in wrath, and swore I would have a Calcutta edition, for the mere purpose of exposing your spurious one. But you need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, understands music, has a fine taste for ornamenting, and perhaps for printing, but he has too fat brains for originality. Now, my dear Ballantyne, though I lift up my voice like a trumpet against your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken, only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors—razors of

sacrificed! Now, my dear fellow, farewell; commend me warmly to your good *motherly mother*, and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you, and from you, in my exile, and believe me, my dear Ballantyne, to be

Yours, most sincerely,
JOHN LEYDEN."

About the middle of December 1802, John Leyden left Edinburgh, but not exactly at the time he had proposed. He had taken a solemn farewell of his friends, and gone to Roxburghshire to bid adieu to his parents, whom he regarded with the most tender filial affection, and from thence he intended to have taken his departure for London without returning to Edinburgh. Some accident changed his purpose, and his unexpected arrival at Edinburgh was picturesque, and somewhat startling. A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk over his merits, and to drink, in Scottish phrase, his *Bonnie*. While, about the witching hour, they were crowning a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman's cloak and travelling cap, covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tone with which he exclaimed, "Dash it, boys, here I am again!" The start of astonishment and delight with which this unexpected apparition was received, was subject of great mirth at the time, and the circumstance has been since recalled by most of the party with that mixture of pleasure and melancholy, which attaches to the particulars of a last meeting with a beloved and valued friend.

In London, the kindness of Mr. Heber, his own reputation, and the recommendation of his Edinburgh friends, procured Leyden much kindness and attention among persons of rank and literary distinction. His chief protector and friend, however, was Mr. George Ellis, the well known author of the *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*. To this gentleman he owed an obligation of the highest possible value, which we shall give in his own words, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, dated 13th January 1803, from which it appears that a disorder, produced by over intense study and anxiety of mind, joined to the friendly intervention of Mr. Ellis, prevented his sharing, in all probability, the fate of other passengers on board the Hindostan, to which unfortunate ship he was originally destined, and which was cast away going down the river.

"You will no doubt be surprised at my silence, and indeed I cannot account for it myself; but I write you now from the lobby of the East India House, to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for, without his interference, I should certainly, this precious day, have been snug in Davy's locker. At my arrival in town, or rather on my journey, I was seized with violent cramps in my stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid* told me either to proceed to the Downs, or to vacate the appointment. Neither of these alternatives were much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least £50 or £60 sterling, which I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the water, would not return even after many days. I, however, passed the principal forms, and was examined by Dr. Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success, but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from ten till four every day, that Dr. Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Tamalic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the Hindostan, without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence out of town; and Ellis, even in the distressed state of his family, as Lady Parker is just dying, and several others dangerously unwell of his relations, was my only resource. That resource, however, succeeded, and I have just got permission to go in the Hugh Inglis to Madras, and am at the same time informed, that the Hindostan, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of

the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About fifty persons have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb, 'He that is born to be hanged,' &c. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever."

After this providential exchange of destination, the delay of the vessel to which he was transferred, permitted his residence in London until the beginning of April 1803, an interval which he spent in availing himself of the opportunities which he now enjoyed, of mixing in the most distinguished society in the metropolis, where the novelty and good humour of his character made ample amends for the native bluntness of his manners. In the beginning of April, he sailed from Portsmouth in the Hugh Inglis, where he had the advantage of being on board the same vessel with Mr. Robert Smith, the brother of his steady friend, the Rev. Mr. Sidney Smith. And thus set forth on his voyage, perhaps the first British traveller that ever sought India, moved neither by the love of wealth nor of power, and who, despising alike the luxuries commanded by the one, and the pomp attached to the other, was guided solely by the wish of extending our knowledge of oriental literature, and distinguishing himself as its most successful cultivator. This pursuit he urged through health and through sickness, unshaken by all the difficulties arising from imperfect communication with the natives, from their prejudices, and those of their European masters, and from frequent change of residence; and unmoved either by the charms of pleasure, of wealth, or of that seducing indolence to which many men of literature have yielded, after overcoming all other impediments. And to this pursuit he finally fell a sacrifice, as devoted a martyr in the cause of science as ever died in that of religion. We are unable to trace his Indian researches and travels with accuracy similar to that with which we have followed those which preceded his departure from Europe, but we are enabled to state the following outlines of his fortune in the east.

After a mutiny in the vessel, which was subdued by the exertions of the officers and passengers, and in which Leyden distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity, the Hugh Inglis arrived at Madras, and he was transferred to the duties of his new profession. His nomination as surgeon to the commissioners appointed to survey the ceded districts, seemed to promise ample opportunities for the cultivation of oriental learning. But his health gave way under the fatigues of the climate; and he has pathetically recorded, in his "Address to an Indian Gold Coin," the inroads which were made on his spirits and constitution. He was obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached, with difficulty, Prince of Wales Island. During the passage, the vessel was chased by a French privateer, which was the occasion of Leyden's composing, in his best style of border enthusiasm, an "Ode to a Malay Cris," or dagger, the only weapon which his reduced strength now admitted of his wielding. The following letter to Mr. Ballantyne, dated from Prince of Wales Island, 24th October, 1805, gives a lively and interesting account of his occupations during the first two years of his residence in India.

"Puloo Penang, October 24, 1805.

"MY DEAR BALLANTYNE,—Finding an extra Indian, the Revenge, which has put into this harbour in distress, bound to Europe, I take another opportunity of attempting to revive, or rather commence, an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have not received a single scrap from one of them,—Proh Deum! Mr. Constable excepted; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay, that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensible, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have despatched from Mysore, especially during my confinement for the liver disease at Seringapatam, where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the place of Tipoo's prime minister. I descended into Malabar in the beginning of May, in order to proceed to Bombay, and perhaps eventually up the Persian Gulf as far as Bassorah, in order to try the effect of a sea voyage. I was, however, too late, and the rains had set in, and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather 'sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft,' prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely

down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the cutwall, and the admiral, so famous in the *Lusiad* of Camoens; but only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered, and the tables turned with respect to both these sublime characters. The cutwall is only a species of borough-bailiff, while the admiral, God help him, is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I proceeded to Paulgancherry, which signifies, in the Tamal language, 'the town of the forest of palms,' which is exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon, not for the queen of Sheba, but, as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Thus having demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamal language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner: 'Solomon understood the Tamal language, and he was wise,—I understand the Tamal language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon!' I fear you logical lads of Europe will be very little disposed to admit the legitimacy of the conclusion; but, however the matter may stand in Europe, I can assure you it's no bad reasoning for India. At Paulgancherry I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, changed my climate—an elegant periphrasis for dying however—had I not obstinately resolved on living to have the pleasure of being *revenged* on all of you for your obstinate silence, and perseverance therein to the end. Hearing about the middle of August, that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppo, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin rajah's country, in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Any body else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves outright. I did neither one nor the other, but 'tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o' Badenyon,' after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of brass, preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methusalem. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than deciphering the brazen tablet on any door of Prince's or Queen's street. But here I beg your pardon; for, so far from any body, Jew, Pagan, or Christian, having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has for a long time been as much despised of as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. So much was the diwan or grand vizier, if you like it, astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to *pass through the sacred cow* in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Bramins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for unluckily Phalaris' bull, and Moses' calf, presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the ram-rajah's cow might be a beast of the breed. Being on the eve of a new attack of the liver, I was forced to leave Travancore with great precipitation, in the first vessel that presented itself, which, as the devil would have it, was a *Mapilla* brig, bound to Puloo Penang, the newly erected presidency on the Straits of Malacca, where I have just arrived, after a perverse pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. We have had a very rough passage, the cabin very often all afloat, while I have been several times completely drenched. In addition to this, we have been pursued by a Frenchman, and kept in a constant state of alarm and agitation; and now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with the vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea oaths, and the rattling of the dice box. However, I flatter myself I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious and disgusting and vexatious as it has been. Thank God, my dear fellow, that you have nothing to do with tedious, tiresome, semi-savages, who have no idea of the value of time whatsoever, and who will dispute even more keenly about a matter of no importance whatsoever, than one that deserved the highest consideration. Not knowing where to begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles and traverses in Mysore, or elsewhere; of course, if nobody has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider, that all this is utterly out of my power to prevent, if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me; for how, in the name of the great eternal devil, is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their

destination, and which do not? I have now despatched for Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth, for at least a couple of years, and wrote Erskine to that effect; when he informed me in return, that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for some time before leaving London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why then farewell, till we meet in either heaven or hell! I write no more, except in crooked characters, and this I swear by all petty oaths that are not dangerous.

"Now, my friend, the situation in which I am placed by this most pestiferous silence is extremely odd and perplexing. I am actually afraid to enquire for any body, lest it should turn out that they have for a long time been dead, damned, and strangled. It is all in vain that I search for every obituary, and peruse it with the utmost care, anxiety, and terror. There are many of you good Scotch folks that love to slip slyly out of the world, like a knotless thread, without ever getting into any obituary at all, and, besides it is always very nearly a couple of years before any review, magazine, or obituary, reaches the remote, and almost inaccessible regions in which my lot has been long cast. To remedy a few of these inconveniences, I propose taking a short trip to Bengal, as soon as I have seen how the climate of Puloo Penang agrees with my health, and, as in that region they are generally better informed with regard to all European matters, and better provided with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I shall probably be able to discover that a good many of you have gone 'to kingdom come,' since I bade adieu to 'Auld Reekie.' But methinks I see you, with your confounded black beard, bull neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked up perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great glowing eyes, and crying, 'But, Leyden!!!! tell me!!! what the devil you have been doing all this time!—eh!!' 'Why, Ballantyne, d'ye see, mark and observe and take heed—as you are a good fellow, and don't spout secrets in public places, I trust I can give you satisfaction safely.'

"When I arrived in Madras, I first of all reconnoitred my ground, when I perceived that the public men fell naturally into two divisions. The mercantile party, consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedler, nor in their views a whit more enlarged; in short, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and who have no name for such phrases as national honour, public spirit, or patriotism; men, in short, who would sell their own honour, or their country's credit, to the highest bidder, without a shadow of scruple. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party, for whom I am more at a loss to find an epithet. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others; but they have discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors; and they assert, that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first, as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us everywhere in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities, as well as principles, that have been draughted from the common professional routine, for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression; so much so, that the commander in chief had assumed all the powers of the Medical Board, over whom a court martial was at that very time impending. The medical line had been, from time immemorial, shut out from every appointment, except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a person's choice; first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and, by strict economy, endeavour to collect a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation somewhat more respectable,

in addition to those of the line itself. You know, when I left Scotland, I had determined, at all events, to become a furious orientalist, *nemini secundus*, but I was not aware of the difficulty. I found the expense of native teachers would prove almost insurmountable to a mere assistant surgeon, whose pay is seldom equal to his absolutely necessary expenses; and, besides, that it was necessary to form a library of MSS. at a most terrible expense, in every language to which I should apply, if I intended to proceed beyond a mere smattering. After much consideration, I determined on this plan at all events, and was fortunate enough, in a few months, to secure an appointment, which furnished me with the means of doing so, though the tasks and exertions it imposed on me were a good deal more arduous than the common duties of a surgeon even in a Mahratta campaign. I was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore Survey, and at the same time directed to carry on enquiries concerning the natural history of the country, and the manners and languages, &c. of the natives of Mysore. This, you would imagine, was the very situation I wished for; and so it would, had I previously had time to acquire the country languages. But I had them now to acquire after severe marches and countermarches in the heat of the sun, night marches and day marches, and amid the disgusting details of a field hospital, the duties of which were considerably arduous. However, I wrought incessantly and steadily, and without being discouraged by any kind of difficulty, till my health absolutely gave way, and when I could keep the field no longer, I wrought on my couch, as I generally do still, though I am much better than I have been. As I had the assistance of no intelligent European, I was obliged long to grope my way; but I have now acquired a pretty correct idea of India in all its departments, which increases in geometrical progression as I advance in the languages. The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persian, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Sanscrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armonian. You will be ready to ask, where the devil I picked up these hard names, but I assure you it is infinitely more difficult to pick up the languages themselves; several of which include dialects as different from each other as French or Italian from Spanish or Portuguese; and in all these, I flatter myself I have made considerable progress. What would you say were I to add the Maldivian and Mapella languages to these? Besides, I have deciphered the inscriptions of Mavalipoorani, which were written in an ancient Canara character, which had hitherto defied all attempts at understanding it, and also several *Lada Lippi* inscriptions, which is an ancient Tamal dialect and character, in addition to the Jewish tablets of Cochin, which were in the ancient Malayalam, generally termed Malabar. I enter into these details merely to show you that I have not been idle, and that my time has neither been dissipated, nor devoid of plan, though that plan is not sufficiently unfolded. To what I have told you of, you are to add constant and necessary exposure to the sun, damps and dews from the jungles, and putrid exhalation of marshes, before I had been properly accustomed to the climate, constant rambling in the haunts of tigers, leopards, bears, and serpents of thirty or forty feet long, that make nothing of swallowing a buffalo, by way of demonstrating their appetite in a morning, together with smaller and more dangerous snakes, whose haunts are perilous, and bite deadly; and you have a faint idea of a situation, in which, with health, I lived as happy as the day was long. It was occasionally diversified with rapid jaunts of a hundred miles or so, as fast as horses or bearers could carry me, by night or day, swimming through rivers, afloat in an old brass kettle at midnight! O! I could tell you adventures to outrival the witch of Endor, or any witch that ever swam in egg shell or sieve; but you would undoubtedly imagine I wanted to impose on you were I to relate what I have seen and passed through. No! I certainly shall never repent of having come to India. It has awakened energies in me that I scarcely imagined I possessed, though I could gnaw my living nails with pure vexation to think how much I have been thwarted by indisposition. If, however, I get over it, I shall think the better of my constitution as long as I live. It is not every constitution that can resist the combined attack of liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is very much akin to the plague of Egypt, and yellow fever of America. It is true, I have been five times given up by the most skilful physicians in these parts; but in spite of that, I am firmly convinced that 'my doom is not to die this day,' and that you shall see me emerge from this tribulation like gold purified by the fire; and when that happens,

egad I may boast that I have been refined by the very same menstruum too, even the universal solvent mercury, which is almost the only cure for the liver, though I have been obliged to try another, and make an issue in my right side. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down, and write me a letter a mile long, and tell me of all our common friends; and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, assure them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust, if they have received my letters; and, lest I should forget, I shall add, that you must direct to me, to the care of Messrs. Binnie and Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and generally know in what part of this hemisphere I am to be found. But, particularly, you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener, and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes, on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake to play 'Gingling Johnnie' on his flageolet. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourselves drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in water, (ohon a ree!) having long abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity. Adieu, dear Ballantyne, and believe me, in the Malay isle, to be ever yours sincerely,

JOHN LEYDEN."

Leyden became soon reconciled to Puloo Penang (or Prince of Wales Island), where he found many valuable friends, and enjoyed the regard of the late Philip Dundas, Esq. then governor of the island. He resided in that island for some time, and visited Achi, with some other places on the coasts of Sumatra and the Malay peninsula. Here he amassed the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indi-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta a most valuable dissertation on so obscure a subject. Yet that his heart was sad, and his spirits depressed, is evident from the following lines, written for New Year's Day, 1806, and which appeared in the Government Gazette of Prince of Wales Island:—

Malay's woods and mountains ring
With voices strange and sad to hear,
And dark unbodied spirits sing
The dirge of the departed year.

Lo! now, methinks, in tones sublime,
As viewless o'er our heads they bend,
They whisper, "Thus we steal your time,
Weak mortals, till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,
Resound the stive mirth and glee;
Alas! the days have pass'd along,
The days we never more shall see.

But let me brush the nightly dews,
Beside the shell-depainted shore,
And mid the sea-weed sit to muse,
On days that shall return no more.

Olivia, ah! forgive the bard,
If sprightly strains alone are dear;
His notes are sad, for he has heard
The footsteps of the parting year.

Mid friends of youth beloved in vain,
Oft have I hail'd the jocund day,
If pleasure brought a thought of pain,
I charm'd it with a passing lay.

Friends of my youth for ever dear,
Where are you from this bosom fled?
A lonely man I linger here,
Like one that has been long time dead.

Foredoom'd to seek an early tomb,
For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow;
I hasten on my destined doom,
And sternly mock at joy or woe!

In 1806 he took leave of Penang, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect which he produced upon society there, are so admirably illustrated by his ingenious and well-known countryman, General Sir John Malcolm, that it would be impossible to present a more living picture of his manners and mind; and the reader will pardon some repetition, for the sake of observing how the same individual was regarded in two distant hemispheres.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.

"Sir,—I enclose some lines,* which have no value but what they derive from the subject. They are an unworthy but sincere tribute, to one whom I have long regarded with sentiments of esteem and affection, and whose loss I regret with the most unfeigned sorrow. It will remain with those who are better qualified than I am to do justice to the memory of Dr. Leyden. I only know that he rose, by the power of native genius, from the humblest origin to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connection with each other, and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the east. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path, we cannot hope to see his equal.

"Dr. Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the muses, with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays which appeared in a separate form, was *The Scenes of Infancy*, a descriptive poem, in which he sung, in no unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams in Teviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to that collection of poems called the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he published with his friend, Walter Scott. Among these, the *Mermaid* is certainly the most beautiful. In it he has shown all the creative fancy of a real genius. His *Ode on the Death of Nelson* is, undoubtedly, the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero has a sublimity of thought, and happiness of expression, which never could have been attained but by a true poet:—

'Blood of the brave, thou art not lost,
Amid the waste of waters blue;
The tide that rolls to Albion's coast
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue:

'And thou shalt be the vernal dew
To foster valour's daring seed;
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.'

"It is pleasing to find him, on whom nature has bestowed eminent genius, possessed of those more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr. Leyden were uncourtly, more perhaps from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking, his voice was loud, and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country; it cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not oppressive. But with all these disadvantages (and they were great) the admiration and esteem in which he was always held by those who could appreciate his qualities, became general wherever he was long known; they, even, who could not understand the value of his knowledge, loved his virtues. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty, and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or extravagant speculation on political subjects. He never solicited favour, but he was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron Lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of showing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion.

"It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson

in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had in a few hours instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call 'one of his mechanical aids.' He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside the surgeon came in. 'I am glad you are here,' said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, 'you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice.' I have told him before, and now I repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet.' 'Very well, doctor,' exclaimed Leyden, 'you have done your duty, but you must now hear me; I cannot be idle, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round till the last;' and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

"The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear, with perfect good humour, railery on his foibles. When he arrived at Calcutta in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. 'I entreat you, my dear friend, (I said to him the day he landed), to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community; for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men.' 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never; it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs.'

"His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English history; it was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and, to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an act of parliament in the reign of James relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said—that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory.

"His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he had always a pride, and which in India he cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him when he was very ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days; there were several gentlemen in the room; he enquired if I had any news; I told him I had a letter from Eakdale. 'And what are they about in the borders?' he asked. 'A curious circumstance,' I replied, 'is stated in my letter;' and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. This letter mentioned that the moment the blaze which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Liddesdale swam the Liddle river to reach it. They were assembled (though several of their houses were at a distance of six and seven miles) in two hours, and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick (at a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly) to the Border tune of 'Wha da? meddle wi' me.' Leyden's countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail, and at its close he sprang from his sick bed, and, with strange melody, and still stranger gesticulations, sung aloud, 'Wha da? meddle wi' me, wha da? meddle wi' me.' Several of those who witnessed this scene looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever.

"These anecdotes will display more fully than any description I can give, the lesser shades of the character

* This lively tune has been called the Gathering of the Elliots, a clan now and formerly very numerous in the district of Liddesdale. The burthen is:

Wha da? meddle wi' me,
And wha da? meddle wi' me;
For my name it is Little Jock Elliot,
And wha da? meddle wi' me?

of this extraordinary man. An external manner, certainly not agreeable, and a disposition to egotism, were his only defects. How trivial do these appear, at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of such a rare combination of virtues, learning, and genius, as were concentrated in the late Dr. Leyden!

"JOHN MALCOLM."

We have little to add to Sir John Malcolm's luminous and characteristic sketch. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto, himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale, was of the most essential importance to Leyden, and no less honourable to the governor-general. Leyden's first appointment as a professor in the Bengal College might appear the sort of promotion best suited to his studies, but was soon exchanged for that of a judge of the twenty-four Purgannahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which "jumped with his humour well;" for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the east has pronounced indispensable; for Dr. Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student, which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul,—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers, of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and decyphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. "I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend; "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer." The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

It is the more necessary to record these facts, as in a newspaper paragraph, apparently drawn up by some personal enemy of Leyden, whose enmity death could not silence, his leaving England was imputed to a desire of money, from which no man was ever more free than John Leyden. To his spirit of disinterested independence, Lord Minto, who possessed the best opportunities of judging, bore a splendid testimony, in a speech delivered at a public visitation of the college of Fort William, soon after Leyden's death.

"No man," said his lordship, "whatever his condition might be, ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune, and all its grovelling pursuits—in a word, so entirely disinterested—nor ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact, that within my experience, Dr. Leyden never, in any instance, solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits, to waste a moment's thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been, without exception, tendered, and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, un contemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity, was allied every generous virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune, which he disdained to court; and amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice, and a vehement abhorrence of oppression, were not less prominent than the other high qualities I have already described."—*Poetical Remains*, p. lxxiv.

Dr. Leyden accompanied the governor-general upon the expedition to Java, for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent

* General Malcolm's elegant and affectionate tribute to the memory of his friend is to be found in the poetical department of the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1811.

princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library, in a Dutch settlement, was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and, either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in a moment, perhaps, most calculated to gratify the feelings which were dear to his heart; upon the very day of military glory, and when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opened to his penetrating research. In the emphatic words of scripture, the bowl was broken at the fountain. His literary property was intrusted by his last will to the charge of Mr. Heber, and his early and constant friend Mr. William Erskine of Calcutta, his executors, under whose inspection his poetical remains were given to the public in 1821, with a Memoir of his Life by the Rev. Robert Morton, a friend and relation of the deceased poet. Acquiescing in the sentiment by which it is introduced, it is not easy to resist transcribing from that piece of biography the following affecting passage:

"The writer cannot here resist his desire to relate an anecdote of Leyden's father, who, though in a humble walk of life, is ennobled by the possession of an intelligent mind, and has all that just pride which characterises the industrious and virtuous class of Scottish peasantry to which he belongs. Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and, though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realising the little property that had been left, said he was authorised by Mr. Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed) to say, that such as were likely to produce a profit should be published as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. 'Sir,' said the old man with animation, and with tears in his eyes, 'God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! As it is, I beg of Mr. Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age; but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore of you and Mr. Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame.'"

Since that period the *Commentaries of Baber*, translated from the Turki language, chiefly by Dr. Leyden, and completed by his friend and executor, William Erskine, were published, in 1826, for the advantage of Mr. Leyden, senior. It is a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, being the autobiography of one of the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan, who, like Cæsar, recorded his own conquests, but, more communicative than the Roman, descended to record his amusements, as well as to relate deeds of policy and arms. He recapitulates his drinking bouts, which were, in spite of Koran and Prophet, both deep and frequent; and the whole tenor of the history gives us the singular picture of a genuine sultan of the ancient Tartar descent, in his strength and his weakness, his virtues, his follies, and his crimes.

The remains of John Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, now repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his ancestors at Hazeldean, to which, with a natural anticipation of such an event, he bids an affecting farewell in the solemn passage which concludes the *Scenes of Infancy*:

The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;

While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean;
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise,—
"Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream, that long has murmured by?
And we—when Death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales, that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!"

Such is the language of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But the best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and of the wise.

From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—Edited by Sir Walter Scott.

THE MERMAID.

BY J. LEYDEN.

The following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad, called *Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrireckin*. The dangerous gulf of Corrireckin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the syren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention.

The Gaelic story declares, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid, while passing the gulf, above mentioned: that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children: but, finally, he tired of her society, and, having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

The inhabitants of the Isle of Man have a number of such stories, which may be found in Waldron. One states, that a very beautiful mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek, much frequented by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion, or the disappointment, so highly, that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt, from that moment, the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days.—*Waldron's Works*, p. 176.

Another tradition of the same island affirms, that one of these amphibious damsels was caught in a net, and brought to land, by some fishers, who had spread a snare for the denizens of the ocean. She was shaped like the most beautiful female down to the waist, but below trailed a voluminous fish's tail, with spreading fins. As she would neither eat nor speak, (though they knew she had the power of language,) they became apprehensive that the island would be visited with some strange calamity, if she should die for want of food; and therefore, on the third night, they left the door open, that she might escape. Accordingly, she did not fail to embrace the opportunity; but gliding with incredible swiftness to the sea-side, she plunged herself into the waters, and was welcomed by a number of her own species, who were heard to enquire, what she had seen among the natives of the earth. "Nothing," she answered, "wonderful, except that they were silly enough to throw away the water, in which they had boiled their eggs."

Collins, in his notes upon the line,

"Mona, long hid from those who sail the main,"

explains it, by a similar Celtic tradition. It seems, a mermaid had become so much charmed with a young man, who walked upon the beach, that she made love to

him; and, being rejected with scorn, she excited, by enchantment, a mist, which long concealed the island from all navigators.

I must mention another monkish tradition, because, being derived from the common source of Celtic mythology, they appear the most natural illustrations of the Hebridean tale. About fifty years before Waldron went to reside in Man, (for there were living witnesses of the legend when he was upon the island,) a project was undertaken, to fish treasures up from the deep, by means of a diving bell. A venturesome fellow, accordingly, descended, and kept pulling for more rope, till all they had on board was expended. This must have been no small quantity, for a skilful mathematician, who was on board, judging from the proportion of line let down, declared, that the adventurer must have descended at least double the number of leagues, which the moon is computed to be distant from the earth. At such a depth, wonders might be expected, and wonderful was the account given by the adventurer, when drawn up to the air.

"After," said he, "I had passed the region of fishes, I descended into a pure element, clear as the air in the sereneest and most unclouded day, through which, as I passed, I saw the bottom of the watery world, paved with coral, and a shining kind of pebbles, which glittered like the sun-beams, reflected on a glass. I longed to tread the delightful paths, and never felt more exquisite delight, than when the machine, I was inclosed in, grazed upon it."

"On looking through the little windows of my prison, I saw large streets and squares on every side, ornamented with huge pyramids of crystal, not inferior in brightness to the finest diamonds; and the most beautiful building, not of stone, nor brick, but of mother-of-pearl, and embossed in various figures, with shells of all colours. The passage, which led to one of these magnificent apartments, being open, I endeavoured, with my whole strength, to move my enclosure towards it; which I did, though with great difficulty, and very slowly. At last, however, I got entrance into a very spacious room, in the midst of which stood a large amber table, with several chairs round, of the same. The floor of it was composed of rough diamonds, topazes, emeralds, rubies, and pearls. Here I doubted not but to make my voyage as profitable as it was pleasant; for, could I have brought with me but a few of these, they would have been of more value than all we could hope for in a thousand wrecks; but they were so closely wedged in, and so strongly cemented by time, that they were not to be unfurnished. I saw several chains, carcanets, and rings, of all manner of precious stones, finely cut, and set after our manner; which I suppose had been the prize of the winds and waves: these were hanging loosely on the Jasper walls, by strings made of rushes, which I might easily have taken down; but, as I had edged myself within half a foot reach of them, I was unfortunately drawn back, through your want of line. In my return, I saw several comely mermen, and beautiful mermaids, the inhabitants of this blissful realm, swiftly descending towards it; but they seemed frightened at my appearance, and glided at a distance from me, taking me, no doubt, for some monstrous and new-created species."—*Waldron, ibidem*.

It would be very easy to enlarge this introduction, by quoting a variety of authors, concerning the supposed existence of these marine people. The reader may consult the *Telliamed* of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist's system of geology, has collected a variety of legends, respecting mermen and mermaids, p. 230, *et sequen*. Much information may also be derived from Pontoppidan's *Natural History of Norway*, who fails not to people her seas with this amphibious race.* An older authority is to be found in the *Kongs skugg-sie*, or Royal Mirror, written, as its believed, about 1170. The mermen, there mentioned, are termed *hafstræmbur* (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state positively, whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called *mar-gyga* (sea-giantess), and is averred, certainly, to drag a fish's train. She appears, generally, in the act of devouring fish, which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretended to

* I believe something to the same purpose may be found in the school editions of Guthrie's *Geographical Grammar*, a work, which, though, in general, as sober and dull as could be desired by the gravest preceptor, becomes of a sudden uncommonly lively, upon the subject of the seas of Norway, the author having thought meet to adopt the right reverend Erick Pontoppidan's account of mermen, sea-snakes, and krakens.

guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempest, which always followed her appearance.—*Speculum Regale*, 1768, p. 166.

Mermaids were sometimes supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. Resenius, in his life of Frederick II. gives us an account of a syren, who not only prophesied future events, but, as might have been expected from the element in which she dwelt, preached vehemently against the sin of drunkenness.

The mermaid of Corrivrekin possessed the power of occasionally resigning her scaly train, and the Celtic tradition bears, that, when, from choice or necessity, she was invested with that appendage, her manners were more stern and savage than when her form was entirely human. Of course, she warned her lover not to come into her presence, when she was thus transformed. This belief is alluded to in the following ballad.

THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee,
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!
But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.
Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.
In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.
"And raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!
'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'
Now, lightly poised, the rising ear
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.
"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!
"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.
"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!
"If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and writhed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,*

* "They, who, in works of navigation, on the coast of Norway, employ themselves in fishing or merchandise, do all agree in this strange story, that there is a serpent there, which is of a vast magnitude, namely two hundred feet long, and moreover twenty feet thick; and is wont to live in rocks and caves, towards the sea-coast about Berge; which will go alone from his holes, in a clear night in summer, and devours calves, lambs, and hogs; or else he goes into the sea to feed on polypus, locusts, and all sorts of sea-crabs. He hath commonly hair hanging from his neck, a cubit long, and sharp scales, and is black, and he hath flaming shining eyes. This snake disquiets the shippers, and he puts up his head on high, like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them; and this happeneth not but it signifies some wonderful change of the kingdom near at hand; namely that the princes shall die, or be banished; or some tumultuous wars shall presently follow."—*Olaus Magnus*, London, 1558, rendered into English by J. S. Much more of the sea-snake may be learned from the credible witnesses cited by Pontoppidan, who saw it raise itself from the sea, twice as high as the mast of their vessel. The tradition probably originates in the immense snake of the Edda, whose folds were supposed to girdle the earth.

"Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf, where ocean boils,
The unwildly wallowing monster chain.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He scanned her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

The sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy, yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;—
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
Far in the crystal cavern, rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams that lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams, through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve in dew unseen,
Smile on the flowers, that bloom more fair,
And field, that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heardest thou not these wild notes swell?"
"Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice, of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the syren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
—"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?"

"Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set,
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

"How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

"And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

"How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge, to lie;

"To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

"Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray,
While diamonds, in our bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

"Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall o'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!"

—"Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

"If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast;
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom prest—
"Is there no heart for rapture here?"

"These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Do not warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delicious thrill!"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

"Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that syren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,
And lashed, with webbed fin, the main.

"Dwell here, alone!" the mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Where'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave, with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road,
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay;

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyrea of ocean ring;

And, when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain;

And, heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song, thou lovest, of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell, for aye, with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And, when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink, remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea,

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

ON SEEING AN EAGLE PERCHED ON THE TOMBSTONE OF ARISTOTEMENES.

"Majestic bird! so proud and fierce,
Why tower'st thou o'er that warrior's hearse?"—
"I tell each godlike earthly king,
Far as o'er birds of every wing,
Supreme the lordly eagle sails,
Great Aristomenes prevails.

"Let timid doves, with plaintive cry,
Coo o'er the graves where cowards lie;
'Tis o'er the dauntless hero's breast
The kingly eagle loves to rest."

As good poetry is a rarity of late, a few more specimens of the talent of Dr. Leyden are inserted; the Ode to an Indian Gold Coin is probably better known than most of his productions, but is not on that account less worthy of preservation.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Chérical, Malabar.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight-converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chérical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Tevot lov'd while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smil'd,
Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that lov'd me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

MACGREGOR.

Written in Glenorchy, near the scene of the massacre of the Macgregors.

In the vale of Glenorchy the night-breeze was sighing
O'er the tombs where the ancient Macgregors are lying:
Green are their graves by their soft murmuring river,
But the name of Macgregor has perish'd for ever.—
On a red stream of light, from his gray mountains glancing,
The form of a spirit seem'd sternly advancing;
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion,
As the shadow of mist o'er the foam of the ocean;
Like the sound of a stream thro' the still evening dying—
"Stranger, who tread'st where Macgregor is lying!
Dar'st thou to walk unappall'd and firm-hearted
Midst the shadowy steps of the mighty departed?
See, round thee the cairns of the dead are disclosing
The shades that have long been in silence reposing!
Through their form dimly twinkles the moon-beam descending,
As their red eye of wrath on a stranger are bending.
Our gray stones of fame though the heath-blossoms cover,
Round the hills of our battles our spirits still hover;
But dark are our forms by our blue native fountains,
For we ne'er see the streams running red from the mountains.

Our fame fades away like the foam of the river,
That shines in the sun ere it vanish for ever;
And no maid hangs in tears of regret o'er the story,
When the minstrel relates the decline of our glory.

The hunter of red deer now ceases to number
The lonely gray stones on the fields of our slumber.
Fly, stranger, and let not thine eye be reverted!
Ah! why should'st thou see that our fame is departed?"

A LOVE TALE.

A FRAGMENT.

The glance of my love is mild and fair
Whene'er she looks on me;
As the silver beams, in the midnight air,
Of the gentle moon; and her yellow hair
On the gale floats wild and free.

Her yellow locks flow o'er her back,
And round her forehead twine;
I would not give the tresses that deck
The blue lines of her snowy neck,
For the richest Indian mine.

Her gentle face is of lily hue;
But whene'er her eyes meet mine,
The mantling blush on her cheek you view
Is like the rose-bud wet with dew,
When the morning sun-beams shine.

"Why heaves your breast with the smother'd sigh?
My dear love, tell me true!
Why does your colour come and fly,
And why, oh! why is the tear in your eye?
I ne'er lov'd maid but you.

"True I must leave Zeania's dome,
And wander o'er ocean-sea;
But yet, though far my footsteps roam,
My soul shall linger round thy home,
I'll love thee though thou love not me."

She dried the tear with her yellow hair,
And rais'd her watery eye,
Like the sun with radiance soft and fair,
That gleams thro' the moist and showery air
When the white clouds fleck the sky.

She rais'd her eye with a feeble smile,
That through the tear-drops shone!
Her look might the hardest heart beguile,—
She sigh'd, as she press'd my hand the while,
"Alas! my brother John.

"Ah me! I lov'd my brother well
Till he went o'er the sea;—
And none till now could ever tell
If joy or woe to the youth befel;
But he will not return to me."

TO CAMOENS.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF DE MATOS.

So com o grande e immortal Camoens, &c.
Camoens, o'er thy bright immortal lays,
Of mournful elegy or lyric song,
How fleetly glide the rapid hours along!
I give to thee my nights, to thee my days.
The harms of fortune and the woes of love,
The changes of thy destiny severe,
I mark with sadly sympathetic tear,
And can but sigh for what was thine to prove.
For thee, mine eyes with bursting tears o'erflow,
Majestic poet! whose undaunted soul
Brav'd the ill-omen'd stars of either pole,
And found in other climes but change of woe.
What bard of fickle fortune dare complain,
Who knows thy fate, and high immortal strain?

TO THE COURIER DOVE.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Fair traveller of the pathless air,
To Zera's bowers these accents bear,
Hid in the shade of palmy groves,
And tell her where her wanderer roves!
But spread, O spread your pinion blue,
To guard my lines from rain and dew:
And when my charming fair you see,
A thousand kisses bear from me,
And softly murmur in her ear
How much I wish that I were near!

EPITAPH.

FROM THE LATIN.

Once in the keen pursuit of fame
I, school-boy-like, pursued a bubble:
But Death, before I gain'd a name,
Stept in and sav'd a world of trouble.

Waltham.

BEING THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE,
EDITED BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

The plan of the "Library of Romance," published in London, and edited by Leitch Ritchie, has an object similar to our own—the dissemination of polite literature at a cheaper rate than usual. Instead of three volumes, to which works of fiction have heretofore been extended, Mr. Ritchie confines each author to one, which is sold at about one fourth of the usual price; and we furnish the same matter at about one eighth of even his very reduced London rate. The first of his series contained "The Ghost Hunter and his Family," which, though evincing considerable talent, as a whole is incongruous and extravagant. The second number contains the story of "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine," of which we published a short sketch in the "Lives of Banditti." The work now published constitutes the third volume of the Library of Romance, and is the only one received which we have deemed worthy of republication. We consider Waltham to possess claims to attention; the character of Murdoch Macara, the Scotsman, is forcibly sketched and in bold relief; while the numerous incidents of the novel are natural, and highly interesting. The author, though now anonymous, cannot probably continue long unknown; and though he may not be pronounced a Walter Scott, yet the talents, cultivation of mind, and knowledge of the human heart, displayed even in this single volume, entitle him to a high niche in the literary temple.

CHAPTER I.

Arnwood Castle in — shire, the only remaining residence of the barons of that name, who once were mighty men in its neighbourhood, was a much more sightly mass than structures of so ancient a date commonly are. Having been strongly built at first, partly from the whim and partly from the poverty of its owners, little money had been wasted in patching and disfiguring it with subsidiary buildings; and, excepting a wing of light gothic, only the height of one story, which contained two or three handsome rooms, the old castle still stood in all its heavy strength, and frowned in its original feudal gloom, as the most prominent object in the irregular landscape over which it presided. Every one on his approach admired the relief which the elegant addition which we have mentioned gave to the venerable strength of the huge dark pile, and all were disposed to compliment the taste of the departed lord, under whose superintendence it had been raised. But in truth the praise was less due to my lord of the time, who was little more than a mere man of war, like his ancestors, than to the chance of his stumbling upon a tasteful architect, who, struck with the beauty of a tall tower at the back angle, which was raised in a peculiar taste, and was now known by the name of the Lark's Tower, as well as with the picturesque appearance of a building and grounds too much out of the way of common gazers to be observed, suggested to the owner the idea of the terrace, for the erection of which, if tradition can be believed, he never was fully paid.

Among the undulating grounds, neglected masses of old trees and straggling brushwood, which covered the slopes towards the sea that washed the shore, scarcely a mile distant from the castle, and nearly in its front, there still stood various remains of old buildings—low thick walls, with vaults and caves, and strangely shaped mounds—of which nobody could give any account, except that they had remained there a stumbling block to any sort of comfortable hunting, and a refuge for gypsies, smugglers, and travelling thieves, from time immemorial, who made no sort of scruple of dislodging the badgers and rabbits from such comfortable quarters, whenever it answered their purpose to appropriate them for the time to themselves. Among these, was an ancient oblong vault, connected with a dilapidated chapel, wherein lay interred the lords of Arnwood, even from the time of Edward the Fifth, and a tall strange looking building, standing in an exposed situation, which might

pass either for an antique pleasure-house, a smaller castle, a watch tower, or a species of landmark or observatory, according to the wish and fancy of the enquirer. This last was called the Pilot's Mark, and stood near the neck of a small peninsula, running into the sea, and beneath a sloping bare sort of headland, which rose black and craggy nearly behind, and went by the name of Hail Hill, probably from its cold seaward aspect and appearance. By the side of the little peninsula and the tower, and between these and the castle, was a small nook of the sea, of a tolerable depth of water, which was known by the name of Pirate's Creek; but so ignorant and incurious were the country people, that not a soul could tell how or whence these names originated.

It may well be supposed that this deserted and uncultivated neighbourhood, which was seven miles distant from any thing like a village, was at the time little frequented by strangers, and no favourite residence even of its own lords in former times, so long as they had more desirable estates elsewhere, and could keep a house in London. Still less, if possible, were its peculiar advantages and comforts perceptible to the common gaze of the proprietor of a modern mansion situated within eye-shot and almost at a stone's throw from the castle,—whose white surface, neatly shaven lawn, and closed windows, seemed to be placed within view of the latter noble fabric, almost in the very spirit of contradiction, and formed one of those harsh contrasts that too often mar, not only the general effect, but the peculiar romance of a scene like this.

In the solitary retirement of the castle the Dowager Lady Arnwood had resided, forgotten by the world, in quiet and meditative seclusion, ever since the death, at an early age, of the late lord. Indeed, scarcely a carriage, by any chance or upon any occasion, entered the old neglected gate, except that of the physician: not even a horseman halted at the threshold, except the post-boy with an occasional letter from her beloved and only son, on his travels abroad; or perhaps the vicar on his careful pony, to pay his distant visit and eat his sober dinner, well seasoned with moral reflections and religious discourse, upon the vanity of worldly grandeur, and the liability of riches to make to themselves wings and flee away.

The Lady Arnwood was, however, surprised one day by the unaccustomed presence of the post-boy just mentioned, fraught with a letter, in whose direction she instantly recognised the hand-writing of her son. Breaking it open, with all a mother's anxious impatience, she hastily read the following:—

"My very dear mother—I presume, that before this reaches you, you will have heard from the mouth of my late tutor, Mr. Johnston, that a difference between us, of a serious nature, the particulars of which it is not necessary now to detail, caused his dismissal a short time since. It is not expedient that I should at present enter upon a defence of charges which perhaps he has not even preferred to you. I had hoped to have been fortunate enough to obtain the company of my friend, Sir Eustace Walford, to the castle, whose testimony would at once have removed any doubt or anxiety that Mr. Johnston's representations may have occasioned, at the same time that his presence would have afforded a relief to the monotony of the scene at Arnwood. He is, however, unavoidably detained by particular business at Paris. You may expect to see me on the day after the receipt of this letter. Believe me, my very dear madam, your ever affectionate son,

ARNWOOD."

It would not be easy to describe the effect of these few lines from her son, upon the mind of Arnwood's sad and anxious mother; or the weight that the letter removed from her spirits, and the satisfaction and pleasure it gave, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the quondam tutor, Mr. Johnston, who had waited upon her on his return from Paris, but who had now left the protection of the castle for ever.

When, however, the news descended to the housekeeper's room on the following morning, from my lady's own mouth, that the young Lord Arnwood was absolutely expected home that very day—never was there in any quarter such a consternation of surprise and important preparation. Mr. Mollison, the generalissimo of butlers, was in a perfect panic, at the fifty hundred things that devolved upon him instantly "to be, to do, and to suffer," on such an extraordinary occasion, and ran about everywhere, doing nothing from not knowing what to do first—rubbing his hands, and giving all sorts of contradictory orders, and wondering above all things that my lady, who must have known what was to hap-

pen on the day before, should have had the cruelty to keep up the news for a whole day, and then let them out upon him like a clap of thunder, without giving him one night to think of all that was to be done.

The first thing he could muster presence of mind sufficient to effect, was to mount up into one of the neglected chambers, and fetch forth an old moth-eaten flag, which it had been the immemorial custom at Arnwood to hoist upon days of emergency, as he said; meaning days when any particular event took place at the castle, at which all were expected to rejoice. But so few occasions of rejoicing of any sort had of late taken place in this lonely building, that the flag was all but gone, being as thin and frail as a cobweb. However, up it must go, and a perplexing piece of business the rearing of it was to the honest major-domo, particularly from the flurry of his mind consequent upon this great event. The old tapestry in the gloomy room above, which in ancient times had been called the banquetting room, was to be shaken out and set in order; the hangings in the green drawing-room, which had been put up at the late lord's marriage, were to be unshrouded; the few remaining servants to be marshalled out in as much state as small numbers and other deficiencies would admit of; and a man to be stationed in the Lark's Tower, under the ragged flag, to keep a look out, and to give a signal to crooked Robert and his old wife, who dwelt at the porter's lodge; and, if time would permit, the whole country round was to be raised to welcome the young heir home to his castle of Arnwood; above all a fête was to be gotten up to please the domestics. As for Mrs. Goodyear the housekeeper, she was no less distracted with business and preparation; she broke two antique china dishes with her own hands in the ardour of scolding the housemaids, and scalded her fore-fingers in the most painful manner, by dipping it into a pot to make good her assertion that its contents did not boil.

At length, the numerous affairs below stairs were got into some sort of order. Mrs. Goodyear in gown and cap, with as much comfort as her scalded finger would admit of, and having her little gold watch hanging by her side, with her usual complacency crossed her hands before her, and looked out down the long avenue for the coming of my lord.

But the only person in view was Mark Forward, the footman, and man of all-work, who had early been despatched with an invitation to Lady's Arnwood's favourite, the rector, requesting his company to dinner to meet the young heir; he being the only gentleman, within twenty miles, whom my lady would condescend to invite as a relief to the solitude of her days, and to bear witness to the fallen fortunes of the ancient house of Arnwood.

"Any travellers to be seen on the road as you came, Mr. Mark?" said the housekeeper, looking out.

"Travellers, ma'am, on any road hereabouts? Don't mention such a thing, ma'am, if you please, only to make one's mouth water."

"Then there's no appearance of my lord yet, nor of any strangers whatever, Mark?"

"Nothing o' th' sort, ma'am. Travellers indeed! any where within ten miles of this black old castle—one might as well expect to see a bonfire on Hail Hill, over beyond, or a mermaid singing ballads in the Pirate's Creek, as a traveller here of a whole winter. Not so much as a tinker or a pedlar to enliven us this month past, and even old Alic the fiddler has deserted us. Not so much as a custom-house officer or exciseman ever passes; nor even a smuggler comes near the creek now—neither man nor maiden whatsoever, and a whole-some young fellow like me, wasting my precious youth in an old castle among the rocks. By gad, ma'am, you'll get out of bed some morning and find me hanging on the bough of one of the trees in the wood, like another Absalom."

"And as for me, Mr. Mark," said the housekeeper, surveying herself, "I may deck myself, and dress myself, and I may wear my clothes, and my trinkets, and what signifies how well a woman looks, when there's no one to see her?"

"Well, I can't stop here, ma'am, in this sort o' lamentation. But what, in the name of goodness, is that dangling at the top o' the flagstaff in the turret there?"

"It is the flag, no doubt, that Mr. Mollison hoisted for my lord."

"Flag, ma'am, ho! ho! and he not come home yet, supposing it were a flag. But it's more like one of the brooms that the skippers in the bay put up at the mast-head when their shabby craft is for sale, or as a signal of distress, than any token of rejoicing. 'Faith the castle itself may be for sale for aught I know."

"Lord! Mr. Mark, do ye think so, and nearly a year's wages due to me?"

"Oh! no fear of us, ma'am," said the wag, whose selfishness was not so ready to take the alarm, "but that is a poor forlorn looking thing that Mollison has hoisted up there, and flutters about too much like the old flag-end of nobility, so tattered yet so lofty. Alack a-day, Mrs. Goodyear, it's a sad thing altogether, and a bad bargain my young lord has to come home to, come when he may."

It was towards evening that Lord Arnwood found himself approaching his native home, and the daylight of a short winter's day was just dying away, as from a height which he had much longed to arrive at, he first obtained a view of the distant sea and the naked tower of the Pilot's Mark, and afterwards descried the black turrets of Arnwood. The thoughts of the youth had already been none of the pleasantest, nor is a solitary ride of seventy miles on a drizzling gloomy day in February, after a week's sickness, at all favourable to the dispersion of gloomy reflections. Arnwood, amid the torpor of his weary journey, had been striving the whole day to excite in himself feelings of joy at returning to his home, and meeting his remaining parent. But when he first obtained a view of the old castle, standing bleak and solitary, amid irregular, ill kept, woody grounds, where the old oaks shot up their scattered leafless trunks, and spread forth their ragged boughs over the never-ending brushwood—and where not a living soul seemed stirring around, nor a face was to be seen willing to offer him a welcome, nor a sound heard but the harsh sea-breeze whistling in the leafless wood—when he surveyed all this, his melancholy deepened into a still more unpleasant and even gloomy feeling.

At length the sad inhabitants of the castle were gladdened by the unusual sound of a vehicle stopping at the entrance, and in an instant all the disposable servants were at the door. Mr. Mollison condescended to open the carriage with his own hand, and greeted his lord with a hearty and comforting welcome; while Mrs. Goodyear was overcome even to weeping when his lordship shook hands with her in the hall, as an old friend.

We tarry not to describe the meeting between the noble youth and the solitary dowager of the castle; which, however affecting to both in the first instance, and productive of a transient feeling of pleasure on either side, soon gave place to the overwhelming gloom superinduced by the dreary solitude of the old castle, and the melancholy reflections on the probable fortunes of their house; which were indeed too well grounded in probability, and altogether of a nature corresponding with the spot in which they were engendered.

CHAPTER II.

The quiet solitude of the castle of Arnwood was but little disturbed by the return of the young lord. In a few days he was seen, without being looked at, gliding out and in, and mounting the narrow stairs of the Lark's Tower, to a small apartment near its summit, which he chose to call his study; and there, while the usual economy of the household went on almost by signs, he was occupied in looking out upon the sea when the weather was stormy, or poring over his books—and all with such perfect stillness, that the whole building you would have sworn was tenanted only by the few birds which built among its sheltered nooks, and the ravens which wheeled and screeched round its lofty turrets. Sometimes, indeed, he was observed on the back of an old hunter, splashing and wheeling among the broken hollows near Pirate's Creek, in weather when even to behold such frightful doings, aggravated the excruciating tyranny of Mr. Mollison's rheumatism; and, on other occasions, when the wind blew and blasted so fearfully around the castle, that the man who ventured out of doors found no small difficulty in keeping his head where it was placed by nature, or his feet on the solid earth, the poking major-domo might be found peeping and peering from some of the small loop windows in the tower, and holding up his hands as he descried the young lord flying along the beach in the distance, on his lean hunter, with the spray buzzing round and over him, "as if," as he was wont to say, "seven devils were at his heels."

Some time after his arrival, as the spring advanced, and the weather became more mild and genial, a slight stir took place in the neighbourhood, in consequence of a shipwreck at no great distance—with its various concomitant circumstances, such as the coming and going of persons in authority, the landing and embarkation of men in small boats along the coast, and nightly parties about the Pirate's Creek.

One morning, at this period, just as Lord Arnwood was preparing to go out, a strange, weather-beaten looking man was seen making his way towards the castle, crossing the green sward, and cutting off the angles of the walks where he chose, as he, for despatch and shortness, approached it from the side next the sea. When he had drawn near, he stood before the front entrance, gazing awkwardly about him; until wheeling round, and discovering the door leading into the servants' apartments, he forthwith entered, and was at once confronted by the tall form of Mr. Mollison, who, with great state and dignity, demanded of the stranger what he wanted.

The person so addressed, who was a square-built man, with a shrewd, good-humoured countenance, seemed not of those who are prone to be abashed even by the majesty of a Mollison; but, on the contrary, giving the great man of the pantry a most familiar, and, as the latter thought, a decidedly impudent nod of the head, he began by delivering, with a strong Scotch accent, the following unceremonious enquiry:

"A fine day, friend; is your maister at hame?"

"My master! what is it you mean, sir?" said the major-domo, in consternation at such want of respect.

"Ou ay, your maister. I'm sure ye're no the maister yoursel, honest man, eh?"

"Honest man, sir, how? what are you? how dare you call me honest man?"

"Ou, indeed, friend, ye'll doubtless no be o'er honest; but I just want the gentleman ye see—the maister of this auld black building."

"Master? Is it his lordship you're enquiring for, my man?"

"Ou, ay, friend, I believe he is a lord: I should mind folk's teetles. I want to see him, honest friend."

"You want to see my lord? How dare you speak to me, and of my lord, in this shocking manner. What are you, sir?"

"Poohoo! so ye're taking the strunts, are ye? Deevil the like o' these flunkies and servant men I ever saw; and dare na speak to them for pride."

"Servant men, you scoundrel; do you call me a servant man? Ho! Mark, Robin, Will—is there nobody here to dip this impudent Scotchman in the horsepond?"

"Lord, I would like to see the best flunkie that ever licked a plate, put hands on me!" said the Scotchman, smiling contemptuously, and spitting in his palm as he grasped the short stick on which he leaned, while Mark Forward and others of the servants mustered round to witness the rare excitement of a fray.

"What's all this to do?" said Mark, striking in, and rejoicing at the idea of a quarrel. "What are ye all about, gentlemen?"

"Faith, ye're a coevil like fallow," said the stranger, not less pleased at all times than Mr. Mollison himself, at being so addressed: "Ye see I was just speering in the polest manner at that ill-fared body wi' the meal on his pow, how I would get to see my lord, when, fuff! he gets up in a passion, and scoggles on me like a turkey cock. Deevil sic an a body I ever saw."

"Will you stand there, Mark Forward, and hear me insulted at this rate, by an impudent vagabond?" said Mollison, stamping in a fume.

"Here's a pretty piece of work under my lord's own window," exclaimed the shrill voice of Mrs. Goodyear brought also into the scene; "what is it you want here, good man?"

"I just want ao word of my lord, ma'am," said the stranger, touching his hat with a politeness which was quite remarkable, from contrast with his former roughness.

The sagacious Scotchman, having an instinctive persuasion of female influence, and having almost won the favour of Mrs. Goodyear by the politeness with which he addressed her, followed up his advantage by a speech of such rough manliness and potential persuasion, that she soon prevailed upon Mark Forward, who had visibly enjoyed the humiliation of the butler, to take up the stranger's request, and obtain him an interview with Lord Arnwood.

"What is your pleasure with me, friend?" said Arnwood, as the visitor was ushered into his presence.

"I want to take a bit hoose from you, my lord."

"Take a hoose from me? I have none to let that I know of; and my steward is the man for these matters."

"Ou, I never talk about buzziness to servants when I can get at the maister, my lord, that's my way. Its just a hoose I want, an ye'll gie me 't for a sma' rent—a very sma' rent, nae doot, for it's standing horn idle, an bringing in naething that I can see."

"What hoose is it?"

"Deed, sir—that is, my lord, it can scarcely be ca'd a hoose, ava; and as to any rent, I am sure it is worth next to naething—an' whatever ye'll get for it will be perfect found siller. It's just that auld place doon by the sea-side they ca' the Pilot's Mark, an' it's sadly out o' repair."

"I don't mean to let the Pilot's Mark, my friend."

"Ou yes, my lord, ye'll let it; it'll aye bring in something in the shape o' siller, and ony thing's better than naething: but ye see, my lord, it's no for mysel' I want it, it's for another gentleman."

"Oh, it's for another gentleman," said Lord Arnwood, smiling.

"Deed is it, my lord, an he's a real gentleman, and sair reduced in the world; an' the poor gentleman has set his mind on it, for ye see he is a little odd in his way, since the world went against him, and winna be persuaded; an' I'm sure he'll get his death in it, when the northeasters begin to blast off the sea. But what will be the rent o't, my lord? ye know that siller is siller in thae times."

"What is the gentleman's name, and how has he become reduced?" said his lordship, highly amused with the man and his request."

"His name is Waltham, my lord, and he fell into bad hands, and lost a deal o' siller, and his lady died, and—but ye see it's nae my part to speak about family affairs."

"And you are his servant, I presume?"

"A sort of assistant, my lord, his principal—that is, his general doer, and man of business, baith out an' in. And what'll be the rent o' that rack of a place, my lord?"

"What rent would you or your master offer for the Pilot's Mark, and the seaward land," said his lordship, entering into the man's humour, "if I left it to your own conscience?"

"Hoot, my lord, dinna speak about conscience in thae times, when siller is sae precious. I never heard a gude bargain maker say mickle about conscience on his ain side in my life, whatever he did o' the conscience o' his neighbour; and a bargain's a bargain ony how, as your lordship knows."

"But your offer, sir. How much do you offer for the Mark and its appurtenances?"

"Me offer?" said the Scotchman, with a flourish; "Catch me making an offer! Na, na, my lord—its no what 'll I gie, but what 'll ye take, that's my way of doing business."

"Well then, to be short, suppose I offer it to your master for thirty pounds per annum."

"Thirty pounds! such an enormous soom for a perfect limbo, without a lock or a bolt in order. Na, na, my lord, that 'll never do."

"How did you come, my friend, to find out in what order it is?"

"Me, your lordship? hav'n't I been out through't an' in through't, wi' the key I got frae the crooked eliel at the lodge? Do you think I'm talking about a blind bargain, all this time? Na, na."

"Well, my good friend, instead of thirty pounds per annum, suppose I offer it to your master for five, while it is my pleasure to allow him to retain it."

"Five pounds, did your lordship say? Noo, that's something conscientious.—A-weel, a-weel, I suppose we must gie your lordship the five pounds per annum, payable quarterly, an' possession to be had immediately, and so forth. Noo will your lordship just gie me a bit scrape o' a pen for 't. I like things o' sic importance in black and white."

"No, no," said his lordship. "You must take my word for this, and my steward shall attend to see that this person is a reduced gentleman, as you represent;" and so saying, he had some difficulty in getting the Scotchman dismissed without a written memorandum of so good a bargain.

The man was no sooner gone than something struck Lord Arnwood in this matter, to which his unsuspicious good nature had so readily led him to consent. The Pilot's Mark had never been intended for a regular habitation, but had been used by the former lords of Arnwood, for various temporary purposes of their own, either of pleasure or convenience; and there was something like folly, if not degradation to his house, in giving into the possession of a stranger, even upon the plea of benevolence, a pleasure house of the family, erected on a spot so favourable to smuggling or any other illegal purpose—to which it, for aught he knew, might eventually be abused. However, as he had been abruptly led by the importunity and odd humour of this forward Scotchman, to give his word to its being transferred for a time to the possession of the stranger, all that he could now do, was

to give instructions for its being ascertained, whether the new possessor was worthy of his benevolence, and, in every respect, a fit and proper tenant.

Meantime the Scotchman's boat, which had been kept waiting for him in the Pirate's Creek, soon brought him to a small inn, at a few miles' distance, which having reached, he ran up stairs to the apartment occupied by his master.

"Well, Murdoch, how have you sped?" enquired, as he turned round to meet him, a middle-sized elderly gentleman, with a fine expression of countenance, and a nervous twinkle of the eye.

"Ha, ha, ha!" was all our friend could get out, throwing up his arms and bursting into an obstreperous fit of laughter.

"What does the man mean?"—said the other—"Is this the way you answer my enquiry?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"—went on Murdoch, reeling round the room in his unceremonious mirth.

"For God's sake, Murdoch!" said the gentleman, "check this unseasonable convulsion, and inform me of the issue of your mission."

"Mission, sir! dinna speak about missions to me! Lord, I'm nae missionary."

"I'm glad to see you in such humour, Murdoch."

"Humour! Odd sir! I've been laughing the whole way frae the mickle castle—laughing by land and sea, 'till the vera boatmen gird'd wi' me, like crawfish. Lord, I never made sic a bargain, a' the bargains ever I made."

"Then, I presume, you have got the Pilot's Mark for me."

"Gotten it! ay, and for black naething! ha, ha, ha! I've often heard, that lords and gentles were fules; but sic a born idiot, as yon sweet-mouthed lord, I never saw. To gie awa a place like the Pilot's Mark, for thirty pounds a year, it's perfect nonsense."

"Well, I suppose that is cheap enough, Murdoch, as you say so."

"Cheap!—He sought thirty pounds—but do ye think I make bargains that way? Na, na, what do you think of sic? Na, its true, sir—five pounds a year! as I shall answer.—Ha, ha, ha! Yon a lord? He's a perfect fule. Kears na mair about making a bargain, than a cow does about a chest o' drawers."

"But, I fear, Murdoch, that you have succeeded through some imprudent narration of my circumstances. I should be sorry —"

"Me, sir! Na, faith! I've kent the worl' over lang for that. Ca' a man puir indeed? in thae days. Na, na—your rogue 'll get plenty of friends, but your puir man name."

"That was wise—and now tell me, Murdoch, what sort of a man is his lordship?"

"Ou, a weel far'd lad—as plain spoken as you or me; an' quite conversible, for a' his lofty look. But it was astonishing how he laughed at me, an' he sic a fule himself."

"It would not be astonishing, if I were to laugh heartily at you this moment, Murdoch, if I were in spirits for such an indulgence," said the gentleman sadly. "But how did you manage to make your way into his lordship's presence?"

"Manage, sir! Ha, ha, ha!—sic a brulzie as I had wi' a whole posse o' mealy-headed scoundrels—but I gar'd them a' stand round—for ye see, sir, there was a sonsie woman o' a housekeeper; a widow she was, I could see by the tail o' her ee—an' I soon saw my cannical road; so I set myself to tickle the gray mare,—for ye ken sir, women are women; an' pooh! I was na a blink o' getting in afore his lordship."

"Well, Murdoch, you have managed this business very well: and now I must caution you, when we get there, to keep as much out of sight as possible, and never go towards the castle; and, above all things, keep a shut mouth, if you're to have a day's peace."

"Hard conditions, maister—the last in particular."

"And get every thing as decent as possible, and as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Ou ay, maister, nae fears o' me; an' there's plenty o' lime for white wash, an' I'll make you so gontee! an' Miss —"

"Hush! Hayn't I told you, Murdoch, never to mention her name."

"Gude sake, maister!" said Murdoch; starting at Mr. Waltham's earnest manner. "Ye put a bung into my mouth, when I offer to speak about the lady, as I were naething but a sounding bag."

"Murdoch, beware; I tell you your tongue is your only enemy."

"Deevil a bit, sir. It's my only friend. What was

it that got you the Pilot's Mark, that ye hae set your mind on, but my tongue, maister?"

"Not forgetting your thorough impudence, Murdoch. But come, you know what is necessary to be done; and set about it instantly."

The spring advanced, and still Lord Arnwood persisted in remaining at the castle, living in almost unbroken solitude. Some slight changes had, however, taken place in this retired neighbourhood, which served as materials for the vacant gossip of the slender community, and secured them from the desperation of reading, or thinking, or any similarly troublesome resource of compunctious idleness.

One of the events alluded to, was the preparation which had actively commenced, for the intended coming of Mr. Bolton, the great rich squire of New Hall, at the large staring building, which, as we have already said, overlooked the irregular pleasure-grounds of Arnwood, (to which its cut-paper gardens and lands had originally belonged); who, with all his train, was shortly expected to give life and spirit to this deserted neighbourhood. That he would do all this was evident, from the bustle and activity that prevailed among the cloud of tradesmen, artisans, and artists, by whom the quiet solitudes of Arnwood began to be invaded and disturbed; and the endless importations of furniture, provisions, and wines, intended to supply the profuse luxury of the establishment.

The other principal event which employed common gossip, was the strange conduct and appearance, when a sight of them could be had, of the singular occupants of the Pilot's Mark; who had taken up their abode in this lone, starved-looking, and inconvenient building, with such unobserved celerity, and mysterious silence, that it might have been supposed the sea had thrown them up out of its womb, or the clouds dropt them under the lee of Hall Hill, the sterile appendage to their comfortless habitation.

Meantime, the preparation and profusion appearing daily at New Hall, began to excite such envy among the domestics at the dull castle of Arnwood, as no pride of family and title, of which servants always partake, could long stand against. The cook and the kitchen maids began to whisper together in dark dissatisfaction, and the footmen scowled at my lord, and even at their more delicate lady, and began to lay plots and plans, born of rebellious discontent, as their teeth watered at the thoughts of the tempting perquisites of extravagance, and the pleasant and neighbouring windfalls of profusion.

These symptoms (particularly after the éclat of the arrival of Mr. Bolton and his friends at New Hall), had their full effect upon the melancholy dowager and her proud son; who, with the sensitive jealousy of conscious poverty acting upon mental and family elevation, began even to watch the countenances, and to understand the feelings of their own servants.

This state of mind on the part of the young lord, was confirmed by the effect of a serious communication with his mother upon the affairs of their house. The anxious and depressed dowager entered into a long detail of the circumstances that had straitened the property of Arnwood during the life of her husband, which no after economy or prudence had been able to re-adjust; and concluded by laying her serious commands upon him to pay his addresses to the squire's sister, and, by marriage with her, to renovate the honours of their house. We need hardly describe the manner in which this proposal was received. But to Arnwood his mother's commands were sacred, and the restoration of his family paramount to every other selfish feeling, so that he not only consented, but at length indulged the desire of accomplishing the sacrifice.

CHAPTER III.

There was by this time gathered into the mansion of New Hall every variety of people; country squires, and city squires, and jockey gentlemen, and good shots, and five-bar-gate gentlemen, and picture dealers, and villa builders, and musical amateurs, and seafaring gentlemen, and fat ladies and their lean daughters. All these, and more, were congregated at New Hall, all in their turn, and sometimes altogether, compressed into the ample area of the mansion.

And besides these, there were other sorts of zoological varieties rushing in crowds, with vehicles, dogs, and servants, on their backs, or at their tails, as the case happened, towards this hitherto secluded neighbourhood.

How the corks flew, and the wine flowed! while the hall echoed with the fantastic music and the volatile heels of the dancers, and the welkin rang with the huzzas of the guests, until the night wore away in feverish joy,

and the pure morning appeared fresh and odoriferous over quiet dale and woodland.

The contrast between the profuse on-goings at the hall and the economical monotony of the old castle of Arnwood was indeed very remarkable. Philosophy itself, at least all that Lord Arnwood could muster, was not proof against the tantalising display, and ostentatious waste of wealth, thus held up before the eyes of his calculating economy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the secret repinings and involuntary feelings of irrepressible envy which exist in human nature under such circumstances, should have extended more undisguisedly to the servants at the castle; all of whom, from the great Mr. Mollison down to the very scullions and market-boy, became first discontented and mutinous, and then began to melt away one by one for engagements at the Hall, until Arnwood was in danger of being left without a servant. Even the lofty major-domo began to deliberate upon the expediency of resigning the pride of birth, laying down the emblems of legitimate nobility, and losing the remembrance of buried greatness, for the substantial fatness of New Hall; and Mrs. Goodyear was absolutely wild with envy and vexation, at her own lot, since one of the maids who had left the castle and gone to the Hall, had already achieved a husband from the flock of dissolute serving-men domesticated with the wealthy squire.

But Lord Arnwood might glance with as much affected contempt as he pleased over the swarming grounds and smoking chimneys of New Hall. Wealth is wealth: and at length many persons whom Arnwood justly respected began to condescend to partake of the hospitality of his rich neighbour; and after a time, his own pride gave way before the reasonings of his mother, and a few civilities having passed between them, he finally accepted an invitation to spend an evening at the open house of his neighbour.

The remaining servants at the castle thought the world was turned upside down, and that chaos was come again, as they assisted their lord into his carriage to go to dine with Squire Bolton; and his lordship proceeded, reasoning with himself as he went upon the influence of circumstances, and the inevitable necessity to which men and things are forced to submit, and which often brings about the strangest occurrences, and baffles all the calculations of experience.

But Mr. Bolton, who never troubled himself about any necessity but the necessity of company, without which he could not exist, was so far a man of the world that he knew how to assort his guests; and he contrived, upon this occasion, to select the best specimen of his friends and companions to meet Lord Arnwood. And in truth, the company of men conversant with the world, even though their knowledge include a familiarity with the worst part of it, cannot, in our opinion, be unserviceable to a young man just entering life, even in a moral point of view; at least, we think we may assert, without danger of contradiction, that a knowledge of the world does not necessarily contaminate the mind or paralyse the feelings; and that in most cases, to speak plainly, a great deal more depends on the soil, than on the seed.

We have made this slight digression for the purpose of accounting for the readiness with which Lord Arnwood fell into the humour of his host and the habits of his company; and though, at first sight, there did appear to be something in the ceremony of the household, if not repugnant to, at least hardly in accordance with, the aristocratical notions and feelings of the guest, yet as there was no lack of that which supplies the want of every other charm—an apparent heartiness of welcome—it would have seemed something worse than coldness or reserve, had he given Bolton cause of suspicion that he was insensible to his advances.

Indeed every body seemed to be met together for the common purpose of unreserved enjoyment. There were few ladies present, and those few offered but little restraint to the preponderating sex; some of whom, perhaps, would have submitted to no such tyranny as the presence or influence of well-bred women is usually supposed to institute.

As it was, Mr. Bolton himself stood out in advantageous relief. He was a man of about five-and-thirty years of age, of a hale rotundity of aspect, in which constitutional good-humour was blended with an acquired shrewdness, rather perhaps, to the disadvantage of the former; and every thing in his person, manner, and address, bespoke him a man perfectly well acquainted with the external forms of society up to a certain point—yet with an alloy of positive vulgarity, and offensive grossness.

In a religious devotion to the bottle, however, he was excelled by none, and he applied himself to his congenial duties upon this occasion with a fervour that could not

but prove contagious to his admiring companions. It was too evident that they were all set in for a carouse under the special patronage of Bacchus himself. From these devotees Lord Arnwood with difficulty escaped to the drawing-room, where company, if not more attractive from its intrinsic excellence, yet from other causes more interesting to him, awaited his attention.

Miss Bolton was a female fac-simile of her brother; lively, entertaining and agreeable; with all the factitious vivacity of a young lady educated in London, and with that vocabulary of small talk, which among those most interested in its details, readily passes current for native good sense and polished wit. She seemed by no means disposed to discourage the advances of so altogether eligible a person as Lord Arnwood, but was, on the contrary, bent upon making him her exclusive object of attention for the evening.

It was during an interesting tête-à-tête in which the young pair were engaged, that the other gentlemen entered the drawing-room from below.

"Do you see that, squire?" said one of his friends, winking an eye, and his forefinger applied to the opposite side of his nose with peculiar elegance, as he looked across to Arnwood and Miss Bolton, "there's something for you to look at."

"What is it?" asked the squire, who was far from sober, and could not see very clearly.

"Do you not see how Miss Bolton and that young sprig of nobility are flirting? How would you like the title of Lady Arnwood for your sister friend Bolton?"

"My Right Honourable Sister!" was all that the squire could say, parodying the exclamation of Overreach.

"Well, Bolton, what say you? You know we are not marrying men, therefore confess—elucidate."

"I don't know that I would allow Beckey to marry this boy, with all his pride. What comfort would the girl have with a fellow that sits all day over his books in the castle yonder, and can't take his wine of an evening like a gentleman?"

"Nothing very extraordinary in that," remarked a pinched faced person, a rich citizen from the metropolis, "for they say he is mad."

"Mad! hush, he will hear us! But what say you—mad?" said Bolton, who had, after all, some thoughts of trying to match his sister with Arnwood, and was by no means pleased at such a surmise.

"Yes, mad!" said Sir Jacob, coarsely; "I have it from a gentleman who was his tutor and companion, and who travelled with him all over the continent."

"How mad, sir; pray how?" enquired the squire.

"Why, how are half your fashionable people mad? from having too much money perhaps, or too little: or from having too much to do if they are in the cabinet, or too little if they are out; or because my lord is not made a duke; or my lord's sister has married a swindler; or from twenty other causes."

"God keep us out of ear-shot of you when you get fully mad, Sir Jacob," said Mr. Bolton. "But you have not yet said a word in the case of Lord Arnwood."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bolton," replied the other, "I would not speak evil of dignitaries, although Mr. Johnston says this lord is an idiot, and that the very servants call him the mad Lord Arnwood. Who knows, after all, but he may be your brother-in-law ere long?"

"Not so hasty, sir," said a severe looking person, edging in; "you talk as cheaply of men of family and title as if we could buy and sell aristocratical connection on the stock exchange. If you could make out that to be the case, I would speculate to the utmost extent of my fortune."

"Think you so, Hulson?" said Mr. Bolton, a dark scowl coming over his countenance, a frequent and inexplicable expression which interrupted his ordinary and constitutional good humour; "think you lightly of the power of money? I tell you a poor lord may be noble in character as well as blood; but as a man among his equals, and with man's infirmities, he is a daily sufferer, whose case is deeply to be commiserated."

"Perhaps you are right," said Sir Jacob, somewhat amazed at the nature of this remark, so altogether different from his own narrow speculations.

"And I am not to be told," continued Bolton, sternly, "what money can do; I know it, sir, I know it well."

"Well," said Hulson, wishing to revive the original gaiety with which he had commenced, "there they still are—Miss Bolton and this young lord—as prominent as the two figures in the picture of courtship."

"Pon my honour, we are a pretty set of fellows," said the host, changing the discourse, "crowding together here, and leaving the ladies to themselves;" and so say-

ing, and setting the example, the group separated and mingled with the company.

The gentlemen were however, after a short interval, driven again to their wine; and soon became more vehement in their mirth, and more irregular in their conversation. Groups were formed for the expression of more private feelings, according to the degree of friendship subsisting between the parties, and hands began to be grasped, and toasts to be drank, as friendship, inebriety, or good-humour dictated.

In the course of this flow of soul and wine, Mr. Bolton having succeeded in getting Lord Arnwood close to him, talked with considerable freedom, and, as the latter thought, with much good sense, upon various matters foreign and domestic. But his lordship could not help remarking that he occasionally allowed to escape strangely profligate sentiments, and showed a stern decision of character very different from that, which, from the rosy good-humour and bluff hospitality of his open countenance and frank demeanour, a stranger might reasonably have given him credit for.

Mr. Bolton, however, seemed anxious to cultivate the friendship of Arnwood; and before they parted, reproaching him for the distance he kept, and hinting at matters which he could not have ventured to speak of in his sober moments, he begged that he would make use of his friendship without reserve, seeming extremely desirous of the honour of serving him. The company at length grew tired of one another, and even of the bottle; the wine became flat and sickening, and the murmur of confused talk, and the shout of the occasional bacchanalian stave began to die away, as the guests dropped gradually off towards their apartments, and Lord Arnwood was suffered to depart.

When he reached the door the moon was shining brightly over the landscape, although it was near day-break; yet, in spite of the lateness of the hour, with the perverseness of inebriety, he would not consent to make use of the carriage that waited, but insisted upon walking across the lawn and through his own grounds to the castle.

Wrapping therefore his cloak around him, he set off to brush the night dew from the green sward, and proceeded on foot over the irregular grounds towards his own home. He managed to pilot his way by the moonlight through the clumps and shrubbery, although sadly perplexed by the dark shadows flung from them over the park; and he mounted one or two of the green slopes which interrupted the plantation, standing still occasionally when he came to an open spot, and gazing upon the scene with excited admiration.

He had approached the side of a line of chestnuts, and was making his way over the sward at considerable speed and in much good-humour with himself, when he heard distinctly a foot tripping in the shadow of the trees almost close to him.

"Who is there?" he called out quickly—but the foot stopped, and no reply was made.

Again he pushed forward, and again the foot went, trip, trip, by his side.

"Come along, friend, whoever you are," said Arnwood, calling out without apprehension, "and let us go forward together."

No answer was returned, but a human figure was now visible, moving in the shade of the trees.

At length, as he began to walk slower, and to keep a look out on the dark side, a man's voice struck up with the not unpleasant warble of a song.

"A pleasant stave enough, friend," said Arnwood, when he had ended, "and the more so that I had no right to expect such entertainment among these bushes and brakes at this hour of the night."

"It's morning, Lord Arnwood," said the voice.

"Faith I believe it is, honest friend," replied Arnwood, pleased at the probability of an adventure.

"You're in high spirits, my lord," said the voice.

"Pretty much so, my invisible friend," said his lordship, "and the morning is beautiful, as you see."

"There are light days and dark days to us all," said the stranger, to his lordship's surprise, although he thought the voice, or at least the accent, was not unknown to him.

"There are so," said Arnwood.

"But there's a time to laugh an' a time to weep, my lord," continued the voice, descending into its natural accent. "An' ye hae heard fine things the night nae doubt," said the Scotchman, drawing near.

"True enough, friend; but hadnt you better give me another stave, since you favour me with your company homewards?"

"Ou ay, I've no refuse a song after your lordship has

been up at the big hoose there, eating the fat, an' drinking the sweet with Dives an' his crew. But mickle ye'll make by that, if ye kenn'd but a'!" and Murdoch struck up these strange lines.

When the hawk parts wi' his wing,
Gentle John, simple John;
And the lavrock winna sing,
Gentle John—simple.
When the corbie kames th' lambkin's head,
An' feeds the crow with flesh and bread,
You may say its news indeed,
Gentle John, simple John;
Gang an' tell your news with speed,
Gentle John—simple.

"A strange ditty, my friend," said Arnwood, beginning to get sobered,—a "very strange."

"Ou ay, my lord, but there's many strange things in the world, an' ye see I hae a bit word o' sang just to fit ony thing that happens."

"Have you indeed? But what earthly occurrence can be fitted by the Sybilline stuff you have now uttered?"

"Ay, man, that's just the question!"

"Who are you, friend, crossing my lawn at this unseasonable hour?"

"Do ye no ken me, my lord? Dinna ye mind Murdoch Macara, o' the Pilot's Mark? Faith I'm no afraid to tell my name. An' if I take a short cut through the ground o' this dismal castle, an' gang a bit out o' my road to sing your lordship a sang, an' guide you through the park when ye're a wee the waur for drink, odd—is n't that a friend's turn?"

"I the worse for drink? how dare you say so?" exclaimed Arnwood, laughing at Murdoch's plainness.

"Gude faith, my lord, it's naething but a gentleman's case to be staggering hame fou, at twa in the morning. I ken nae better folk than them that tak a drap o' drink now an' then. It's better may be than sitting in an auld turret, or on a rock o' the sea, getting the merlises i' your head, like your lordship and my ain maister. It's my notion that that was the way the folk turned themselves into warlocks, an' took up dealings wi' the devil himsel, langsyne, the Lord preserve us."

"Does your master live in the Pilot's Mark, then?"

"He does, my lord, canny an' quiet."

"Quiet he must be, for I've never seen nor heard of him but from yourself."

"Ye hae muckle to see an' hear baith, my lord, that ye dinna think of just now; an' my maister kens —"

"Well, sir, what does your master know?"

"Ou naething; that is, it's no for me to speak about gentlefolks' affairs, but my maister is an odd man, an' he kens mair than he says about us all, an' about the drunken young squire above, and about what's to happen, for he's a woary reader o' books, and ye see he's concerned for your lordship, an' grateful because ye gi'd him the Pilot's Mark to live in; an' he says —"

"What does he say?" said Arnwood, somewhat impatiently, as Murdoch hesitated.

"He says he does not like to hear o' your going to gorge wi' the herd o' cattle up i' the squire's house yonder; for he says that it's like the snare o' the fowler, an' the trap that's hidden among the blossoms and the bonny flowers on the brae;" and the Scot hesitated again and looked up in Arnwood's face.

"Go on, friend; I want to know your meaning."

"Ou, naething, my lord, but he kens the lady that's the squire's sister, and he says you'd better be waury; but for all that, he aye says—"

Every man maun dree his fate,
An' every bird will hae its mate."

"Does he say so?" said Arnwood, as the man stopped, looking hard at him in the moonlight.

"But ye see, my lord," continued Murdoch—"there now, I've brought you near to the black old castle. Heh, it's a gruesome looking place for a young gentle like you to be living in at the age o' twenty, wi' naething but your sickly lady mother, sitting a' day listening to the ticking o' the clock. Oh, oh! When I was your age!—but it's just as Mr. Waltham says:—"

Every man maun dree his fate,
An' every bird will hae its mate."

"But I say, my lord, never heed my clavers, only take tent o' the squire, take tent o' the squire! But now, as the ghost in the play says—"

The cock begins to crow,
An' the day begins to daw,

an' so a sound sleep an' a blythe wakening, my lord."

With this the eccentric Scotchman turned off, and darting into the nearest plantation towards the sea, was instantly out of sight; while Arnwood, somewhat sobered—

by this adventure, having reached home, retired to his apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Arnwood's intimacy at New Hall increased daily; and, with that felicity of self-adaptation, which mankind has consented to call habit, he would doubtless have resigned himself to the influence of the society into which he was thrown, and been content to settle down into a better sort of country gentleman—with the additional blessing of a wife in the person of Miss Bolton—had not one or two circumstances occurred in the meantime, rising like beacons to warn him of his danger.

These circumstances, however, it would be difficult to describe, or rather they are not worth the trouble of description; the effect being produced by the thousand almost imperceptible nothings which, occurring and uniting in the still life of society, resemble the coral insects that build islands in mid ocean. Certain small traits of character, in addition, had been discovered in Mr. Bolton, which would not have been visible at a first glance, even in the least artificial natures; and the occupant of New Hall was not one of those men who are said to "improve upon acquaintance."

If, however, the expediency of breaking off all further connection with Mr. Bolton, and of resigning his as yet unannounced pretensions to his sister, had been previously a question with Lord Arnwood, the affair was altogether decided one day at a dinner party at New Hall, by the unexpected presence of Mr. Johnston, his former tutor. This circumstance, of itself an evidence of the squire's real feelings towards him, coupled with the now obvious fact of a recent but close intimacy between the two worthies, was sufficient to stimulate the jealous pride of the young lord, who, impatient of the company at the squire's table, contrived to depart at a much earlier hour than was consistent with the bacchanalian habits of his host.

The mansion of New Hall was situated nearer to the *Pilot's Mark* than to the Castle of Arnwood; and as it was yet early, although becoming quickly dark, his lordship preferred walking home, taking a circuit by an avenue that skirted the foot of Hail Hill, and in the direction of the lonely building by the sea, called the Mark, towards which he felt an involuntary attraction. After a smart walk he had passed the Mark, and reached a rising ground at the extremity of the plantations belonging to the castle, and above the cliffs; where he stood for some moments inhaling the fresh sea air, and musing, as he looked seaward, upon the still night-scene—when he perceived through the darkness a man stealing up from under one of the green conical banks which lay between himself and the Mark, and formed a sort of boundary to this part of his property.

"Who comes?" enquired Arnwood, somewhat taken by surprise.

"Who are you that asks?" grumbled the man, in no civil tone.

"You are insolent, sirrah!" said Arnwood, the surliness of the man's reply stimulating still more the angry feelings which the wine and the company had tended to excite.

"I wonder who it is that calls me insolent," retorted the man, drawing near in the dark, for Lord Arnwood had stepped into a narrow pass which ran along the brow of the cliff, and led towards the Pirate's Creek below. "Stand off, I say!" added the unknown, apparently ignorant of the rank of him whom he addressed.

"You pass not without giving account of your business here," said Arnwood, his suspicions awakened; and with more bravery than prudence he stood forward to stop the stranger's passage.

"The devil I don't!" and the fellow came rudely forward.

"Do you brave me?" said his lordship, giving the man a push; "Stand off!"

"Stand off!" repeated the other scoffingly; and in an instant they came in contact and grappled.

Arnwood struggled with the stranger in the dark, more from momentary passion than from any definite spirit of opposition, or feeling of apprehension; but he speedily found that his strength was much inferior to that of the broad, muscular and full-grown man, who held him in his gripe. He continued to wrestle bravely with his unknown enemy, until they turned the brow of the cliffs, and a fall being the consequence, they rolled together, Arnwood holding his adversary firmly in his grasp, until they fell over the edge, and were both precipitated a considerable space among the rocks below.

The stranger in a short time recovered sufficiently

from the fall to get upon his legs; though not without several groans at the pain of his bruises, and curses upon the adversary who had helped him to this unlucky adventure; but Arnwood neither moved nor spoke—lying to all appearance dead among the rocks.

"A pretty fellow you must be, to wrestle with Bill Weathersheet," said the large heavy man—looking down on his prostrate antagonist; "and yet working starboard and larboard, as furiously as if you had been as broad in the beam as a first-rate. Confound the rocks and the stones! they have nearly stove in my hull timbers. Hollo, old fellow!—I think ye ha' gotten a raker in this last tack; Haigh! By the powers, he does'n't stir!"

When the man found that his unknown adversary still lay motionless, with some alarm, and many exclamations, delivered in a mixed nautical phraseology, he began to raise him up and turn him round, until finding that he exhibited no signs of life, he at length lifted the youth upon his back, and in this manner carried him to the *Pilot's Mark*. When he arrived there, he stopped for a few moments at the low Gothic door of the building, to consider what he ought to do; the result of which reflection led him to give it two or three kicks with his foot, his hands being employed with the burden he carried.

"What's there?" cried a voice within.

"Please you to open the door, Mr. Macara," said the man with the burden; "it is Bill Weathersheet, with a pirate, or an exciseman in tow. For God's sake open the door, and let in the living and the dead, or else come out with a shovel and pickaxe."

"What's the matter, noo? What is it ye want, Will Weathersheet?" grumbled the voice of Murdoch, as he unwillingly drew the bolts. "Could na ye come in by the back door? Deevil sic an unfortunate body as me alive! Rest nor peace I can get nane. The maister is nae sooner gone to bed, an' me set down to draw my breath in peace and quietness, but dunt gangs the door, as loud in this back o' beyont place, as if it were a public change house."

"Here's a bad job, Mr. Macara; just stand out of my way."

"Eh! Lord guide us, what's that? A dead man!"

"Shut the door, you Scotch idiot! If he's dead, you may take the hanging on yourself, for keeping him so long outside."

"What do you say about Scotch idiot, ye blackguard? I wish I had you, and your dead game, on the windy side o' the door again; I would teach you manners—for naming Scotchman an' hanging thegither. Lord 'a mercy me, what's this? what's this?" exclaimed the Scot in a frenzy of terror, as he looked upon the pallid features of Lord Arnwood, who was now laid on a bench before them.

"I told you it was a bad job," said the sailor, contemplating the body—"but he can't be dead. And he's a gentleman too—Lord, Murdoch, they'll hang us both!"

"God forgie you, William Weathersheet, if ye hae murdered the young Lord Arnwood."

"Lord Arnwood?" echoed the man, starting with amazement.

"I tell you!" exclaimed the Scotchman, almost crying, "that is Lord Arnwood, o' the black cattle aboon. God forgie you! God forgie you! But I think he's no' dead; he's only in a dwam. An the bluid's streaming frae the back o' his head. Haud aff your hands, Will Weathersheet, you an' me are no' fit to doctor a lord."

Saying this, Murdoch took the lifeless body in his arms, and telling the man threateningly to stay where he was, he forthwith carried his charge up stairs to a back chamber, muttering to himself all the while, as he went—

"I'll bring him up to the Lady Agatha, if the maister should brain me for it. She's the only one to restore him; an' she'll wash his face wi' a sponge, an' revive him wi' smelling draps, an' she'll dress his head wi' her white fingers, as gentle as a pet lamb, and wi' her vera kindness she'll bring him to—if the life's in him. Och, och! the bonny young lord, that gied us this quiet dwelling for a perfect wanworth. Hech, hech! I've often heard, that lords an' nobles were fules an' tyrants, but there's my ain maister an' Miss Agatha,—an' there's this genty lord; they're every one kind and considerate, out an' in, and wad na harm a flea. Och, och!"

With many such lamentations the Scot carried Lord Arnwood up, laid him on his master's bed, and set about restoring him; acting, however, by the orders of one who soon made her appearance, and seemed no novice at such benevolent offices, and who commenced dressing his wounds and performing the part of his nurse with an anxiety and gentle skill which were soon successful.

Arnwood was for some time in that state of half-con-

sciousness in which surrounding objects are seen and voices heard, without a distinct perception of the reality of either the one or the other. At first, he felt a soft hand holding his own, and the fingers pressing his pulse. A pale female face seemed, sometimes to be close to his, so that he could feel her warm breath upon his cheek; and the long dark hair which fell from her stooping head, while she dressed his wounds, he felt sweeping gently over his neck. Then his awaking eye fastened and dwelt upon a figure which reminded him of a Grecian sculpture, watching in a sitting posture, between himself and the light; and while dreamingly contemplating the features which he was too giddy to see distinctly, he thought the dark hazel eyes beamed upon him with such a lovely expression, that whether sleeping or waking, his involuntary admiration caused a sigh to escape from his breast.

At this moment the figure rose, and seemed to bend solicitously over him; and though his eyes were half closed, he perceived her smile with so captivating a softness, that believing himself to be in a dream, he lay motionless; fearing to break so delicate a vision.

At length he looked long and steadfastly, as if striving against the drowsy confusion of his brain. He perceived himself to be in a small bed-chamber, neatly arranged; the furniture being rather separately elegant than consistently tasteful. The figure of the lady, however, still attracted his interest so exclusively, that as he gazed upon the graceful bend of the body, between himself and the single taper—the neck tangled with long dark hair, and the features perfect in their outline and expression—he was unable to suppress the exclamation—"Lady! how is this? Where am I?"

The lady started, as if suddenly alarmed, and rising up and glancing towards him with a pleased smile, his eyes followed her as she silently glided out of the room.

Lord Arnwood, with swimming head, was making an effort to sit up in the bed, and trying to decide whether he were in a dream or not, when the figure of Murdoch Macara came on tiptoe into the room.

"How do you feel yourself, my lord?" said Murdoch, with all a Scotchman's effort at politeness, and pleased to see the patient looking better.

"I feel strangely," said his lordship; "are you the Scotchman of the *Pilot's Mark*?"

"Ou ay, my lord. Faith I'm glad to hear your Englified tongue again. God! I got sic a fright wi' you. Faith I thought your lordship had kicked the bucket."

"Kicked what?"

"Ou naething. I see you're no used wi' Scotch folk. Hech, but I'm glad to hear you speak! I aye think there's little fear o' folk when their tongue keeps waggin'; that was the vera word John Tamson used to say to his wife."

"Oh, my head, my head," groaned Arnwood; his pain and confusion of brain returning.

"Just whisht, my lord," said Murdoch, shaking his head and winking, as one would do to hush a child; "just lie down an' be quiet for a minute, for ye see my lord, you hae gotten a sair demish, an' nae doubt your head's whirlin' round."

"What is this that has happened to me, friend?"

"Ou naething, my lord, but just a bit crunt on the crown among the stanes. But it will be hale against the morn. Od, I've seen an Eirishman wad hae gotten his head dang as braid at night as a pease bannock, an' gin the vera next day the fallow would be deevil a hair the waur o't."

Having indulged himself with this morsel of talk, while he was prescribing silence to the patient, Murdoch tripped cautiously away, and then returning with Will Weathersheet, they carried Arnwood down stairs, and laying him upon a sort of litter which they had hastily furnished with blankets, in less than half an hour they had him brought to the entrance of his own castle.

Arnwood had sunk again into a half-conscious state as they were carrying him home; but when he found himself in his own apartment (Murdoch being in the meantime occupied in answering the enquiries of the alarmed servants, by telling them that his lordship had merely met with a slight accident) the young lord waved his hand for the domestics to retire, and leave Murdoch alone with himself.

"Where have I been, my friend," enquired Arnwood feebly, "and what has happened to me? for I feel both pain of body and confusion of mind."

"It's naething ava, my lord, but just a bit accident that happened on your road hame frae the muckle hall aboon, wi' a wee drap drink in your head. Od, ye never gang near that place but something happens your lord."

ship. But ye see, there's naething extraordinar' in a drunken squabble an' a broken crown."

"But was there not a lady?"

"Lady! your lordship's perfectly in a mistack. Wha was aboot you but only mysel an' big Will Wathersheet? an' twel' he's no like a lady; wi' a pair o' whiskers on his haffits, an' as mickle black hair as wad fill a mattress. Noo, my lord, slup to your bed. It's nae good for young gentlemen to let ladies run in their heads."

"I am certain there was a lady," said Arnwood, musing; "I could not be deceived; I am sure of it."

"Hoot, my lord, just keep yourself quiet. Ye've been dreaming; young men are aye dreaming aboot ladies. Lordsake! think ye that ladies are to be found on the sea-shore like cockle-shells; an' wha ever heard o' a lady in sic a lonesome place as the Pilot's Mark?"

"Then I have been at the Pilot's Mark?"

"Ou ay, my lord. But ye're a great deal better noo, an' just be advised to slup to your rest, and here's my gausey acquaintance, the housekeeper, got up out o' her warm bed to see after you."

The housekeeper and other servants entered as the Scotchman left the apartment, and his lordship was soon settled for the night.

The effect of the fall that Lord Arnwood had met with among the rocks, was more to stupify and confuse him, than of any serious consequence otherwise, for the bruises were but slight, and having once been dressed, began to heal rapidly. The giddiness and swimming in his head, however, and the confused and painful sensation, confined him to bed for two or three days after the accident.

When he awakened on the following morning, he tried to recal with some distinctness, a recollection of the events of the preceding night, but with little success; the impression of a delicious dream with which his slumbers had been visited, and the supposed reality of the previous night, were so mingled together. But among his confused reminiscences of something real, of falling over rocks, and of being carried home in the open air, the most vivid and interesting was that of a strange lady, a figure very different from Miss Bolton's, moving gently about him in an unknown apartment; and he remembered distinctly certain long tresses of hair falling over a beautiful Grecian face, placed between himself and a single taper.

With these were blended some vague fancies about the mysterious tenant of the Pilot's Mark, whom he had never yet seen, and regarding whom he began to be uneasily curious; for the notion had taken irresistible hold of him, that this strange person was in some manner, as yet unknown, destined to become linked or entangled with him and his future fate.

And yet he blamed himself for allowing one of whom he knew so little to obtain a footing so near him; as sometimes persons will call themselves, when too late, to account, for doing a thing from motives of benevolence or kindness, of which they do not very clearly see the real end or purpose. And this he did from the very reasonable motive which directs people whose tranquillity is liable to be easily disturbed, and whose feelings are easily affected, to be proportionably cautious how they place these valuable instruments of happiness at the disposal of others.

In consequence of such fancies and reflections, he determined within himself to see the stranger of the Mark, and to ascertain from his own lips what were his station and mode of life; resolving that if he should, from all he could learn, come to any unfavourable conclusions, he would immediately eject him from his present asylum.

Agreeably to this resolution, he ventured down towards the shore on the fourth day after the accident, determined to walk to the Pilot's Mark, and ascertain in person something more satisfactory regarding its mysterious occupant.

He was proceeding leisurely along on the sands, the day being warm and still, watching the slow ripple of the waters upon the shore, and occasionally looking out upon the small craft which lingered on the trembling waves towards the seaward horizon, when he perceived, under the cliffs on his right, the figure of an elderly man, reclining in apparently indolent meditation upon the bank. He judged that this could be no other than the occupant of the Mark, from the little likelihood of any person coming from a distance being so much at his ease in so solitary a spot: but after observing him for a while, his constitutional delicacy overcame his first resolution to address him, and he passed on.

The other, watching Arnwood, and seeming to perceive his intention, after a few moments' hesitation rose and came forward, while his lordship stood still expecting his approach.

The stranger, a man about fifty, his appearance digni-

fied and even impressive, on drawing near raised his hat with respectful politeness, showing a well formed reverend head, quite bald on the top, which added much to the impressiveness of his pale care-worn features, and said "I believe I have the honour of addressing Lord Arnwood."

"You make no mistake, sir," said Arnwood.

"It is full time, my lord," added the gentleman, with tremulous seriousness, "that I should make my acknowledgments to you for giving me (for so I may call it) the retired domicile beyond the creek, which I am assuredly most grateful for. I am the person who occupies the Pilot's Mark, my lord, and your tenant, since you choose so considerably to put a nominal rent upon the place."

"I am happy that it has been in my power," replied Arnwood, "to render you any obligations, but you greatly overrate this trifling service."

"Those who have nothing to give in return, seldom receive an obligation; and when they do, they cannot easily overrate that which is so valuable from its rarity."

"Nay," said Arnwood, interested by the old gentleman's manner, "I trust that favours, more worthy the name than any thing you allude to, are not so very rare."

"Retain your opinion, my lord, while you can, but I am an old man," and he shook his head.

"But, sir," said Arnwood, drawing nearer, and wishing to come with delicacy to his object, "there surely must be something peculiar in that case which makes a gentleman express so much gratitude for such an inconvenient solitude as the old building you occupy."

"Every case seems peculiar when considered by itself."

"You will excuse me," said Arnwood, "but I have some curiosity to know why you chose this melancholy spot, or how a person of your appearance should prefer so to seclude himself; and whether you are comfortable in the Mark—and, in short, whether I can further serve you."

"Pray be plain, my lord. You have some suspicions regarding me, and wish to know something of my way of life."

"I wish not to be intrusive, but, in so sequestered a neighbourhood, even our idleness and self-love make the character and actions of others the subject of scrutiny."

"True; and that scrutiny has given me to know, that you are well worthy the confidence of an unfortunate gentleman. As to how I live?—look abroad upon that wide and deep ocean. It is often raging and tumultuous, and swallows up the small and great; but its mighty fury is the sublime energy of nature, which those who have suffered from the treachery and inhumanity of mankind can look upon with admiration; for while these great waters so often engulf the merchant and his gold, they throw gently out upon their yellow sands a simple subsistence to an unfortunate like myself."

"Thus, my lord, I exist, while you allow me to live in this much valued solitude. Do you see that little dark spot in the offing? that is a small boat wherein my poor faithful Scotch servant, Murdoch Macarn, and another, are drawing from the prolific deep my means of subsistence and comparative content."

"But, pray do not think me impertinent, sir—your fortune? for surely"

"You are right, my lord," said the stranger. "I had fortune once, fortune that I thought inexhaustible; identified, as it seemed, with me and my house. I dreamed, as others do, that it would descend to my posterity also, as it had descended to me. But time is continually unfolding to us the great truth, that we know nothing, and that our presumption never appears more striking than when we attempt to speculate upon human destiny."

Arnwood was unable for a moment to reply to this speech of the remarkable stranger, partaking as it did of a train of thought which his own circumstances had led him to indulge. But his curiosity to learn more of his new acquaintance being strongly excited, he ventured to make the enquiry—

"And pray, how has your property been taken from you?"

"Can your lordship tell me how that cloud in the sky has obtained the fantastic shape it now bears?" he replied, looking reverently upwards, "or from what region in the heavens it has come, or where it will be, or what shape it will assume, by to-morrow night?"

"I cannot."

"Can you tell from what point of the heavens the lightning will shoot forth, or where on earth the bolt will fall, or whom it will strike and destroy? If you cannot tell how destruction comes, can you tell how the rose-bud opens in summer? If not, how can I show you the real cause of my misfortunes? Ask any of the ruined men, whom you may see wasting the weary hours

in the neighbourhood of a metropolis, and he will tell you a common-place story, full of wearying details of the harassing calamities of civilised life. He will tell you of fine prospects which totally disappointed him, and promising events which ended in ruin. He will tell you of false friends and hidden enemies; and so could I. All these things are palpable to our senses; but of their hidden springs, or their ultimate end, we are without understanding."

"You have, then, been deprived of your fortune?" said Arnwood.

"Yes, my Lord; and while I, its rightful owner, pine here in poverty and solitude, my destroyer wastes it in riot and extravagance. You may imagine the like in that great, great mansion," he added, turning towards New Hall, "which like a bloated upstart, seems to overlook, almost with scorn, your own venerable castle."

"And all this is done to you wrongfully?"

"Truly, my lord, by bitter wrong."

"And might you not recover it by law?"

"I might not," replied the stranger, with a sad and resigned look.

"And pray, sir, why?"

"The law is not for men when they are poor. The law is a luxury to the vindictive man, or the amateur of legal justice; and the poor have no luxuries except religion and a good conscience, and these are luxuries which but few of the rich have much enjoyment of."

"Pardon me, sir: but if any one has obtained your property illegally, as you seem to intimate, you are surely wrong in not seeking its restoration publicly. The law would compel him to restore it."

Mr. Waltham again shook his head, and after a pause continued. "The law, my lord, is very good and very efficient, as a general instrument for the distribution of good and evil, in a way that often baffles human calculation; but, like other monsters begotten by civilisation, it is, as I have said, very much subject to the power of money, which I am now without. But even supposing I were able to pay for, and willing to encounter, the anxieties and risks of a chase after justice, I am now convinced I should be only striving in vain against my own fate."

"Your fate," said Arnwood.

"Yes, my lord, certainly."

"Pray explain yourself."

"I cannot explain, my lord."

"No?"

"Men," continued the stranger, "have in all ages made children of themselves, by attempting to explain things of which they are ignorant. For my part, I hold it to be more consistent with reason and dignity to be silent. But I see my boat approaching the shore, and honest Murdoch with his fish," said Mr. Waltham, rising and moving towards the sea. "Their dinner will be more luxurious at New Hall than our's at the Mark."

"Can I do you any service, sir," said Arnwood, "by an introduction to Mr. Bolton at the Hall?"

"Mr. Waltham only shook his head, and said, 'the gossip of the neighbourhood informs me that you are about to marry Miss Bolton. Do not expend your feelings or waste your time upon what is not to be.'"

"I am very much obliged to the neighbourhood for the earliness of its information," replied Arnwood smiling; "but how know you? Do you know any thing against the lady?"

"I know nothing of importance either in her favour or against her, my lord, but I am much deceived if she or her fortune will ever be your's."

"You surprise me by the strangeness of your prognostications," said Arnwood; "be kind enough to explain, I entreat."

"It is not to be," replied Mr. Waltham, turning from him and moving towards the boat. "Good morning, my lord."

Lord Arnwood returned home deeply interested by the stranger's conversation, and determined upon taking the first favourable opportunity of meeting him again.

CHAPTER V.

The preparations for an entertainment to be given at the castle on his coming of age, now entirely occupied Lord Arnwood, and required him to go several times to the nearest considerable town: so that his mind was in general diverted from the subject of the conversation just detailed, and the other matters with which his thoughts were usually occupied.

The effect of these employments, together with his

occasional visits to New Hall, was seconded by his own efforts to prevent his mind from recurring to any thoughts but those of future happiness and good fortune. The only thing that disturbed these ideas, and at times gave him real uneasiness, was a vague and dream-like recollection which haunted his imagination, of a female face and figure, of such romantic beauty and perfection, that he could not bear to dwell upon the real or fancied image, while a union was contemplated with a person so entirely dissimilar as Miss Bolton. Sometimes, while conversing with the latter, and looking in her face as that of his proposed companion for life, the lovely image of the other came so vividly before his fancy, that he felt convinced of the reality of her existence, and that he must have seen such a being, and received at her hands the soothing services which, he dimly remembered, had excited his interest on the occasion of his accident at the Pilot's Mark.

When the morning of the day which he had so long anticipated, at length arrived, he started from his bed at an early hour, and looked out upon the broad landscape, and upwards to the sky, as if surprised to find that this should be like other days, and should come without any distinguishing peculiarity. But truly on this calm morning, "no prodigy appeared in earth or air." The rich green of summer showed every object on brake and woodland, only by the depth and darkness of its various shades of tint, as they seemed yet to slumber under the dewy mist; not a breath moved the leaves on the old oaks of the lawn in front of the castle; and even the bleak sweep of Hail Hill in the distance, receding behind the stalwart nakedness of the Pilot's Mark, seemed to-day to smile with unwonted warmth and emulous vegetation.

As he looked thoughtfully towards the sea on the left, nothing, he imagined, could be more interesting than its appearance on this his birth-day. A single dark sail lingered far in the offing, beyond which, along the whole horizon, a streak of white light marked the morning sky, and gleamed upon the farther sea; which slumbered so quietly, and murmured so musically soft, that its calmness seemed to convey a reproach to all who, on a morning like this, could suffer their hearts to beat with any vain anxiety about what the day was to bring forth.

A great day this was, however, at Arnwood castle, and an unspeakably great man was Mr. Mollison, the chief servant and director of the external and internal economy of the important affair. Mrs. Goodyear, the housekeeper, had scolded for a whole fortnight past without intermission, which she did mechanically and with perfect good nature, whenever there was anything to do; and the other servants were in a state of excitement, much like the crew of an old laid-up man of war, clearing the deck for an unexpected engagement.

The farmers, his lordship's tenants, for whom he had prepared a dinner on the lawn, shortly after their usual hour, soon began to muster with their wives and daughters; a new flag, which Mr. Mollison had made ready for the occasion, fluttered gaily from the flag-staff on the top of the Lark's Tower, and the park began to assume quite a lively appearance. The Rev. Mr. Stone, the much respected rector of the parish, made his appearance, his old carriage newly painted; and shortly after came Mr. Bolton and his sister, accompanied by Mr. Hulson and Sir Jacob Benson, his particular friends.

Lord Arnwood found it, however, a less easy matter to preside at a banquet, and take the lead in a festive entertainment got up to express joy, than he had supposed; for to "mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad," is infinitely less difficult than to maintain a joyous countenance and affect mirth under the pressure of contrary feelings.

But while his determination was strengthened to make himself agreeable to the Boltons, and condescending to the friends whom they had brought with them, his dislike of the squire, augmented by his conversation with his new friend of the Pilot's Mark, unaccountably increased. His mother had appeared at the table only for a moment, and Mr. Stone, the venerable rector, not seeming to enjoy himself, had retired early, and he was thus left entirely to the society of the squire and his friends. Whether it was that the unavoidable prospect of a connection, the thought of which had always hurt his pride, now more than ever pained his mind, as he contemplated it closely; or that the boisterous coarseness and drunken freedom of the New Hall gentlemen were this night more apparent than usual—certain it is that these circumstances, added to his involuntary re-

collection of the mysterious hints of the strange person of the Pilot's Mark, had an extraordinary effect upon his feelings in the course of the evening, and greatly increased the disgust with which he began to regard his guests.

As they went on to drink deep, his perceptions seemed to be sharpened, rather than blunted, by the wine he swallowed, and he perceived evidently that the squire and his friends not only made more free than usual, but that their frank joviality and vulgar coarseness amounted to a disrespect, if not contempt, of himself. Forgetting, therefore, in his indignation, how great a leveller of all conditions is the inspiring juice of the grape, he watched the words and manners of his guests with a critical and haughty jealousy.

Lord Arnwood had remarked on some former occasions, that when Mr. Bolton had drunk freely, he was in the habit of disputing upon the power of money—just as some men contend about religion when they get into the same state; and that praise of the rich, and sneering ridicule of the pretensions of those who were comparatively poor, were always favourite subjects of drunken conversation and congratulatory flattery, as the hour grew late, between himself and his friends.

This night, however, they carried their speculations upon the subject, a topic upon which Lord Arnwood was naturally exceedingly sensitive, to a pitch that roused all his pride of family; and he retorted upon Sir Jacob, one of the squire's friends, in such terms of contempt, as showed that his inward indignation was fast getting the better of his usual efforts at self-command.

"It may appear to you, perhaps, my lord," said Sir Jacob, "that my friend Bolton speaks too strongly; but, after all, what business has any man to think this and the other of himself if his bank account is at low water; or what can a man expect to enjoy in this world, if he cannot pay for it?"

"Very little, truly," said Arnwood, thoughtfully; "but I merely ventured a remark upon the misfortune it is to virtue and good feeling among men, as well as to the general diffusion of happiness, that such opinions should be recognised and applauded; while I expressed a wish that the advantages of commerce could be enjoyed with less of that degrading and unhappy concomitant, which I regret to know is so general in this mercantile community."

"It is not for you or I, my lord," said Mr. Bolton, "to trouble ourselves about the state of society and the diffusion of happiness, and all that."

"Upon my word, I believe not," replied Arnwood; "and yet one cannot help sometimes lamenting that shopkeeping prejudices should have in many instances reached the higher classes, to the destruction of all elevated feeling; and that thus the great national value of an aristocracy is so far lost."

"I should be glad to know what your lordship means by shopkeeping prejudices," said Bolton, warmly. "I can't understand what sort of pride any man can have if it is not in his money and his money's worth; and if you mean by shopkeeping prejudices the practical sense and prudence of substantial men who have made their own fortunes, I say it hardly becomes those to talk against them who have scarcely one guinea to rub against another."

"It becomes every one to speak the truth, sir," replied Arnwood, contemptuously, "to those who have capacity to understand, and a disposition to relish it. But I fully grant that to many it is bitterly unpalatable."

"Truth—ha—ha!—as if there were any want of truth. There is no want of truth as far as I can see, but great want of money in this world," said the squire, winking significantly to his friends. "I wonder what your lordship will treat us with next? The diffusion of happiness, no doubt, or the amelioration of society, ha, ha! I never hear a man talk of these things, but I begin to suspect that his pockets are d——d empty, or that perhaps his coat is out at elbows, ha, ha, ha!"

"And I never hear a man talk as you are now doing," said Arnwood, his wrath throwing completely off his former restraint, "but I strongly suspect that he is a disgrace to his species, and is, in short, to use your own phraseology, d——d worthless."

"How dare you say so to me?" said Bolton, with the greatest wrath: one would think from the way you talk, that you had something to uphold your aristocratic pride; that you were not obliged to borrow money of your own neighbours, who are able to buy you—young

man—yes, to buy you, and this old rat-trap of a castle, twice over."

"For God's sake, gentlemen, drop this argument, and this unbecoming language," said the others, now interfering.

"I wish to give no offence, I am sure," said Mr. Bolton, unable to endure the laughty intensity of Arnwood's look of defiance. "But what is the use of a man's money if he must submit to hear such language?"

"You are like people of your stamp, sir," said Arnwood, with more calmness, "if you think that a principal use of it is to furnish an excuse for insulting those who possess it not, yet have pretensions and qualities which throw it into comparative contempt."

"A very likely matter, ha, ha," retorted Bolton, laughing scornfully, "but I have sworn it—and no poor lord, who cannot afford to look over his own door, shall ever form a union with me, or feather his hungry nest with my good money!"

"I have long had a strong suspicion, sir," said Arnwood, with bitter scorn, "that money obtained by (and he whispered a word in Bolton's ear,) would bring me neither comfort nor honour."

"What is it you say, my lord?" said Bolton, rising and gasping with horror at the mention of a word which Arnwood had received from Mr. Waltham of the Mark; "take my defiance, and dare to repeat that word again, and—"

"Ha! forget you to whom you presume to offer defiance," said Arnwood; "wretched man, if the mention of a word thus affects you, your defiance I despise."

"You are a villain," exclaimed Bolton, rising and striking the table with violence.

Lord Arnwood made no verbal reply, but taking up the glass of wine before him, threw it into Mr. Bolton's face.

The quarrel had now gone beyond all management, and Mr. Bolton, who seemed perfectly astonished that any man who was not rich should dare to resent his insolence, was quite furious; and was with difficulty restrained by his friends from attempting to knock his entertainer down.

"When shall we meet to settle this," said he, as soon as he could recover breath.

"As early as you please," answered Arnwood, with perfect calmness.

"To-morrow morning, then,—and you shall be my second, Hulson," said Mr. Bolton to one of his friends present.

"Why not to-night?" said Arnwood sternly, and almost happy at the opportunity of giving vent to his roused feelings; "why not this instant; the moon will be sufficient light for such work as this."

The proposal was after some moments agreed to, and pistols being objected to by Arnwood as likely to alarm his mother, it was agreed that they should fight with the small sword, and soon the whole party descended the stairs together.

They proceeded to some distance in the rear of the castle and towards the shore, to find a spot free from shadow.

When they had arrived at a convenient place, not far from the remains of the chapel before noticed, and the family burying-ground, the combatants took their swords and commenced with great fury, particularly on the part of Bolton, who pushed with ferocious desperation; but a few passes showed the superior swordsmanship and coolness of Lord Arnwood. The latter soon assumed the offensive, and pushing his adversary hard, wounded him slightly in the shoulder; when the scream of a female was heard behind them, and instantly a stranger wrapped in a cloak rushed between the combatants.

"Desist—put up your weapons!" said the intruder.

All present seemed amazed at this interruption, while the combatants took breath.

"And is it you, Lord Arnwood?" said the interrupter of the duel, "how often am I to find you warring against your fate?"

At the sound of the voice, Mr. Bolton started; and when the stranger turned so that the moon shone full on his face, and showed the features of Mr. Waltham of the Pilot's Mark, the former seemed paralysed, and ready to drop into the arms of his second.

"My lord, put up your sword, and seek your home," said Mr. Waltham; "you may as well attempt to stab the air, as to do that which fate has reserved for me to accomplish. Be content, and leave to me the pleasure

or the crime of taking the life of that villain, when the steady finger of Heaven shall point to the day and the hour of his ultimate destiny.

"What is this? How are you here?" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, his choked voice gasping with horror as he stood staring upon the stranger.

"Go, miscreant!" said the latter, turning to the squire. "Go, sir. For the present you are safe. Every thing abides its time."

"What can all this mean!" said Lord Arnwood. "How is this, Mr. Waltham, that you interrupt me in taking vengeance on this man?"

"Vengeance is mine!" exclaimed the stranger of the Mark. "It is not for you to talk of vengeance while my wrongs remain unavenged."

Here Mr. Bolton strove to say something to Mr. Waltham, but his agitation was so great that nothing intelligible could be made out. These seconds now interfered, and whispering to Lord Arnwood that his adversary was wounded, the latter was led slowly off the field.

"What brings you here at this time of night, Mr. Waltham?" again enquired Arnwood in surprise.

"This is neither the time nor the place for explanation: meet me on the beach to-morrow morning, and I will explain all; you have been in darkness too long:"—and he prepared to depart.

"But tell me, I entreat you, how knew you we were to meet, and here?"

"To-morrow I will satisfy you," replied Mr. Waltham. "Did I not tell you, that you were not to marry Miss Bolton? But farewell!" and he moved from the spot.

As Lord Arnwood turned towards the castle, he could not refrain from looking round to ascertain whether any one had accompanied Mr. Waltham to the scene just past; and as he watched for a moment, he distinctly observed a female form emerge from the shadow into the open moonlight, when, taking her conductor's arm, the pair proceeded onwards in the direction of the Pilot's Mark.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Arnwood was punctual to his appointment on the next morning, actuated by no slight impatience to hear from the lips of Mr. Waltham such particulars of his history as would, at the same time that they cleared up the mystery attaching to his extraordinary tenant, discover the relation that had heretofore subsisted between him and Mr. Bolton; and while they laid bare the character and former pursuits of one whose reputation, even in a worldly sense, was now more than doubtful, would place him upon his guard against any future overtures or correspondence that might be made or sought by him.

With this view, no sooner was he seated by the side of his new friend, than he besought him earnestly to disclose those events in his life, which more especially related to his neighbour of the Hall.

"On a previous occasion, Mr. Waltham," said he, "you alluded to your own experience, and to events in your past life; pardon my curiosity—but your circumstances seem so remarkable, that it would gratify me much to know something of your history."

"It is painful to me to speak of sad events," sighed Mr. Waltham, pressing his hand on his heart, "but I owe to you any thing you ask, that may even by chance gratify or instruct you. But the tale of a stranger's life, which will occupy some time in the narration, may only weary, without interesting you."

"I feel that what you may please to tell me regarding you, will interest me much," said Arnwood, "pray proceed."

"You were of age the other day, my lord: I came of age five and thirty years ago, attended by an éclat that seems now astonishing to me, when I think of all that has since happened. Without entering into particulars regarding my forefathers, I shall only say, that my father was of a collateral branch of a noble family, well known in—shire. Having a turn for mercantile adventure, rather than employ his time in pursuits merely fashionable, he entered into various speculations, connected with the public securities, and with our Indian possessions, in which he was singularly fortunate, and amassed riches as if by magic.

"Thus when, by the death of my elder and only brother, I found myself the heir to all the wealth accumulated by my father; and when, under these circumstances, I became of age, there seemed to be no end to the feasting and rejoicing, with which the day was hailed by crowds of worshipping sunshine friends. In like manner, shortly after my father died, there seemed to be

as little end to the property of one kind and another of which I was the inheritor.

"I was now a man of large fortune, and launched into society, and into all the expenses to which I was advised by those who were best fitted to prescribe to me the conduct becoming a rich commoner of England. I kept large establishments in town and country, which I never visited; and laid out grounds and erected buildings for which I had no use. I kept a number of servants who tried to make me vain, if, indeed, it was possible to augment the vanity of which I had so sufficient a share—but these were more a plague to me and a restraint, than an addition to my enjoyments; and, in short, I committed all the enormities, which seem so common-place in the telling, that persons born to much wealth are so prone to fall into in the thoughtless wantonness of abundance."

"Were you very happy, sir, in the enjoyment of such ample means of gratifying your wishes?" said Lord Arnwood, interrupting him. "It may appear absurd in me to ask such a question,—but did you enjoy life very highly, when you had all this wealth?"

"Not very highly, my lord. But I should have been a churl or a stoic, if I did not enjoy the world very much, in a certain sense, at least for a time. To be sure, this facility of obtaining whatever my wanton fancy wished for, made me something of a voluptuary; and, at length, I often felt wretched and worn out from very satiety, and the want of something that was worth sighing for, but which was beyond my reach. Still it would be to adopt the ignorant cant of preaching poverty and envious vulgarity, if I did not admit, that, upon the whole, I enjoyed life extensively; and that I saw and heard such things as they only whom some natural taste and abundant wealth have admitted into the third heaven of luxury, both in the refined and sensual meaning of the word, can know or conceive.

"I admit with the vulgar, that, although I had twenty houses, I could not live in more than one at a time: nor of my scores of beds, could I use more than very few myself—and the same with the horses in my stables, or the dishes on my table. Yet I will not allow, but that there is much pleasure in the consciousness of having, and being able to enjoy, if men would only use their blessings, as blessings;—and it is glorious to have no care about the sordid wants and petty anxieties which harass nearly all mankind."

"Allow me to ask you," said Lord Arnwood, as he paused; "did you exercise much benevolence in circumstances so favourable to that virtue? I should really like to know if, when you had such means, you were of much service to others in the world, by contributing to lessen the amount of human suffering. You see, sir, I draw upon your candour."

"I cannot say that I did," answered Mr. Waltham, "to any material extent; and to tell you all the reasons would involve disquisitions which must be tedious to you. To say truth, I positively knew nothing of the sufferings of the unfortunate among my fellow men, although I had amply the power to relieve them. In fact, I was quite ignorant of human life and its deprivations; how then could I sympathise with misery which I hardly could conceive; or how should I be expected to relieve suffering of which I was too rich to have the most distant apprehension, and too thoughtless and wanton in the gratification of my own wishes, to understand either the nature or the intensity? In fact, I knew nothing of the world until I myself experienced misfortune and calamity, and learned to know the depths of social sympathy, and the solemn seriousness of even physical evil.

"In my thirtieth year, I was surprised at finding that my money was not inexhaustible; and that, in fact, my affairs were in a state of confusion, which, in the course of the year, became still worse confounded." I was alarmed, and grew thoughtful, at the bare idea of such an impossibility as the miracle that I should not be rich; and waxing serious and romantic, as I became comparatively poor, I began to admire and to hate in good earnest. I discovered also that I had fallen into the habit of talking of the qualities of the heart and understanding, as I came to know my own weaknesses; and I now looked abroad, and discriminated character, and admired beauty—and moreover, I, for the first time in my life, fell deeply and seriously in love.

"I married a lady of no fortune, but the most amiable, I might say the most admirable, of human beings. We retired into the country, where we principally resided for several years, and where I was made the happy father of two daughters, as simple and beautiful as their angelic mother.

"But there was one event happened before my thirtieth year was completed, besides my marriage, which fully awakened me to thought, and prepared me in some measure for the changes that followed. This was the circumstance of my non-election for the seat in parliament I had occupied with perfect credit to myself, and satisfaction to my constituents, for the previous six years. At this election, there started a competitor in the person of a Colonel Corvet, who set about opposing me with the coolness of a military veteran, and the science of a man who was accustomed to, and, if necessary, prepared for any disappointment.

"I hardly knew, however, what disappointment was, and making light of the colonel's opposition, because he professed comparatively nothing, I, with the natural reliance in the all-sufficiency of money, put myself to no trouble in trying to defeat what I considered an attempted impossibility, and merely gave orders to my agents to take care that I was returned as usual, and that no expense should be spared in showing the colonel the folly of his efforts.

"On the first day of the election, and part of the second, my voters were so numerous, compared to those of my opponent, that I only laughed at the impotent ambition of poor men; but what was my astonishment, after having gone home to my house, considering the election finished, when intelligence was brought me that I had lost my seat by a single vote! I started up in amazement and rage, for the purpose of trying if another vote or two could be found, when I was told that the whole number had been already polled, and that the colonel, amid loud cheers, had already been declared duly elected.

"The effect this defeat had upon my feelings at the time, and the wound it gave to my pride, I cannot adequately describe, though I now look back upon the irrational inroad upon my tranquillity, caused by the event, with the contempt it deserves. I did not then perceive that, by means of this evil, the wise planner of my destiny was training my mind for the enjoyment of mere rational happiness, and, against my will, making me a wiser and a better man.

"Although the loss of the contest helped, in the first instance, to reduce my fortune, it, upon the whole, turned out a happy occurrence; for in the event of success, I should have lived in town in my former style after I had become unable to afford it, and so have hastened my ruin. Still I had much property in the funds, and also in West India possessions; although I found that my distaste to any thing troublesome had been well taken advantage of by several intermediate persons, who contrived to secure a tolerable profit from my losses by arts of which I was then ignorant.

"Thus, although I lived chiefly with my family in the country, in comparative moderation and economy, events occurred year after year in my affairs, which, in spite of my prudent regulations, were gradually, as I saw with alarm, reducing me to the dreaded situation of an impoverished gentleman. If ever it was true, that riches, in some cases, by the particular guidance of Providence, make to themselves wings and flee away, that an overruling fate destined one man to be poor and another to be rich, it was exemplified in my history. For, until the age of thirty, every species of property belonging to me became enhanced in value, and, notwithstanding my extravagance, seemed to accumulate; while, after that period, notwithstanding my utmost economy and best management, every thing deteriorated, or was totally lost to me.

"At one time, by the advice of my banker, I was induced to embark largely in a scheme which totally failed, leaving me and several other capitalists to bear the loss to a large amount, while its original projector contrived to pocket the wreck of the assets; at another in order to pay off the engagements in which this speculation involved me, I was forced to sell a beautiful estate in Sussex, and took bills for it upon a mercantile house in London, which became bankrupt at the same time with the purchaser, before the bills became due, and thus, besides my former loss, I lost my valuable estate, receiving a dividend of about two shillings to the pound only, upon upwards of seventy thousand.

"In short, without troubling you with particulars which would be as tiresome as a sick man's history, his complaints, every thing I attempted for the recovery or security of my remaining property—every exertion which my anxiety for my now-increasing family prompted me to make, only ended in aggravating evils they were intended to avert; and in drawing from me, by piecemeal, a property which once seemed to be inexhaustible.

"I now hasten," continued Mr. Waltham, "to that part of my history which brought me in contact with Mr. Bolton. Alas, there are some men whom we meet in the course of our lives, whose very names come to be pronounced at last with pain, almost with horror!

"The truth began now to be forced upon me, that the anxiety of mind which marked my latter years, was as vain and even blameable as my former wanton thoughtlessness; that there is an overruling providence, or a shaped-out destiny to which it becomes mortals humbly to submit, and which they strive against in vain. I saw plainly that there is an unseen power that taketh down one man and setteth another up, as sure as that cause produces effect; and whether it be the predestination of Saint Paul, or the fate of the philosophers, I agree with the stoic, who holds that there is an invariable succession of things *ab eterno*, the one involving the other, which, in spite of our ignorant wishes or impotent efforts, shall place each of us while we live exactly in such circumstances as are destined for us.

"At all events, after twenty years, during which I incessantly declined in fortune, although I increased in wisdom, I began to be convinced that tranquillity of mind, under unavoidable events, is a greater acquisition than is generally supposed; and I endeavoured, as much as possible, to prevent my thoughts from dwelling upon coming evils, which I well knew it was impossible to turn aside.

"My property, however, was originally so large, and of such various denominations, that, even after the successive misfortunes of twenty years since my marriage, I still retained what many would have deemed a good fortune. But I did not now live at all in the style I once had done, which my acquaintances perceiving, many of them treated me accordingly. This I expected of course, yet still the realisation of an expectation so unpleasant, pained me and filled me with disgust.

"I set myself down with my family in the pleasant city of Brussels; and now my daughters, who were almost women, began to — Alas, my lord," continued Mr. Waltham, after a pause, "this begins a painful part of my story. I may not talk to you of my daughters, but a father is fond and partial, and the admiration they excited in others confirmed the opinion their mother and myself entertained of them, and enhanced the delight with which we beheld them as they accompanied us, and as we watched every idea they imbibed, and every sentiment they expressed.

"While we lived in Brussels there came a young Englishman, who, in addition to a prepossessing address and a good person, had attained the character of possessing considerable wealth, which, of course, entitled him to an introduction to the principal English families residing in the place,—particularly to those who had unmarried daughters. By this time, although we lived in tolerable privacy, my daughters had begun to attract much attention; and this person, who was no other than Mr. Bolton, contrived after some time to get introduced to my family. Although I seldom saw him, he managed to become a favourite with my wife, and a showy guest to my daughters, whom he constantly pestered with his attentions.

"At this time I meditated some plans with regard to certain portions of my property; and, he having a talent for business, and considerable knowledge of the world, I consulted him something respecting them. He listened with eagerness, from an apparent desire to serve me; and, by artful inquiries and insinuations, drew from me a general statement of the situation of my affairs. By turning my heart and blaming my head in matters of business, with what seemed a manly freedom—smiling at my ignorance, and wondering how I should let myself slip;—showing me in what danger this property was; and how much more productive another might be made—he, in fine, obtained all my confidence, and induced me to grant him powers of attorney to transact business for me in London, and to make various bequests, such as he recommended.

"From a natural abhorrence of business which I did not understand, yet with an ominous misgiving of mind, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to execute deeds, which gave him powers over my property, with which I was now astonished I could ever have invested any. Shall I get rid of the blame attachable to such

conduct as this, by pleading that I was only doing what I seem to have been fated to do? I know not; but as I intended every thing for the best, and was in fact impelled to the imprudence by anxiety for the welfare of my family, perhaps *infatuation*, in the popular sense of the word, will be the better term of the two.

"However, I saw no reason then for doubting that I had done wisely, nor did I even dream that, whatever Mr. Bolton had previously been, I had, by my unlimited confidence, placed a temptation in his way which few mere men of the world are able to resist.

"After his departure, my wife, who had been declining in health for some time, became so much worse that I grew seriously alarmed, and begged the physicians to say if, by any step that could be taken for her benefit—any possible management, any change of place or difference of air—there was the slightest chance of recovery; for, cost what it would, I was willing to undertake it. They recommended a trial of sea air for a short time, and advised a voyage to the island of Madeira, which we forthwith prepared to undertake.

"My great anxiety was now about my daughters, as I intended to accompany my wife on her voyage, and could neither think of taking them with us to encounter the dangers of the sea, nor was easy at the idea of leaving them behind to incur the perils of unprotected youth and beauty on land. While deliberating on this subject, my thoughts turned to the family of an elderly gentleman of the most retired manners and orderly habits, who, with a single unmarried daughter, lived in a delightfully situated woody lane in the suburbs of the city, and under his roof I proposed placing, until my return, the precious charge of my heart.

"Before I left Brussels, I received letters from Mr. Bolton at London, stating, though in terms extremely brief and vague, that he had executed my orders in most particulars to his wishes, and, as he doubted not, to my satisfaction; adding, that he hoped to see me in Flanders upon my return from the voyage which he understood I was about to undertake. My anxiety about my wife's health, however, was at this period so great, that I thought little of any thing else; and suffering myself to be satisfied with what was stated in this letter, and the arrangements I had made for my daughters, I embarked with my dear dying Angela on our voyage to the island of Madeira.

"But when I at length found myself on ship-board, and my lovely girls weeping at parting from their mother and me, and thought that I was about sailing from the shore where I was obliged to leave them, the grief of a father and a husband quite overcame me; and while I looked in the face of my angelic wife, now hectic and wan with sickness, and then in those of my blooming daughters as they clung to us, my excited feelings became strangely mixed with portentous anticipations of some approaching disaster.

"But I did part from my dear children, and I saw their mother part from them for ever. Alas! I did embrace for the last time my beautiful Eliza. I did receive her affectionate pressure. I did feel her filial kisses upon my cheek. How little did I think then what was to be her fate—that I was never to see her from that hour to the present.—Ah, I am an unhappy man! Excuse me," continued Mr. Waltham, much affected, "this is a sad subject to a father."

"Do not let me distress you," said Arnwood, "I would not hurry you with your story."

"Not to trouble you with the particulars of my voyage, by the time we reached Madeira my dear Angela seemed so much better, that I was induced to contemplate a stay on the island for a considerable period, and we purchased a house and conveniences for that purpose. But the hopes that at first flattered me were, after a residence of some months, totally dissipated, and my wife seemed evidently in an incurable consumption. As she grew worse, an intense anxiety seized upon her to see our children once more, and, fearing the worst, I hastily embarked with her to return to Belgium, from which we had only once heard since our departure nearly a year before. The only vessel I could find was a small one, bound to an obscure port in England, and in this I placed her, knowing the readiness with which we could there obtain conveyance to the asylum where our beloved children were placed.

"We were not more than a few days at sea on our voyage homeward, when a visible alteration took place in my dear wife; and while I watched her in despairing anxiety, I saw death gradually changing those sweet features which had not lost an attraction in twenty years. One night as I sat up with her, the midnight watch having been set, and every thing as silent as death upon the black waters, I saw, by the dim cabin lamp which swung slowly over her with the dull roll of the ship, that life was drawing to a close, and that time to her was to be no longer. I saw her beckon to me, and stooped to receive her last words.

"I only heard a whisper or two at first, which I could not understand; but at length she spoke a few words clearly and distinctly: 'Few—few,' she said, 'have lived as you and I have done for twenty years! I have seen misfortune and loss coming gradually upon us, but I praise heaven that no change has occurred in our affections—alas! I only grieve that I am taken away from sharing with you whatever evil may be to come. Ah! I wish is, that, if possible, I may be buried in England, and that you may be spared to take care of my daughters, whom I am never to see more.'

"She died! she died, repeating the name of our child Eliza, for whom some ominous anxiety seemed to oppress her.

"Think of my feelings," continued Mr. Waltham, much affected, "for six days after this, as I lay in my small cabin, with the corpse of my dear wife lying cold and changed beside me!

"Will it not appear to you strange, that the first English land we saw one morning was that very headland called Hail Hill; and the first prominent object that struck us, as we drew near the shore, this very building, well denominated the Pilot's Mark, which I now occupy by your benevolent condescension? By a bribe to the seaman, I caused them to land me and the remains of my dear wife in this identical bay, called the Pirate's Creek; and by the permission of your honoured mother, during the time your lordship was abroad, my Angela was buried in that romantic old burying-ground, near the cemetery of your own family."

"My God!" exclaimed Arnwood, involuntarily, as he recollected the evening when Mr. Waltham interrupted his duel with Mr. Bolton near the same spot; "and your daughters, where are they? Surely I saw —"

"The eldest I have never beheld since her mother and myself parted from her in Brussels. Alas! how can I think of it; and that villain —"

"But the other?" said Arnwood, impatiently. "You had two; and this lonely building where you live is no place for ladies."

"She is safe as yet," replied Mr. Waltham, waiving the question; and then, after a pause, he continued thus—

"Shortly after my poor Angela was laid in the earth, I set out alone and dejected to meet my daughters at Brussels. My passage across the channel I thought insufferably tedious; and when at length I drew near to the city where my children dwelt, I could not reason myself out of an impression that hung like the nightmare upon my spirits—a dark, formless, anticipation of astonishment and woe."

CHAPTER VII.

"When I arrived at Brussels, and entered the house in which I had left my children, I thought the very servant who opened the door looked strangely in my face, as if he knew something that he dared not tell me; and instead of my daughters coming to meet me on the stairs, only one, the youngest, after some time, crept slowly into the apartment into which I had been shown, as if ashamed to see me. I asked Agatha for her sister; I looked round in dread; I made twenty enquiries in a breath; but my other daughter did not make her appearance; and the poor child at my knees was only able to answer me by sobs and tears.

"It was some time before I learned the extent of my misfortunes. Mr. Bolton, in whom I had so confided, had found the temptation to use, for his own advantage, the powers I had entrusted to him, too strong for whatever virtue he originally possessed. He gave way to that temptation, and by arts which it would be tedious to un-

fold, not only appropriated the whole of my remaining property to himself, but in order to screen himself from public opprobrium, spread the most infamous reports regarding me in Brussels in my absence, to which city he returned some months after I had left it.

"This man had long loved my eldest daughter, and while I was still rich, and his own possessions considerable, he had paid his court to us both as humbly as if he considered the possession of my child's hand in marriage almost too much for him to hope for. But the moment he was master of my property the state of the case became totally changed. He retained all his love for Eliza, but had lost his respect, because she, by his own villany, was now destitute of fortune. He therefore set about turning the impression he had made upon her by his long continued assiduity, to the gratification of his passions, by the accomplishment of her ruin."

"Heavens!" interrupted Lord Arnwood, "and how, Mr. Waltham, when you knew all this of Bolton's character, could you live on my estate and hear of my entertaining, for a moment, the idea of becoming connected with the villain, without giving me such information as would prove a warning to me against so detestable a union?"

"There was little occasion for warning you," replied Mr. Waltham, "further than the rhyming hints delivered to you by my servant, Murdoch Macara, which you may remember hearing one moonlight night, as he conducted you home from New Hall—or the word I prompted you to speak in the presence of Bolton, which was the cause of your quarrel. No, my lord, I knew your character too well to apprehend any such union."

"In brief, Bolton had made use of all the usual arts of a crafty seducer to get the poor child into his power; to which indeed the formality of life and unsuitable restraint imposed upon my spirited girls in the family of Mr. Toller, instead of being a preventive, were only too favourable. By false reports concerning me and the posture of my affairs, and by a constant assiduity, more I imagine than from any regard inspired by himself, he succeeded, as I have since heard, in making my unfortunate daughter desirous of an union with him; he then persuaded her to consent to its taking place in private; and next, under pretence of having the ceremony immediately performed, he induced her to leave the house of Mr. Toller clandestinely with him, and no doubt completed her ruin—for there he lives in my very neighbourhood, while I have never heard of my unfortunate child since."

After a few minutes' agitated pause, Mr. Waltham thus proceeded:—

"The flight of my daughter with Mr. Bolton came upon me like a clap of thunder; but it was by degrees only, and in the answers to letters which I wrote to London, that I learned that he had robbed me of my property."

"Conceive my situation, as I sat after receiving this intelligence, musing on my singular fate—now a bereft man, deprived of every thing I had possessed in the world—my child fled I knew not whither, and my poor lonely Agatha sitting at my knees, looking in my sorrowful face like a sinless infant, marvelling that any thing should have occurred in this pleasant world, and on that sweet summer evening, to make one human being unhappy."

"But something was to be done without delay, to realise even the means of present support. I first sold off nearly the whole of the valuables in my house; and having still a little property in the island of Madeira, I determined to return thither with my remaining daughter, to turn it into cash, hoping that in the mean time my friend in Brussels, Mr. Toller, might be able to obtain some intelligence respecting my misled and fugitive child."

"Agatha and myself soon left Flanders; and, as if Providence benevolently intended to reconcile me gradually to my fate, our voyage to Madeira, partly from the fineness of the weather, and partly from the society with which we fortunately met, was more than usually pleasant. My poor Agatha was delighted with the novelty of the voyage, and the excitement on her arrival in a new country; and as I found some difficulty in disposing of my house, we were detained in this agreeable spot for a considerable time. At length, having disposed of my estate there, and turned the value into specie, (being determined to avoid all risk, by having the little that remained in solid silver and in my own keeping,) I set sail with my daughter in a ship bound for England."

"On our voyage homewards it happened that there were no passengers in the vessel save myself and my daughter. The weather was at first dull and rainy; light winds tantalised us at one period with hopes of getting forward; and at another, boisterous squalls, with

head winds and cross currents, drove us back; and our time was thus spent in alternate struggles and despondency."

"In this situation, covering alone in the chillness and darkness of my half lighted cabin, or tossed by the fury of the gale, I could not help brooding over the events of my past life, and looking gloomily forward towards the future. I was now declined to the very verge of that poverty which my mind had long anticipated, even when, as yet, it was far from my eyes; and as I thought of Bolton, and the deep and double injuries he had done me, strange thoughts took fast hold of my spirit."

"While I was plunged in such musings, the winds gradually increased in force, and began to rush howling along the sea. A great storm arose (as we landmen say), and the billows, mountain high, broke over our heads, while the straining ship danced and dived like a cork amidst the mass of waters. They rose at the summons of the winds like angry monsters on every side of us, and seemed to lash themselves in fury that they could not at once swallow up their prey. Our ship now reeled and groaned in every timber, and the sea cleared our decks and stove in our bulwarks; while the vessel sometimes hung high on the broken wave, and sometimes lay weltering in what mariners call the trough of the sea, like a tired and wounded war horse, after an unsuccessful charge—and the sailors began evidently to be sore afraid."

"It was soon perceived that this state of things could not last long, for our ship was no youngster, and showed every moment more and more the craziness and feebleness of age, when opposed to such a tempest as this. She strained so dreadfully with the roll of the sea, that the very masts seemed ready to work themselves out of their beds, and to tear her asunder by the weight of the rigging; while she laboured over the billows, and trembled, and groaned as they struck her prostrate sides, or passed roaring beneath. In the midst of this scene, the sailors began to look scowling to windward, and then to each other, and I saw some of the hardest of them turn pale as they darted fearful glances into the black hollow of the sea. My daughter and myself, unable to stay below, were lashed to the railing near the poop, and, I need not add, she held by me in a stupor of nervous terror."

"I am thus particular in my description, my lord," continued Mr. Waltham, "because I wish to accompany my narrative with some account of my state of mind throughout. During all this time, then, while evident fear sat upon the countenances of the oldest seamen; while the captain himself had ceased to give orders, except the hoarse and appalling cry of 'look out!' 'lay hold!' as he watched each sea that was likely to dash over us, when every thing but our wet and wearied men had been washed overboard—during all this time, I say, I sat holding my daughter in my arms with an involuntary and unaccountable confidence, that, however the scene might end, it would end safely for me! My poor timid Agatha began to receive the same impression from my calmness and confidence; and while the sailors looked with terror downwards, as we hung upon the ridge of the wave, and spoke in broken whispers as they held on by the weather shrouds—and while the captain and mates looked aghast to windward, and began to whisper of foundering at sea—myself and my dear confiding daughter seemed the only persons in the ship who were not filled with trembling and despairing apprehension."

"The cry of 'water in the hold!' completed the scene of terror and alarm; and the poor seamen now set about trying the pumps with a dogged and ominous silence. A dreadful roll of the ship with a sudden gust of the tempest, next drove our main-top-mast by the board with a crash, while the solitary stay-sail which helped to keep her in trim, was shivered in the uncontrollable fury of the storm. The pumps were now deserted, the vessel laboured more than ever, and the sailors looked with longing eyes along the weltering sea, and round the black and hazy horizon, for any object that might relieve them from the chill sinking of despair."

"What is there in the visible heaven above or in the earth beneath, that can give confidence of deliverance in such circumstances as these? I know not—I cannot see it. It assuredly is not external. It is from on high, and conferred only by the Power who works calmly the consummation of his own purposes, amidst the wildest tempest that ever blew out of the clouds. I, at least, know, that at the most dreadful moment of this crisis I looked on with the excitement of a spectator, gazing on a scene of terror in which he has no other than a sympathetic concern; for I felt assured that I was to escape here, even if reserved for another death of a more terrible description."

"The wind now began to fall, and the sea became less furious; yet the real danger was not in the least abated, for the ship was in no condition to hold out, and the leak was gaining quickly upon the feeble efforts of the men. As the wind calmed, we lay on the waves like a log; we heard the appalling gurgle of the water which was rising in the hold below; and we felt the ship sinking slowly beneath us. We were three hundred miles from any land. Even our boats had been washed overboard; the vessel was filling fast, and we looked around us and up to heaven for relief in vain. Death stared us in the face, and now the seamen, throwing aside all subordination, descended (as is usual in such circumstances) into the store-room, and pierced the spirit casks, swearing that it would be a double death if they were to go down into the deep to meet a sailor's death, sober. For my own part, I never stirred from my place near the poop, and my daughter was astonished—I was even astonished myself—at my perfect calmness, and my indomitable hope of being still rescued out of the jaws of the watery grave."

"My darling Agatha, trembling, sat looking in my face with the serene confidence of an angel; while the racked vessel wick hardly kept us from the sea was sinking beneath our feet. I requested a glass of spirits, (for the men, except my servant Murdoch, who was on his knees praying audibly, were not drinking with the greedy regardlessness of despair,) and, on being handed to me, I prevailed upon my courageous daughter and my servant to taste, for we were now faint from abstinence. She drank a little of what I offered, and smiled sadly; saying although she dared not hope, she was now ready to die with her father. We embraced in silence. God bless my inestimable child! She grasped me with the grasp of death. Yet I had not given up hope. I still preserved my confidence, and I told her so."

"The bow of our ship was already under water, and hoped seemed quite gone. I rose up, after embracing my child, to stretch out my benumbed limbs. I saw no one near me but Agatha, for the men were drinking in that part of the vessel which was still out of the sea, and some were lying in a state of intoxication, waiting for death. I looked towards heaven, and towards the horizon. At that instant the sun, which had been visible all day, but was now setting, shone out brightly through the stormy haze, and cast a yellow beam over the waste of foaming waters. My daughter pointed to his broad disk, and said, 'Father, that is the last sun we are ever to see on earth—look at it!—we are now past hope—we are sinking fast!'

"I shook my head, almost agreeing with her, when, turning round, I beheld to my astonishment something black between us and the dark heavens to windward. It seemed to have risen suddenly out of the sea, for no one had observed it. I could scarcely believe my sight. It was a big bearing straight down upon us, and was not more than a few miles off."

"'Sail ho!' I shouted in rapturous surprise, involuntarily imitating the sailors' cry upon this interesting sight at sea."

"'Sail ho!' echoed every voice on board, from the influence of habit, but in a tone of drunken apathy."

"The captain, however, looked up, roused from his stupor by the cry, and stood staring for some moments upon the approaching vessel, before he was able to speak."

"The word, however, was now caught, and every one jumped up to gaze upon the stranger ship in ecstatic amazement."

"But our vessel was sinking so fast, that life and death seemed suspended upon a moment. The ship neared us—our own deepened into the sea—my daughter stretched out her arms for help—in five awful minutes after, my child and I were safe!—and—"

Mr. Waltham here burst into tears.

"Excuse me, my lord," said the old gentleman, revering his composure. "The recollection of that awful moment, and my child's providential deliverance, has too much for my feelings, even now."

"The impressions made upon me by what I have related," continued he, "might have passed away in vision, but think, my lord, of this very place where we are sitting—this sweeping coast—and these dark rocks round the castle of your ancestors, near which my enemy Bolton has set himself down, as if hiding himself from my sight—think of this incidental spot which has been the first land made by the ship which saved us. Think also of our provisions having been so run out by the additional number the vessel had now to provide for, that the captain was forced to put us and the crew of the wrecked ship ashore, in a small port, the nearest to

this very bay, to preserve to himself the means of enabling him to reach the termination of his voyage!" "It is remarkable," said Lord Arnwood, thoughtfully.

"Think also," Mr. Waltham went on, "that had I taken good bills on London, which were offered me in payment for my property in Madeira, I could have easily kept them on my person, and so retained thus much of what originally belonged to me. But my very anxiety to avoid all risk of loss, was made the instrument of that final deprivation which has brought me to the state at which it seems evident I was fated to arrive. Bills might easily have been saved, but my substantial money, in which I put my trust, I was forced to yield up to the insatiable deep; and I am now, as it seemed inevitable that I should come to be, in the literal sense of the word, a poor man."

"There are strange occurrences in men's lives," said Arnwood; "some call them accidents. I know not what to think."

"But now," continued the narrator, "I had made up my mind to my destiny. I had almost welcomed poverty, solitude, and obscurity. I had resolved to labour with my hands for my subsistence and that of my daughter. It was a consolation for me, in the midst of this, to find that Providence, who mixes all it gives, had thrown me on a spot near where my dear deceased wife lay buried, resting in the quiet grave beside this castle, out of view of the sad events which she could not have prevented; I sought from your lordship that lonely house to dwell in, called the Mark, where I might live, and, with my faithful Scotch servant, seek a subsistence out of the sea in which the last of my wealth was for ever lost."

"While waiting here quietly until I saw how Providence meant to dispose of me, and until I should hear of my child, what was my astonishment to find that the despoiler of my fortune and the seducer of my daughter was set down at my very side, and placed in my very path, for the fulfilment of his destiny and mine!"

"I do think and hope, sir, you are deceiving yourself, and drawing wrong inferences from accidental coincidences," said Lord Arnwood, after a pause. "But you have not told me what is become of your other daughter. Surely it cannot be possible that—that she is all this time in that solitary building the Pilot's Mark?"

"Do not ask me of her. I have told you she is safe."

"But is she really in the Mark?" said Arnwood, eagerly; a light breaking in upon his recollection.

"I may not talk to you of her, my lord; you distress me."

"I know. I see it now. Good heavens, and she so beautiful!"

"What do you say? Have you seen my Agatha?"

"I have, I am sure I have! and the interesting vision has haunted me ever since."

"Beware, my lord, of love," said Mr. Waltham, solemnly. "My unfortunate daughter is now a beggar, and you are not rich. Beware, I say. The real evils of life are sufficient in your circumstances, without superadding to them the intense sufferings often springing out of the deep affections and the imagination."

"I will see her. I will, at least, interest myself for her welfare."

"Do not, my lord; do not. Suppress the wild feelings of youth," he added, waving his hand as he prepared to depart; "and wait patiently for the predestined occurrences of your own fate."

CHAPTER VIII.

Some time after the foregoing events, and towards the end of June, a few hours before sunset, two men, in the garb of mariners, sat by the sea-side upon the soft furzy turf, which formed the surface of the little peninsula we have before noticed, that ran into the sea nearly in front of the Pilot's Mark.

One was the large muscular fisherman, who, some time ago, had been the opponent of Lord Arnwood in their struggle among the rocks; and the other was our old acquaintance, Murdoch Macara, of the Mark—his outward appearance more sailor-like than was usual with him at such periods as he had chosen to make himself visible at the castle of Arnwood.

The present was one of those delicious evenings, which at this season of the year reward the Englishman for his endurance of his long cloudy winter and uncertain spring. It was at the time of day when the sun flings a yellow radiance aslant the undulations of the country, and throws one side of every rising object into deep shadow; and now the rich light, reposing on the

western side of the headlands, marked out with picturesque distinctness, the graceful sweep of the shore and bay lying beyond the Pirate's Creek, by the side of which the fishermen pursued their occupation.

The two men were reclining indolently upon the furzy sward, Weathersheet purring to himself contentedly, and mending his net, while Murdoch was employed in coiling the lines and busking the hooks belonging to that department of their amphibious craft of which he took particularly the charge.

"Hech! but simmer is a pleasant time," said Murdoch to his companion, "just when the vera air off the land smells o' roses an' sweet-breers, an' the gowans glow up in ane's face, when a body lies down among the warm grass. An' then, the sea patters sae pleasantly o'er the pebbles at your feet, just as it were fear'd to come near you. It's really a sweet night, only for these midges that buzz about ane's ears. But its nae use of speaking to you, Will Wathersheet. No a word frae you—man, ye're perfect stupid!"

"Hum, haw," grunted the other, "what is it you want, Mr. Macara?"

"Don't maister me, William Weathersheet. Ye're wonderful rife o' maisters in this England, as the pud-dock said to the harrow. But devil a word o' talk o' jocularly out o' your head, mair than ye'll get out of Robin Graith's mare. Noo, William, isn't it a sad thing that the gentry canna stay at hame in their ain bonny woods an' lawns in this fine simmer time? Do ye think Lord Arnwood has left the Ha' there yet?"

"How should I know? I never remark."

"Never remark! Jist like you! Eh, man, Will Wathersheet, but you're a pair sowl! Neither can sing nor say, as auld Ramsay says. God, I'm sae happy this bonny night, I could sing till the morning, if I had only gude company to sing to. But the night's coming round, an' I'll hae a sang yet with Rab Roust, when the lines an' nets are set, if I should gang three miles for't. But here goes for want o' better," and the merry Scotchman struck up this ditty with extraordinary melody.

O merry might we be when the simmer's sun is down,
An' gaily might we dance by the gill o' the moon,
In my boat o' ashore 'twill be all aye to me,
If I hae but my sang, an' gude companie.

O canty on the lea side,
An' chanting by the sea side,
Till the evening bell shall ring us to
Gude companie.

O the bonny birds they sing, in a morning in May;
An' the bonny bells they ring when the bride's gien away;
So gie me a laze wi' nuff pawkies ee,
To tryte to meet at een, for her companie.

O canty on the lea side,
An' chanting by the sea side,
Till the evening star shall light us to
Gude companie.

O the peer he is proud, an' the priest he is sly;
An' the lawyer's aye loud, and the drinker's aye dry;
But I am a man that likes to live free,
Wi' a drap o' gude drink, an' gude companie.

O canty on the lea side,
An' chanting by the sea side,
Till the evening hearth shall brighten to
Gude companie.

"Well done, Murdoch. But I say, who may that be coming yonder?"

"Where?"

"Don't you see some one hauling round on his lar-board tack, by the weather-side of Hail-hill? There he luffs jist astern of our old hulk the Pilot's Mark."

"Faith, I see him, an' a gentleman too. Black coat, an' a white breacan round his neck."

"What does he stand gazing about the Mark for? Who can he be?"

"Faith I dinna ken. It's no for naething that a gentleman comes wandering about this lonesome place his lane. There's surely something in the wind, William; have ye stowed awa the wee drap brandy?"

"To be sure, man. But what o' that?"

"I'm no sic an auld smuggler as you, Will Wathersheet, an' ye see my conscience is a wee tender about the brandy whenever I think o' the gauger."

"Who do you mean? the exciseman?"

"Ou, ay, but that canna be him, for gaugers dinna wear sic braw black coats; but he's coming up to us, faith."

"So he is. Now stand by your weather helm, Murdoch, and be prepared to answer his hail."

"I se do that. But dinna you be putting in your jaw." The stranger soon drew near at an easy pace, seeming to reconnoitre, as he came, every object in the neighbourhood, and, after a few moments, he addressed the men with—

"Pleasant employment, friends, of a summer's evening."

"I canna say but it's pleasant enough, sir," answered the ready Scotchman, "if it were for any use."

"You seem to be preparing your fishing tackle, friends. Surely, you don't call that a useless employment."

"Lord, sir, I wish you had a trial o't," said Murdoch, with his instinctive propensity to complain; "the vera fishes hae gotten sic notions in their heads in these enlightened days, that they'll no come near a net. Faith they seem to ken the use o't as well as I do."

"But the hooks and the bait, my friend," said the stranger, entering into the Scotchman's humour.

"Huiks! odd, sir, I wonder what the times will come to, for ye might as weel put down a bairn's gum-stick as huik or bait either. The vera fishes hae grown sae cunning, that they ken a huik just as weel as I would ken a shilling in the fingers o' a recruiting sergeant. An' so they'll no bite—devil a bit."

"But surely you'll allow this is a pleasant evening for your employment."

"It may be pleasant enough to a gentleman like you, sir, walking about with your cane in your hand. But it's little pleasure to pair fellows like us, labouring here in the sun, an' the midges like to pike our vera een out."

"Pray whose house is that tall building beside us?"

"It's my maister's, sir."

"That is a Scotchman's answer, my friend. It is the name of the owner that I desire to know."

"Hadn't ye better speer at the door, sir?" answered Murdoch, looking suspiciously up into the stranger's face.

"Have you any objection to answer my question yourself," said the other, "as I have chanced to make the enquiry of you?"

"Ou, surely no, sir. Ye'll be frae New Hall, I dare say."

"You're asking me a question, friend, instead of answering mine."

"I ken brawly what I'm saying, sir. I like a giff for a gaff, baith in word an' deed, for, in troth, I never got ought for nought frae the world's mysel."

"But I think you ought to answer me my civil question, honest man," said Mr. Johnston; for it was the quondam tutor of Lord Arnwood who manifested this anxiety to learn something of the possessor of the Pilot's Mark. "I did not expect to be catechised by you when I made so simple an inquiry."

"Ou, I dare say," said Murdoch, who had been taking a sharp view of the countenance of the enquirer. "I canna say but ye look like that sort o' fouk, that think they should claut a' the cream to their ain side of the plate;—but an eye for an eye, an' a tooth for a tooth, as the gospel says, an' a kick for a cuff, all over the world. So, sir, if there be nae penny there shall be nae pater-noster; an' ye may jist gang as ye came."

"You're a very strange sort of man for a fisherman," said Mr. Johnston, evidently chagrined.

"I'm rather rough an' round in my way, ye sec, but I ken a gude fellow when I meet him, an' I can be civil too when I ken my man—just as weel as cany ither body that has nae favour to seek, but what his ain ten fingers can grant him."

"Perhaps you will tell me who lives in that house, which I believe is called the Pilot's Mark, friend?" said Mr. Johnston, addressing Weathersheet the sailor.

"I'm rather a stranger, sir, you see," said Weathersheet drily, and scratching his head, "and Murdoch there is the only man that takes an observation on this coast, if you can only get the soundings of him."

"You're a pair of obstinate scoundrels," muttered Johnstone, as he turned and walked back towards the Mark.

"There he goes grumbling like a bear wi' a sair head," said Murdoch, laughing.

As Mr. Johnston passed the old building, he lingered near, and seemed to take the closest observation of every thing he could see, frequently turning round and looking stealthily at the two fishermen.

"I don't like that fellow," said the Scot, as he watched Johnston until he turned by the back of the old building. "I'll wager he's fand the smell o' that drap o' brandy ye got frae the smuggler, an' that has cost me sae mickle care. I wish, Will Wathersheet, that that confounded brandy was down your throat."

"He's going up to the Hall there, sure enough," said the sailor.

"Do ye think sae? Faith, I'll jist step up an' watch him. He has a sneaking look; and, Will, ye'll jist put the bit keg in the hole o' the cliff, for fear ony thing should happen."

Having said this, Murdoch, gathering together his

fishing tackle, set forward to dodge Mr. Johnston, having much jealous suspicion of all inquisitive manoeuvring emanating from New Hall.

The wary Scot took a low road among the plantations that skirted the great park of Arnwood Castle, and was quite close to the square mansion of New Hall, when he observed Mr. Johnston deviate from the road and enter it. Murdoch was about to return by another path which skirted the heathy sweep of Hail Hill, muttering to himself his suspicions regarding this manoeuvre of Johnston; when, in passing through a narrow gap in the fence, he observed a young woman meanly dressed, sitting in a nook of the bank opposite to him, and caressing an infant, while she seemed full of grief and despondency, and sobbed and wept in sorrowful bitterness.

Murdoch stood for a moment and watched the girl, who, thinking herself unobserved, indulged her grief and fondled her infant, in a manner which absolutely, as he afterwards expressed himself, took the Scot by the heart to witness it.

"What is the matter wi' you, my bonny woman?" said Murdoch, coming forward and addressing her.

The girl only shook her head, and then tried to conceal her grief by somewhat brightening up her looks.

"Na troth, it's nae business o' mine, my lass. But your greeting time's no come yet. Ye're o'er young to be sitting there sorrowing to yoursel under a hedge, purr thing. But eh, woman, that's a braw bairn i' your lap."

This compliment to the infant overcame the young woman's reserve, and looking up in Murdoch's face for a moment, she said,

"Good man, will you do an unfortunate young woman a favour?"

"Hoot ay, my pretty lass! I never could refuse any thing to a bonny face, a' my life."

"Well, sir, if you could just manage to get this letter delivered to Mr. Bolton of the Hall there;" said the young woman, taking a letter out of her bosom and offering it to Murdoch.

"Troth, I'll do that in a trice. But it's but a sma' favour that, my lass, an' the squire's hoose is sae near—it seems scarcely worth asking me to do 't."

"It will be a very great favour, sir, if you could get it given to Mr. Bolton, and particularly if you could see him yourself, and bring me some sort of answer."

"As to that, ye see, my lass, it's now the evening, an' the squire will be at his wine, an' winna be disturbed, nae doubt. Ye ken, purr folk should watch the great folks' time."

"Ah, sir, I have been here the whole of the day, and yesterday too, but Mr. Bolton will not see me, and has given directions to his servants not to take any letter to him from any poor person, upon pain of losing their places. So I have been driven from the door with my baby, and have had no sustenance all day;"—and having given this account of herself, the young woman again relapsed into weeping.

"Dinna greet, my purr thing," said the Scotchman beginning to melt: "noo just gie me the letter, an' I'll try to get a word o' him. But it'll be a sair job to fight my way through his powder'd flunkies."

"I shall be most grateful, and pray blessings on you, my friend, if you will try," said the girl earnestly.

"But ye see, my bonny woman," said Murdoch, turning the letter, and looking on all sides of it; "I dinna ken, after a', what sort o' bizness this may be, an' the squire's a man that I'm no the least anxious to see, if it warms to do a gude turn to you, my dow."

"Well, sir," said the girl, weeping afresh, "indeed I cannot expect but that you wish to know something about me before you undertake to do me a service, but if you'll take my word for it, sir, I am a very unfortunate young woman."

"Troth, my dear, I dinna misdoubt that in the smallest," said Murdoch; "poverty an' a bonny face at the mercy o' the world! Lord, I could greet for you mysel' this vera minute."

"And sadly were they taken advantage of to my sorrow," continued the girl, encouraged to tell her story by the spontaneous sympathy of the warm-hearted Scot.

"By Mr. Bolton?" exclaimed Murdoch, throwing up his clenched hand.

"Yes, sir, indeed, to my shame I tell it. But he made acquaintance with me in another part of the country, by disguising himself in a dress like those of my own condition, and calling himself a young tradesman, and by promises of marriage, he —"

"O the confounded scoundrel! But that's one of his old tricks; and he now refuses you a small maintenance, I dare say; while the very steam of what he wastes in

gross extravagance would support a whole family. O the scoundrel!"

"Just so, sir. And he will not now hear me, or receive a letter from me, although he prevailed upon me to conceal his name from the parish; and now I cannot look my father in the face, for his heart is broken about me, and Mr. Bolton at last refuses me the smallest relief."

"God help you, purr lass. But how do you think his seeing this letter will avail you? Woman, he treats the purr like the vera dirt among his feet."

"O dear sir, I don't know; but I wrote it by the advice of a friend, and I think if he read it, he would save me from exposing him and, alas, myself!"

"Well, my purr lassie, just hae patience, an' I'll try to see him," said the Scotchman, going; "noo just be quiet till I come back. Od! I'll look him straight in the face if I can set eyes on him—straight in the face!"

Muttering in this manner, Murdoch turned into the grounds of New Hall, summoning up all his characteristic impudence, or rather bold bluntness of speech, to his assistance, while he tried to make his way into the presence of Mr. Bolton.

"This is a bonny job I've ta'en in hand," said he to himself, as he went, while he looked at the letter, "to carry despatches between a blackguard gentleman and his hizzy. Weel, I am surely a doit to meddle wi' love affairs that are no my ain. An auld fule—to be ta'en aff my road wi' a bonny face, an' laud the silly woman's greeting get me into a scrape wi' this purse-proud squire! I would rather see the deevil than I would see that Squire Bolton. But, purr thing," he continued, thinking of the girl, "a bonny creature! odd, I hadna' the heart to refuse her, sittin' greetin' to hersel' on a brae side, an' a baby at her breast. Lord help us! this is a sad worl'!"

Having strengthened his resolution by these reflections, he proceeded boldly up to New Hall.

"By my faith, I think it's my best way to gang straight up to the grand door at once," thought Murdoch to himself. "It's a case o' needcessity, an' what for should I be 'feard to face the deevil? The purr lass canna starve, so here goes," and he rung the bell at the entrance.

"What do you want?" said a powdered porter, who opened the door. "Who the devil taught you to ring at a gentleman's door, airrah? Go round to the back of the house, if you have any business here."

"Na, deevil a bit," said the Scotchman, doggedly. "I want to see your maister, friend, if you please."

"If you want to see master, come to-morrow at twelve, and go to the back entrance," said the servant, thrusting the half-open door rudely against Macara.

"Will ye drive the door in my face, ye pimple-faced puppy?" cried the Scotchman, pushing it back and edging himself in. "By my faith, I'll haul the yellow strapples frae your flunkie coat, if ye daur to gie me ony o' your valle-de-sham insolence! I'll just wait till I see your maister;" and Murdoch determinedly planted himself on a seat in the hall.

"Faith, you shall wait then," said the servant, astonished at finding his authority disputed by one of Macara's appearance. "You're a pretty sort of a clown indeed, to suppose that master is going to leave his wine to speak to you. It's a moral impossibility at this time of night."

"I'll let you ken, friend, that it's neither moral nor impossible for your maister to speak to me, upon most particular business," said Murdoch, threateningly.

"What particular business can you have with him?" said the man.

"That's no' for your lugs to hear, I'm sure."

"If you have particular business, have you no letter or card that may be taken up to the squire?"

"Whatever I hae I shall deliver mysel', when I see him," said Murdoch, determined not to be shaken either by master or man.

"Then, friend, if you persist in disturbing my master, you must take the consequences."

"I'll take my chance."

"And so you see, friend, if you have a hard head, he has a good stick in the corner there."

"If that be the way o't," said Murdoch boldly, "there'll be a pair o' us at the work, as the hen said to her legs."

"Would you offer to lift your hand to a squire?" said the porter, in increased astonishment.

"Ye had better gie nae mair jaw, my friend, but just gang up an' tell your maister that there's a gentleman wants to see him instantly, upon particular business."

"A gentleman! you're a pretty devil of a gentleman, to be sure."

"Ne'er flash yoursel' what I am. Hoot, man, what's the use o' simmering an' wintering a' day. If ye dinna

say it's a gentleman, ye see, your maister 'll no' stir for the like o' me, an' if there's any skaith, I'll take the blame. Come, friend, gang up and tell him. It's really a great business."

The servant seeing the determination of the Scot, and chuckling at the idea of the squire getting into a passion and breaking the intruder's head, went up stairs and whispering to one of his fellows, the latter went in to announce this strange visit to his master.

The squire had no company, (except Mr. Johnston, of whom more anon,) he having been somewhat confined and interdicted by the surgeon who attended him, until his recovery was complete from the effects of the slight wound he had received in his skirmish with Lord Arnwood. He was, therefore, more sober than usual at this hour in the evening, when the servant entered, and was, moreover, engaged in a discussion with Mr. Johnston concerning the result of his enquiries about the occupant of the Pilot's Mark, and other matters of apparently little concern to him, about which notwithstanding he evinced an anxiety that not a little puzzled and astonished his friend.

When the servant delivered his message, and in answer to Mr. Bolton's enquiries, described the man who insisted upon seeing the squire, a thought instantly struck the latter, and he said to the servant—

"Tell him to walk up."

"Into this room, sir?" said the astonished attendant.

"Do as I bid you. Bring the man into this room."

When the servant left the apartment, and in terms of civility proportionate to the respect paid to the stranger by the fact of his master's calling him up to the dining-room, delivered his message, it was not in human nature to resist a twinge of cowardice and dread, when Murdoch thought of going up "before the laird." This unwonted sinking of spirit rather increased than otherwise, as he mounted the richly carpeted stairs, and surveyed the magnificence by which the man was surrounded, whom he was going to face with a message that amounted to a threat. Had he been treated with contempt and opposition, as he expected, he felt that he could have acted his part courageously for the young woman; but this appearance of respect and condescension quite disarmed him, and the natural impression of Mr. Bolton's grandeur filled him with dread. When he had reached the landing-place on the stairs, however, and was just entering the room where sat Mr. Bolton and his friend, a single thought crossing his mind, served to bring back all his courage, and to restore him to a just view of his undertaking. This was the strong contrast of the poor young woman, a victim to the vicious passions of the owner of all this grandeur, sitting weeping on the bare earth without, refused even the crumbs that fell from this Diva's table, although absolutely famishing, with his infant at her breast.

"Come forward, sir," said Mr. Bolton, as the Scot entered with humility. "You live with some one in that high old building by the sea side, called the Pilot's Mark."

"Yes, sir."

"Here, John, hand me that glass," he said, addressing the servant.

"Now, sir, you can drink wine when you get it, I dare say," continued Mr. Bolton, filling up the glass and winking to Mr. Johnston, as if he would say, "leave the fellow to me."

"I am nae great wine-bibber, sir," said Murdoch, rallying his thoughts from their surprise at all this.

"No, I suppose not, friend," answered the squire. "The Pilot's Mark is a place where wine is not so plentiful as sea-water, I well believe. But come! drink my health, honest friend. Your master and I are neighbours, and I don't even know his name. Pray what part of the country is he from?"

"I came to you on another business than to talk of my master, sir," said Murdoch, setting down the wine which the servant had handed to him.

"Oh, very true, I forgot that," said Mr. Bolton. "but won't you drink? Are you a Scotchman, and can't drink?"

"Deevil a fears, sir, as we used to say when we were bairns:

"Yes indeed an' that I can, Just as weel as ony man."

"Very well," continued the squire, again winking to Mr. Johnston; "I see you're a fine fellow, and can make rhymes too. Now off with your glass, and then I'll hear your business."

"Bizness first, and drink after," said the Scotchman stiffly.

"What! won't you drink your wine when I ask you?"

"Na—devill a bit."

"No? Why, you idiot—"

"I thought, sir, ye wad'na keep up your civility long, if ye were the least cross'd," said Murdoch coolly.

"Why what sort of a man are you, and what is your business, sirrah?"

"Ye'll find it there, sir, if ye please"—said Murdoch, handing the letter with a stern civility.

"Confound it, how came you by this?" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, tearing open the letter.

"I just fand it, sir, where rich folk dinna gang for pleasure, nor puir folk from choice. I saw it whar the Levite couldna see the wounded man, just by the way side, sir, in sair distress."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that it's neither amang pleasures nor palaces," said Murdoch looking round the room, "nor play-houses either, that ye'll get the like of that. But I would like an answer, sir."

"This is some cursed conspiracy against me," muttered Mr. Bolton; "how came you to know this person, sirrah?"

"It's vera easy for the puir to ken the puir, an' the rich, ye see, ken naeboddy but the rich, an' that's the way o' the worl'."

"Answer my question directly, where is this person now? do you think I am to listen to your Scotch preaching?"

"The puir lass, wi' her baby, sir, is just outside on the cauld lea, where there's neither grand carpets nor red wine to comfort her."

"How can I help that? and how dare she come plaguing me?"

"Och sir! och sir!" said Murdoch with solemn earnestness, "is that your feeling for a puir lass that has trusted to you in the hour of woman's weakness? is na that very letter blotted wi' her tears an' warm wi' the heat o' the bosom, which ye has deceiv'd an' seduced? an' disna your ain bairn look up in her face, an' smile, as ye yoursel' did once, to increase a mother's grief an' a sinfu' woman's repentance? Oh sir," he exclaimed, drawing near, "how can ye sit there easy an' happy drinking rich wine, an' gorged to the throat, an' your puir leman lass, an' bonnie bairn, starving under a hedge?"

"Confound the fellow! am I to be worried in this way about an intrigue with a country wench? I say," continued the squire, striving to take off the seriousness of the affair with a joke, "were you born yesterday? is there any thing more common than —"

"I ken it's o'er common, sir, for gentlemen to practise upon the feelings of innocent thoughtless women, who think men's words are as certain to come true, as that the corn will grow ripe and yellow in har'st, and who fancy that they will get justice when their sorrow comes, as sure as the green braird sprouts up after the spring showers, or the bonny white blossoms cover the thorn bushes, when simmer comes dancing on the south wind; but it's no common, sir—I say, it's no common," continued Murdoch with strong animation, "for gentlemen wha has plenty, to refuse the sma' consolation o' bit and drap to the puir lass wham they has deceived an' driven to ruin."

"Oh, I see, it's money she wants," said Mr. Bolton with scornful coolness, scarcely having glanced at the letter; "that is the way of them all. There, sir," he added, throwing down a single gold piece, "there is the substantial part of your answer, and harkee, as you are so zealous a friend of this young woman, inform her from me, that I am not to be visited in this way again; if she dares to intrude upon me another time, I will have —"

"But your child, sir?" said Murdoch, looking horrified, as Mr. Bolton paused.

"How dare you say another word, sir? It may be your child instead of mine, for aught I know. Am I to have all the poor of the parish and all their brats saddled upon me?"

"Did you ever read of Corah, Dathan, and Abneram, sir," said the Scotchman, looking unutterable things.

"Corah—what?"

"Corah, Dathan, and Abneram—but ye'll na be a reader o' scripture—the vera earth opened under their feet, an' swallowed them up for their wickedness!"

"Ha, ha! rhyming first and sermonising after, well you're a proper Scotchman—only cursedly impudent; take care how you talk in this manner to me, sir."

Murdoch said nothing more, but looking a moment at the guinea, walked sullenly towards the door.

"Here, sir," said the squire, calling him back, "your business is finished, now drink your wine goodnaturedly, for I want to speak to you."

"I'll neither eat your bread, sir, nor drink your wine," said Murdoch solemnly.

"No! I will not bear this insolence longer," cried the squire, starting up, "your presumption is insufferable, sir."

"I dinna mean ony disrespect to my superiors, sir," said Murdoch calmly, "for I'm but a puir man, an' no regarded in the worl'; but dry bread is sweet, an' clear water is refreshing wi' peace an' a gude conscience, for ye see the blessing o' the Lord maketh rich an' addeth no sorrow—but the wealth of the wicked, the fat sacrifices of Moloch in the valley of Tophat, and the spiced wines of Ahab on the mount of Gherizim, are but as the stink in the nostrils of gude men, an' bring wrath an' heaviness in the hour of death."

"I wish you a gude e'en, sir," added the Scotchman, and he opened the door and walked thoughtfully down stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not without reason that an ominous misgiving had taken possession of Lord Arnwood's breast, when he found, as related in the earlier part of our history, that Mr. Johnston had contrived to make so intimate an acquaintance with Mr. Bolton.

Yet his suspicious apprehensions (if the feelings with which he was actuated when again obliged, as in a manner he was, to sit at the same table with his quondam tutor, could be called such) assumed no definite shape, and settled upon no particular circumstance. For this reason he thought himself actuated merely by that instinctive dislike with which persons of a warm and generous disposition naturally regard those who are gifted with, or who have acquired extensively, that worldly prudence and calculating craft, so repugnant to their own feelings.

Arnwood even felt a strange dread of coming in contact with such a man; not from any moral cowardice, or repugnance to combat in a fair quarrel on a fair field, but from a vague feeling of alarm that the other was possessed of weapons which he was willing and ready to exert to his prejudice, such, indeed, as he was himself not aware of, and would have disdained to wield, if he had known them, even in his own defence.

He never could have dreamed, however, nor in truth did Bolton himself suspect, the ambitious project by which the prudent Johnston was smitten, nor the means he had taken to bring that project to maturity. It never even occurred to Arnwood, that it was Johnston who was at the bottom of the unfortunate quarrel between Bolton and himself, by which his views in that quarter were frustrated, and that it was Johnston who had, by gradual insinuations, and insidious hints, and flattering at the same time the squire's pecuniary prejudices, deepened and rendered more intense that person's vulgar contempt for those who were not so fortunate as himself; and finally caused him to treat the young lord with such excessive violence as to bring on the duel and its consequences.

This was the grand event, nevertheless, which Johnston had aimed at; for, besides that it gratified the natural hatred to Arnwood, which mean and base minds usually bear to the noble and the disinterested, it, at the same time, removed the only obstacle in the way of an arrangement which he and his conscience had for some time past been maturing in concert; that arrangement assuming the agreeable form of a design upon Miss Bolton herself, or rather upon that lady's portion—Miss Bolton being, indeed, rather a necessary adjunct than a principal ingredient in the felicity which Mr. Johnston had chalked out for himself in bold and prominent outline.

It was in indirect prosecution of the same object that he had undertaken for the squire, (with whom he had by this time contrived to get into most convenient intimacy,) to reconnoitre the Pilot's Mark, and to ascertain, if possible, who lived there, and whether its inhabitant was the person who had caused Mr. Bolton such extraordinary agitation on the night of the duel with Lord Arnwood. We have already seen how unsuccessful they both were in their endeavours to extract information out of the shrewd and wary Scotchman; and we now proceed to record a conversation that ensued between these "Arcades ambo," or very pretty rascals, as they sat at their wine, on the evening of the day on which Murdoch had departed from his unsuccessful suit in favour of Mary Reynolds.

"What do you think of all this, Johnston?" said the squire, when the Scotchman had been a few minutes gone, taking a gulp of wine to help him to recover his equanimity.

"Oh! not much," answered Johnston, looking sneak-

ingly, and afraid lest he might let slip a word of disapprobation.

"These are rather unpleasant affairs, these intrigues, sometimes."

"No doubt, sir; yet, after all, what is it?" said Johnston, his natural reverence for wealth serving to reinforce his spirits and confidence after the surprise, and restoring his blindness to any vice in his patron. "Not much do I think of it, Mr. Bolton, I assure you," he continued; "not that I would be thought to speak slightly or with reprehensible lightness of morality, but, my dear sir, these are every-day occurrences; and, unfortunately, the structure of society presses heavily, but necessarily and inevitably, on the lower orders. This is a mere little country intrigue, as you say, with a discontented wench prominent in the picture. There is no suppressing the discontent arising from the ignorant and obstinate pertinacity of such people."

"And, you see, we can make nothing out about that mysterious inhabitant of the tall house by the sea side. Something must be done, Johnston. I tell you what, I wish I had not been so hasty in quarrelling with that proud young man with the word lord tacked to his proper name."

"Then you have changed your mind, Mr. Bolton?"

"No; it has only reverted to its original state, before you changed it, Mr. Johnston."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Your understanding seems very convenient, Johnston. You must be perfectly conscious of the representations you made to me—false representations I now incline to believe—of the lack of sense and the want of prudence of this young man, of neither of which, I must say, have I received, as yet, any proof. The fellow is, to be sure, as proud as if he were worth half a million. Egad, sir, this is a most unfortunate business," added Bolton, as he paused, a sudden memory darting through his brain, of the knowledge that Arnwood had so strangely acquired of his real character, as evidenced by the word he had whispered in his ear on the night of the duel; "and I have you to thank for it, Mr. Johnston, and only you."

"I cannot, for my part, see," said the other, "how it can be called unfortunate to quarrel with a poor nobleman like Lord Arnwood."

"It is very likely that you cannot see, Mr. Johnston. But I wish you had brains to comprehend or eyes to see how I am to persuade him to dislodge this tenant of his, whom I have my private reasons for wishing somewhere else, out of the Pilot's Mark."

"Why, Lord bless my soul! dear sir," replied Johnston, "there cannot be much difficulty in that. Let me reflect how the thing is to be arranged;" and the tutor fell into a profound cogitation, which lasted several minutes, while the squire sipped his wine in silent impatience.

"I have it at last," said Johnston, striking the table with his hand triumphantly; "although I must confess the scheme is hazardous, and not altogether justifiable on moral grounds—but we'll let that pass. You say you want these people out of the Pilot's Mark, and you would, if possible, induce or compel Arnwood to eject them?"

"I do; you know it," said Bolton, peevishly; "what are you driving at?"

"And you doubt your power of being able to effect this?"

"Well, well; I do."

"Now, sir," said Johnston, importantly, drawing his chair close to Bolton's, and laying the fore-finger of one hand on the thumb of the other, "we arrange the matter thus. Every body knows that the peerage list does not contain so poor a devil within its red cover as Lord Arnwood. That's perfectly well known. Well, while young poverty-stricken Hopeful was yet in Paris, you had taken possession of New Hall. During your short stay there, before your departure for London, you had cultivated an intimacy with the Lady Arnwood, which, considering the shortness of your acquaintance, was, I must say, surprising."

"Cut the matter short, Johnston. What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean this, Mr. Bolton," resumed Johnston, with a glance of solemn superiority at the obtuse squire. "Lady Arnwood might have borrowed—might have borrowed, I say—I do not assert that she did, but she might have borrowed a considerable sum of money of you; now, do you understand, eh?"

"Might have borrowed, most sapient Johnston," cried Bolton with a laugh; "and would, no doubt, if she had thought me willing to lend. Might—yes, might is better than right, ha, ha, ha, there's a pun, my boy,—but she

never *did*, wise Johnston; she never *did*, sagacious Johnston."

"Pardon me, sir, but she *did*," and he gave an emphatic leer: "that is—if we please."

"What do you mean, sir? what *do* you mean?"

"Tut, tut, tut," responded the other, with a familiarity he had never hitherto ventured to indulge, "I didn't think, Bolton, that you were so confoundedly dull. Cannot we prepare a document for a given sum—say five thousand pounds—a note of hand given by Lady Arnwood at the time, payable on demand by herself, her executors, administrators or assigns, as the lawyers say—"

"Stop—stop! my friend, that won't do," cried Bolton, alarmed; "besides, how can it be managed? It can't be done."

"Leave that to me," said Johnston; "I'll manage it well enough. I know the turn of the old woman's signature as well as I do my own; the thing can be easily done, if that's all."

"Why, it's no better than forgery!"

"Pretty much the same thing, indeed," said Johnston, coolly; "but my good sir, how is it ever to be discovered? Get the document presented to Arnwood, under pretence of a sudden want of money, if you think proper to state any reasons at all; there will be no power of taking it up in that quarter, depend on it; and then you can make what terms you please, and include those mysterious tenants in your conditions. Now, you perceive, the course is plain enough."

"Plain enough with a vengeance," exclaimed Bolton, shrugging his shoulders; "but what the deuce, Johnston, can be your motive in suggesting this? My own I can understand, and, in some degree, palliate; but yours!—Johnston, you're a deuced rascal, and that's the truth."

"My motives, sir," replied Johnston, not heeding the concluding compliment to his honesty with which Bolton had presented him, "is justifiable on a religious, nay, on Christian principles. 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' Mr. Bolton, is a rule of conduct included in the Christian code; and I was by no means well treated by that young man. Besides, I do and shall ever entertain a deep sense of your kindness to me, my dear sir, and if any efforts of mine—"

"Oh! your humble servant, Johnston," cried Bolton, mimicking, and bowing profoundly; "well, you can manage it, you say. But suppose he were to raise the money—there's a precious hobble we should get our cunning selves into."

"The money, sir! he could no more raise the money than he could raise the devil; to whom, therefore, on the precedent of Mahomet and the mountain, let us cause him to descend. The fellow's too poor to have any friends, and the very mention of money makes him as nervous as an octogenarian with the palsy, ha, ha, ha!"

"Egad, Johnston, then it must be done, though it's rather too bad—if it could be avoided. You have an excellent head, Johnston, for a rascally plan."

"Call it what you please, sir. But won't you then have him in your power?"

"No doubt. But whom shall I get to negotiate this business, for I'm sure I shan't meet him. There is no one could have done it better than you, Johnston, if you had not also quarrelled with him, or rather, he with you."

"He quarrelled with me, certainly, Mr. Bolton, and therefore—"

"You will make this demand as my agent, eh, Johnston?"

"Well, sir, any thing to oblige you."

"Ha! ha! ha!—well, you're very good, upon my soul. You're not averse to being kicked down stairs, as you were before in Paris. Wasn't that the case, old boy? Positively, Johnston, you're a cursed scoundrel. Come, tell me how it was. You know the poet sings,

Some have been kick'd till they know whether
The shoe was calf's-skin or neat's-leather.

What was the material wherewith thou wast kicked, good Johnston?"

"Sir, if you had not taken a glass too much, this is language that I should not endure—and—"

"Ha! very true, a glass of wine does make the tongue wag a little too fast; ha! ha! ha!"

"You speak with much freedom, sir, but I'm sure you mean nothing, Mr. Bolton, ha! ha!" and he forced an abject laugh.

"Oh! not in the least, Johnston, I assure you. Well, we must about this business very soon."

CHAPTER X.

We must now transfer our scene to the interior of a small chamber, in the loftiest angle of the lone yet dia-

stantly-seen building, called the Pilot's Mark. The little apartment we speak of was to be approached only by a narrow inconvenient stair from the more commodious and common part of the building, and might have served for a sheltered watch-tower in former times, or it might have been the cell of a monk, or the hiding-place of an outlaw, from its favourable position as a look-out to sea, its narrow-arched form, and its almost inaccessible situation.

A small window in the thick wall at once commanded a prospect to an immense distance seaward, as well as over, and far beyond, the irregular woodland round Arnwood Castle, which the whole building of the Mark seemed to overlook with a naked and stalwart solemnity. But while from its aspect towards the west and north, this little chamber, in a stormy weather, rocked to the blast of the west winds—which swept with deafening noise round its exposed and weather-beaten angles—in summer evenings, when the sky was clear and the clouds gathered in calm masses over the distant sea, it afforded a prospect of the setting sun, such as might have drawn poetry out of the duldest natures, and gone far to compensate an imaginative artist for a lifetime of common-place scenery.

The furniture of this chamber was as simple and monastic as its shape and architectural decorations. A small French bedstead, bearing a mattress, stood at the further end; a few antique prints of the Roman school, decorated the lighter part of the walls; some old books of divinity and chivalrous romance, were shelved in a little recess opposite, and a black crucifix standing on the single ebony table, denoted the faith of the occupant of the chamber.

At the narrow window sat the fair inmate of the chamber alone, on the same evening that the foregoing occurrences were in progress, looking out as usual upon the setting sun, and occasionally turning her large dark eyes languidly towards Arnwood Castle, as if watching the appearance of a human figure among its broad and deserted avenues. At length the sound of a footstep climbing the stair to the chamber seemed to rouse her from her musing; and soon Mr. Waltham came up, stooping through the low doorway, and entering, took the remaining chair opposite to his daughter.

"You seem tired, father," said she, as he wiped his forehead, and leant back on his seat.

"Slightly, my love," he answered. "It is not to be expected but that time and worldly trial should have produced their usual effects on me at my period of life. A little exercise now fatigues me."

"Exercise, alas! Forgive me, father; I almost envy you your free exercise in the open fields abroad, or as you sweep round the margin of the sea. At least, I confess I envy the lambs that I see skipping in the meadows, and the deer that I watch as they gambol through the park and woods of Arnwood, while I sit here caged and solitary."

"You have the luxury at least of telling your complaints to one to whom you can speak without danger, Agatha," said the old man, solemnly; "and for the substance of what you complain of, want of exercise, repine not. The condition of all humanity is, that every one has to complain of having too little or too much of something, that in its proper mean is desirable."

"It was surely unfortunate for me that we should have come to live in this very secluded spot," said the young lady, mournfully.

"We call events unfortunate, Agatha, of which we do not see the end, and which gives us leisure to call up the distorted phantoms of our natural discontent. But unfortunate or not, be patient and contented. It is your fate."

"But without talking of fate, father, could we not have gone to live in that pretty village on the face of the hill which I so much admired as we came along, or even in the sea-port where we landed, or any where in which one could have enjoyed a little society?"

"Society is very good, my love, in proper circumstances. But the babble and scandal of village gossip, the contracted notions of ignorance, and the natural detraction of envy and meanness, so general in small communities, would have brought evils upon you and myself, for which the enjoyment of such society would by no means have compensated."

"Are you sure there are no letters to day, my father?" said Agatha, after a pause.

"I told you before that there were none, my child."

"Alas! and how long are we to linger in this solitude? The sweet summer is now warm and blooming around us, but winter, dreary winter, will come on; and how are we to brood over its dark days and dismal nights in this solitary sea mark? I dread to think of it!"

"I trust events will come round before winter, to remove you to some more agreeable spot. Alas! my child, you have need of fortitude."

"Have I, father? You often alarm me by these strange hints as to the future. Alas! I have no fortitude!"

"Heaven will give it to you in the hour of trial, Agatha. For me," continued Mr. Waltham, covering his face with his hands, "I could meet my fate with composure; but for you, my poor unfortunate child!"

"Why are you ever hinting about your fate, my dear father? You distress me exceedingly. Your fate, methinks, cannot be much worse than it is. You have lost every thing—my poor mother, also, is long gone, and lies buried in yonder quiet nook near the sea, beyond Arnwood Castle. What can be your future fate, dear father, after all your misfortunes, but to be better than now, and happier if any change is to be?"

"Alas! Agatha—I can only for the present answer you in the complaining lines of a poet of Scotland, composed to divert his thoughts at sea, while he was blind and comfortless;—poor Hector Macneil.

"Who knew the life he's doomed to see
This side the grave!"

"Then you do not yourself know, father, what you dread or imagine?" said his daughter; "and therefore you may be deceived—for fear is a deceiver as well as hope. And, surely, it is not wise in you to imbue my mind so early with these melancholy views of life."

"Perhaps not, my love; but my excuse is, if I need one, that it is not easy to suppress the thoughts that are uppermost, for, as holy writ saith, 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"But you seem to have something on your mind, dear sir, which you have not told me?"

"You have already given me a reason why I should not speak further in this strain, my child, and it is time enough to be explicit when the events take place. My only reason for talking to you, as I have done, of life is, to save you the cutting pains of disappointment. Disappointment of which so much complaint is made, would hardly exist or be called an evil, were it not for the vain expectations of ignorance, the delusions of youthful fancy, and the wilful absurdities of dreaming hope."

"I am no philosopher, sir, and in truth, I am very lonely and sad in this blank solitude."

"You are an orphan—at least you are motherless, and sisterless, my poor child."

"Alas, father!" and she let fall some tears—"But will you take me out this evening, sir?"

"I suppose I may, my dear. Lord Arnwood has not stirred from the castle for some days, that I have heard of."

"No, sir; indeed he has not."

"How do you know, Agatha?"

"I should have seen him from this window, sir, you know."

"So you would, if you had been watching."

"Dear sir," said Agatha, blushing, "you never told me what you and his lordship had that long conversation about, on the sands below there?"

"How do you know it was Lord Arnwood that I was talking to, my love?"

"Did I not see him that night, when there was the frightful fight with swords, between him and Mr. Boken?"

"But that was considerably after our conversation on the sands, Agatha."

"So it was. But I have often seen him at a distance, walking solitary like myself through the wood, or riding like the wind along the shore; and I have observed—"

"Agatha, my dear, this is very strange. What sort of man is he?"

"A man, sir? He is quite a youth, that is, a young man. And his really such—a noble bearing, so fiery and so—"

"Agatha!" said the old man, with a look of alarm—"have you ever spoken to him? tell me truly."

"No, sir, indeed I never did."

"Then how came you to describe him so minutely?"

"I have seen him, certainly. Alas! it is but little that I can either see or hear in this seclusion. And surely I may be permitted to look out upon the few objects that are to be seen at all."

"I mean not to circumscribe you farther than is absolutely necessary, my dear Agatha; but love is a dangerous passion to young women who are poor, and who not know the world. And you have no mother, Agatha, to watch over you. Oh God! how strangely I am circumstanced! Why have you that face? I dare not tell—I dare not look forward—Oh, heaven!" and the man started up and paced the small chamber in great agitation.

"Ah, father," said the young lady imploringly, "do not be angry with me. I cannot bear to see you in this agitation."

"I am not angry with you, my poor unfortunate child," said he, standing still and contemplating her. "It is my anxious love for you, my Agatha," he added, stooping down and kissing her forehead, "that drives me distracted, when I think what is to become of you after I am gone."

"When you are gone, father? Why always talk so? Why distress me by the idea of my losing my sole remaining parent, and my only friend on earth?"

"I cannot help referring to my unhappy fate, my child. I cannot help brooding on the fearful future, though I know it to be as irresistible as it is terrible."

"I know not what you mean, father, by this dark and awful language. Ah! *de* keep up your spirits and your calmness. I have seen you look with a strange and almost sublime tranquillity over a threatening and raging sea, when every one but yourself was shrieking in despair, at that awful time when we expected every wave to swallow us up in the green gulf of the deep. Now, you are moved and agitated at the mention of a name, the name of an amiable and gentle youth of a noble house, who I am sure would not harm either you or me, and to whom I never spoke."

"Hark! was not that a tap at the chamber door?"

"It was, sir," said Agatha, rising and opening it.

"*Mum*, I'm no vera blate, I suppose," said the Scottish tongue of Murdoch Macara, as the door was opened, while he smoothed the lock of hair above his forehead in lieu of a bow, as he stood in the dark of the passage.

"Come in, Murdoch," said Mr. Waltham kindly; "you say right; you are not remarkably blate, or modest, as I suppose you mean. Well, Murdoch, you look as if you had something to say."

"Ay, sir, it's just a word or twa about a lass."

"About a girl? What mean you? Where is she?"

"I've brought her into the house, sir."

"Brought her into my house, Murdoch? How is this?"

"And a baby, sir."

"A girl and her baby into this house! Really, Murdoch, this is a freedom that——"

"As bonny a bairn, sir, as ever lay at a woman's breast. *Eh, Miss Agatha*, if ye but saw it. *Puir wee thing*."

"Murdoch, really this is a freedom which I could not have expected of you," said Mr. Waltham. "I did not think you were such a simpleton."

"Deevil a simpleton, neither, sir," said the Scot, drawing up and looking aghast; "ye see, sir, the puir lass has just committed a bit of a fore paw, an' only wants to——"

"And an illegitimate child, too?" exclaimed Mr. Waltham quite in a passion. "Really, Murdoch, if I did not know your character, I should not allow this sort of extraordinary proceeding even to be spoken of."

"Vera weel, sir," said Murdoch, going; "I'll just drive the lass out an' her bit bairn, to sleep on the lee side of Hail Hill, puir unfortunate creatures."

"O father," said Agatha, "hear all that Murdoch has to say before you refuse a lodging to any houseless wanderer. Alas! you know we were almost houseless ourselves."

"I wad na hae spoken to you about the puir lass, sir," said Murdoch, returning, "if she had been any thing like a misleit limmer. But she has neither a brazen face nor a slut's ee, nor she's nae gomeril gawky; but she has been sadly abused an' deceived, silly thing, an' I fand her greeting beneath a hedge, rather than return to the house she has disgraced, or expose the scoundrel who first deceived and afterwards used her cruelly."

"She can stay till to-morrow, if you can accommodate her below, Murdoch," said Mr. Waltham calmly.

"May be, sir, ye might do waur than keep her to attend my young mistress there," said Murdoch. "It's a puir house without a woman body, butt an' ben. It wad be as pleasant to see her bonny young face, coming to the door at meal time to cry the lads into their dinners; and then at night when we were a' at hame, to hear our tales by the fireside, when the sca bizzes among the rocks in the Pirate's Creek, an' the wind whistles o'er the lum-head. Lord, sir, I hav'na a creature except muckle Will Weatherhead to sing a sang to in this back-o-beyond place. It's a mecesserable house without a woman!"

"Very true, Murdoch," said Mr. Waltham, smiling at the natural poetry that broke in upon the Scot; "but my house now is not like any other house," he added mournfully.

"Ah, father," said Agatha, "permit the poor young woman to remain, at least for a short time, in my service. Do not thrust her out from protection on account of—— Alas! I dare not mention one who was once——"

"No! do not mention!" said her father sternly. "I have no objection to your having a female servant, but

women's tongues are little to be trusted in circumstances like mine; and why should we expose even our poverty to strangers?"

"Let the young woman get whatever accommodation we can offer for to night at least," said Agatha to Murdoch; on hearing which, he bowed, and groped his way down the narrow stairs leading from the chamber.

CHAPTER XI.

The castle of Arnwood was thrown into even a deeper gloom than that which was accustomed to abide there, by the sudden death of the lady Arnwood. The decease of his mother, to whom he had been accustomed to look up as the only friend left to him in the world; and, indeed, the only remaining motive of existence, affected Arnwood sensibly: and now that she was removed from him for ever, he delighted to dwell, with melancholy fondness, upon the oft-repeated advice, exhortations, and prayers, which only maternal fondness can give forth.

But after the first burst of grief, Arnwood relapsed into his former solitary existence—seen by nobody, and seeking none; and the diurnal duties of the castle proceeded as usual, with slight variation, the important Mr. Mollison and the no less precise Mrs. Goodyear, forming the twin stars round which the meaner planetary domestics were accustomed to revolve.

There was a difference, however, in Lord Arnwood, which was somewhat apprehensively observed by his favourite servant, but even more keenly known to himself. His love of solitude seemed to have returned with tenfold power, and was now growing upon him into a shrinking and haughty jealousy of society, which overcame even his lurking wish to meet and communicate once more with the mysterious occupant of the Pilot's Mark. His abstraction was at times so perfect, that he seemed to forget to supply the ordinary wants of nature, and gave himself up to general and deep contemplation on the condition of humanity.

His bitterness of feeling amounted, on some occasions, to rage and almost madness; and his scorn of common things and of the world caused him to neglect his person, and to wander abroad in all seasons, particularly on the shore or through the woods, where he could find perfect privacy; and sometimes he would stray, amid storm and rain, from midnight until the dawning of the new day. Sometimes he even gloried in his solitude, and stood on the highest point of land he could find, or on some rock jutting into the sea, and let the rain beat upon his face in an enthusiastic communion with nature. At those times he drew in the pure breath of Heaven in the pride of his own thoughts, and his mind working itself into a fever of excitement and proud enjoyment of his being, he felt, as he said, in nearer fellowship with God. But, at other times, a yearning sadness and intolerable weariness would come over him, and he felt that bursting oppression of thought only to be relieved by allowing the wells of the heart to gush forth in the sweet communion of friendship.

At these moments, dreams of some embodied excellence in woman, and recollections of early visions, associated with imaginings connected with the Pilot's Mark, were still the resources which soothed his sad spirit, and at times determined him to rouse himself and once more to go abroad into the world, and at least to ascertain whether he was not acting irrationally and deceiving himself with misanthropic fancies and vague forebodings.

Yet still, the ardent wishes of youth, and an eagerness to retrieve the fallen state of his family, although they often filled his mind with plans and his heart with aspirations, usually ended, when he turned his thoughts that way, in little else but regret and perplexity. To every plan, his pride and his sensitive dignity of mind made objections which he had not yet decision to overcome; and although indeed the general nature of his enquiries endeared him to his species, yet it also deepened his contempt for whatever was base or mean, and widened the separation between himself and the mass of the world, while it inflamed his imagination, and increased his love for meditative solitude.

The only plan his mind suffered itself now to entertain, was the old one of some advantageous marriage, whereby the honours of his birth and title might in some measure be exchanged for wealth, by an union with a house of lower rank. But here again his previous objection to venture again into society, and to seek for such an object, and his proud reluctance to the pursuit, were now increased into absolute repugnance, by still intruding fancies regarding the beautiful vision of the Mark, which mingled with his cherished recollections, and now more

than ever haunted his thoughts, and unsettled his resolutions for the future.

These thoughts occupied him so entirely one mild and still autumnal day, that by the time evening came on, he wandered almost unconsciously along the cliffs above the shore, towards the Mark, with a vague hope, as he drew near the old edifice, that he might meet his mysterious tenant—or that in some way, through the agency of the Scotchman, Murdoch, or by any other lucky chance, he might see or hear something of the lady, who he was convinced was within. He descended to the level sands that swept round the small bay known by the name of the Pirate's Creek, as the early quarter moon appeared high over head, shedding a faint and flickering light upon the waves, and throwing into dark relief the lofty length of the comfortless building in front. He walked on to the very door, but scarcely a light, or the sign of living inhabitant, appeared from any of the small windows distinguishable along its black walls or among its naked angles; and it was only as he passed near a low window, that he heard a soft whispering, and then the voice of Murdoch Macara seeming to answer some one within, in the words of an old song, eked out with his own fancies:—

"I hae a wee whittle the best o' gude steel,
And wad that wee whittle I make my trout croel.
I'll gie't to thee, lassie, an' mickle beside,
Gin thou w'lt come, lassie, an' sit in my plaids,
Sling whailshaw whailshaw,
Ballilaw, ballilaw!"

"as the fisher lad sang to the milkmaid,"

"But the lady, think of the baby," answered a female voice in a kind love whisper.

"Ou, ay, the bairn, that's true. But hoot! never heed about the bairn, puir wee thing. We'll feed it wi' brose an' parritch, till it grows big, an' we'll send it out to rin on the sands in the warm simmer days. An' then, my bonny lass, we'll grow sober."

Arnwood, as he stood listening at the window, was getting interested in this scene, when he heard the conversation suddenly interrupted by a quick step and another female voice speaking in hurried accents, as if in distress, while she hastily gave some order to the Scotchman. He passed hastily on, wondering what he had heard might mean, and walked round, proceeding at the rear of the Mark by the sheltered path at the foot of Hail Hill, before noticed, leading towards New Hall.

He was pacing slowly on in his contemplative manner, when he thought he heard footsteps pattering rapidly behind him, and stopping to listen, the night being very still, and looking down the path, he perceived a female figure, her head uncovered, and in the simplest dress, coming hastily forward. Arnwood felt his heart beat quick, as the figure approached. The female seemed so occupied that she did not perceive him until she was quite near him, when she gave a half shriek and started a few steps back.

"Be not afraid, madam," said Arnwood, advancing with feelings strongly excited, for he perceived by the stream of light which passed between the birch trees, the features of the lovely unknown who had so long dwelt upon his imagination.

"My Lord Arnwood," said the sweet girl, with perfect self-possession, but much apparent anxiety, "have you seen my father, Mr. Waltham, to-night? Excuse my presumption, but I am obliged to waive ceremony at the present moment."

"I have not," said Arnwood; "but say, what has happened to him? You seem agitated."

"Ah, my lord," said the young lady imploringly, "do not detain me. I must endeavour to find my father."

"But why this agitation? your father will doubtless return."

"I know not the precise meaning of my own apprehensions, but my poor father is in a strange state of mind."

"Let me assist you in seeking him," said Arnwood, while they proceeded silently together; "but what reason have you for going in this direction? this road leads towards New Hall."

"I cannot well account for my fears, but my father has been some time gone, and I dread his meeting with the owner of yonder mansion, Mr. Bolton."

"Why, lady? there is something mysterious in this."

"I cannot tell you now, my lord. I do not fully know myself; perhaps my fears may deceive me. Alas! he is nowhere to be seen, and the night is cold, and——"

The lady looked round her and then in Arnwood's face while she spoke, as if feeling the impropriety of her situation; but the look was so touchingly imploring, that he seized her extended hand as if transfixed to the spot, and was for some moments unable to speak.

"I think there is much of my own weakness in all

this anxiety," she said, at length, laying one hand on her heart, as she still suffered him to retain the other, "forgive me, my lord, but my poor heart-broken father is the only friend I have left in the world."

"I pledge myself to find your father," said Arnwood, warmly. "But on this condition—that you will suffer me to speak to you for another moment by the light of this moon, and on the sands before the door of the Pilot's Mark?"

"I ought not, my lord; and yet if you find my father, surely I may—I will;" and with these words she turned away, and, as Arnwood gazed, slowly withdrew down the path and was soon lost among the shadows of the hill.

As soon as Agatha disappeared, Arnwood proceeded along the bushy sheltered path with some haste towards New Hall, and looked round every where as he went, without meeting the object of his search. As he passed in front of the mansion, although the moon was nearly obscured, he distinctly perceived a person enter it by a door in the wing, but of course this could not be Mr. Waltham, and seemed rather to be Mr. Bolton himself. Arnwood was beginning to return slowly towards the Mark, when he came unexpectedly upon a figure pacing hastily backwards and forwards on the turf, in a nook of the shrubbery.

"Who are you?" said a voice accosting him, in a hoarse and broken tone.

"A friend, sir," said Arnwood, drawing near.

"This is very strange, my lord, that you should be here at this moment."

"Why, sir? Why strange?" said Arnwood, in surprise. "Good God! what is that in your hand?"

"Ha! see you the weapon? 'tis a good blade."

"A dagger! what mean you, Mr. Waltham?"

"It is very strange," still repeated the old man, looking in Arnwood's face, "that you should be here at this moment. The will of heaven seems dark to me."

"Come along, my dear sir," said Arnwood, taking him by the arm. "Your daughter seeks you distractingly."

"My daughter! My Agatha! So—oh God, that my destiny were fulfilled!" and he struck his forehead in agony.

"Put up that fearful weapon, sir, or throw it from you—come—"

"Throw it from me! ha, ha!" and Mr. Waltham held out the dagger and laughed wildly, as the moon shone in his face. "I tell you, my lord," he resumed, "were I to bury this piece of fatal steel in the depths of the earth, or throw it into the fathomless sea, the monsters of the deep would cast it up and bring it to me, until, by its means, I had fulfilled my destiny."

"You amaze me by this language," said Arnwood, surveying the pale features of the old man. "Where found you, sir, this dagger, and why do you wear it thus?"

"That little blade," resumed he, looking at the weapon as they walked along, "belonged to my family from time immemorial, and strange traditions have been handed down with it; I know not distinctly their import, I forget even the tales themselves—but this I know, that I cannot lose or get rid of it until I fulfil my fate."

"You are in a delusion, Mr. Waltham. This is mere infatuation."

"How confident in their ignorance are the young!" he replied, calmly. "Pardon me, my lord;" and as he spoke he took hold of Arnwood's arm, with strong emotion. "Have I not lost every thing that was mine or my father's to lose? Are not my lands and mansions in the possession of strangers? Were not the precious relics of my father's house sold by the hammer of the auctioneer? Has not the last of my once great wealth been swallowed up by the yawning deep? All, all gone—all but this accursed dagger. No! I never could lose that."

"It is strange," said Arnwood, thoughtfully; "but let us hasten to the Mark."

"Yes, we may go to-night," added Waltham, musing, "for although the fated man who was my ruin came out and passed before me—though he stood within reach of my very dagger, my arm was restrained. The time destined by heaven was not come to accomplish my just revenge."

"Your misfortunes have affected your mind," said Arnwood, earnestly, "and I fear you are deceiving yourself, even to crime."

"How can I help seeing the manifest indications of fate in the events of my own history? Why did my angelic wife die upon this coast, while I was proceeding to a destination almost contrary? Why was she buried

even in that burying ground behind Arnwood castle, by the permission of your own lady mother, when you were absent on your travels? Why was my favourite daughter the victim of a villain who now glories in prosperity, and rolls in wealth? And why was I, with my remaining child, afterwards wrecked upon this very shore, while on our way to Holland, and planted by Providence beside the very man who had sought this retirement, thinking never to come in contact with us on earth?"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed Arnwood, half mentally.

"Oh heaven and earth! what decrees are thine!" continued the old man; and he threw up his arms like Lear, in the agony of his spirit.

"But fortune will yet turn round her unsteady wheel," said Arnwood, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Look abroad in the world," Mr. Waltham continued, with a calmness that was affecting, "and you will see the very contrary of your unsatisfactory assurance. Do you not see that fortune, as we term it, pours favours into the lap of some, as if in spite of themselves, and often follows worthlessness with rewards, as if with a zealous and determined profusion? Do you not see that there are others, yea, whole families, who, in spite of the most anxious endeavours and the best laid plans, are pursued by the same fortune (call it what you will) until they and their calamities are at length swallowed up in the great gulf of destiny?"

"It may be so—"

"Nay, it is so."

"Sometimes. What you contend for, however, is the existence of a mysterious and inevitable law; and this you cannot establish by a few insulated instances." Waltham did not reply aloud, although his white lips moved as if in speech, and his companion concluded that the unsettled mind of the old man had wandered from the subject.

When they arrived at the Pilot's Mark, however, he turned round, and gazing upon the young lord with a solemn earnestness, "The unfortunate," said he, "have a strange and sympathetic attraction to each other. Methinks your fate is to be in some measure linked with mine. Remember this, my proud youth, there are some men whose whole existence is a demand upon one virtue—fortitude. Now, good night, my lord, good night."

Arnwood stood in a sort of stupor for some time after Mr. Waltham had left him, and was still pacing backwards and forwards on the sands before the Mark, when he saw the door open, and the figure of Agatha Waltham come gliding towards him. As she came forward, she presented her hand with the frank ease of true modesty, and uttered a few words of thanks for his attention to her father. Arnwood absolutely trembled with a new and delicious emotion. He muttered his reply like one in a dream. He altogether forgot that it was by his own request she was there; and when, in another instant, she vanished like a spirit from his eyes, he rushed suddenly from the spot, as if afraid of venting aloud the extravagance of his strange intoxication.

CHAPTER XII.

We must now take a peep into the small dining parlour in Mr. Bolton's house, which, together with its neighbouring and more magnificent apartment appropriated to the same purpose, had, from the squire's first taking possession of New Hall, been the scene of such incessant devastation and extravagant consumption of viands and wine, as few fortunes could long support. Of late, however, the company entertained had been comparatively very limited in number—and indeed was chiefly confined to two persons; one of whom was Lord Arnwood's old tutor, Mr. Johnston, who found it expedient to stick close to the squire, and even to join him in his Bacchanalian habits, to an extent which the economy of his own constitution by no means warranted, and which only seemed justified by the greatness of the stake for which he was playing; and the other was Mr. Hulson, not altogether a saint, as the judicious reader may have surmised, yet still, perhaps, deserving a few words of fair description.

Joshua Hulson, as he appeared at present at the squire's table, was rather a well looking little man, with a knowing black eye, a good shrewd eyebrow, and the central and prominent feature of his countenance, which his companions elegantly called the handle of his face, of a consistence and colour, which, if not absolutely resembling Master Bardolph's, at least showed that youth, and youth's soundness, had been left considerably behind

by the wearer; and that his virtues, whatever their nature or extent, were, at all events, not those of an abominable anchorite.

Hulson's late years had been passed chiefly, as we may in common phraseology say—in the society of gentlemen—that is, of gentlemen who are every where to be met with by similar gentlemen—who go every where, and are up to every thing, and see every thing, and ridicule every thing that makes the least pretensions to elevation of sentiment—and who vie with each other in the coarseness and heartlessness of bachelor sentiments and society. With respect to the place where such gentlemen meet, we need not be particular, for they are known to every body, from the parties and clubs in town, to the race grounds and watering places. But Hulson had been of late (for it is needless to mince the matter) a good deal of rogue—but then there are degrees in roguery as well as in other accomplishments; and among a crowd of men who have each a share of this quality, or at least, among whom integrity and worth are very scarce, he was "by no means without virtue;" and in fact, taking into account that he possessed very little, he shone forth occasionally as almost a saint, compared with his associates. He had even, hackneyed as he was in the ways of the world, a secret love of virtue and honesty, and an ambition to practise them when circumstances would allow him;—but from a long intimacy with the worst side of human nature, he thought these a visionary kind of good for which a man need not ruin and make a fool of himself by adhering to them in a general way. As for high sentiments and fine feelings, he acknowledged that he had felt a twinge of them when he was young and raw, but he thought that, like religion, they were only useful for the poor and the simple, who did not understand how to live in the world.

Johnston, who sat at his elbow, was by no means so praiseworthy a character as our friend Hulson, although he talked like an angel about every thing that was excellent. The two worthies, however, were seated lovingly together over their wine; while the squire—in whom they had of late observed an occasional change of manner for which they could not account—had stolen out and taken a solitary turn in the shrubbery by the moonlight, where he unexpectedly encountered Mr. Waltham, as mentioned in the last chapter.

"What freakish fancy is this, friend Bolton?" said Hulson, peeping through between the candles, behind which he and Johnston sat, as the squire entered the room after his walk. "By the little finger of Bacchus, which has a tendency upwards, here are Johnston and I drinking ourselves into the best of humour in bumpers to the health of our worthy host, and other absent friends (hiccup!);—while you, our said host, are abroad playing will-o'-the-wisp over the moors and fens towards the sea, or walking the ghost under shadow of the black turrets of that frightful old castle beyond the wood. Here, let me fill for you—shall it be Madeira? claret is too cold for a man who has been riding the bogs."

"I return your compliment, gentlemen," was all the squire could force himself to say, gulping down a bumper of the liquor recommended.

"Hey—hah—what!" exclaimed Hulson, shading his eyes with his hand, as he fixed them as strongly as the muddled state of his faculties would allow him, upon the squire's countenance. "Bolton—what the devil is the matter? Have you seen a witch? By the foulest imp that ever grinned over a rag, your face is as pale as a sheet or a shirt (it's all the same), and your teeth chatter like castanets. Here, man, another toothful—now, sir, as the mayor of Norwich said to the king, 'Hold up your head and look like a man!'"

"Do I look pale, Hulson?" said Bolton, recovering himself, and striving to laugh it off; "nonsense! I only felt a little chill from the night air. Come, Johnston, you look as sober as a sexton, and stare at me as if you did not know me. There—fill up like a brave fellow, and take a pattern by Hulson, my excellent 'drouthy cronie.' Hulson, you're a jewel of a drinker."

"I know I am, I know I am—that's right, Bolton," cried Hulson, in drunken triumph at the compliment. "But you shan't laugh us out of a tangible reason for these night rambles. We must know where you have been riding astride your broomstick—for you are not the same man of late. You were as white in the gills when you entered, as though Lady Arnwood's ghost had risen up among the cliffs below, and brought you *solens solena* to Hail Hill, and tossed you over that ugly long dark lighthouse looking what do you call it, the Pilot's Mark."

"Johnston, have you nothing to say?" said the squire, turning off the 'free enquiries' of the merrier of his guests; "let us have a fair division of the talk as well

as of the wine. Come, gentlemen, let me hear what your conversation was during my absence."

"We've just had a beautiful dispute about virtue—ha, ha, ha," shouted Hulson. "It is quite refreshing, as the canters say, to get into company with a saint. But the worst of it is, I've seen rather too much to be done, even by so good a spokesman as our friend Johnston here, so it is thrown away upon me."

"I am glad to hear that you had a lecture read to you in my absence, friend Hulson," said Mr. Bolton; "and I think you would do well to be a little more guided by the doctrines and precepts of Mr. Johnston."

"I would not willingly say an uncivil thing to you, Mr. Hulson," said Johnston, "for you are a friend of our worthy host, for whom I have the highest respect; but I am sorry to observe that you almost despise the very name of virtue and morality, and seem to treat the most beautiful precepts with perfect contempt."

"Perfect contempt!—you're very right!—perfect contempt—ha, ha," said Hulson. "Now that was a very well turned period. I'll tell you what it is, I am much about as great a rogue as my neighbours, and I don't wish to say anything particularly uncivil; but I do at least despise cant and humbug, and preaching about morals, when there is nothing for it but talk—and I shan't have my wine soured on the passage by a lecture on what no one present, in my belief, has any fair right to pretend to."

"Mr. Hulson, that is a very irreverent way of speaking," said Johnston. "If you were a man of sense, you would always defend and stand up for virtue and benevolence, whether you practised them or not."

"Should I? ha, ha—well, so I would, to schoolboys and pretty maidens, if the latter did not sometimes make me swerve a bit; but I am sure I would not trouble myself talking much about it to such reprobates as you, unless it were in jest. No, no—the lawyer's seals and signatures, the world's opinion at hand, and the hangman's halter in straight perspective, are the only things for us gentlemen who are going the broad way. So, Johnston, don't think to gammon me. I've heard enough of the world's talk in my time."

"For heaven's sake, Hulson," said Mr. Bolton, "'assume a virtue,' at least, as Shakspeare advises, for decency's sake."

"Confound your decency," exclaimed Hulson; "it is all decency together, and assumption too, and nothing else, and that is what I complain of; and are men of experience and knowledge, like you and myself, Bolton, to sit here and listen daily to the preaching, about excellence and virtue, of a man who thinks to bamboozle me into an admiration of him on the score of a love of morality, merely by talking prettily about it—when I could swear from that very thing, *a priori*, that he is the greatest rogue of the three of us!"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Johnston, endeavouring to appear indignant. "What have I said to offend you, Mr. Hulson, or to deserve such names? You did not use to be quarrelsome in your cups."

"No more I am, sir methodist, but I'd quarrel with the devil if he'd offer to humbug me to my face, and try to make me believe him an angel of light, when I know better; but as for you, sir, you have not the spirit to quarrel for the sake of an odd word of truth, even for decency's sake, as you say, and yet you are the worst of the three, sir, you know you are."

"Hulson, what is that you say about the three," said Mr. Bolton; "this is nothing but calling names; you have drank your wine, but you had better not go too far with this sort of language."

"Mr. Bolton," said Hulson, thrusting his two hands down to the bottom of his breeches pockets, his black eyes glancing towards the squire with drunken energy, "I know I am sitting here with my legs under your mahogany, drinking your wine, and I know that I am pretty considerably drunk—but are you about to forfeit the little good opinion I have of you, by assuming the cant of those who have not the spirit to call things by their right names, and upholding this new acquaintance of yours in his abominable whine? Will you pretend to tell me that we are not three very tolerable rogues, and will it mend the matter, if, by canting about virtue, we attempt to hide that fact from ourselves or even from the world? Nay, don't interrupt me, nor turn white in the face about it, as you were to-night when you came in, for a man must speak the truth sometimes, and if you cannot stand it any longer, and have something like a conscience, why cut the connection at once, shake hands with Satan manfully, and turn a new leaf."

"My dear Hulson," said Mr. Bolton, somewhat disconcerted, "I am not used to see you in this vein. I

know we are not saints—but come, don't be so inquisitorial, and let us have a glass of wine and a change of subject."

"With all my heart—come, Mr. Excellence," said Hulson, resuming his good humour and turning to Johnston, "join us at least in swallowing what stands before us. Upon my honour I should not have the least malice against you, if you would only, for common sense and decency's sake, confess yourself to be a rascal."

"We are none of us what we ought to be, Mr. Hulson," said Johnston with a penitent look, and at the same time holding his glass to be filled; "men are but men."

"So they are, that is a very profound saying, friend," replied Hulson, leering at the other with contempt. "But there is a deal of difference between men for all that."

"Well now, sir, drink your wine, and don't be too severe upon poor human nature," said Johnston fawningly. "You know you are not backward in confessing that you are a little of a rogue yourself."

"Yes, but you have a *love* for rogery, and a *taste* for crooked ways, and I have not, and that makes all the difference. I am bad enough, God knows," added Hulson, bitterly, "and I know it; but, by heavens, it goes to the bottom of my stomach to be called rogue, and be at the same time lectured on morality by you."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Bolton, interfering, "will you remember that this is my house, and that Mr. Johnston is my guest; and although you have taken your wine freely, do let us enjoy ourselves and be good friends."

"I'll be friends to no man, sir," said Hulson, getting sober in his anger, "who offers to speak of religion and virtue in my presence, with no better pretence to the practice of them than any one of us here. I am sober enough still not to suffer my understanding to be insulted by cant. If we are men of the world, and have made our money as we could, and got on in our own way, in the name of reason let us at least talk fairly to each other."

A dead pause here occurred for some minutes, while the squire, who was on the fidgets to talk to Johnston apart about something that lay heavy on his mind, looked across to him with a disconcerted and even wild look; while Hulson, with his brows drawn down and his mouth drawn up, sat watching them both with an expression of piercing enquiry shooting from his black eyes.

"Why don't you speak?" he at length said, in a tone that made the others start—"I will be at the bottom of this look-language, Mr. Johnston: and since I have got on this subject at last, I must tell you that as clever a fellow as I think myself, I positively do not understand your motive for causing the quarrel between our friend Bolton, and Lord Arnwood over the way. Now, sir, as Mr. Bolton and I are older acquaintances than you, and he are,—and as I have a strong notion, by these looks between you, and these night wanderings, that you are striving to help my friend to some job that he is not yet bad enough to undertake—I shall take the liberty of insisting upon your saying this very instant what made you take such pains to cause the quarrel with the young lord—in which I myself was not free from blame. This do I for the sake of all parties."

"I cause the quarrel with Lord Arnwood, sir?" said Johnston quailing—"I deny any such thing, and I appeal to Mr. —"

"Appeal to me, sir," said Hulson, thumping the table, "and to no one else, until I am satisfied. I choose to be the judge myself, for you abused my opinion also of the noble youth. Not only did you dwell upon the young baron's poverty—which was bad enough, after you had eaten his bread for years—but poison our thoughts as to his qualities, insinuating that he was every thing that was contemptible, so as to make Bolton, and even myself, treat him cursedly ill, that is the truth; and you thus disappointed Bolton of forming a connection, which would have been a credit and a salvation to him. Now, sir, I say that Lord Arnwood behaved like a gentleman, as he has shown himself, and a man of honour and spirit—and that you were the cause of this quarrel."

"I am sorry you think so, sir," said Johnston coolly—"but I can only say I had no motive in speaking what I thought the truth, but friendship to Mr. Bolton."

"Friendship! pish—there now, Bolton," added Hulson, turning to his host—"By heaven! this man would cant the hangman from his purpose with the rope round his neck; and still you are silent! Well, give me another glass of wine to drown care, for this house will soon be too bad for me to set my foot in, after all I have seen!"—and so saying, he filled a flowing glass, and drinking

it off, flounced indignantly out of the room towards his sleeping apartment.

"There must be something rotten in the state of Denmark after all," said Mr. Bolton thoughtfully, a few moments after the exit of that gentleman—"when my old friend Hulson has taken the alarm. In truth, I don't feel well, Mr. Johnston, and what I was going to say to you has all gone out of my head. You will excuse me, but I must retire."

"If you are ill, sir," said the other, now taking courage, "you were best to retire of course. But if the drunken impertinence of a man who is only jealous because he is not consulted, while another is preferred, be sufficient to tie your tongue or make you waver in your purpose—you have less decision, or, to speak plainly, more weakness of character than I imagined."

"Leave me, sir," said Bolton, in strong agitation; "decision must be built upon thought—to-night I am confused and unwell—we shall talk further—to bed—to bed!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Meanwhile, although the spirits of Lord Arnwood and Agatha Waltham were considerably raised, since their short interview of the previous night, the situation of the latter in the Pilot's Mark, to which we now return, was by no means to be envied. Among other evils that pressed of late upon her heart and extinguished the hopes of youth, poverty with its iron gripe and chilling calculations was fast circumscribing the narrow means to which she looked for some relief from her present strange and irksome situation. The household cares of her little frugal establishment, she, though so young, had taken entirely upon herself, from tenderness to her father, upon whose mind his misfortunes had made such impression that he was becoming every hour more incapable of entering into the most common affairs, either of his family, or of a world from which he thought himself destined soon to be withdrawn.

A single purse of specie, which had been saved to him, when all else was lost, by the shrewd foresight of the honest Scot, had been so much drawn upon on their settling themselves in the Mark, that she almost entirely depended for their subsistence upon the produce of the sea; which the faithful Macara and his companion ransacked for their support, selling the produce at the nearest market town, whence they usually returned with the small stock of provisions necessary for the economical establishment. Of late, however, since the accession of Mary Reynolds and her infant to their number in the Mark—and from the accidents of the sea and the weather, which make the simple occupation of the fisherman as uncertain as the speculations of those who cast their nets for the favours of fortune, on a much more artificial surface and by a much more complex mode—the purse of the old gentleman had been reluctantly applied to more than once, and Agatha dreaded having recourse to it again, afraid to enquire into the actual state of their finances.

She sat this morning, therefore, in her little window in the turret, watching the arrival of Murdoch and his boat, eager to know what was his morning's success. She observed at length the boat approach the shore, but it did not come in towards the Pirate's Creek as usual, the men appearing to wish to land on the contrary side of the little point, and further down in the bay.

Agatha was so anxious that, contrary to the wish of her father, she set off alone to meet Murdoch, and learn what he had caught. The morning was not sunny, but the air was still and sultry; and though she was glad of an excuse to go abroad in the daylight, she neither felt the odorous smell of the country, nor the usual fresh breeze from the sea, and the whole sky, as she tripped along the sands towards the boat, seemed dull and portentous.

"There now, Will Watersheet," said Murdoch to his companion, as they drew in shore, "just starboard a wee, an' steer for that black stane wi' the towrie on the tap o't like a miller's bonnet—an' so we'll slip up to the Mark by the back way, for Miss Agatha watches us like pussey when we come in by the creek, an' I'm perfect black ashamed to be coming hame at this time o' day, wi' nicol naething in the boat, like a fule."

"Who can help it man," said Watersheet, "such a morning as this?" It is easily seen that you are no regular-bred fisherman, or you would not keep grumbling at a summer calm or a cross-current. But, hillo! who comes yonder? By the beard of old Neptune, Murdoch, there is the wench that you're singing of in your very sleep, coming down on the sands towards us like a king-fisher."

"That Mary Reynolds? na; faith. Eh, man, Will Wathersheet, but ye're a poor judge o' a woman. Ye're a deevlish deal better judge o' could fish sooming in the sea than ye are o' warm bits o' bodies like the women, fair fa' them. Starboard your helm, Will."

"Starboard it is; but I don't know what I'm doing for listening to you—you're always singing, or rhyming, or raving about something."

"Eh but, Will, they're warm sonsie creatures, the lassies—puir things—an' a great comfort to a man, especially when he's down in the mouth, an' like to take the drunts at the warl'. It just does me gude to think about them in my affliction, and as for singing or rhyming, man, if I was na sae ill-humour'd this morning for my bad luck, I'd sing you a lilt to the tune o' 'Ranting roaring Willie.' Here goes on a chance:—

O dinna ye like the lassies, they're welcome aye to me;
O dinna ye like the lassies, they're welcome aye to me,
They're welcome aye to me, though ever sae dowie and sad,
For mony a ranting day the lassies an' I hae had!
O dinna ye like the lassies, when poorth tries you sair,
O dinna ye think a sweet lassie would drive away dogged despair.
When she mingles a smile wi' a tear
And points to good fortune at hand,
For the smile o' her mouth, an' the tear o' her ee,
My heart could na'er withstand—

"Now that's no sae bad aff hand. Hard a-port, Will—"

"Hard a-port—Fend off there, Murdoch, and give over your chanting. It's not lucky to be singing in this ugly calm over our empty boat."

"Od!" exclaimed Murdoch, jumping ashore. "I'll be whuppet if that's not Miss Agatha herself coming down to question us, when we have na a john-dory in the boat. Will! faith you must speak up this time."

"I'm no orator, Mr. Murdoch, particularly when the world's tide is ebbing—so just give it to the lady yourself, either in prose or rhyme."

"Well, lads," said Agatha, coming forward, "what luck to-day?"

"Miserable, mem! meeserable!" said Murdoch.

"That is unfortunate."

"We might as weel fish in Mary Reynolds's potatoe tub as try it this tide, mem," continued the Scot. "The swell is a' frae the sather, and the sea is as white as meal gruel, an' ye'll as soon bring up the glistening pearls or the red coral as any sort o' fish off this shore the day."

"And do you think it will not be better by the night's tide?" said Agatha.

"Will Wathersheet says that there's the swell o' a blast aff the eastert; an' if that be true our bit cobble will no do muckle gude next tide, I'm thinking."

"Is that the case, William?" said she, addressing the sailor.

"It's moral certain, ma'am," said Wathersheet, proud of being spoken to. "It's sure to blow fresh and cast up a sea before midnight; and yet there was Mr. Macara here singing about the lassies as we came in, just like a mermaid before a storm—and that promised no good luck, as I told him."

"Hoot, mem, never heed Will Wathersheet," said Macara; "he has no sense; an' as for my rhyming an' singing, faith it's a' the comfort I hae whyles when the worl' gins against me."

Agatha returned home to the Mark with feelings of great concern and anxiety. It was no longer a question of retrenchment and economy, for actual want now stared them in the face; and, in spite of the buoyancy of youth, and the brightness of youthful hope, she shrank in terror at the prospect. She saw she could not defer for an hour longer applying to her father to dole out to her from the remains of his little store, the means of obtaining a supply of provisions, from the nearest market, which was immediately needed. But how to set about that, and effect it without again rousing the old man's feelings, to an extent which she feared to contemplate, baffled all her ingenuity.

Her meditations on the most delicate mode of informing her father of her necessities were mingled with sad apprehensions of the future as she sat musing at the window; and then vague thoughts of Lord Arnwood, and scarcely suppressed wishes for another opportunity of meeting him, induced her to look involuntarily towards the castle, but in vain, for a sight of him until the day was far advanced. She was surprised to find that her father did not walk out as usual to-day, nor indeed had she met him at all, as he partook of his slight dinner in his own chamber, in which, however, it was nothing unusual for him to confine himself for days together. At length, taking courage, she went and tapped at the door, and entering, found him, as usual, sitting occupied with

his few books and papers, which were his chief consolation.

"Agatha, my love, is it you?" he said, as he admitted her; "come in and sit beside me. In truth I blame myself for not enquiring for you, and I am glad you have come of yourself. Sit down, my child, and let me look at you."

"I am delighted to see you so well, and so happy, father," said Agatha, "yet, indeed, I think my disturbing you will be nothing the worse for either of us, for I longed to see you."

"Did you, my dear child? heaven make you happy! How like you are to your heavenly mother this moment, my sweet Agatha! I had just been meditating upon her and her virtues, and that future world where she is now dwelling with spirits of light and glory; and where I am soon to follow her. And yet, the meditation was at an end, and thou hast relieved my solitude again like an earthly angel. God be gracious to thee, my child;—and the old man melted into tears as he gazed upon her."

"Father," she said, shedding tears with him: "I am happy to find you so calm even while you are affected so deeply. And now, tell me how you have spent your day in this chamber. Surely you are too solitary."

"Solitude is good and becoming in my circumstances, Agatha, for I have had my time of pleasure and joy, such as the world has to give, and now it is time to consider my past life. I have rioted with the rich in my day, and laughed loud with the wanton and the high fed, and gloried in my possessions with the thoughtless and the extravagant. I was in my time one of the

'Gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround.'

—yes, amidst a world where there is much of sadness and suffering, poverty and privation, and where the bitter tear of the afflicted, shed in private and on the sleepless pillow, is seen only by Him who turns not away from misfortune and sorrow—and where the groans of those who have no helper on earth enter only into the ears of the Almighty. I was too ignorant of human suffering, and too thoughtless, to be good. I was too confident in wealth, to feel a sympathy founded on personal apprehension. But heaven laughs at the ignorance of wretched mortals, whose trust is in the spider's web; for, as Job saith, 'we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon the earth are a shadow.'"

"But you were once happy with us, dear father, when we were in Brussels, and when we had no wretched cares for subsistence, and my mother was so amiable, and Eliza was so—alas!"

"Yes—true. Like the same Job, 'when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me, my roof was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch,'—but well may I say now, 'I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came,'—and now I have the satisfaction of knowing what is the portion of my cup, and I am resigned and ready."

"Father, do not talk thus mysteriously—surely something may yet be done for us, to restore you to happiness."

"Nothing can be done, Agatha, until my fate is fulfilled; but I have prayed earnestly to heaven for strength to bear all. From the silence and solitude of this chamber I have bent my knees with tears to the Most High, imploring him to forgive me the sin that I seem impelled to commit, and to bear the frightful consequences like a man, until my struggling spirit is, perhaps, on the scaffold of the criminal, forced from its frail tenement, and carried to a future and an unknown world."

"Gracious heavens, father! what talk you of criminals and scaffolds! Oh! what horrible delusion is this? Think of your virtuous life, and your good name; think of my mother who is in heaven, and of me and my poor sister. Think of the God above us, and the world through which we are to struggle; and do not harbour the thought of crime. Oh, father, your poor Agatha would break her heart at the bare idea."

"Be peaceful and resigned, my child," said Mr. Waltham, striving to affect calmness. "The time at least is yet somewhat distant, although last night it seemed near. But I have prayed, and have obtained some assurance that the period has not yet arrived. But tell me, Agatha, did not I see you outside on the sands to-day?"

"Yes, sir. But it was only for a moment. I went out to know what fish had been caught, for I was so anxious—"

"And why so anxious, my love? I have often told you that anxiety about human events is gross folly, for we

have no power over them. The measure of good and evil is meted out to us, and in respect of our little traffic in the produce of the sea, were you not already aware of its uncertainty?"

"But, sir, our provisions are all consumed, and Murdoch has caught nothing these two days, and I shall require a little of the gold you have left to send to market immediately. That is the cause of my troubling you."

"Certainly, my love. Agatha, are you aware that—My God!" he exclaimed, as he brought out the purse from a little trunk, "there is but one piece left. The other was given for repairs to the boat. My child! my child!"

"Oh, I see it all—I see it all," continued Mr. Waltham, rising and pacing the room in much agitation. "Go, my darling! go and buy provisions. There—it is the last piece, and the consummation of all things is at hand!"

"I cannot leave you in this spirit, father.—I will not!"

"Go, my child, and do not try either to tempt or to resist me. What saith Job, 'Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not also receive evil?' No! the draught that heaven affords to man has always been, and always will be, a mixed draught; and the cup that is appointed for us we must drink. Away, my child. What a flash of lightning was that! The very storm that is gathering in the sky is a further evidence.—Away, Agatha—let me reflect, let me prepare, for the hour is come!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The feeling with which Lord Arnwood had seen Agatha on the level sand in the moonlight, as mentioned before, and beheld her vanish from his eyes, as she flitted across the little space between the gate of his plantation where they met, and the Pilot's Mark, which she entered, was of a kind to which he had been altogether unused of late years. Even the few words she had spoken sunk deeply into his heart; and the unreserved opportunity he had enjoyed of contemplating that countenance, and reciprocating glances with those eyes on which he had dwelt so long in imagination as on a delightful vision, filled him with sensations that resembled intoxication. A reality seemed to be disclosed to him in female perfection, and a felicity made apparent in female society, which, before, he had only contemplated in his dreams. Even now, however, there mingled somewhat of the visionary and fantastic with his impressions. Agatha—the Agatha whom he loved—was a being of his own creation, enchanted by the strong magic of fancy into the form of Miss Waltham. Still it was delightful to dwell upon the pleasing idea that—alone as he had thought himself in the world, and vague or dark as were his prospects—there might be one being who seemed, as he flattered himself, capable of reciprocating his feelings, and to whom his future fate would not be uninteresting.

"What can there be in the sound of woman's voice?" he said to himself, as with spirits of unusual lightness he strode along the moonlight cliffs towards home—"which has the power thus to relieve men's desponding thoughts, to melt their natures, and lighten their hearts into tenderness and joy. What witchery is there in her more presence! what music in her soothing speech! what charm in her glance of interest and sentiment! what raptures in her smile!—which in all ages has been celebrated for its effects upon man in his moments of the deepest sadness, or the most intolerable oppression." And from these generalising reflections he turned as he paced along—sometimes glancing towards the sea on his right, on which the moon shone dimly far towards the horizon, and sometimes through the vistas of the trees in his own grounds on the left—to a more intense consideration of the face and form of her from whom he had just parted: until the warmth of his fancy, as he looked upwards and around, led him to think with the poet, that the very forms and features of nature sympathised in his admiration.

The feelings of Agatha Waltham were as deeply engaged upon her return to the Mark, as those of Arnwood, and this short interview with a youth on whom her fancy had so much dwelt since the night when he was brought to her wounded and incenseable, was a gratification to her cherished feelings, and a relief to her spirits, as precious as Arnwood could have wished in his warmest moments of intoxication. Her father had retired to bed, and she mounted to her little chamber in the turret, and seating herself at the narrow window

watched the young man's progress homeward as far as she could see him by the uncertain light of the moon, with feelings of pure maidenly interest, yet real though unsuspected passion. The pleasing fancies of the moment were so delicious, that, like Arnwood himself, she took no thought either of the difference of circumstances in life that parted them, or of the worldly folly of the dream she was indulging; but after watching at her window until she could no longer trace the receding form of him, whose respectful manner, yet ardent looks, were so flattering to her in her present low estate, she soon after retired to rest, with her heart lighter than usual, and her thoughts busy with the lofty and beautiful imaginings of youth.

When Arnwood awoke next morning, he thought the sun shone more cheerfully in at the chamber window than it had done for months past; that the woods waved around with a calmer beauty, and that he himself enjoyed a purer sense of delight than he had ever experienced since he left the home of his boyhood. Even the sea rolled placid and glorious in its morning beauty in the distance; and the stalwart and antique shape of the Pilot's Mark shot up between his view and the barrah lines of Hail Hill with a picturesque effect which he had never observed before. Undignified as it was compared with the stately castle in which he dwelt, it seemed to him at that moment to contain the pure and simple spirit of all earthly felicity.

His mind was now roused and stimulated, as if by some magical influence, and became again occupied with plans and prospect for the future; and having received an invitation to dine with his mother's venerated friend, Mr. Stone, the rector, he determined at once, with a spirit and decision for which he could not then account, to consult with him regarding a measure which he already proposed immediately undertaking. He did not meet Mr. Waltham on the shore, as he wished, although he had looked for him all the morning; and towards the afternoon, dressing himself with a care now unusual to him, he set off on horseback towards the classical retirement of the clergyman, which Arnwood loved and respected because it was as ancient and gloomy as his own old castle.

As he proceeded thither, and was already nearly three miles from Arnwood, he perceived on the road before him the figure of Mr. Bolton coming towards him, also on horseback—this being the first time he had seen him since their quarrel. There was something of embarrassment in his meeting alone on the road with a man, between whom and himself there had occurred so many circumstances of reluctant intimacy, proposed connection, subsequent insult, and angry midnight strife; and Arnwood was just reflecting, with a feeling of self-contempt, upon the escape he had had from a connection with a man whom he had now learnt to look upon with horror. The object of his meditations, however, drew near, and eyed him, as Arnwood supposed, as if he meant to speak. He was correct, for when they met, the squire turned his horse's head, and, raising his hat, stood still in apparent embarrassment. All Arnwood's aristocratic pride and moral indignation mounted into his eyes as he observed this, and instead of evincing any inclination to return in the most distant manner Bolton's salute, or to listen to what he meant to say, he merely gazed at him with a look of contemptuous astonishment, amounting to something more than the out direct of fashion, and passed on.

Arnwood would have thought no more about this incident, merely considering it one of the evidences of the radical degradation of mind, and heartless forwardness of bad men, had he not met on the road, as he proceeded, several gentlemen on horseback, some of whom he had formerly seen at Bolton's, as also carriages and other vehicles containing company, evidently proceeding to New Hall. This caused him to reflect upon several past occurrences which it gave him little pleasure to recall, and also upon several circumstances in which he could not help feeling that his own fortune, as well as that of his interesting friends of the Pilot's Mark, was at present too liable to be affected by this worthless man.

When Mr. Bolton arrived at home after passing Lord Arnwood on the road, he found letters from London and several notes, which had been received by the servants in his absence, the perusal of which seemed to give him serious concern, and to change the feelings with which he expected to have celebrated this his birth-day into the anxiety of disappointment and apprehension. A letter from his law agent in London, giving him private information of a considerable pecuniary loss, scarcely wounded his feelings so deeply as the contents of the notes, which brought refusals, in the shape of cold apologies, from

several individuals and families of respectability with whom he had a slight acquaintance, and whom he had invited to visit him, and partake of the entertainment provided to celebrate this day.

The loss of his money was to Bolton a heavy enough blow, but the mean ambition of which he partook with others of his class, received a still more painful check, by those whose acquaintance he was desirous of making declining his invitation in the decided manner which their refusals intimated. Added to this, the insulting contempt with which Arnwood had just treated his attempted address, when he meant to have tried the effect of an apology for his former conduct, stung him to the quick, and, as he dwelt upon them, made him almost furious from deep-felt mortification.

"Becky," he said to his sister, as she came whisking past him through the parlour, in which he was walking from side to side in solitary agitation, his feelings also regarding Mr. Waltham of the Mark mixing with and rendering his reflections almost intolerable—"Becky, whither art thou hurrying? How is it that you are so constantly busy that you are never to be spoken to?"

"You know what I have to do this morning, Robert," she said; "how can I have time to talk when there is the whole house to look after? And such a dinner as must be on the table by six—and here it is nearly four o'clock already!"

"Curse the dinner! Haven't you servants?"

"But there are twenty things that I must be attending to myself, and when such people are coming as you have asked, one must take some pains to entertain them; or we shan't have a decent acquaintance except that everlasting Hulson, and that eternal Johnston. You know you went and picked a quarrel with the handsome lord of the old castle below, at the very time when I thought—"

"It was very bad of you, brother, and very unfortunate, and—"

"Are you going to reproach me too?"

"No, Robert, but one can never get speech of you for those men who are always with you. I have not even time to reproach you, if I were willing. But now, as there are ladies coming, I wish to be particular, and one so seldom sees a female face in the country that—"

"Don't harass yourself about the ladies, Becky," said Bolton with a bitter expression, "they are not coming."

"Not coming! Robert, not coming, do you say, after all?" exclaimed Miss Bolton, letting fall her bunch of keys and her cookery book with astonished disappointment.

"There, convince yourself," said he, thrusting the open apologies into her hand, and pacing the room rapidly.

"The only people whom I cared about," said the sister, "and to send apologies on the very day—what can this mean, Robert?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Becky," said the squire, standing at the opposite end of the room, with his back against the wall, his hands as far down into his lower pockets as he could thrust them, and his feet protruding on the floor considerably in advance of his body, "it is rather a hard thing for me to say, on my own birth-day (and I am now six and thirty,) but I have a strong notion that I am a confounded villain, and, what is worse, that people begin to find it out."

"Good Heavens, Robert, what language is this?"

"It is time for me to say something of the kind myself, when my guests begin to call me so in great candour and good humour at my own table."

"Who dares to talk so in this house?"—said Miss Becky; "and I toiling myself morning and night to see after the cooking for them—and the wine that they drink would drown a nation."

"Mr. Hulson told me so only last night," said the squire; "good naturedly including himself and Johnston—calling us all respectable rogues, and plainly insinuating that he thought himself the best of the three. But what was much harder to bear, after I had made up my mind, principally on your account, to apologise to Lord Arnwood, and try to bring him round again, he stared in my face this afternoon as I addressed him on the road, and passed on as contemptuously, as I should do to any one asking me for an alms."

"Heavens! and is there no hope then?—And Sir James is not coming, nor Lady Rooke—nor any of the Lenies—nor—"

At this moment the housekeeper entered in a bustle, with a string of enquiries relating to the dinner, and interrupted this interesting conversation.

CHAPTER XV.

As the evening advanced, and the gathering storm broke forth, although it was but little beyond the middle

of summer, such a darkness enveloped the sky, as, together with its yellow hue overhead, and its shifting contrasts round the horizon, gave it something unusually awful. At least so thought Mr. Waltham, who sat contemplating the scene from his high window, in one of the turrets of the Mark; and every roll of the thunder, echoing away among the hills, and every flash of lightning across his eyes, as it clove the dull welkin, increased the agitation of his thoughts, and strung up his nerves into horrid resolution. So deeply impressed was his mind with the one consideration of the fulfilment of his destiny, that he thought the very heavens conspired to urge him on to it; and as the sea began to roar fearfully in the distance, under the dark clouds, in obedience to the sweeping gusts of wind that whitened the tops of its great rolling masses—and as the lightning broke clear behind the black form of Arnwood castle, the towers of which shot up gloomily through the drifting rain—he imagined that the very war of the elements was meant to point out to him the crisis when, as he said, all was to be fulfilled.

It was not, however, until late at night, when the storm had subsided, and only occasional flashes of lightning glimmered in the gloom, and the thunder growled faintly at a distance over the sea, that Mr. Waltham sallied forth to seek the accomplishment of his fate. Although he considered that his poverty was now conclusive evidence, the last piece of gold having been changed, and the very sea refusing to furnish from its womb any further subsistence until he should work out the decrees of heaven—yet he said to himself, as, wrapped in his cloak, he proceeded along the pathway towards New Hall—

"I will have a token, as I have had hitherto, that I may know of a surety whether it is really this very night that I am to do the deed. Bolton, my enemy, is now, like Belshazzar of Babylon, feasting in his house and drinking wine out of golden goblets; perhaps calling upon the gods to witness his voluptuousness, and swearing in the face of heaven, by the great golden idol whom the world has set up and worships, that he will never be moved; but that his root shall strike deep in the earth, and his branches shoot forth like Lebanon. And if his hour be really arrived, and I be appointed to come upon him to-night in the midst of his glory, to execute vengeance upon him as Darius the Mede executed the prophesied purpose of Jehovah upon the Babylonish king—thus will I know it—this shall be the token—he shall come out and stand before me! Yea, if his hour be come, he will come out to meet me, even though the storm should unroof the churches, and although his table should be thronged with guests who wait upon his presence, he will leave his house, his warm rooms and his riotous friends, and encounter the heaviest blast that ever blew out of heaven, to obey the unseen bidding of the shadowy ministers of fate."

In the meantime, Mr. Bolton sat drinking with his guests, and the noise of the storm raging without was drowned in the coarse laughter and loud talking within, as the wine circulated and sparkled, and Bacchanalian excitement reigned in the mansion. But he, at whose bidding had arisen the scene of revelry, was wasting his treasures, as it often happens, for the enjoyment of his guests, and his own misery. At least, in spite of all his efforts, he was abstracted, restless, and unhappy; swallowed bumper after bumper in vain, endeavouring to drown mortification, and striving, by the excitement of drinking, to banish thought and enjoy the company of such friends as had condescended to come, and to eat and drink what he had provided.

There was no adjourning to the drawing room, for there was no lady present but his sister, and an obtruded cup of coffee, therefore, was the only interruption of the debauch. But as the night advanced the squire's unaccountable restlessness became every moment more intolerable to himself; a strange impulse was upon him, as had been the case for several nights past, to seek the open air; and from at first rising up and changing his place, and complaining of the heat of the room and mixing among his guests, he at length took advantage of the confusion of an argument, and the grouping of the more zealous or the more inebriated, to slip out of the room; and descending the stairs and seizing his hat in the hall, he rushed out into the night.

He stood for a moment inhaling the fresh breeze as he leaned against a pillar in the portico. The night was stormy, and yet it was now dry overhead; for the rainy clouds had passed off to the westward, and the half-moon, looking out at intervals through the dim and drifting vapours, showed the white foam of the distant sea curling up to the hurricane winds—and its roar came over Bolton's guilty ear like the appalling but sublime menaces of

the Eternal Spirit of the universe. Even the thunder that rolled at intervals, and the lightning that exhibited the dark form of the Pilot's Mark below, and began to flicker in quick summer flashes towards the horizon, seemed to smite him to the heart; and, as he walked unconsciously down the avenue, he looked round with a vague dread, and thought in every bush he saw the vengeful figure and pale countenance of the accusing spirit of the Pilot's Mark, who still haunted his path, and whose way he yet unaccountably felt himself impelled to cross.

He had proceeded down the avenue until he came to a little pass, separating his own grounds from those of Arnwood, and was about to turn an angle, his eyes fixed upon the earth, when looking up he saw an unaccustomed object. Was it any living thing? for it moved not. Was it a man? He was afraid to draw near yet ashamed to return; and he resolved to pass it. He gave a hasty glance, not without terror, over his shoulder at the object, as he passed without seeming to notice it; and the pale countenance of Mr. Waltham, the features convulsed, as it seemed by agitation, stared like a basilisk upon him.

Bolton was unable to move or to speak, and shook with terror as he stood watching the object, which he could hardly think real. Waltham slowly dropt his cloak from his shoulders on the grass, and taking two strides forward stood directly before him.

"Who are you?" said Bolton, his voice quivering with a superstitious dread.

"Thou knowest me once, when I was thy victim," said Mr. Waltham in low deep accents, his figure elevated by the excitement of his feelings. "I will make thee know me now; for I am here as thy evil angel to tell thee that thy hour is come."

"God have mercy on me, then!" said Bolton, as if uncertain whether he spoke to a human being or to an evil spirit, "for I am a sinful man."

"Ha! then thou tremblest at length," said Waltham, smiling ghastly in the moon-light; "and fearest to meet the natural recompense of guilt, and quailst under the heavy stroke of deserved fate—miserable coward!"

"I have wronged you, sir—I know I have wronged you—but do not menace me thus. It is not yet too late to—but why do you haunt me thus in darkness and solitude? why am I to meet you in the dead of the night, and even now, when this fearful storm rocks tower and tree, and scares into their holes every living thing—why do you, an old man stalk abroad, and seem to start up out of the very earth before me, crossing my path like a spirit?"

"True—thou son of Mammon—true!" said Waltham. "Like Lear, I wander forth in such a night as this, baring my bald head to the raging tempest, for indeed I am 'a poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man'; but who rendered me houseless? who drove me forth to abide the stormy blast, and, what is worse, the contumely of a world that ever shuns and contemns beseeching, hollow-eyed necessity? Was it not thou? thou representative of throat-cutting avarice; thou worthless personification of modern wealth-worship; thou cowardly hanger on upon bad men's praise; that has bartered thy soul for a little of the world's gold, and ruined me! Ha! thou feel'st now! but, wretch, it is only for thyself. Yet why," he continued, in solemn scorn, after a pause—"what induced thee to leave thy voluptuous mansion and thy wine to wander forth to meet me here under the dripping branches? Did I seek thee? Did I invite thee forth, where no eye sees us but the All-seeing Spirit that searcheth the hearts of the children of men? Why, I say, desertedst thou the house of riot at midnight?"

"I know not—I cannot answer you—I am distracted."

"Ha, ha!" and he laughed wildly in the face of the trembling wretch, who now supported himself against a tree. "I know—I know. Fear walketh in darkness like the pestilence; and horror seeketh to hide itself in the thick darkness of midnight; and conscience strives to drown the haunting cry that rings in her ears in the roar of the bacchanal, or even in the rage of the storm—but in vain. Heaven has planted in thy guilty bosom a presentiment of thine own fate."

"Mr. Waltham," said Bolton, collecting himself, "what seek you in this strange hour? and yet, here I am. I do not shun you—I cannot shun you if I would. Even yet I am ready to—"

"Villain! where is my daughter?"

"I know not; on my soul I know not."

"What have you done with her? Where did you leave her when your guilty passion was glutted? To whom did you turn her over? On what dung-hill did you leave my Eliza to perish? Oh God! Oh God!"

"By heavens, sir! this wrong at least I have not done

"What! What say you? Say that again."

"Your daughter is innocent for me."

"Did you not then seduce my child? Is she not guilty? Shall I believe you? or do you sport with a broken-hearted man? Swear!"

"By the eternal heaven, that gazes on us both this dreadful moment, I injured her not."

"God is merciful to me still! God be praised! I shall now meet my fate with composure."

"What fate, sir? I have heard you speak thus before. How do you receive this supernatural intelligence? What power dropped you down at my very side, when I believed that you dwelt in an island abroad, or were drowned in the sea? What agency hath traced me throughout the continent of Europe, and discovered to you my residence in this sequestered spot?"

"The same power," said Waltham, "that shapes out the fate of the whole world's feverish millions; the same agency that hath woven the web of your destiny on earth, which is now spun to its last thread; for brief, after all, is the space wherein guilt is permitted to flourish; and your hour—your fated hour is come!" And the crazed speaker, though himself trembling at what he was about to do, seized Bolton by the throat.

"How mean you?" cried Bolton, struggling with terror.

"What is that gleaming in your hand?"

"Seest thou not? Hah!"

"A naked dagger!"

"And the instrument of thy fate. Come!—"

"It is easy done; a stab and a groan, and then—life is but a brittle thing. I would not torture you, as you have not defiled my daughter."

"God in heaven, how your eyes glare! I am a guilty man, but you!—Have I lived to see you turn a midnight assassin—a murderer!"

"Assassin—hah, wretch!"

"I am an unarmed man, let go my throat. Have mercy, and to-morrow—to-morrow I will—"

"To-morrow thou wilt repent of to-night's repentance. Do not mock my arm, it is the appointment of heaven."

"To-morrow I will give you back all I have, to the uttermost farthing. I will, sir! I will—though I should beg through the world. Believe me, I am wretched in the possession of this wealth; and though I know the misery, the wide spread contumely that poverty brings—to-morrow I will—"

"To-morrow thou shalt never see! Suppose I were so weak as to consent to delay thy doom—some bolt would shoot from heaven to destroy thee. I tell thee thy hour is come. There now! stand up, tremble not at thy just punishment, but say one prayer for mercy—for before this short gleam of moonlight throws us again into obscurity, thy soul shall be on its way to its final account."

"Will you not allow me either time to make restitution, or space to repent? Are you mad? Nay, then, stand off. There is my bosom. Strike! Do not stand idly brandishing your weapon. Strike! I say—I deserve it; strike, and be a murderer!"

"Nay, stand not so; good heavens!"

"Are you afraid then? your lips quiver! you look at me more in pity than in wrath. Unhappy old man!"

"My arm refuses its office—I am sick—the gleam of moonlight has passed away! and I cannot—I cannot—" and Waltham, staggering backwards, dropped the dagger, and fell at full length upon the grass.

Bolton involuntarily lifted the dagger, and as he stood over his prostrate accuser, whose agitated excitement had been more than nature could bear, a fiendish thought crossed his mind—for the man he feared was now in his power, and a slight thrust of the dagger he held would silence his threats for ever. "God forbid! God forbid!" he exclaimed aloud as he thrust the dagger into the earth, and proceeded to raise his enemy to a sitting posture. As the moon again shone forth he perceived the deadly paleness of the old man's features, down which large drops of cold perspiration rained. Bolton stooped down and chafed his cold temples with water gathered from the grass, and assisted him to his feet.

"Then, you are still alive—and I have not fulfilled my fate?" he said with a stony gaze at Bolton.

"No, sir, you are not yet a murderer—but here—" and he lifted the dagger and put it again into his hand.

Mr. Waltham looked sad and disappointed as they stood for a moment in silence.

"You are a curse to me; as I have been to you, old man," muttered Bolton bitterly; then turning round, he walked away, hardly in a state of consciousness, to his own mansion.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the meanwhile Lord Arnwood met at the table of Mr. Stone the rector, where he dined, several gentlemen, in conversation with whom and his excellent host he spent the night agreeably to his own notions of rational enjoyment. There was present an old retired officer, a Colonel Joyce, with whom Arnwood entered into chat upon military matters and the prospects of young men in the army. In the course of the evening his mind teemed with plans and projects for the future which had for some time occupied him; and to which he was now strongly stimulated by involuntarily recurring to the image of one at present in depression like himself, and lingering over her youthful days in the Pilot's Mark.

Neither the quiet conversation of the company, however, nor their cheerful yet temperate enjoyment of the wine, prevented them from observing the progress of the storm, and contemplating its grandeur, as they sat overlooking a romantic park, under the thick copes of which, where it joined the remains of an ancient forest, they observed the cattle cowering fearfully as they snuffed up the rising gale. The sublimity of the sight called forth the piety of the clergymen, and the serious acquiescence of the other gentlemen; and discussions on the interesting phenomena of "vapours, and clouds, and storms," illustrated by many an anecdote of sudden destruction, and many a comparison drawn from foreign lands, with the knowledge of which travelling had furnished several of Mr. Stone's guests, whiled away the evening much to the gratification of all present.

When the hour of departure came, the storm was still so loud, that their reverend host pressed every one to stay for the night, particularly Arnwood, who had sent away his servant early by another road, with a message to the market town: and as his home lay above seven miles off, this invitation was backed by Colonel Joyce, who meant to take longer advantage of the good clergyman's hospitality. But Arnwood would by no means consent to remain, and the more he was pressed, the more determined he became; for an unaccountable anxiety came over him to be near the inmates of the Pilot's Mark as early as possible; and a kind of presentiment haunted him, that, as he had not seen Mr. Waltham in the morning, nor, in consequence, was able to do what Agatha enjoined, something might have occurred between him and Mr. Bolton. But agreeable society within, and the raging of the storm without, induced him to remain at his kind host's table considerably later than he intended, and it was past midnight before he set out to ride home a distance of seven miles.

The moon waded dimly through the thick thunder clouds as he rode homewards, along a road which was but little frequented; while the wind blew so fiercely that he was sometimes scarcely able to keep his seat upon the saddle. He did not meet, nor did he expect to see any one at this hour, but when he had proceeded considerably onwards, as the road turned off to his left he was somewhat startled to observe four men walking together in a field. After he had passed them, curiosity induced him to turn round once or twice to watch their movements, and he observed them to leap the hedge, and, crossing the road, they darted down a by-path among the meadows.

Arnwood could make nothing of this, although the appearance of so many men on so lonely a road after midnight struck him as somewhat suspicious; but, thinking no more of the matter, he again put spurs to his horse, and set off at a brisk trot. He had got within two miles of the castle, when, just as he emerged from a plantation through which the road passed, a flash of lightning, unusually vivid, darted through the trees beside him. The horse started back with fright, unseating its rider with the sudden motion, and the animal attempting to recover himself, plunged and fell, bursting his saddle girth, and bruising Arnwood's leg in the fall.

Recovering himself quickly, and his horse again on its legs, he found that it was in vain to remount, for, besides the saddle girth being useless, the animal had received a sprain, or other injury, so that it walked haltingly; and he had therefore no other alternative but to proceed the remainder of the road on foot—and, what was worse, to lead his unlucky companion by the bridle the whole way to the castle. This mode of journeying he, after some trial, found exceedingly fatiguing and disagreeable; and as he drew near to a small public house on his right, he began to wish heartily that it were possible to get his horse stabled somewhere for the night.

Without at all expecting such a fortunate accommodation at this hour in the morning, he looked anxiously to-

wards the house as he passed, and to his joy perceived that, although the door was shut, a light was gleaming through a hole in the shutter of one of the side windows; and, going up to the door, he without hesitation knocked for admittance.

He heard a whispering of voices within, as if the people were consulting whether to answer, and, at length, a female voice enquired who the person was that expected admittance at that hour.

Arnwood, without giving his name, briefly told what had happened to him, and begged accommodation for his horse for the night. After some further whispering the bolts were at length withdrawn, and a middle-aged coarse looking female, with black heavy eyebrows, like a man—a soiled cap half off her uncombed head, and her cotton gown and other parts of her dress hung upon her so as to give her the masculine yet drabish appearance of a woman whom the Irish would call a *street*—put out her head by the half-opened door, and thrusting the dirty swaling candle, which she held aside from the wind, into Arnwood's face, scrutinised his features with her large black eyes, without speaking.

"Your honour don't want a lodging here, I wot," said the woman at length, with more suavity than could have been expected from her appearance.

Lord Arnwood confirmed her surmise, and again said he only wanted his horse taken care of, and leave to rest a few moments after his fall, before continuing his journey homewards.

"Your honour is bruised, I warrant me—ye look whitish!" said the woman.

"Nothing of consequence, good woman," said Arnwood; "and if I rested a moment, and you would let me have a little brandy and water, I should be soon well."

"It's past one in the morning; but to be sure there is some stranger-folk in the back room, and they 'll not go, plague o' them: I warrant me I mon let your honour in a bit; but the horse mon just go in beside the donkey, if it can get through the door-way, for Thomas is long a-bed, an' Sammy wanna stir the stable the night, I know. Here, Sammy."

Sammy, a dogged looking, bush-headed fellow with a knowing leer mixed up with his clownish simplicity, who had been watching behind the door, here came forward, and taking the bridle of Arnwood's horse by the directions of his sluttish mistress, proceeded to pull the animal by the head towards the rear of the house. But the boy did this so reluctantly, and cast towards Arnwood such a look under his brows, that the latter, taking the hint, threw him a piece of money, which the youth pocketed with a grin of satisfaction; and soon, as Arnwood followed him, he saw the horse tolerably well housed for the night.

"Now, your honour," said Sammy, as he opened a back-door into the house; "just get in a bit, an' please ye, and I shall rub him down and manage him just all the same as your honour stood by; and if your lordship's honour wants any thing drinkable, just be as quick as possible at this hour, because you mon know —"

"Must know what?" said Arnwood, sharply, surprised to find himself known by the young clown.

"Aw nothing, your lordship, but don't speak so loud, for there's strange men within, an' they might be quarrelsome, you know; an' so Mrs. Crow will give you a tiff o' brandy or sick like, but don't go in further than the door," added the lad, whispering, "and your lordship will just leave the horse to me, an' ye can send for him in the morning; an' take my advice, don't stay long here."

Saying this, the youth shut the door, as he again went out to attend to the horse, and Arnwood stepped forward into the place where he saw the light, which was the kitchen.

The woman rose, as he entered, from her seat in the chimney corner, and handing him the great chair, apologised for placing him there; but intimated that some time on a journey had established themselves in the inner room, so that she had no where else to put him where he would be more comfortable. But she hoped it was no matter, as it was so late, and asked what his honour would please to drink after his fall, offering various mixtures, as she said, to revive him.

Arnwood accepted a little spirits and water, and notwithstanding the caution of Sammy, he sat sipping the beverage at his leisure, from an increasing curiosity to know the meaning of what seemed to be going on, and to ascertain who they could be who kept the house open, at this unreasonable hour,—for so far from there being any appearance of quarrelling, the voices he heard within were suppressed almost to a whisper.

He waited until the persons within called for attend-

ance, and when the door was opened, observed several common-looking men; although from the glimpse he obtained he thought one or two of them had an appearance of black-leg, or ruffian gentility.

"Who the devil is that?" he heard one of them say to the woman, thrusting out his head to look; and after she had shut the door, the whole seemed to examine her as to who it was that had just arrived.

Soon after, Sammy came slipping in, and seeming surprised to see Arnwood still in the house, he made an errand into the room where the men were, and having continued a short time talking in a half whisper, returned and said something to the woman. Arnwood plainly perceived by their looks that the woman and boy wanted to get rid of him, and yet did not know how to urge it with decency, while they allowed the men inside still to remain; and it immediately struck him that these might be the same persons who had attracted his notice on the road—that they had some strange or guilty design—and that although desirous of moving, they were afraid of attracting his observation, as they passed through the kitchen where he sat. As soon as he had formed this conclusion, although he still found himself stiff from the fall, he started up, and paying the woman both in money and thanks for her civility, left the house.

A conviction, however, that there was some mystery in this affair, induced him to watch for a few minutes; when he saw four men issue out by the back door and descend into a sort of hollow which lay at its rear. He stepped through an open gate into the meadow, and while watching the retreating figures began to consider whether it would be worth his while to follow, when he perceived the boy Sammy come cautiously out from the same door. After proceeding to the front as if to ascertain whether Arnwood was yet gone, the lad returned to the rear of the house, and darting down towards the hollow in the track of the men, was soon out of sight among the trees that straggled in the dell.

Arnwood now determined to follow out this night adventure, but by the time he had reached the brushwood where he had seen the boy enter, he lost all trace of his track, and having little light to guide him, wandered on in uncertainty among the bushes. He was so well acquainted with the country, however, that he determined to persevere; for he knew that the little stream near which he found himself, was the same that, after passing through some precipitous hollows considerably in the rear of Mr. Bolton's house, lost itself in the sea beyond Hail Hill and the Mark, and that the strangers' designs pointed in all probability to that quarter.

He walked on a considerable way by the edge of the stream, sometimes imagining that he heard voices before him; until, obstructed by some rock and bushes, he ascended the height which shunt in the glen—and again descending, perceived on a sudden in an open spot by the edge of the stream, five persons talking together, and all apparently employed upon some mutual undertaking. Arnwood, drawing cautiously near, placed himself behind a tree, and, though perfectly unarmed, resolved to obtain some clue to their purpose.

"How do your flints give out, lads?" said a tall man to the others, who seemed to be trying some short pistols, "for if it be as this son of an imp says, we may have to depend more upon the barkers than I should like this morning."

"Mine will do handsomely," said a slim figure, in a frock coat, and sealskin cap, putting himself in a position, and snapping his pistol; but to Arnwood he seemed more like a broken down dandy, or cockney shopman, than a man bent upon a robbery or other atrocity, which he began to suspect was the purpose of this midnight cabal.

"I think we had better consider well before we go farther in the business," said a third, "if it be true what this bumpkin lad says; I never likes to set the bull-dogs agait, even though we may have got hold of the stuff—they makes too much noise, does them there; and I've known a good chap obliged to trust pure money in a ditch, from the tell-tale popping o' them lead-crackers."

"Are you sure it was this very night that the squire had company, you devil's baby?" said the tall man, addressing Sammy, who was by this time busy sharpening some instrument upon a stone near the brook. "If you don't give up the very kernel o' the truth, I will pull every long tooth out o' that grinning mouth o' thine. Doest hear, scaramouch?"

"I seed them a going with my eyes, and I seed some o' them a-coming too, didn't I, sir?" and Dame Crow said that was mortal odd, for there was such a storm and thunder and —"

"Then there might but few remain, after all," said another of the men, "and we can't be arguing about it

now, when we've come so far; besides, they'll have gone to bed every soul as drunk as owls, for the squire is a rare fellow for stirring up the saw-dust, and sucking the long cork. I heard his fame all the way at Clerkenwell."

"Ay," said the former man, gleefully, "he's got the butler's trot; I know that, Jabers! there's lots o' prime stuff going i' the Hall—it'll be hard but we get a drop o't."

"So we shall, if we behave like men," rejoined the tall fellow, "but you, Sammy, can't you tell who is likely to be met with in this Bolton's house, for I should wish to know what sort of coves we are like to encounter in the dark, before we commit ourselves inside."

"Are you afraid then, master?" said the youth, with a mocking leer shooting under his square brows.

"Afraid, you welp! If thou darest to mention that word to me again, I'll make thy ugly jaws rattle like a dice box. Answer my question this instant, gallows-bird!"

"There's none that I knows of residing with the squire," said Sammy, sulkily, "none but two; an' one on um is a tidy little jontleman wi' a nose like a strawberry, an' t'other is a hard-faced man in black, what used to be the tutor to the young lord o' the black castle down by the sea. He'll be the worst, I'm thinking."

"If that is all, we sha'n't have much difficulty," said the other, "besides, as Robin says, they'll have been all drunk before they went to sleep."

"Aw, ay, if they've gone to bed yet," said Sammy, "but may-be not, or may-be they're playing cards, or summat."

"May be, thou art a cross-grained cur," said the second man who spoke, "we were fools to come here by thy report; I shouldn't wonder if this would end in a hanging business by thy unlucky means."

"I wanna wonder myself," said the youth, grinning with apparent satisfaction at the thought.

"Thou'rt truly a son of Satan," said the tall man; "but hark'ee, airrah, you have not told us who that man was in Dame Crow's kitchen. That was rather odd."

"How should I know?" said Sammy, doggedly.

"Now, by the loop of a halter, Sammy, if I find you shying in the least matter," rejoined the leader, "I'll have you tucked up by the ears, and swung before Dame Crow's alehouse, like a hanging sign, ere daylight this morning."

"I see thinking," said Sammy, "it was no other but the young lord that lives in Arnwood Castle, and keeps poking about the sea-shore by himself, like a hermit. But you need'n mind he—nobody thinks o' um in this part, he's so poor."

"I don't altogether like that neither," again said the tall man, who seemed to be the leader of this covey; "but all I can say is, if there's powder to be burnt, or an odd cut to be given for our own defence, we musn't hang back, and caution must be used particularly in the drawing off; but at any rate there's no time to be lost, boys, for it will soon be day-break, and we may have some delay as well as some play for our money, before we clear the squire's grounds—so quick, and let's trudge."

"I don't much like this business," said a man who seemed older than the others, and sat on the cut stump of a tree, as if ruminating within himself, while the rest were talking. "It 's bad enough to bore one's way into a gentleman's house when good people are asleep, and the booty is somewhat dear even at the best—but to talk of burning powder, and shooting and stabbing in the middle of the night, if the gentlefolks turn restive and resist us, which is very likely—I don't like that. For myself, I'd much rather watch outside."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Brumton," said the tall man, stepping up to the last speaker, "I'll have none of your dismalising to spoil my brave fellows, when we are just a-going to charge. If you are hen-hearted you might have the sence to keep it to yourself, for I am determined we shall not have all this tramp for nothing, if there should be a broken skull or two—or if even some worthless devil, like yourself, should be despatched to the shades. I told you before that it 's no use for gentlemen who have taken to the manly trade of fair robbery, and gone to war with the world, as the lawyers say, *vi et armis*, to stick at trifles in the course of their calling. I tell you, we must all live by our profession (as long as we can), and take care of ourselves like other folks. Isn't that philosophy, Robin?" turning to the next man.

"And good sence too," said a gentlemanly looking ruffian, in a drab great coat. "I don't see why we shouldn't have a pluck at this rascally world by straight forward tangible robbery, as well as greater people who go a little more round about; and if any body gets a knock on the head in the scuffle, merely as a hint to

keep their tongues within their teeth, why that can't be helped when self-preservation is in the case—it's only the innocent suffering for the guilty, and that has been the way of the world ever since Adam delved, and Eve span."

"But this Bolton has a lot of men servants no doubt," said the man who sat on the stump; "and if they get roused, together with the gentlemen, they'll show fight, and lives will be lost, that's certain."

"Pish!" replied the leader, "these rascals are too high fed and comfortable to look any sort of trouble or danger straight in the face. If there was half a dozen of them in a corner, they'd squeeze the very life out of each other with sheer fright and cowardice. No, no."

"Now, what's the use of all this squeamishness?" said the fellow with the great-coat; coming forward, and showing his face blackened—"why this piece of work about easing the squire of a share of his cash, which he robbed others of himself, as I can tell you?"

"Is that the case?" said Brunton, looking up from where he sat.

"It is, in faith; didn't Tom Horsley, that scamping attorney's clerk, tell me of his tricks, and how he cheated a gentleman in Holland by means of the law, and brought his victim to beggary, besides a hundred other jobs a hundred times worse than ours."

"Nay, then; let me see—" said the man called Brunton, jumping up from the stump and buttoning his coat; "there are four of us; besides that young Sammy, who is after all worth half a dozen men in a play like this, if it were only for his sheer wickedness. It is not the danger that I care for in the least, provided there is no throat cutting, so, boys, are you ready?"

"Give yourself a touch of the ebony, Brunton," said the leader; "it will at least help us to frighten the servant wenches; and there's Sammy has got his face like Othello already—ha, ha!—if the devil himself were only half as ugly as that imp, he wouldn't be such a favourite with the world, I guess."

"Come, gentlemen," said he of the great-coat—"let's tramp; we'll have a glorious adventure of it, if you stand firm and go regularly to the sack, for, trust me, the place is worth a siege, and if there's a drop o' good liquor falls in our way we'll not put it into our eye, I warrant."

"Come then, boys!" said the leader; "and, Sammy, you go forward. You know your post, you hangman's provider, and you know your reconspence either way: eh!" he added catching the boy suspiciously by the neck; "a good handful of hard blunt, and a kick for love—or hark'ee! if thou playest us false—I'll murder thee with my own hands, if I should rise from the gallows foot to do it, an' the crows shall pick the eyes out of thy ugly head."

"Only let me go," said the boy grinning, his white eyes showing vividly through his blackened face by the sudden gleam of the moon—"By jabbers, I haven't had a bit of a night job since we robbed old mother Shude's house, on Bladwell Common. So, captain, never fear me, I likes the work—by jabbers, I likes the work!" he repeated, rubbing his hands, "so here I go."

"Thou art a precious babe, certainly," said the leader, as he watched Sammy spring forward up the side of the hollow. "Come, boys, we'll be in sight of the house in five minutes."

On this, the whole party set forward towards the brow of the hollow, their faces blackened and some carrying pistols—while Arnwood still remained in his concealment, uncertain how to act in circumstances so difficult, and so momentous.

CHAPTER XVII.

The anxiety of the young lord, it may be supposed, was not caused by any deep sympathy with the intended victim. On the contrary he acted, or wished to act, entirely upon public considerations, and from a wish to prevent, if it lay in his power, so audacious a burglary from taking place in his own immediate neighbourhood. Yet, what could he do?—for there was now only one man-servant at Arnwood, and if he lost time in walking there to arouse him, it would be too late to go to the Pilot's Mark, where much more efficient assistance could be obtained than at his own castle. This consideration, together with an anxious wish to know what might have occurred to Mr. Waltham or his daughter in his absence, determined him to push forward into his own grounds on the side near to Mr. Bolton's house, and, crossing the park, to proceed direct to the Pilot's Mark; to which it was not improbable that some of the servants from New Hall might fly to give the alarm.

The storm was now entirely over, and he was already

at the boundaries of his own demesne, and within a few hundred yards of the Mark, when, on crossing a corner of the sward he imagined that he heard a voice among the trees close beside him. He stopped a moment, lest any of the reckless tribe he had been watching might have come so far down, when he heard some one from behind the bushes say,—

"Hush—sh—I'll swear it was a foot, did ye no hear?"

"No, not I," said another voice gruffly, "it's nothing but the rain shaken off the leaves by the storm, that's wet me to the skin. Give me another bit of cheese."

"Man, yee're a hungry crature, Will Watersheet!" said the Scotch voice of Murdoch Macara, "ye've eaten a' my cheese an' bread too, an' no left me a bite. Deevil a thing ye're gude for this twa days—but eating. Ye havena even lugs i' your head like i'ther folk, an' can hear nothing. I tell you I heard a foot as sure as ever I heard Mary Reynolds's squeaking wean, greeting at my lug in the night time so that I couldna get a wink o' sleep for't, the brat. Whisht, Will, wi' your crunching."

Arnwood was glad to hear the Scotch accents of the very man he wished to see, and stepped round to the other side of the bushes.

"There, do you hear feet noo, ye timber-head?" said Murdoch to his companion as Arnwood approached: "dinna be frightened, man: Lord, will ye never be done wi' that cheese, standing there choking!"

"Who's there?" said Arnwood aloud.

"It's me, sir," replied Murdoch, briskly coming forth, wiping his lips, "forbye muckle Will Watersheet ye see. There he stands wi' his mouth fu'."

"What are you doing here, Macara?" said Arnwood.

"Weel it's no possible," exclaimed the Scotchman, taking off his hat, "that it's your lordship, walking the faulds at this time o' the morning when the vera birds are sleeping on the wet branches. This is a strange night."

"So it seems, Murdoch, and what brings you here so late?"

"Me, my lord? Faith I dinna ken. It's just as daft like for me an' Will Watersheet to be playing the ghast through the park, as it is for your lordship. Od, I believe, the people's bewitched in this whole place, for besides we're a' up at the Mark as if it were twal in the day, I swear I saw black heads and heard voices and noises also about the squire's mansion aboon. I would think little about that, for I ken there's naething but feasting an' drinking going on at the ha' night an' morn, but the noise was outside, and a' was dark within; an' noo here's your lordship jouking among the bushes at three in the morning. I believe the deevil himself's abroad this night."

"But you have not told me what keeps you up, and brings you here, Murdoch. Is any thing wrong at the Mark?"

"Your lordship 'll ha' seen my maister, nae doubt," said Murdoch, "od, I'm glad I've met you."

"No, I have not. What of him?"

"An' have ye really no seen Mr. Waltham, my lord?" said Murdoch aghast.

"Indeed I have not; but what is the matter, is he not at home?"

"He gaed out, my lord, about the dead o' the night when the storm was near the worst, an' has never been heard o' since. Oh! Miss Agatha will be in such distress, for we surely hoped that he might be with your lordship, an' I darena gang back to the Mark without him."

"Heavens! and have you sought all round for him?" said Arnwood, alarmed.

"Up an' down, my lord, back an' fore, along the cliffs an' up to your ain castle, an' back by New Ha' aboon, till we're wet into the skin wi' the rain off the trees, an' till the hunger came on Will Watersheet in the hamecoming, an' there has been abint the bushes thrapping at the bread an' cheese like a corbie—the beast!—I wonder he could eat a bite when our puir maister is lost an' gane."

"A pokers on your Scotch tongue," said the sailor, coming forward, "to abuse me fore an' aft when I've done my best. We may just as well eat when we have it, and go home to our hammocks, for Mr. Waltham's slipped his cable for good, that's my notion. I beg your lordship's pardon."

As they talked, they were making towards the Mark, Arnwood giving up all thought of the robbers until he should learn something about the fate of Mr. Waltham. As they came near, they perceived approaching, the figures of two females wrapped in cloaks, who proved to be Agatha Waltham and Mary Reynolds. Indeed the

whole of the inmates of the Mark were in such a state of alarm on account of the old gentleman, that rest had been out of the question the entire night.

Arnwood stepped forward to meet the young lady, and endeavoured as well as he could, to console her, lamenting much that he should have been absent at a time when so strange an event was taking place; and having learnt every thing the agitated girl could tell, he ventured to offer some words of encouragement, and, at his suggestion, the whole party went forward again on the search, towards New Hall.

The morning was now beginning to break, and they had gone some length by the common path, and passing beside a rustic seat he saw Mr. Waltham extended upon it, his pale features partially seen from under the folds of his large cloak, and a naked dagger gleaming on the grass below.

Agatha shrieked at the sight, and clung to Arnwood, fearing to draw near, or to remove the cloak, lest she should be shocked by a confirmation of her worst fears. Arnwood, however, begging her to be calm, proceeded to examine her father, and found him warm, though haggard and wan, and in a sound sleep. His daughter, raising the old man's head, and putting her cheek to his, he after a short space, sighed deeply, and opened his eyes, then fixing them for a moment upon her, asked faintly where he was.

Agatha explained his situation as briefly as her agitated feelings furnished her with words, when he said, gazing wildly on her,—

"Yes, I know you—you are my Agatha—your voice is just like your mother's. Alas! angels guard you, my love, I was dreaming of you. Who is that beside you?"

"Don't you know me, sir?" said Arnwood.

"Lord Arnwood! yes—I was dreaming of you too. Heavens! and you and Agatha hanging over me on this lonely spot. Oh! my dear happy children—too good for this worthless world—if I could only hope that was to be your fate when mine was fulfilled, I should die happy."

"What fate, sir?" said Arnwood.

"I dare not tell my dream to two young hearts like yours—it might mislead you; but you were together, together and happy. God bless you both!"

When they had helped the old man upon his feet, he looked placidly round and upwards towards the breaking morning, and said, "What thankfulness do I not owe to heaven, which has delayed my fate a little longer, and forgives my mistaking times and seasons; and betokens on me, before I die, the consolation of knowing that my eldest daughter is not the victim of seduction. Give me up that dagger."

"Heavens! my father—what do you mean?"

"Peace, my child, and lead me homewards. Heaven's ordinances will be fulfilled. I lost my daughter, who cost me twenty years' cares; I lost my money, which I thought so secure, even to the last farthing; but I never lost this dagger, which cost me nothing—no, I cannot lose it. It sticks to me, and ever gleams in my sight. It follows me in my adversity, and will follow me—until I have put it to its use. Come."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The company at New Hall had separated, or retired to bed earlier than was intended or expected, chiefly on account of the strange and protracted absence of the squire in the midst of their mirth, and his evident inability, on his return, to enter into their spirit or enjoy their company. And when, at length, he himself got to bed, although he had swallowed a considerable quantity of wine, he was too much distracted and agitated to fall readily asleep. He lay in feverish restlessness, forming twenty plans to satisfy Mr. Waltham, without fully restoring his money, or getting rid of him, all of which were objectionable, and coupled with a thousand fears: when, beginning to fall into a disturbed slumber, the pale features of the man whom he had wronged still seemed to haunt his dreams, and strange noises sounded in his ears. He even imagined he heard unusual sounds at a distance in the silent house, and the noise of withdrawing bolts; and then he dozed, and thought himself in a prison, with Mr. Waltham for his jailer. Anon, he imagined himself swinging in the turrets of the Pilot's Mark, with the storm rocking around him; and he heard feet slipping across the floor of his room, when, opening his eyes, he perceived by the dim-breaking light admitted by his casement, the figure of a man leaning over him.

"Who are you? Are you again come upon me?" said Bolton, in terror.

"Be silent, sir!" said the figure—"I am not come to talk."

"And do you still hold to your frightful purpose?" said the squire, rising on his arm.

"Certainly," said the man. "Do you think I am come here for nothing?"

"Could I have supposed that you would have become a murderer for the sake of the world's goods? And to come into my house at midnight for such a purpose! But I deserve it for what I have done."

"So I believe. Come, no more."

"My God! how you are altered," said Bolton, gazing at the man.

"Altered, what! do you pretend to know me?"

"Yes—you haunt my very dreams; if you commit this crime you will not escape, more than myself."

"What does the man mean? To tell me that he knows me in the dark, and that I shall not escape. Do you want me to cut your throat at once, squire?"

"You were not thus determined a few hours ago," said the squire, still, under the delusion of his terror, mistaking the intruder for Mr. Waltham.

"To be sure not, but if you will talk of knowing me—"

"Why do you haunt me thus, Mr. Waltham?" added Bolton—"with those fearful threatenings? Will nothing but my blood satisfy you?"

"What are you talking about, sir?" said the stranger, amazed; "I don't want your blood, particularly. I want what is nearly as dear to you, though. I want your money. Come! no more talk, for there are my lads just behind. Your keys, squire; instantly." And as the tall man, who was the chief of the thieves, said this, Sammy entered with a light.

"Eh, my keys! what noise is that? who are you? are there really villains in the house?"

"Truly, I believe there are, squire; as great at least as either myself or my companions. There are your clothes, sir—now give me your keys, and if you don't choose to tell me instantly where I may find your cash, this little article with the leaden quid in its mouth will put a stop to your talking and your rascality together." And the fellow held the pistol close to the head of the terrified Bolton.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fellow, taking the keys. "As to honesty, you see, squire, you and I need not argue about superiority in that—only I am somewhat straightforward in my line; but although my face be black just now, and yours confoundedly white—the kettle and the pot need not quarrel about the purity of their vocations, I'm thinking. But which is the key of your own bureau? Come, don't be alarmed! we're only brother scoundrels, you know."

"Oh my God! are you about to deprive me of my money?" gasped Bolton.

"Not your money, squire, begging your pardon," said the man coolly, "although you have managed to get hold of it: and I must now have shares with you, for, you see, every fellow gets his due some time or other, and if it's my lot to be hanged one day for my way of going to work, why that may be as easy to bear as your troublesome dreams, eh? But come here, you devil's limb," he added, addressing Sammy, who was peeping about the apartment; "keep a sharp look out here, let the door be left open, and if this gentleman offers to stir or speak, except in answer to a question, give him the lead at once, d'ye hear?"

"May be he has a barker himself, under his pillow," said the boy, suspiciously. "I doesn't like to watch um."

"Faith, that may be the case, but here, sirrah, this shall be your bastion," said the man, placing Sammy behind a wardrobe. "Now, squire, don't offer to make a riot. Just be honourable and let me get a share of the metal, or faith I'll be a match for you!" and saying this, he went leisurely and carefully to rifle the house.

By this time the inmates, who slept above, were all awake, except Hulson, who had drunk too deep in the former part of the night to be easily disturbed. They lay trembling with terror, while the burglars watched by their beds with pistol and cutlass, or traversed the rooms, occasionally putting questions mixed with threats, to the terrified and half-awakened, and opening cabinets and drawers where they suspected they might find any thing of value. As to the leader of this adventure, he had no sooner turned his back than it at once occurred to him, that, although the squire might not be renowned for valour, yet it was too much to expect that any man who loved his money, would lie quietly in bed and hear people rifling his house, with no other immediate antagonist than a boy like Sammy; and having also a suspicion that Sammy, whose fingers, he knew, itched to be at this Spartan exercise, might get tired of his inactive service, to the imminent danger of the whole, he despatched one of the

most determined of his men to relieve the lad, who he thought might be made to act advantageously as his own aid-de-camp, in case any sudden alarm should arise.

But the greatest difficulty the robbers met with was from Miss Bolton and her woman, who slept in one room near that of the squire; and whose alarm was so great that the involuntary and spasmodic shrieks of both, notwithstanding the reiterated threatenings of the man who watched them, endangered their own lives and the success of the burglars, and fearfully added to the general terrors of the inmates, and the horror and apprehension with which Mr. Bolton lay listening to what was going on. Whenever he offered to stir, the man who watched, turning upon him the glare of his dark lantern, scowled jealously on him with his blackened countenance, muttering a curse or threat between his teeth, and raising his pistol; while the squire groaned with distressing and remorseful thoughts of his own past injustice, and the misfortunes now thickly multiplying upon him.

The burglars had ranged through the house for some time before they came to the room where Hulson slept; and it happened that the man named Brunton, who, as we have seen, had gone about this business somewhat reluctantly, was the one who was appointed to keep a look-out in that part of the mansion. Hulson began at first to dream strangely, and then to tumble about as the noises approached, until, at length, opening his eyes and staring as steadily on the black face of the man who stood over him as the swimming in his head would allow him, he at length shouted—

"Hilloa! friend smutty-face! Who are you?"

"You will soon know, sir," said the man.

"Shall I?" he answered, with a slight feeling of terror, and rather uncertain whether he was awake or not. "I say, honest friend, are you a ghost?"

"Not exactly," and Brunton smiled at the question and the confused look of the little man, whose red nose, as he looked up, strangely contrasted with his white night-cap.

"Then, if you be the devil, you're come at a bad time for me, I can tell you."

"How, sir?"

"Why you see, if you be the devil, I was just about turning me three-times round, and growing good, and if your Beelzebubship would only allow me a little time, I have great hopes of becoming a tolerable saint yet. But it's mighty odd to see you grinning there over my bed."

"You had better be silent."

"Not I—I won't be silent. Tell me honestly, friend, who are you. Are you a robber?"

"Yes."

"Eh—what?" exclaimed the little man, rising on his elbow, and staring up at the fellow. "Are you really a regular, honourable, professed robber?"

"Yes, I confess it."

"Coming here to take what you can lay your hands on, in an honest way before one's face? Eh?"

"Just so."

"Give me your hand, friend," said he, shaking the astonished burglar by the hand. "By heaven! you're a man of a thousand."

"I don't much like it, though," said the man.

"You don't! give me your hand again. Now that's just my way; for I tell you what, I'm no great shakes myself."

"That may be very likely," said the man; more and more in surprise.

"No, indeed, friend; I've done several clever jobs in my time that I should like to forget, if I could; but they were all in a gentlemanly way, you know—rather in the higher walks of the art—but, after all, I did them more from the fashion of the thing, and because I had a way of running short of money, than for any particular love for that sort of talent; and really, friend, it is very bad when one thinks of it; but as for this open, avowed, straight-forward plan of yours, I can tell you it is quite gone out of fashion, and is absolutely dangerous to a man's neck in these times."

"I am quite sensible of that, sir."

"Are you?" said Hulson, again starting up with animation. "Faith! you do look like an honest fellow, if your face was clean."

"You're a very odd person for me to meet at a job of this kind," said the man, affected. "I hope your honour would not witness against me, and I shall take nothing from you, indeed."

"It's devilish little you would get here, friend, even were you willing; and I'm sure I won't know you again, unless you claim acquaintance with me: but, I say, since you are not black at the bone, although your face is sufficiently smutty, how did you come to take to this sort of

peep-o'-day trade, disturbing comfortable people in their beds? These may be no honestest than yourself, I allow, but that is no business of yours, my friend, if the hangman gets a hold of you."

"It were tedious to tell you, sir," said the man, whose language bespoke an education not quite of the lowest; "but of late there has been nothing but misfortune and scattering in my father's house, (and I have completely gone to the bad with the rest, God forgive me,) as it something had come over us to lead us all to ruin. If first began with my sister, who was the favourite of us all at home, for she got a sweetheart who she thought was going to make a lady of her, and quite turned her head with dress and presents, until the scoundrel at length seduced her; and although she did not elope, finding him to be quite a high man and far above her rank, yet she was brought to shame by him, and then ran off, leaving us all in grief, until we scattered ourselves here and there; poverty and ruin came upon us, and here am I at last col-leagu-ing with housebreakers, and in the straight road to the gallows."

"Indeed, I think I know something about that affair. Pray what part of the country are you from?"

"Hampshire, sir."

"And your sister's name? Come, you may trust me."

"If I must tell you, sir, her name is Mary Reynolds."

"By Heaven, I know all about," exclaimed Hulson, thumping the pillow. "I told Bolton that was a rascally business, and I hope your companions will gut the house for him."

"And does your honour know where my sister is," said Reynolds, who had changed his name into Brunton when he joined the thieves. "Ah, if I could find her!"

"I don't know just at present," said Hulson; "but I think, friend, I could trace her for you, if you are really determined to be an honest man; at least, if you could find a Scotchman called Macara, that lives in that tall old building down near the sea, I dare say he could tell you something of her."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the man, falling upon his knees at the bed side, "if you will find out my sister, that comfort may be brought to the mind of my poor broken-hearted father; and if your honour will get me an honest employment, I shall rejoice to quit this dreadful life, and I shall be most faithful in any service."

"Well, I believe you, friend; come get up, and hand me over these black breeches; now, there," he continued, rummaging his pockets and taking out some money—"there is a single guinea for you, for I know that a man cannot even be honest without money to begin with, although I am moderately poor myself; and so, friend, if you mean to do right, meet me exactly at noon of this new day, on the road beyond the lodge of this house, for, you see, it would not do for us to be honest men in private and scoundrels in public—that would be reversing the order of things, you know."

By this time the other thieves had taken all the money and valuables they could find, and were preparing to leave the house; but during the course of their rifling, Johnston, though he had made no attempt to protect the squire's property, had got up, and as soon as his terror would allow him, occupied himself in making such observations on the men who successively watched him, as might hereafter be useful to the ends of vengeance, if the fellows were taken. This they were shrewd enough to observe; and when they found it to be the case, they not only bound him to a chair, but the man who wore the greatcoat, as formerly mentioned, thought fit to propose his being blind-folded, which he himself immediately set about effecting.

While the man was performing this operation, Johnston was praying for mercy, which the other receiving good-humouredly, he ventured to lecture him upon the error of his ways, with broken interjections upon the beauty of virtue, morality, and benevolence, and the danger both here and hereafter of the nefarious course which the robber was pursuing. As the man listened to this, he thought he ought to know both the voice and the style of talk, and removed the bandage for a moment, asking with alarm—

"Do you know me, Mr. Johnston?"

"I have no knowledge of you whatever," said Johnston, staring hard at the other—"and you misname me, that is not my name."

"You are a vile liar, sir," exclaimed the other fiercely.

"You are telling me a double lie; but it's of no use talking to you." And without again blind-folding him, he merely inspected and tightened the chords with which he had bound the trembling man. Having done this he shut the door of the bed-room, and going down to the

leader who was busy below, exclaimed as he entered, "Carry, we are dead men!"

"How so?" said the other.

"Here is a fellow called Johnston above, who, together with his father, robbed me of every thing I had, many years ago, by law and so forth, and he knows me as well as I do you. He is one of the vilest scoundrels alive, and he'll hang every one of us merely for the pleasure of it. There must be a light snuff'd out here after all, or we're not safe over to-morrow, and I have good will to the work myself. It is only his due, and I should like to deal with the villain, since it must be done."

"I shouldn't like that. I don't like it. It must not be," said the leader, shaking his head. "We have got a pretty enough haul here, and blood would make a terrible hue and cry in the country. Let me talk to him."

Johnston understood perfectly the nature of their consultation, and was quite prepared, when they came up to the room where he lay bound, for a proposal to screen them and save his own life, which he saw they were ready to take. A thought having just struck him as he sat, he therefore at once addressing the two men said, "that, admitting he knew them, if they would spare him, he would get the scent of pursuit turned off from them, by obtaining a scape-goat for the robbery somewhere in the neighbourhood, if they would in turn be faithful to him, and allow him the service of any one whom they should appoint for an hour."

The two thieves looked at each other in astonishment, as Johnson made this proposal.

"Oh, let him alone for an infernal scheme!" said the man in the great-coat. "I've known him of old. We're nothing to him, bad as we are."

"I don't like it," said the leader again—"it's positively too bad."

"Like it or not—it is perhaps the safest plan for us, if we can trust to the fears of this precious advocate of virtue," said the great-coated man—"it is only making the innocent suffer for the guilty, as I say, and said before, and that is done in one shape or another every day."

This excellent and useful logic becoming at length satisfactory to all parties, Johnston was delivered from his bonds and his fears before the robbers left the house; and the proper arrangements having been made, the plan was ultimately agreed to be carried into effect through the means of Sammy, as we have in due time to narrate.

CHAPTER XX.

In spite of the serious considerations that obtruded themselves upon his mind, of their respective situations, Arnwood continued to indulge his thoughts with the pleasing dream of love, as he still paced before the door of Agatha. He was roused from his reverie by the voice of Murdoch Macara, who, thrusting out his head from one of the small windows beside the door, ejaculated—

"Surely the deevil's bizzzy wi' man an' beast this night. If that's no' his lordship ta'en to the walking, like my maister, at three in the morning, an' the wind tirling the kirks, an' blawen an' blasten the vera mools aff the graves! I saw the speerit o' the storm glaumung along the sea wi' my ain een, an' I heard it sighing and moaning frae 'mang the breakers at the point as plain as a pikestaff. Gude sake, my Lord Arnwood," he continued, elevating his voice from the little window, "gang hame to your bed, an' sleep, if ye please, for if ye gang wandering there, some witch-wife that's fleeing i' the air this bizzzy night 'll whip you aff your feet on the back o' her broomstick, an' whirl you o'er the sea; an' before ever ye get time to speer whar she's gaun, or to say the Lord's prayer, she'll drap you on the coast o' Norwa' like a cockle shell!"

"Murdoch, come out for a moment," said Arnwood; "I want to speak with you."

"What is the matter ava, my lord?" said Murdoch, opening the door. "The wicked one himself is abroad the night, there can be nae doubt, for there's nobody in the hoose can sleep. Poor Mary Reynolds is sighing an' moaning in her dreams—I heard her through the wa'; an' muckle Will Watersheet's ta'en the sulks, an' 'll no gang to his bed. It's perfect awfu'!"

"Murdoch, you had better bring him out too, and any arms you can muster, for there are robbers in the neighbourhood."

"Gude sake! Robbers next? at the castle, my lord?"

"No; at New Hall."

"Poogh, at the squire's? deal nor they haul the vera sheets aff his bed!"

"Come, come, Murdoch; it is for the general good. You do not mean to object, do you?"

"Me objek to onything your lordship bids? Atweel no; an' there's nothing I would like better than to get a grapple wi' the blackguards."

"But there are four or five of them."

"De'el may care. Here's muckle Will Watersheet, an' your lordship, an' myself, an' I'll hae the auld bayonet on the end o' a stick; an' as for the rusty sword an' the pronger, your lordship an' Will can just divide them between you. Faith, there's naething I would like better than a bit bruilzie."

They were soon armed as they best could, and off to seek the fray; but by the time they got up to New Hall every thing seemed to be quiet, and, saving that some of the doors and windows were open, nothing appeared to have happened, as far as could be seen from without. Arnwood wished that some one of the thieves might be detained, and was anxious to give what assistance was in his power in case of a pursuit. Seeing no one, however, he requested Murdoch to tarry near the front door, while himself and Watersheet went round towards the rear, to reconnoitre.

The entrance door was half opened as they came up, but again shut; and as Murdoch paced about, it was opened a second time, and a man armed with a sword came cautiously out, and went up to Macara.

"By George, it is the Scotch fisherman," exclaimed the man to himself, peeping forward in the grey dawn—for it was the same servant of Mr. Bolton who formerly had the dispute with Murdoch in the lobby of the mansion. Concealing, however, the sword that he carried behind him, he said, as he went up, "So it is you, Mr. Scotchman, is it?"

"It's just me, Mr. Flunkey," answered Murdoch. "But if ye war nae saucy, ye might hae the civility to say to a body, 'gude morning,' or 'kiss my foot,' or something."

"Kiss your own foot; but there are more of you?"

"Troth, are there, an' we'll soon let you see that."

"And where are the rest of your companions? since you are so plain."

"Ou, I'm just as plain as I'm pleasant; they're round at the back o' the hoose."

"I did not think you had turned thief, Mr. Scotchfiddle."

"Thief? what do you say, sir? If ye say that word again I'll break your mealy head."

"If you're not one of the thieves, what are you doing here at this time of the morning? I know you, sir," added the man, retreating towards the door. "I know you."

"I'll tell you what, friend," said Murdoch, in a tone between anger and seriousness; "you had better eat in your words, an' no mention thief to me again, or, faith, I'll gar you swallow them wi' as mickle hard steel as 'll gie you the hiccup, I think."

"Pew-hoo?" said the man, mocking and still retreating to the door, "it's no use to try to humbug me, Mr. Sans culotte. You've got nothing to steal in Scotland, and so you come here, and pretend to be a fisherman, the better to rob us. Do you think I'm blind? I know both you and your master, and I'm an excellent evidence against a thief when he's in the dock. So, Mr. Scotchman your time's up, I can tell you;" and thus saying, he thrust the door in the face of poor Murdoch, who stood somewhat agast.

After tarrying for a moment on the steps of the entrance he went round the side of the house, to meet his companions in the rear. It was necessary to this that he should cut through a little plantation; which having done, just as he emerged on the other side, he saw a boy with a blackened face start out at the farther end, take the way through the open park which lay between them and Hail Hill, and brush down among the rocks which lay behind it in the hollow through which the stream passed in the rear of New Hall.

Murdoch could not afford more than one look over his shoulder for his companions, fearing he might lose the track of the boy, whom he was impelled to follow by himself in his eagerness to get "a grab," as he said, at the robbers. He set off like a shot, therefore in pursuit, and got round through a short cut by the hip of the hill, and then slid himself down the ledges and pushed through the bushes with the speed and sagacity of a setter, in order to intercept the flight of the lad, who evidently was aware of and ran from him. He kept his quarry in sight, however, as, with a natural delight in this sort of chase, he continued to jink his way after him through an angular turning of the little stream, until, as Sammy came down behind a jagged crag, at the farther side of which Murdoch had already planted himself, and as the lad turned the point round which the stream brawled in the hollow, the Scotchman met him full in the teeth, and catching hold of him by the jacket

lifted him fairly over the stones to the green spot where he himself was standing.

"Ha! have I gotten a grip o' you at last, ye deevil's bucky?" said Murdoch, holding the lad out from him in triumph at arm's length, while they stood panting and gazing, for the morning had now cleared up, and introduced them to each other, revealing the contracted dell in which they were standing.

"What's that in your hand, ye sooty-faced villain?" continued Murdoch, as the boy's white eyes kept gazing on him through his blackened features while he continued to take breath.

"It's a speaking trumpet; should you like to hear it?" said the lad, deliberately elevating and cocking a small pistol which he held in his right hand, and firing it in the face of the unsuspecting Scotchman.

The report of the pistol rattled and echoed through the passes in the dell, but the jerk with which Sammy had accompanied this action, in trying to free himself from the hands of the Scotchman, whom he thought to have shot dead at once, was unsuccessful; for while he stood writhing to get out of Murdoch's clutch, and wondering that the other did not fall dead like a plover—the sturdy northern merely wiped the powder from his cheek, and cleared his eyes from the blinding flash of the pistol, the ball of which, however, had whizzed past and grazed the very tip of his ear as he jerked his head to avoid the well aimed little engine, the very muzzle of which had been almost at his mouth.

"Faith, thou's a clever callan, if thou would wash thy face," said Murdoch, good naturedly, as he cleared his eyes. "But thou had better come wi' me, an' I'll gie thee a night's lodging i' the tapie toorie o' the Pibroch Mark, for the hangman 'll get thee soon enough, my braw bairn;" and saying this, he whipped up the lad on his back, securing his pistol, and away he went with Sammy, kicking and sprawling among the bushes.

"Let go the lad, friend," said a hoarse voice, as a hand grasped Sammy from behind a crag, and in an instant the boy was forcibly dragged down, and a slim man with a seal skin cap, stood before Murdoch, whose report of the pistol had brought to the spot.

"Gang hame an' wash your face, honest man," said Murdoch, "or I'll draw the blude o' you wi' this," he added, shaking the short blade of a sword, that he had exchanged with Watersheet for his old bayonet, in the stranger's face.

"Stop a moment, friend sailor, or whatever you are," said the man, "where did you catch this urchin, and how are you here at this time o' the morning?"

"I caught the little blackguard running off frae the squire's hoose aboon, an' I just followed him here. But I'm thinking that it's no for building o' kirks that ye're here yoursel, wi' your coomy face. But ye see, as for the callan, he's my lawful prisoner taken on the field o' battle, an' he shall go wi' me."

"Did you see no one else but him near the Hall?" said the man anxiously.

"Deevil a one, friend robber," answered Murdoch, "but an ill-tongued flunkey."

"And did you not see any thing of B——?" asked the man addressing Sammy. "I'm afraid he's turned tail."

Sammy answered in the negative, which seemed very much to disconcert the man, while the boy made another plunge to free himself from the handgrip of the Scotchman.

"Let the boy go this instant," said the man, catching hold of him, and drawing a long sort of cut-throat, and say nothing of seeing him or us, on your peril."

"I'll just speak when I'm spoken to, and drink when I'm drunken to," said Murdoch, fiercely; "neither more nor less to save you frae hanging, Mr. Thief."

"Then we'll have a spar for the lad," said the fellow, putting himself in a position.

"That's just what I want, my man," said Murdoch, whirling round the boy behind him with one hand, while he laid on the robber with the other. They had not made more than three or four passes, or rather strokes, when Sammy giving a dive, tried to trip up the Scotchman, just as he was pressing hard upon the other, who began to find that he was unable to defend himself from the quick cuts of his opponent. But the attempt of the boy only served to increase the fury of Murdoch, who still held him fast with one hand while he fought with the other; until he wounded the fellow severely, and made the cut-throat spin out of his hand among the bushes. The robber retreated until he stumbled, and fell into the babbling waters of the stream that ran at the edge of the dell.

Murdoch was running upon him, still dragging Sammy, when on the instant two other men started out from beyond the stream, and both at once grappled with the furious Scot.

"Na then, three to ane, forbye a fashions misleert calant drawing at the tither arm is o'er mony," said Murdoch, taking breath and staring up in the faces of the great-coated men, and the tall leader, who grasped his collar. "But ye'll let me gang wi' the honours o' war, if I surrender like a gentleman."

"Let the boy go first," said the man.
"He may gang to the deevil in his ain time," said Murdoch, throwing Sammy from him; "an' I'll tell thee what, callant," continued he, as the urohm stood grinning and shaking himself at a distance, "thou hadst better keep out o' my way in future, or faith I'll no be sweet to draw thy neck like a poulet."

"I say, Mr. Scotchman," said the tall man, after a moment's consultation with the others, "do you know the value of a throat that you can breathe through?"

"It's no particular valuable to a poor man like me," said Murdoch, wiping the perspiration from his face; "but I ken what you mean perfectly, my friends. And I'll make bairn's bargains wi' ye. If ye let me alone, ye'll ne'er be hanged a day the sooner for me, an' that's a bargain."

Having settled the preliminaries of peace on these equitable terms, Murdoch was suffered to depart; and the burglars, who, finding themselves deserted by Reynolds, had sent Sammy as a scout to seek for him when he was discovered by Macara, went to divide their booty and clean their faces after their night's adventure.

Although Arnwood and the sailor, not having seen any thing nor been able to hear of the robbers, nor yet of Macara after they parted with him at the squire's door, had by this time gone to their several homes—the Scotchman did not get back to the Mark on this eventful morning without another interruption.

It was now fair day light, and he had got out from the irregular ground through which the stream ran, and was proceeding towards the Mark by a narrow path, at the foot of Hail Hill, chuckling to himself as he went, with delighted thoughts at the pleasant skirmish he had just had with the thieves—when all at once he came "plump" upon a man, who lay comfortably asleep almost at his feet under the shelter of the hill. The man started and sat hastily up, awakened by the sound of Murdoch's approach, and the two for an instant stared at each other.

"Ye hae a white face, however, friend," said Murdoch, first breaking silence. "What are ye doing sleeping there, like a meadowwort?"

"I think you must be the Scotchman that lives hereabouts, sir?" said the man getting up.

"Oo ay—it's a gude country to own, friend," answered Murdoch; "Lord, every body kens me!"

"Then perhaps you know one Mary Reynolds?"

"I ken her brawly, friend—the bonniest lass on a' the shore, an' a finer quene never wash'd a trout."

"O then, my good friend—will you just bring me to her?"

"I'll neither bring you nor any man to her," said Murdoch. "Faith, friend, ye hae a stock o' nonsense."

"Ye seem to be under a mistake," rejoined the man. "She's my sister."

"Is! so ye are like her, about the een; yet no sic an ee as Mary's—but come awa, honest man. If you're Mary Reynolds's brither, ye're my friend;" and the Scotchman and the ex-robber were soon reasonably well acquainted.

CHAPTER XX.

Some change had taken place among the different individuals in the neighbourhood of Arnwood Castle, since the eventful night of the burglary lately described. Without referring particularly, at present, to the state of mind of Mr. Waltham and Lord Arnwood respectively, we may merely state that the former had recovered much of his tranquillity by the affectionate nursing of his daughter, and that the latter was gone to the metropolis—occupied with sundry schemes of future

prosperity, and full of the hopes of love, which entirely dispelled his habitual melancholy, and the effect of the more solemn reasonings of his friend of the Pilot's Mark.

Another change was, that Mr. Hulson had left New Hall on the very day after the night scene before described; after seeing Mary Reynolds's brother, whom he had taken a liking to, for reasons as odd and characteristic, as they were at bottom benevolent and praiseworthy. He was determined, as he said, to have the fellow's intentions sounded, and, if possible, to bring him up in the fear of the gallows; besides he was minded, as he further averred, to cheat the devil, if he could, after he had thought himself sure of another honest man.

It may be pretty truly said, that on the morning we speak of, Mr. Hulson rose from his bed in better spirits and with a lighter heart than any one else, from the highest to the lowest in the mansion of New Hall; although he acknowledged that his brain still fermented from the effects of the aquire's wine, and like Sir John Brute in the play, "his head ached consumedly." But he went up and down the house with the greatest gloe, as he surveyed the depredations made upon the plate and other portable valuables, swearing that a more cleanly or gentleman-like robbery could not be effected, either legally or professionally, in the most civilised society; and when Bolton looked rueful and perturbed at breakfast, he laughed in his face, and told him he was glad to find that there were other rogues in the world who insisted upon sharing with him the good things he had amassed.

But he did not forget his engagement with the thief, and was, indeed, so much pleased with the candid congruity between his words and actions, that he determined to be at the appointed place punctually at noon.

"What are you?" said he sternly, as he came up to the man whom he found already on the spot.

"I am the person your honour spoke to last night, and am here by your honour's desire. I am completely in your power."

"Oh, you're my friend, the robber, are you? I've had many friends of your stamp—I have a luck that way. But how am I to know that you are the same man who was my sleeping partner in the robbery? you are too white in the face; the man I spoke to last night was as black as Erebus. But come, come, friend, I mustn't stay talking to you here, you are too honest a man for me to be seen consorting with on a public road, come this way."

Saying this he stepped into a field through the plantation that skirted the road, making a sign to the bewildered man to follow him, and questioning him as he went.

"What is your name, friend?"

"Thomas Reynolds, sir."

"Are you really determined on being honest?—"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it is very well that you have obtained my patronage in so hazardous an undertaking. But how shall I know that you are serious?"

"Try me, sir."

"Faith, friend, I must have a trial of myself at the same time; for, in truth, I am only, as I may say, going into training for it in my own person, you see, and may break down if I am hard run. But I say, friend, what are you good for? what can you do, in an honest way?"

"Will your honour name what you want of me?"

"Can you tell the time on a watch without stealing it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are a learned man, friend, and an honest as times go. But tell me, can you curry a horse, or worm a dog, or catch a poacher by speed of foot—or brush a coat, or hand a plate, or tell a lie in a graceful and business-like manner, or—"

"I would rather not do the last, sir."

"Very well, friend, and I would rather not ask you, if the world were not so bad as it is; but you mustn't get too honest upon me, or, you see, in that case you won't suit; and if your conversation is too outrageous, or too sudden, you'll become a greater rogue than ever, I can tell you. But, come, if you are really determined to

turn a new leaf, I'll protect you. Will you swear fealty to me?"

"I will, sir."

"Then hold up your right hand, friend."

"Will that do, sir?"

"Yes; now look up, mind, you are on your oath."

The man sighed as he looked up to Heaven, holding up his hand.

"Now wet your thumb—there," he added, touching the man's thumb, "now, Reynolds, you are my servant, and may bid Jack Ketch go hang himself for want of employment, as far as you are concerned; for as long as you behave yourself, and I have a shilling in my pocket, I'll stand between you and the gallows, and we'll walk the earth two honest men together, and shame the world, just for the rarity of the thing."

"I will serve you with my life, sir," exclaimed the man, affected yet diverted by the manner of his new master. "Now, what shall I do first, your honour?"

"March, Reynolds, instantly out of this neighbourhood, and never look for me until you arrive at the Cat and Tongs in Gloucester, to-morrow evening; now go, and go cautiously."

The first few days after the affair of the robbery were passed by the aquire at New Hall in alternations of sulen and perturbed gloom, with paroxysms of agitation. All his visitors had now left him except Johnston, and although, in his better mood, he suspected and almost detested this man, yet, with the weakness of guilt, haunted by the fear of its discovery, and reluctant to make the restitution which in a moment of remorseful anguish he had promised to his wronged victim of the Pilot's Mark, he was glad to unboom himself to one who was always at hand, although the last person in the world in whom he ought to have confided.

Several violent scenes, however, had taken place between him and Johnston, with which it is needless to trouble the reader. The ex-tutor ultimately gained the entire ascendancy over the unhappy man. He persuaded him against giving up Mr. Waltham's property—against leaving New Hall for a time, as he had proposed—against calling in the mediation of Lord Arnwood—and, in short, induced him to change every plan he had formed, till, at length, the result of several days' altercation was the aquire's reluctant consent to a line of conduct totally different from that which he had at first meditated.

It was not long after the robbery before a great hue and cry was raised for thirty miles round the secluded neighbourhood of Arnwood Castle, regarding the extensive depredation committed in the mansion of the "wealthy and worthy" aquire Bolton of New Hall. Country gentlemen began to be greatly alarmed, and justices and magistrates to bestir themselves. Conservators of the peace where every where on the alert; local proclamations were posted; and thief-takers were agog; Mr. Bolton was condoled with on his loss, with warmth in proportion as he was not known—so much so, that he would almost have lost every thing over again to achieve the momentary importance the circumstance gave him in the neighbourhood; and even Mr. Johnston managed to join the cry with credit to himself, holding out well grounded hopes of being more successful than the police itself in ferreting out the robbers.

CHAPTER XXI.

The effect upon Lord Arnwood's mind, produced by the death of his mother and the occurrences of the day on which he came of age, was to give a new impulse to his thoughts, and to make him look with a strange inquisitiveness into the shadowy womb of futurity, for the promises or indications of what fortune might have in store for him. He saw, however, with a mixture of exultation and doubt, that it became him now to "try the world" and all it offered; and accordingly, shutting up the castle, he set off to visit a Sir Holland Bolland, and such other few friends as remained to him in London.

The observers of the upper world of society know that there are always a few new men on town, who are lords of the ascendant for the time; and who, starting successively into view from their native or their com-

parative obscurity, serve to diversify the monotony of aristocratic life. These enjoy the triumph of feasting hundreds of fashionable persons, and of being talked of, perhaps, by thousands whom they cannot find room to entertain, and are extensively repaid by sneering criticism upon their expensive attempts at greatness, or contemptuous laughter at their abortive presumption.

In this pitiable predicament was now placed Sir Bolland and his family. Lady Bolland, Miss Rachel Bolland, and Thomas Grendall Bolland, Esq., the only son and heir, all stood the campaign amazingly well, being willing to encounter any thing in such a cause. But poor Sir Bolland himself was almost ready to strike and cry for quarter before the season was half ended; for besides the difficulty which a little fat man encounters in striving to support personal greatness and *impersonal* dignity, Sir Bolland was absolutely "sweated down" into a sort of oily mummy, and lost both his weight, his appetite, and his night's rest, as he said, for no earthly or understandable purpose but to spend money.

It was near the end of the London season, while Sir Bolland's house was invaded by artists of all sorts, connected with the table and the trencher, during the day, and by men and women of many sorts during the night, that Lord Arnwood arrived in town, and with a mixture of diffidence and reserve paid a visit to his old acquaintance. Scarcely had he made his appearance in society when he found himself, greatly to his own astonishment, very much in request; and crowded as were the entertainments of Sir Bolland and of every body else who invited him, and reserved and retiring as his own manners were, he yet discovered that he had involuntarily produced a considerable sensation. His graceful figure arrayed in deep black, and the thoughtful and intellectual look of so young a man, together with his title, brought to the recollection of some of the old families a name carrying in it something to be held almost in reverence, and caused him to be observed and talked of, even when he himself wished to be concealed or forgotten.

Arnwood was partly right in the latter feeling; for he could not offer attentions to any lady, and in particular, to the many unmarried female scions of nobility, with whom he mixed, but himself and the late lord's imprudences became the subject of discussion with all ambitious fathers and wary mothers, and his hereditary misfortunes were dragged forth into babbling notoriety. This was a subject upon which he was jealously and painfully sensitive, and when he looked with moralising astonishment at the profuse luxury indulged in by hundreds whom he thought in every way beneath him, contrasting it with the painful economy practised in his own deserted establishment—there mingled more of bitterness in his feelings, than perhaps, if strictly examined, was reconcilable with true dignity of mind.

Emerging as he had just done out of a literary and reflective solitude, and feeling intensely the difficulty of getting a footing for his own ambition—he looked with amazement on the thoughtless, aimless, and comparatively desolate prosperity of Sir Bolland, and a hundred other new people, who were shining brilliantly in the zenith of city extravagance. The clinging consciousness, too, of real talent, became sometimes a set-off against the disadvantages of his peculiar situation. But this solitary pride soon died away, by the very sympathetic influence of the glaring opinion of the world, and left him, unless when hope was strong, in deeper and more gloomy discontent with the world, and at the mortifying indications of his own fortune.

As for Sir Bolland, he had of late crept under a corner of the imperial purple of government, and was even in the prospect of a peerage; how or wherefore no one, so far as Arnwood knew, could tell; for he thought but little and laboured less, talked merely because he was sure to be listened to, and laughed much and often, either because he was fat, or in order to become so. At all events fat he was, notwithstanding the fatigue of standing up often when he lunged to sit, and bowing to his guests when bowing was neither convenient to his shape nor inclination. But then there was a compensation even in this, (excepting when he was absolutely over-driven,) for standing and walking gave him additional appetite, and bowing and feasting made him additional friends.

Amidst all this, Arnwood felt some surprise in observing the increasing attentions to himself, and even offered residence of Sir Bolland Bolland. This he could not account for, as it seemed unconnected with his daughter, whose manner, unlike what it had been in an earlier acquaintance, had become stately, and bore an air of

condescension in addressing him, which made him doubly reserved towards her. And as for Lady Bolland, her head seemed entirely so turned with her lately acquired notoriety, and her husband's importance in the government, that she could only occasionally be sensible that such a person as Lord Arnwood had the privilege of making one at all her parties, and that he was more frequently talked of by the women, titled and untitled, than any other man who was worth talking of, excepting it might be her own son, or Sir Bolland himself.

One morning on Arnwood's paying an early visit, he was taken confidentially aside by Sir Bolland, and conducted into the library with much ceremony, and all the forced dignity and state so laboriously assumed and worn upon the person of a little fat man. Here, after many preliminaries, concerning his own consequence in the present situation of public affairs, and his wish to bring forward every promising young man, he told Arnwood that the opportunity was now come for making his fortune.

Arnwood looked somewhat cold and incredulous at this announcement.

"Nay, my dear Arnwood," said Sir Bolland; "it is in my power without doubt, if you do what I have undertaken to the minister you shall. And all you have to do is to be expeditious, and judicious, and prompt, and secret, and adroit—and above every thing you must be lucky."

Arnwood smiled.

"My dear Arnwood, I see that you consider the business as nothing to a man of your talents, and that you imagine your success certain."

Arnwood smiled again, and said he had no doubt of it.

"Are you incredulous, my young lord, or are you confident? Shall I introduce you to the minister or not?"

"By all means, Sir Bolland. I feel my zeal kindling."

"Tis done, Arnwood, 'tis done. The carriage is ordered at two, and you will consider how much there is at stake, both with regard to your own fortune and for the public good, in what may be proposed to you."

Arnwood could scarcely believe his senses, when the carriage stopped at the door of the minister, and he found himself formally and confidentially introduced, and soon after closeted, and preparations made for a particular and doubtless important disclosure.

"You cannot have much knowledge of mankind, whatever may be your natural talents, my lord," said the minister after some preliminary inquiries; "but your knowledge of history will have taught you that one of the greatest difficulties a statesman has to encounter in the ordering of diplomatic policy, is to get at the real sentiments of foreign potentates, and the true meaning of the proceedings of foreign courts. This will explain the principle of the service which you seem willing to undertake, and upon which you will be required to proceed. It will be a dangerous and uncertain service," the official personage continued, "and even should you be successful, its value will only be such as circumstances will hereafter indicate. But you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you act for a noble and liberal government. And, hark'ee, my young friend, a sprinkling of hypocrisy is indispensable; for, remember, you will have to mix with those whose very thoughts are traitors to each other. In a word, I can give you no better advice than you will find combined in the Spanish maxim, 'A light foot, an open purse, and a quiet tongue;'—what say you, young sir, are you willing to embark in the sea of politics?"

Arnwood made such acknowledgments as the occasion demanded.

"Well, then, we shall see, what is to be done;" and the minister, with a gracious but reserved bow, turned to other business, and left Arnwood to the indulgence of a crowd of new hopes and fancies, which his mind, as he returned home, was busy in creating.

Meantime it was bruited about by Sir Bolland, chiefly to show off the confidence that he himself was in with the government, that through his influence the young Lord Arnwood was about to be employed in an important and confidential mission abroad. The change to Arnwood in his reception by the world, was now as extensive as it was decided. Invitations crowded in to him, and every one began to know and to admire him, as is usual in such cases, until the youth himself gave way to the general opinion, and loved all mankind as heartily as mankind seemed to admire him.

This was the moment of Arnwood's triumph, and almost his revenge upon the world. There is an indescribable charm in the first gush of prosperity, the more de-

lightful because it is not solitary; for man is so benevolent and sympathetic in such a case, that all the world rejoices with, and even magnifies the happiness of the successful. The eyes of the women, in particular, now seemed to beam for Arnwood with universal regard. Their countenances suddenly became lighted up with sentiment; and many were in love with him so deeply, that, in spite of the natural delicacy of that "warm" the bud" which was feeding on their damask cheeks, the feeling was too warm and imperative to be altogether hidden, and in some way or other managed to find its way to his ears.

He now began to forget his Shakespearian maxim about the tide that is in the affairs of men, which, secretly, was now at the flood with him, and which, had it been taken, as it then offered, was leading him (in one way at least) fast on to fortune. Men, as it unfortunately turned out, were in a mistake about his "affairs," else there would not have been all this flood; but that was no affair of his.

In giving these general statements we had almost forgotten to mention the fact, (an unpardonable piece of forgetfulness in the writer of a private history of this sort,) that by this time Arnwood might have been, *my way, almost in love*. We say almost, because the sentiment was involuntarily qualified in his mind, by certain deep-seated recollections, or rather fanciful dreams of his solitary hours, or mixed up with some painfully pleasing reminiscences of the inmates of the Pilot's Mark, near his own castle. The sentiment, too, however generally powerful, was in Arnwood's case at present so mingled with a feeling of gratitude to the fair one, who condescended to evince no doubtful indications of tenderness for himself, that, if stripped and analysed, it could neither be called quite genuine, nor had its roots struck deeply enough to take the place of more secret and unselfish emotions.

The eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lorton had fascinated many before she fascinated the young Lord Arnwood; but she took a greater pleasure in observing the impression she had made upon *his feelings* than in all her previous conquests, simply because she perceived he *had* feeling, which she justly concluded was a quality somewhat rare in her circle; and the single hearted sincerity of his disposition made her attempt at interesting him both a pleasing and a proud experiment. Lady Amelia Lorton was two years older than himself, and the very masculine quality of her understanding, her ready eloquence upon subjects which women generally avoid, or trifle with, together with the soothing tones of her voice, when she chose to address the feelings, were not lost upon a mind like Arnwood's, which was always susceptible to the throbbings of emotion, or the deep-felt influence of passion.

Arnwood was now, in the proper sense of the word, *living*—enjoying existence—looking at the great world, in its most desirable circle—reasoning upon it, gaining knowledge, hoping, admiring, and almost loving. He had not yet, to be sure, attained to any thing in *his own* fortune; so much the better; for in gaining good, we gain evil also, and all to him was yet imagination and futurity. "But the future," says Dr. Johnson, "carries in its womb the greatest and the purest of all good, for it is ductile to the fancy, and subservient to every demand of the passions."

Lady Amelia Lorton was a pretty woman, or rather she was *noble* to look upon, and at times there was something in her countenance that was awful to a man who can feel the power of a woman's eye. She was accomplished too. But the accomplishments of some women tell for something wherever they appear; those of others, from the want of accompanying taste and understanding, are a weariness and a vanity. So were not the elegant learning and the ready intellectual powers of the respectable daughter of the Marquis of Lorton; for never were accomplishments rendered more effective in raising admiration or emotion in minds such as Arnwood's. She and the charmed youth met in all possible places, and talked all possible things, as lords and ladies will talk. It answers not our taste, nor indeed our talent, to give details. Behold! are they not written in fifty cleverish books, that shall never be read fifty days hence?

The fancy can easily follow Arnwood through the drawing rooms and dinner parties of high life, with which every reader, high and low, is of course as familiar as he is with his own bed-chamber. He sits at the most piquant French dishes with the most unintelligible names, and drank wines imported by his fashionable host expressly from the moon.

Like the eunuchs of the Arabian Nights he walked upon nothing but splendid Persian carpets, and reclined

only on sofas and couches, which he found as common, of course, as the wooden benches in St. James's park. He dined upon plain fare at three o'clock like a tradesman, under the name of lunch, and supped at night too early for a second appetite; which, however, like a wise man, he took care to provide against, the latter being too laborious and complex an entertainment either for satisfaction or enjoyment. The most interesting faces at the dinner table were lost to him, or concealed behind the splendour of plateaux and lustres; and in the lottery of his place among the company, when he did not happen to get near the lady Amelia or some such intimate, he was forced to talk, or listen to, all manner of nothings, interlarded with bad French and Italian, called, somewhat gratuitously, *light conversation*. This, however, he bore philosophically for a time, for the sake of his own private observations; for "fashionable conversation" is, after all, seldom as rapid in the hearing as in the reading.

The kind reader will also, to save time, condescend to fancy Lord Arnwood moving incessantly among saloons and boudoirs of the most splendid description, and attending all manner of soirées, routs, concerts, and masquerades; and will also please to imagine what he said and did. Lady Amelia sometimes hung upon his arm through these crowds, or sat with him in a recess, and from her lips he drank for a time the most seductive eloquence, the most touching sentiment, upon what was truly great or desirable on earth; and again the keenest observations and the most cutting satire upon all they heard and saw around them. At other times, and more generally, he moved about like a philosopher or a simpleton, (convertible terms as the world goes,) and talked idly to people who cared nothing about either what he said or thought, so that what was apparent bore the stamp of fashion; and then he went to bed late in the morning, weary and disappointed, wondering at himself for persisting in so unsatisfactory a life.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lord Arnwood moved about for a time in fashionable society as other people do; for high life, however favourable to affection and effeminacy, is not without its philosophers, and its moralists too; nor is there any necessary connection between fastidious elegance and conventional refinement, and rapid coxombry or inanity of mind. The hurry of its engagements, however, and the pleasing gratification to personal vanity, of easy association with men of the highest titles in the country, had its usual effect upon his youthful and sanguine mind; causing him to be insensible to the lapse of time, and to forget that the ordinary occurrences of life were progressing and wearing on, and there were such things as serious or sad events taking place in the lower world.

The first circumstance that awakened him was a sudden turn in our foreign policy, and a report of a change of ministry, with which the newspapers and the country soon rang. In the mean time Arnwood had received neither reward nor service, nor, indeed, any thing but vague assurances and doubtful manifestations of friendship. As the clamour ripened against the proceedings of ministers, he saw with astonishment, that those very measures which had been adopted in consequence of the then popular feelings in favour of them, were the most loudly complained of and reprobated. When he waited upon Lord ———, he found him already an ex-minister, and now in agitation, if not disgust, preparing to set out to recruit his spirits and his nerves in the country.

The minister was, however, gracious and kind to Arnwood, and even somewhat disposed to be sentimental in his discourse, as men will be when the untoward events of life oblige them to console themselves for ill-rewarded good intentions, with a moral reflection. He seemed to consider Arnwood as a brother sufferer by the turn that affairs had taken, but the moral reflections, of which there is no lack, applicable to courts and political change, were all Lord Arnwood's answer, and all his present and probable reward.

This disappointment soon came to be known to Arnwood's friends; and its usual effects were deepened by his own consciousness and his foreboding imagination. He met Lady Amelia Lorton in the evening in her father's drawing room, and he thought he saw, at a glance, that she was aware of all that had occurred to him. Whether it was studied, or whether his own consciousness made him sensitive and irritable, her conversation seemed less serious than usual, while he was disposed to be more so; and even her good sense seemed more than ever rough and masculine, and her allusions, accidentally or wilfully, regardless of his feelings.

Arnwood's observations were more keen than usual, but still he had not altogether deceived himself. Lady Amelia really delighted in his society, was interested in him, was proud of him as a conquest, nay, even loved him. But her love was not (shall we be understood when we say it?) like the love of a woman. And so she could extinguish it, or sacrifice it to pride, or trifle with it (as she could and did with the object of it), with all the caprice and hauteur of a high born and worldly dame. For some time she teased Arnwood, partly by coquetry with other admirers, and, at times, by cruel allusions to things in which he felt keenly all the disadvantages of his situation. A new favourite in the person of a Colonel Vance, now began to call forth her triumphant "flirtation," and jealousy and wounded pride soon completed the alienation of Arnwood's heart. But if there had been any thing wanting to determine him to retire from scenes which were now a punishment to him, it was supplied in the following incident.

At a crowded evening party at the Marquis of Lorton's, Arnwood found that, either on purpose or by accident, he was in an unusual manner left to himself all night, and was in the uncomfortable state of mind of a proud man when he finds himself in a place where he suspects that he is looked upon as little better than an intruder, or imagines his presence merely suffered until a convenient time arrives for his dismissal by a *coup-de-grace*. He had wandered among the crowd, and answered jealously and slightly the salutations of a dozen common acquaintances, and even exchanged a smile and a remark with Lady Amelia, and had at length betaken himself for solitude to a recess behind a pillar. Here he sat down alone to contemplate an old painting, on which the light from a brilliant chandelier now shone, as he thought, most favourably.

The picture represented a young female, in a costume so peculiar, or rather her figure was so imaginatively revealed, by an extravagant and picturesque drapery, that the contemplative spectator was soon riveted by the original and striking conception of the artist. The female was mad, as appeared by the strangeness of her apparel and manner, and the poetic wildness of her eye; but she was so purely beautiful, and there was given to her such a look of speaking pathos, that Arnwood had almost wrought himself into tears as he continued to gaze, and to feed his imagination with the idea of the unhappy girl.

There were other thoughts, also, insensibly linking themselves with the visual fancy before him, thoughts which, of course, could have no other foundation than the mere association of ideas, but which gradually awakened in his heart its deepest and saddest feelings, and plunged him in a reverie which might have seemed a trance. It was as if Heaven had shown him, at sundry intervals, and in divers manners, in reality or in his dreams, such a vision (one repeated vision) of female perfection, as transported his soul to paradise in thought and aspiration, yet never permitted him, even once, distinctly to behold that face and form which still flitted before his fancy.

His mind had wandered back to Arnwood Castle and the Pilot's Mark, as he gazed on the interesting picture before him, when his ear was startled and his attention attracted by women's voices, talking loud (as ladies of rank may talk) behind him, and just beyond the pillar against which he was leaning. He even thought his own name had been mentioned, and naturally interrupting himself to listen, he heard a few words of conversation of that matter of fact species, which was sufficient to recall his mind to this lower world.

"You astonish me, my lady," said one, "indeed you astonish me; but the loose manners of the present day are perfectly incredible. In my younger days this impudence would no more have been suffered than —"

"But the antiquity of his family!" interrupted another voice.

"That is the only excuse for it; but, my lady, I am told his whole estate would not make a tolerable allowance for pin money. In short, the boy's presumption ought to be chastised, and for a sensible man like the marquis to permit such a glaring flirtation, I am at a loss to account for it."

"It is love, no doubt," said a cracked old voice, in a sneering tone, "the blind god must bear the blame, he, he, he!"

"The youth ought to be sent abroad somewhere," rejoined the first. "I tell you, my lady, the marquis ought to get him an appointment at the Cape, or about the Ionian Islands, or in Australia, or somewhere else, to prevent titles from becoming contemptible at home, and to keep him out of the way of the women!"

"It is time, methinks, that that unfortunate family were extinct," said the toothless possessor of the cracked voice; "I knew the boy's grandfather, Sir Humphrey of Arnwood—a wild and a bold man he was, and the late lord made things much worse, and here is a youth who would marry his slender person and his father's debts to the eldest daughter of Lorton himself—he, he!"

"But the marchioness has too much good sense to permit the affair to proceed further," rejoined the second speaker; "what do you think, my lady?"

"I have long observed the Arnwood family," said the cracked mumbling voice, "and——"

Lord Arnwood's back was still to the group of old ladies, and his eyes yet fixed upon the fascinating picture; but there was something so peculiar in the tone of this latter voice, that he turned round, and putting his head past the pillar, observed the three old women who were talking. The last face absolutely shocked him—it presented such a contrast to the angelic countenance he had been contemplating in the picture—from its absolutely frightful expression; for the dowager's pale face, crowned with a mass of frizzled white hair, presented a combination of the rheumy imbecility of the lowest beldame, with the demoniac malignity of Hecate.

"I have long observed that singular family," mumbled the cracked voice; "I think it is about its last."

"There is little danger, then, of Lady Amelia Lorton, from all the reports," said another.

"Hoe, hee!" sung the cracked voice of the aristocratic Hecate, and the expression on the countenance was horrible. "I tell you, the boy will soon begin to wince at the world like his father—and will end the whole by—nay, I can see it—by pistol and lead—or a cup of laudanum—or he may perhaps give himself a fling from the tallest turret of the old empty castle of Arnwood—hee, hee, hee!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Arnwood, rushing from the recess into the crowd, and then into the street. "What a world do I inhabit! The very accursed of the earth, the cruellest of the world's crawling animals—a bad hearted old woman, seems to become prophetic when speaking of me. It is high time that I should leave this motley scene of venomous old cats and aristocratic imbeciles to the gratification of their own peculiar and congenial pleasures. In the retirement of the castle I will wait with leisurely resignation for such fruit as the seeds I have sown during my short stay in the metropolis will possibly yield me; and if none ever springs up, why, 'patience, and shuffle the cards!'"

Full of his newly acquired determination, Arnwood waited upon the Marquis of Lorton on the following morning, and solicited such an exertion of his political influence upon any future occasion, as that nobleman might deem it expedient or friendly to extend; and taking a short leave of his fat friend, Sir Bolland, he made the best of his way back again to Arnwood castle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The rich perfume of autumn scented the soft air, and twilight was fast sinking into night, when, after a fatiguing ride, Lord Arnwood at length descried the shining sweep of the sea on the horizon beyond his own castle, and soon after imagined he discerned a more interesting object, namely, the Pilot's Mark, just relieved by the light coloured vapours, which still retained the lingering shadow of day spreading seaward behind it. Soon after, he even fancied he could distinguish a light in the window of the little turret where Agatha slept; and as he continued to contemplate this cold and lonely refuge of adversity, and to contrast the gay crowd in London with which he had mixed for the last few days, and the gorgeous scenes of heartlessness and extravagance which he had just witnessed, with this cheerless and secluded abode of woe—and further thought of her who would have adorned a palace, continuing to linger away her youth in dull seclusion and yearning penury—a pang of sympathetic anguish shot through his mind, that would have been still more bitter, had it not been accompanied by an undefined hope that he would yet be the means of restoring her to society and happiness. "That black looking tower which seems to rise out of the cold murmuring sea," he exclaimed to himself, as he continued to direct his gaze towards it, "is yet the domicile of my Agatha; of her who has given an interest to my life, and communicated a fire to my bosom, such as none other could or shall give in this world. Shall it ever be mine to restore her and her father to happiness? May I ever hope to make her my own, unite my fortune to hers, under circumstances in which we might be enabled to enjoy together such su-

preme felicity? perhaps—yes, it may really be, after all, that this glorious dream will be ultimately realised.”

Entering the castle, affected by such reflections, it may be conceived with what feelings he read the following letter, which he found among others waiting him on his arrival.

“*Gloucester, October 18th.*”

“MY LORD,

“Though little entitled to communicate with your lordship, from the slight opportunities I have had of the honour of meeting you, yet, for the sake of others, I take the liberty of stating a circumstance to you which may be of importance to a person to whom, as I am informed, you have extended kindness and benevolence, and who, I believe, at present resides in one of your fishing houses, called the Pilot’s Mark.

“Without being myself fully acquainted with all the circumstances, I am given to understand that Mr. Bolton of New Hall, in your neighbourhood, has in his hands and retains, whether justly or not I pretend not to say, considerable property alleged to belong of right to the person in question; which person, as I learn, (through the medium of a man whom I have lately taken into my service,) refrains from suing for it, from some peculiarity of mind or opinion, or from an ill-grounded distrust of the efficiency of the law. Now, the information I wish to give, consists chiefly in this, that I have good reason to know, as well from other sources as from my own observation, that it requires only your judicious interference and influence to induce Mr. Bolton to return to the gentleman to whom you have already been liberal, such property or funds as shall place him quite beyond your humanity, and liberally reward your own benevolent feelings.

“I shall only add, that I am satisfied, that Mr. Bolton is at the present moment quite prepared for your interference, which, I have no doubt, will at once be effectual; and wishing to your efforts every success,

“I have the honour to be, &c.

“H. B. HULSON.”

Nothing could be more gratifying to Arnwood’s feelings, or give a quicker impulse to his dearest hopes, than the intelligence brought him in this short letter. Hulson’s information he saw confirmed by various things that he himself observed, particularly by the offer of Mr. Bolton some time since to address him on the road; and though his pride under ordinary circumstances would have prevented him from ever again communicating with the man who had insulted him so grossly, yet in the cause of Agatha and her father, he rejoiced in the prospect of an immediate negotiation with the squire, which he resolved on undertaking on the succeeding morning.

While Arnwood meditated these plans, his single servant, assisted by crooked Robin the gate-keeper, and his wife, prepared his evening repast, which was soon set before him. But by this time the solitariness of his situation in the old empty castle, struck him so forcibly as he insensibly contrasted it with the delight of Agatha’s society, which now came home to his fancy, with something like anticipated reality, that he was unable to eat; and first starting up and pacing the room in the pleasing indulgence of the hopes with which he was impressed, he at length rushed out, fatigued as he was, into the open air, that he might breathe more freely and indulge with less constraint in the stillness of night, the happy contemplation of the immediate restoration of Agatha, and of his own expected happiness.

He looked wistfully towards the Mark as he walked, but night had completely enveloped every object, and he could only distinguish the misty line of the sea below, by its phosphoric reflection of the stars which now twinkled above him. “Surely,” said he, “I may venture to go down even to night and enquire for Mr. Waltham. The messenger of good tidings is welcome at every door, and in this world few will venture to blame the freedoms or follies of a prosperous man, as I am at length beginning to be;” and saying this, he without more ado set forward to walk, dark as it was, to the Mark.

When he arrived at the door, and looked up at the small closed windows of the house where his Agatha resided, he observed on one side the fire-light gleaming warm from the top of a lower window, and as he listened, he heard at intervals the quaint chant of Murdoch Macara, mixed in chorus occasionally with the clearer voice of a woman; and even the rough tones of Weather-sheet, the sailor, seemed to strike in at times with the others, while a thump on the table, or some such thing, beat time to the more merry bars of the stave—and the whole ended with a burst of cheerful, but not loud, tongues, and the merry noise of laughter.

“Heaven prolong your innocent happiness!” exclaimed Arnwood, half audibly, as he looked up at the window. “What virtuous hearts and pure and peaceful bosoms inhabit this cold dreary-looking pile, to put the gorgeous and the lofty discontented to shame? May blessings rest upon and increase to all within these honoured walls. By Jove, I can refrain no longer! I shall seek admittance forthwith, that I may come in for a share of your homely social pleasure. And I shall have one look, before I sleep, of those eyes, which I still seem to see wherever I go, and which carry love and emotion in every glance;” and so saying, he went up and knocked gently at the door.

It was soon opened by Mary Reynolds, who smiled and curtsied as she held the light when she saw who it was, while his lordship could not help observing her kindly as he entered, for she was neat, and almost gaily dressed; and her buxom youthful face, glowing with health and the heat of the fire which she had just left, was surrounded by a cluster of curls sufficiently tastefully arranged to set off a countenance by no means calculated to make a warm-hearted man forget that there was such a thing as love in the world.

“I am delighted to see you all so happy,” said his lordship, as he entered the comfortable kitchen, scarcely able to see for the light of a blazing fire, before which an old furished sword, on which were strung a couple of good-sized fowls, went round agreeably to the ordering of big Weather-sheet, the sailor; who, seated in the shade of the chimney, with a face as red, and nearly as hot as the fire, was performing the duties of turnspit, with all the patient equanimity of the hardy race, who are trained to wait upon every wind that may happen to blow.

“Weel, I declare, if that’s no his lordship frae the castle!” exclaimed Murdoch Macara, coming forward. “Was there ever ony thing so heartsome and lucky, an’ the bit supper just ready for the dish? Ye’ll excuse me, my lord.”

“What is it, my honest Scotch friend?” said Arnwood, good humouredly. “Mr. Waltham is well, I presume, from what is indicated here, and disposed to enjoy himself.”

“Wonderfu’ weel, my lord, an’ mentioned you to Miss Agatha aboon, this very minute. Oh! if your lordship would just be pleased to be hungry the night; but what need I speak? Great folks are never hungry, like us poor bodies, as Nicol Macdougall, the fisher, used to say.”

“You’re much mistaken, my friend,” said Arnwood, smiling; “and so was Nicol Macdougall—but why this ardent wish to-night?”

“It would just be sic a pleasure for me to see your lordship sitting beside my mistress aboon, if it were the case, and me helping you like your *valley de sham* to the merry thought o’ ane o’ these burdies that’s fixing afore the fire. Twa bonnier chuckies never picked barley—an’ there’s muckle Will Wathersheet sitting at the helm turning them round, wi’ a face as red as a Dutch cheese, can hardly keep his fingers out o’ the gravy, the creature.”

“Upon my honour, Mr. Murdoch,” said Arnwood, “these burdies, as you call them, would tempt any one, after a long ride; and that being my condition, I have almost a mind, when I go up stairs, to try your cookery.”

“I telled ye sae! I telled ye sae! as the wife said about the mare that eat the mortar stane,” snapping his fingers, and turning round and addressing his companions. “Get up, Will Wathersheet, an’ bring me the dishes—sitting there like a hurcheon, licking your fingers i’ the presence o’ his lordship. Od man, ye hae nae mair manners, for a’ my teaching, than a cadger’s foal! Will ye never learn genteelity, ye sea porpus?”

“Will your lordship be pleased to walk up stairs?” said Mary Reynolds, curtsying, having herself ran up and down again, during the Scotchman’s palaver.

When Arnwood entered the small arched apartment above, which was used by the inmates as a sitting-room, he found a table covered for supper, the candles lighted, and a fire blazing with an air of much comfort. The old gentleman advanced to receive him, which he did with the greatest warmth, his countenance bespeaking not only inward tranquillity, but good humour, and spirits almost amounting to gaiety.

“I am very grateful for the honour of this visit, my lord,” said Mr. Waltham, shaking Arnwood by the hand—and, indeed, your presence is most happily timed. You come, as we are sitting down to supper, with the smiling countenance of youth and hope, and the sun-burnt visage of the traveller, like the welcome messenger of good tidings.”

“What news, I have, sir, is rather of a cheering kind, certainly,” said Arnwood, returning the old gentleman’s affectionate pressure.

“Agatha, my love, you must bid Lord Arnwood welcome,” said Mr. Waltham, as his daughter stood hesitatingly near him.

“You are indeed well-come, my lord,” said Agatha, as she held out her hand, her eyes glistening with emotion as they met his.

They sat down, Arnwood beside Agatha, and Mr. Waltham opposite, as their little supper was placed before them by the neat hands of Mary Reynolds, seconded and directed by the proud officiousness of Murdoch Macara; and never did morsel of Heaven’s bounty taste more sweet than did their homely meal to this little company in the square stone chamber of the lonely Pilot’s Mark; and never was conversation between three persons for the time more intensely interesting and delightful. Mr. Waltham, who had recovered much of his serenity from the constant nursing of his daughter, as well as the success of the fishermen since the storm—by which the evil day he dreaded was put off—and who was particularly disposed to be cheerful this evening, having received intelligence that his eldest daughter was safe, and was in Paris—in comparatively good spirits; and as he sat opposite Arnwood and Agatha seemed to observe with delight their looks of love, and the pleasure they took in each other’s society. “My children,” he said, “do not look with fear and awe of me, as if the fugitive happiness of your time, and the blissful feelings of youth were cruelly to be scared away, or damped and crushed by an old man like myself, who has already had his day in the world. Knowing that you are virtuous, I neither encourage nor forbid you to love and be happy; for the marriages of wavering mortals are made in heaven; and from thence issue the decrees from whose power you cannot escape, and which shall bind you, or separate you for ever.”

“Your career in the world, my lord,” he continued, addressing himself to Arnwood, “has begun with some adversity, but this may only serve to enhance the pleasure of bright days to come. As for me, I would not willingly again indulge the solacing delusions of hope, which would only serve to agitate and unhinge my mind from that calmness and submission with which it becomes me to prepare for my fate. Nothing, my lord, tends more to weaken an already debilitated and irritable mind, than exciting alternations of hope and apprehension; and now, as I am reduced to the condition of poverty which was predestined for me, any new-raised hope would, I am convinced, infallibly end in certain and more depressing disappointment.”

“I am sorry, Mr. Waltham,” said Arnwood, “to be obliged to repeat, that I am convinced your wrongs have caused you to delude yourself in your despair, as much as ever visionary was deluded by hope. But even if I should be unsuccessful, as I well believe I shall not, in inducing Mr. Bolton to restore your property, will you not, for your daughter’s sake, consent to empower me to seek redress for you by public law?”

Mr. Waltham shook his head, but made no reply. “Let us not talk of these sad subjects, father,” said Agatha. “Let us be happy again, as we have had something of my dear sister.”

“Ah! if she were here with us this happy night,” said Mr. Waltham; “how much the pleasure of this little meeting would be enhanced; but she is well, although I am still in the dark as to how she is situated, and Heaven’s mysterious will towards us all be done. Will you drink with me a health to my absent daughter, my lord?”

“Most gladly, sir,” said Arnwood, filling his glass; “and I feel convinced, from this night’s promise, my good sir, that many happy days are yet in store for us all.”

“I do hope so,” said Agatha, with brightening looks; and conversing thus the night wore away, until Mr. Waltham seemed to catch at his revived hopes of life, and almost joined Lord Arnwood in laughing at his late fancies.

A few moments’ conversation with Agatha, as they lingered together before parting for the night, in which they, in hurried and broken whispers, and with looks more expressive, congratulated each other upon their matured hopes and happy days in prospect, completed Arnwood’s bliss; and he left the Mark with all the joyful feelings of his ancestors revived in his heart, and all those warm hopes of youth glowing in his bosom.

He had crossed the open sandy spot immediately in front of the Mark, and entered his own plantation by the wicket towards the sea, when he heard a rustling among the trees to the left, and instantly perceived the figure of a man coming cautiously towards him. “Who goes there?” he shouted, as the figure drew near.

“A friend, sic-like as I am,” said the Scotch tongue off

Macara; "I would ken your lordship's voice as weel as ye were my born brither, though ye were to sing a mile distant through the wood, like a mavis."

"What are you doing, wandering at this time of the night, friend Murdoch?"

"It's a' for the best, my lord, as weel as it was that bonny moonlight night when I met your lordship coming blattering hame sae gude-humoured and tory from—I beg your excuse, my lord, I'm a plain spoken body—) frae that squire's at New Ha' aboon; an' I'm thinking ye'll be the better o' me to gang hame to the castle wi' you the night, for fear o' skaith."

"Pshaw—what should I fear! Go home to your bed, Murdoch."

"Deevil a bit, my lord, 'till I see what's gaun to happen."

"What do you mean?"

"I tell you, my lord, there's some new deevilry agog the night, an' that I'll answer for. I both saw and heard it."

"You saw a ghost, and heard the wind whistle, I dare say. Never trouble yourself with following me, I can go home myself."

"Weel, my lord, if ye just let me tell you what I saw. Ye see, while your lordship an' my canny maister, an' bonny Miss Agatha, were taking your crack aboon in the Mark, after picking the bones o' the bits o' burdies that Will Watersheet had hae burnt to a cinder, only for me, an' I was sitting coosily talking to Mary Reynolds by the light o' the fire—for Watersheet was sound asleep, the heavy-headed nowt—criek-criek, I hears some odd noise. But whether it was within or whether it was without, I couldna say, yet something I still heard, till at last up I gets frae side o' Mary Reynolds, pair thing, an' aff to see what might be stirring."

"Come, Murdoch, be brief."

"Weel, my lord, deevil a thing I could see or hear, but the black waves moaning in shore, but Providence put it into my head to take the bit road up back by the foot o' Hail Hill; when just as I gets near to the squire's muckle house, whither goes a wee fellow past me in the dark, an' off like a shot across the upper corner o' the park. Deevil's in you, said I, but I'll see what ye're after! an' in five minutes I was up to the slap through whilk he had dived into the squire's ground, an' then I saw the little blackguard carcutdancing with a man."

"What man?" said Arnwood, impatient at Murdoch's long story.

"I could amaise swear, my lord, it was that man that used to sneak about and try to pump me about the Mark. They ca' him Johnston."

"But what seemed to pass between them?"

"My legs wor' na just lang enough to hear, my lord, but it could be no good that made a gentleman like him be whispering without wi' sic a deevil's pet at twal at o'cloc. But whatever it was, or whatever is in the wind this precious night, I can swear that is the same blackguard callan that was among the robbers that robbed the squire's house, and an arranter little thief's apprentice is no unheaped. I think they ca' him Sammy."

"Weel, Murdoch, what do you infer from all this?"

"I'm neither prophet nor priest, my lord, to say; but I'm certain it bodes no good to somebody."

"Weel, you had better go home and protect the Pilot's Mark, and I will try to protect the castle against all invaders. Meantime, I shall not be willing to have my good spirits disturbed by any such alarm as you give."

"Awel, my lord," said Murdoch doubtfully, "I've telt'd you my tale, an' so a sound sleep an' a blyth waking, an' mony better wishes than that, if they would do you any gude—an' God defend you frae skaith an' scorn till the new day."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The new day did come in, sunny and cheerful, in spite of the strange alarm of Murdoch on the previous night, and Lord Arnwood rose in the best spirits after a long sleep, which had been mingled only with soothing visions of Agatha, and placid anticipations of future joy. He ordered his breakfast to be served in his favourite room in the Lark's Tower, and as he sat musing on the future, while the cheerful beams of morning gleamed over the extensive prospect, his fancy glowed with pride in the survey of the picturesque possessions of his ancestors, still entrusted to him and his heirs. His spirits danced with delicious imaginings as he thought of his Agatha yet becoming lady of this romantic property, and their happy little ones, giving additional life and lustre to the old halls of the now empty building—or one day roam-

ing at large among the red deer that yet sported in the irregular park beneath.

As he farther dwelt at his solitary meal on those pleasing anticipations, he smiled as he reflected on his former irrational dependency—"As if," said he to himself, "life were not full of promise to the active and the prudent, or as if I—a young man—were, like the ruined Mr. Waltham, to be checked in my career by a false and dismal philosophy, or guided by a fanciful and gloomy infatuation. I need not now recall the ridiculous notion that at one time took such possession of me about my being fated to be the last of my house and title, excepting it may be to laugh at the crude notions of youth, and to contrast early fears and fancies with their present nearly realized falsification." Indulging in these pleasing musings, he dressed, and prepared to ride to New Hall by noon, to endeavour to make as beneficial an arrangement as possible for his interesting friend Mr. Waltham.

He had scarcely completed his morning's toilet, however, and was pulling on his gloves to set forth, when the post brought him the following note—

"London, 18—

"MY DEAR ARNWOOD,

"The disappointment I felt this morning in waiting upon the Right Honourable Mr. Y— was actually as great as yours can be on the perusal of this. In short, after many apologies, and much smooth politeness, he informed me that your lordship not being in parliament, (a strange excuse, for he knew the fact before), it was impossible to complete the appointment he had intended for the noble representative of the ancient house of Arnwood—which, of course, he exceedingly regretted; and it came out in conversation, that the said appointment had been long ago promised to the younger brother of the bishop of Redborough, who, in fact, had already received it!

"I need not say how much this news disconcerted me, after my saying all over town, that the thing was yours; but, in truth, *entre nous*, if it is worth while making a secret of it, the minister is tottering. That is the general opinion in the select circle who are in the secret of every thing, and wherein I have the honour of bearing a part; and you will see that there will be a change shortly.

"Let us see you at the park shortly, and believe me to be, my very dear Arnwood,

Yours always,

"BOLLAND BOLLAND."

"Heavens and earth! am I the fool of the most foolish!" exclaimed Arnwood, throwing the letter to the other end of the apartment, "to have believed for a moment the word, and swallowed the representations of this frivolous idiot, and his flatterers. Or was the minister in league with him to deceive me—fish!—but why should I put myself in a passion about the deceptions and hollow promises of courts? They have been proverbial in all past time, since Mordecai the Jew sat sullen and unrepentant at the gate of Ahasuerus. Let me see, at least, if my money be safe," he added, opening his escritoire, "yes, six thousand there, and seven hundred odd there, and another and inferior appointment money will make me sure of, and two thousand guineas will do that at once. Let me forget this little disappointment, and proceed at once on my interesting mission to New Hall."

The words were hardly uttered, when he observed two persons pass the window, and immediately after, the servant announced Mr. Simkin and Mr. Johnston, as desiring admittance into the presence of his lordship. Arnwood could scarcely help feeling a sort of qualm come over him at the very name of Johnston, and at the idea of his having the audacity to seek admittance into his presence. But he had scarcely time to wonder within himself what could be the purport of this visit, when the two were ushered into the room.

"Your business, gentlemen?" said Arnwood, as they stood hesitatingly before him.

"You may be surprised, my lord," said Johnston, "at my having ventured to wait upon you, after certain circumstances that—"

"That I do not desire to have recalled, sir," said Arnwood haughtily.

"I do not wish to remind your lordship of any thing unpleasant, and indeed the business I am come about is not at all so unpleasant as it may at first appear. But at any rate, that I undertook it with the greatest reluctance, I can testify—"

"I can attest the same," said his companion, bowing with a professional air.

"Our visit is respecting an offer that my friend Mr. Bolton is disposed to make to your lordship regarding a sum of five thousand pounds, which your lordship owes

him as the heir and representative of your late mother the dowager Lady Arnwood, some time deceased, and—"

"Five thousand pounds! borrowed by Lady Arnwood of Mr. Bolton," exclaimed the young lord in astonishment; "surely, this must be a mistake, I never heard of such a loan;" and he took the bond in his hand and gazed at it long and minutely to the infinite trouble and sore concern of Johnston, who fidgeted about strangely. "I certainly never understood—"

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said Mr. Simkin, striking in, "there is no such thing understood or recognised in law, as an *understanding* between parties, unless it can be shown in writing, which, as I learn, your lordship is unprepared to show, and therefore we are come to discuss the main proposition which we have the honour to make to your lordship."

"You are a lawyer then, sir?" said Arnwood to the solicitor.

"I have the honour to belong to the profession, my lord," and Mr. Simkin bowed as he said this with a consciousness of being honoured by the acknowledgment of his lofty station in this lower world.

"In one word, gentlemen, come you with a hostile purpose from Mr. Bolton," said Arnwood, "for I was just going to pay a visit to him?"

"The law is never to be considered hostile, my lord," said Mr. Simkin complacently, "when every thing is done according to precedent and the practice of the courts, and—"

"Mr. Bolton is not at New Hall to day, my lord," said Johnston, interrupting the man of law; "he is absent, and will be much occupied for a time upon the business of the late audacious robbery. But in short, he is determined upon recovering this five thousand pounds, if your lordship does not think fit to comply with the conditions upon which he consents to waive his claim—which conditions, I must say, are most liberal."

"What are the conditions?" demanded Arnwood with an indignant smile.

"Simply, my lord, that you will give him the immediate use and possession of a certain antique pleasure house and premises appertaining to your lordship, commonly called the Pilot's Mark, to be held by him for seven years from the present date, and particularly that your lordship will undertake not to countenance or harbour a certain individual called Waltham in any house or building belonging to you, but that he, and those with him, be instantly sent forth from this neighbourhood as suspicious characters, and—"

"How dare you bring me such an infamous message, sir?" said Arnwood, indignant at the proposal.

"It is a mere matter of business, my lord," said Simkin, now taking a part, "that we are come upon; upon which we expect your lordship's pleasure or answer, without any unnecessary heat."

"I cannot conceive," replied Arnwood, his anger giving way to astonishment, "why Mr. Bolton should act thus, or that his meaning is really as you say, to give up this sum of five thousand pounds either at present or in prospect, on such unaccountable conditions."

"It is Mr. Bolton's pleasure or his whim, or what you please," said Johnston; "and I don't see why a gentleman should not be gratified when he can pay for it."

"Ha! ha! very true," said Arnwood, smiling scornfully; "but what evidence have I that this is really Mr. Bolton's wish regarding that unfortunate man in the Mark whom I had thought he was weary of persecuting?"

"There are very strange surmises regarding that individual whom your lordship is pleased to harbour, in connection with certain facts which took place at the late robbery; all inquiry respecting which may be quashed by your lordship instantly banishing him and his from this neighbourhood, and giving up possession of the Pilot's Mark; and, in short, I would advise him and your lordship as a friend—"

"Do you presume to speak of yourself as my friend! or the friend of any unfortunate gentleman? I do not believe you, sir, even in your assertions about Mr. Bolton. I do not believe that he is such a villain as your message would imply. I will wait upon him myself in the cause of the distressed and ruined Mr. Waltham."

"As you please, my lord," said Johnston, with a sneer of cold triumph. "Your lordship has, no doubt, your reasons for this condescending interference. But this will serve to indicate the reception you are likely to meet with, while it will verify the truth of my assertion;" and, thus saying, he threw down for Arnwood's perusal the following paper:—

"New Hall, 17th Oct. 18—

"Mr. Johnston is empowered to require Lord Arn-

wood in my name to obtain for me instant possession of the Pilot's Mark, and the banishment from the neighbourhood of certain persons who now occupy it; upon his failing of payment of five thousand pounds, owing to me, as the representative of the late Lady Arnwood.

(Signed) "ROBERT BOLTON."

"Mr. Simkin," said Arnwood, after two or three turns across the room; "if I mistake not, I am not liable to be compelled to pay my mother's debts unless at my own option or convenience."

"You are quite liable to be compelled, my lord, having acknowledged the debt as your own since your mother's decease, as I am informed by Mr. Bolton, in the presence of this gentleman."

"Is that the case, Johnston?" said Arnwood, with an incredulous smile of astonishment.

"It is, my lord," answered Johnston, with a dark expression of face. "But it will be unnecessary for your lordship to give yourself any uneasiness about the money. You have only to join your creditor in sending these mysterious people about their business, and give him the Pilot's Mark for a time—a most liberal offer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Arnwood, as he paced the apartment, "how glorious it is to have the means of defeating the machinations of villains—have you my mother's bond, Mr. Simkin?"

"It is here, my lord."

"Your entire demand against me, sir?"

"Five thousand and seventy-three pounds, covering interest and all expenses."

"Now, sir, there is your money and Mr. Bolton's answer. Five thousand, and the balance in gold. It is right!"—and Arnwood reckoned out the amount, while Johnston stood petrified with astonishment and horror.

"Now, gentlemen, have you any more business with me?" said Arnwood, as he placed the bond carefully in his escritoire with the designedly overheard remark,—"I shall see to the correctness of this most scrupulously, depend upon it."

"Our business is finished, my lord," said the lawyer, with the grace and satisfaction with which a lawyer usually receives and buttons up money.

"Then your lordship is determined to protect and countenance these suspicious characters in the Mark, in despite of the wishes of Mr. Bolton?" said Johnston, recovering his evident mortification and amazement.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnston," said Arnwood, with contemptuous scorn, as he turned away without deigning a reply; and the lawyer and Johnston, with different views of the success of their morning's business, slowly left the apartment.

The reader may well imagine that, weak and unprincipled, as Bolton was, he had not been brought to adopt a line of conduct so unexpected by the ardent and generous Arnwood, and so fatal to himself if discovered, without much internal conflict between his remaining disposition to justice and prudence on the one hand, and his rapacious avarice on the other. Although he at first unquestionably intended to compromise with his conscience, and endeavour to conciliate Mr. Waltham, by giving up to the latter a part of the wealth of which he had unjustly robbed him—yet, having in the perplexity of scarcely resolved good, and the temptation to further criminality, unhappily fled to Johnston for counsel, the latter soon showed him that he had only two lines of conduct to choose from. The one to which the squire was inclined, he treated with ridicule and contempt, as being not only pusillanimous, but dangerous: and, although not without much bitter and reproachful altercation, he at length contrived to induce him to adopt the one which implied an adherence to, and an extension of, the original guilt.

It may appear strange that Mr. Bolton, conscious as he was of being himself one of the most rapacious of wealth-worshippers, should not have penetrated the motives of Johnston in giving the advice he did. But by this time his mind was so wretched, and so disturbed with anxious indecision, that he had lost his natural shrewdness; while Johnston, as is evident, had become the evil angel of the guilty man—not only from a fear of the diminution of the sum he had promised himself with Miss Bolton—but also from a hope that he should, from his increasing influence over him, be able to prevent Bolton himself from marrying, and so ultimately inherit his whole fortune.

Arnwood was still sitting in the seat into which he had thrown himself after Johnston and Simkin had left the room, gazing with the most prying earnestness into the empty grate, without seeing any thing, when he was aroused from his stupor by his servant announcing a

gentleman, who waited to see him in the next apartment. Arnwood would have shunned, if it had been possible, the necessity of speaking to any stranger in his present state of mind. Thinking, however, that a moment would suffice, he desired the stranger to be shown in, as we shall duly record in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

A late event in our history, as well as some others in progress, require us for their further explanation to transfer our scene to a romantically situated, old fashioned mansion, about eight miles distant from that coast in the secluded neighbourhood of Arnwood castle, near which the reader has been so long detained. The mansion we refer to, was called Saltoun Hall, and had been for centuries in the possession of one of those old families, who, accustomed to consider the wealth and local honour which had so long descended from father to son, as a right hereditary and unalienable, by which they were exempted from the common vicissitudes of humanity, never dreamt that it was possible, in the nature of things, that the family of Saltoun should not live at Saltoun Hall, or the scions of so ancient a line be otherwise than persons of property and consequence.

The last inheritor of Saltoun Hall, therefore, (a widower with two children,) was astonished and confounded beyond measure, when the course of events foreign to our story, brought about so impossible a circumstance, as that they should be deprived of the antique home of the family, and sent adrift into the world, to which they were strangers, and which refused to recognise their claims to indulgence, before they finally took their places among the lower orders—from which the family had probably, some generations before, originally sprung. Nor was amazement less, upon seeing that the turning of the wheel of fortune had given the noble and patriarchal mansion of their fathers, into the possession of Mr. Jonathan Wragg, some years before a tradesman in London, who had outbidden every other purchaser—and who, in the course of a year or two, had even exhibited the intolerable presumption of working himself into the magistracy, and assuming the style and title of Squire Wragg, of Saltoun Hall.

Many were the wise reflections and profound aphorisms upon the fickleness of fortune, and the mutability of all earthly good, with which the aged Mr. Saltoun endeavoured to console himself for the loss of his estate, over his poor dinner, and in his obscure lodging in London. The reflections, however, it must be confessed, although deeply fraught with wisdom, had never entered his head until these last days; far less had the former hunting and fighting squires of Saltoun ever troubled their brains with such overlasting truisms and unnecessary philosophy. Very different were the meditations and conclusions of Mr. Jonathan Wragg, the new proprietor, as he walked upon a terrace on his house-top in the cool of the evening like king David of old, and surveyed the picturesque woods and parks of the fine English demesne, of which he was now master. Concluding with the great chancellor Bacon, that man was the architect of his own fortune, he applauded himself for many acts in his past life, of which most men are incapable, or, at least, would be deeply ashamed; and looked with proportionate pity and contempt upon the complaining and the unfortunate; particularly if they had not as hard a check upon the ways of the world as himself.

Mr. Wragg was a pretty good specimen of a prosperous man of the modern school, in this high-minded, commercial country. A couple of bankruptcies in his trade, and various other dirty adventures through which he had passed in his early career, had pretty well hardened whatever feelings he originally possessed, and fairly set him up in the world: till at length, by means of a connection with his brother, a clever solicitor, he was enabled to amaze his compeers by the purchase of a fine estate.

Mr. Wragg having obtained the commission of the peace in this remote neighbourhood, performed its duties with a troublesome and dangerous officiousness. The old gentry round, were either too indolent and fond of pleasure to attend to the duties of the trust, or they chose to live mostly in London, or on the continent; and thus, in the ordinary course of events, by which certain men get up in the world, Wragg made himself known every where, and was in the possession of every means that could serve his interest, or forward his popularity. But something too much, perhaps, of so common and contemptible a character.

The recent robbery at New Hall, naturally made such important personages as Mr. Bolton and Mr. Wragg

known to each other, and after some time brought them together. But it was not until repeatedly urged by Johnston, in furtherance of his own views, that the former was brought to decide upon taking a morning's ride to Saltoun, to consult with the worthy magistrate, upon the steps necessary to be adopted in order to bring the delinquents to justice, wherever they might be found—and, more particularly, to impress Mr. Wragg with suspicions of the harmless inhabitants of the Pilot's Mark, and so pave the way for certain steps against them, if such a course should be deemed necessary.

Mr. Wragg was sitting in his summer parlour one morning like Egton, the fat king of Moab, enjoying the pleasure of looking round him, and doing nothing; when his sight was gladdened by observing a vehicle stop at his door, from which Mr. Bolton stepped forth, accompanied by Johnston, evidently on a visit of business. Mr. Wragg instantly arose to receive them, which he did with that kindness and cordiality with which the proverbial fowls of a feather have at all times delighted to flock together, and hail each other's presence; and after many salutations the three worthies commenced their consultation.

"Undoubtedly, sir," said Wragg, after a little conversation, "you are, as you say, somewhat unfortunately situated, in your remote neighbourhood. In respect of that security of our property, which is the very central purpose of all our valuable institutions, and you being the only gentleman of real substance within many miles of you, it is little to be wondered at that you should be exposed to depredation. For as for Lord Arnwood—as the young man who inhabits the black castle near you is styled—between ourselves, I have ascertained pretty well what is the weight of his purse, ha, ha! and lords are all very well where they don't ask for credit; but you and I, Mr. Bolton, you and I could buy this lord and his old tumbling ruin twice over, with his title and his pride into the bargain, ha, ha, ha!"

"I have something that I can call my own, certainly, sir," said Bolton, modestly; "but New Hall is nothing to this noble mansion of yours, Mr. Wragg."

"You are pleased to overrate my bargain, sir, though it was a bargain," answered Wragg with a chuckle, that was ludicrous even to Bolton; "though, to be sure, I ought to have something to look at for the money I gave. But concerning this abominable robbery; if there be any one whom you suspect, sir, of being accessory thereto, or of receiving your property, and so forth, the law puts it in my power as a magistrate to grant a warrant upon proper information, and I shall be most happy to—"

"Your readiness to oblige, sir, is most praiseworthy; in fact, there is only one person whom I suspect, that is to say, not altogether suspect, but—"

"Pray who is he, sir?"

"I do not think it necessary to give his name, nor to trouble you further, than to make an inquiry or two, at least until I learn more; for, in fact, if the person in question will only leave the neighbourhood, which, perhaps, he may yet be required to do by my neighbour, Lord Arnwood, who at present is pleased to protect him—"

"Lord Arnwood protect him! just allow me to make a memorandum of that important fact. I always make memoranda; nothing like regularity in business. Now, sir, the name of the suspected person, if you please."

"I would rather give a general description than name him at present, Mr. Wragg, although—"

"Oh, sir, I fear you will defeat the ends of justice by your leniency. But just favour me with some account in your own way of the man suspected."

"He is a strange, mysterious person, apparently re-dacted, residing near the sea, and pretending to live by occasional fishing, but—"

"Well, sir; proceed."

"My friend Johnston can describe him further," said the squire, turning adroitly round to draw what he aimed at out of his pliable companion.

"In plain words," said Johnston, glad of an opportunity of showing his zeal, "this individual is a great eyesore to my respected friend here, and lives in a large suspicious-looking place, called the Pilot's Mark, having certain men employed ostensibly as fishermen. He has the countenance of a young nobleman, who is as poor, comparatively, as himself, but to whom, for particular reasons of delicacy, I forbear too pointedly to allude."

"I see it clearly," said Wragg; "and though I would not be ready to put such a name as that of Lord Arnwood on paper in an official way—you understand me—yet the reduced state and palpable poverty of the man you talk of is a most suspicious circumstance, connected with other things; so that the temptation to robbery being immense, an example ought to be made for the

protection of property. In short, I feel for your situation, Mr. Bolton. Shall I take your information, sir? are you willing to salute the calf-skin on the subject? as we used to say in the city."

"Allow me to decline at present," said Bolton, "and, unless you hear from me again, I wish the matter to drop."

"Permit me to observe," replied Wragg, assuming the consequence of office, "that this leniency to persons so suspicious is not at all to be commended, Mr. Bolton. And, in fact, as the sword of justice is, in a sense, put into my hands for the protection of our lives and fortunes, I myself will volunteer to inspect the suspicious spot—and don't you think if I called upon this Lord Arnwood, just in a friendly way, I might be able to draw something out of him that might be of importance in the affair? Upon my honour, gentlemen, I shall do this very thing. I shall do it, really."

"It is too much, Mr. Wragg—too much, sir," said both, smiling.

"It is only my duty, gentlemen—my bounden duty. Our properties are too sacred to lie thus at the mercy of thieves, or, at best, most suspicious characters. It has always been a maxim with me through life, gentlemen, to suspect needy wretched people—persons without property or consequence."

This doctrine greatly emboldened the squire in his intended proceedings against the unhappy Waltham; and now Mr. Johnston and he bowed and retired, leaving little Mr. Wragg in a short reverie, which he broke abruptly by starting up, seizing his hat, and making the best of his way to Arnwood castle.

We have before advised the reader that an intimation was made to Arnwood by his servant, of the presence of a stranger who requested an interview. Although, in his present state of mind, he could easily have dispensed with company, yet, uncertain whether the business might not be urgent and of consequence to himself, he desired that the stranger should be admitted.

A thin, smart-looking little man, in black, with a short neck and beetle nose, a square powdered head, red frocked face, and globular protruding eyes, was ushered, with many bustling bows, into his lordship's presence.

"My name is Wragg, my lord; your lordship has often heard of me, no doubt," said he, advancing, and smirking familiarly.

"I fear I have not had the pleasure, sir."

"No? can it be possible? But, to be sure, your lordship is rather out of the way of—that is—the weather is very hot, my lord—"

"Your business with me, sir," said Arnwood, impatiently.

"Oh, there has been a most extensive and alarming robbery in your neighbourhood, my lord, and—"

"Well, sir—"

"In short, my lord, I have the honour to be in the examination of the peace, as your lordship may have heard, and in a discussion with a brother magistrate, when I called upon for advice in this important affair, concerning the best means of discovering the perpetrators of the late nefarious robbery, I was advised (indeed it was at my own suggestion) in accordance with the hints of the respectable squire, Mr. Bolton, to wait upon your lordship upon the business. And as I am determined to do my official duty with zeal, for the protection of our properties, and to probe every thing suspicious to the bottom, I came to have a little private conference with your lordship regarding this alarming affair."

"Your conference with me, sir, must be very useless, for, in fact, I can say little on the subject of the robbery, having been from home ever since; and, in plain terms, the conference must be short, for at present I am busy."

"Indeed!" said the little man, chagrined, and incredulously, as he looked round the room and saw no show of papers or business. "Besides, my lord," he continued, "I meant to have taken the trouble of walking with your lordship through the grounds of this castle, that we might inspect in person certain old buildings and ruins, so likely to afford concealment to suspicious persons on the coast; particularly a certain tenement called the Pilot's Mark, and if your lordship had leisure, and would do me the honour to—"

"I cannot now, sir," said Arnwood, more and more annoyed; "besides, I think it quite unnecessary."

"That is very strange, my lord, after so much property has been lost by a gentleman so near you. Are the dwellings and goods of men of property not to be protected?"

"If I am to discuss this matter with you, sir," said Arnwood haughtily, "I answer, that in this free country there is no want of protection for men of property and power. It is the poor and unfortunate that are apt to be the sufferers."

"This is singular language to me, my lord."

"Very likely, sir, but so much the worse for the feelings and properties of those who have little wealth to spare."

"And does your lordship refuse to assist me in my enquiries, and to accompany me through the suspicious parts in your neighbourhood?"

"I shall give every assistance in my power for the ends of justice, when regularly called upon in case of any suspicious person being found; but there are none such that I know of in this immediate neighbourhood; and, in short, I think any such inspection ill-timed, unnecessary, and, perhaps, officious."

These last words were spoken by Arnwood in a brief and determined way, that showed he was resolved not to be betrayed into another word of discussion with the impertinent intruder; and, ringing the bell, Mr. Wragg was prevented from further annoyance by a sternly civil dismissal. The chagrined and chop-fallen little justice, therefore, bustling awkwardly out, with a speech on his tongue, took his departure, and, after wandering about in uncertainty till he tired himself, to no purpose, turned for consolation towards New Hall.

The evening was somewhat advanced when Arnwood proceeded in the direction of the Pilot's Mark, for the express purpose of calling there, urged by a presentiment of evil, which, however the incredulous may doubt its existence, does, nevertheless, sometimes "cast its shadow before" to warn us of approaching calamity.

He was not a little surprised, on entering the house, at the non-appearance of Macara or the sailor; and the gloom and silence that reigned around, seemed to announce the occurrence of some sudden and undefined calamity which Arnwood's fears were not slow to shape out and to magnify.

Proceeding silently, but in haste, up stairs, and receiving no answer to his repeated tapping at the door of the sitting room—which ceremony he performed in lieu of an introduction by the servant—he entered slowly, and discovered Miss Waltham, her head resting in her hands, upon the back of her chair, and her bosom heaving with convulsive sobs.

She started, as a soft pressure on her shoulder recalled her to consciousness, and raising her head, Arnwood perceived not only by the traces of tears, but by the disorder of her hair, and the paleness of her face, that she had been, and was still, under the influence of extraordinary agitation.

"Tell me, Agatha, I implore you," cried he, surprised and concerned, "what is the cause of this excessive grief?"

"Excessive grief! ha, how can you say so, my lord?"

"What mean you, Agatha? how is this?"

"Can any grief be called excessive under this new, this last, this heart-breaking misfortune?"

"What misfortune, Agatha? can any new trouble have happened since I left you, so happy and so full of hope last night?"

"Then you have not heard? Why should you hear?"

"No, Agatha; I have heard nothing. Oh! do not keep me in suspense."

"My father! my poor, unfortunate, heart-broken father!" and she was unable to proceed for tears.

"Good heavens—what are you about to tell me? How is he? Where is he?"

"Gone—gone—dragged from me by ruffians, and the house—oh, I shall go distracted!"

"For mercy's sake, let me know all, Agatha. Who dragged him? whither has he been taken?"

"To a jail; to a common jail—to a dungeon—to be placed at the bar like a common felon; to be judged; to be examined and witnessed against; to be tried for his life; to be accused of theft, of robbery—perhaps to be—oh, God of heaven, keep me in my poor senses!"

"This is dreadful—dreadful!" but be calm, Agatha. What could they possibly allege against your father? It must be some error—some mere mistake—some—"

"Whatever is alleged against the unfortunate, is presumptively true," said Agatha, earnestly, but collectedly, interrupting him; "and the world has not leisure to reason against its own ready surmises. In short, my father is accused of being accessory to the robbery at the house of that dreadful villain, Bolton—and there is proof, my lord—good proof—and he has been hurried off to prison. Ah! Arnwood, my honoured, only friend," she continued, clasping her hands, "had you seen the steady resignation—the placid calmness with which the sad and humbled old man gave himself up to the officers—whom he piously called heaven's menials, appointed to conduct him to his fate—had you but observed that suppressed look of grief, and heard—oh! could you have heard the

low struggling sigh which scarcely heaved his bosom, yet with which his heart was bursting, as he bade me farewell, you would have—you would—oh my father!—my father!"—and the unhappy girl sunk down, overpowered by emotion.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Arnwood—"this is dreadful!"

"But I have not told you all—do not interrupt my sorrow while I tell you how the dear old man looked in the midst of his grief. When I rushed after him—when I pleaded with him to suffer me to share his imprisonment—when, in my distraction, I even knelt at the feet of the ruffians who were dragging him forth, and implored them to allow me to follow him to his horrid cell—had you seen how my father raised his bent figure as he held up his hand to heaven, and swore, with the passionate dignity of misery, that the person of his unhappy daughter should never be polluted by entering the walls of a felon's jail—unless the last necessity of bidding farewell to an unhappy parent should force her to waive the delicacies of her nature, and require her to penetrate the abodes of wretchedness and crime;—and he looked, my lord, at that moment—he looked," her figure seeming to expand, as she stood loftily in the moonlight, and extended her arm upwards in the abandonment of her sorrow—"he looked like some sublime personification of human woe, and his voice sounded like a prophecy of his own fate!—Oh God! oh God!—Happy, happy mother! who hast gone to thy quiet rest, and hast not lived to feel the unutterable anguish of this dreadful hour!"—and the unhappy girl again burst into tears.

"But, surely, Agatha," said Arnwood, after a pause, "there must be something more than you have told me about this strange occurrence."

"Sit down beside me," she answered, "and I will tell you all."

"The first intimation I received of this new misfortune," she went on, "was in the perturbed looks and broken surmises of our servant Macara, who came with breathless haste into the room where I sat; and presently two mean-looking men entered the apartment, while the Scotchman clandestinely retired to a back passage, to observe what was to happen. The men began to peep strangely about, and to question me with looks of horrid familiarity. At length they proceeded unbidden up stairs, and were met on the landing-place by my dear astonished father, while I followed trembling with indefinite terror. The strangers then produced a paper, and said they were ordered to search the house for property, belonging to Mr. Bolton, of New Hall. My father, with the calm dignity of innocence, ordered them to proceed; when I beheld with horror the officers bring out several pieces of silver plate, which they found hidden in the passage near my unhappy father's own bed."

"Gracious heaven! this is incredible."

The men exclaimed, "Here is direct proof against you, sir—sufficient proof to hang any man; but I would advise you not to say a word that may criminate yourself, for all that," added one of them, holding out the articles, and addressing my amazed father.

"And your father; could he reply to this?"

"Alas! my lord, after staring for an instant at the men, he burst forth into a wild fearful laugh, that shocked me still more than the occasion of it; then letting his arms drop idly by his side, he looked solemnly upwards, and thanked heaven that his unhappy fate would soon be accomplished."

Arnwood groaned aloud.

"After my poor father had intimated that he was ready to go; the men said they had orders to find a person named Macara; but when I looked round, I observed that our warm-hearted Scot had made his escape, and that only Mary Reynolds was left, who wrung her hands distractedly as she wandered weeping through the house. I cannot tell you more, but that when I found that my father was gone and our ruin complete, I sunk into a state of insensibility from which, when you entered, I had but just revived."

"And is it thus you submit to your father's desolation, Agatha? And does he submit to be sent to a jail, and tried for a vilely-imputed crime, without one effort to free himself, and turn the tables on his hidden enemy? If his opinions lead him to this conduct, they are monstrous."

"What is it you mean? What could my poor father do against wealth and worldly cunning in a case like this? If heaven does not open a way for him to escape, it will at least enable my distressed parent and myself to bear it."

"God above!" he exclaimed as he gazed upon her face, on which a beam of the moon now shone brightly—"that

so much beauty and virtue should thus suffer, while thousands of wretches—but I shall become profane. And yet, Agatha, in the midst of degradation, obscurity, and disappointment, let me say one thing—let me give utterance to one word—let me say—

"For heaven's sake, Arnwood," cried Agatha, interrupting him, "do not speak and gaze thus passionately. Do not say any thing at a moment like this."

"You know what I would say, Agatha; I see you know that my interest for you is intensely selfish—and yet, I will say it. By the heaven that now looks down upon us, I love you, Agatha!"

"For God's sake do not talk so," she said, weeping distractedly as she witnessed his ardour; "do not speak of love. I must not hear you."

"And do you refuse my love, Agatha?" he exclaimed almost fiercely.

"No, Arnwood! dear Arnwood, no! but do not look so. Do not speak of love to me. I am a poor outcast, unhappy girl—

"It would be an aggravation of our mutual misfortunes," she continued more calmly—"and is an aggravation of them, at this moment—for thus it ever is with deep feelings and ardent wishes under the frowns of fortune. And yet, I confess I have had the imprudence to permit myself to feel for you—" and she looked up in his face in the moonlight, while the tears streamed down her cheeks upon her clasped hands—"to feel for you—a sentiment—deeper even than gratitude."

To describe the ecstasy of the lover, as he clasped his mistress for the first time in his arms, would be superfluous. Agatha did not refuse, in the excitement of sorrow and of passion, to pledge Arnwood her troth as they stood together; they vowed themselves to each other with an awful, yet somewhat foreboding solemnity.

The night breeze sighed sadly over the sea, and the moon was quite down, as they yet lingered together in silent sadness. Yet they felt and appreciated, even amid their sorrow, the unspeakable consolation of that pure sympathy, which, like the white stone mentioned by the Prophet in the Apocalypse, "No man can know save him to whom it has been given to taste thereof."

CHAPTER XXVI.

We cannot describe the consternation with which the poor Scotchman witnessed the search at the Pilot's Mark, and its consequences; little time was left for consideration. From a small recess in the wall of the Mark, in which he had planted himself, for the purpose of gathering, as well as eyes and ears would permit him, what was going forward, he heard his young mistress scream, and immediately after his own name inquired for. Slipping quietly down the narrow stair-case, and through a back passage, and just managing to obtain a parting salute from Mary Reynolds, with a hasty injunction to keep up her spirits, and to stay close by her mistress until he should make his re-appearance under more promising circumstances, he set off in search of Weathersheet, whom he naturally deemed in similar jeopardy, and away they started, urging their flight for the shore together.

"Rin, ye deevil, rin," was the cry with which he continued to goad the sluggish energies of the sailor, who, floundering away by his side with a heavy and awkward roll under the cliffs, made what speed he was able, from the more habit of passive obedience to his more spirited messmate, but without the smallest understanding wherefore he was thus compelled to put forth such unwonted energy.

"Will ye not rin, ye lumb'ring stot?" cried Murdoch, as the sailor began to flag. "De'il nor ye fa' into the hands o' the beagles, for ye taigle me three knots at least by the log."

"If I pull any harder I shall positively founder, and turn, keel up, over these stones and sea-weed," said the sailor, blowing like a whale. "I shall haul in canvass directly as soon as we weather this point to larboard, if the devil himself was in chase."

"Confound you, rin, for five minutes longer, at least, for they can see us from the Mark as plain yet as I see the naked flagstaff o' the auld castle aboon; an' if the beagles, an' the lawyers, an' the squires catch pair fellows like us, just now, we'll be lagged in wi' the misfortunes o' my puir maister, an' hanging or Botany Bay will be the least o't."

"Not a leg farther," said the sailor, stopping doggedly by the point, "until I know better what all this crowding of canvass is about; and if the bailiffs or pirates, or whatever else, come alongside, why we'll have a yard-arm and yard-arm set to fix it, that's all."

"Just a wee bit farther, Will," said Murdoch, soothingly, and pulling him along. "I tell you innocent or no, we're fleeing frae danger and trouble; fleeing like birds frae the snare o' the fowler. But, truly, sic a bird as you for flight, Will Wathersheet, I never yet saw take the wing."

"I'll pull an oar with any man," said Weathersheet, chafed, "but blow me if I founder myself in this land chase, at least until I know from what quarter the foul weather comes, that drifts us so far out of our course; and even now, I shall very soon tack about, if the devil should be to face, unless I get proper sailing orders, and learn what land's a-head."

"Weel, ye see, William," said Murdoch, as they slackened their pace, "some men are born to trouble an' vexation just as the sparks flee upwards, an' nothing will stop or avert them but the strong hand that sends gude an' ill to mun; an' so my puir maister has been in naething but frae ae misfortune into another ever since I knew him, until now—till at last they ha'e accused him o' this robbery at the squire's, an' his distracted proud heart 'll be broken ae way an' another, I can see—that 'll be the end o't."

"And you have left him at his last pinch, just when his pumps won't work any longer, and he's going down to Davy, you Scotch lubber—I'll not pull another oar wi' you on this cowardly course; if his old hulk can't be kept longer above water, I'll stick to his broken timbers to the last, and then I'll go down with him into the deep, like a seaman."

"Hooly, William Wathersheet—hooly a wee, till I've told'd my tale. What gude would we do to gae back to put ourselves into the jaws o' a jail an' the law, without a shilling to pay for justice, an' without ae word said for us but our ain tale, which would be nae mair minded by judge an' jury, than I would mind a blast o' wind frae the lown side o' Hail Hill. An', ye see, as you an' I were without doubt wandering about New Ha' that morning, an' I was seen by ane o' the squire's fat flunkies at least, wi' a sword in my hand, I tell you, without saving our puir heart-broken maister, who was out himself that dreadful night,—why or wherefore is beyond my ken—circumstantial evidence, an' the squire's siller, an' theae long-tongued lawyers, would hang us baith as clean as leeks."

"And what, in God's name, do you mean to do, and where are you bringing me?"

"To Lunnon, Mr. Wathersheet."

"To London? are you mad? I'll go to the North Pole or the Red Sea first."

"To Lunnon we shall go, as straight as we can steer, if the wind will bide fair," said Murdoch determinedly; "an' noo ye're launch'd, William Wathersheet, an' under my command;—an' if ye mutiny on the road, by my faith I'll ha'e you informed against, an' hang'd by the way, before ye even get a sight o' the muckle punch-bowl that's whumlet on the top o' St. Paul's."

Weathersheet was so accustomed to succumb to the superior intellect of the ready Scot, that he made no reply, but continued to plod on. As they passed under the old burying ground at the rear of Arnwood Castle, the sailor pondered confessedly, as he went, upon the probable plan of his messmate, which was beyond his comprehension, but which he at length ventured to inquire about more particularly. In answer, Murdoch thus continued:

"An' so, William, we maun just go to Lunnon by back roads an' bye roads, if we can, for ye see that is the place for a' the blackguards, an' thieves, an' thief-takers in the kingdom; an' we'll find out wha really robbed the squire's hoose, an' particularly anent a wee thief they ca' Sammy, whom I shrewdly suspect of hiding the silver things in the Pilot's Mark, to turn the scent off the real thieves, an' to get our puir maister and us into this trouble; for I'll gie my bible oath I saw him, or his like, lurking about last night among the planting, though Lord Arnwood phoo'd an' phoo'd at me for saying it. But that's not all—dinna interrupt me, Will Wathersheet—I mean to get another thing in Lunnon that 'll do mair for the obtaining o' justice in this, the case o' my demented master an' myself, than ought else under Providence. I mean to get siller, William, siller!"

In short, the talkative Scotchman informed his companion that, having a brother in London, who was a thriving man, it was his intention to proceed forthwith to him, and get from him the means of procuring such evidence and such legal assistance as would probably obtain an effectual and speedy acquittal of Mr. Waltham, as well as himself and Weathersheet. As for their present flight, he argued that by it they would not only avoid the misery and ultimate risk of commitment and incarceration under so serious a charge, but would be enabled by their exertions to avert a misfortune, under which their unhappy master was too likely to sink.

It being far in the afternoon when Murdoch and his companion took their flight from the Mark, by the time they had travelled about eighteen miles, it had been long dark, excepting an occasional dim light which the moon threw over the lonely landscape. The spirits with which the poor travellers had set out was completely gone, and they began to feel sorely tired and distressed, and to look wistfully around them without speaking, for some house of entertainment and rest.

"Och, och! Mr. Macara, but this land travelling is a sad thing," at length said the sailor ruefully,—as he limped lamely along. "Give me a whole day's heaving at the windlass rather than this; I wonder who would travel by land as long as there was a fathom of sea, or even fresh water, to sail over. Do you not see any sort of cabouse-house ahead, Murdoch, over this dismal moor, for I am confoundedly hungry."

"Come awa, Wathersheet," said the Scotchman encouragingly. "Ye're a vera gude fellow, except for that constant yearning in your stomach."

"O, that I were sitting this minute, as I ought, on the weather-bow of my poor master's yawl," said the sailor sorrowfully—"just coming in with my fish after the night-tide, and looking out for the cobble-stone in the Pirate's Creek. But there is nothing here to remind one of the sweet sound of the waves along shore at Arnwood."

"Or the sweeter sound o' Mary Reynolds's frying-pan, skirling wi' the fish for supper; an' the blessing fire gleaming frae the Mark as ye gang hame wat an' weary, an' the smell o' the butter an' the ingans like Arabia! humph! man, it's enough to gie ane the cramp! the stomach to think o't."

"Murdoch, are you sure you have nothing at all of the prog left?" said Weathersheet, earnestly, his mouth gushing water at the Scotchman's tempting description.

"The deevil a morsel," said Murdoch, with a look of despair.

"God help us! and no port ahead! To be upon short allowance so early in our trip, and beating about here without chart or compass and nothing in the bread-room, neither prog nor grog. I cannot hold out, I'll heave to!" and poor Weathersheet, folding his legs under him with the grace of an elephant, tumbled himself down on the soft sod by the edge of the country road on which they proceeded.

"I'll tell you what, Will Wathersheet," said Murdoch, calling also a halt, and seating himself beside his grumbling companion—"if your stomach would only keep quiet, we're a deevilish deal better here under the wide sky, although it be black an' dark even now, an' lying sae soft on this bonny green turf, that smells like a rose, than in the stone-room under the jeweller's lock an' key in Barchester jail wi' our sorrowfu' maister; och, och! an' there's puir Mary Reynolds, an' our sweet lady Agatha—sitting by themselves greeting their een blind, nae doubt, in the Pilot's Mark, while we are on a pleasant jaunt to Lunnon."

As they continued to murmur and comfort each other alternately, while resting on the sod, the extreme stillness and solitude of their situation was after some time broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, which they heard long before the traveller drew near the spot where they sat.

"There's some comfort for us at last. I hear a bell!" said Murdoch rousing himself—"get up, Will Wathersheet, and let us hail this fellow. He'll at least be able to tell us our way; get up, man, an' put yourself in sailing trim, an' let us not be lying here under a hedge like twa tinklers."

With some difficulty the wearied sailor was induced to take to his feet again, and forward they were trudging slowly, as a stout man in a light great coat, and carrying a bundle, came up at a good pace.

"Good night, good night," were the words exchanged between the three, as the stranger would have passed.

"It's weary walking in the dark, friend," said Murdoch, striving to keep up with him.

"But you were sitting, or lying down just now," said the man somewhat suspiciously.

"Ye hae gude sight in the dark, neighbour," said Murdoch undauntedly. "Tweel we were just resting by the road side, an' might hae dozed a bit, the puddocks were croaking sae musical beside us; but if ye maun ken the truth, sir, we could nae sleep a wink for hunger."

"The log book never told truer," said Weathersheet, determined to speak up when food was mentioned, "and so we must follow you, sir, like two sharks in the shallows, to find our reckoning, as well as to fill our stomachs."

The man was at first a little startled at this pithy appeal from so powerful a man as Weathersheet, but after

a little further colloquy, principally with the Scotchman, he promised to bring them where they should have something substantial to satisfy their hunger; "bet as for lodging, my friends," continued he, gruffly, "sheets and feather-beds are not to be had within ten miles, and if you can't walk the night watch, like brave fellows, why, you may sleep on the sod like many better men."

Our travellers were too glad to hear of victuals, to be very curious about what further this speech might import, and on the three trudged together, when turning up a narrow lane, it soon brought them to a small square house, which, neither quite like a cottage nor an ale-house, stood naked and dark by the side of the solitary by path. They were admitted by a door at the end into a place more like a storehouse for grain than ought beside, and the stranger striking a light, a large loaf of household bread, with meat, cheese, and other provender, was produced, and set before the hungry men; upon which Weathersheet in particular soon made a sensible impression, washing the whole down with long draughts of sour ale, the acid quality of which was never perceived by the eager imbibers, until they were filled to the throat.

"It'll be a dear job this, I'm fear'd," said Murdoch, in a monitory whisper to his companion, as, beginning to slacken in his own efforts, he continued to look with astonishment on the destruction of provender and liquor by the voracious sailor. "What do ye think the man'll charge for that sour drink, Will Watersheet," he added, as soon as the stranger's back was turned.

"First let us make sure of it," said Weathersheet, speaking as well as his crammed mouth would allow him.

"Godsake, man, will ye never be done worrying at that dry cheese," said Murdoch, losing all patience as he watched the endless devourer; "an' then ye drink the man's sour brout, just like a whale, never considering that sax an' sarpence is a' the siller I hae to carry us to Lunnon."

"Trust in providence, Mr. Macara," said the sailor, with his usual careless expression, after another enormous draught of the ale.

In spite, however, of the calculation of the cost, Murdoch's heart was beginning to warm wonderfully, after another good draught of the readily supplied drink; which, though sadly acid and stale, did not lack strength, and he and the stranger began to talk and crack jokes together in the most jocose and harmonious manner. In this pleasant chaffing the sailor soon joined also, when his mouth was cleared; and when the host next talked with pride and envy of the marine occupation, addressing himself to the former, nothing could exceed Weathersheet's delight, until their good understanding ended in the stranger proposing to try how he should look in the round jacket and canvass-covered hat, which, he said, so well became the other. This frolic was followed by Weathersheet putting on the light-coloured great coat and hat of the man, amid the compliments on his improved appearance, of the others.

"But what'll be to pay for our entertainment, friend?" at length, said Murdoch, his mind running forbodingly on the cost of all this good cheer.

"Do I look like a Jew or a publican, in this manly dress?" said the stranger proudly, as he strode backwards and forwards in the sailor's clothes. "Do I not rather look like the gallant son of a profession which would scorn to exact payment from the hungry and the needy, whom they alight upon in the course of the hazardous voyage of life, with the signal of distress hung out? Don't mention money, friends, for what you have eaten and drank; but if you will do me a kindness, let me have the pleasure of wearing this coarse, yet enviable, seaman's jacket, and I will give you in exchange the garment with which I have just parted; although, in point of money's value, what I give is more than double worth what it is my humour to take in exchange for it."

The Scotchman was making his acknowledgment for the stranger's hospitality with the gratitude the occasion demanded, while Weathersheet was surveying himself in the other's dress coat, and discussing in his own mind the strangeness of the proposal and the impossibility of such an event in his life as his ever becoming the wearer of of so unseaman-like an article, when he gave a look to Macara, with his accustomed submission, to ascertain what the Scotchman's mind was upon so doubtful a point. Murdoch looked first at the quality of the coat and then at the jacket, and soon gave his opinion in a whisper, with a decision which at once settled the business.

"The coat is superfine double-milled cloth," he said, "and worth three o' that tarry blue jacket o' yours, Will Watersheet. The man maun be mad to offer you

sic a bargain, forbye the hat. Aye, catch at a bargain when ye can get it—that's my advice."

The exchange was in consequence of this monition instantly agreed to, not without some sulky uneasiness on the part of Weathersheet; and soon after, Murdoch and he rose to depart, their spirits having been further enlivened by a stiff bumper of brandy which the stranger produced from a stone bottle he had raked out from under some flax at the further end of the apartment.

"Ye're a generous, honest fellow," said Murdoch, shaking the man heartily by the hand as they stood at the door; but hearing a sort of giggle at the moment, and chancing to look upwards to the ceiling he perceived the head of a boy thrust down between the joists, the face adorned with a grin. The sudden apparition as suddenly vanished, and he caught only a single glimpse of the countenance of the concealed urchin: yet there was time enough for the idea of that very Sammy of whom he was in quest, to flash across his mind. Murdoch, however, had not a moment to ascertain the fact, but instantly departed; and as it was completely dark, the stranger further offered to conduct our travellers to the nearest public road, which he did, leading them across several fields, so that when they found themselves at length on hard ground they were perfectly unable to tell in what direction the house stood in which they had been entertained; and forth they proceeded by themselves with all the suspicion on the mind, at least, of the Scot, which the strange conduct of the man, and the unexpected appearance of the boy, whom he was almost assured was Sammy, gave rise to.

Before they had proceeded two miles further, however, the dreary solitariness of the way—for it was now perfectly dark, and the remaining fatigue of the previous day, together with their hearty supper and drink, became quite overpowering; and Murdoch, after two or three vain efforts to look abroad through the darkness, finding the turf by the road-side temptingly soft, proposed a halt, which was gladly acceded to by his drowsy companion, and down they both slid upon the luxurious sod, and in two minutes their cares and suspicions were forgotten in heavy and profound repose.

CHAPTER XXVII.

They who have drained the cup of voluptuousness to the dregs, have never in their lives, probably, enjoyed the luxury of sleeping on a road side in the open air, under circumstances that made it so delicious to our weary pilgrims; who never stirred or awakened until the sun began to shine through the transparencies of their eyelids, and the warbling of the lark began to mix in their slumbers with the soothing dreams of morning. The travellers were awake betimes; and having shaken themselves in the primitive and natural manner that the patriarchs did of old when they slept in the fields by night, they set forth highly refreshed and in immensely good spirits, to pursue their journey.

After walking some hours, they entered a pleasant village, and were just debating in which of the inviting public houses they might best satisfy their renewed appetite, of which Weathersheet began again to complain, when they observed a crowd round a post on which was placarded a hand-bill, which naturally also attracted their attention, and they stopped among the rest to read it. The paper proved to be a notice, or local proclamation, regarding a robbery lately committed in this neighbourhood, and particularly describing, with a view to his apprehension, a robust man wearing a light great-coat, as one of the persons supposed to have been concerned in it. The heart of Murdoch came to his mouth at the perusal; and pulling the gaping sailor by the arm, he hurried him out of the village without his breakfast, and with no other satisfaction than a few hasty exclamations and oaths, in language so terribly Scotch, that even Weathersheet could not make much meaning out of it, while he patiently and from habit submitted to the will of his companion. But all nature is furnished with what Paley calls compensations, and animals who do not reason are generally compensated by a large share of stubbornness, which, with them, answers all the purpose of reflection, saves much time and knowledge, and is, besides, a most useful and easily understood substitute for decision of character.

Accordingly, Will Weathersheet, by the time they had proceeded about a mile from the village, and were almost within hail of a small public house at a cross road, with a white board over the door, and the smoke curling temptingly from the chimney, began to mutiny a second time, and deliberately brought to, swearing that

he would not pull another oar unless it were into port for breakfast.

"What do ye mean?" said Murdoch, gazing indignantly at him as he stood stock still, "standing there looking behint you, like Mrs. Lot?"

"What is the use of our running ourselves out like a sand-glass?" said the sailor; "the morning watch is long gone, and we shall have breakfast, or put helm up, by gad."

"De'il be in your wame, Will Watersheet; but ye'll be hanged for't yet. Will ye no come on?"

"Not a fathom till I see the breakfast kettle; and if we are to be hanged let us die with a full belly. Besides, Mr. Scotchman," added the seaman, looking as if he would argufy, "what is the use of running all the log off the reel in this confounded scrape, as if there was no one aloft to mind us poor fellows? If you were a thorough seaman instead of a half and half lubber, as you are, you would know that it is no use shifting to windward, and that fair and foul weather come alike from heaven: so all we have got to do is to stand by the canvass, and pull and pump until the gale blows out; and if we go down, why our time's come, an' it?"

"By my sang," said Murdoch, "ye talk just like my maister himself. Lord help us! we maun just submit, and I wadna be surprised but we were a' hanged together, like the three weavers o' Thurbowton."

Discussing thus, in humbler language, they entered the public house, and soon a clean and substantial breakfast was laid before them, of which they took, as the Scotchman said, "ample pennyworths." They were just discharging their reckoning, and preparing for the road, when two men of that equivocal half-gentlemanly appearance, and air of town-breeding, which carries such weight in country parts, entered the house. The two strangers looked at each other, and smiled knowingly, as they entered; and when Weathersheet got up to depart, they stepped forward and politely begged that, as he was just the picture of a person for whom they were in search, he would condescend to consider himself their prisoner.

"I've made sure of my breakfast, however," said the poor fellow to Murdoch, after he had recovered from his first surprise; "this comes of my hauling down my jack and sailing under false colours, but it is all one," he added, gallantly, as the man brought him out.

"What do you follow us for, my friend?" said one of the men to Murdoch, for the latter, without speaking, was proceeding along with them.

"He's an innocent man that you are taking up, sirs," said the Scot; "and I mean to gang before his betters wi' him, and see him righted."

"Do you, faith! you have much to do, friend, if your business is particular in the line of righting the innocent, that I can tell you. Then I suppose you mean to go into the dock to plead guilty yourself, Mr. Don Quixote the second? If so, come along."

"I'll tell my tale before your betters, when we're brought there," said Murdoch; "for right's right and truth is truth, all over the world."

"No doubt, honest friend; but right and truth, like many other good things, are not always the readiest at hand; but if you will interfere with our business, what is your tale, if it please your Scotchmanship?"

Murdoch here entered into the story of the changing of the clothes, but was quite unable to enlighten the inquirers as to where the house was situated in which this was said to have taken place, and other subsidiary matters.

"I'll tell you what, my man," said the fellow, "take a friend's advice, and keep clear of this business, if you do not wish to run the hazard of getting a free passage round the Cape, or an acquaintance with a certain professor, who will trouble you with a line to the other world; you had better leave your friend to himself, for although his stomach may be a little deeper than yours, as you say, his tongue is not quite so long; and as for his innocence, let the justices find that out for him."

"I told you before that it's no use striving to beat up in the wind's eye," said Weathersheet. "I know it will chop round if it has a mind, and if it has not, why we must just founder and go to Davy, that's all."

"It's nae use in me either, rinning myself off my legs then, and sleeping on road-sides at night," said the Scot, despondingly. "For there's naething goes right wi' either my pair maister or me for years by-gone, an' truth an' justice hae left the world, as far as I see; but whar are ye gaun to take William Watersheet, lads?"

"To the county jail to be sure; and if he can give a good account of himself, his stay will be the shorter."

"Deevil a word he can speak for himself, puir chield, if he should be hanged for it outright. I tell you *I'll* gang wi' him an' speak up for him."

"You'll speak yourself into a stone room, and perhaps worse," said the man, and they all urged Murdoch to leave them and keep himself out of trouble; to which, with much difficulty he at last assented, first forcing half of the little silver he had in his pocket upon his unfortunate comrade. "Noo, sirs," he said at parting, "be sure the lad gets his meat, and he'll do bravely; but if ye hunger him, my fegs, the sooner ye hang or banish him the better."

With many injunctions and good advices, Murdoch at last suffered himself to be torn from his reckless comrade, and taking different roads, the Scot proceeded doubtfully and disheartened by himself, to finish his journey to the great metropolis.

As Murdoch paced along, musing upon late events, the principal source of that inward vexation and despondency which he could not suppress, arose from his uncertainty as to the present prudence, or the probable effects of the steps he had taken. Dwelling sadly, as he went, upon his master's incarceration, he was inclined to blame himself for not accompanying him to prison, or, at least, remaining in the way, in case any turn in the old gentleman's fortune might make his (Murdoch's) own evidence useful in his exculpation. This was the sorest thought of all, and was often associated with ideas of his weeping mistress and Mary Reynolds, lingering about the Pilot's Mark, perhaps wondering at his absence, and looking sadly for his re-appearance; till at length the poor Scotchman was in fifty minds whether he ought not to return at once, and take his chance of what fortune had in store for him.

He still moved on mechanically, however, and as, on the following evening, he drew near to London, the expectation of meeting his brother, whom he had not seen for many years, and the thoughts connected with their early days, spirited him up, and induced him to hope better from the prosecution of the plan which first determined him to leave home. He would not suffer any qualms to cross him about his reception, but entered the city in good spirits; and after buffeting his way through many streets and turnings in the great Babel, and flinging back with interest the jeers of the cockneys at his Scotch tongue, and his barbarian look, he at length made out his brother's house, situated somewhere in the elegant vicinity of Barbican.

"There's a fine nicht, mem," he said, as he stepped into a well-filled snuff-shop, first looking all round him, and then addressing a fat woman behind the counter, with an awful bust, and a more awful expanse of lace and ribbons on her head.

"Good evening, sir," said the lady politely; "what do you please to want?" and she mechanically took up the snuff scales.

"Is the laird at hame, mem?" said Murdoch, delighted with his reception, and the goods and gear he beheld round him.

"The laird?" said the fat lady, haughtily, displeased at Murdoch's freedom of manner. "Whom do you mean, good man?"

"Isn't this William Macara's shop, mem?" said Murdoch taking another look round him.

"This is *Mister* Macara's shop, if it please you," said the lady, tossing her head like a duchess.

"Ou, nae doubt, mem," said Macara, civilly—"to be sure, his father was ca'd Mr. Macara afore him, but mair ordinarily, Deacon Macara o' Dumbarton—a sponable man was the Deacon, an' wore a cocked hat. Is your gudeman at hame, mem? for ye see, mem, I'm his brother."

The fat snuff seller turned green and yellow at this declaration, for while Murdoch and herself were talking, two other Barbican ladies of her acquaintance had entered the shop, and were prevented from addressing her by their wonder at her condescension in holding discourse with such a Hottentot.

The lady never dignified our friend the condescension of an answer to his enquiry, but broke forth into a shower of how-d'ye-do-ings to her gaudy visitors, whom she shook by both hands with all the warmth of female hypocrisy, while she left poor Murdoch standing as still, and looking as silly as the wooden Highlander who stood taking his everlasting pinch, for a sign to the passers by, at the door of the establishment.

Murdoch's drooping spirits were raised shortly, however, after standing for a time like an idiot, as he said, in the middle of the shop, by the appearance of his brother; who, red and rosy in face, and broad and

buxom as an alderman, accompanied by a similarly comfortable tradesman, entered the shop. All Murdoch's early recollections crowded into his mind upon meeting the companion of his boyhood; who, though his manner now carried the precision of a man conscious of wearing a character, and his language was of that execrable mixture called cockney Scotch, received his humble brother with considerable warmth and kindness.

But Murdoch had the wit to observe, in the course of the evening, and at the setting forth of supper, that his presence seemed to give embarrassment, particularly to his brother's wife, and no entreaties would induce him to sit down at their table; so that he was entertained by himself in a small back apartment, where he was appointed to sleep. All this, however, was made up by the feeling with which his brother seemed to listen to his story, and the interest he appeared to manifest for him, which brought tears of fraternal gratitude into Murdoch's eyes; and he retired to rest delighted to find that he had yet a friend and a brother amidst his troubles, and that prosperity did not always render men callous to the misfortunes of their friends.

Next day, however, things were an appearance of alteration with the comfortable tobaccoist, and the first feeling seemed to have died wonderfully away. He now talked only of his trade, and his own comfort and greatness, and when Murdoch began to press him slightly regarding finance matters, he answered by giving him good advice, and blaming him with much suavity, and professed interest for his welfare, for attaching himself to such a falling house as Mr. Waltham's. In short, Mr. William Macara, tobaccoist, of Barbican, like many of higher station, was one of those worthy men, (if a Scotchman so much the more characteristic,) who have great admiration of generous and sympathetic actions, and, at first, a sort of intention to enact them themselves, when the occasion is presented; but who lose the stomach actually to perform such feats, so soon as reflection allows their naturally narrow and griping spirit to regain the ascendancy.

Poor Murdoch was sorely chop-fallen when this ordinary discovery of worldly knowledge did burst upon his unsuspecting and sanguine feelings, and he first tried remonstrances, and then his spirit rose into reproaches. But all this only made the matter worse, and determined his brother to get rid of one, who not only wanted him to give away money, but to plead guilty to certain faults and errors in his ways, a thing that was monstrous to think of, in any man who was independent. Accordingly as Murdoch began to feel indignant, and to take the high hand in sentiment, Mr. William Macara, tobaccoist, &c., with the special countenance and counsel of his wife, took the high hand in tangible power and might; and, finally, the petitioner and his complaints were driven forth out of a house which he only disturbed, as an impudent ne'er-do-well, who *deserved* to be unfortunate.

Our hapless Scot would have gone to Bow street to give at once all the information he was in possession of, both as to the robbery and Sammy, whom he was convinced he had seen a second time in the strange cottage. But the natural faint-heartedness and apprehension of misfortunes, and the moral cowardice which are so apt to hang over the consciousness of an empty pocket, together with his want of knowledge of the town, completely scared him; and as he was determined to submit to any privation rather than be beholden to his brother, he wandered about London for a time without any particular object, resolving to wait until he should see how Providence would dispose of him and his unhappy master.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The private examination of Mr. Waltham, before commitment for trial, was soon hurried over, and was sufficiently conclusive against him; for opinions of guilt or innocence, like all other opinions, are much affected by inclination and prejudice. The proud sensitiveness with which he shrunk under the insulting and degrading questions that were put to him, was considered as evidence of conscious guilt; and his very silence, and look of piety and melancholy resignation, were turned against him, as the cunning acting of a mysterious plunderer, and the hypocrisy of a hoary but unfathomable villain.

Arnwood had an interview with him in the outer court of the prison, which was neither of long duration, nor at all satisfactory, at first, to the ardent spirit of the latter. For, instead of Mr. Waltham's sanctioning and

co-operating in the plans he suggested, to bring about his acquittal, the old man begged of him earnestly to give them all up, and literally to do nothing *directly*, for the present, for fear of inveigling himself, and making matters worse, as appearances stood; but to leave the issue to time and the merciful disposal of Providence, making, if he pleased, only such indirect enquiries, and taking such measures, as might become useful in connection with whatever events might transpire in the interval preceding the trial.

The very calmness and heart-broken resignation of Waltham, under his wrongs and sufferings, now thrust, as he was, into this horrible place, among the worst of society, were dreadful to Arnwood to witness; but there was one subject in which the sufferer could not well command his feelings, and which he seemed carefully to avoid, and this was his daughter. A word—a look—and a grasp of the hand from Arnwood, were sufficient to satisfy him upon this point.

In the mean time, the disconsolate Scot, when he found all his pleasing dreams vanished, and himself driven forth upon the wide world, a stranger in the great city, without even a character, and no dependences, as he said, but on Providence and his wits, became as sad and miserable as thousands are prone to do under the same circumstances. Being forced to abandon, for the present, his intentions with regard to his master, and obliged to turn his efforts to the procuring of immediate subsistence, he naturally smelt his way towards the West End, and sagaciously planted himself behind great houses and about stable lanes, to catch, in this humble way, the windfalls of fortune.

He spent above a fortnight in such endeavours, but this being the season when the town was empty, and the great houses shut up, fortune, "the jade," never troubled herself to make one movement in his favour. It was in vain that he put himself upon short allowance, and looked starvation in the face, with all the bravery of a man who had been hardened by the world, and all the tough abstinence of his country. It would not do; and eschewing Bow street and all his former plans, for fear a worse thing should befall him, he at last with a heavy heart, and many wise reflections upon the remorseless progression of misfortune, set out to measure his way back, at least to the point where he had left his companion Weather-sheep.

He had plodded his weary way a considerable distance from London, when lingering for a while in front of an inn, in a pleasant village through which he passed, his attention was attracted by a spruce, sleek serving-man, who was regaling himself at an open window near the door, with a lusty joint of cold meat, and a buxom jug of ale before him, and causing the maidens of the house to laugh incontinently at his wit while thus pleasantly occupied. Murdoch could not help casting in at the window that look of expressive misery which a man whose mouth waters at others' good things is apt to give; but which, of course, greatly diverted the fellow, and gave opportunity to a pleasant joke, which made the wenches, who idled near, laugh above measure. However, one of the females thought fit to give the gallant a hint; and in order to show off a little before them, he forthwith addressed Macara.

"You seem rather low in the larder, old chap," said he, as Murdoch came up, and looked wistfully in at the meat and ale.

"Something toom in the inner parts, I'm free to confess, sir," said Murdoch with becoming humility.

"It is a melancholy thing to see so respectable a man as you evidently appear to be," said the footman, winking to the girls, "in this sort of unfortunate plight. Will you condescend to engulf a portion of this pre-butt? It is an imperial renovator, is the home-brewed, and will give you an edge like Goddard's razor-strop."

"Ye're a coevil fellow and has a pleasant eloquence," said Murdoch, so grateful for the glass and compliment, that his natural shrewdness had almost forsaken him; and indeed, as ye say, friend, it's a sair pity to see a Scotch gentleman, the son of Deacon Macara o' Dumbarton and Suss, obliged to be thankful for a bit an' a drap by the road-side, on his journey."

"So it is, indeed," answered the valet, with pretended pathos, and taking the hint, "and as you are pleased to hint, and as I have heard, that Eatwell is your brother to Drinkwell, suffer me, Mr. Deacon Macara, to affront your worship with this bone; which, properly applied, will be of great benefit to the empty viol of your sounding music case, and this lump of loaf-heel will be of particular service to your idle mastication, to remind them of busy days gone by; so, please

pen, catch this bone, and commence:" and he benevolently thrust the meat and bread into the hands of the hungry man.

"Dood, sir, the bone's no to be ginned at, in time o' need," said Murdoch, with a sigh of injured dignity—but his pride and courage began to revive with every tag he gave at it, and every suck at the ale. He had nearly finished anatomising the bone, and was licking his chops and answering the wit of the charitable server with increased spirit, when the noise of a carriage approaching made the latter start, and deflag his brief greatness, and bounding to the door as it came up, he waited for it with all the acquired humility of an obedient lacquey.

A travelling carriage with four post horses soon came up, and stopped at the door. "Any intelligence, John?" enquired a voice from within, the moment it stepped.

"None whatever, sir," said the servant.

"Did you inquire particularly where I told you?" said the voice of a female, in a tone of anxious eagerness.

"I did, my lady, and they never heard of any such person," said the man.

A few words of murmuring sadness at some disappointment, was indistinctly heard, but the voice of the female struck Murdoch, as he listened, with sensations unaccountable to himself, and coming a little forward he tried to get a look of the fair complainant.

"Ah! do let us drive on," said the lady, leaning back in the carriage, but as she took her hand from her eyes, Murdoch obtained a glance of a beautiful and youthful face, that made him almost sink to the ground where he stood, from the effect it had in some rapid imagination or recollection that flashed at the moment through his brain.

"Mount and follow us," said a gentleman from within, to the wit-sporting servant, and before Murdoch had time to recover his bewilderment, the latter had mounted the horse which was held at the door, and the whole set off and were instantly rattling before him though the village.

"I'll hae another look o' that betsy laddy's face, if legs an' lugs will hold out," said Murdoch determinedly, "what's to hinder me to run a dozen miles after this comfortable refreshment," and away he set off at a rapid highland trot to follow the carriage.

He still managed to keep the vehicle in view, running with a great heavey, when he perceived coming forward on horseback from a cross road, a smart little gentleman with a red nose, and a white hat, who, as he came up, turned round and looked at him, as if doubtful whether to follow or pass on.

"By the ruby pimple of Bacchus's nose and the wings of Mercury's heels, if that is not the very man!" cried the gentleman, following Macara. "Hilloo! Mr. Scotchman! are you running for a wager, I'll back you against time, six to one, by gad."

"I canna speak to you, sir," said Murdoch continuing his race; "I'm running after a laddy."

"By the knee-buckle of a highland penny, you shall speak to me, sir," said Mr. Hulson, "or I'll take you prisoner. . . Pull up, I say! if you ran after ladies at that rate, Mr. Scotchman, you'll founder my mare."

"Oh sir!" said Murdoch beseechingly, stopping and taking breath, "dinna step me, if ye please, frae following the coach, for if I hae the sight of my ain c'en, an' a' my skill o' the sound o' a woman's voice, that is the daughter o' my pair broken-hearted maister, wha has been lost these three years, an' she's seeking him, nae doubt, an' he's seeking her, an' may die without ever the satisfaction o' seeing her."

"Your head's crazed, friend; besides, you're perfectly unable to proceed another step," said Mr. Hulson, as Murdoch stood panting with exhaustion. "It is in vain the year to attempt impossibilities."

"Naed, I believe sae," he answered resignedly, "naething gangs right wi' me mair than my maister, an' time an' chance, God's will an' man's mercy, must just make us or 'mair' for I can do nae mair;" and the poor Scot threw himself down on the road side, and covering his face with his hands, a few tears burst forth to relieve the oppression of his feelings.

Mr. Hulson, and the servant who accompanied him, sat about watching and encouraging him, and having explained that his presence was particularly wanted at a town about ten miles distant, besides giving him hopes of yet being able to trace the strange lady, they at length persuaded him to get up and proceed along with them.

It appeared that Mr. Hulson, being accidentally in the neighbourhood, and in fact having passed the night at the

house of the magistrate before whom Weathersheet was carried, was present at his examination. The circumstances which then came out, induced him and his friend to exert themselves in tracing out further information regarding the robbery, the result of which was, that they succeeded in capturing the boy Sammy, under circumstances of considerable suspicion. But unfortunately it happened that Reynolds, Mr. Hulson's servant, having had a severe fall in London, was laid up in a hospital there, and there was no one to speak to the lad's identity; after some delay, therefore, fearing that Sammy would be discharged for want of evidence, Mr. Hulson determined to ride up to London, either to find out Murdoch, or by means of his own servant to clear up the matter of the robbery, and get both Weathersheet and his unfortunate master, if possible, acquitted. Having, however, fortunately met with Murdoch on the road, he hoped to get all explained, and the Scot was forthwith examined upon the subject.

But Mr. Hulson, with the sanguine feelings of a naturally honest and open mind, had calculated without his host; for although, on the evidence of Macara, the boy was fully committed by the cautious and experienced magistrate, yet the circumstances regarding the two others appeared to him so improbable, or romantic, that he detained them, likewise, in custody.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is now high time that we should recall our reader's attention to that portion of Waltham's history in which the abduction of his eldest daughter by Bolton is referred to. Bolton was one of those men in whom strong passions, an instinctive bias towards evil, and a natural recklessness of consequences, are so constitutionally blended, that they leave the moral power utterly helpless and insufficient. The last named of these infirmities, the recklessness of consequences, was, however, in Bolton, anything but the hardness of a character conscious of its own wickedness, and resolved at all hazards to gratify its impulses and abide their results. In a word, there was a strange deficiency of the reasoning faculty in this man, with a remarkable elasticity in sinking into the gins and pitfalls of villany and baseness.

"He held this maxim ever in his view,
What's basely done, should be done safely too."

Accordingly, his best caution was cunning, and his highest courage a feeling of secure impunity.

It was now that Mr. Waltham and his wife were gone, and his two daughters placed under the care of one who was likely to rest satisfied with extending to them such protection merely as his roof-tree, or his hearth afforded, that Bolton began to feel his spirit expand, and a fair field open for his operations. With the knowledge that Mr. Waltham was utterly at his mercy, he was assured that his daughter, after a short period, would be no less at his disposal; and if there should still be any compunctious and unreasonable virtue remaining, why, the old gentleman might easily be pacified, and the young lady rendered quiescent and resigned under the new circumstances by which he meant to surround her.

With these views and intentions he proceeded to set about his congenial task without delay. But here he found much greater difficulty than he had at first expected. In spite of the sedulous and delicate attentions which he had heretofore paid her, it was clear even to his own apprehension that he had succeeded in creating no very favourable impression upon Eliza Waltham; and it was obvious that any project meant to be successful, must be one of profound secrecy and consummate deceit. He revolved in his own mind, therefore, the best means of obtaining possession of her person first, and afterwards of compelling her to such terms as he should deem it expedient or honourable to offer.

It was one morning, about a fortnight after the departure of Mr. Waltham, that Bolton called at the house of Mr. Toller, with whom the daughters of his friend were resident, and requested a private interview with the elder on the plea of a particular communication which he was intrusted to make to her.

"I am sorry, Miss Waltham," said Bolton, with an expression of anxiety and concern in his face, "to be the medium of unpleasant intelligence; but a little awkward matter has occurred—don't alarm yourself—I entreat—your father—Miss Waltham—"

"What of him?" cried the alarmed girl, "tell me, sir, at once; surely nothing has happened—"

"Why, no," said Bolton, with a grim smile, intended for consolation; "no, nothing but what a little promptness

will dispose of;" and he drew some papers from his pocket with an air of business.

"Oh! tell me, sir, how I can be of service—what can I do?"

"Why, madam," said Bolton, "my London agent was to have met your respected father at Antwerp, to furnish him with funds to proceed to Madeira."

"Well, sir?"

"He did so, bringing with him bills on Paris which he thought, reasonably enough, there would be no difficulty in negotiating there, but—"

"But what, sir?" cried Eliza, surveying the hesitating Bolton with surprise.

"Well, not to keep you in doubt, the house in Paris has failed, and the London drawers with whom they were connected have also stopped payment."

"Is that all, Mr. Bolton?" cried the young lady, greatly relieved by this disclosure, "that can surely have been but a temporary inconvenience—my father—"

"Ah! my dear Miss Waltham," said Bolton, pressing her hand, with a tender smile of mingled pity and interest, "you are, I perceive, quite unaware of the nature of these things. Madam, the ruinous effect of such a failure—the extent—"

"For heaven's sake, sir, be more explicit."

"Your father, Miss Waltham, is now in Paris—whither he was compelled to proceed upon the first intimation of this intelligence,—and there must remain, until an arrangement, which you alone can effect, be completed."

"Tell me, in mercy, Mr. Bolton, how my assistance can be of any avail?" cried the distressed girl, "and I will instantly render it to my poor father."

"Thus, then, we are situated," continued Bolton; "your father, with a prudence which I cannot sufficiently commend—for the protection and support of his family, was pleased to make over a portion of his property in your name; and it will be necessary, in order to remove this little untoward business, that you should assign the property to him; or, in other words, your presence in Paris is required before he can be extricated from his present situation."

"Let us fly at once, sir!" exclaimed Eliza—"I will instantly acquaint Mr. Toller with the urgency of the case, and place myself under your protection."

"Do you not think, Miss Waltham," said Bolton, as though respectfully tendering advice—"that that gentleman had better remain ignorant of this transaction, and, indeed, of your projected journey? I must confess, there seems to me many objections to his being made a party in this matter."

"I cannot myself see," said Miss Waltham, hesitating, "what possible objection there can be to Mr. Toller's knowledge of the circumstances?"

"The circumstances?" returned the other; "my dear madam, you alarm me; you do indeed;" and he shook his head, and lowered his brows meditatively, as though he were pondering on the best means of convincing her of the imprudence of such a step. "I feel it impossible, Miss Waltham," he resumed, after a pause, "to furnish you with such facts as must at once show you the ruin such a course would occasion. Let me, however, impress upon you the necessity of your instant departure for Paris—I cannot answer for the consequences to your family, should you delay it for a single hour."

In brief,—by half intimations and doubtful shadowings forth of evil, Bolton prevailed upon Eliza Waltham to accept his protection to Paris; whither she set out with him on that very evening, without acquainting Mr. Toller or her sister—or leaving any clue whereby her destination might be discovered.

It was clear to Bolton, that the most politic and safe method of proceeding—after he had entrapped his intended victim, was so to act during the journey, as should excite no suspicion in her breast, of his immediate or ultimate intentions regarding her. His demeanour was, accordingly, of the most respectful kind; and as the unhappy girl had hitherto been instructed to believe him one of her father's best and most zealous friends, and his present apparently gratuitous friendship was another and a strong evidence of his anxious desire to serve herself and her family to the utmost of his power, she was less disposed to suspect his real motive or intentions. Bolton, for his own part, well knew, that once arrived in Paris, the chances of detection or discovery were by very many degrees lessened—if not altogether extinguished; and he waited, therefore, in the calm consciousness of security, till their arrival in that city should place her utterly and for ever in his power.

Upon their entrance into Paris, Miss Waltham was somewhat surprised, instead of being conducted instantly

to her father, as she had expected,—to be ushered into a handsome hotel, with an assurance that Mr. Waltham should be sent for forthwith. Hour after hour, however, elapsed, without the appearance of that gentleman, and vague forebodings of evil, and apprehensions of she knew not what, began insensibly to occupy the breast of his daughter.

"Permit me to insist, Mr. Bolton," she at length felt herself constrained to say, "that I be without delay conducted to my father. Surely, every hour is of imminent consequence to his peace of mind; he cannot be well, or he should have been here long ere now."

"Why, madam," replied Bolton with a careless air, leaning back in his chair, and looping his thumbs in his waistcoat, "as to that, I dare say the old gentleman is well enough; let us, if you please, drink his health," filling a glass at the same time, "and his safe arrival at Madeira."

"What mean you, sir?" cried the astonished girl, "is not my father in Paris?"

"Forgive me, my lovely Eliza," said Bolton rising, "if I confess that he is not; you know, my dear Miss Waltham, that love has many strange devices, and this is one of them—the excess of my passion for you may, perhaps, plead my excuse, and if the devotion of my life!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Miss Waltham, also rising and retreating a step, till the instant consciousness of the insult offered to her, recalled her to reason, while it filled her with indignation; "do you think, sir," she said calmly, advancing towards him, "that this contrivance to place me in your power will avail? You little know me," and she rang the bell with violence. "I will at once depart again to Brussels, and under the roof of Mr. Toller!"

"Jack Toller knows all," interrupted Bolton in triumph, "an accessory in the affair, my particular friend and colleague, and therefore, my spirited girl, you must stay with me," and he drank off a bumper of champagne.

At this moment a nondescript being, who, informed that the new comers were English, had been assorting from the ruinous storehouse of his memory such portions of the English language as were not altogether too faded for ready use, entered the room, enquiring—

"Did madame or monsieur want any thing?"

"Order me a carriage instantly, if you please," said Eliza to the smirking attendant.

"A carriage, madame, dere is no carriage."

"Begone, begone, fool," cried Bolton; "no carriage is wanted," and he slipped a retainer in his palm.

"Secret!" cried the Frenchman, "what a noise is dis, you vill distract de gentil-homme in de neat appartement;" and, shrugging his shoulders and eyebrows, he retired with a kind of inverted smile on his plastic visage. "Come, come," said Bolton, turning on his victim a look of determination, and seizing both her wrists with one hand, while he pointed with the other to her vacant chair, "sit down, and let us talk this matter over quietly. What reason on earth can there be for this foolish conduct? Look at me;—your father's friend, how can you suppose this any thing but an innocent stratagem to gain possession of my Eliza; be seated, and compose yourself."

"Betrayed and lost for ever," cried the unhappy girl, as she sunk into her chair in a passion of tears. "Oh! my father! how could you leave your children to the mercy of this villain!" and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

Bolton was all this while drinking his wine with a great deal of tranquillity, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes at intervals directed to the daughter of Mr. Waltham with an expression similar to what may be conceived of the gaze of an alderman upon a newly imported turtle.

"Nay, nay, Eliza, this is unkind," said he, at length, taking up the bottle and filling a glass, "you do me injustice by supposing me guilty of deliberate duplicity or baseness; but, my dear girl, what could I do? Jack Toller dared not appear to consent to your elopement with me during your father's absence, and I was compelled to resort to this measure, upon my soul I was; come now, drink this glass of wine, it will revive you," and he placed his hand upon her shoulder to enforce the request.

"Contaminate me not by your touch," cried the spirited girl, springing from her seat, and attempting to thrust him from her with all the little strength of which she was mistress, "approach me nearer and I shall demand assistance from below."

"Confound the little vixen—but this won't do," muttered Bolton between his teeth. He had just drank sufficient to stimulate his native impudence into brutality. Gazing at her for a moment with a pair of burning

eyes, he began to sing, "Come live with me and be my love," in an alarming falsetto, and commenced dancing towards her with extended arms.

Miss Waltham, as he approached, uttered a piercing and protracted shriek, which for a moment paralysed Bolton himself, and in a minute after the door was burst open, and a young gentleman strode into the apartment.

"What, in Heaven's name, is the matter?" said he, as Miss Waltham clung to his arm for protection.

"Oh! save me, save me from that man."

"What am I to think of this, sir?" said the stranger, addressing Bolton; "will you explain?"

"Think what you please, and go to the devil," said Bolton, away to and fro; "hand over that woman to me—that's all—she's my wife."

"Oh! no, no, no," sobbed Miss Waltham; "'tis false—take me away from that man, and I will bless you for ever!"

"It appears to me, sir," said the stranger, turning sternly to Bolton, "as well from the appearance of this young lady, as from your own manner, that there has been some villain's work here. I shall take the liberty of affording my protection to this lady. 'Come, madam!'—and he moved towards the door.

"Will you, by—!" exclaimed Bolton, buttoning his coat; "no, no, young gentleman, that won't exactly answer my purpose;" and as he made towards Eliza, the stranger obstructed his progress.

The struggle that now commenced between the two was but of short duration, for the stranger, a young man of five-and-twenty, was far more active and powerful than Bolton; who, besides, not having foreseen the present emergency, had not contributed to the firmness of his footing by any exemplary display of temperance. Shaking Bolton violently from him, the stranger made to the door, from which Miss Waltham had already escaped; but, as if recollecting himself, advanced again towards him, and said, "I do not know, sir, that you are entitled to the assurance I am about to give you, that the young female now under my charge shall be, in every respect, taken due care of; as for yourself, if you require to see me, I am easily to be found during my stay in Paris;" and, throwing his card upon the table, he disappeared.

"Fool, idiot that I was!" exclaimed Bolton, when the stranger was gone, "to let the girl escape in this absurd manner—but I am doomed to disappointment and misery in every thing that concerns that infernal Waltham and his family. And who, I should like to know, is the young spark that has superseded me in so masterly a style," he continued, taking up the card from the table—"Sir Eustace Walford." Walford—Walford," mused Bolton, "sure I should know the name—a Lincolnshire family—ha! the young baronet just come to his fortune—hum—an awkward affair this, upon my soul!"—and the sobered sot fell into a long and profound reverie.

It would appear that Mr. Bolton's meditations were of no agreeable nature, for he paced up and down the room muttering curses and imprecations,—all his original brightness and florid splendour of cheek exchanged for the whiteness of malignant rage. Finding no rest for his troubled thoughts, he seized his hat and sallied forth into the street to a neighbouring café, the appearance of which seemed to invite him; and entering was soon buried in contemplation in one of the boxes, apart from the rest.

Not long, however, had he been thus situated, when a precise figure, habited in black, with an important walking stick in his hand, was seen to be moving over the floor with a formal but quiet step. As he approached the object to whom he seemed to be directing himself, and which, indeed, was no other than Bolton himself, a smirk was projected gradually into his countenance, and now, bowing and cringing before the other, he looked like an anxiously busy undertaker about to desecrate upon the curious felicity of his newly-contrived patent coffins.

"Sure my eyes do not deceive me," he lisped at length, "Mr. Bolton, is it not? this is too great a happiness."

"Who the devil are you?" said Bolton, eyeing the sable one with no friendly aspect; "I don't know you, never saw you before in my life, to my knowledge."

"Pardon me, my dear sir, you have seen me before, years ago, I admit," replied the other, with a low bow; "my name is Johnston, and many years back, I had some transactions with your revered father, when you, dear sir, were but an interesting lad. You are altered,

Mr. Bolton; manhood has improved you—in fortune also—may I hope—eh?" and Mr. Johnston slid into a seat.

"Ha! Johnston, I am devilish glad to see you," cried Bolton, partially rising from the almost incumbent position in which he had been indulging, "give me your hand, my good fellow; I had forgotten you, upon my soul; well, how does the world use you, what are you about?"

"Why, dear sir," said Johnston cantingly, "it is a bad world, but there's no help for it. I was, till this very day, tutor to the young Lord Arnwood, a headstrong young man, very much so; we parted on bad terms, but I bear the youth no ill will."

"What! Lord Arnwood of the castle? the deuce you were, why I have just purchased—"

"I have heard it, my dear sir," interrupted Johnston, in a faltering tone, "I have heard of your purchase of New Hall in that neighbourhood; you are a thriving man, Mr. Bolton, yes you are, don't shake your head. I know it, and am very glad to hear it, upon my sacred word I am."

"Johnston," cried Bolton earnestly, rising of a sudden, "can you do me a service? but I know you can; come with me to my hotel and take a bottle with me."

"Too happy, dear sir, too happy," returned Johnston, bustling for his hat, and really glad of an opportunity of ingratiating himself in a quarter more likely than that which he had just relinquished, of furnishing lining for his decayed pockets. "I am quite at your service in any capacity that may afford me the means of showing how much I am your very humble servant."

"Well, my dear Johnston," said Bolton, when they were quietly seated over a bottle, which, indeed, rarely came unwelcomely to Bolton, and was not altogether ungenial to the other, so long as his own purse suffered no disparagement or diminution by the indulgence in it; "I want you to do me a particular favour," and here he recounted the events we have just related.

"It is, as you say, an awkward affair, certainly," quoth Johnston, when his companion had concluded.

"What, my dear sir, would you have me do?"

"I would have you keep a keen eye upon the spark and the young baggage—eh, Johnston? while I return to Brussels and tell some confounded lie in that quarter; what say you, my boy?"

"Why, under all circumstances, and sinking the morality of the thing, which I cannot altogether approve," cried Johnston, smiling forgivingly, "we must even do so," and he drank off his glass with the air of a professor of moral philosophy.

These preliminary plans being settled, our two worthies became the best friends in the world, and it was late in the night before they retired to rest to recruit themselves for the operations of the morrow.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Now, Mr. Scotchman, here you are a free man again," said Mr. Hulson to Macara, who was just discharged from durance; "and your master's trial will be on in three days; now, whether will you go to the assize town to him, or recommence your crazy chase after the lady?"

"Aro ye sure he had heard naething of her when you left, sir?" said the Scotchman.

"Perfectly certain."

"Noo, sir, ye said ye would help me to seek the lady, an' if ye will, I'll rin after her frae this to Johnny Groat. Oh, sir, will ye come?"

"It will be more important for me to look after Mr. Johnston. His evidence may be of great importance on the trial, for I must tell you, Macara, there have been strange doings at New Hall within these few days. Bolton and Johnston have quarrelled, and I have no doubt threatened to 'peach upon each other.'"

"Deevil, nor they scratch ane anither's sea out," said Murdoch, "if I only get a sight o' my maister's bonny daughter before the trial—so, sir—och! will ye just get me a bit poney that has lang wind and needs little meat, an' I'll ride the country until I find her."

After some farther colloquy, the Scotchman was accommodated, and off he set—his only confidence being in his natural impudence and sagacity, and, in the expectation that through the medium of all possible post-boys and serving men, whom he should meet, he might at last trace out the lady.

Mr. Hulson volunteered to accompany and assist him in his search, having also some views of his own in regard to Bolton, who had unaccountably left New Hall—

and Macara having been somewhat trimmed up in his outward man, agreeing to act the part of servant, away they set forward together.

For two days they travelled without making out any intelligence on which they could rely; and in the evening of the second, Mr. Hulson, stopping at a cross road which led to the house of an acquaintance on whom he intended to call, sent forward Murdoch to the next town to make sure of dinner, or, at least, to order supper and accommodation for the night.

It was a consolation to Murdoch, as he went along, that if he had been as yet unsuccessful in tracing the lady, the town to which he was going was not above a day's journey from Barchester, the assize town; so that he should, at least, be able to see Mr. Waltham on the following evening, when as he thought all might yet be well. When he reached the inn door, to which he was directed, he found it quite a handsome establishment, and determining to be waited upon like a gentleman, he halted in front, and giving his horse to the ostler, stepped boldly into the hall.

He found, however, that the "saucy scum," namely the waiters and servants, of whom he found a crowd in the lobby, paid little attention to his orders, and less to his enquiries, being all in a bustle about company who were at dinner above stairs; till at length one of them, running along carrying an armful of dishes, asked him, without the least respect, either to lend a hand in carrying up the second course to the company above, or to get out of the way until his betters were attended to.

Murdoch having a natural turn for industry, mechanically took hold of a dish of partridges, and now assuming a business-like look, at once followed the others up stairs. Whether, however, he began to recollect on his way that he was the son of Deacon Macara of Dumbarton, or whether it was sheer ill-breeding that prompted him—instead of giving away the dish that he carried to the servant at the door, he passed on in the bustle, and walked straight into the apartment among the company.

The first thing the Scot set his eyes upon, as he turned himself in the centre of the lofty room, was the jolly face of the servitor, who, a short time ago, had regaled him with meat and ale at the inn door; and glancing to the company at the table, with his heart in his mouth, he discerned at once the beautiful features of Mr. Waltham's daughter, whom he well remembered from a girl, and of whom he had so long been in anxious pursuit. He was so riveted to the spot that he completely forgot himself and his situation, and uttering an involuntary cry of surprise, he missed his purpose in endeavouring to give away the dish that he held to the attendants, and let it fall at his feet.

The attention of the whole company as well as of the servants was by this time attracted to the man. Lady Walford raised her dark eyes and directed them towards Murdoch with a look of doubtful enquiry; but the momentary hectic that lighted up her transparent countenance, soon subsided, and she relapsed into that look of placid resignation so characteristic of her unfortunate parents. Sir Eustace only laughed and made some observation on the attendance at country inns; while, in the meantime, before Murdoch could recover his speech, he found himself absolutely driven forth from out of the apartment by the waiters and servants, with sundry undetected epithets, and muttered curses upon his Scotch awkwardness, to which it was by no means convenient on the instant to reply. He was not even clear, so great was his confusion, that by the time he was jostled out of the room and had reached the landing-place, the hinder part of his person had not been visited by the foot of some one of the better bred domestics, in a manner to which it hardly became the son of Deacon Macara of Dumbarton thus tamely to submit.

"Heek! but it's wi' mony kicks an' cuffs that a poor man gets through the world!"—he said at length, drawing breath as he descended the stairs. "But de'il may care, the bit an' the buffet is only some folk's lot, an' it has aye been mine, but I hae found my maister's daughter, an' we'll a' be happy an' joyfu' yet. Och! what a blessed meeting it'll be, but I'll no say a word till the gentry aboon hae done their dinner, an' then I'll kick every skunkie in the place wi' my ain foot!"

Meditating an exploit of this kind, when the tables should come to be turned, and upon what he should say to the lady above, Murdoch waited patiently for some time in the hall, every moment also expecting the arrival of Mr. Hulson. The only thing he could learn as he tarried regarding Sir Eustace and his friends was, that they had been twice at the present inn, as they travelled, within the last few days.

Murdoch was just drinking in this information from

the gossip of the servants, when three gentlemen on horseback stopped at the entrance, and presently dismounted and entered the inn. On hearing Mr. Hulson's voice among them, the Scotchman ran forward, and recounted the success of his diligent researches with a triumphant pride, which not even his joy at the discovery enabled him altogether to keep in the back-ground.

"Where are these well-timed people, my sagacious friend?" cried Hulson, in a transport, making his stick rebound from the floor on which it was with such energy caused to descend; "by my faith, Macara, we shall be too much for the rascals yet!" and as he spoke, the Scot was already on the way trotting up stairs and mumbling unintelligible transports.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Hulson, as he entered the room without ceremony: "there is one here, I am told, interested in the fate of Mr. Waltham, and——"

"I am that person, sir," cried Sir Eustace, rising and approaching the stranger; "speak, my dear sir!—have you any information touching the residence, or the fate of Mr. Waltham?"

"Waltham," repeated Hulson, looking in the other's face; "is it possible, sir, that you are the son-in-law of the mysterious tenant of Lord Arnwood, who is now in such jeopardy?"

"What is it you say, sir? know you Lord Arnwood,—what mysterious tenant?"

"Oh! dinna ye ken me?" exclaimed Murdoch, coming forward. "Oh, this is a happy day! Oh, your pair father will be saved yet as sure as a gun—an' I'll gang mad wi' joy."

"What of my father?" exclaimed a female voice as a young lady rushed forwards,— "What voice is that?" and Lady Walford, supported by Sir Eustace, fixed her eyes on Hulson, and then on the Scotchman.

"Your father is safe, lady," said the Scotchman, with tears of joy. "Oh! now I see ye havena forgot puir Murdoch. What a joyful meeting it will be, considering your father's deep distress."

"My father's distress!" exclaimed Lady Walford;—"where is he? let me see him! tell me, honest Murdoch, where I may go to him, and Agatha, and——"

"Your father, my lady, is at this moment in sadness and sorrow," said Murdoch; "but God above hears the groans of the prisoner, and frees them that are doomed to die."

"Prisoner! doomed to die!" and Eliza grew pale, and clung to her husband for support.

Mr. Hulson now addressed himself to speech, and in a succinct manner explained all the peculiar circumstances attending Mr. Waltham's case, both before the robbery and since his committal to Barchester jail; concluding with an elaborate resumé of those after occurrences which, by the blessing of God, he hoped would be available in the prostration of the deeply laid scheme whereby Waltham's ruin was sought to be accomplished.

"Well, my friends," said Hulson, as he concluded; "what say you to our instant departure for Barchester; where I have drawn into a focus an accumulation of evidence which I cannot but think will be successful. Your friend Weathersheet and the egregious Sammy will be there," he continued, turning to Murdoch; "together with his worthy coadjutor, who by this time will, doubtless, have recovered his own drab great coat.—And now, let us be gone."

This arrangement was joyfully acceded to by the party, and having ordered post-chaises they set forth, not a little anxious and impatient for the result of the trial, which was, in all probability, once more to return Mr. Waltham to tranquillity and honour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In the mean while Lord Arnwood had been indefatigable in his attentions to Agatha, during her father's constrained absence from the Pilot's Mark, and in constant communication with Waltham himself, as often as the prison regulations permitted his visits. But, in spite of all the consolation which he was able and solicitous to afford him, it was too evident that the unhappy prisoner drooped strangely, and that, whether from inward anxiety, or the length of his imprisonment, or both, Waltham was rapidly sinking into a state of weakness and exhaustion, which Arnwood much feared no result of the trial, however fortunate and satisfactory, would suffice to counteract.

Arnwood had, indeed, received, during the pending trial, several indirect overtures from Bolton, through the medium of Johnston—to the effect, that if Waltham and his family would quit the country, he would forego the prosecution, and, moreover, prepare the execution of a

deed, whereby a sufficient stipend should be secured to the latter during his life time, with a provision for his family after his death.

But Arnwood, without consulting Waltham, peremptorily rejected every offer of this nature. With a perfect knowledge and scorn of Bolton and his minion Johnston, whom the former, neglecting his usual prudence, had chosen as his agent in this matter, the young man chose to indulge that implicit reliance upon immutable justice and an all-seeing Providence, which not only "shape our ends," but prepare and encourage us in a concurrence with them—and be waited, therefore, without losing a jot of heart or hope, till the day of trial, in which he thought he saw the hour of deliverance should come round.

Bolton, however, and that unflinching lover of morality, his colleague Johnston, were upon no such easy terms with each other or themselves. Those two gentlemen, seated in a small parlour at New Hall, and encouraged by the amiable presence of the small but important Justice Wragg, were, early on the morning of the trial, fortifying themselves against the influence of a keen autumnal air, by the absorption of brandy, in which the justice, with many shrugs and smirking protestations of dislike, declined a participation. That worthy functionary, indeed, after many compliments addressed to Bolton, upon his public spirit in thus making an example of a delinquent for the special benefit of the country, took his myriad-bowing leave, having to attend the judge in an official capacity on his procession to the court-house.

Bolton and his friend, thus left to themselves, relapsed into an awkward and uncomfortable silence, which was, however, soon broken by the former.

"I'll tell you what, Johnston," said he, "curse me if I like this morning's business at all; we shall never get the old gentleman comfortably hanged or transported"—and he drained his glass. "That prig Arnwood, whom you, Johnston, like a fool and a rascal as you are, instigated me to insult and quarrel with, will be too much for us, I fear."

"Really, Mr. Bolton," returned Johnston, with a serious and offended air, "this is language which I am not accustomed to; you know that I was not the cause of that rupture; besides, what power can a poor devil like him possess—a man of your property?"

"It won't do, Johnston, it won't do," interrupted Bolton, with bitterness; "I tell you it won't do in a case like this, and you know it."

"Well, sir, we must take our chance, that's all," said Johnston, with assumed composure, but quailing wretchedly; and as he spoke he buttoned his precise black coat closely, and felt his walking stick, shaking himself as though the coldness of the morning affected him.

"And where, I should like to know, is that scoundrel Hulson?" demanded Bolton. The other shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, but said nothing.

"Ah! Johnson, we've got ourselves into a precious pickle; we have, indeed," continued Bolton, "but there's no help for it, and now it's time to be off, so take your hat, and keep up your spirits, my boy;" and he slapped his companion on the shoulder, "and when we return, we'll make a night on 't, my old buck, eh?"

Mr. Johnston slowly received his hat, which the other placed with a familiar thump on his head, and with a grievous sigh, accompanied his friend to the court.

It is hardly necessary to say that a great sensation had been created in the neighbourhood by the robbery at New Hall, and the committal of its suspected perpetrators; and still less so, perhaps, to inform the reader, that in a remote county the assizes are an event of no slight importance, and the cause of no small excitement to the inhabitants. No wonder, therefore, that the court should have been crowded upon this great occasion.

At length, the arrival of the judge proclaimed the trial at hand, and the unhappy prisoner was in due time placed at the bar. Certainly, if the appearance of a man under such circumstances were at any time an evidence of his guilt or innocence, (and that, in the minds of the spectators at least, such evidence is of no small weight, is well known,) Mr. Waltham must at once have been proclaimed guilty. During his confinement he had worn away to a skeleton, his eyes were sunk deep in the sockets, and the hair still remaining on his temples had turned to a bleached and arid whiteness. The serenity of his pale countenance, and the composure of his eye, however, which was ever and anon directed at Bolton with a steadfast and scrutinising gaze, went far to counteract the unfavourable impression which his first appearance had excited.

The prosecutor's case was stated at considerable length, and with great clearness and precision, by the counsel

employed for that purpose, and nothing was left untold that could, even by the most subtle ingenuity, be supposed to refer to any other party than Waltham, aided by his servant Macara, who had not hitherto been discovered. Indeed the whole of the evidence went to fix the commission of the robbery upon them alone. Mr. Bolton by this time had regained sufficient composure to detail with all the damning accuracy of a prosecutor acting upon public grounds, his interview with Waltham in his own garden; the attempt of the latter to murder him, and the subsequent robbery in his own room; the perpetrator of which, as well from the manner as the ineffectual attempt to disguise his voice, he solemnly believed to be the prisoner. Mr. Johnston, also with much solemnity of measured phrase, deliberately swore how he had been in like manner placed in bodily fear, and maltreated in his sleeping apartment by a person to whose identity he had no hesitation in swearing; and he accordingly denounced and inculpated the hapless Murdoch, who was by this time perspiring and clenching his hands together in an obscure corner of the court.

The evidence of the servant was next taken, who proved satisfactorily the fact of Macara's warlike appearance before the door of the house, brandishing a drawn sword, and otherwise evincing hostile intentions; and now the crowd gazed at each other, and next at the prisoner, with a manifest expression of belief, that Waltham's case was henceforth utterly hopeless. Mr. Wragg, likewise, the small but great Mr. Wragg, looked around, but for a different purpose. That indefatigable justice met many a welcome and approving glance from the gentry within eye-shot; an ample reward for his promptitude in bringing so heinous an offender to condign punishment, and accordingly he rubbed his hands and indulged himself in an extra pinch of snuff with a marked emphasis and appropriate action.

Waltham, who had, during the trial, appeared to stand at the bar in listless apathy, being called upon for his defence, raised his eyes to heaven, and seemed about to speak, for his lips moved, but no sound came from them; at length, he directed his eyes towards Arnwood, motioning faintly with his hand, and sank back in a state of insensibility.

Lord Arnwood having been sworn, proceeded to relate, with a coherence and minuteness that admitted not of doubt,—the period of his departure from the house of Mr. Stone—the proceedings at the ale-house—the questionable appearance of the men, and of Sammy in particular, and the subsequent conversation between them which he had overheard in the fields. He further deposed to the search that he had made, at the instigation of the prisoner's daughter, for her father, and its success, in company with Agatha, the sailor and Murdoch; and lastly, his expedition to New Hall, reinforced by the two latter, in an attempt to preserve the property, or to secure the robbers.

Great was the astonishment of the court upon the hearing of this evidence. The judge leaned back in his seat in unquiet and doubtful expectation—Bolton and Johnston exchanged looks with each other, of nearly equal value and apparent similarity. Mr. Wragg blew his nose with startling violence, and applied to his box with a more than usual celerity—and the spectators arranged themselves in their seats, as if awaiting some further and more important disclosure.

Nor were they disappointed. "May it please you, my lord," said the owner of that voice, as he seemed to arise from the crevices of the floor, and by degrees to expand into and to assume the form of a short man with a red nose and a pair of piercing eyes—and no sooner were these words uttered, and this vision seen, than the prosecutor and his principal witness changed respectively into ghastly white and forlorn purple,—“may it please you, my lord,” proceeded the little man, whom the reader will, without our instruction, have conjectured to be Mr. Hulson—"I think I have evidence by me, and now in court, which cannot but prove satisfactory to all parties"—and he took a cool survey of the astounded Bolton and the trembling woe-begone tutor. And here Hulson, who was perfectly a man of the world, and knew with marvellous exactness all the technicalities and nicer shades of the law, laid before the court a mass of accumulated evidence which acted altogether as a demolition of the sworn statements of the prosecutor and his accomplice, and concluded by causing his man Reynolds to mount the witness-box, to the almost irrepressible curiosity of the court.

Reynolds, in his turn, disclosed fully his passive participation in the robbery at the Hall, giving up the real names of his accomplices, with such further particulars

as his exclusive knowledge of the parties enabled him to afford—and now the aspect of affairs began to assume a more favourable colour for Mr. Waltham.—And now Johnston, with a peculiar prescience with which a man in his circumstances is wont to be gifted, began

To see as from a tower, the end of all, and decided in his troubled mind, that it was high time he should be as far distant as possible from the present scene, in as short a space of time as human locomotion could enable him to transfer himself; and was stealthily receding from the court.

"May it please you, my lord, to order that gentleman in black to remain in his place;" cried Hulson, addressing the judge; and in a moment the hapless Johnston was quietly conducted under the protection of an officer, back to his seat—"we have more evidence behind, which it may be interesting to him to hear," and as he spoke, the discomfited fugitive groaned audibly.

"My lord," resumed Hulson, with the composure of an adept, and in a professional tone, "we have obtained permission from the magistrates at — to produce, under charge of an officer, two worthies whom I wish to introduce to the court; here, you gentleman in the great coat, step forward, and, for once in your life, let us hear the truth from you."

The person who now made his appearance in the witness-box, was the very man who, as our readers will doubtless remember, had entered into a compact with Johnston at New Hall, on the morning subsequent to the robbery; that on certain conditions, the suspicious of its guilt was to be glanced off upon another. He was, however, not so thoroughly a scoundrel as to coincide in this arrangement without feeling some compunction; and having been convicted of robbery in another place, and hopes being extended to him by Hulson, that a confession of the truth in this instance would probably stand him in good stead in the other quarter, the fellow very willingly came forward to exculpate Waltham, and at once to own the fact, namely, that it was at Johnston's instigation suspicion had been made to fall upon the unfortunate tenant of Lord Arnwood.

When the gentleman in the great coat had concluded, Mr. Johnston, with a vast effort, raised himself to his feet, and essayed to speak; but his dry and swollen tongue refused its wonted office in his parched mouth, and he sank down upon his seat with a deep groan, gasping with convulsive throes. Nor was the agitation of Bolton less perceptible or intense. He had fallen back upon the bench, the seat of which his hands grasped unconsciously, and the cold sweat stood upon his brow in direful drops, which he had no power to wipe away. These symptoms were closely observed by all present, who now felt of a surety that the prisoner at the bar was altogether innocent of any participation in the robbery, however strongly one fact even to the present moment, stood in array against him.

The elucidation of this mystery was reserved for Master Sammy. That graceless and ugaily imp had been won over by similar assurances on the part of Hulson; and he told, without reserve, that Johnston, on the morning after the robbery, accompanied by their common friend with the great-coat, had called at Mistress Crow's alehouse, in which he (Sammy) officiated as an insufficient factotum; and had handed over to him a portion of plate, for the value of which Johnston had indemnified the other, instructing him how best, in the absence of Macara and the other inmates, he might secrete it in the Pilot's Mark; which he had, accordingly, accomplished a few days afterwards; although nearly discovered by the Scotchman, who, it will be remembered, had overheard the escape of somebody in the neighbouring plantation, and had communicated his suspicions to Lord Arnwood.

"Whew!" uttered loudly Mr. Justice Wragg, at the conclusion of this climax of evidence; and the whole court was in a ferment of audible whispers; while the Scotchman danced about in the back-ground in a frenzy of joy, and Watersheath hitched up his trowsers with a severe but expressive grin of satisfaction.

"There is no need, gentlemen, to trouble you, I perceive," said the judge, addressing the jury, who simultaneously recorded a verdict of acquittal: "nothing, therefore, remains, but that I should order into custody the individual, who, for purposes best known to himself, has pursued this mysterious line of conduct. I see no reason to suppose Mr. Bolton a party in this transaction."

Bolton breathed again, and again Johnston attempted to speak, while the former grasped him imploringly by the arm; but once more his tongue refused utterance,

and he was borne away in the safe custody of a jailer, in a state of despair which altogether defies our powers of description.

Mr. Waltham, upon the conclusion of the trial, had fallen upon his knees, with his head buried in his hands, striving with emotions too vast for utterance, and for which his labouring bosom could find no vent; at length a heavy burst of tears relieved him, and he sobbed aloud in the court, in the fearful accents of overpowered manhood. He was, however, speedily raised by the whimpering Macara, and conducted to his joyful but weeping family, unconscious of the few words of kindness and congratulation addressed to him by the judge.

"My lord," said Sir Eustace Walford, stepping forward and addressing the judge, who was about to leave the court, "may I crave your attention for a moment? We have indisputable evidence to prove that this person," pointing to Bolton, "has wronged the unfortunate gentleman lately at your lordship's bar, in the most flagitious and wicked manner;" and he made a rapid statement of the transactions between Waltham and Bolton, as narrated in an earlier portion of our history.

"Not now, not now," cried Waltham, coming forward; "let him go—his guilt be upon his own head—I forgive him—let him depart in peace."

"Mr. Waltham, this is a perversion of justice, and a wrong done to your family," returned Sir Eustace; "surely —"

"Sir Eustace Walford," said the judge, "for I know you, sir, all this is very extraordinary; but it has nothing whatever to do with the trial just concluded, and therefore I can take no cognizance of it. A magistrate is in court, and to him you must address yourself."

Bolton now perceived, of a surety, that the period was arrived when the reprisal, so long deferred, was to fall upon and overwhelm him, and he acquiesced in silent stupor to the proceedings about to be commenced.

Vast was the astonishment of Mr. Wragg, and not a little scandalized was the worthy justice, at this sudden reverse of situation on the part of his quondam friend; and, if not absolutely chagrined, much did he marvel, when the nature of the statements wrung from the exhausted and reluctant Waltham, compelled him to commit fully that respectable proprietor of New Hall; which, nevertheless, after due care and precaution, he felt himself constrained to do.

And now these extraordinary matters having been concluded, Mr. Waltham was conducted to the bosom of his family once more, there to partake of a degree of happiness which may be much more easily conceived by our sensitive reader than set down by us in the place; to the enjoyment of which transports we accordingly leave him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The feelings of Mr. Bolton, when his mind was at last awakened to the awful consciousness of his situation, in the cell of his prison, were various and equally fraught with materials for the most intense anxiety and dread. He knew too well (for the horrible fear of detection had for years accompanied his waking thoughts and his dreams by night) the precise position in which he had now placed himself. He saw all his cunning designs and ingenious devices of fraud rolled back upon himself, with the punishment, disgrace, and ruin which attend the disclosure of them; nor could he suggest, even in aid of the clinging desire of preservation, any one circumstance that might be brought as a legal palliative, in mitigation of the sentence which he now foresaw he had brought upon himself, and which surely awaited him.

But very little remorse mingled with Bolton's feelings at the present moment. The remembrance of the subtle forgeries which he had executed in order to gain possession of Waltham's property, with the base and cold-blooded scheme of systematic plunder by which he had been enabled to destroy that person and his family, did indeed weigh heavily upon his spirits; but the sole source of his affliction arose from the knowledge that these facts would press irresistibly against him at the trial; and the forcible restitution of wealth obtained by such means, of itself a great, but now a minor, cause of misery, served to fill up the measure of his wretchedness to the very brim.

He was sitting in the rueful indulgence of these meditations, his clasped hands pressed closely between his knees, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, when the entrance of some person into his cell aroused him. It was Waltham.

Mr. Justice Wragg had been applied to in the morning by that gentleman, for permission to visit the unfor-

mate man in prison. That punctilious magistrate started many objections to this request. There must be no tampering with the prisoner, there must be no collusion or connivance between the parties, the law must take its course, the ends of justice must be fulfilled—and a great many other obstacles suggested themselves to the exemplary Wragg. But being with difficulty satisfied that no such aims or ends were contemplated, he at length extended his acquiescence, and Mr. Waltham was admitted into the prison.

"I am come, Mr. Bolton," said Waltham, mildly, after a pause, "since we shall never more meet in this world, and as in all probability our permitted term is drawing to a close, to exchange forgiveness with you before we both depart, and to assure you that all the past shall be forgotten by me. Come, sir, raise up your drooping spirits," and he pressed Bolton's arm.

"You are come, Waltham," returned the other sullenly, "under a show of contemptuous pity to insult and triumph over me; content yourself with the prospect of your restored property, and trouble me no more: begone."

"Mr. Bolton, you do me wrong; by the highest heaven you do!" he added with tremulous emphasis, "this is not the place, this is not the time for insult or triumph; no, no, it is not for me, murderer as I might have been, to insult you, Bolton," and the hot tears gushed into his eyes, as with a difficult effort he forced down the emotions that were rising in his throat.

"Ha! ha!" retorted Bolton, with a sneer, "this is a sorry contrivance, Waltham. Canting, my old gentleman; but it won't do. Do you suppose," he resumed sternly, "that I don't see through this, Mr. Waltham? Do you think me a fool? No, I'm no fool," and a momentary glow of triumph suffused his countenance. "Come, come, sir, you'll get nothing out of me, depend on't; what I have done has been done long ago—recover it if you can, and as you best can, and let the law take its course," but as he said these words, his voice faltered, and his recent paleness returned.

"Unhappy man, you are mistaken," said Waltham, moved by the obstinate sullenness of the other. "I had hoped to have found you in a more becoming frame of mind, but farewell," and he motioned to depart; "I will, if possible, see you again, before—"

"Stop!" cried Bolton, raising his head from his hands, "tell me openly, what did you come for?" and he rose and advanced to Waltham. "Have you any proposal to make? any arrangement? is there any plan by which this trial can be forgone? tell me at once, Waltham," and he gazed anxiously in his face, "can you save my life?"

"I implore you, Bolton," exclaimed Waltham agitated, "to dismiss such hopes from your heart; the trial cannot be averted—cannot—I say—no human power can hinder it. God knows it was not my seeking. Remember besides, (but why should you compel me to remind you?) the circumstances of our connection, of my implicit reliance and confidence in you, of the forgeries, of—"

"Show it all," cried Bolton, "why do you crouch it in my eyes thus, you canting old preacher? You have at last obtained your wish and murdered me," and he threw himself into his seat. "But think not," he resumed, springing to his feet, and clenching his hands which he shook violently in Waltham's face, "think not that you have triumphed over me. I shall be even with you yet; you shall not survive me,—you cannot. I tell you, sir, our fates are linked together, and we'll go down to the grave together; or should you survive me, which you cannot, think you that my blood shall melt into the earth? No! it will reach up to heaven and call down curses on that hoary head; but that can't be, Waltham, you are to die."

"Merciful God!" cried Waltham, oppressed with supernatural horror, which a long and fruitless search into the mysteries of his fate had rendered of frequent occurrence in his breast. "What dreadful foreknowledge is this? Oh! powers of mercy, look down upon this wretched man, and render him fit for eternal life; for me, do with me as you will," and a faintness overspread his weak and trembling frame.

"Waltham, Waltham," resumed Bolton more calmly, and laying one hand upon his shoulder as he gazed sorrowfully in his face: "you have destroyed me, have you not? you are my murderer; now will I show you that, villain as I am, I have the advantage here. Did you not come forth at dead of night, wandering stealthily about my grounds, and for what purpose, to murder me? is it not so? answer me."

"I did," said Waltham with a groan.

"Did you not raise your armed hand against me? did I not bare my breast to you and bid you strike? why not

then have fulfilled your purpose? was there no time—no opportunity—no escape?"

"The hand of heaven withheld me."

"The hand of heaven!" repeated Bolton with scorn, "the fear of the gallows, old man—the dread of the hangman, and the hope of catching me in your toils, which you have at last done. How did I act upon that occasion? You had placed yourself in my power—you know what motives I had for ridding myself of your hated presence—that my life depended upon it—and that yours once taken, I was secure for ever. I allowed you to go untouched, unhurt, to your friend Arnwood, that you might concert measures for my destruction."

"You did, I confess it," exclaimed Waltham, overpowered; "but not to meditate further vengeance upon you. Oh! Bolton, Bolton, how could I have befriended you, had you but permitted me. But, oh! that cursed desire of what must destroy us—money—there was your ruin. But it is needless to recall the past; hear, then, the last prayer, perhaps, that I shall ever raise to heaven," and as Waltham invoked mercy on the wretched Bolton, and implored that in the bitter hour of death he might find acceptance with God, the big tears streamed down his sunken cheeks.

"Are these tears real?" cried Bolton, affected; "or are they but the ready waters of dissimulation? If real, they imply sympathy and concern for my dreadful situation—you can save me—I know you can—intercede for me—drop this prosecution—you can do it—make any terms you please, I will abide by them—the whole of my fortune shall be at your disposal—my future life shall be devoted to you—it shall, Waltham, by heaven it shall." And as he urged these terms, a hideous anxiety shook his whole frame, and he grasped Waltham convulsively by the arm.

"Oh! swear not, Bolton," exclaimed the old man, shuddering with horror; "to the performance of duties or the making amends, which, alas! fate has too surely bidden you to accomplish. Once more I entreat you to be calm, and to resign yourself to your destiny. This dreadful scene must be gone through—consider for a moment. What if I could avert it, which cannot be, there is Lord Arnwood—Johnston confessed all last night—that note of hand for £5000, purporting to be the handwriting of Lady Arnwood, was—"

"Oh! my God!" groaned Bolton, "then it's all over—that villain Johnston has undone me! Well, let me prepare for my fate—death, Waltham, it will be death—death without redemption. Well, well, well," he continued, in a measured tone of bitter calmness, and he struck his clenched hands together; "courage, my old fellow, and it will soon be over—there's no outwitting the devil, is there, Waltham? he must have us at last. Yet, yet," he resumed, and a cold sweat of horror burst through every pore, "to die—in such a manner too—to be tied up by the neck—to be hanged, Waltham, like the sign of a fool at the door of the devil's house, inviting all brave scoundrels to enter—ha! ha! ha! ha!—a pleasant prospect," and he laughed long and wildly. "I'll tell you what, Waltham," said he, subsiding suddenly into calmness, "you must save me—must—must—must—I say, do you hear me?" and he whispered in Waltham's ear. "I must not die in this manner—the scorn of the virtuous and the laughing stock of the vile—I tell you it must not be—if there's power in earth, or heaven, or hell, you must find it—come, come, tax your ingenuity—give us a specimen of your invention, eh? what say you?"

"Wretched man!" cried Waltham, recoiling from him, "you know not what you say; do not talk thus, I beseech you. There is yet time to propitiate heaven; be collected and avail yourself of the space permitted you."

"Oh, misery, misery!" exclaimed Bolton, "my brain will burst asunder—I see it's all over—there's no hope for me," and he threw himself despairingly on the ground. "Waltham, you have murdered me!"

Waltham knelt down beside the unhappy Bolton, and endeavoured by entreaties and prayers to reassure and to console him, but without success. Overcome by the impending horror of his situation, a hard and violent breathing, and spasmodic groans that seemed to tear his bosom asunder, burst from the wretched culprit, over whom the old man prayed in silence. Rising at length, and drawing a book from his pocket, Waltham laid it gently by the other's side, and pressing his unconscious hand closely between his own, slowly departed from the prison.

"Gone—gone?" exclaimed Bolton, lifting his head from the ground, and supporting himself on his elbow; "then there is no chance left for me, and I shall never see him more. What is here?" he resumed, perceiving

the book which Waltham had left by his side—"The Holy Bible!—ha! ha! light reading for a man like me—will this save me?" and he seized it and pored over a page—"very sufficient consolation for my precious soul, I perceive,—cant—cant—will it preserve my life?—no," and he threw it scornfully from him. "The stuff may do to scare women with. Oh! blessed God!" he almost shrieked—"Becky, Becky, my poor dear sister!" as a sudden thought of the friendless and deserted girl knocked at his breast—"who shall protect you when I am gone? Oh! I did not think of that," and tears gushed from his eyes, as a remembrance of the kindness and affection of the only creature he had ever loved smote sorely in his bosom. "That dear girl at least will live to pray for me when all the world beside shall curse me and spurn at my grave," and the wretched Bolton's heart melted within him as he sobbed like an infant upon the ground; and in this momentary nature once more owned him for her child, and pity and mercy turned not away from his remorse.

In the meanwhile Mr. Waltham returned to the inn, where his family was anxiously awaiting his arrival, oppressed by mingled sensations of grief, horror, and apprehension. The denunciations of Bolton had been seized upon with a morbid avidity by his anxious mind—at all times more susceptible of melancholy than of cheerful impressions, and now, relaxed from long suffering, and enfeebled by sickness and imprisonment, he fondly cherished the belief that his departure from a world of care and misery was inevitably nigh at hand. In vain did his daughters strive, with tender assiduity, to wean him from the contemplation of such fruitless and unavailing fears, and endeavour to inspire him with better hopes, and to open to him brighter and more cheering prospects: he clung, with an obstinate faith and confidence in evil, to a fancy which now had taken entire possession of him, and only shook his head mournfully, in uncommunicative silence, to all the solacing assurances that were addressed to him. Nor were Lord Arnwood and Sir Eustace more fortunate in their exertions to awaken him to a sense of his newly-acquired happiness. While he sympathised with the glowing hopes and anticipations of the young men—he felt that the world had no longer any charms for him, and society could well afford to relinquish any further claim upon his co-operation; and Murdoch retired from the room with fatal forebodings, and a face of gloomy elongation, as he heard these sentiments, to the companionship of Weathersheet; who listened with exemplary attention to such details as his friend deemed it proper or pleasant to enter into, and ruminated upon the same with equal wisdom and solemnity. As for Hulson, he swore, with an enormous oath, that such desponding philosophy was all humbug and nonsense, and, moreover, a flying in the face of good fortune, which could never come too late; and he invoked Waltham to start fair with him, and commence, as Weathersheet phrased it, "on another tack." For his own part, he meant not only to turn over a new leaf, but to begin a new volume altogether, and he made no doubt of his ability to write the word "Finis," in good legible characters, with a strong pen, and improved ink.

The jailer had visited Bolton two or three times during the day since Waltham's departure, and had found him at each successive period more calm and collected. He had had an interview with his solicitor and arranged the course of defence which it would be expedient to pursue, and despatched a letter to his sister; after which he had betaken himself to reading, and requested that, if it were conformable with the regulations of the prison, he might not be interrupted. It was not until midnight that the jailer, upon visiting the prisoner for the last time, discovered, upon entering Bolton's cell, the unhappy man stretched upon the earth weltering in his blood. He had destroyed himself with a penknife which he had been incautiously permitted to retain, or which had been neglected to be taken from him, and had thus ended his crimes, and evaded that retribution which a tardy justice was at last awakened to inflict.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As the evening advanced, the despondency of Mr. Waltham increased with painful rapidity, and communicated itself to the rest of the family, assembled, as it might have been naturally supposed, for a more genial and philosophical purpose than that of converting occasions of happiness into instruments of misery. But Waltham was not the man to resist—even had he possessed the power—sensations that were too much in unison with his own feelings, or, rather, impressions which the morbid sensitiveness of his own mind had created;

and was at all times for referring that sinking and depression of spirit, to which every man is more or less subject, to a direct manifestation from above, exhorting him to prepare for his fate, or to fill up the measure of his destiny. But, in truth, this eternal and fruitless apprehension of fate, and its immediate or ultimate operation on ourselves, is, wherever it exists, a disease rather properly to be treated by the physician than combated by the philosopher. As a doctrine, it is an absurd truism, staring itself into profundity—the harmless “che sara, sara,” of the Italians, changed into a withering and baleful mockery of philosophy—whereby we, insensibly, by substituting circumstances of our own formation, create, as it were, the very fate we apprehend. The highest triumph of this philosophy is

“To make a solitude, and call it peace;”

and while we manufacture our own misery, fondly to believe it a foreign importation.

This digression has been forced upon us by reflecting upon the former portion of Waltham's history and opinions, acting upon, as the latter did so strongly, and influencing, the event which we are about to relate; and is not intended for the benefit or instruction of those who are fond of speculations to which there can be no possible end, and whereto no satisfactory answer can be discovered.

Waltham was sitting with his two daughters by his side, and Sir Eustace, Lord Arnwood, and Mr. Hulson around him, which gentlemen were, partly at the convivial instigation of Hulson, but chiefly from the happy termination of the proceedings of yesterday, disposed to look upon human life and its enjoyments with an eye of sympathy, and a desire of participation. “My dear girls,” said Waltham, pressing his daughter's hand between his own, “do not believe but that I also am sensible of the blessings we now experience through the mercy of heaven—or that I am so much occupied by my own feelings as to be insensible to the prospects which I now perceive are clear and open before you. You, my dear Eliza, whom I have been permitted to see once more before I die, have been returned to my heart all that my fondest hopes could desire, in the possession of an honourable and a high-minded man;—and you, my own Agatha,” and he beckoned Arnwood to draw near, “must live to bless our young friend, and the preserver of your father. What do you say, Henry,” he added, addressing Arnwood, “will you accept my Agatha?” Arnwood looked his gratitude in silence, and took the hand of Agatha with fervour, while the beautiful girl blushed, and smiled through her tears. “For me,” continued Waltham sighing, “the world has no longer any occasion; it is the will of heaven that I should depart, and it is by His mercy that I am permitted to do so in peace.”

“Egad, Waltham,” interrupted Hulson, threatening to demolish the table with his fist, “you make the young people quite miserable by this double distilled essence of woe, which you are helping them to so plentifully. By my soul, they look at this moment like persouifications of the four quarters of the year, all met together, doubtful of receiving their rent, and you the unfortunate tenant unable to pay it. Come, let the light peep through that winglass, which has been standing before you, like the draught of a desponding patient, for the last half hour; no heel-taps, sir, I insist;” and Hulson pounced upon the decanter.

“I deserve your reproach, sir,” replied Waltham, smiling faintly, “and will no longer be a restraint upon the happiness of my children. Gentlemen, good night;” and briefly invoking a blessing upon his daughters, he retired to his own apartment.

But not to rest did Waltham betake himself to the privacy of his own room. A horrible despondency settled upon his soul, and fearfully agitated his weak and overwrought frame. His past life obtruded upon his memory with fearful distinctness, and each particular event, seemed to stride back into the present like an exaggerated shadow, eclipsing for the time, nay extinguishing, all other affections. He remembered, as though it were but yesterday, the joyous season of his youth, when he was a jocund and happy boy in the home of his prosperous and affectionate father; the period of his early manhood, flattered by false friends and encumbered by superfluous and unprofitable wealth, was recalled to him; and the bitter first consciousness of his partial dependence upon fortune and her capricious changes, renewed itself in his mind. His wife rose out of the grave, purged of the impurities and defilements of death, and stood before him in all the beauty of her virgin innocence; and his young children clasped him once more

with the ardent pressure of infantine love. And now he lived over again, in retrospect, the period of his stay at Brussels, and of his first acquaintance with Bolton; and events came forth out of oblivion, which, but for the intensity of the present hour, had never more been remembered. He thought of Bolton's wrongs and the injuries that Bolton had heaped upon him; of the almost miraculous manner in which he had been cast upon the same shore, and directed, as it were, by Providence, to the very spot in which his destroyer had hoped to conceal himself for ever. He dwelt with fruitless remorse upon the scheme he had conceived of anticipating and accomplishing the behest of Heaven by the death of Bolton; and the palliatives to Bolton's guilt, manifested in his conduct to him on the night of his meditated revenge, fell upon his heart like a blighting curse, and a denial of mercy. He would have prayed, but his knees knocked together, and were locked in inflexible rigidity, and his lips were sealed up. Wherever he turned, there Bolton was, and his face was white as death, and his eyes looked sorrowful reproach at him. The very air teemed with unnatural and hideous life; and a noise far above thunder, which imagination creates out of intense silence, rang like a knell in his ears.

In the meanwhile, Lord Arnwood, Sir Eustace Walford, and Mr. Hulson, were seated in deep conversation in the room below, speculating on the future prospects of the Waltham family, and making arrangements for the short journey to Arnwood Castle on the morrow, whither it was proposed the whole party should immediately repair. The young ladies had retired to rest some time before. Just as they also were about to separate for the night, the waiter entered and informed them that a messenger from the prison requested an immediate interview with Mr. Hulson. Upon being shown in, the chief turnkey acquainted them in full with the particulars of Bolton's suicide, and handed Mr. Hulson a letter written by the former immediately before his death (for the wafer was still wet) in which, after confessing every thing that could elucidate the transactions between him and Waltham, and arraying the method whereby ample restitution might be made, he confided to Hulson the protection of his friendless sister after his death. “Robert Bolton dead,” exclaimed Hulson, when the messenger had left the apartment, and the tears started into his eyes, which he brushed away hastily; “well, it is better it should be so than otherwise, perhaps. You see here, gentlemen,” he added, turning to Arnwood and Walford, and handing to them the letter, “the end of a man bad enough, heaven knows, but made the victim of one of the basest scoundrels in existence, your late tutor, my lord, Johnston; whom I yet hope to see in hemp. Yes, I will protect your poor sister, Bolton, I will, by heaven!” and Hulson, whose very virtues required spiritual sustenance, drank off a glass of brandy and water.

It now became a matter of deliberation whether Mr. Waltham should be apprised of this event forthwith. It was judged better, after much dispute, to acquaint him at once with this intelligence, that his mind, by being permitted to dwell upon the past alone, and relieved from further anxiety and dread of the future, might acquire gradually its natural and elastic tone.

Lord Arnwood was, accordingly, deputed to convey this circumstance to Mr. Waltham, and ascended slowly to his bed-room. He knocked long, and at last loudly for admittance at the door, but no answer was returned. Entering, therefore, which he did with an undefined apprehension of evil, he discovered Mr. Waltham seated in his chair by the table, his eyes unclosed, and his hands clasped as though in prayer. The candles were still burning, but dimly. It was evident that they had not been snuffed for hours, and the shadows slept upon the walls in gloomy and motionless obscurity. Arnwood touched him gently on the shoulder, as if to wake him to consciousness, but he moved not; he took his hands within his own, but started to find that they were cold and rigidly compressed. Not a breath stirred within him; and his face, though calm and placid, was of an ashy paleness—Mr. Waltham was dead! The violence of his emotions, operating upon a naturally weak constitution, and encouraged by the morbid indications of his crude philosophy, had been too much for him to bear; and he had sunk under it,—together with the reaction of his spirits consequent upon the result of the trial, and the reinstatement of himself and his family in the estimation of the world and the respect of society.

We pass on, for the reader can better imagine than we can possibly describe, the transition of Mr. Waltham's family from a state of comparative happiness to a situation of renewed affliction; and the degree in which this unexpected event altered the relative position of all parties.

Mr. Waltham was buried by the side of his wife in the cemetery belonging to Lord Arnwood, and the body of Bolton was conveyed to the New Hall, where the last offices of affection were paid to it by his disconsolate sister.

And now that we have drawn our history to a close, we deem it not only expedient, but decent, respectable, and considerate, to detain our reader no longer than, while we take up the few loose threads of narrative that still remain, we are absolutely required to crave his attention. As we have not troubled or perplexed him much by the introduction or intrusion of reflections of our own into our narrative, so we forbear to take him by the button at this last moment; a movement which we ourselves consider an impertinence, and which the, however indulgent, reader, would probably deem, like the citizen and his wife in the old play, upon the entrance of the dancing boy, “all ruff-raff.” We go on, then, to emit from our pen certain rays whereby,—

“With a short-levelled rule of streaming light”

they may be enabled to view, in short, and for a moment, the after fate of the other and minor personages of our history.

Lord Arnwood was in due time united to Agatha Waltham, and through the influence of his friend the Marquis of Lorton, was, on a change of the ministry, presented to an official situation of considerable emolument and honourable distinction. He accordingly spends the chief portion of his time in the metropolis, occasionally, however, visiting Arnwood Castle, which he has repaired and modernised, and within whose newly-beautified walls the estimable Mrs. Goodyear, and the venerable Mr. Mollison, still continue to exercise divided, and it behoves us, as historians, to record, occasionally disputed sway. Lady Arnwood is, equally with her lord, partial to the neighbourhood of the castle, from the recollection of former times and associations connected with them.

It will not fail to be in the memory of the reader that Sir Eustace Walford was the means of preserving Eliza Waltham from the designs of Bolton; and it only remains to us to state, that having heard from her own lips the particulars of her father's history, and impressed more and more deeply every succeeding day by her beauty and amiable qualities, he solicited and gained her hand in marriage before they left Paris, from whence they proceeded to Brussels, with a view to ascertain, if possible, the destination of Mr. Waltham. From Mr. Toller, however, (who, it is needless to say, was no party to the machinations of Bolton,) they were able to learn nothing, but that he had returned from Madeira, and taken with him his youngest daughter, but whether no one was able to say. Sir Eustace and his lady had subsequently returned to England, with a determination to avail themselves of every possible opportunity of discovering the fugitives, when they were fortunately recognised by Macara.

Mr. Johnston was, after due course of law, transported to New South Wales, where, having a clear field for renewed operations, and by virtue of a becoming respect for the external interests of religion and morality, he contrived to succeed very well. But, unfortunately, committing some exemplary act, which appeared to the obtuse understandings of the legal authorities inimical to the interests above referred to, Mr. Johnston was eventually hanged, much to his own astonishment and mortification.

Mr. Hulson was as good as his word. He contrived to reform while there was yet a virtue in doing so; and in a few years was enabled to confirm and perpetuate his good resolutions by obtaining the hand of Miss Bolton, with whom he has said—confirming it by an oath of emphasis—he lives as happy as such a rogue as himself deserves to exist.

We should pass over the most pleasant part of our duty, did we omit to mention that honest Murdoch Macara, at his own request, led to the altar Mary Reynolds, on the very day that gave his young mistress to Lord Arnwood. He lives at the Pilot's Mark, which, by his own ingenuity, aided by his staunch friend and disciple, Will Weathersheet, he has converted into a handsome and comfortable establishment.

And “muckle Will Weathersheet” resides in the neighbourhood, with unimpaired digestion and still inexhausted appetite. “The various turns of fate below,” as especially shown in the history of his late master, were pondered upon by him deeply, but in silence; and the moral lesson to be derived from them is ever and anon enforced and rendered easy and familiar, by the sage counsel and weighty exhortations of the benevolent Scot.

THE END.

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Memoirs of Dr. Burney,

ARRANGED

From his own Manuscripts, from Family Papers, and from Personal Recollections;

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c.

"O could my feeble powers thy virtues trace,
By filial love each fear should be suppress'd;
The blush of incapacity I'd chase,
And stand—recorder of thy worth!—confess'd."

Anonymous Dedication of Evelina, to Dr. Burney, in 1778.

FROM THE LONDON EDITION, IN THREE OCTAVO VOLUMES.

INTRODUCTION.

Some of the reviewers have found fault with the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, as being rather the autobiography of the daughter than the life of the father. This appears to us, however, a recommendation; but the chief interest of the work will be found in the rich and new anecdotes furnished of the celebrated characters of the day, with whom Dr. Burney and his daughter were on intimate terms of social intercourse. The *ana* of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and others, possess a charm which no mere detail of Dr. Burney's habits could afford. It is gratifying to be admitted to familiar converse with those whose writings form the charm of our leisure hours; to have their private and familiar sayings and doings so fully portrayed; to have their feelings, their passions and peculiarities, depicted with truth and vivacity, and observe how individuals who filled so large a space in the public eye, acted in the domestic circle.

Who does not acknowledge the fascination produced in the work of the sycophantic Boswell? While the man is despised and laughed at, his life of Dr. Johnson remains a masterpiece of biography, and the literary world regrets that there have not been more Boswells. To the work of that author, and others of the same period, this Memoir may be considered as a connected chain—an addenda, rendering us more intimately conversant with the great originals.

The style of Madame D'Arblay has also been found fault with; and to those who are familiar with her early writings as Miss Burney, it will be a little astonishing to observe the awkward stiffness of many of her paragraphs. But her meaning is seldom obscure, which is, after all, the object to be attained. It has been well remarked that, in "analysing literary compositions, we should attend to the difference which subsists between that species of merit founded on the direct interest and attraction of the incidents and ideas which are employed, and that other sort of merit founded on the skill and dexterity with which materials are combined, and the justness of the relations which we are able to trace among its parts." The pictures in the present instance, we believe, will be valued, though the casket may be somewhat inelegant. The author certainly betrays unbounded vanity, but it is harmless, and even amusing.

There are parts of the English edition that would be entirely uninteresting beyond the precincts of Great Britain—some of these we have taken the liberty of omitting, believing that our readers will be more gratified than if the whole had been retained. We conclude with the opinion of the London Metropolitan Magazine, "this work will be universally read and generally liked."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE, OR APOLOGY.

The intentions, or rather the directions, of Dr. Burney, that his memoirs should be published; and the expectation of his family and friends that they should pass through the hands of his present editor and memorialist, have made the task of arranging the ensuing collations with her own personal recollections, appear to her a sacred duty from the year 1814.*

But the grief at his loss, which at first incapacitated her from such an effort, was soon afterwards followed by change of place—change of circumstances—almost of existence—with multiplied casualties, that, eventually, separated her from all her manuscript materials. And these she only recovered when under the pressure of a new affliction that took from her all power, or even thought, for their investigation. During many years, therefore, they have been laid aside, though never forgotten.

But if time, as so often we lament, will not stand still upon happiness, it would be graceless not to acknowledge, with gratitude to Providence, that neither is it positively stationary upon sorrow: for, though there are calamities which it cannot obliterate, and wounds which religion alone can heal, time yet seems endowed with a secret principle for producing a mental calm, through which life imperceptibly glides back to its customary operations. However powerless time itself—earthly time!—must still remain for restoring lost felicity.

Now, therefore,—most unexpectedly,—that she finds herself sufficiently recovered from successive indispositions and afflictions, to attempt the acquittal of a debt which has long hung heavily upon her mind, she ventures to reopen her manuscript stores, and to resume, though in trembling, her long-forsaken pen.

That the life of so eminent a man should not pass away without some authenticated record, will be pretty generally thought; and the circumstances which render her its recorder, grow out of the very nature of things; she possessed all his papers and documents; and, from her earliest youth to his latest decline, not a human being was more confidentially entrusted than herself with the occurrences, the sentiments, and the feelings of his past and passing days.

Although, as biography, from time immemorial, has claimed the privilege of being more discursive than history, the memorialist may seek to diversify the plain recital of facts by such occasional anecdotes as have been hoarded from childhood in her memory; still, and most scrupulously, not an opinion will be given as Dr. Burney's, either of persons or things, that was not literally his own: and fact will as essentially be the basis of every article, as if its object were still lent to earth, and now listening to this exposition of his posthumous memoirs with her own recollections.

Nevertheless, though nothing is related that does not belong to Dr. Burney and his history, the accounts are not always rigidly confined to his presence, where scenes or traits, still strong in the remembrance of the editor, or still before her eyes in early letters or diaries, invite to any characteristic details of celebrated personages.

Not slight, however, is the embarrassment that struggles with the pleasure of these mingled reminiscences, from their appearance of personal obtrusion: yet, when it is seen that they are never brought forward but to introduce some incident or speech, that must also remain untold, of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, Mr. Bruce—nay, Napoleon—and some other high standing names, of recent date to the aged, yet of still living curiosity to the youthful reader—these apparent egotisms may be something more, perhaps, than pardoned.

Where the life has been as private as that of Dr. Burney, its history must necessarily be simple, and can have little further call upon the attention of the world, than that which may belong to a wish of tracing the progress of a nearly abandoned child, from a small village of Shropshire, to a man allowed throughout Europe to have risen to the head of his profession; and thence, setting his profession aside, to have been elevated to an intellectual rank in society, as a man of letters.

* The year of Burney's decease.

"Though not first in the very first line" with most of the eminent men of his day, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke, soaring above any contemporary mark, always, like senior wranglers, excepted.

And to this height, to which, by means and resources all his own, he arose, the Genius that impelled him to fame, the integrity that established his character, and the amiability that magnetised all hearts,—in the phrase of Dr. Johnson,—*to go forth to meet him*, were the only materials with which he worked his way.

Dr. Burney both began and dropped an introduction to his life, as appears by a marginal note, in the year 1782. This was not continued or resumed, save by occasional memorandums, till the year 1807, when he had reached the age of eighty-one, and was under the dejecting apprehension of paralytic seizure. From that time, nevertheless, he composed sundry manuscript volumes, of various sizes, containing the history of his life, from his cradle nearly to his grave.

Out of the minute amplitude of this vast mass of matter, it has seemed the duty of his editor and memorialist, to collect all that seemed to offer interest for the general reader; but to commit nothing to the public eye that there is reason to believe the author himself would have withheld from it at an earlier period; or would have obliterated, even at a much later, had he revised his writings after the recovery of his health and spirits.*

MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNEY.

Charles Burney was born at Shrewsbury, on the 12th of April, 1726, and was the issue of a second marriage. Mr. Burney, senior, finally, and with tolerable success, fixed himself to the profession of portrait painting, and quitting Shrewsbury, established himself in the city of Chester.

From what cause is not known, and it is difficult to conceive any that can justify such extraordinary neglect, young Charles was left in Shropshire, upon the removal of his parents to Chester; and abandoned, not only during his infancy, but even during his boyhood, to the care of an uncultivated and utterly ignorant, but worthy and affectionate old nurse, called Dame Ball, in the rustic village of Andover. His reminiscences upon this period were among the most tenaciously minute, and the most agreeable to his fancy for detail, of any part of his life; and the uncommon gaiety of his narratory powers, and the frankness with which he set forth the pecuniary embarrassments and provoking mischances, to which his thus deserted childhood was exposed, had an ingenuousness, a good humour, and a comicality, that made the subject of Andover not more delectable to himself than entertaining to his hearer.

The education of the subject of these Memoirs, when, at length, he was removed from this his first instructress, whom he quitted, as he always protested, with an agony of grief, was begun at the free school at Chester. It can excite no surprise, his brilliant career through life considered, that his juvenile studies were assiduous, ardent, and successful. He was frequently heard to declare, that he had been once only chastised at school, and that not for slackness, but forwardness in scholastic lore.

His earliest musical instructor was his eldest half-brother, Mr. James Burney, who was then, and for more than half a century afterwards, organist of St. Margaret's, Shrewsbury; in which city the young musician elect began his professional studies.

He was yet a mere youth, when, while unremittingly studious, he was introduced to Dr. Arne, on the passage of that celebrated musician through the city of Chester, when returning from Ireland; and this most popular of English composers since the days of Purcell, was so much pleased with the talents of this nearly self-instructed performer, as to make an offer to Mr. Burney, senior, upon such conditions as are usual to such sort of patronage, to complete the musical education of this lively and aspiring young man, and to bring him forth to the world as his favourite and most promising pupil.

To this proposal Mr. Burney, senior, was induced to

* A fourth volume, of Correspondence, is announced by Madame D'Arblay, to appear at some future day.

consent; and in the year 1774, at the age of seventeen, the eager young candidate for fame rapturously set off, in company with Dr. Arne, for the metropolis.

DR. ARNE.

Arrived in London, young Burney found himself unrestrainedly his own master, save in what regarded his articulated agreement with Dr. Arne.

Dr. Arne has been, professionally, fully portrayed by the pupil who, nominally, was under his guidance; but who, in after times, became the historian of his tuneful art. Eminent, however, in that art as was Dr. Arne, his eminence was to that art alone confined. Thoughtless, dissipated and careless, he neglected, or rather scoffed at, all other but musical reputation. And he was so little scrupulous in his ideas of propriety, that he took pride rather than shame in being publicly classed, even in the decline of life, as a man of pleasure.

Such a character was ill qualified to form or to protect the morals of a youthful pupil; and it is probable that not a notion of such a duty ever occurred to Dr. Arne; so happy was his self complacency in the fertility of his invention and the ease of his compositions, and so dazzled by the brilliancy of his success in his powers of melody, which, in truth, for the English stage were, in sweetness and variety, unrivalled—that, satisfied and flattered by the practical exertions and the popularity of his fancy, he had no ambition, or, rather, no thought concerning the theory of his art.

The depths of science, indeed, were the last that the gay master had any inclination to sound; and in a very short time, through something that mingled jealousy with ability, the disciple was wholly left to work his own way as he could through the difficulties of his professional progress.

MRS. CIBBER.

Young Burney, now, was necessarily introduced to Dr. Arne's celebrated sister, the most enchanting actress of her day, Mrs. Cibber; in whose house, in Scotland Yard, he found himself in a constellation of wits, poets, actors, authors, and men of letters.

The most social powers of pleasing, which to the very end of his life endeared him to every circle in which he mixed, were now first lighted up by the sparks of convivial collision which emanate, in kindred minds, from the electricity of conversation. And though, as yet, he was but a gazer himself in the splendour of this galaxy, he had parts of such quick perception, and so laughter-loving a taste for wit and humour, that he not alone received delight from the sprightly sallies, the ludicrous representations, or the sportive mimicries that here, with all the frolic of high-wrought spirits, were bandied about from guest to guest, he contributed personally to the general enjoyment by the gaiety of his participation; and appeared, to all but his modest self, to make an integral part of the brilliant society into which he was content, nay charmed, to seem admitted merely as an auditor.

GARRICK.

Conspicuous in this bright assemblage, then hardly beyond the glowing dawn of his unparalleled dramatic celebrity, shone forth with a blaze of lustre that struck young Burney with enthusiastic admiration.

With Thomson, the poet, his favoured lot led him to the happiness of early and intimate, though, unfortunately, not of long enduring acquaintance, the destined race of Thomson, which was cut short nearly in the meridian of life, being already almost run.

Burney now set to music the Mask of Alfred, and the principal airs in the English burletta called Robin Hood, which was most flatteringly received at the theatre; and he composed the whole of the music of the pantomime of Queen Mab.

He observed at this time the strictest incognito concerning all these productions, though no motive for it is found among his papers. Queen Mab had a run which, at that time, had never been equalled, save by the opening of the Beggar's Opera; and which has not since been surpassed, save by the representation of the Duenna.

The music, when printed, made its appearance in the world as the offspring of a society of the sons of Apollo: and Oswald, a famous bookseller, published it by that title, and knew nothing of its real parentage.

Sundry airs, ballads, cantatas, and other light musical productions, were put forth also, as from that imaginary society; but all sprang from the same source, and all were equally unacknowledged.

The sole conjecture to be formed upon a self-denial, to which no virtue seems attached, and from which reason withdraws its sanction, as tending to counteract the just

balance between merit and recompense, is, that possibly the articles then in force with Dr. Arne, might disfranchise young Burney from the liberty of publication in his own name.

EARL OF HOLDERNESSE.

The first musical work by the subject of these memoirs that he openly avowed, was a set of six sonatas for two violins and a bass, printed in 1747, and dedicated to the Earl of Holderness; to whose notice the author had been presented by some of the titled friends and protectors to whom he had become accidentally known.

The earl not only accepted with pleasure the music and the dedication, but conceived a regard for the young composer, that soon passed from his talents to his person and character.

FULK GREVILLE.

While connections thus various, literary, classical, noble, and professional, incidentally occurred, combating the deadening toil of the copyist, and keeping his mind in tune for intellectual pursuits and attainments, new scenes, most unexpectedly, opened to him the world at large, and suddenly brought him to a familiar acquaintance with high life.

Fulk Greville, a descendant of *The Friend of Sir Philip Sydney*, and afterwards author of *Characters, Maxims, and Reflections*, was then generally looked up to as the finest gentleman about town. His person, tall and well-proportioned, was commanding; his face, features, and complexion, was striking for masculine beauty; and his air and carriage were noble with conscious dignity.

He was then in the towering pride of healthy manhood and athletic strength. He excelled in all the fashionable exercises, riding, fencing, hunting, shooting at a mark, dancing, tennis, &c.; and worked at every one of them with a fury for pre-eminence, not equalled, perhaps, in ardour for superiority in personal accomplishments, since the days of the chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

His high birth, and higher expectation—for a coronet at that time, from some uncertain right of heritage, hung almost suspended over his head—with a splendid fortune, wholly unfettered, already in his hands, gave to him a consequence in the circles of modish dissipation that, at the clubs of St. James's street, and on the race ground at Newmarket, nearly crowned him as chief. For though there were many competitors of more titled importance, and more powerful wealth, neither the blaze of their heraldry, nor the weight of their gold, could preponderate, in the buckish scales of the day, over the elegance of equipment, the grandeur, yet attraction of demeanour, the supercilious brow, and the resplendent smile, that marked the lofty yet graceful descendant of Sir Philip Sydney.

This gentleman one morning, while trying a new instrument at the house of Kirkman, the first harpsichord maker of the times, expressed a wish to receive musical instruction from some one who had mind and cultivation, as well as finger and ear; lamenting, with strong contempt, that, in the musical tribe, the two latter were generally dislocated from the two former; and gravely asking Kirkman whether he knew any young musician who was fit company for a gentleman.

Kirkman, with honest zeal to stand up for the credit of the art by which he prospered, and which he held to be insulted by this question, warmly answered that he knew many; but, very particularly, one member of the harmonic corps, who had as much music in his tongue as in his hands, and who was as fit company for a prince as for an orchestra.

Mr. Greville, with much surprise, made sundry and formal enquiries into the existence, situation, and character of what he called so great a phenomenon; protesting there was nothing he so much desired as the extraordinary circumstance of finding any union of sense with sound.

The replies of the good German were so exciting, as well as satisfactory, that Mr. Greville became eager to see the youth thus extolled; but charged Mr. Kirkman not to betray a word of what had passed, that the interview might be free from restraint, and seemed to be arranged merely for showing off the several instruments that were ready for sale, to a gentleman who was disposed to purchase one of the most costly.

To this injunction Mr. Kirkman agreed, and conscientiously adhered.

A day was appointed, and the meeting took place.

Young Burney, with no other idea than that of serving Kirkman, immediately seated himself at an instrument, and played various pieces of Geminiana, Corelli,

and Tartini, whose compositions were then most in fashion. But Mr. Greville, secretly suspicious of some connivance, coldly and proudly walked about the room; took snuff from a finely enamelled snuff-box, and looked at some prints, as if wholly without noticing the performance.

He had, however, too much penetration not to perceive his mistake, when he marked the inattentive carelessness with which his inattention was returned; for soon, conceiving himself to be playing to very obtuse ears, young Burney left off all attempt at soliciting their favour; and only sought his own amusement by trying favourite passages, or practising difficult ones, with a vivacity which showed that his passion for his art rewarded him in itself for his exertions. But coming, at length, to keys of which the touch, light and springing, invited his stay, he fired away in a sonata of Scarlatti's, with an alternate excellence of execution and expression, so perfectly in accord with the fanciful flights of that wild but masterly composer, that Mr. Greville, satisfied no scheme was at work to surprise or win him, but, on the contrary, that the energy of genius was let loose upon itself, and enjoying, without premeditation, its own lively sports and vagaries; softly drew a chair to the harpsichord, and listened, with unaffected earnestness, to every note.

Nor were his ears alone curiously awakened; his eyes were equally occupied to mark the peculiar performance of intricate difficulties; for the young musician had invented a mode of adding greatness to brilliancy, by curving the fingers, and rounding the hand, in a manner that gave them a grace upon the keys quite new at that time, and entirely of his own devising.

To be easily pleased, however, or to make acknowledgment of being pleased at all, seems derogatory to strong self-importance; Mr. Greville, therefore, merely said, "You are fond, sir, it seems, of Italian music?"

The reply to this was striking up, with all the varying undulations of the crescendo, the diminuendo, the pealing swell, and the "dying, dying fall," belonging to the powers of the pedal, that most popular masterpiece of Handel's, the Coronation Anthem.

This quickness of comprehension, in turning from Italian to German, joined to the grandeur of the composition, and the talents of the performer, now irresistibly vanquished Mr. Greville; who, convinced of Kirkman's truth with regard to the harmonic powers of this son of Apollo, desired next to sift it with regard to the wit.

Casting off, therefore, his high reserve, with his jealous surmises, he ceased to listen to the music, and started some theme that was meant to lead to conversation.

But as this essay, from not knowing to what the youth might be equal, consisted of such inquiries as, "Have you been in town long, sir?" or, "Does your taste call you back to the country, sir?" &c. &c., his young hearer, by no means preferring this inquisitorial style to the fancy of Scarlatti, or the skill and depth of Handel, slightly answered, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir;" and, perceiving an instrument not yet tried, darted to it precipitately, and seated himself to play a voluntary.

The charm of genuine simplicity is no where more powerful than with the practised and hackneyed man of the world; for it induces what, of all things, he most rarely experiences, a belief in sincerity.

Mr. Greville, therefore, though thwarted, was not displeased; for in a votary of the art he was pursuing, he saw a character full of talents, yet without guile; and, conceived from that moment, an idea that it was one he might personally attach. He remitted, therefore, to some other opportunity, a further internal investigation.

Mr. Kirkman now came forward to announce, that in the following week he should have a new harpsichord, with double keys, and a deepened bass, ready for examination.

They then parted, without any explanation on the side of Mr. Greville; or any idea on that of the subject of these memoirs, that he and his acquirements were objects of so peculiar a speculation.

At the second interview, young Burney innocently and eagerly flew at once to the harpsichord, and tried it with various recollections from his favourite composers.

Mr. Greville listened complacently and approvingly; but at the end of every strain, made a speech that he intended should lead to some discussion.

Young Burney, however, more alive to the graces of melody than to the subtleties of argument, gave answers that always finished with full-toned chords, which as

constantly modulated into another movement; till Mr. Greville, tired and impatient, suddenly proposed changing places, and trying the instrument himself.

He could not have devised a more infallible expedient to provoke conversation; for he thrummed his own chosen bits by memory with so little skill or taste, yet with a pertinacity so wearisome, that young Burnby, who could neither hearken to such playing, nor turn aside from such a player, caught with alacrity at every opening to discourse, as an acquittal from the fatigue of meek attention.

This eagerness gave a piquancy to what he said, that stole from him the diffidence that might otherwise have hung upon his inexperience; and endued him with a courage for uttering his opinions, that might else have faded away under the trammels of distant respect.

In the subject of these memoirs, this effervescence of freedom was clearly that of juvenile artlessness and overflowing vivacity; and Mr. Greville desired too sincerely to gather the youth's notions and fathom his understanding, for permitting himself to check such amusing spirits, by proudly wrapping himself up, as at least favourable moments he was wont to do, in his own consequence. He grew, therefore, so lively and entertaining, that young Burnby became as much charmed with his company as he had been wearied by his music; and an interchange of ideas took place, as frankly rapid, equal, and undaunted, as if the descendant of the friend of Sir Philip Sydney had encountered a descendant of Sir Philip Sydney himself.

This meeting concluded the investigation; music, singing her gay triumph, took her stand at the helm; and a similar victory for capacity and information awaited but a few intellectual skirmishes, on poetry, politics, morals, and literature,—in the midst of which Mr. Greville, suddenly and gracefully holding out his hand, fairly acknowledged his scheme, proclaimed its success, and invited the unconscious victor to accompany him to Wilbury House.

The amazement of young Burnby was boundless; but his modesty, or rather his ignorance that not to think highly of his own abilities merited that epithet, was most agreeably surprised by so complicate a flattery to his character, his endowments, and his genius.

But his articles with Dr. Arne were in full force; and it was not without a sigh that he made known his confined position.

Unaccustomed to control his inclinations himself, or to submit to their control from circumstances, expense, or difficulty, Mr. Greville mocked this puny obstacle; and, instantly visiting Dr. Arne in person, demanded his own terms for liberating his Cheshire pupil.

Dr. Arne, at first, would listen to no proposition; protesting that a youth of such promise was beyond all equivalent. But no sooner was a round sum mentioned, than the Doctor, who, in common with all the dupes of extravagance, was evermore needy, could not disguise from himself that he was dolorously out of cash; and the dazzling glare of three hundred pounds could not but play most temptingly in his sight, for one of those immediate, though imaginary wants, that the man of pleasure is always sure to see waving, with decoying allurements, before his longing eyes.

The articles, therefore, were cancelled: and young Burnby was received in the house of Mr. Greville as a desired inmate, a talented professor, and a youth of genius: to which appellations, from his pleasantries, gaiety, reading, and readiness, was soon superadded the title—not of a humble, but of a chosen and confidential companion.

Young Burnby now moved in a completely new sphere, and led a completely new life. All his leisure nevertheless still was devoted to improvement in his own art, by practice and by composition. But the hours for such sage pursuits were soon curtailed from half the day to its quarter; and again from that to merely the early morning that preceded any communication with his gay host: for so partial grew Mr. Greville to his new favourite, that, speedily, there was no remission of claim upon his time or his talents, whether for music or discourse.

Nor even here ended the requisition for his presence; his company had a charm that gave a zest to whatever went forward: his opinions were so ingenious, his truth was so inviolate, his spirits were so entertaining, that, shortly, to make him a part of whatever was said or done, seemed necessary to Mr. Greville for either speech or action.

MISS FANNY MACARTNEY.

New scenes, and of deeper interest, presented themselves ere long. A lovely female, in the bloom of youth,

equally high in a double celebrity, the most rarely accorded to her sex, of beauty and of wit, and exquisite in her possession of both, made an assault upon the eyes, the understanding, and the heart of Mr. Greville; so potent in its first attack, and so varied in its after stages, that, little as he felt at that time disposed to barter his boundless liberty, his desultory pursuits, and his brilliant, though indefinite expectations, for a bondage so narrow, so derogatory to the swing of his wild will, as that of marriage appeared to him; he was caught by so many charms, entangled in so many inducements, and inflamed by such a whirl of passions, that he soon almost involuntarily surrendered to the besieger; not absolutely at discretion, but very unequivocally from resistless impulse.

This lady was Miss Fanny Macartney, the third daughter of Mr. Macartney, a gentleman of large fortune, and of an ancient Irish family.

In Horace Walpole's *Beauties*, Miss Fanny Macartney was the Flora.

In Grenville's *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, she was also Flora, contrasted with Camilla, who was meant for Mrs. Garrick.

Miss Fanny Macartney was of a character which, at least in its latter stages, seems to demand two pencils to delineate; so diversely was it understood, or appreciated.

To many she passed for being pedantic, sarcastic, and supercilious: as such, she affrighted the timid, who shrunk into silence; and braved the bold, to whom she allowed no quarter. The latter, in truth, seemed to stimulate exertions which brought her faculties into play; and which—besides creating admiration in all who escaped her shafts—appeared to offer to herself a mental exercise, useful to her health, and agreeable to her spirits.

Her understanding was truly masculine; not from being harsh or rough, but from depth, soundness, and capacity; yet her fine small features, and the whole style of her beauty, looked as if meant by Nature for the most feminine delicacy: but her voice, which had something in it of a croak; and her manner, latterly at least, of sitting, which was that of lounging completely at her ease, in such curves as she found most commodious, with her head alone upright; and her eyes commonly fixed, with an expression rather alarming than flattering, in examination of some object that caught her attention; probably caused, as they naturally excited, the hard general notion to her disadvantage above mentioned.

This notion, nevertheless, though almost universally harboured in the circle of her public acquaintance, was nearly reversed in the smaller circles that came more in contact with her feelings. By this last must be understood, solely, the few who were happy enough to possess her favour; and to them she was a treasure of ideas and of variety. The keenest of her satire yielded its asperity to the zest of her good-humour, and the kindness of her heart. Her noble indifference to superior rank, if placed in opposition to superior merit; and her delight in comparing notes with those with whom she desired to balance opinions, established her, in her own elected set, as one of the first of women. And though the fame of her beauty must pass away in the same oblivious rotation which has withered that of her rival contemporaries, the fame of her intellect must ever live, while sensibility may be linked with poetry, and the Ode to Indifference shall remain to show their union.

The various incidents that incited and led to the connection that resulted from this impassioned opening, appertain to the history of Mr. Greville; but, in its solemn ratification, young Burnby took a part so essential, as to produce a striking and pleasing consequence to much of his after life.

The wedding, though no one but the bride and bridegroom themselves knew why, was a stolen one, and kept profoundly secret; which, notwithstanding the bride was under age, was by no means, at that time, difficult, the marriage act having not yet passed. Young Burnby, though the most juvenile of the party, was fixed upon to give the lady away,* which evinced a trust and a partiality in the bridegroom, that were immediately adopted by his fair partner; and by her unremittingly sustained, with the frankest confidence, and the sincerest esteem, through the whole of a long and varied life. With sense and taste such as hers, it was not, indeed, likely she should be slack to discern and develop a merit so formed to meet her perceptions.

When the new married pair went through the customary routine of matrimonial elopers, namely, that of returning home to demand pardon and a blessing, Mr. Macartney coolly said: "Mr. Greville has chosen to

* The bride's sisters, the Misses Macartney, were privately present at this clandestine ceremony.

take a wife out of the window, whom he might just as well have taken out of the door."

The immediate concurrence of the lovely new mistress of Wilbury House, in desiring the society, even more than enjoying the talents of her lord and master's favourite, occasioned his residence there to be nearly as unbroken as their own. And the whole extensive neighbourhood so completely joined in this kind partiality, that no engagement, no assemblage whatsoever took place, from the most selectly private, to the most gorgeously public, to which the Grevilles were invited, in which he was not included: and he formed at that period many connections of lasting and honourable intimacy; particularly with Dr. Hawkesworth, M. Boone, and M. Cox.

They acted, also, sundry proverbs, interludes, and farces, in which young Burnby was always a principal personage. In one, amongst others, he played his part with a humour so entertaining, that its nickname was fastened upon him for many years after its appropriate representation. It would be difficult, indeed, not to accord him theatrical talents, when he could perform with success a character so little congenial with his own, as that of a finical, conceited coxcomb, a peltrey and illiterate poltroon; namely, Will Fribble, Esq., in Garrick's farce of *Miss in her Teens*. Mr. Greville himself was Captain Flash, and the beautiful Mrs. Greville was Miss Biddy Bellair; by which three names, from the great diversion their adoption had afforded, they corresponded with one another during several years.

The more serious honour that had been conferred upon young Burnby, of personating the part of father to Mrs. Greville, was succeeded, in due season after these gay espousals, by that of personating the part of god-father to her daughter; in standing, as the representative of the Duke of Beaufort, at the baptism of Miss Greville, afterwards the all-admired, and indescribably beautiful Lady Crew.

Little could he then foresee, that he was bringing into the Christian community a permanent blessing for his own after-life, in one of the most cordial, confidential, open-hearted, and unalterable of his friends.

ESTHER.

But not to Mr. Greville alone was flung one of those blissful or baneful darts, that sometimes fix in a moment, and irreversibly, the domestic fate of man; just such another, as potent, as pointed, as piercing, yet as delicious, penetrated, a short time afterwards, the breast of young Burnby; and from eyes perhaps as lovely, though not as celebrated; and from a mind perhaps as highly gifted, though not as renowned.

Esther Sleepe—this memorialist's mother—of whom she must now with reverence, with fear—yet with pride and delight—offer the tribute of a description—was small and delicate, but not diminutive, in person. Her face had that sculptural oval form which gives to the air of the head something like the ideal perfection of the poet's imagination. Her fair complexion was embellished by a rosy hue upon her cheeks of Hebe's freshness. Her eyes were of the finest azure, and beaming with the brightest intelligence; though they owed to the softness of their lustre a still more resistless fascination; and they were set in her head with such a peculiarity of elegance in shape and proportion, that they imparted a nobleness of expression to her brow and to her forehead, that, whether she were beheld when attired for society; or surprised under the negligence of domestic avocation; she could be viewed by no stranger whom she did not strike with admiration; she could be broken in upon by no old friend who did not look at her with new pleasure.

It was at a dance that she first was seen by young Burnby, at the house of his elder brother, in Hatton Garden; and that first sight was to him decisive, for he was not more charmed by her beauty than enchanted by her conversation.

So extraordinary, indeed, were the endowments of her mind, that, her small opportunity for their attainment considered, they are credible only from having been known upon proof.

Young Burnby at this time had no power to sue for the hand, though he had still less to forbear suing for the heart, of this fair creature: not only he had no fortune to lay at her feet, no home to which he could take her, no prosperity which he could invite her to share; another barrier, which seemed to him still more formidable, stood imperviously in his way—his peculiar position with Mr. Greville.

That gentleman, in freeing the subject of these memoirs from his engagements with Dr. Arne, meant to act with as much kindness as munificence; for, casting aside all ostentatious parade, he had shown himself as

desirous to gain, as to become, a friend. Yet was there no reason to suppose he purposed to rear a vine, of which he would not touch the grapes.

To be liberal, suited at once the real good taste of his character, and his opinion of what was due to his rank in life; and in procuring to himself the double pleasure of the society and the talents of young Burney, he thought his largess to Dr. Arne well bestowed; but it escaped his reflections, that the youth whom he made his companion in London at Wilbury House, at Newmarket, and at Bath, in quitting the regular pursuit of his destined profession, risked forfeiting the most certain guarantee to prosperity in business, progressive perseverance.

It was then he first felt the torment of uncertain situation; it was then he appreciated the high male value of self-dependence; it was then he first conceived, that, though gaiety may be found and followed, and met, and enjoyed abroad, not there, but at home, is happiness! Yet, from the moment a bosom whisper softly murmured to him the name of Esther, he had no difficulty to believe in the distinct existence of happiness from pleasure; and—still less to devise where—for him—it must be sought.

When he made known to his fair enslaver his singular position, and entreated her counsel to disentangle him from a net, of which, till now, the soft texture had impeded all discernment of the confinement, the early wisdom with which she preached to him patience and forbearance, rather diminished than augmented his power of practising either, by an increase of admiration that doubled the eagerness of his passion.

Nevertheless, he was fain to comply with her counsel, though less from acquiescence than from helplessness how to devise stronger measures, while under this nameless species of obligation to Mr. Greville, which he could not satisfy his delicacy in breaking; nor yet, in adhering to, justify his sense of his own rights.

But a discovery the most painful of the perturbed state of his mind, was soon afterwards impelled by a change of affairs in the Grevilles, which they believed would enchant him with pleasure; but which they found, to their unspeakable astonishment, overpowered him with affliction.

This was no other than a plan of going abroad for some years, and of including him in their party.

Concealment was instantly at an end. The sudden dismay of his ingenuous countenance, though it told not the cause, betrayed past recall his repugnance to the scheme.

With parts so lively, powers of observation so ready, and a spirit so delighting in whatever was uncommon and curious, they had expected that such a prospect of visiting new countries, surveying new scenes, mingling with new characters; and traversing the foreign world, under their auspices, in all its splendour, would have raised in him a buoyant transport, exhilarating to behold. But the sudden paleness that overspread his face; his downcast eye; the quiver of his lips; and the unintelligible stammer of his vainly attempted reply, excited interrogatories so anxious and so vehement, that they soon induced an avowal that a secret power had gotten possession of his mind, and sturdily exiled from it all ambition, curiosity, or pleasure, that came not in the form of an offering to its all absorbing shrine.

Every objection and admonition which he had anticipated, were immediately brought forward by this confession; but they were presented with a lenity that showed his advisers to be fully capable of conceiving, though persuaded that they ought to oppose his feelings.

Disconcerted, as well as dejected, because dissatisfied as well as unhappy in his situation, from mental incertitudes what were its real calls; and whether or not the ties of interest and obligation were here of sufficient strength to demand the sacrifice of those of love; he attempted not to vindicate, unreflectingly, his wishes; and still less did he permit himself to treat them as his intentions. With faint smiles, therefore, but stifled sighs, he heard with civil attention, their opinions; though, determined not to involve himself in any embarrassing conditions, he would risk no reply; and soon afterwards, curbing his emotion, he started abruptly another subject.

"They thought him wise, and followed as he led."

All the anguish, however, that was here suppressed, found vent with redoubled force at the feet of the fair partner in his disappointment; who, while unaffectedly sharing it, resolutely declined receiving clandestinely his hand, though tenderly she clung to his heart. She would listen to no project that might lead him to relin-

quish such solid friends, at the very moment that they were preparing to give him the strongest proof of their fondness for his society, and of their zeal in his benefit and improvement.

Young Burney was not the less unhappy at this decision from being sensible of its justice, since his judgment could not but thank her, in secret, for pronouncing the hard dictates of his own.

All that he now solicited was her picture, that he might wear her resemblance next his heart, till that heart should beat to its responsive original.

With this request she gracefully complied; and she sate for him to Spencer, one of the most famous miniature painters of that day.

Of striking likeness was this performance, of which the head and unornamented hair were executed with the most chaste simplicity; and young Burney reaped from this possession all that had power to afford him consolation; since he now could soften off the pangs of separation, by gliding from company, public places or assemblages, to commune by himself with the countenance of all he held most dear.

Thus solaced, he resigned himself with more courage to his approaching misfortune.

The Grevilles, it is probable, from seeing him apparently revived, imagined that, awakened from his flights of fancy, he was recovering his senses: but when, from this idea, they started, with light railery, the tender subject, they found their utter mistake. The most distant hint of abandoning such excellence, save for the moment, and from the moment's necessity, nearly convulsed him with inward disturbance; and so changed his whole appearance, that, concerned as well as amazed, they were themselves glad to hasten from so piercing a topic.

Too much moved, however, to regain his equilibrium, he could not be drawn from a disturbed taciturnity, till shame, conquering his agitation, enabled him to call back his self-command. He forced, then, a laugh at his own emotion; but presently afterwards seized with an irresistible desire of showing what he thought its vindication, he took from his bosom the cherished miniature, and placed it, fearfully, almost awfully, upon a table.

It was instantly and eagerly snatched from hand to hand by the gay couple; and young Burney had the unspeakable relief of perceiving that this impulsive trial was successful. With expansive smiles they examined and discussed the charm of the complexion, the beauty of the features, and the sensibility and sweetness conveyed by their expression; and what was then the joy, the pride of heart, the soul's delight of the subject of these memoirs, when those fastidious judges, and superior self-possessioners of personal attractions, voluntarily and generously united in avowing that they could no longer wonder at his captivation.

As a statue he stood fixed before them; a smiling one, indeed; a happy one; but as breathless, as speechless, as motionless.

Mr. Greville then, with a laugh exclaimed, "But why, Burney, why don't you marry her?"

Whether this were uttered sportively, inadvertently, or seriously, young Burney took neither time nor reflection to weigh; but, starting forward with ingenuous transport, called out, "May I?"

No negative could immediately follow an interrogatory that had thus been invited; and to have pronounced one in another minute would have been too late; for the enraptured and ardent young lover, hastily construing a short pause into an affirmative, blithely left them to the enjoyment of their palpable amusement at his precipitancy; and flew, with extatic celerity, to proclaim himself liberated from all mundane shackles, to her with whom he thought eternal bondage would be a state celestial.

From this period, to that of their exquisitely happy union,

"Galloped apace the fiery footed steeds,"

that urged on time with as much gay delight as prancing rapidity; for if they had not, in their matrimonial preparations, the luxuries of wealth, neither had they its fatiguing ceremonies; if they had not the security of future advantage, they avoided the torment of present procrastination; and if they had but little to bestow upon one another, they were saved, at least, the impatience of waiting for the seals, signatures, and etiquettes of lawyers, to bind down a lucrative prosperity to survivorship.

To the mother of the bride, alone of her family, was confided, on the instant, this spontaneous, this sudden

felicity. Little formality was requisite, before the passing of the marriage act, for presenting at the hy-meneal altar its destined votaries; and contracts the most sacred could be rendered indissoluble almost at the very moment of their projection: a strange dearth of foresight in those legislators who could so little weigh the chances of a minor's judgment upon what, eventually, may either suit his taste or form his happiness, for the larger portion of existence that commonly follows his majority.

All plan of going abroad was now, of course, at an end; and the Grevilles, and their beautiful infant daughter, leaving behind them Benedict the married man, set out, a family trio, upon their tour.

Rarely can the highest zest of pleasure awaken, in its most active votary, a spiritlessness of pursuit more gay or more spirited, than Mr. Burney now experienced and exhibited in the commonly grave and sober career of business, from the ardour of his desire to obtain self-dependence.

He worked not, indeed, with the fiery excitement of expectation; his reward was already in his hands; but from the nobler impulse he worked of meriting his fair lot; while she, his stimulus, deemed her own the highest prize from that matrimonial wheel whence issue bliss or bane to the remnant life of a sensitive female.

It was in the city, in consequence of his wife's connections, that Mr. Burney made his first essay as a house-keeper; and with a prosperity that left not a doubt of his ultimate success. Scholars, in his musical art, poured in upon him from all quarters of that British meridian; and he mounted so rapidly into the good graces of those who were most opulent and most influential, that it was no sooner known that there was a vacancy for an organist professor, in one of the fine old fabrics of devotion which decorate religion in the city and reflect credit on our commercial ancestors, than the Fullers, Hankeys, and all other great houses of the day to which he had yet been introduced, exerted themselves in his service with an activity and a warmth that were speedily successful; and that he constantly recounted with pleasure.

Anxious to improve as well as to prosper in his profession, he also elaborately studied composition, and brought forth several musical pieces. But Mr. Burney, whether from overstrained efforts in business; or from an application exceeding his physical powers in composition; or from the changed atmosphere of Cheshire, Shropshire, and Wiltshire, for the confined air of our great and crowded city; which had not then, as now, by a vast mass of improvement, been made nearly as sane as it is populous; suddenly fell, from a state of the most vigorous health, to one, the most alarming, of premature decay. And to this defalcation of strength was shortly added the seizure of a violent and dangerous fever that threatened his life.

The excellent and able Dr. Armstrong, already the friend of the invalid, was now sent to his aid by the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Home, who had conceived the warmest esteem for the subject of these memoirs. The very sight of this eminent physician was medicinal; though the torture he inflicted by the blister after blister with which he deemed it necessary to almost cover, and almost flay alive, his poor patient, required all the high opinion in which that patient held the doctor's skill for endurance.

The unsparing, but well-poised, prescriptions of this poetical Æsculapius, succeeded, however, in dethroning and extirpating the raging fever, that, perhaps, with milder means, had undermined the sufferer's existence. But a consumptive menace ensued, with all its fearful train of cough, night perspiration, weakness, glassy eyes, and hectic complexion; and Dr. Armstrong, foreseeing an evil beyond the remedies of medicine, strenuously urged an adoption of their most efficient successor, change of air.

The patient, therefore, was removed to Canonbury-house; whence, ere long, by the further advice, nay, injunction, of Dr. Armstrong, he was compelled to retire wholly from London; after an illness by which, for thirteen weeks, he had been confined to his bed.

Most fortunately, Mr. Burney, at this time, had proposals made to him by a Norfolk baronet, Sir John Turner, who was member for Lynn Regis, of the place of organist of that royal borough; of which, for a young man of talents and character, the mayor and corporation offered to raise the salary from twenty to one hundred pounds a year; with an engagement for procuring to him the most respectable pupils from all the best families in the town and its neighbourhood.

Though greatly chagrined and mortified to quit a situation in which he now was surrounded by cordial friends, who were zealously preparing for him all the

harmonical honours which the city holds within its patronage; the declining health of the invalid, and the forcibly pronounced opinion of his scientific medical counsellor, decided the acceptance of this proposal; and Mr. Burney, with his first restored strength, set out for his new destination.

Mr. Burney was received at Lynn with every mark of favour, that could demonstrate the desire of its inhabitants to attach and fix him to that spot. He was introduced by Sir John Turner to the mayor, aldermen, recorder, clergy, physicians, lawyers, and principal merchants, who formed the higher population of the town; and who in their traffic, the wine trade, were equally eminent for the goodness of their merchandise and the integrity of their dealings.

The wife and the babies were soon now in his arms; and this generous appreciator of the various charms of the one, and kind protector of the infantile feebleness of the other, cast away every remnant of discontent; and devoted himself to his family and profession, with an ardour that left nothing unattempted that seemed within the grasp of industry, and nothing unaccomplished that came within the reach of perseverance.

He had immediately for his pupils the daughters of every house in Lynn, whose chief had the smallest pretensions to belonging to the upper classes of the town; while almost all persons of rank in its vicinity, eagerly sought the assistance of the new professor for polishing the education of their females: and all alike coveted his society for their own information or entertainment.

With regard to the extensive neighbourhood, Mr. Burney had soon nothing left to desire in hospitality, friendship, or politeness; and here, as heretofore, he scarcely ever entered a house upon terms of business, without leaving it upon those of intimacy.

At Holcomb, the superb collection of statues, as well as of pictures, could not fail to soon draw thither persons of such strong native taste for all the arts as Mr. Burney and his wife; though, as there were, at that time, which preceded the possession of that fine mansion by the Cokes, neither pupils nor a male chief, no intercourse beyond that of the civilities of reception on a public day, took place with Mr. Burney and the last very ancient lady of the house of Leicester, to whom Holcomb then belonged.

Haughton Hall boasted, at that period, a collection of pictures that not only every lover of painting, but every British patriot in the arts, must lament that it can boast no longer.*

It had, however, in the heir and grandson of its founder, Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, a possessor of the most liberal cast; a patron of arts and artists; munificent in promoting the prosperity of the first, and blending pleasure with recompense to the second, by the frank equality with which he treated all his guests; and the ease and freedom with which his unaffected good humour and good sense cheered, to all about him, his festal board.

Far, nevertheless, from meriting unqualified praise was this noble peer; and his moral defects, both in practice and example, were as dangerous to the neighbourhood, of which he ought to have been the guide and protector, as the political corruption of his famous progenitor, the statesman, had been hurtful to probity and virtue, in the courtly circles of his day, by proclaiming, and striving to bring to proof, his nefarious maxim, "that every man has his price."

At the head of Lord Orford's table was placed, for the reception of his visitors, a person whom he denominated simply "Patty;" and that so unceremoniously, that all the most intimate of his associates addressed her by the same free appellation.

Those, however, if such there were, who might conclude from this degrading familiarity, that the Patty of Lord Orford was "every body's Patty," must soon have been undeceived, if tempted to make any experiment upon such a belief. The peer knew whom he trusted, though he rewarded not the fidelity in which he confided; but the fond, faulty Patty loved him with a blindness of passion, that hid alike from her weak perceptions, her own frailties, and his seductions.

In all, save that blot, which, on earth, must to a female be ever indelible, Patty was good, faithful, kind, friendly, and praise-worthy.

The table of Lord Orford, then commonly called Arthur's Round Table, assembled in its circle all of peculiar merit that its neighbourhood, or rather that the county

* The whole of this finest gallery of pictures that, then, had been formed in England, was sold, during some pecuniary difficulties, by its owner, George, Earl of Orford, for £40,000, to Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia.

produced, to meet there the great, the renowned, and the splendid, who, from their various villas, or the metropolis, visited Haughton Hall.

Mr. Burney was soon one of those whom the penetrating peer selected for a general invitation to his repasts; and who here, as at Wilbury House, formed sundry intimacies, some of which were enjoyed by him nearly through life.

Meanwhile, he had made too real an impression on the affections of his first friends, to let absence of sight produce absence of mind. With Mr. and Mrs. Greville he was always in correspondence; though, of course, neither frequently nor punctually, now that his engagements were so numerous, his obligations to fulfil them so serious, and that his own fireside was so bewitchingly in harmony with his feelings, as to make every moment he passed away from it a sacrifice.

Mr. Greville, now, was assuming a new character—that of an author; and he printed a work which he had long had in agitation, entitled "Maxims, Characters, and Reflections, Moral, Serious, and Entertaining;" a title that seemed to announce that England, in its turn, was now to produce, in a man of family and fashion, a La Bruyere, or a La Rochefoucault. And Mr. Greville, in fact, waited for a similar fame with dignity rather than anxiety, because with expectation unclogged by doubt.

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

How singularly Mr. Burney merited encouragement himself, cannot more aptly be exemplified than by portraying the genuine ardour with which he sought to stimulate the exertions of genius in others, and to promote their golden as well as literary laurels.

Mr. Burney was one of the first and most fervent admirers of those luminous periodical essays upon morals, literature, and human nature, that adorned the eighteenth century, and immortalised their author, under the vague and inadequate titles of the Rambler and the Idler. He took them both in; he read them to all his friends; and was the first to bring them to a bookish little coterie that assembled weekly at Mrs. Stephen Allen's.

At Haughton, at Felbrig, at Rainham, at Sir A. Wodehouse's, at Major Mackenzie's, and wherever his judgment had weight, Mr. Burney introduced and recommended these papers. And when, in 1755, the plan of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary reached Norfolk, Mr. Burney, by the zeal with which he spread the fame of that lasting monument of the Doctor's matchless abilities, was enabled to collect orders for a Norfolk packet of half a dozen copies of that noble work.

This empowered him to give some vent to his admiration; and a letter made the opening to a connection that he always considered as one of the greatest honours of his life.

Within two months of the date of this letter, its writer was honoured with the following answer.

"TO MR. BURNEY, IN LYNN REGIS, NORFOLK.

"SIR,—If you imagine that by delaying my answer I intended to show any neglect of the notice with which you have favoured me, you will neither think justly of yourself nor of me. Your civilities were offered with too much elegance not to engage attention; and I have too much pleasure in pleasing men like you, not to feel very sensibly the distinction which you have bestowed upon me.

"Few consequences of my endeavours to please or to benefit mankind, have delighted me more than your friendship thus voluntarily offered; which, now I have it, I hope to keep, because I hope to continue to deserve it.

"I have no Dictionaries to dispose of for myself; but shall be glad to have you direct your friends to Mr. Doddsley, because it was by his recommendation that I was employed in the work.

"When you have leisure to think again upon me, let me be favoured with another letter, and another yet, when you have looked into my Dictionary. If you find faults, I shall endeavour to mend them: if you find none, I shall think you blinded by kind partiality: but to have made you partial in his favour will very much gratify the ambition of, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"Gough-square, Fleet-street, April 8, 1755."

It was yet some years later, before Mr. Burney found an opportunity of paying his personal respects to Dr. Johnson; who then, in 1760, resided in chambers at the Temple. No account, unfortunately, remains of this first interview, except an anecdote that relates to Mr. Bowley.

While awaiting the appearance of his revered host, Mr. Burney recollected a supplication from the philosopher of Masingham, to be indulged with some token,

however trifling or common, of his friend's admission to the habitation of this great man. Vainly, however, Mr. Burney looked around the apartment for something that he might innocently purloin. Nothing but coarse and necessary furniture was in view; nothing portable—not even a wafer, the cover of a letter, or a split pen, was to be caught; till, at length, he had the happiness to espie an old hearth broom in the chimney corner. From this, with hasty glee, he cut off a bristly wisp, which he hurried into his pocket-book; and afterwards formally folded in silver paper, and forwarded, in a frank, to Lord Orford, for Mr. Bowley; by whom the burlesque offering was hailed with good-humoured acclamation, and preserved through life.

In 1760, Mr. Burney, with his wife and young family, returned to London. The new establishment was in Poland street.

The opening of this new plan of life was as successful to Mr. Burney as its projection had been promising. Pupils of rank, wealth and talents, were continually proposed to him; and, in a very short time, he had hardly an hour unappropriated to some fair disciple.

ESTHER.

Thus glided away, in peace, domestic joys, improvement, and prosperity, this first—and last! happy year of the new London residence. In the course of the second, a cough, with alarming symptoms, menaced the breast of the life and soul of the little circle; consisting now of six children, clinging with equal affection around each parent chief.

She rapidly grew weaker and worse. Her tender husband hastened her to Bristol Hotwells, whither he followed her upon his first possible vacation; and where, in a short time, he had the extasy to believe that he saw her recover, and to bring her back to her fond little family.

But though hope was brightened, expectation was deceived! stability of strength was restored no more; and, in the ensuing autumn, she was seized with an inflammatory disorder with which her delicate and shaken frame had not force to combat. No means were left untried to stop the progress of danger; but all were fruitless! and, after less than a week of pain the most terrific, the deadly ease of mortification suddenly, awfully succeeded to the most excruciating torture.

Twelve stated hours of morbid bodily repose became, from that tremendous moment of baleful relief, the counted boundary of her earthly existence.

The wretchedness of her idolising husband at the development of such a predestined termination to her sufferings, when pronounced by the celebrated Dr. Hunter, was only not distraction. But she herself, though completely aware that her hours now were told, met the irrevocable doom with open, religious, and even cheerful composure—sustained, no doubt, by the blessed aspirations of mediatory salvation; and calmly declaring that she quitted the world with perfect tranquillity, save for leaving her tender husband and helpless children. And, in the arms of that nearly frantic husband, who till that fatal epoch had literally believed her existence and his own, in this mortal journey, to be indispensably one—she expired.

When the fatal scene was finally closed, the disconsolate survivor immured himself almost from light and life, through inability to speak or act, or yet to bear witness to his misery.

A total chasm ensues of all account of events belonging to the period of this irreparable earthly blast. Not a personal memorandum of the unhappy survivor is left; not a single document in his handwriting, except of verses to her idea, or to her memory; or of imitations, adapted to his loss, and to her excellences, from some selected sonnets of Petrarch, whom he considered to have loved, entombed, and bewailed another Esther in his Laura.

From his mournful monotony of life, he was especially, however, called, by reflecting that his eldest daughter was fast advancing to that age when education is most requisite to improvement; and that, at such a period, the loss of her mother and instructress might be permanently hurtful to her, if no measure should be taken to avert the possible consequences of neglect.

Yet the idea of a governess, who, to him, unless his children were wholly confined to the nursery, must indispensably be a species of companion, was not, in his present desolate state of mind, even tolerable. Nevertheless masters without superintendence, and lessons without practice, he well knew to be nugatory. Projects how to remedy this evil, as fruitless as they were numberless, crossed his mind; till a plan occurred to him, that by combining economy with novelty, and change of scene

for himself, with various modes of advantage to his daughters, ripened into an exertion that brought him, about a month after its formation, to the gates of Paris.

PARIS.

Immediately upon his arrival at Paris, Mr. Burney, by singular good fortune, had the honour to be introduced to Lady Clifford, a Roman Catholic dowager, of a character the most benevolent, who resided entirely in France, for the pious purpose of enjoying with facility the rites of her religion, which could not, at that period, be followed in England without peril of persecution.

This lady took the children of Mr. Burney into her kindest favour, and invited their father to consult with her unreservedly upon his projects and wishes; and through such honourable auspices, scarcely ten days elapsed, ere Esther and Susan were placed under the care of Madame St. Mart, a woman of perfect goodness of heart, and of a disposition the most affectionate.

Madame St. Mart was accustomed to the charge of *des jeunes Anglaises*, two daughters of Sir Willoughby Aston, Selina and Belinda, being then under her roof.

Highly satisfied with this arrangement, Mr. Burney now visited the delightful capital of France; made himself acquainted with its antiquities, curiosities, public buildings, public places, general laws, and peculiar customs; its politics, its resources, its festivities, its arts and its artists: as well as with the arbitrary tyrannies, and degrading oppressions towards the lower classes, which, at that epoch were, to an English looker-on, incomprehensibly combined, not with murmurs nor discontent, but with the most lively animal spirits, and the freest glee of national gaiety.

But his chosen haunts were the public libraries, to which an easiness of access, at that time deplorably unknown in England, encouraged, nay, excited, the intelligent visitor, who might be mentally inclined to any literary project, to hit upon some subject congenial to his taste; by rousing in him that spirit of emulation, which ultimately animates the humbly instructed, to soar to the heights that distinguish the luminous instructor.

Collections of books, even the most multitudinous and the most rare, may hold, to the common runner through life, but an ordinary niche in places of general resort; nevertheless, the public libraries, those patrons of the mind, must always be entered with a glow of grateful pleasure, by those who, instinctively, meditate upon the vast mass of thought that they contain.

At the house of the English ambassador, the Earl of Hertford, he became acquainted with the celebrated secretary of his lordship, the justly admired, and justly conured DAVID HUME; who, with the skilful discernment that waited neither name nor fame for its stimulus, took Mr. Burney immediately and warmly into his favour.

Had this powerful and popular author, in his erudite, spirited, and intellectual researches and reflections, given to mankind his luminous talents, and his moral philosophy, for fair, open, and useful purposes, suited to the high character which he bore, not alone for genius, but for worth and benevolence; instead of bending, blending, involving them with missive weapons of baneful sarcasm, insidiously at work to undermine our form of faith; he would have been hailed universally, not applauded partially, as, in every point, one of the first of British writers.

To the world no man is accountable for his thoughts and his ruminations; but for their propagation, if they are dangerous or mischievous, the risks which he may allure others to share, seem impelled by wanton lack of feeling; if not by an ignorant yet presumptuous dearth of foresight to the effect he is working to produce: two deficiencies equally impossible to be attributed to a man to whom philanthropy is as unequivocally accorded as philosophy.

Unsolved therefore, perhaps, yet remains, as a problem in the history of human nature, how a being, at once wise and benign, could have refrained from the self-examination of demanding: what—had he been successful in exterminating from the eyes and the hearts of men the lecture and the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures,—would have been achieved? Had he any other more perfect religion to offer? More purifying from evil? more fortifying in misfortune? more consoling in woe?—No!—indubitably no!—Nothing fanatical, or mystic, could cope with judgment such as his. To undermine, not to construct, is all the obvious purpose of his efforts—of which he laments the failure as a calamity! He leaves, there-

* In his letters.

fore, nothing to conjecture of his motives but what least seems to belong to a character of his sedate equanimity; a personal desire to proclaim to mankind their folly in their belief, and his sagacity in his infidelity.

LONDON.

Mr. Burney now, greatly lightened, and somewhat brightened in spirits, returned to his country and his home. His mind seemed no longer left in desolating inertness to prey upon itself. Nutriment of an invigorating nature was in view, though not yet of a consistence to afford spontaneous refreshment.

His first actual essay was a trifle, though a pleasing one, from which no real fame could either accrue, or be marred; it was translating, and adapting to the stage, the little pastoral afterpiece of Rousseau, *Le Dican du Village*.

GARRICK.

To this he was urged by Garrick; and the execution was appropriate, and full of merit. But though the music, from its simplicity and the sweetness of its melody, was peculiarly fitted to refine the public taste amongst the middle classes; while it could not fail to give passing pleasure even to the highest; the drama was too denuded of intricacy or variety for the amusement of John Bull; and the appearance of only three interlocutors caused a gaping expectation of some followers, that made every new scene begin by inflicting disappointment.

Mr. Garrick, and his accomplished, high-bred, and engaging wife, La Violetta, had been amongst the earliest of the pristine connections of Mr. Burney, who had sought him, with compassionate kindness, as soon after his heart-breaking loss as he could admit any friends to his sight. The ensuing paragraph on his warm sentiments of this talented and bewitching pair, is copied from one of his manuscript memorandums.

"My acquaintance, at this time, with Mrs. as well as Mr. Garrick, was improved into a real friendship; and frequently, on the Saturday night, when Mr. Garrick did not act, he carried me to his villa at Hampton, whence he brought me to my home early on Monday morning. I seldom was more happy than in these visits. His wit, humour, and constant gaiety at home; and Mrs. Garrick's good sense, good breeding, and obliging desire to please, rendered their Hampton villa, on these occasions, a terrestrial paradise.

"Mrs. Garrick had every faculty of social judgment, good taste, and steadiness of character, which he wanted. She was an excellent appreciator of the fine arts; and attended all the last rehearsals of new or of revived plays, to give her opinion of effects, dresses, scenery, and machinery. She seemed to be his real other half; and he, by his intelligence and accomplishments, seemed to complete the Hydrogynnyus."

This eminent couple paid their court to Mr. Burney in the manner that was most sure to be successful, namely, by their endearing and good-natured attentions to his young family; frequently giving them, with some chaperon of their father's appointing, the lightsome pleasure of possessing Mrs. Garrick's private box at Drury Lane theatre; and that, from time to time, even when the incomparable Roscius acted himself.

Mr. Garrick possessed not only every possible inflection of voice, save for singing, but also of countenance; varying his looks into young, old, sick, vigorous, downcast, or frolicsome, at his personal volition; as if his face, and even his form, had been put into his own hands to be worked upon like Man a Machine.

Mr. Garrick, about this time, warmly urged the subject of these memoirs to set to music an English opera called Orpheus; but while, for that purpose, Mr. Burney was examining the drama, he was informed that it had been put into the hands of Mr. Barthelemon, who was preparing it for the stage.

Astonished, and very much hurt, Mr. Burney hastily returned the copy with which he had been entrusted, to Mr. Johnstone, the prompter; dryly, and without letter or comment, directing him to deliver it to Mr. Garrick.

Mr. Garrick, with the utmost animation, instantly wrote to Johnstone an apology rather than a justification; desiring that the opera should be withdrawn from Mr. Barthelemon, and consigned wholly to the subject of these memoirs; for whom Mr. Garrick declared himself to entertain a friendship that nothing should dissolve.

But Mr. Burney, conceiving that Barthelemon, who had offended no one, and who bore a most amiable character, might justly resent so abrupt a discharge, declined setting the opera; and never afterwards composed for the theatres.

This trait, however trifling, cannot but be considered

as biographical, at least for Mr. Garrick; as it so strongly authenticates the veracity of the two principal lines of the epitaph designed for Roscius, many years afterwards, by that acute observer of every character—save his own!—Dr. Goldsmith.

"He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he would, he could whistle them back."

Whether negligence, mistake, or caprice, had occasioned this double nomination to the same office, is not clear; but Garrick, who loved Mr. Burney with real affection, lost no time, and spared no blandishment, to re-instate himself in the confidence which this untoward accident had somewhat shaken. And he had full success, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Burney, and joy of his family; who all rapturously delighted in the talents and society of the immortal Roscius.

Mr. Greville now was greatly altered, from the large and larger strides which he had made, and was making, into the dangerous purlieus of horse racing and play; into whose precincts, from the delusive difference of their surface from their foundation, no incursions can be hazarded without as perilous a shake to character and disposition, as to fortune and conduct. And Mr. Greville, who, always honourable, was almost necessarily a frequent loser, was evidently on the high road to turn from a man of pleasure to a man of spleen; venting his wrath at his failures upon the turf and at the clubs, by growing fastidious and cavilling in general society. Mr. Crisp, therefore, bent to maintain the dear bought quiet of his worldly sacrifices as unmingled with the turbulent agitations of querulous debate, as with the restless solitudes of active life, shunned the now pertinacious disquiet almost with dread.

Yet Mr. Greville, about this period, was rescued, for a while, from this hovering deterioration, through the exertions of his friends in the government, by whom he was named minister plenipotentiary to the court of Bavaria; in the hope that such an appointment, with its probable consequences, might re-establish his affairs.

No change, however, of situation, caused any change in Mr. Greville to his early *protege* and attached and attaching friend, Mr. Burney, to whom he still showed himself equally eager to communicate his opinions and reveal his proceedings.

In mingling again with the world upon its common terms of cultivating what was good, and supporting what was evil, Mr. Burney now, no longer bewitched by beauty, nor absorbed by social sympathies, found literature and its pursuits without rival in his estimation; yet, in missing those vanished delights, he deemed that he had the world to re-begin: for, though prosperity met his professional toils with heightened reputation and reward, they were joyless, however essential, since participation was gone!

The time had arrived, and now was passed, for the long settled project of Mr. Burney of conveying to Paris his second and, then, youngest daughters, Frances and Charlotte, to replace his eldest and his third, Esther and Susanna; now both returned thence, with every improvement that a kind parent could reasonably desire.

The time had arrived—and was passed. But if no man can with certainty pronounce what at any stated period he will perform, how much less is he gifted with foreknowledge of what, at any stated period, he may wish!

Six heartless, nearly desolate, years of lonely conjugal chasm, had succeeded to double their number of nearly unparalleled conjugal enjoyment—and the void was still fallow and hopeless!—when the yet very handsome, though no longer in her bloom, Mrs. Stephen Allen, of Lynn, now become a widow, decided, for promoting the education of her eldest daughter, to make London her winter residence.

Mr. Burney was, of course, applied to for assistance in the musical line; and not less called upon as the most capable judge and counsellor in every other.

The loss that had been sustained by Mrs. Allen was that of a worthy man, whom she esteemed, but to whom she had been married by her parents early in life, without either choice or aversion. In her situation, therefore, and that of Mr. Burney, there was no other affinity than that each had been widowed by the hand of death.

Highly intellectual, and fond even to passion of books, Mrs. Allen delighted in the conversation of Mr. Burney; and the hour for his instructions to Miss Allen was fixed to be that of tea-time; to the end that, when he was liberated from the daughter, he might be engaged with the mother.

The superior grief of Mr. Burney, as deep as it was acute, was not more prominent than the feeling admiration that it inspired in Mrs. Allen: and if moved by his

sorrows, while charmed by his merit, Mrs. Allen saw him with daily increasing interest. Mr. Burney was not less moved by her commiseration, nor less penetrated by her sympathy; and insensibly he became solaced, while involuntarily she grew grateful, upon observing her rising influence over his spirits.

The angel whom Mr. Burney had lost—for an angel both without and within she had seemed to him—had the generous disinterestedness, on the bed of death, to recommend to her miserable husband that he would marry again; well knowing that the tenderness of female friendship would come nearest, however distant, to the softness of consolation: and, maternally weighing, no doubt, that a well-chosen partner might prove a benediction to her poor children. And this injunction, though heard at the time with agony scarcely supportable, might probably, and strongly, influence his future conduct when the desperation of hopelessness was somewhat worn away by all-subduing time, joined to forced exertions in business.

His Esther had even named to him the lady whom she thought most capable to suit him as a companion, and most tenderly disposed to becoming a mother to his children,—Miss Dorothy Young, who was her most valued friend. Mrs. Allen, Dorothy's nearest competitor, was not then a widow. But Mr. Burney, sacred as he held the opinions and wishes of his Esther, was too ardent an admirer of beauty to dispense, in totality, with that attractive embellishment of the female frame. He honoured and esteemed, with a brother's affection, the excellent Dorothy Young: but those charms which awaken softer sensations, were utterly and unhappily denied to that estimable woman, through her peculiarly unfortunate personal defects.

Not early, and not easily, did Mr. Burney and Mrs. Allen reveal their mutual partiality. The wounded heart of Mr. Burney recoiled from such anodyne as demanded new vows to a new object: and Mrs. Allen, at that period, lived in a state of affluence that made such a marriage require severe worldly sacrifices. Only, however, transiently; for, by an unfortunate trust in an unfortunate though honourable speculator, Dr. King, she completely lost all that, independently, was at her own disposal of fortune. And the noble disinterestedness of Mr. Burney upon this occasion, riveted to him her affections, with the highest esteem.

Yet even when these scruples were mutually overwhelmed by increasing force of regard, so many unlooked for obstacles stood in the way of their union, that, wearied by delays that seemed at once capacious and interminable, Mr. Burney earnestly entreated that an immediate private marriage might avert, at least, a final breach of their engagement; solemnly promising, at the same time, that they should keep the alliance secret, and still live apart, till all prudential exactions should be satisfied.

As they were each wholly independent, save from the influence of opinion,—which, however, is frequently more difficult to subdue than that of authority,—Mrs. Allen saw no objection of sufficient force to counteract her pleasure in compliance.

Their plan was confided to four persons, indispensably requisite for its execution: Mrs., afterwards Lady Strange, Miss Young, Mr. Crisp, and the Rev. Mr. Pugh, curate of St. James's church.

Mr. Pugh, who was of very long standing a friend of Mr. Burney, aided personally in promoting such measures as secured secrecy with success; and in St. James's church, Mr. Pugh tied that indissoluble knot, which, however fairly promising, is inevitably rigorous, since it can be loosened only by crime or death; but which, where it binds the destinies of those whose hearts are already knit together by reciprocated regard, gives a charm to captivity that robs liberty of regret.

At the porch of St. James's church, Mrs. Strange and Mr. Pugh whispered their congratulations to the new married couple, as they entered a prepared post-chaise; which, in a very few hours, galloped them to the obscure skirts of the then pathless, and nearly uninhabited, Chesington common; where Mr. Crisp had engaged for them a rural and fragrant retreat, at a small farm-house in a little hamlet, a mile or two from Chesington Hall.

The secret, as usual in matrimonial concealments, was faithfully preserved, for a certain time, by scrupulous discretion in the parties, and watchful circumspection in the witnesses: but, as usual also, error and accident were seen at work to develop the transaction; and the loss of a letter, through some carelessness of conveyance, revealed suddenly, but irrevocably, the state of the connection.

This circumstance, however, though, at the time,

cruelly distressing, served ultimately but to hasten their own views; as the discovery was necessarily followed by the personal union for which their hands had been joined.

Mrs. Burney,—now no longer Mrs. Stephen Allen,—came openly to town to inhabit, for a while, a house in Poland street, a few doors from that of her husband; while alterations, paintings and embellishments, were progressively preparing the way for her better reception at his home.

The Paris scheme for the two daughters, who were to have followed the route of their sisters, long remitted, from the fluctuating affairs and feelings of Mr. Burney, was now finally abandoned. The youngest daughter, Charlotte, was sent to a school in Norfolk. The second, Frances, was the only one of Mr. Burney's family who never was placed in any seminary, and never was put under any governess or instructor whatsoever. Merely and literally self-educated, her sole emulation for improvement, and sole spur for exertion, were her unbounded veneration for the character, and affection for the person, of her father; who, nevertheless, had not, at the time, a moment to spare for giving her any personal lessons; or even for directing her pursuits.*

SIR ROBERT AND LADY STRANGE.

The worthy, as well as eminent, Sir Robert Strange, the first engraver of his day, with his extraordinary wife and agreeable family, were, from the time of the second marriage, amongst the most familiar visitors of the Burney house.

The term extraordinary is not here applied to Lady Strange to denote any singularity of action, conduct, or person: it is simply limited to her conversational powers; which, for mother wit in brilliancy of native ideas, and readiness of associating analogies, placed her foremost in the rank of understanding females, with whom Mr. Burney delighted to reciprocate sportive yet deeply reflective discourse. For though the education of Lady Strange had not been cultivated by scholastic lore, she might have said, with the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, "My books are men, and I read them very currently." And in that instinctive knowledge of human nature which penetration develops, and observation turns to account, she was a profound adept.

Yet, with these high-seasoned powers of exhilaration for others, she was palpably far from happy herself; and sometimes, when felicitated upon her delightful gaiety, she would smile through a face of woe, and sorrowfully shaking her head, observe how superficial was judgment upon the surface of things, and how wide from each other might be vivacity and happiness! the one springing only from native animal spirits; the other being always held in subjection by the occurrences that meet or that mar our feelings. And often, even in the midst of the lively laugh that she had sent around her, there would issue quite aloud, from the inmost recesses of her breast, a sigh so deep it might rather be called a groan.

Very early in life, she had given away her heart and her hand without the sanction of a father whom, while she disobeyed, she ardently loved. And though she was always, and justly, satisfied with her choice, and her deserving mate, she could never so far subdue her retrospective sorrow, as to regain that inward serenity of mind that has its source in reflections that have never been broken by jarring interests and regrets.

No production had as yet transpired publicly from the pen of Dr. Burney, his new connection having induced him to consign every interval of leisure to domestic and social circles, whether in London, or at the dowry-house of Mrs. Burney, in Lynn Regis, to which the joint families resorted in the summer.

A wish, and a design, energetic, though vague, of composing some considerable work on his own art, had long roved in his thoughts, and flattered his fancy; and he now began seriously to concentrate his meditations, and arrange his schemes to that single point. And the result of these cogitations, when no longer left wild to desultory wanderings, produced his enlightened and scientific plan for a

* No truth can be more simply exact than that which is conveyed in four lines of the stanzas which she addressed to him in the secret dedication of her first work, *Evelina*, viz.

If in my heart the love of virtue glows,
'Twas kindled there by an unerring rule;
From thy example the pure flame arose,
Thy life my precept; thy good works my school.

GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC.

This project was no sooner fixed than, transiently, it appeared to him to be executed; so quick was the rush upon his imagination of illuminating and varying ideas; and so vast, so prolific, the material which his immense collection of notes, abridgments, and remarks, had amassed, that it seemed as if he had merely to methodise his manuscripts, and entrust them to a copyist, for completing his purpose.

Thus finally fixed to an enterprise which, in this country, at least, was then new, he gave to it all the undivided energies of his mind; and, urged by the spur of ambition, and glowing with the vivacity of hope, he determined to complete his materials before he consigned them to their ultimate appropriations, by making a scientific musical tour through France and Italy.

Through various of his friends amongst persons in power, he procured recommendatory letters to the several ambassadors and ministers from our court, who were stationed in the countries through which he meant to travel.

And, through the yet more useful services of persons of affluence in letters and in the arts, he obtained introductions, the most felicitous for his enterprise, to those who, then, stood highest in learning, in the sciences, and in literature.

None in this latter class so eminently advanced his undertaking as Mr. Garrick; whose solicitations in his favour were written with a warmth of friendship, and an animation of genius, that carried all before them.

Here stops, for this period, the pen of the memorialist. From the month of June, 1770, to that of January, 1771, the life of Dr. Burney is narrated by himself, in his "Tour to France and Italy."

And few who have read, or who may read that tour, but will regret that the same pen, while in its full fair vigour, had not drawn up what preceded, and what will follow this epoch.

Such, however, not being the case, the memorialist must resume her pen where that of Dr. Burney, in his narrative, drops,—namely, upon his regaining the British shore.

With all the soaring feelings of the first sun-beams of hope that irradiate from a bright, though distant glimpse of renown; untamed by difficulties, superior to fatigue, and springing over the hydra-headed monsters of impediment that every where jutted forth their thwarting obstacles to his enterprise, Dr. Burney came back to his country, his friends, his business and his pursuits, with the vigour of the first youth in spirits, expectations, and activity.

He was received by his longing family, enlivened by the presence of Mr. Crisp, in a new house, purchased in his absence by Mrs. Burney, at the upper end of Queens-square; which was then beautifully open to a picturesque view of Hampstead and Highgate.

This new possession, however, Dr. Burney could as yet scarcely even view, from his eagerness to bring out the journal of his tour. No sooner, therefore, had he made arrangements for a prolongation of leisure, than he hastened to Chesington and to Mr. Crisp; where he exchanged his toils and labours for the highest delights of friendship; and a seclusion the most absolute, from the noisy vicissitudes, and unceasing, though often unmeaning persecution, of trivial interruptions.

Here he prepared his French and Italian musical tours for the press; omitting all that was miscellaneous of observation or of anecdote, in deference to the opinions of the Earl of Holderness, Mr. Mason and Mr. Garrick; who conjointly believed that books of general travels were already so numerous, and so spread, that their merits were overlooked from their multiplicity.

The work was entitled:—*The Present State of Music in France and Italy: or the Journal of a Tour through those countries, undertaken to collect materials for a General History of Music.* By Charles Burney, Mus. D.

The reception of this first acknowledged call for public attention from Dr. Burney, was of the most encouraging description; for though no renown had yet been fastened upon his name, his acquirements and his character, wherever he had been known, had excited a general goodwill that prepared the way to kindly approbation for this, and indeed for every work that issued from his pen.

There was, in truth, something so spirited and uncommon, yet of so antique a cast, in the travels, or pilgrimage, that he had undertaken, in search of materials for the history of his art, that curiosity was awakened to the subject, and expectation was earnest for its execution: and it was no sooner published, than orders were received, by most of the great booksellers of the day, for its pur

chase; and no sooner read, than letters the most flattering, from the deepest theorists of the science, and the best judges of the practice of the art of music, reached the favoured author; who was of too modest a character to have been robbed of the pleasure of praise by presumptuous anticipation; and of too natural a one to lose any of its gratification by an apathetic suppression of its welcome. And the effect, impulsive and unsophisticated, of his success, was so ardent an encouragement to his purpose, that while, mentally, it animated his faculties to a yet more forcible pursuit of their decided object, it darted him, corporeally, into a travelling vehicle, which rapidly wheeled him back again to Dover; where, with new spirit and eagerness, he set sail upon a similar musical tour in the Low Countries and in Germany, to that which he had so lately accomplished in France and Italy.

With respect to the French and Italian tour, the restraint from all but its professional business, was much lamented by the friends to whom the sacrifice of the miscellaneous matter was communicated.

Upon the German tour not a comment will be offered; it is before the public with an approbation that has been stamped by the sanction of time. At the period of its publication, Dr. Burnby, somewhat assured, though incapable of being rendered arrogant by favour, ventured to listen only to the voice of his first friend and monitor, who exhorted him to mingle personal anecdotes with his musical information.

The consequence was such as his sage adviser prognosticated; for both the applause and the sale of this second and more diffuse social diary, greatly surpassed those of its more technical predecessor.

Nevertheless, the German tour, though thus successful for narration to the public, terminated for himself in sickness, fatigue, exorbitant expense, and poignant bodily suffering.

While yet far away from his country, and equally distant from accomplishing the purpose of his travels, his solicitude not to leave it incomplete, joined to his anxiety not to break his professional engagements, led him to overwork and over-hurry his mental powers, at the same time that he inflicted a similar harass upon his corporeal strength. And while thus doubly overwhelmed, he was assaulted, during his precipitated return, by the rudest fierceness of wintry elemental strife; through which, with bad accommodations, and innumerable accidents, he became a prey to the merciless pangs of the acutest spasmodic rheumatism; which barely suffered him to reach his home, ere, long and piteously, it confined him, a tortured prisoner, to his bed.

Such was the check that almost instantly curbed, though it could not subdue, the rising pleasure of his hopes of entering upon a new species of existence, that of an approved man of letters; for it was on the bed of sickness, exchanging the light wines of France, Italy, and Germany, for the black and loathsome potions of the Apothecaries' Hall; writhed by darting stitches, and burning with fiery fever; that he felt the full force of that sublimary equipoise, that seems evermore to hang suspended over the attainment of long-sought and uncommon felicity, just as it is ripening to burst forth into enjoyment!

Again he retired to Cheshington, to his care-healing, heart-expanding, and head-informing Mr. Crisp; and there, under the auspices of all that could soothe or animate him; and nursed with incessant assiduity by his fondly-attached wife and daughters, he repaired his shattered frame; to fit it once again, for the exercise of those talents and faculties, which illumine, in their expansive effects, the whole race of mankind; long after the apparent beings whence they have issued, seem faded, dissolved away; leaving not, visibly, a track behind.

In Dr. Burnby, disease was no sooner conquered, than the vigour of his character brought back to him pleasure and activity, through the spirited wisdom with which he dismissed regret for anticipation.

There are few things in which his perfect good humour was more playfully demonstrated, than by the looks, arch yet reproachful, and piteous though burlesque, with which he was wont to recount a most provoking and painful little incident that occurred to him in his last voyage home: but of which he was well aware that the relation must excite irresistible risibility in even the most friendly of his auditors.

After travelling by day and by night to expedite his return, over mountains, through marshes, by cross-roads, on horse-back, on mules, in carriages of any and every sort that could but hurry him on, he reached Calais in a December so dreadfully stormy, that not a vessel of any kind could set sail for England. Repeatedly he secured his hammock, and went on board to take possession of

it; but as repeatedly was driven back by fresh gales, during the space of nine fatiguing days and tempestuous nights. And when, at last, the passage was effected, so nearly annihilating had been his sufferings from sea-sickness, that it was vainly he was told he might now, at his pleasure, arise, go forth, and touch English ground; he had neither strength nor courage to move, and earnestly desired to be left awhile to himself.

Exhaustion, then, with tranquillity of mind, cast him into a sound sleep.

From this repose, when, much refreshed, he awoke, he called to the man who was in waiting, to help him up, that he might get out of the ship.

"Get out of the ship, sir?" repeated the man. "Good luck! you'll be drowned!"

"Drowned?—What's to drown me? I want to go ashore."

"Ashore, sir?" again repeated the man; "why you're in the middle of the sea! There ar'n't a bit of ground for your toe nail."

"What do you mean?" cried the Doctor, starting up; "the sea? did you not tell me we were safe in at Dover?"

"O hark! that's good two hours ago, sir! I could not get you up then, say what I would. You fell downright asleep, like a top. And so I told them. But that's all one. You may go, or you may stay, as you like; but then pilots never stop for nobody."

Filled with alarm, the Doctor now rushed up to the deck, where he had the dismay to discover that he was half-way back to France.

And he was forced to land again at Calais; where again, with the next mail, and a repetition of his sea-sickness, he re-embarked for Dover.

On quitting Cheshington, upon his recovery, for re-entering his house in Queen Square, the Doctor compelled himself to abstain from his pen, his papers, his new acquisitions in musical lore, and all that demanded study for the subject that nearly engrossed his thoughts, in order to consecrate the whole of his time to his family and his affairs.

He renewed, therefore, his wonted diurnal course, as if he had never diverged from it; and attended his young pupils as if he had neither ability nor taste for any superior occupation; and he neither rested his body, nor liberated his ideas, till he had re-instituted himself in the professional mode of life, upon which his substantial prosperity, and that of his house, depended.

But, this accomplished, his innate propensities sprang again into play, urging him to snatch at every instant he could purloin, without essential mischief, from these sage regulations; with a redundancy of vivacity for new movement, new action, and elastic procedure, scarcely conceivable to those who, balancing their projects, their wishes, and their intentions, by the opposing weights of time, of hazard, and of trouble, undertake only what is obviously to their advantage, or indisputably their duty. His fancy was his dictator; his spirit was his spur; and whatever the first started, the second pursued to the goal.

Again he returned to his History of Music; and now, indeed, he went to work with all his might. The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless increasing stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or, rather, innumerable blank books, were severally adapted to concentrating some peculiar portion of the work. Theory, practice; music of the ancients; music in parts; national music; lyric, church, theatrical, warlike music; universal biography of composers and performers, of patrons and of professors; and histories of musical institutions, had all their destined blank volumes.

And he opened a widely circulating correspondence, foreign and domestic, with various musical authors, composers, and students, whether professors or dilettante.

And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no devoir. The system by which he obtained time that no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independent of longevity from years, was through the skill with which, indefatigably, he profited from every fragment of leisure.

Every sick or failing pupil bestowed an hour upon his pen. Every holiday for others, was a day of double labour to his composition. Even illness took activity only from his body, for his mind refused all relaxation. He had constantly, when indisposed, one of his daughters by his side, as an amanuensis; and such was the vigour of his intellect, that even when keeping his bed from acute rheumatism, spasmodic pains, or lurking fever, he caught at every little interval of ease to dictate some illustrative reminiscence; to start some new ideas,

or to generalize some old ones; which never failed to while away, partially at least, the pangs of disease, by lessening their greatest torment to a character of such energy, irreparable loss of time.

The plan, with proposals for printing the history by subscription, was no sooner published, than the most honourable lists of orders were sent to his booksellers, from various elegant classic scholars, and from all general patrons of new enterprises and new works.

But that which deserves most remark, is a letter from two eminent merchants of the city, Messieurs Chandler and Davis, to acquaint the doctor that a gentleman, who wished to remain concealed, had authorised them to desire, that Dr. Burnby would not suffer any failure in the subscription, should any occur, to induce him to drop the work; as this gentleman solemnly undertook to be himself responsible for every set within the five hundred of the doctor's stipulation, that should remain unsubscribed for on the ensuing Christmas. And Messrs. Davis and Chandler were invested with full powers, to give any security that might be demanded for the fulfilment of this engagement.

Dr. Burnby wrote his most grateful thanks to this magnificent protector of his project; but declined all sort of tie upon the event. And the subscription filled so voluntarily, that this generous unknown was never called forth. Nor did he ever present himself; nor was he ever discovered. But the incident helped to keep warmly alive the predilection which the doctor had early imbibed, in favour of the noble spirit of liberality of the city and the citizens of his native land, for whatever seems to have any claim to public character.

Dr. Burnby, now, without a single black ball, was elected a fellow of the Royal Society; of which honour his first notice was received through the amiable and zealous Miss Phipps, who, knowing the day of election, had impatiently gathered the tidings of its success from her brother, Sir Constantine Phipps; and before either the president, or the friend who had nominated the doctor for a candidate, could forward the news, she sportively anticipated their intelligence, by sending to Queen-square a letter directed in large characters, "For Dr. Burnby, F. R. S."*

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

From this period, the profession of Dr. Burnby, however highly he was raised in it, seemed but of secondary consideration for him in the world; where now, the higher rank was assigned him of a man of letters, from the general admiration accorded to his *Tours*; of which the climax of honour was the award of Dr. Johnson, that Dr. Burnby was one of the most agreeable writers of travels of the age. And Baretti, to whom Dr. Johnson uttered this praise, was commissioned to carry it to Dr. Burnby; who heard it with the highest gratification: though, since his bereavement of his Esther, he had ceased to follow up the intercourse he had so enthusiastically begun. Participation there had been so animated, that the charm of the connection seemed, for awhile, dissolved by its loss.

Letters now daily arrived from persons of celebrity, with praises of the *Tours*, encouragement for the History, or musical information for its advantage.

The doctor held, also, a continental correspondence, enlightening and flattering, with the Baron d'Holbach, Diderot, the Abbé Morellet, M. Suard, M. Monnet, and Jean Jacques Rousseau himself.

DR. HAWKESWORTH.

At Haughton Hall the doctor met a large assembled party, of which the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the admiralty, was at the head. The whole conversation at the table turned upon what then was the whole interest of the day, the first voyage round the world of Captain Cooke, which that great circumnavigator had just accomplished. The Earl of Sandwich mentioned that he had all the papers relating to the voyage in his hands; with the circumnavigations preceding it of Wallace and Byron; but that they were mere rough drafts, quite unarranged for the public eye; and that he was looking out for a proper person to put them into order, and to re-write the voyages.

Dr. Burnby, ever eager upon any question of literature, and ever foremost to serve a friend, ventured to recommend Dr. Hawkesworth; who though, from his wise and mild character, contented with his lot, Dr. Burnby

* Mr. Seward, author of *Biographiana*, was wont to say, that those three initial letters stood for a Fellow Remarkably Stupid.

knew to be neither rich enough for retirement, nor employed enough to refuse any new and honourable occupation. The *Advertiser* was in every body's library; but the author was less generally known: yet the account now given of him was so satisfactory to Lord Sandwich, that he entrusted Dr. Burney with the commission of sending Dr. Hawkesworth to the admiralty.

Most gladly this commission was executed. The following is the first paragraph of Dr. Hawkesworth's answer to its communication:

"Many, many thanks for your obliging favour, and the subject of it. There is nothing about which I would so willingly be employed as the work you mention. I would do my best to make it another Anson's Voyage."

Lord Sandwich, upon their meeting, was extremely pleased with Dr. Hawkesworth, to whom the manuscripts were immediately made over; and who thus expressed his satisfaction in his next letter to Dr. Burney.

"I am now happy in telling you, that your labour of love is not lost; that I have all the journals of the *Dolphin*, the *Swallow*, and the *Endeavour* in my possession; that the government will give me the cuts, and the property of the work will be my own.

"Is it impossible I should give you my hand, and the thanks of my heart, here? i. e. at Bromley."

CAPTAIN COOKE.

Some time afterwards, Dr. Burney was invited to Hinchinbroke, the seat of the Earl of Sandwich, to meet Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Hawkesworth, and the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cooke himself.

It was the earnest request of James, the eldest son of Dr. Burney, to be included in the approaching second expedition of this great seaman; a request which Lord Sandwich easily, and with pleasure, accorded to Dr. Burney; and the young naval officer was invited to Hinchinbroke, and presented to his new commander, with a recommendation that he should stand foremost on the list of promotion, should any occasion of change occur during the voyage.

The following note upon Captain Cooke, is copied from a memorandum book of Dr. Burney's.

"In February I had the honour of receiving the illustrious Captain Cooke to dine with me in Queen-square, previously to his second voyage round the world.

"Observing upon a table Bougainville's *Voyage autour du Monde*, he turned it over, and made some curious remarks on the illiberal conduct of that circumnavigator towards himself, when they met and crossed each other; which made me desirous to know, in examining the chart of M. de Bougainville, the several tracks of the two navigators; and exactly where they had crossed or approached each other.

"Captain Cook instantly took a pencil from his pocket book, and said he would trace the route; which he did in so clear and scientific a manner, that I would not take fifty pounds for the book. The pencil marks having been fixed by skim milk, will always be visible."

"This truly great man appeared to be full of sense and thought; well mannered, and perfectly unpretending; but studiously wrapped up in his own purposes and pursuits; and apparently under a pressure of mental fatigue when called upon to speak, or stimulated to deliberate, upon any other.

"The opportunity which thus powerfully had been prepared of promotion for the doctor's son, occurred early in the voyage. Mr. Shanks, the second lieutenant of the *Discovery*, was taken ill at the Cape of Good Hope, and obliged to leave the ship. "In his place," Captain Cook wrote to Lord Sandwich, "I have appointed Mr. Burney, whom I have found very deceiving."

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith, now in the meridian of his late-earned, but most deserved prosperity, was projecting an English Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, upon the model of the French *Encyclopædia*. Sir Joshua Reynolds was to take the department of painting; Mr. Garrick, that of acting; Dr. Johnson, that of ethics; and no other class was yet nominated, when Dr. Burney was applied to for that of music, through the medium of Mr. Garrick.

Justly gratified by a call to make one in so select a band, Dr. Burney willingly assented; and immediately drew up the article "Musician;" which he read to Mr. Garrick; from whom it received warm plaudits.

The satisfaction of Dr. Goldsmith in this acquisition to his forces, will be seen by the ensuing letter to Mr. Garrick; by whom it was enclosed, with the following words, to Dr. Burney.

"June 11, 1773.

"My dear doctor,—I have sent you a letter from Dr.

Goldsmith. He is proud to have your name among the elect. Love to all your fair ones.

Ever yours, D. GARRICK."

Temple, January 10, 1773.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—To be thought of by you, obliges me; to be served by you, still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a dictionary useful: still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with any thing of his own. I beg you, also, will accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition.

"I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant,

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

This work, however, was never accomplished, and its project sunk away to nothing; sincerely to the regret of those who knew what might be expected from that highly qualified writer, on a plan that would eminently have brought forth all his various talents; and which was conceived upon so grand a scale, and was to be supported by such able coadjutors. And deeply was public regret heightened that it was by the hand of death that this noble enterprise was cut short; death, which seemed to have awaited the moment of the reversal of poverty and hardship into prosperity and fame, for striking that blow which, at an earlier period, might frequently, for Dr. Goldsmith, have taken away a burthen rather than a blessing. But such is the mysterious construction of life—that mere harbinger of death!—always obedient to the fatal knell he tolls, though always longing to implore that he would toll it a little—little later!

DOCTOR HAWKESWORTH.

The sincere satisfaction that Dr. Burney had experienced in having influenced the nomination of Dr. Hawkesworth to be editor of the first voyage of Captain Cooke round the world, together with the revision and arrangement of the voyages of Captain Wallace and Admiral Byron, was soon overcast by sorrow, through circumstances as impossible to have foreseen as not to lament.

Dr. Hawkesworth, though already in a delicate state of health, was so highly animated by his election to this office, and with the vast emolument which, with scarcely any labour, promised to give the dignity of ease and comfort to the rest of his life; that he performed his task, and finished the narrative compilation, with a rapidity of pleasure, resulting from a promise of future independence, that filled him with kind gratitude to Dr. Burney; and seemed to open his heart, temper and manners, to the most cordial feelings of happiness.

But the greatness of his recompense for the smallness of his trouble, immediately disposed all his colleagues in the road of renown to censure; and all his competitors in that of profit, to jealousy and ill will. Unfortunately, in his Introduction to the *Voyages*, he touched upon some controversial points of religious persuasion, which proved a fatal opening to malignity for the enemies of his success; and other enemies, so upright was the man, it is probable he had none. His reasoning here, unhappily, was seized upon with avidity by his infuriated enviers; and the six thousand pounds which flowed into his coffers, brought six millions of pungent stings to his peace, by arraigning his principles.

A war so ungenial to his placid nature, and hitherto honoured life, breaking forth, with the offensive enmity of assumed superior piety, in calumnious assertions, that strove to blacken the purity of his faith and doctrine; occurring at the moment when he had thought all his worldly cares blown away, to be succeeded by soft serenity and easy affluence; made the attack so unexpected, that its shock was enervating; and his wealth lost its charms, from a trembling susceptibility that detached him from every pleasure it could procure—save that of a new baneful leisure for framing answers to his traducers.

In his last visit, as it proved, to Queen square, where he dined and spent the evening, Dr. Burney was forcibly struck with concern at sight of the evident, though uncomplaining invalid; so changed, thin, and livid was his appearance.

He conversed freely upon the subject of his book, and the abuse which it had heaped upon him, with the doctor; who strongly exhorted him to repel such assailants with the contempt that they deserved: adding, "They are palpably the offsprings of envy at your success. Were you to become a bankrupt, they would all turn to panyrist; but now, there is hardly a needy man in the kingdom, who has ever held a pen in his hand for a moment, who, in pondering upon the six thousand pounds, does not think he could have done the work better."

Dr. Hawkesworth said that he had not yet made any answer to the torrent of invective poured upon him, except to Dalrymple, who had attacked him by name; for a lawsuit was then impending upon Parkinson's publication, and he would write nothing that might seem meant to influence justice: but when that law suit, by whatever result, should be decided, he would bring out a full and general reply to all the invidious aspersions that so cruelly and wantonly had been cast upon him, since the publication of the *Voyages*.

He then further, and confidentially, opened to Dr. Burney upon his past life and situation: "Every thing that I possess," he cried, "I have earned by the most elaborate industry, except this last six thousand pounds! I had no education, and no advantage but such as I sedulously worked to obtain for myself; but I preserved my reputation and my character as unblemished as my principles—till this last year!"

After a visit, long, and deeply interesting, he left his friend very anxious about his health, and very impatient for his promised pamphlet: but, while still waiting, with strong solicitude, the appearance of a vindication that might tranquillise the author's offended sensibility, the melancholy tidings arrived, that a slow fever had robbed the invalid of sleep and of appetite; and had so fastened upon his shattered nerves, that, after lingering a week or two, he fell a prey to incurable atrophy; and sunk to his last earthly rest exactly a month after the visit to Dr. Burney, the account of which has been related.

Dr. Burney now, in the intervals of his varied, but never ceasing occupations, gently, yet gaily enjoyed their fruits. All classes of authors offered to him their services, or opened to him their stores. The first musical performers then in vogue, Millico, Giardini, Fischer, Cervetto, Croadill, Barthelemon, Dupont, Cellini, Parke, Corri, the blind Mr. Stanley, La Baccelli, and that composer for the heart in all its feelings, Sacchini; with various others, were always eager to accept his invitations, whether for concerts, which occasionally he gave to his friends and acquaintance, or to private meetings for the regale of himself and family.

OMIAH.

But his most serious gratification of this period, was that of receiving in safety and honour, James, his eldest son, the lieutenant of Captain Cooke, on the return from his second voyage round the world, of that super-eminent navigator.

The admiralty immediately confirmed the nomination of Captain Cooke; and further, in consideration of the character and services of the young naval officer, promoted him to the rank of master and commander.

The voyagers were accompanied back by Omiah, a native of Ulitea, one of the Otaheitean islands. Captain Burney, who had studied the language of this stranger during the voyage home, and had become his particular favourite, was anxious to introduce the young South-Sea islander to his father and family; who were at least equally eager to behold a native of a country so remote, and of such recent discovery.

A time was quickly fixed for his dining and spending the day in Queen-square; whither he was brought by Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Banks, and Dr. Solander; who presented him to Dr. Burney.

The behaviour of this young Otaheitean, whom it would be an abuse of all the meaning annexed to the word, to call a savage, was gentle, courteous, easy, and natural; and showed so much desire to please, and so much willingness to be pleased himself, that he astonished the whole party assembled to receive him; particularly Sir Robert Strange and Mr. Hayer; for he rather appeared capable to bestow, than requiring to want, lessons of conduct and etiquette in civilised life.

He had a good figure, was tall and well made; and though his complexion was swarthy and dingy, it was by no means black; and though his features partook far more of the African than of the European cast, his eyes were lively and agreeable, and the general expression of his face was good-humoured and pleasing.

He was full dressed on this day, in the English costume, having just come from the house of lords, whither he had been taken by Sir Joseph Banks, to see, rather than to hear, for he could not understand it, the king deliver his speech from the throne. He had also been admitted to a private audience of his majesty, whom he had much entertained.

A bright Manchester velvet suit of clothes, lined with white satin, in which he was attired, sat upon him with as much negligence of his finery, as if it had been his customary dress from adolescence.

But the perfect ease with which he wore and managed a sword, which he had had the honour to receive from the king, and which he had that day put on for the first time, in order to go to the house of lords, had very much struck, Sir Joseph said, every man by whom it had been observed; since, by almost every one, the first essay of that accoutrement had been accompanied with an awkwardness and inconvenience ludicrously risible; which this adroit Otaheitean had marvellously escaped.

Captain Burney had acquired enough of the Otaheitean language to be the ready interpreter of Omiah with others, and to keep him alive and in spirits himself, by conversing with him in his own dialect. Omiah understood a little English, when addressed in it slowly and distinctly, but could speak it as yet very ill; and with the peculiarity, whether adopted from the idiom of his own tongue, or from the apprehension of not being clearly comprehended, of uttering first affirmatively, and next negatively, all the little sentences that he attempted to pronounce.

Thus, when asked how he did, he answered, "Ver well; not ver ill." Or how he liked any thing, "Ver nice; not ver nasty." Or what he thought of such a one, "Ver dood; not ver bad."

On being presented by Captain Burney to the several branches of the family, when he came to this memorialist, who, from a bad cold, was enveloped in muslin wrappings, he enquired into the cause of her peculiar attire; and, upon hearing that she was indisposed, he looked at her for a moment with concern, and then, recovering to a cheering nod, said, "Ver well to-morrow morrow?"

In the currency of this intercourse, remarks were incessantly excited upon the powers of nature unassisted by art, compared with those of art unassisted by nature; and of the equal necessity of some species of innate aptness, in civilised as well as in savage life, for obtaining success in personal acquisitions.

The disinters on the instruction of youth were just then peculiarly occupied by the letters of Lord Chesterfield; and Mr. Stanhope, their object, was placed continually in a parallel line with Omiah: the first, beginning his education at a great public school; taught from an infant all attainable improvements; introduced, while yet a youth, at foreign courts; and brought forward into high life with all the favour that care, expense, information, and refinement could furnish; proved, with all these benefits, a heavy, ungainly, unpleasant character: while the second, with neither rank nor wealth, even in his own remote island, and with no tutor but nature; changing, in full manhood, his way of life, his dress, his country, and his friends; appeared, through a natural facility of observation, not alone unlike a savage, but with the air of a person who had devoted his youth to the practice of those graces, which the most elaborately accomplished of noblemen had vainly endeavoured to make the ornament of his son.

ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

The house in Queen-square had been relinquished from difficulties respecting its title; and Mrs. Burney assiduously and skilfully purchased and prepared another, during the doctor's illness, that was situated in St. Martin's street, Leicester-fields.

If the house in Queen-square had owed a fanciful part of its value to the belief that, formerly, in his visits to Alderman Barber, it had been inhabited occasionally by Dean Swift, how much higher a local claim, was vested in imagination, for a mansion that had decidedly been the dwelling of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton!

MR. BRUCE.

This new residence was opened by the distinction of a new acquaintance, who was then as much the immediate lion of the day, as had been the last new acquaintance, Omiah, who had closed the annals of the residence in Queen-square.

This personage was no other than the famous Mr. Bruce, who was just returned to England, after having been wandering, and thought to be lost, during four years, in the deserts and sands of the hitherto European-untrudged territory of Africa, in search of the source, or sources, of the Nile.

The narrations, and even the sight of Mr. Bruce, were at this time vehemently sought, not only by all London, but, as far as written intercourse could be stretched, by all Europe.

The tales spread far and wide, first of his extraordinary disappearance from the world, and next of his unexpected re-appearance in the heart of Africa, were so full of variety, as well as of wonder, that they raised equal curiosity

in the most refined and the most uncultivated of his contemporaries.

Amongst these multifarious rumours, there was one that aroused in Dr. Burney a more eager desire to see and converse with this eminent traveller, than was felt even by the most ardent of the enquirers who were pressing upon him, in successive throngs, for intelligence.

The report here alluded to, asserted, that Mr. Bruce had discovered, and personally visited, the long-famed city of Thebes; and had found it such as Herodotus had described: and that he had entered and examined its celebrated temple; and had made, and brought home, a drawing of the Theban harp, as beautiful in its execution as in its form, though copied from a model of at least three thousand years old.

Mr. Bruce had brought, also, from Egypt, a drawing of an Abyssinian lyre in present use.

The assiduity of Dr. Burney in devising means of introduction to whosoever could increase, or ameliorate, the materials of his history, was not here put to any proof. Mr. Bruce had been an early friend of Mrs. Strang, and of her brother, Mr. Lumisden; and that zealous lady immediately arranged a meeting between the parties at her own house.

This celebrated narrator made the opening of his career as an author, in the History of Music of Dr. Burney; to the eclat of which, on its first appearance, he not slightly contributed, by bestowing upon it the two admirable original drawings above-mentioned, with a letter historically descriptive of their authenticity.

With fresh pleasure and alacrity, Dr. Burney now went on with his work. So unlooked for a reinforcement of his means could not have arrived more seasonably. Every discovery, or development, relative to early times, was not only of essential service to the Dissertation on the Music of the Ancients, upon which, now, he was elaborately engaged, but excited general curiosity in all lovers of antiquity.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Amongst other new friends that this new neighbourhood procured, or confirmed, to Dr. Burney, there was one of so congenial, so Samaritan, a sort, that neighbour he must have been to the doctor from the time of their first acquaintance, had his residence been in Dorset-square, or at Botolph's wharf; instead of Leicester-square, and scarcely twenty yards from the doctor's own short street.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, this good Samaritan, was, like Dr. Burney, though well-read and deeply studious, as easy and natural in discourse as if he had been merely a man of the world; and though his own art was his passion, he was open to the warmest admiration of every other: and again, like the doctor, he was gay though contemplative, and flew from indolence, though he courted enjoyment. There was a striking resemblance in the general amenity of their intercourse, that not only made them, at all times, and with all persons, free from any approach to envy, peevishness, or sarcasm themselves, but seemed to spread around them a suavity that dissolved those angry passions in others.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua had a maiden sister, Mrs. Frances Reynolds; a woman of worth and understanding, but of a singular character; who, unfortunately for herself, made, throughout life, the great mistake of nourishing that singularity which was her bane, as if it had been her blessing.

She lived with Sir Joshua at this time, and stood high in the regard of his firm and most honoured friend, Dr. Johnson; who saw and pitied her foible, but tried to cure it in vain. It was that of living in an habitual perplexity of mind, and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting, and to all around her was teasingly wearisome.

Whatever she suggested, or planned, one day, was reversed the next; though resorted to on the third, as if merely to be again rejected on the fourth; and so on, almost endlessly; for she rang not the changes in her opinions and designs in order to bring them into harmony and practice; but waveringly to stir up new combinations and difficulties; till she found herself in the midst of such chaotic obstructions as could chime in with no given purpose; but must needs be left to ring their own peal, and to begin again just where they began at first.

This lady was a no unfrequent visitor in St. Martin's street; where, for her many excellent qualities, she was much esteemed.

Mrs. Frances Reynolds desired to paint Dr. Burney's portrait, that she might place it among certain other

worthies of her choice, already ornamenting her dressing-room. The doctor had little time to spare; but had too natively the spirit of the old school, to suffer No! and a lady, to pair off together.

During his sittings, one trait of her tenacious humour occurred, that he was always amused in relating. While she was painting his hair, which was remarkably thick, she asked him, very gravely, whether he could let her have his wig some day to work at, without troubling him to sit.

"My wig?" repeated he, much surprised.

"Yes," she answered; "have not you more than one? can't you spare it?"

"Spare it?—Why what makes you think it a wig? It's my own hair."

"O then, I suppose," said she with a smile, "I must not call it a wig?"

"Not call it a wig?—why what for, my dear madam, should you call it a wig?"

"Nay, sir," replied she, composedly, "if you do not like it, I am sure I won't."

And he protested, that though he offered her every proof of twisting, twitching, and twirling that she pleased, she calmly continued painting, without heeding his appeal for the hairy honours of his head; and only coolly repeating, "I suppose, then, I must not call it a wig?"

GARRICK.

An appointment having been arranged by Dr. Burney for presenting his friend Mr. Twining to Mr. Garrick, the two former, in happy conference, were enjoying the society of each other, while awaiting the promised junction with Mr. Garrick, when a violent rapping at the street door, which prepared them for his welcome arrival, was followed by a demand, through the footman, whether the doctor could receive Sir Jeremy Hillsborough; a baronet who was as peculiarly distasteful to both the gentlemen, as Mr. Garrick was the reverse.

"For heaven's sake, no!" cried Mr. Twining; and the doctor echoing "No! No! No!" was with eagerness sending off a hasty excuse, when the footman whispered, "Sir, he's at my heels! he's close to the door! he would not stop!" And, strenuously flinging open the library door himself in a slouching hat, an old-fashioned blue rocolo, over a great-coat of which the collar was turned up above his ears, and a silk handkerchief, held as if from the tooth-ache, to his mouth, the forbidden guest entered; slowly, lowly, and solemnly bowing his head as he advanced; though, quaker-like, never touching his hat, and not uttering a word.

The Doctor, whom Sir Jeremy had never before visited, and to whom he was hardly known, save by open dissimilarity upon some literary subjects; and Mr. Twining, to whom he was only less a stranger to be more obnoxious, from having been at variance with his family; equally concluded, from their knowledge of his irascible character, that the visit had no other view than that of demanding satisfaction for some offence supposed to have been offered to his high self-importance. And, in the awkwardness of such a surmise, they could not but feel disconcerted, may be, at having proclaimed their aversion to his sight in such unqualified terms, and immediately within his hearing.

For a minute or two, with a silence like his own, they awaited an explanation of his purpose; when, after some hesitation, ostentatiously waving one hand, while the other still held his handkerchief to his mouth, the unwelcome intruder, to their utter astonishment, came forward; and composedly seated himself in an arm chair near the fire; filling it broadly, with an air of domineering authority.

The gentlemen now looked at each other, in some doubt whether their visitor had not found his way to them from the vicinity of Moorfields, where then stood the Bethlem Hospital.

The pause that ensued was embarrassing, and not quite free from alarm; when the intruder, after an extraordinary nod or two, of a palpably threatening nature, suddenly started up, threw off his slouched hat and old rocolo, flung his red silk handkerchief into the ashes, and displayed to view, lustrous with vivacity, the gay features, the sparkling eyes, and laughing countenance of Garrick,—the inimitable imitator, David Garrick.

Dr. Burney, delighted at this development, clapped his hands, as if the scene had been represented at a theatre: and all his family present joined rapturously in the plaudit: while Mr. Twining, with the happy surprise of a sudden exchange from expected disgust to accorded pleasure, eagerly approached the arm-chair, for a presentation which he had longed for nearly throughout his life.

Mr. Garrick then, with many hearty reciprocations of

laughter, expounded the motive to the feat which he had enacted.

He had awaked, he said, that morning, under the formidable impression of an introduction to a profound Greek scholar, that was almost awful; and that had set him to pondering upon the egregious loss of time and pleasurable ability that hung upon all formalities in making new acquaintances; and he then set his wits to work at devising means for skipping at once, by some slight of hand, into abrupt cordiality. And none occurred that seemed so promising of spontaneous success, as presenting himself under the aspect of a person whom he knew to be so desperately unpleasant to the scholiast, that, at the very sound of his name, he would inwardly ejaculate,

"Take any form but that!"

Here, in a moment, Mr. Garrick was in the centre of the apartment, in the attitude of Hamlet at the sight of the ghost.

This burlesque frolic over, which gave a playful vent that seemed almost necessary to the superabundant animal spirits of Mr. Garrick, who, as Dr. Johnson has said of Shakespeare, "was always struggling for an occasion to be comic," he cast away farce and mimicry; and became for the rest of the visit, a judicious, intelligent, and well informed, though ever lively and entertaining converser and man of letters: and Mr. Twining had not been more amused by his buffoonery, than he grew charmed by his rationality.

In the course of the conversation, the intended Encyclopedia of Dr. Goldsmith being mentioned, and the Doctor's death warmly regretted, a description of the character as well as works of that charming author was brought forward; and Mr. Garrick named, what no one else in his presence could have hinted at, the poem of Retaliation.

Mr. Garrick had too much knowledge of mankind to treat with lightness so forcible an attack upon the stability of his friendships, however it might be softened off by the praise of his talents.* But he had brought it, he said, upon himself, by an unlucky lampoon, to which he had irresistiably been led by the absurd blunders, and the inconceivable inferiority between the discourse and the pen of this singular man; who, one evening at the club, had been so outrageously laughable, that Mr. Garrick had been betrayed into asserting, that no man could possibly draw the character of Oliver Goldsmith, till poor Oliver was under ground; for what any one would say after an hour's reading him, would indubitably be reversed, after an hour's chat. "And then," Mr. Garrick continued, "one risible folly bringing another, I voted him to be dead at that time, that I might give his real character in his epitaph. And this," he added, "produced this distich.

"Attend, passer by, for here lies old Noll;

Who wrote like an angel—but talked like poor Poll!"

Goldsmith, immeasurably piqued, vowed he would retaliate; but, never ready with his tongue in public, though always ready with his pen in private, he hurried off in a pet; and, some time after, produced that best if not only satirical poem that he ever wrote—"Retaliation."

This was Dr. Goldsmith's final work, and did not come out till after his death. And it was still unfinished; the last line, which was upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, being left half written:

"By flattery unspoil'd—"

To a very general regret, Dr. Johnson had not yet been named. Probably he was meant to form the climax of the piece. His character, drawn by a man of such acute discrimination, who had prospered from his friendship, yet smarted from his wit—who feared, dreaded, and envied, yet honoured, admired, and loved him—would doubtless have been sketched with as fine a pencil of splendid praise, and pointed satire, as has marked the characteristic distiches upon Mr. Burke and Mr. Garrick.

CONCERTS.

In the private narrative of an historian of the musical art, it may not be improper to insert some account of the concerts, which he occasionally gave to invited friends and acquaintances at his own house; as they biographically mark his style of life, and the consideration in which he was held by the musical world.

* "He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he would he could whistle them back."

† This last circumstance was communicated to the editor by Sir Joshua himself.

The company was always small, as were the apartments in which it was received; but always select, as the name, fame, and travels of the doctor, by allowing him a choice of guests, enabled him to limit admission to real lovers of music.

He had never any formal band; though it is probable that there was hardly a musician in England who, if called upon, would have refused his services. But they were not requisite to allure those whom the doctor wished to please or oblige; and a crowd in a private apartment he thought as inimical to harmony as to conversation.

It was, primarily, to gratify Mr. Crisp that, while yet in Poland-street, he had begun these little musical assemblages; which, in different forms, and with different parties, he continued, or renewed, through life.

The simplicity of the entertainment had, probably, its full share in the incitement to its participation. A request to or from the master of the house, was the sole ticket of entrance. And the urbanity of the doctor upon these occasions, with the warmth of his praise to excellence, and the candour of his indulgence to failure, made his reception of his visitors dispense a pleasure so unconstrained, so varied, so good-humoured, that his concerts were most sought as a favour by those whose presence did them the most honour.

To style them, however, concerts, may be conferring on them a dignity to which they had not any pretension. There was no bill of fare: there were no engaged subalterns, either to double, or aid, or contrast, with the principals. The performances were promiscuous; and simply such as suited the varying humours and desires of the company; a part of which were always assistants as well as auditors.

Some details of these harmonical coteries, which were written at the moment by this memorialist to Mr. Crisp, will be selected from amongst those which contain characteristic traits of persons of celebrity; as they may more pointedly display their cast and nature, than any merely descriptive reminiscences.

No apology will be pleaded for the careless manner in which these accounts are recorded; Mr. Crisp prohibited all form or study in his epistolary intercourse with his young correspondent.

"TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ. CHESINGTON, KINGSTON, SURREY.

"Let me now try, my dear Mr. Crisp, if I cannot have the pleasure to make you dolorously repent your inexorability to coming to town. We have had such sweet music!—But let me begin with the company according to your orders.

"They all arrived early, and staid the whole evening.

"The Baron de Deiden, the Danish Ambassador.

"The Baroness, his wife; a sweet woman, indeed; young, pretty, accomplished, and graceful. She is reckoned the finest *dilettante* performer on the piano-forte in Europe.

"I might be contented, you will perhaps say, to have given her this precedence in England and in Denmark; i. e. in her own country and in ours: but Europe sounds more noble!

"The Honourable Miss Phipps, who came with her, or rather, I believe, was brought by her, for they are great friends; and Miss Phipps had already been with us in Queen-square. Miss Phipps is a daughter of Lord Mulgrave, and sister to the famous Polar captain. She seems full of spirit and taste.

"Sir James and Lady Lake; Sir Thomas Clarges; Mrs. and Miss Ord; and a good many others, agreeable enough, though too tedious to mention, having nothing either striking or odd in them. But the pride of the evening, as neither you, my dear Mr. Crisp, nor Mr. Twining, could be with us, was Mr. HARRIS, of Salisbury, author of the three treatises on Poetry, Music, and Painting; Philosophical Arrangements; Hermes, &c. He brought with him Mrs. Harris, and his second daughter, Miss Louisa, a distinguished and high-bred lady-musician. Miss Harris, the eldest, a cultivated and high-bred character, is, I believe, with her brother, our minister at Petersburg.

"Hettina,† Mr. Burney, and our noble selves, bring up the rear.

"There was a great deal of conversation previous to the music. But as the party was too large for a general *chatterment*, every body that had not courage to stroll about and please themselves, was obliged to take up with their next neighbour. What think you, then, of my good fortune, when I tell you I happened to sit by Mr. Harris? and that so happening, joined to my being at home,—

however otherwise insignificant,—gave me the intrepidity to abandon my yea and nay responses, when he was so good as to try whether I could make any other. His looks, indeed, are so full of benignity, as well as of meaning and understanding, and his manners have a suavity so gentle, so encouraging, that, notwithstanding his high name as an author, all fear from his renown was wholly whisked away by delight in his discourse and his countenance.

"My father was in excellent spirits, and walked about from one to another, giving pleasure to all whom he addressed.

"As we had no violins, basses, flutes, &c., we were forced to cut short the formality of any overture, and to commence by the harp. Mr. Jones had a very sweet instrument, with new pedals, constructed by Merlin. He plays very well, and with very neat execution.

"Mr. Burney, then, at the request of the Baroness de Deiden, went to the harpsichord, where he fired away with his usual genius. He first played a concerto of Schobert's; and then, as the baroness would not let him rise, another of my father's.

"When Mr. Burney had received the compliments of the nobility and gentry, my father solicited the baroness to take his place.

"O no!" she cried, 'I cannot bear of such a thing! It is out of the question! It would be a figurante to dance a *pas seul* after Mademoiselle Heime!

"However, her animated friend, Miss Phipps, joined so earnestly with my father in entreaty, that, as the baron looked strongly his sanction to their wishes, she was prevailed upon to yield; which she did most gracefully; and she then played a difficult lesson of Schobert's remarkably well, with as much meaning as execution. She is, besides, so modest, so unassuming, and so pretty, that she was the general object of admiration.

"When my father went to thank her, she said she had never been so frightened before in her life.

"My father then begged another German composition from her, which he had heard her play at Lord Mulgrave's. She was going, most obligingly, to comply, when the baron, in a half whisper, and pointing to my sister Burney, said, '*Après, ma chère!*'

"*Eh bien oui!*" cried Miss Phipps, in a lively tone, '*après Madame Burney!* come, Mrs. Burney, pray indulge us.'

"The baroness, with a pleased smile, most willingly made way; and your Hettina, unaffectedly, though not quite unflattered, took her seat; and to avoid any air of emulation, with great propriety began with a slow movement, as the baroness had played a piece of execution.

"For this purpose, she chose your favourite bit of Echard; and I never heard her play it better, if so well. Merlin's new pedals made it exquisite; and the expression, feeling, and taste with which she performed it, raised a general murmur of applause.

"Mr. Harris inquired eagerly the name of the composer. Every body seemed to be struck, nay enchanted; and charmed into such silence of attention, that if a pin had dropt, it would have caused a universal start.

"I should be ashamed not to give you a more noble metaphor, or simile, or comparison, than a pin; only I know how cheap you hold all attempts at fine writing; and that you will like my poor simple pin, just as well as if I had stunned you with a cannon ball.

"Miss Louisa Harris then consented to vary the entertainment by singing. She was accompanied by Mr. Harris, whose soul seems all music, though he has made his pen amass so many other subjects into the bargain. She has very little voice, either for sound or compass; yet, which is wonderful, she gave us all extreme pleasure; for she sings in so high a style, with such pure taste, such native feeling, and such acquired knowledge of music, that there is not one fine voice in a hundred I could listen to with equal satisfaction. She gave us an unpublished air of Sacchini's, introduced by some noble recitative of that delicious composer.

"She declared, however, she should have been less frightened to have sung at a theatre, than to such an audience. But she was prevailed with to give us, afterwards, a sweet flowing rondeau of Ranzini's, from his opera of Piramis and Thisbe. She is extremely unaffected and agreeable.

"Then followed what my father called the great gun of the evening, Muthel's duet for two harpsichords; which my father thinks the noblest composition of its kind in the world.

"Mr. Burney and the Hettina now came off with flying colours indeed; nothing could exceed the general approbation. Mr. Harris was in an ecstasy that played over all his fine features; Sir James Lake, who is taciturn

† The doctor's eldest daughter.

and cold, was surprised even into loquacity in its praise; Lady Lake, more prone to be pleased, was delighted to rapture; the fine physiognomy of Miss Phipps was lighted up to an animation quite enlivening to behold; and the sweet Baroness de Deiden repeatedly protested she had never been at so singularly agreeable a concert before.

"She would not listen to any entreaty, however, to play again; and all instrumental music was voted to be out of the question for that night. Miss Louisa Harris then, with great good breeding, as well as good nature, was won by a general call to give us a finale, in a fine bravura air of Sacchini's, which she sung extremely well, though under evident and real affright.

"There was then a good deal of chat, very gay and pleasing; after which the company went away, in all appearance, uncommonly gratified: and we who remained at home, were, in all reality, the same.

"But how we wished for our dear Mr. Crisp! Do pray, now, leave your gout to itself, and come to our next music meeting. Or if it needs must cling to you, and come also, who knows but that music, which has

'Charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak—'

may have charms also, To soften Gout, and Unbend Knotted Fingers!"

Previously to any further perusal of these juvenile narrations, it is necessary to premise, that there were, at this period, three of the most excellent singers that ever exerted rival powers at the same epoch, who equally and earnestly sought the acquaintance and suffrage of Dr. Burney; namely,

Miss Cecilia Davies, detta l'Inglese,
La Signora Agujari, detta la Bastardella,
And the far famed Signora Gabrielli.

CECILIA DAVIES, DETTA L'INGLESE.

Miss Cecilia Davies, during a musical career, unfortunately as brief as it was splendid, had, at her own desire, been made known to Dr. Burney in a manner as peculiar as it was honourable, for it was through the medium of Dr. Johnson; a medium which ensured her the best services of Dr. Burney, and the esteem of all his family.

Her fame and talents are proclaimed in the History of Music, where it is said, "Miss Davies had the honour of being the first English woman who performed the female parts in several great theatres in Italy; to which extraordinary distinction succeeded that of her becoming the first woman at the great opera theatre of London."

And in this course of rare celebrity, her unimpeachable conduct, her pleasing manners, and her engaging modesty of speech and deportment, fixed as much respect on her person and character, as her singularly youthful success had fastened upon her professional abilities.

But, unfortunately, no particulars can be given of any private performance of this our indigenous brilliant ornament at the house of Dr. Burney; for though she was there welcomed, and was even eager to oblige him, the rigour of her opera articles prohibited her from singing even a note, at that time, to any private party.*

The next abstract, therefore, refers to

AGUJARI, DETTA LA BASTARDELLA.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ.

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—My father says I must write you every thing of every sort about Agujari, that you may get ready, well or ill, to come and hear her. So pray make haste, and never mind such common obstacles as health or sickness upon such an occasion.

"La Signora Agujari has been nick-named, my father says in Italy, from some misfortune attendant upon her birth—but of which she, at least, is innocent—La Bastardella. She is now come over to England, in the prime of her life and her fame, upon an engagement with the proprietors of the Pantheon, to sing two songs at their concert, at one hundred pounds a night! My father's tour in Italy has made his name and his historical design so well known there in the musical world, that she immediately desired his acquaintance on her arrival in London; and Dr. Maty, one of her protectors in this country, was deputed to bring them together; which he did, in St. Martin's street, last week.

"Dr. Maty is pleasing, intelligent, and well bred;

* This early celebrated performer, now in the decline of life, after losing her health, and nearly out-living her friends, is reduced, not by faults but misfortunes, to a state of pecuniary difficulties, through which she must long since have sunk, but for the generous succour of some personages as high in benevolence as in rank.

though formal, precise, and a rather affected little man. But he stands very high, they say, in the classes of literature and learning; and, moreover, of character and worthiness.

"He handed the signora with much pompous ceremony, into the drawing-room, where—trumpets not being at hand—he introduced her to my father with a fine flourish of compliments, as a phenomenon now first letting herself down to grace this pigmy island.

"This style of lofty grandeur seemed perfectly accordant with the style and fancy of the Signora; whose air and deportment announced deliberate dignity, and a design to strike all beholders with awe, as well as admiration.

"She is a handsome woman, of middle stature, and seems to be about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; with a very good and healthy complexion, becoming, and not absurdly rouged; a well shaped nose, a well-cut mouth, and very prominent, rolling, expressive, and dyingly languishing eyes.

"She was attended by Signor Colla, her maestro, and, as some assert, her husband; but, undoubtedly her obsequious and inseparable companion. He is tall, thin, almost fiery when conversing; and tolerably well furnished with gesture and grimace; *id est*, made up of nothing else.

"The talk was all in French or Italian, and almost all between the two Doctors, Burney and Maty; we rest, being only auditors, except when something striking was said upon music, or upon some musician; and then the hot thin Italian, who is probably a Neapolitan, jumped up, and started forth into an abrupt rhapsody, with such agitation of voice and manner, that every limb seemed at work almost as nimbly as his tongue.

"But la Signora Agujari sat always in placid, majestic silence, when she was not personally addressed.

"Signor Colla expressed the most unbounded veneration for il Signor Dottore Borni; whose learned character, he said, in Italy, had left him there a name that had made it an honour to be introduced to *un si celebre homme*. My father retorted the compliment upon the Agujari; lamenting that he had missed hearing her abroad, where her talents, then, were but rising into renown.

"Nevertheless, though he naturally concluded that this visit was designed for granting him that gratification, he was somewhat diffident how to demand it from one who, in England, never quavers for less than fifty guineas an air. To pave, therefore, the way to his request, he called upon Mr. Burney and the Hettina to open the concert with a duet.

"They readily complied; and the Agujari now relinquished a part of her stately solemnity, to give way, though not without palpably marvelling that it could be called for, to the pleasure that their performance excited; for pleasure in music is a sensation that she seems to think ought to be held in her own gift. And, indeed, for vocal music, Gabrielli is, avowedly, the only exception to her universal disdain.

"As Mr. Burney and the Hettina, however, attempted not to invade her exulting prerogative, they first escaped her supercilious contempt, and next caught her astonished attention; which soon, to our no small satisfaction, rose to open, lively, and even vociferous rapture. In truth, I believe, she was really glad to be surprised out of her fatiguing dumb grandeur.

"This was a moment not to be lost, and my father, hinted his wishes to Dr. Maty; Dr. Maty hinted them to Signor Colla; but Signor Colla did not take the hint of hinting them to La Bastardella. He shrugged, and became all gesticulation, and answered that the Signora would undoubtedly sing to the Signor Dottore Borni; but that, at this moment, she had a slight sore throat; and her desire, when she performed to il Signor Dottore Borni was, *si possibile*, he added, to surpass herself.

"We were all horribly disappointed; but Signor Colla made what amends he could, by assuring us that we had never yet known what singing was! '*car c'est une prodige, Messieurs et Mesdames, que la Signora Agujari*.'

"My father bowed his acquiescence; and then enquired whether she had been at the opera?

"O no!" Signor Colla answered; 'she was too much afraid of that complaint which all her countrymen who travelled to England had so long lamented, and which the English call catch-cold, to venture to a theatre.'

"Agujari then condescended to enquire whether il Signor Dottore had heard the Gabrielli?

"Not yet," he replied; 'he waited her coming to England. He had missed her in Italy, from her having passed that year in Sicily.'

"*Ah Diable!*" exclaimed the Bastardini, '*mais c'est dommage!*'

"This familiar '*Diable*!' from such majestic loftiness, had a very droll effect.

"*Et vous, Signora, l'avez-vous entendue?*'

"*O que non!*" answered she, quite bluffly, '*cela n'est pas possible!*'

"And we were alarmed to observe that she looked highly affronted; though we could not possibly conjecture why, till Signor Colla, in a whisper, represented the error of the inquiry, by saying, that two first singers could never meet.

"True!" Dr. Maty cried; 'two suns never light us at once.'

"The Signora, to whom this was repeated in Italian, presently recovered her placid dignity by the blaze of these two suns; and, before she went away, was in such perfect amity with il Signor Dottore, that she voluntarily declared she would come again, when her sore throat was over, and *chanter comme il faut*."

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—My father now bids me write for him—which I do with joy and pride, for now, now, thus instigated, thus authorised, let me present to you the triumphant, the unique Agujari!

"O how we all wished for you when she broke forth in her vocal glory!—The great singers of olden times, whom I have heard you so emphatically describe, seem to have all their talents revived in this wonderful creature. I could compare her to nothing I have ever heard, but only to what you have heard; your Caresini, Farinelli, Senesino, alone are worthy to be ranked with the Bastardini.

"She came with the Signor Maestro Colla, very early, to tea.

"I cannot deign to mention our party,—but it was small and good:—though by no means bright enough to be enumerated in the same page with Agujari.

"She frightened us a little, at first, by complaining of a cold. How we looked at one another! Mr. Burney was called upon to begin; which he did with even more than his usual spirit; and then—without waiting for a petition—which nobody, not even my dear father, had yet gathered courage to make, Agujari, the Bastardella, arose, voluntarily arose, to sing!

"We all rose too! we seemed all ear. There was no occasion for any other part to our persons. Had a fan,—for I won't again give you a pin,—fallen, I suppose we should have taken it for at least a thunder-clap. All was hushed and rapt attention.

"Signor Colla accompanied her. She began with what she called a little minuet of his composition.

"Her cold was not affected, for her voice at first was not quite clear; but she acquitted herself charmingly. And, little as she called this minuet, it contained difficulties which I firmly believe no other singer in the world could have executed.

"But her great talents, and our great astonishment, were reserved for her second song, which was taken from Metastasio's opera of Didone, set by Colla, '*Non hai ragione, ingrato!*'

"As this was an *aria parlante*, she first, in a voice, softly melodious, read us the words, that we might comprehend what she had to express.

"It is nobly set; nobly! 'Bravo, il Signor Maestro!' cried my father, two or three times. She began with a fulness and power of voice that amazed us beyond all our possible expectations. She then, lowered it to the most expressive softness—in short, my dear Mr. Crisp, she was sublime! I can use no other word without degrading her.

"This, and a second great song from the same opera, *Son Regina*, and *Son Amante*, she sang in a style to which my ears have hitherto been strangers. She united to her surprising and incomparable powers of execution, and luxuriant facility and compass of voice, an expression still more delicate—and, I had almost said, equally feeling with that of my darling Millico, who first opened my sensations to the melting and boundless delights of vocal melody. In fact, in Millico it was his own sensibility that excited that of his hearers; it was so genuine, so touching! It seemed never to want any spur from admiration, but always to owe its excellence to its own restless pathos.

"Yet, with all its vast compass, and these stupendous sonorous sounds, the voice of Agujari has a mellowness, a sweetness, that are quite vanquishing. One can hardly help falling at her feet while one listens! Her shake, too, is so plump, so true, so open! and, to display her various abilities to my father, she sang in twenty styles—if twenty there may be; for nothing is beyond her reach. In songs of execution, her divisions were so rapid, and so brilliant, they almost made one dizzy from breathless admiration: her cantables were so fine, so rich, so mov-

ing, that we could hardly keep the tears from our eyes. Then she gave us some accompanied recitative, with a nobleness of accent, that made every one of us stand erect out of respect! Then, how fascinatingly she condescended to indulge us with a *rondeau*! though she holds that simplicity of melody beneath her; and therefore rose from it to chaunt some church music, of the Pope's Chapel, in a style so nobly simple, so grandly unadorned, that it penetrated to the inmost sense. She is just what she will: she has the highest taste, with an expression the most pathetic; and she executes difficulties the most wild, the most varied, the most incredible, with just as much ease and facility as I can say—my dear Mr. Crisp.

"Now don't you die to come and hear her? I hope you do. O, she is indescribable!"

"Assure yourself my father joins in all this, though perhaps, if he had time to write for himself, he might do it more Lady Grace like, 'soberly.' I hope she will fill up at least half a volume of his history. I wish he would call her, The Heroine of Music!"

"We could not help regretting that her engagement was at the Pantheon, as her evidently fine ideas of acting are thrown away at a mere concert."

"At this, she made faces of such scorn and derision against the managers, for not putting her upon the stage, that they altered her handsome countenance almost to ugliness; and, snatching up a music book, and opening it, and holding it full broad in her hands, she dropt a formal courtesy, to take herself off at the Pantheon, and said: '*Oui! j'y suis là comme une statue! comme une petite ecclésiastique!*' And afterwards she contemptuously added: '*Mais, on n'aime guère ici que les rondeaux!—Moi—j'abhorre ces miègres là!*'"

"One objection, however, and a rather serious one, against her walking the stage, is that she limps."

"Do you know what they assert to be the cause of this lameness? It is said that, while a mere baby, and at nurse in the country, she was left rolling on the grass one evening, till she rolled herself round and round to a pigstie; where a hideous hog welcomed her as a delicious repast, and mangled one side of the poor infant most cruelly, before she was missed and rescued. She was recovered with great difficulty; but obliged to bear the insertion of a plate of silver, to sustain the parts where the terrible swine had made a chasm; and thence she has been called . . . I forget the Italian name, but that which has been adopted here is Silver-sides."

"You may imagine that the wags of the day do not let such a circumstance, belonging to so famous a person, pass unadmiralised: Foote, my father tells us, has declared he shall impeach the custom-house officers, for letting her be smuggled into the kingdom contrary to law; unless her sides have been entered at the stamp office. And Lord Sandwich has made a catch, in dialogue and in Italian, between the infant and the hog, where the former, in a plaintive tone of soliciting mercy, cries; '*Cara, mio Porco!*' The hog answers by a grunt. Her piteous entreaty is renewed in the softest, tenderest treble. His sole reply is expressed in one long note of the lowest deepest bass. Some of her highest notes are then ludicrously imitated to vocalise little shrieks; and the hog, in finale, grunts out, '*Ah! che bel mangiar!*'"

"Lord Sandwich, who showed this to my father, had, at least, the grace to say, that he would not have it printed, lest it should get to her knowledge, till after her return to Italy."

The radical and scientific merits of this singular personage, and astonishing performer, are fully expounded in the History of Music. She left England with great contempt for the land of *rondeaux*; and never desired to visit it again.

LA GABRIELLI.

Of the person and performance of Gabrielli, the History of Music contains a full and luminous description. She was the most universally renowned singer of her time; for Agujari died before her high and unexampled talents had expanded their truly wonderful supremacy.

Yet here, also, no private detail can be written of the private performance, or manners, of La Gabrielli, as she never visited at the house of Dr. Burney; though she most courteously invited him to her own; in which she received him with flattering distinction. And, as she had the judgment to set aside, upon his visits, the airs, caprices, coquetries, and gay insolences, of which the boundless report had preceded her arrival in England, he found her a high-bred, accomplished, and engaging woman of the world; or rather, he said, woman of fashion; for there was a winning ease, nay, captivation, in her look and air, that could scarcely, in any circle, be sur-

passed. Her great celebrity, however, for beauty and eccentricity, as well as for professional excellence, had raised such inordinate expectations before she came out, that the following juvenile letters upon the appearance of so extraordinary a musical personage, will be curious,—or, at least, diverting, to lovers of musical anecdote.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ., CHESINGTON.

October, 1775.

"My dear Mr. Crisp,—'Tis so long since I have written, that I suppose you conclude we are all gone fortune-hunting to some other planet; but, to skip apologies, which I know you scoff, I shall atone for my silence, by telling you that my dear father returned from Buxton in quite restored health, I thank God! and that his first volume is now rough-sketched quite to the end, preface and dedication inclusive."

"But you are vehement, you say, to hear of Gabrielli. 'Well, so is every body else; but she has not yet sung."

"She is the subject of inquiry and discussion wherever you go. Every one expects her to sing like a thousand angels, yet to be as ridiculous as a thousand imps. But I believe she purposes to astonish them all in a new way; for imagine how sober and how English she means to become, when I tell you that she has taken a house in Golden-square, and put a plate upon her door, on which she has had engraven, 'Mrs. Gabrielli.'"

"If John Bull is not flattered by that, he must be John Bear."

"Rauzzini, meanwhile, who is to be the first serious singer, has taken precisely the other side; and will have nothing to do with his Johnship at all; for he has had his apartments painted a beautiful rose-colour, with a light myrtle sprig border; and has ornamented them with little knic-knacs and trinkets, like a fine lady's dressing-room."

"My father dined with them both the other day, at the managers', Mrs. Brookes, the author, and Mrs. Yates, the *ci-devant* actress. Rauzzini sang a great many sweet airs, and very delightfully; but Gabrielli not a note! Neither did any one presume to ask for such a favour. Her sister was of the party also, who they say cannot sing at all; but Gabrielli insisted upon having her engaged, and advantageously, or refused peremptorily to come over."

"Nothing can exceed the impatience of people of all ranks, and all ways of thinking, concerning this so celebrated singer. And if you do not come to town to hear her, I shall conclude you lost to all the Saint Cecilia powers of attraction; and that you are become as indifferent to music, as to dancing or to horse-racing. For my own part, if any thing should unfortunately prevent my hearing her first performance, I shall set it down in my memory ever after, as a very serious misfortune. Don't laugh so, dear daddy, pray!"

Written the week following.

"How I rejoice, for once, in your hard-heartedness! how ashamed I should have been if you had come, dearest air, to my call! The Gabrielli did not sing! And she let all London, and all the country too, I believe, arrive at the theatre before it was proclaimed that she was not to appear! Every one of our family, and of every other family that I know,—and that I don't know besides, were at the opera house at an early hour. We, who were to enter at a private door, per favour of Mrs. Brookes, rushed past all handbills, not thinking them worth heeding. Poor Mr. Yates, the manager, kept running from one outlet to another, to relate the sudden desperate hoarseness of la Signora Gabrielli; and, supplicate patience, and, moreover, credence,—now from the box openings, now from the pit, now from the galleries. Had he been less active, or less humble, it is thought the theatre would have been pulled down; so prodigious was the rage of the large assembly; none of them in the least believing that Gabrielli had the slightest thing the matter with her."

"My father says people do not think that singers have the capacity of having such a thing as a cold!"

"The murmurs, 'What a shame!'—'how scandalous!'—'what insolent airs!'—kept Mr. Yates upon the alert from poet to poet, to the utmost stretch of his ability, though his dolorous countenance painted his full conviction that he himself was the most seriously to be pitied of the party; for it was clear that he said, in soliloquy, upon every one that he sent away: 'There goes half a guinea!—or, at the least, three shillings,—if not five, out of my pocket!'"

"We all returned home in horrible ill-humour; but solacing ourselves with a candid determination, taken in

a true spirit of liberality, that though she should sing even better than Agujari, we would not like her!"

"My father called upon the managers to know what all this meant; and Mrs. Brookes then told him, that all that had been reported of the extraordinary wilfulness of this spoilt child of talent and beauty, was exceeded by her behaviour. She only sent them word that she was out of voice, and could not sing, one hour before the house must be opened! They instantly hurried to her to expostulate, or rather to supplicate, for they dare neither reproach nor command; and to represent the utter impossibility of getting up any other opera so late; and to acknowledge their terror, even for their property, from the fury of an English audience, if disappointed so bluffly at the last moment."

To this she answered very coolly, but with smiles and politeness, that if *le monde* expected her so eagerly, she would dress herself, and let the opera be performed; only, when her songs came to their symphony, instead of singing, she would make a courtesy, and point to her throat."

"'You may imagine, doctor,' said Mrs. Brookes, 'whether we could trust John Bull with so easy a lady! and at the very instant his ears were opening to hear her so vaunted performance!'"

"Well, my dear Mr. Crisp, now for Saturday, and now for the real opera. We all went again. There was a prodigious house; such a one, for fashion at least, as, before Christmas, never yet was seen. For though every body was afraid there would be a riot, and that Gabrielli would be furiously hissed, from the spleen of the late disappointment, nobody could stay away; for her whims and eccentricities only heightened curiosity for beholding her person."

"The opera was Metastasio's *Didone*, and the part for Gabrielli was new set by Sacchini."

"In the first scene, Rauzzini and Sestini appeared with la Signora Francesca, the sister of Gabrielli. They prepared us for the approach of the blazing comet that burst forth in the second."

"Nothing could be more noble than her entrance. It seemed instantaneously to triumph over her enemies, and conquer her threateners. The stage was open to its furthest limits, and she was discerned at its most distant point; and, for a minute or two, there dauntlessly she stood; and then took a sweep, with a firm, but accelerating step; and a deep, finely flowing train, till she reached the orchestra. There she stopt, amidst peals of applause, that seemed as if they would have shaken the foundations of the theatre."

"What think you now of John Bull?"

"I had quite quivered for her, in expectation of cat-callings and hissings; but the intrepidity of her appearance and approach quashed all his resentment into surprised admiration."

"She is still very pretty, thought not still very young. She has small, intelligent, sparkling features; and though she is rather short, she is charmingly proportioned, and has a very engaging figure. All her motions are graceful, her air is full of dignity, and her walk is majestic."

"Though the applause was so violent, she seemed to think it so simply her due, that she deigned not to honour it with the slightest mark of acknowledgement, but calmly began her song."

"John Bull, however, enchained, as I believe, by the reported vagaries of her character, and by the high delight he expected from her talents, clapped on,—clap, clap, clap!—with such assiduous noise, that not a note could be heard, nor a *note* be started that any note was sung. Unwilling, then,

"To waste her sweetness on the clamorous air,"

and perhaps growing a little gratified to find she could "soothe the savage breast," she condescended to make an Italian courtesy, i.e. a slight, but dignified bow.

"Honest John, who had thought she would not accept his homage, but who, through the most abrupt turn from resentment to admiration, had resolved to bear with all her freaks, was so enchanted by this affability, that clapping he went on, till, I have little doubt, the skin of his battered hands went off; determining to gain another salutation whether she would or not, as an august sign that she was not displeased with him for being so smitten, and so humble."

"After this she suffered the orchestra to be heard."

"Gabrielli, however, was not flattered into spoiling her flatterers. Probably she liked the spoiling too well to make it over to them. Be that as it may, she still kept expectation on the rack, by giving us only recita-

tive, till every other performer had tired our reluctant attention.

"At length, however, came the grand bravura, '*Son Regina, e sono Amante*.'

"Here I must stop!—Ah, Mr. Crisp! why would she take words that had been sung by Agujari?"

"Opinions are so different, you must come and judge for yourself. Praise and censure are bandied backwards and forwards, as if they were two shuttlecocks between two battledores. The *Son Regina* was the only air of consequence that she even attempted; all else were but bits; pretty enough, but of no force or character for a great singer.

"How unfortunate that she should take the words, even though to other music, that we had heard from Agujari!—Oh! she is no Agujari!"

"In short, and to come to the truth, she disappointed us all egregiously.

"However, my dear father, who beyond any body tempers his judgment with indulgence, pronounces her a very capital singer.

"But she visibly took no pains to exert herself, and appeared so impertinently easy, that I believe she thought it condescension enough for us poor savage islanders to see her stand upon the stage, and let us look at her. Yet it must at least be owned, that the tone of her voice, though feeble, is remarkably sweet; that her action is judicious and graceful, and that her style and manner of singing are masterly."

"My dear Mr. Crisp,

"I must positively talk to you again of the sweet Baroness Deiden, though I am half afraid to write you any more details of our Duet Concerts, lest they should tire your patience as much as my fingers. But you will be pleased to hear that they are still *à-la-mode*. We have just had another at the request of M. le Comte de Guignes, the French ambassador, delivered by Lady Edgcombe; who not only came again her lively self, but brought her jocular and humorous lord; who seems as sportive and as fond of a *hoax* as any tar who walks the quarter-deck; and as cleverly gifted for making, as he is gaily disposed for enjoying one. They were both full of good humour and spirits, and we liked them amazingly. They have not a grain of what you style the torpor of the times.

"Lady Edgcombe was so transported by Muthel, that when her lord emitted a cough, though it did not vent till he had half stifled himself to check it, she called out, 'What do you do here, my lord, coughing? We don't want that accompaniment.' I wish you could have seen how drolly he looked. I am sure he was full primed with a ready repartee. But her ladyship was so intently in ecstacy, and he saw us all round so intently admiring her enthusiasm, that I verily believe he thought it would not be safe to interrupt the performance, even with the best witticism of his merry imagination.

"We had also, for contrast, the new Groom of the Stole, Lord Ashburnham, with his key of gold dangling from his pocket. He is elegant and pleasing, though silent and reserved; and just as scrupulously high-bred, as Lord Edgcombe is frolicsomenly facetious.

"But, my dear Mr. Crisp, we had again the bewitching Danish ambassador, the Baroness Deiden, and her polite husband, the baron. She is really one of the most delightful creatures in this lower world, if she is not one of the most deceitful. We were more charmed with her than ever. I wonder whether Ophelia was like her? or, rather, I have no doubt but she was just such another. So musical, too! The Danish Court was determined to show us that our great English bard knew what he was about, when he drew so attractive a Danish female. The baron seems as sensible of her merit as if he were another Hamlet himself—though that is no man I ever yet saw! She speaks English very prettily; as she can't help, I believe, doing whatever she sets about. She said to my father, 'How good you were, sir, to remember us! We are very much obliged indeed.' And then to my sister, 'I have heard no music since I was here last!'

"We had also Lord Barrington, brother to my father's good friend Daines, and to the excellent Bishop of Salisbury. His lordship, as you know, is universally reckoned clever, witty, penetrating, and shrewd. But he bears this high character any where rather than in his air and look, which by no means pronounce his superiority of their own accord. Doubtless, however, he has 'that within which passeth show;' for there is only one voice as to his talents and merit.

"His honour, Mr. Brudenel,—but I will not again run over the names of the dupicates from the preceding concerts. I will finish my list with Lord Sandwich.

"And most welcome he made himself to us, in entering the drawing room, by giving intelligence that he had just heard from the circumnavigators, that our dear James was well.

"Lord Sandwich is a tall, stout man, and looks as furrowed and weather-proof as any sailor in the navy; and, like most of the old set of that brave tribe, he has good nature and joviality marked in every feature. I want to know why he is called Jammy Twitcher in the newspapers? Do pray tell me that.

"But why do I prepare for closing my account, before I mention him for whom it was opened? namely, M. le Comte de Guignes, the French ambassador.

"He was looked upon, when he first came over, as one of the handsomest of men, as well as one of the most gallant; and his conquests amongst the fair dames of the court were in proportion with those two circumstances. I hope, therefore, now,—as I am no well-wisher to these sort of conquerors,—that his defeats, in future, will counter-balance his victories; for he is grown so fat, and looks so sleek and supine, that I think the tender tribe will henceforward be in complete safety, and may sing, in full chorus, while viewing him,

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!"

"He was, however, very civil, and seemed well entertained; though he left an amusing laugh behind him from the pomposity of his exit; for not finding, upon quitting the music room, with an abrupt *French leave*, half a dozen of our lackeys waiting to anticipate his orders; half a dozen of those gentlemen not being positively at hand; he indignantly and impatiently called out aloud: '*Mes gens! où sont mes gens? Que sont-ils donc devenu? Mes gens! Je dis! Mes gens!*'

"Previously to this, the duet had gone off with its usual eclat.

"Lord Sandwich then expressed an earnest desire to hear the baroness play: but she would not listen to him, and seemed vexed to be entreated, saying to my sister Hettina, who joined his lordship in the solicitation, 'Oh yes! it will be very pretty, indeed, after all this so fine music, to see me play a little minuet!'

"Lord Sandwich applied to my father to aid his petition; but my father, though he wished himself to hear the baroness again, did not like to tease her, when he saw her modesty of refusal was real; and consequently, that overcoming it would be painful. I am sure I could not have pressed her for the world! But Lord Sandwich, who, I suppose, is heart of oak, was not so scrupulous, and hovered over her, and would not desist; though turning her head away from him, and waving her hand to distance him, she earnestly said: 'I beg—I beg, my lord!—'

"Lord Barrington then, who, we found, was an intimate acquaintance of the ambassador, attempted to seize the waving hand; conjuring her to consent to let him lead her to the instrument.

"But she hastily drew in her hand, and exclaimed: 'Fie, fie, my lord Barrington!—so ill natured!—I should not think was you! Besides, you have heard me so often.'

"'Madame la Baronne,' replied he, with vivacity, 'I want you to play precisely because Lord Sandwich has not heard you, and because I have!'

"All, however, was in vain, till the baron came forward, and said to her, '*Ma chère*—you had better play something—anything—than give such a trouble.'

"She instantly arose, saying with a little reluctant shrug, but accompanied by a very sweet smile, 'Now this looks just as if I was like to be so much pressed!'

"She then played a slow movement of Abel's, and a minuet of Schobert's, most delightfully, and with so much soul and expression, that your Hettina could hardly have played them better.

"She is surely descended in a right line from Ophelia! only, now I think of it, Ophelia dies unmarried. That is horribly unlucky. But, oh Shakespeare!—all-knowing Shakespeare!—how came you to picture just such female beauty and sweetness and harmony in a Danish court, as was to be brought over to England so many years after, in a Danish ambassador?"

MRS. SHERIDAN.

But highest, at this season, in the highest circles of society, from the triple bewitchment of talents, beauty, and fashion, stood the fair Linley Sheridan; who now gave concerts at her own house, to which entrance was sought not only by all the votaries of taste, and admirers of musical excellence, but by all the leaders of *ton*, and their numerous followers, or slaves; with an ardour for admittance that was as eager for beholding as for listen-

ing to this matchless warbler; so astonishingly in concord were the charms of person, manners, and voice, for the eye and for the ear, of this resistless syren.

To these concerts Dr. Burney was frequently invited; where he had the pleasure, while enjoying the spirit of her conversation, the winning softness of her address, and the attraction of her smiles, to return her attention to him by the delicacy of accompaniment with which he displayed her vocal perfection.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

-In the midst of this energetic life of professional exertion, family avocations, worldly prosperity and fashionable distinction, Dr. Burney lost not one moment that he could purloin either from its pleasures or its toils, to dedicate to what had long become the principal object of his care,—his musical work.

Music, as yet, whether considered as a science or as an art, had been written upon only in partial details, to elucidate particular points of theory or of practice; but no general plan, or history of its powers, including its rise, progress, uses, and changes, in all the known nations of the world, had ever been attempted: though, at the time Dr. Burney set out upon his tours, to procure or to enlarge materials for such a work, it singularly chanced that there started up two fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, one English, the other Italian, who were working in their studies upon the same idea—namely, Sir John Hawkins, and Padre Martini. A French musical historian, also, M. de La Borde, took in hand the same subject, by a striking coincidence, nearly at the same period.

Each of their labours has now been long before the public; and each, as usual, has received the meed of pre-eminence, according to the sympathy of its readers with the several views of the subject given by the several authors.

The impediments to all progressive expedition that stood in the way of this undertaking with Dr. Burney, were so completely beyond his control, that, with his utmost efforts and skill, it was not till the year 1776, which was six years after the publication of his plan, that he was able to bring forth his *History of Music*.

And even then, it was the first volume only that he could publish; nor was it till six years later followed by the second.

Greatly, however, to a mind like his, was every exertion repaid by the honour of its reception. The subscription, by which he had been enabled to sustain its numerous expence in books, travels, and engravings, had brilliantly been filled with the names of almost all that were most eminent in literature, high in rank, celebrated in the arts, or leading in the fashion of the day. And while the lovers of music received with eagerness every account of that art in which they delighted; scholars, and men of letters in general, who hitherto had thought of music but as they thought of a tune that might be played or sung from imitation, were astonished at the depth of research, and almost universality of observation, reading, and meditation, which were now shown to be requisite for such an undertaking: while the manner in which, throughout the work, such varied matter was displayed, was so natural, so spirited, and so agreeable, that the *History of Music* not only awakened respect and admiration for its composition; it excited also, an animated desire, in almost the whole body of its readers, to make acquaintance with its author.

The *History of Music* was dedicated, by permission, to her majesty, Queen Charlotte; and was received with even peculiar graciousness when it was presented, at the drawing room, by the author. The queen both loved and understood the subject; and had shown the liberal exemption of her fair mind from all petty nationality, in the frank approbation she had deigned to express of the doctor's tours; notwithstanding they so palpably displayed his strong preference of the Italian vocal music to that of the German.

So delighted was Doctor Burney by the condescending manner of the queen's acceptance of his musical offering, that he never thenceforward failed paying his homage to their majesties, upon the two birth-day anniversaries of those august and beloved sovereigns.

STREATHAM.

Fair was this period in the life of Dr. Burney. It opened to him a new region of enjoyment, supported by honours, and exhilarated by pleasures supremely to his taste: honours that were literary, pleasures that were intellectual. Fair was this period, though not yet was it risen to its acme: a fairer still was now advancing to his highest wishes, by free and frequent intercourse with

the man in the world to whose genius and worth united, he looked up the most reverentially.—Dr. Johnson.

And this intercourse was brought forward through circumstances of such infinite agreeability, that no point, however flattering, of the success that led him to celebrity, was so welcome to his honest and honourable pride, as being sought for at Streatham, and his reception at that seat of the muses.

Mrs. Thrale, the lively and enlivening lady of the mansion, was then at the height of the glowing renown which, for many years, held her in stationary superiority on that summit.

It was professionally that Dr. Burnby was first invited to Streatham, by the master of that fair abode. The eldest daughter of the house was in the progress of an education fast advancing in most departments of juvenile accomplishments, when the idea of having recourse to the chief in "music's power divine,"—Dr. Burnby,—as her instructor in harmony, occurred to Mrs. Thrale.

So interesting was this new engagement to the family of Dr. Burnby, which had been born and bred to a veneration of Dr. Johnson; and which had imbibed the general notion that Streatham was a coterie of wits and scholars, on a par with the blue assemblies in town of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey; that they all flocked around him, on his return from his first excursion, with eager enquiry whether Dr. Johnson had appeared; and whether Mrs. Thrale merited the brilliant plaudits of her panegyrists.

Dr. Burnby delighted with all that had passed, was as communicative as they could be inquisitive. Dr. Johnson had indeed appeared; and from his previous knowledge of Dr. Burnby, had come forward to him zealously, and wearing his mildest aspect.

Twenty-two years had now elapsed since first they had opened a correspondence, that to Dr. Burnby had been delightful, and of which Dr. Johnson retained a warm and pleased remembrance. The early enthusiasm for that great man, of Dr. Burnby, could not have hailed a more propitious circumstance for promoting the intimacy to which he aspired, than what hung on this recollection; for kind thoughts must instinctively have clung to the breast of Dr. Johnson, towards so voluntary and disinterested a votary; who had broken forth from his own modest obscurity to offer homage to Dr. Johnson, long before his stupendous dictionary, and more stupendous character, had raised him to his subsequent towering fame.

Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Burnby had beheld as a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of female wits; surpassing, rather than equalizing, the reputation which her extraordinary endowments, and the splendid fortune which made them conspicuous, had blazoned abroad; while her social and easy good humour allayed the alarm excited by the report of her spirit of satire; which, nevertheless, he owned she unsparingly darted around her, in sallies of wit and gaiety, and the happiest spontaneous epigrams.

Mr. Thrale, the doctor had found a man of sound sense, good parts, good instruction, and good manners; with a liberal turn of mind, and an unaffected taste for talented society. Yet, though it was every where known that Mrs. Thrale sportively, but very decidedly, called and proclaimed him her master, the doctor never perceived in Mr. Thrale any overbearing marital authority; and soon remarked, that while, from a temper of mingled sweetness and carelessness, his wife never offered him any opposing opinion, he was too wise to be rallied, by a sarcastic nickname, out of the rights by which he kept her excess of vivacity in order. Composedly, therefore, he was content with the appellation; though from his manly character, joined to his real admiration of her superior parts, he divested it of its commonly understood imputation of tyranny, to convert it to a mere simple tribute.

But Dr. Burnby soon saw that he had but little chance of aiding his young pupil in any very rapid improvement. Mrs. Thrale, who had no passion but for conversation, in which her eminence was justly her pride, continually broke into the lesson to discuss the news of the times; politics, at that period, bearing the complete sway over men's minds. But she intermingled what she related, or what she heard, with sallies so gay, so unexpected, so classically erudite, or so vivaciously entertaining, that the tutor and the pupil were alike drawn away from their studies, to an enjoyment of a less laborious, if not of a less profitable description.

Dr. Johnson, who had no ear for music, had accustomed himself, like many other great writers who have had that same, and frequently sole, deficiency, to speak slightly

both of the art and of its professors. And it was not till after he had become intimately acquainted with Dr. Burnby and his various merits, that he ceased to join in a jargon so unworthy of his liberal judgment, as that of excluding musicians and their art from celebrity.

The first symptom that he showed of a tendency to conversion upon this subject, was upon hearing the following paragraph read, accidentally, aloud by Mrs. Thrale, from the preface to the History of Music, while it was yet in manuscript.

"The love of lengthened tones and modulated sounds, seems a passion implanted in human nature throughout the globe; as we hear of no people, however wild and savage in other particulars, who have not music of some kind or other, with which they seem greatly delighted."

"Sir," cried Dr. Johnson, after a little pause, "this assertion I believe may be right." And then, seeing a minute or two on his chair, he forcibly added: "All animated nature loves music—except myself!"

Some time later, when Dr. Burnby perceived that he was generally gaining ground in the house, he said to Mrs. Thrale, who had civilly been listening to some favourite air that he had been playing: "I have yet hopes, madam, with the assistance of my pupil, to see your's become a musical family. Nay, I even hope, sir," turning to Dr. Johnson, "I shall some time or other make you, also, sensible of the power of my art."

"Sir," answered the doctor, smiling, "I shall be very glad to have a new sense put into me!"

The Tour to the Hebrides being then in hand, Dr. Burnby inquired of what size and form the book would be. "Sir," he replied, with a little bow, "you are my model!"

Impelled by the same kindness, when the doctor lamented the disappointment of the public in Hawkesworth's Voyages,—"Sir," he cried, "the public is always disappointed in books of travels;—except yours!"

And afterwards, he said that he had hardly ever read any book quick through in his life; but added: "Chamier and I, sir, however, read all your travels through;—except, perhaps, the description of the great pipes in the organs of Germany and the Netherlands!"

Mr. Thrale had lately fitted up a rational, readable, well-chosen library. It were superfluous to say that he had neither authors for show nor bindings for vanity, when it is known, that while it was forming, he placed merely one hundred pounds in Dr. Johnson's hands for its completion; though such was his liberality, and such his opinion of the wisdom as well as knowledge of Dr. Johnson in literary matters, that he would not for a moment have hesitated to subscribe to the highest estimate that the doctor might have proposed.

One hundred pounds, according to the expensive habits of the present day, of decorating books like courtiers and coxcombs, rather than like students and philosophers, would scarcely purchase a single row for a book-case of the row of Mr. Thrale's at Streatham; though, under such guidance as that of Dr. Johnson, to whom all futility seemed foppish, and all foppish futility, that sum, added to the books naturally inherited, or already collected, amply sufficed for the unsophisticated reader, where no peculiar pursuit, or unlimited spirit of research, demanded a collection for reference rather than for instruction and enjoyment.

This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. Thrale resolved to surmount these treasures for the mind by a similar regale for the eyes, in selecting the persons he most loved to contemplate, from amongst his friends and favourites, to preside over the literature that stood highest in his estimation.

And, that his portrait painter might go hand in hand in judgment with his collector of books, he fixed upon the matchless Sir Joshua Reynolds to add living excellence to dead perfection, by giving him the personal resemblance of the following elected set; every one of which occasionally made a part of the brilliant society of Streatham.

Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter were in one piece, over the fire place, at full length.

The rest of the pictures were all three-quarters.

Mr. Thrale was over the door leading to his study.

The general collection then began by Lord Sandys and Lord Westcote, two early noble friends of Mr. Thrale.

Then followed,

Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Baretti, Sir Robert Chambers, and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself.

All painted in the highest style of the great master, who much delighted in this his Streatham gallery.

There was place left but for one more frame, when the acquaintance of Dr. Burnby began at Streatham; and

the charm of his conversation and manners, joined to his celebrity in letters, so quickly won upon the master as well as the mistress of the mansion, that he was presently selected for the honour of filling up this last chasm in the chain of Streatham worthies. To this flattering distinction, which Dr. Burnby always recognised with pleasure, the public owe the engraving of Bartolozzi, which is prefixed to the History of Music.

DR. JOHNSON.

The friendship and kindness of heart of Dr. Johnson, were promptly brought into play by this renewed intercourse. Richard, the youngest son of Dr. Burnby, born of the second marriage, was then preparing for Winchester School, whither his father purposed conveying him in person. This design was no sooner known at Streatham, where Richard, at that time a beautiful as well as clever boy, was in great favour with Mrs. Thrale, than Dr. Johnson volunteered an offer to accompany the father to Winchester; that he might himself present the son to Dr. Warton, the then celebrated master of that ancient receptacle for the study of youth.

Dr. Burnby, enchanted by such a mark of regard, gratefully accepted the proposal; and they set out together for Winchester, where Dr. Warton expected them with ardent hospitality. The acquaintance of Dr. Burnby he had already sought with literary liberality, having kindly given him notice, through the medium of Mr. Garrick, of a manuscript treatise on music in the Winchester collection. There was, consequently, already an opening to pleasure in their meeting; but the master's reception of Dr. Johnson, from the high-wrought sense of the honour of such a visit, was rather rapturous than glad. Dr. Warton was always called an enthusiast by Dr. Johnson, who, at times, when in gay spirits, and with those with whom he trusted their ebullition, would take off Dr. Warton with the strongest humour; describing, almost convulsively, the ecstasy with which he would seize upon the person nearest to him, to hug in his arms, lest his grasp should be eluded, while he displayed some picture, or some prospect; and indicated, in the midst of contortions and gestures that violently and ludicrously shook, if they did not affright his captive, the particular point of view, or of design, that he wished should be noticed.

This Winchester visit, besides the permanent impression made by its benevolence, considerably quickened the march of intimacy of Dr. Burnby with the great lexicographer, by the *tele d'ete* journey to and from Winchester; in which there was not only the ease of companionship, to dissipate the modest awe of intellectual supereminence, but also the certitude of not being obtrusive; since, thus coupled in a post-chaise, Dr. Johnson had no choice of occupation, and no one else to whom to turn.

Far, however, from Dr. Johnson, upon this occasion, was any desire of change, or any requisition for variety. The spirit of Dr. Burnby, with his liveliness of communication, drew out the mighty stores which Dr. Johnson had amassed upon nearly every subject, with an amenity that brought forth his genius in its very essence, cleared from all turbid dregs of heated irritability; and Dr. Burnby never looked back to this Winchester tour but with recollected pleasure.

Nor was this the sole exertion in favour of Dr. Burnby, of this admirable friend. He wrote various letters to his own former associates, and to his newer connections at Oxford, recommending to them to facilitate, with their best power, the researches of the musical historian. And, some time afterwards, he again took a seat in the chaise of Dr. Burnby, and accompanied him in person to that university; where every head of college, professor, and even general member, vied one with another in coupling, in every mark of civility, their rising approbation of Dr. Burnby, with their established reverence for Dr. Johnson.

Most willingly, indeed, would this great and excellent man have made, had he seen occasion, far superior efforts in favour of Dr. Burnby; an excursion almost any where being, in fact, so agreeable to his taste, as to be always rather a pleasure to him than a fatigue.

His vast abilities, in truth, were too copious for the small scenes, objects, and interests of the little world in which he lived;* and frequently must he have felt both curbed and damped by the utter insufficiency of such minor scenes, objects, and interests, to occupy powers such as his of conception and investigation. To avow this he was far too wise, lest it should seem a scorn of his fellow creatures; and, indeed, from his internal hu-

* This has reference wholly to Bolt-court, where he constantly retained his home: at Streatham, continually as he there resided, it was always as a guest:

mility, it is possible that he was not himself aware of the great chasm that separated him from the herd of mankind, when not held to it by the ties of benevolence or of necessity.

To talk of humility and Dr. Johnson together, may, perhaps, make the few who remember him smile, and the many who have only heard of him stare. But his humility was not that of thinking more lowly of himself than of others; it was simply that of thinking so lowly of others, as to hold his own conscious superiority of but small scale in the balance of intrinsic excellence.

After these excursions, the intercourse of Dr. Burney with Streatham became so friendly, that Mrs. Thrale desired to make acquaintance with the doctor's family, and Dr. Johnson, at the same time, requested to examine the doctor's books; while both wished to see the house of Sir Isaac Newton.

An account of this beginning connection with St. Martin's street was drawn up by the present editor, at the earnest desire of the revered Chesington family friend, Mr. Crisp; whom she had just, and most reluctantly, quitted a day or two before this first visit from Streatham took place.

This little narration she now consigns to these memoirs, as naturally belonging to the progress of the friendship of Dr. Burney with Dr. Johnson; and not without hope that this genuine detail of the first appearance of Dr. Johnson in St. Martin's street, may afford to the reader some share of the entertainment which it afforded to the then young writer.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ., CHESINGTON, NEAR KINGSTON, SURREY.

"My dearest Mr. Crisp,—My father seemed well pleased at my returning to my time; so that is no small consolation and pleasure to me for the pain of quitting you. So now to our Thursday morning, and Dr. Johnson; according to my promise.

"We were all—by we, I mean Suzette, Charlotte, and I,—for my mother had seen him before, as had my sister Burney; but we three were all in a twitter, from violent expectation and curiosity for the sight of this monarch of books and authors.

"Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Miss Owen, and Mr. Seward, came long before Lexiphanes. Mrs. Thrale is a pretty woman still, though she has some defect in the mouth that looks like a cut, or scar; but her nose is very handsome, her complexion very fair; she has the *embonpoint charnante*, and her eyes are blue and lustrous. She is extremely lively and chatty; and showed none of the supercilious or pedantic airs, so freely, or, rather, so scoffingly attributed, by you envious lords of the creation, to women of learning or celebrity; on the contrary, she is full of sport, remarkably gay, and excessively agreeable. I liked her in every thing except her entrance into the room, which was rather florid and flourishing, as who should say, 'It's I!—No less a person than Mrs. Thrale!' However, all that ostentation wore out in the course of the visit, which lasted the whole morning; and you could not have helped liking her, she is so very entertaining—though not simple enough, I believe, for quite winning your heart.

"Miss Thrale seems just verging on her teens. She is certainly handsome, and her beauty is of a peculiar sort; fair, round, firm, and cherubimical; with its chief charm exactly where lies the mother's failure—namely, in the mouth. She is reckoned cold and proud; but I believe her to be merely shy and reserved; you, however, would have liked her, and called her a girl of fashion; for she was very silent, but very observant; and never looked tired, though she never uttered a syllable.

"Miss Owen, who is a relation of Mrs. Thrale, is good-humoured and sensible enough. She is a sort of butt, and as such is a general favourite; though she is a willing, and not a mean butt; for she is a woman of family and fortune. But those sort of characters are prodigiously popular, from their facility of giving liberty of speech to the wit and pleasantry of others, without risking for themselves any return of the 'retort courtoise.'

"Mr. Seward, who seems to be quite at home among them, appears to be a penetrating, polite, and agreeable young man. Mrs. Thrale says of him, that he does good to every body, but speaks well of nobody.

"The conversation was supported with a great deal of vivacity, as usual when il Signora Padrone is at home; but I can write you none of it, as I was still in the same twitter, twitter, twitter, I have acknowledged, to see Dr. Johnson. Nothing could have heightened my impatience—unless Pope could have been brought to life again—or, perhaps, Shakespeare!

"This confab, was broken up by a dust between your

Hettina and, for the first time to company listeners, Suzette; who, however, escaped much fright, for she soon found she had no musical critics to encounter in Mrs. Thrale and Mr. Seward, or Miss Owen; who know not a flat from a sharp, nor a crotchet from a quaver. But every knowledge is not given to every body—except to two gentle wights of my acquaintance; the one commonly hight il Padre, and the other il Dadda. Do you know any such sort of people, sir?

"Well, in the midst of this performance, and before the second movement was come to a close,—Dr. Johnson was announced!

"Now, my dear Mr. Crisp, if you like a description of emotions and sensations—but I know you treat them all as burlesque—so let's proceed.

"Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesy. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion in one hand, with silent approbation of the proceeding.

"But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure; tall, stout, grand, and authoritative; but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round: his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands: his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards: his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself; quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor.

"Since such is his appearance to a person so prejudiced in his favour as I am, how must I more than ever reverence his abilities, when I tell you that, upon asking my father why he had not prepared us for such uncouth, untoward strangeness, he laughed heartily, and said he had entirely forgotten that the same impression had been, at first, made upon himself; but had been lost even on the second interview—

"How I long to see him again, to lose it, too!—for, knowing the value of what would come out when he spoke, he ceased to observe the defects that were out while he was silent.

"But you always charge me to write without reserve or reservation, and so I obey as usual. Else, I should be ashamed to acknowledge having remarked such exterior blemishes in so exalted a character.

"His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-colour coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

"He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him; which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes, he drew his chair close to the piano-forte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys, to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them; till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances; and the less, as Mr. Seward, who seems to be very droll and shrewd, and was much diverted, ogled them slyly, with a provoking expression of arch enjoyment of their apprehensions.

"When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his Idler.

"His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss.

"Every body was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths.

"Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last, fix-

ing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and, standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself; and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

"We were all excessively provoked: for we were languishing, fretting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

"My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears.

"When it was over, Mrs. Thrale in a laughing manner, said: 'Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savio sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?'

"My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert.

"The doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, 'Bach, sir?—Bach's concert?—And pray, sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?'

"You may imagine what exclamations followed such a question.

"Mrs. Thrale gave a detailed account of the nature of the concert, and the fame of Mr. Bach; and the many charming performances she had heard, with all their varieties, in his rooms.

"When there was a pause, 'Pray, madam,' said he, with the calmest gravity, 'what is the expense for all this?'

"O,' answered she, 'the expense is—much trouble and solicitation to obtain a subscriber's ticket—or else, half-a-guinea.'

"Trouble and solicitation,' he replied, 'I will have nothing to do with!—but, if it be so fine,—I would be willing to give,—he hesitated, and then finished with—'eighteen pence.'

"Ha! ha!—Chocolate being then brought, we returned to the drawing-room; and Dr. Johnson, when drawn away from the books, freely, and with social good humour, gave himself up to conversation.

"The intended dinner of Mrs. Montagu being mentioned, Dr. Johnson laughingly told us that he had received the most flattering note that he had ever read, or that any body else had ever read, of invitation from that lady.

"So have I, too,' cried Mrs. Thrale. 'So, if a note from Mrs. Montagu is to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgotten.'

"Your note, madam,' cried Dr. Johnson, smiling, 'can bear no comparison with mine; for I am at the head of all the philosophers—she says.'

"And I,' returned Mrs. Thrale, 'have all the muses in my train.'

"A fair battle!' cried my father; 'come! compliment for compliment; and see who will hold out longest.'

"I am afraid for Mrs. Thrale,' said Mr. Seward; 'for I know that Mrs. Montagu exerts all her forces, when she sings the praises of Dr. Johnson.'

"O yes!' cried Mrs. Thrale, 'she has often praised him till he has been ready to faint.'

"Well,' said my father, 'you two ladies must get him fairly between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint the thickest, Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Thrale.'

"I had rather,' said the doctor, very composedly, 'go to Bach's concert!'

"Ha! ha! What a compliment to all three!

"After this, they talked of Mr. Garrick, and his late exhibition before the king; to whom, and to the queen and royal family, he has been reading *Lethe in character*; *c'est à dire*, in different voices, and theatrically.

"Mr. Seward gave an amusing account of a *fabble* which Mr. Garrick had written by way of prologue, or introduction, upon this occasion. In this he says, that a blackbird, grown old and feeble, droops his wings, &c. &c., and gives up singing; but, upon being called upon by the eagle, his voice recovers its powers, his spirits revive, and he sets age at defiance, and sings better than ever.

"There is not,' said Dr. Johnson, again beginning to see-saw, 'much of the spirit of fabulosity in this fable; for the call of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the warbling of a blackbird! 'Tis true, the fabu-

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lists frequently make the wolves converse with the lambs; but then, when the conversation is over, the lambs are always devoured! And, in that manner, the eagle, to be sure, may entertain the blackbird—but the entertainment always ends in a feast for the eagle.

"They say," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that Garrick was extremely hurt by the coldness of the king's applause; and that he did not find his reception such as he had expected."

"He has been so long accustomed," said Mr. Seward, "to the thundering acclamation of a theatre, that mere calm approbation must necessarily be insipid, nay, dispiriting to him."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "he has no right, in a royal apartment, to expect the hallooing and clamour of the one-shilling gallery. The king, I doubt not, gave him as much applause as was rationally his due. And, indeed, great and uncommon as is the merit of Mr. Garrick, no man will be bold enough to assert that he has not had his just proportion both of fame and profit. He has long reigned the unequalled favourite of the public; and therefore nobody, we may venture to say, will mourn his hard lot, if the king and the royal family were not transported into rapture upon hearing him read *Lethé*! But yet, Mr. Garrick will complain to his friends; and his friends will lament the king's want of feeling and taste. But then—Mr. Garrick will kindly excuse the king. He will say that his majesty—might, perhaps, be thinking of something else!—That the affairs of America might, possibly, occur to him—or some other subject of state, more important—perhaps—than *Lethé*. But though he will candidly say this himself, he will not easily forgive his friends if they do not contradict him!"

"But now, that I have written you this satire of our immortal *Roscus*, it is but just, both to Mr. Garrick and to Dr. Johnson, that I should write to you what was said afterwards, when, with equal humour and candour, Mr. Garrick's general character was discriminated by Dr. Johnson."

"Garrick," he said, "is accused of vanity; but few men would have borne such unmitigated prosperity with greater, if with equal, moderation. He is accused, too, of avarice, though he lives rather like a prince than an actor. But the frugality he practised when he first appeared in the world, has put a stamp upon his character ever since. And now, though his table, his equipage, and his establishment, are equal to those of persons of the most splendid rank, the original stain of avarice still blots his name! And yet, had not his early, and perhaps necessary economy, fixed upon him the charge of thrift, he would long since have been reproached with that of luxury."

"Another time he said of him, 'Garrick never enters a room, but he regards himself as the object of general attention, from whom the entertainment of the company is expected. And true it is, that he seldom disappoints that expectation: for he has infinite humour, a very just proportion of wit, and more convivial pleasantness than almost any man living. But then, off as well as on the stage—he is always an actor! for he holds it so incumbent upon him to be sportive, that his gaiety, from being habitual, is become mechanical: and he can exert his spirits at all times alike, without any consultation of his disposition to hilarity.'"

"I can recollect nothing more, my dear Mr. Crisp. So I beg your benediction, and bid you adieu."

The accession of the musical historian to the Streatham circle was nearly as desirable to Dr. Johnson himself, as it could be to its new member; and, with reciprocated vivacity in seeking the society of each other, they went thither, and returned thence to their homes, in *tele d'été* junctions, by every opportunity.

In his chronological doggerel list of his friends and his feats, Dr. Burney has inserted the following lines upon the Streatham connection.

"1776.

"This year I acquaintance began with the Thrales, Where I met with great talents 'mongst females and males: But the best thing that happen'd from that time to this, Was the freedom it gave me to sound the abyss, At my ease and my leisure, of Johnson's great mind, Where new treasures unnumber'd I constantly find.

Huge Briareus's hands, if old bards have not blunder'd, Amounted in all to the sum of one hundred; And Johnson,—so wide his intelligence spreads, Has the brains of—at least—the same number of heads."

DR. JOHNSON AND THE GREVILLES.

A few months after the Streathamite morning visit to St. Martin's street that has been narrated, an evening party was arranged by Dr. Burney, for bringing thither again Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, at the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Crewe; who wished, under the quiet roof of Dr. Burney, to make acquaintance with those celebrated personages.

This meeting, though more fully furnished with materials, produced not the same spirit or interest as its predecessor; and it owed, unfortunately, its miscarriage to the anxious efforts of Dr. Burney for heightening its success.

To take off, as he hoped, what might be stiff or formidable in an appointed encounter between persons of such highly famed conversational powers, who, absolute strangers to one another, must emulously, on each side, wish to shine with superior lustre, he determined

To mingle sweet discourse with music sweet;

and to vary, as well as to soften the energy of intellectual debate, by the science and the sweetness of instrumental harmony. But the lovers of music, and the adepts in conversation, are rarely in true unison. Exceptions only form, not mar a rule; as witness Messieurs Crisp, Twining, and Bewley, who were equally eminent for musical and for mental melody: but, in general, the discursive votaries think time thrown away, or misapplied, that is not devoted exclusively to the powers of reason; while the votaries of harmony deem pleasure and taste discarded, where precedence is not accorded to the melting delight of modulated sounds.

The party consisted of Dr. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Crewe, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Thrale; Signor Piozzi, Mr. Charles Burney, the Doctor, his wife, and four of his daughters.

Mr. Greville, in manner, mien, and high personal presentation, was still the superb Mr. Greville of other days; though from a considerable diminution of the substantial possessions which erst had given him pre-eminence at the clubs and on the turf, the splendour of his importance was now superseded by newer and richer claimants. And even in *ten* and fashion, though his rank in life kept him a certain place, his influence, no longer seconded by fortune, was on the wane.

Mrs. Greville, whose decadence was in that very line in which alone her husband escaped it,—personal beauty,—had lost, at an early period, her external attractions, from the excessive thinness that had given to her erst fine and most delicate small features, a cast of sharpness so keen and meagre, that, joined to the shrewdly intellectual expression of her countenance, made her seem fitted to sit for a portrait, such as might have been delineated by Spencer, of a penetrating, pulsant, and sarcastic fairy queen. She still, however, preserved her early fame; her Ode to Indifference having twined around her brow a garland of wide-spreading and unfading fragrance.

Mrs. Crewe seemed to inherit from both parents only what was best. She was still in a blaze of beauty that her happy and justly poised *embonpoint* preserved, with a roscate freshness, that eclipsed even juvenile rivalry, not then alone, but nearly to the end of a long life.

With all the unavoidable consciousness of only looking, only speaking, only smiling to give pleasure and receive homage, Mrs. Crewe, even from her earliest days, had evinced an intuitive eagerness for the sight of whoever or whatever was original, or peculiar, that gave her a lively taste for acquiring information; not deep, indeed, nor scientific; but intelligent, communicative, and gay. She had earnestly, therefore, availed herself of an opportunity thus free from parade or trouble, of taking an intimate view of so celebrated a philosopher as Dr. Johnson; of whom she wished to form a personal judgment, confirmatory or contradictory, of the rumours, pro and contra, that had instigated her curiosity.

Mr. Thrale, also, was willing to be present at this interview, from which he flattered himself with receiving much diversion, through the literary skirmishes, the pleasant retorts courteous, and the sharp pointed repar-

tees, that he expected to hear reciprocated between Mrs. Greville, Mrs. Thrale, and Dr. Johnson: for though entirely a man of peace, and a gentleman in his character, he had a singular amusement in hearing, instigating, and provoking a war of words, alternating triumph and overthrow, between clever and ambitious colloquial combatants, where, as here, there was nothing that could inflict disgrace upon defeat.

And this, indeed, in a milder degree, was the idea of entertainment from the meeting that had generally been conceived. But the first step taken by Dr. Burney for social conciliation, which was calling for a cantata from Signor Piozzi, turned out, on the contrary, the herald to general discomfiture; for it cast a damp of delay upon the mental gladiators, that dimmed the brightness of the spirit with which, it is probable, they had meant to vanquish each the other.

Piozzi, a first-rate singer, whose voice was deliciously sweet, and whose expression was perfect, sung in his very best manner, from his desire to do honour to *il Capo di Casa*; but *il Capo di Casa* and his family alone did justice to his strains: neither the Grevilles nor the Thrales heeded music beyond what belonged to it as fashion: the expectations of the Grevilles were all occupied by Dr. Johnson; and those of the Thrales by the authoress of the Ode to Indifference. When Piozzi, therefore, arose, the party remained as little advanced in any method or pleasure for carrying on the evening, as upon its first entrance into the room.

Mr. Greville, who had been curious to see, and who intended to examine this leviathan of literature, as Dr. Johnson was called in the current pamphlets of the day, considered it to be his proper post to open the campaign of the *conversations*. But he had heard so much, from his friend Topham Beauclerk, whose highest honour was that of classing himself as one of the friends of Dr. Johnson; not only of the bright intellect with which the doctor brought forth his wit and knowledge; and of the splendid talents with which he displayed them when they were aptly met; but also of the overwhelming ability with which he dismounted and threw into the mire of ridicule and shame, the antagonist who ventured to attack him with any species of sarcasm, that he was cautious how to encounter so tremendous a literary athletic. He thought it, therefore, most consonant to his dignity to leave his own character as an author in the back ground; and to take the field with the aristocratic armour of pedigree and distinction. Aloof, therefore, he kept from all; and, assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority, planted himself, immovable as a noble statue, upon the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set.

Mrs. Greville would willingly have entered the lists herself, but that she naturally concluded Dr. Johnson would make the advances.

And Mrs. Crewe, to whom all this seemed odd and unaccountable, but to whom, also, from her love of any thing unusual, it was secretly amusing, sat perfectly passive in silent observation.

Dr. Johnson, himself, had come with the full intention of passing two or three hours, with well chosen companions, in social elegance. His own expectations, indeed, were small—for what could meet their expansion? his wish, however, to try all sorts and all conditions of persons, as far as belonged to their intellect, was unqualified and unlimited; and gave to him nearly as much desire to see others, as his great fame gave to others to see his eminent self. But his signal peculiarity in regard to society, could not be surmised by strangers; and was as yet unknown even to Dr. Burney. This was that, notwithstanding the superior powers with which he followed up every given subject, he scarcely ever began one himself: or, to use the phrase of Sir W. W. Pepys, originated; though the masterly manner in which, as soon as any topic was started, he seized it in all its bearings, had so much the air of belonging to the leader of the discourse, that this singularity was unnoticed and unsuspected, save by the experienced observation of long years of acquaintance.

Not, therefore, being summoned to hold forth, he remained silent; composedly at first, and afterwards abstractedly.

Dr. Burney now began to feel considerably embarrassed; though still he cherished hopes of ultimate relief from some auspicious circumstance that, sooner or later

would operate, he hoped, in his favour, through the magnetism of congenial talents.

Vainly, however, he sought to elicit some observations that might lead to dissenting discourse; all his attempts received only quiet, acquiescent replies, "signifying nothing." Every one was awaiting some spontaneous opening from Dr. Johnson; Mrs. Thrale, of the whole coterie, was alone at her ease. She feared not Dr. Johnson; for fear made no part of her composition; and with Mrs. Greville, as a fair rival genius, she would have been glad, from curiosity, to have had the honour of a little tilt, in full carelessness of its event; for though triumphant when victorious, she had spirits so volatile, and such utter exemption from envy or spleen, that she was gaily free from mortification when vanquished. But she knew the meeting to have been fabricated for Dr. Johnson; and, therefore, though not without difficulty, constrained herself to be passive.

When, however, she observed the sardonic disposition of Mr. Greville to stare around him at the whole company in curious silence, she felt a defiance against his aristocracy beat in every pulse; for, however grandly he might look back to the long ancestry of the Brookes and the Grevilles, she had a glowing consciousness that her own blood, rapid and fluent, flowed in her veins from Adam of Saltberg; and, at length, provoked by the dullness of a taciturnity that in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, produced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a dearth the most barren of human faculties; she grew tired of the music, and yet more tired of remaining, what as little suited her inclinations as her abilities, a mere cipher in the company; and, holding such a position, and all its concomitants, to be ridiculous, her spirits rose rebelliously above her control; and, in a fit of utter recklessness of what might be thought of her by her fine new acquaintance, she suddenly, but softly, arose, and stealing on tip-toe behind Signor Piozzi, who was accompanying himself on the piano-forte to an animated *aria parlante*, with his back to the company, and his face to the wall; she ludicrously began imitating him by squaring her elbows, elevating them with ecstatic shrugs of the shoulders, and casting up her eyes, while languishingly reclining her head; as if she were not less enthusiastically, though somewhat more suddenly, struck with the transports of harmony than himself.

This grotesque ebullition of ungovernable gaiety was not perceived by Dr. Johnson, who faced the fire, with his back to the performer and the instrument. But the amusement which such an unlooked for exhibition caused to the party, was momentary; for Dr. Burney, shocked lest the poor Signor should observe, and be hurt by this mimicry, glided gently round to Mrs. Thrale, and, with something between pleasantry and severity, whispered to her, "Because, madam, you have no ear yourself for music, will you destroy the attention of all who, in that one point, are otherwise gifted?"

It was now that shone the brightest attribute of Mrs. Thrale, sweetness of temper. She took this rebuke with a candour, and a sense of its justice the most amiable: she nodded her approbation of the admonition; and, returning to her chair, quietly sat down, as she afterwards said, like a pretty little miss, for the remainder of one of the most humdrum evenings that she had ever passed.

Strange, indeed, strange and most strange, the event considered, was this opening intercourse between Mrs. Thrale and Signor Piozzi. Little could she imagine that the person she was thus called away from holding up to ridicule, would become, but a few years afterwards, the idol of her fancy and the lord of her destiny! And little did the company present imagine, that this burlesque scene was but the first of a drama the most extraordinary of real life, of which these two persons were to be the hero and the heroine: though, when the catastrophe was known, this incident, witnessed by so many, was recollected and repeated from coterie to coterie throughout London, with comments and sarcasms of endless variety.

The most innocent person of all that went forward was the laurelled chief of the little association, Dr. Johnson; who, though his love for Dr. Burney made it a pleasure to him to have been included in the invitation, marvelled, probably, by this time, since uncalled upon to distinguish himself, why he had been bidden to the meeting. But, as the evening advanced, he wrapt himself up in his own thoughts, in a manner it was frequently less difficult to him to do than to let alone, and became completely absorbed in silent rumination: sustaining, nevertheless, a grave and composed demeanour, with an air by no means wanting in dignity any more than in urbanity.

Very unexpectedly, however, ere the evening closed, he showed himself alive to what surrounded him, by one of those singular starts of vision, that made him seem at

times,—though purblind to things in common, and to things inanimate,—gifted with an eye of instinct for espying any action or position that he thought merited reprehension: for, all at once, looking fixedly on Mr. Greville, who, without much self-denial, the night being very cold, pertinaciously kept his station before the chimney-piece, he exclaimed: "If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire,—I should like to stand upon the hearth myself!"

A smile gleamed upon every face at this pointed speech. Mr. Greville tried to smile himself, though faintly and scoffingly. He tried, also, to hold to his post, as if determined to disregard so cavalier a liberty: but the sight of every eye around him cast down, and every visage struggling vainly to appear serious, disconcerted him; and though, for two or three minutes, he declined to move, the awkwardness of a general pause impelled him, ere long, to glide back to his chair; but he rang the bell with force as he passed it, to order his carriage.

It is probable that Dr. Johnson had observed the high air and mien of Mr. Greville, and had purposely brought forth that remark to disenchant him from his self-consequences.

The party then broke up; and no one from amongst it ever asked, or wished for its repetition.

If the mode of the first queen of the *Bas Bleu* Societies, Mrs. Vesey, had here been adopted, for destroying the formality of the circle, the party would certainly have been less scrupulously ceremonious; for if any two of the gifted persons present had been jostled unaffectedly together, there can be little doubt that the plan and purpose of Dr. Burney would have been answered by a spirited conversation. But neither then, nor since, has so happy a confusion to all order of etiquette been instituted, as was set afoot by that remarkable lady; whose amiable and intelligent simplicity made her follow up the suggestions of her singular fancy, without being at all aware that she did not follow those of common custom.

LADY MARY DUNCAN.

Lady Mary Duncan, the great patroness of Paolierotti, was one of the most singular females of her day, for parts utterly uncultivated, and mother wit completely untrammelled by the etiquettes of custom. She singled out Dr. Burney from her passion for his art; and attached herself to his friendship from her esteem for his character; joined to their entire sympathy in taste, feeling and judgment, upon the merits of Paolierotti.

This lady displayed in conversation a fund of humour, comic and fantastic in the extreme, and more than bordering on the burlesque, through the extraordinary grimaces with which she enforced her meaning; and the risible abruptness of a quick transition from the sternest authority to the most facetious good fellowship, with which she frequently altered the expression of her countenance while in debate.

Her general language was a jargon entirely her own, and so enveloped with strange phrases, ludicrously ungrammatical, that it was hardly intelligible, till an exordium or two gave some insight into its peculiarities; but then it commonly unfolded into sound, and even sagacious panegyric of some favourite; or sharp sarcasm, and extravagant mimicry, upon some one who had incurred her displeasure. Her wrath, however, once promulgated, seemed to operate by its utterance as a vent that disburthened her mind of all its angry workings; and led her cordially to join her laugh with that of her hearers; without either inquiry, or care, whether that laugh were at her sayings or at herself.

She was constantly dressed according to the costume of her early days, in a hoop, with a long pointed stomacher and long pointed ruffles; and a fly cap. She had a manly courage, a manly stamp, and a manly hard-featured face; but her heart was as invariably generous and good, as her manners were original and grotesque.

EVELINA;

OR, A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

A subject now propels itself forward that might better, it is probable, become any pen than that on which it here devolves. It cannot, however, be set aside in the memoirs of Dr. Burney, to whom, and to the end of his life, it proved a permanent source of deep and bosom interest; and the editor, with less unwillingness, though with conscious awkwardness, approaches this egotistic history, from some recent information that the obscurity in which its origin was enshrouded, has left, even yet, a spur to curiosity and conjecture.

It seems, therefore, a devoir due to the singleness of truth, to cut short any future vague assertion on this small subject, by an explicit narration of a simple, though

rather singular tale; which, little as in itself it can be worthy of particular attention, may not wholly, perhaps, be unamusing, from the celebrated characters that most necessarily be involved in its relation; at the head of which, at this present moment, she is tempted to disclose, in self-defence—a proud self-defence!—of this personal obtrusion, the *LIVING** names of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Rogers, who, in a visit with which they favoured her in the year 1826, repeated some of the fabrications to which this mystery of her early life still gave rise; and condescended to solicit a recital of the real history of *Evelina's Entrance into the World*.

This she instantly communicated; though so incoherently, from the embarrassment of the subject, and its long absence from her thoughts, that, having since collected documents to refresh her memory, she ventures, in gratefully dedicating the little incident to these illustrious inquirers, to insert its details in these memoirs—to which, parentally, it in fact belongs.†

FRANCES, the second daughter of Dr. Burney, was during her childhood the most backward of all his family in the faculty of receiving instruction. At eight years of age she was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet; though at ten, she began scribbling, almost incessantly, little works of invention; but always in private; and in scrawling characters, illegible, save to herself.

One of her most remote remembrances, previously to this writing mania, is that of hearing a neighbouring lady recommend to Mrs. Burney, her mother, to quicken the indolence, or stupidity, whichever it might be of the little dunce, by the chastening ordinances of Solomon. The alarm, however, of that little dunce, at a suggestion so wide from the maternal measures that had been practised in her childhood, was instantly superseded by a joy of gratitude and surprise that still rests upon her recollection, when she heard gently murmured in reply, "No, no,—I am not uneasy about her!"

But, alas! the soft music of those encouraging accents had already ceased to vibrate on human ears, before these scrambling pot-books had begun their operation of converting into elegies, odes, plays, songs, stories, fables,—nay, tragedies and epic poems, every scrap of white paper that could be seized upon without question or notice; for she grew up, probably through the vanishing-annihilating circumstances of this conscious intellectual disgrace, with so affrighted a persuasion that what she scribbled, if seen, would but expose her to ridicule, that her pen, though her greatest, was only her chastest delight.

To one confident, indeed, all was open; but the partiality of the juvenile Susanna made her opinion of little weight; though the affection of her praise rendered the stolen moments of their secret readings the happiest of their adolescent lives.

From the time, however, that she attained her fifteenth year, she considered it her duty to combat this writing passion as illudabile, because fruitless. Seizing, therefore, an opportunity, when Dr. Burney was at Chesham, and then Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law, were in Norfolk, she made over to a bonfire, in a paved play-court, her whole stock of prose goods and chattels; with the

* This was written in the year 1828.

† The first volume of this work was nearly printed, when the editor had the grief of hearing that Sir Walter Scott was no more. In the general sorrow that his death has spread throughout the British Empire, she pretends not to speak of her own; but she cannot persuade herself to annul the little tribute, by which she had endeavoured to demonstrate to him her sense of the vivacity with which he had sought out her dwelling; invited her to the sociality of his daughters at Abbotsford; and courted, nay, eagerly offered to do the honours of Scotland to himself, from that celebrated abode.

In a subsequent visit with which he honoured and lighted her in the following year, she produced to him the scraps of documents and fragments which she had collected from ancient diaries and letters, in consequence of his inquiries. Pleased he looked; but told her that what already she had related, already—to use his own word—he had "noted;" adding, "And most particularly I have not forgotten your mulberry tree!"

This little history, however, was so appropriately his own, and was written so expressly with a view to his dedication, that still, with veneration—though with sadness instead of gladness—she leaves the brief chronicle of her intended homage in its original state. And the less reluctantly, as the companion of his kindness and his interrogatories will still—she hopes—accept, and not unwillingly, his own share in the small offering.

sincere intention to extinguish for ever in their ashes her scribbling propensity. But Hudibras too well says—

“He who complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.”

This grand feat, therefore, which consumed her productions, extirpated neither the invention nor the inclination that had given them birth; and, in defiance of all the projected heroism of the sacrifice, the last of the little works that was immolated, which was the History of Caroline Evelyn, the mother of Evelina, left, upon the mind of the writer, so animated an impression of the singular situations to which that Caroline's infant daughter,—from the unequal birth by which she hung suspended between the elegant connections of her mother, and the vulgar ones of her grandmother,—might be exposed; and presented contrasts and mixtures of society so unusual, yet, thus circumstanced, so natural, that irresistibly and almost unconsciously, the whole of *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, was pent up in the inventor's memory, ere a paragraph was committed to paper.

Writing, indeed, was far more difficult to her than composing; for that demanded what she rarely found attainable—secret opportunity: while composition, in that hey-day of imagination, called only for volition.

When the little narrative, however slowly, from the impediments that always annoy what requires secrecy, began to assume a “questionable shape;” a wish—as vague, at first, as it was fantastic—crossed the brain of the writer, to “see her work in print.”

She communicated, under promise of inviolable silence, this idea to her sisters; who entered into it with much more amusement than surprise, as they well knew her taste for quaint sports; and were equally aware of the sensitive fright with which she shrunk from all personal remark.

She now copied the manuscript in a feigned hand; for as she was the doctor's principal amanuensis, she feared her common writing might accidentally be seen by some composer of the History of Music, and lead to detection.

She grew weary, however, ere long, of an exercise so nearly manual; and had no sooner completed a copy of the first and second volumes, than she wrote a letter without any signature, to offer the unfinished work to a bookseller; with a desire to have the two volumes immediately printed, if approved; and a promise to send the second in the following year.

This was forwarded by the London post, with a desire that the answer should be directed to a coffee-house.

Her younger brother—the elder, Captain James, was “over the hills and far away,”—her younger brother, afterwards the celebrated Greek scholar, gaily, and without reading a word of the work, accepted a share in so whimsical a frolic; and joyously undertook to be her agent at the coffee-house with her letters, and to the publisher with the manuscript.

After some consultation upon the choice of a bookseller, Mr. Doddsley was fixed upon; for Doddsley, from his father's, or perhaps grandfather's, well chosen collection of fugitive poetry, stood foremost in the estimation of the juvenile set.

Mr. Doddsley, in answer to the proposition, declined looking at any thing that was anonymous.

The party, half-amused, half-provoked, sat in full consultation upon this lofty reply; and came to a resolution to direct the agent of the west end of the town, and to try their fortune with the urbanity of the city.

Mr. Lowndes fixed them upon the name of Mr. Lowndes, a bookseller of London here proved more courtly than that of Westminster; and, to their no small delight, Mr. Lowndes desired to see the manuscript.

What added a certain pride to the author's satisfaction in this assent was, that the answer opened by

“I have her an elevation to manly consequence, that

was accorded to her by Mr. Doddsley, whose re-

sponse was—

“The agent was muffled up now by the laughing

in an old great coat, and a large old hat, to

give him a somewhat antique as well as vulgar disguise;

and was sent forth in the dark of the evening with the

first volumes to Fleet-street, where he left them to

their fate.

In transient of impatience the party awaited the issue of

the examination.

But they were all let down into the very “Slough of

Despond,” when the next coffee-house letter coolly de-

clared, that Mr. Lowndes could not think of publishing

an unfinished book; though he liked the work, and

should be “ready to purchase and print it when it should be finished.”

There was nothing in this unreasonable; yet the disappointed author, tired of what she deemed such priggish punctilio, gave up, for awhile, and in dudgeon, all thought of the scheme.

Nevertheless, to be thwarted on the score of our inclination acts more frequently as a spur than as a bridle; the third volume, therefore, which finished *The young lady's entrance into the world*, was, ere another year could pass away, almost involuntarily completed and copied.

But while the scribe was yet wavering whether to abandon or to prosecute her enterprise, the chasm caused by this suspense to the workings of her imagination, left an opening from their vagaries to a mental interrogatory, whether it were right to allow herself such an amusement, with whatever precautions she might keep it from the world, unknown to her father?

She had never taken any step without the sanction of his permission; and had now refrained from requesting it, only through the confusion of acknowledging her authorship; and the apprehension, or, rather, the horror of his desiring to see her performance.

Nevertheless, reflection no sooner took place of action, than she found, in this case at least, the poet's maxim reversed, and that

“The female who deliberates—is sav'd,”

for she saw in its genuine light what was her duty; and seized, therefore, upon a happy moment of a kind *à tete à tete* with her father, to avow, with more blushes than words, her secret little work, and her odd inclination to see it in print; hastily adding, while he looked at her, incredulous of what he heard, that her brother Charles would transact the business with a distant bookseller, who should never know her name. She only, therefore, entreated that he would not himself ask to see the manuscript.

His amazement was without parallel; yet it seemed surpassed by his amusement; and his laugh was so gay, that, revived by its cheering sound, she lost all her fears and embarrassment, and heartily joined it; though somewhat at the expense of her new author-like dignity.

She was the last person, perhaps, in the world from whom Dr. Burney could have expected a similar scheme. He thought her project, however, as innocent as it was whimsical, and offered not the smallest objection; but, kindly embracing her, and calling himself *le pere confidant*, he enjoined her to be watchful that Charles was discreet; and to be invariably strict in guarding her own incognito; and then, having tacitly granted her personal petition, he dropt the subject.

With fresh eagerness, now, and heightened spirits, the incipient author rolled up her packet for the bookseller; which was carried to him by a newly trusted agent, her brother being then in the country.

The suspense was short; in a very few days Mr. Lowndes sent his approbation of the work, with an offer of 30*l.* for the manuscript—an offer which was accepted with alacrity, and boundless surprise at its magnificence!!

The receipt for this settlement, signed simply by “the Editor of *Evelina*,” was conveyed by the new agent to Fleet-street.

In the ensuing January, 1778, the work was published; a fact which only became known to its writer, who had dropped all correspondence with Mr. Lowndes, from hearing the following advertisement read, accidentally, aloud at breakfast time, by Mrs. Burney, her mother-in-law.

This day was published,

EVELINA;

OR, A YOUNG LADY'S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

Printed for T. Lowndes, Fleet-street.

Mrs. Burney, who read this unsuspectingly, went on immediately to other articles; but, had she lifted her eyes from the paper, something more than suspicion must have met them, from the conscious colouring of the scribbler, and the irresistible smiles of the two sisters, Susanna and Charlotte, who were present.

Dr. Burney probably read the same advertisement the same morning: but as he knew neither the name of the book, nor of the bookseller, nor the time of publication, he must have read it without comment, or thought.

In this projected and intended security from public notice, the author passed two or three months, during which the doctor asked not a question; and perhaps had forgotten the secret with which he had been entrusted;

for, besides the multiplicity of his affairs, his mind, just then, was deeply disturbed by rising dissension, from claims the most unwarrantable, with Mr. Greville.

And even from her own mind, the book, with all that belonged to it, was soon afterwards chased, through the absorbent fears of seeing her father dangerously attacked by an acute fever; from which, by the admirable prescriptions and skill of Sir Richard Jebb, he was barely recovered, when she herself, who had been incautiously eager in aiding her mother and sisters in their assiduous attendance upon the invaluable invalid, was taken ill with strong symptoms of an inflammation of the lungs; and though, through the sagacious directions of the same penetrating physician, she was soon pronounced to be out of immediate danger, she was so shaken in health and strength, that Sir Richard enjoined her quitting London for the recruit of country air. She was therefore conveyed to Chesington Hall, where she was received and cherished by a second father in Mr. Crisp; with whom, and his associates, the worthy Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Cooke, she remained for a considerable time.

A few days before she left town, Dr. Burney, in a visit to her bedside, revealed to her his late painful disagreement with Mr. Greville; but told her that they had, at length, come to a full explanation, which had brought Mr. Greville once more to his former and agreeable self; and had terminated in a complete reconciliation.

He then read to her, in confidence, a poetical epistle, which he had just composed, and was preparing to send to his restored friend; but which was expressed in terms so affecting, that they nearly proved the reverse of restoration, in her then feeble state, to his fondly attached daughter.

Dr. Burney's intercourse with Mr. Greville was then again resumed; and continued with rational, but true regard, on the part of Dr. Burney; but with an intemperate importunity on that of Mr. Greville, that claimed time which could not be spared; and leisure which could not be found.

Evelina had now been published four or five months, though Dr. Burney still knew nothing of its existence; and the author herself had learnt it only by the chance-read advertisement already mentioned. Yet had that little book found its way abroad; fallen into general reading; gone through three editions, and been named with favour in sundry Reviews; till, at length, a sort of cry was excited amongst its readers for discovering its author.

That author, it will naturally be imagined, would repose her secret, however sacred, in the breast of so confidential a counsellor as Mr. Crisp, the intimate friend of the family.

And not trust, indeed, was there wanting! far other-wise! But as she required no advice for what she never meant to avow, and had already done with, she had no motive of sufficient force to give her courage for encountering his critic eye. She never, therefore, ventured, and never purposed to venture revealing to him her anonymous exploit.

June came; and a sixth month was elapsing in the same silent concealment, when early one morning the doctor, with great eagerness and hurry, began a search amongst the pamphlets in his study for a Monthly Review, which he demanded of his daughter Charlotte, who alone was in the room. After finding it, he earnestly examined its contents, and then looked out hastily for an article which he read with a countenance of so much emotion, that Charlotte stole softly behind him, to peep over his shoulder; and then saw, with surprise and joy, that he was pursuing an account, which she knew to be most favourable, of Evelina, beginning, “A great variety of natural characters—”

When he had finished the article, he put down the Review, and sat motionless, without raising his eyes, and looking in deep, but charmed astonishment. Suddenly, then, he again snatched the Review, and again ran over the article, with an air yet more intensely occupied. Placing it afterwards on the chimney-piece, he walked about the room, as if to recover breath, and recollect himself; though always with looks of the most vivid pleasure.

Some minutes later, holding the Review in his hand, while inspecting the table of contents, he beckoned to Charlotte to approach; and pointing to “Evelina,” “you know,” he said, in a whisper, “that book? Send William for it to Lowndes, as if for yourself, and give it to me when we are alone.”

Charlotte obeyed; and, joyous in sanguine expectation, delivered to him the little volumes, tied up in brown paper, in his study, when, late at night, he came home from some engagement.

He locked them up in his bureau, without speaking, and retired to his chamber.

The kindly impatient Charlotte was in his study the next morning with the lark, waiting the descent of the doctor from his room.

He, also, was early, and went straight to his desk, whence, taking out and untying the parcel, he opened the first volume upon the little ode to himself,—“Oh author of my being! far more dear,” &c.

He ejaculated a “Good God!” and his eyes were suffused with tears.

Twice he read it, and then recommitted the book to his writing desk, as if his mind were too full for further perusal; and dressed, and went out, without uttering a syllable.

All this the affectionate Charlotte wrote to her sister; who read it with a perturbation inexpressible. It was clear that the doctor had discovered the name of her book; and learned, also, that Charlotte was one of her cabal: but how, was inexplicable; though what would be his opinion of the work absorbed now all the thoughts and surmises of the clandestine author.

From this time, he frequently, though privately and confidentially, spoke with all the sisters upon the subject; and with the kindest approbation.

From this time, also, daily accounts of the progress made by the doctor in reading the work; or of the progress in the world of the work itself, were transmitted to recreate the Chesington invalid from the eagerly kind sisters; the eldest of which, soon afterwards, wrote a proposal to carry to Chesington, for reading to Mr. Crisp, “an anonymous new work that was running about the town, called *Evelina*.”

She came; and performed her promised office with a warmth of heart that glowed through every word she read, and gave an interest to every detail.

With flying colours, therefore, the book went off, not only with the easy social circle, but with Mr. Crisp himself; and without the most remote suspicion that the author was in the midst of the audience; a circumstance that made the whole perusal seem to that author the most pleasant of comedies, from the innumerable whimsical incidents to which it gave rise, alike in panegyrics and in criticisms, which alternately, and most innocently, were often addressed to herself; and accompanied with demands of her opinions, that forced her to perplexing evasions, productive of the most ludicrous confusion, though of the highest inward diversion.

Meanwhile, Dr. Burney, uninformed of this transaction, yet justly concluding that, whether the book were owned or not, some one of the little committee would be carrying it to Chesington; sent an injunction to prostrate its being produced, as he himself meant to be its reader to Mr. Crisp.

This touching testimony of his parental interest in its success with the first and dearest of their friends, came close to the heart for which it was designed, with feelings of strong and yet living gratitude!

Equally unexpected and exhilarating to the invalid were all these occurrences: but of much deeper marvel still was the narrative which follows, and which she received about a week after this time.

In a letter written in this month, June, her sister Susanna stated to her, that just as she had retired to her own room, on the evening preceding its date, their father returned from his usual weekly visit to Streatham, and sent for her to his study.

She immediately perceived, by his expanded brow, that he had something extraordinary, and of high agreeability, to divulge.

As the memorialist arrives now at the first mention, in this little transaction, of a name that the public seems to hail with augmenting eagerness in every trait that comes to light, she will venture to copy the genuine account in which that honoured name first occurs; and which was written to her by her sister Susanna, with an unpretending simplicity that may to some have a charm; and that to no one can be offensive.

After the opening to the business that has just been abridged, Susanna thus goes on.

“Oh, my dear girl, how I shall surprise you! Prepare yourself, I beseech, not to be too much moved.

“I have such a thing,” cried our dear father, “to tell you about our poor Fanny!”

“Dear sir, what?” cried I; afraid he had been betraying your secret to Mrs. Thrale; which I know he longed to do.

“He only smiled—but such a smile of pleasure I never saw! ‘Why to night at Streatham,’ cried he, ‘while we were sitting at tea, only Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, Miss

Thrale, and myself. Madam, cried Dr. Johnson, seeing on his chair, Mrs. Cholmondeley was talking to me last night of a new novel, which she says has a very uncommon share of merit; *Evelina*. She says she has not been so entertained this great while as in reading it; and that she shall go all over London to discover the author.’

“Do you breathe, my dear Fanny?

“‘Odd enough!’ cried Mrs. Thrale; ‘why somebody else mentioned that book to me t’other day—Lady Westcote it was, I believe. The modest writer of *Evelina* she talked about.’

“‘Mrs. Cholmondeley says,’ answered the doctor, ‘that she never before met so much modesty with so much merit in any literary production of the kind, as is implied by the concealment of the author.’

“‘Well,—’ cried I, continued my father, smiling more and more, ‘somebody recommended that book to me, too; and I read a little of it—which, indeed—seemed to be above the commonplace works of this kind.’

“Mrs. Thrale said she would certainly get it.

“‘You must have it, madam!’ cried Johnson, emphatically; ‘Mrs. Cholmondeley says she shall keep it on her table the whole summer, that every body that knows her may see it; for she asserts that every body ought to read it! And she has made Burke get it—and Reynolds.’

“A tolerably agreeable conversation, methinks, my dear Fanny! It took away my breath, and made me skip like a mad creature.

“And how did you feel, sir?” said I to my father, when I could speak.

“‘Feel?—why I liked it of all things! I wanted somebody to introduce the book at Streatham. ‘Twas just what I wished, but could not expect!’

“I could not for my life, my dearest Fanny, help saying that—even if it should be discovered, shy as you were of being known, it would do you no discredit. ‘Discredit!’ he repeated; ‘no, indeed!—quite the reverse! It would be quite the reverse! It would be a credit to her—and to me!—and to you—and to all her family!’

“Now, my dearest Fanny—pray how do you do?”

Vain would be any attempt to depict the astonishment of the author at this communication—the astonishment, or—the pleasure!

And, in truth, in private life, few small events can possibly have been attended with more remarkable incidents. That a work, voluntarily consigned by its humble author, even from its birth, to oblivion, should rise from her condemnation, and,

“Unpatronised, unsaid, unknown,”

make its way through the metropolis, in passing from the Monthly Review into the hands of the beautiful Mrs. Bunbury; and from her arriving at those of the Hon. Mrs. Cholmondeley; whence, triumphantly, it should be conveyed to Sir Joshua Reynolds; made known to Mr. Burke; be mounted even to the notice of Dr. Johnson, and reach Streatham;—and that there its name should first be pronounced by the great lexicographer himself; and,—by mere chance,—in the presence of Dr. Burney; seemed more like a romance, even to the doctor himself, than any thing in the book that was the cause of these coincidences.

Very soon afterwards, another singular circumstance, and one of great flutter to the spirits of the hidden author, reached her from the kind sisters. Upon the succeeding excursion of Dr. Burney to Streatham, Mrs. Thrale, most unconsciously, commissioned him to order Mr. Lowndes to send her down *Evelina*.

From this moment the composure of Chesington was over for the invalid, though not so the happiness! unequalled, in a short time, that became—unequalled as it was wonderful. Dr. Burney now, from his numerous occupations, stole a few hours for a flying visit to Chesington; where his meeting with his daughter, just rescued from the grave, and still barely convalescent, at a period of such peculiar interest to his paternal, and to her filial heart, was of the tenderest description. Yet, earnestly as she coveted his sight, she felt almost afraid, and quite ashamed, to be alone with him, from her doubts how he might accept her versified dedication.

She held back, therefore, from any *à tête à tête* till he sent for her to his little gallery cabinet; or in Mr. Crisp’s words, conjuring closet. But there, when he had shut the door, with a significant smile, that told her what was coming, and gave a glow to her very forehead from anxious confusion, he gently said, ‘I have read your book, Fanny!—but you need not blush at it—it is full of merit—it is, really—extraordinary!’

She fell upon his neck with heart-throbbing emotion; and he folded her in his arms so tenderly, that she sobbed upon his shoulder; so moved was she by his precious approbation. But she soon recovered to a gayer pleasure—a pleasure more like his own; though the length of her illness had made her almost too weak for sensations that were mixed with such excess of amazement. She had written the little book, like innumerable of its predecessors that she had burnt, simply for her private recreation. She had printed it for a frolic, to see how a production of her own would figure in that author-like form. But that was the whole of her plan. And, in truth, her unlooked for success evidently surprised her father quite as much as herself.

But what was her start, when he told her that her book was then actually running the gauntlet at Streatham; and condescended to ask her leave, if Mrs. Thrale should happen to be pleased with it, to let her into the secret!

Startled was she indeed, nay, affrighted; for concealment was still her changeless wish and unalterable purpose. But the words: “If Mrs. Thrale should happen to be pleased with it,” made her ashamed to demur; and she could only reply that, upon such a stipulation, she saw no risk of confidence, for Mrs. Thrale was no partial relative. She besought him, however, not to betray her to Mr. Crisp, whom she dreaded as a critic as much as she loved as a friend.

He laughed at her fright, yet forbore agitating her apprehensive spirits by pressing, at that moment, any abrupt disclosure; and having gained his immediate point with regard to Mrs. Thrale, he drove off eagerly and instantly to Streatham.

And his eagerness there received no check; he found not only Mrs. Thrale, but her daughter, and sundry visitors, so occupied by *Evelina*, that some quotation from it was apropos to whatever was said or done.

An enquiry was promptly made, whether Mrs. Cholmondeley had yet found out the author of *Evelina*?—“because,” said Mrs. Thrale, “I long to know him of all things.”

The him produced a smile that, as soon as they were alone, elicited an explanation; and the kind civilities that ensued may easily be conceived.

Every word of them was forwarded to Chesington by the participating sisters, as so many salutary medicines, they said, for returning health and strength. And, speedily after, they were followed by a prescription of the same character, so potent, so superlative, as to take place of all other mental medicines.

This was conveyed in a packet from Susanna, containing the ensuing letter from Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Burney; written two days after she had put the first volume of *Evelina* into her coach, as Dr. Johnson was quitting Streatham for a day’s residence in Bolt Court.

“Dear Dr. Burney,—Doctor Johnson returned home last night full of the praises of the book I had lent him; protesting there were passages in it that might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever; and he, Doctor Johnson, feels ardent after the denouement. He could not get rid of the *Rogue*! he said. I then lent him the second volume, which he instantly read, and is, even now, busy with the third.

“You must be more a philosopher, and less a father than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my dear sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! And long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent!”

This packet was accompanied by intelligence, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had been fed while reading the little work, from refusing to quit it at table! and that Edmund Burke had sat up a whole night to finish it!!! It was accompanied, also, by a letter from Dr. Burney, that almost dissolved the happy scribbler with touching delight, by its avowal of his increased approbation upon a second reading: “Thou has made,” he says, “thy old father laugh and cry at thy pleasure..... I never yet heard of a novel writer’s statue;—yet who knows?—above all things, then, take care of thy head, for if that should be at all turned out of its place by all intoxicating success, what sort of figure wouldest thou cut upon a pedestal? *Prenez bien garde!*”

This playful goodness, with the wondrous news that Doctor Johnson himself had deigned to read the little book, so struck, so nearly bewildered the author, that, seized with a fit of wild spirits, and not knowing how to account for the vivacity of her emotion to Mr. Crisp, she darted out of the room in which she had read the tidings

* Sir Walter Scott was then a child.

by his side, to a small lawn before the window, where she danced, lightly, blithely, gaily, around a large old mulberry tree, as impulsively and airily as she had often done in her days of adolescence: and Mr. Crisp, though he looked on with some surprise, wore a smile of the most expressive kindness, that seemed rejoicing in the sudden resumption of that buoyant spirit of springing felicity, which, in her first visits to Liberty Hall—Chesington,—had made the mulberry-tree the favourite site of her juvenile vagaries.

Dr. Burney sent, also, a packet from Mr. Lowndes, containing ten sets of Evelina very handsomely bound: and the scribbler had the extreme satisfaction to see that Mr. Lowndes was still in the dark as to his correspondent, the address being the same as the last:—

TO MR. GRAFTON, ORANGE COFFEE HOUSE,
and the opening of the letter still being, Sir.

When Chesington air, kindness, and freedom, had completely chased away every symptom of disease, Dr. Burney hastened thither himself; and arrived in the highest, happiest spirits. He had three objects in view, each of them filling his lively heart with gay ideas; the first was to bring back to his own roof his restored daughter; the second, was to tell a laughable tale of wonder to the most revered friend of both, for which he had previously written to demand her consent: and the third, was to carry that daughter to Streatham, and present her, by appointment, to Mrs. Thrale, and—to Dr. Johnson!

No sooner had the doctor reached Liberty Hall, than the two faithful old friends were shut up in the conjuring closet where Dr. Burney rushed at once into "the midst of things," and disclosed the author of the little work which, for some weeks past, had occupied Chesington Hall with quotations, conjectures, and subject matter of talk.

All that belongs, or all that ever can belong, in matters of small moment, to amazement, is short of what was experienced by Mr. Crisp at this recital: and his astonishment was so prodigious not to have heard of her writing at all, till he heard of it in a printed work that was running all over London, and had been read and approved of by Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke; that, with all his powers of speech, his choice of language, and his general variety of expression, he could utter no phrase but "Wonderful!"—which burst forth at once on the discovery; accompanied each of its details; and was still the only vent to the fulness of his surprise when he had heard the whole history.

That she had consulted neither of these parents in this singular undertaking, diverted them both: well they knew that no distrust had caused the concealment, but simply an apprehension of utter insufficiency to merit their suffrage.

What a dream did all this seem to this memorialist! The fear, however, of a reverse, checked all that might have rendered it too delusive; and she earnestly supplicated that the communication might be spread no further, lest it should precipitate a spirit of criticism, which retirement and mystery kept dormant: and which made all her wishes still unalterable for remaining unknown and unsuspected.

The popularity of this work did not render it very lucrative; ten pounds a volume, by the addition of ten pounds to the original twenty, after the third edition, being all that was ever paid, or ever offered to the author; whose unaffectedly humble idea of its worth had cast her, unconditionally, upon any terms that might be proposed.

Dr. Burney, enchanted at the new scene of life to which he was now carrying his daughter, of an introduction to Streatham, and a presentation to Dr. Johnson, took a most cordial leave of the congratulatory Mr. Crisp; who sighed, nevertheless, in the midst of his satisfaction, from a prophetic anticipation of the probable and sun-drying calls from his peaceful habitation, of which he thought this new scene likely to be the result. But the object of this kind solicitude, far from participating in these fears, was curbed from the full enjoyment of the honours before her, by a well-grounded apprehension that Dr. Johnson, at least, if not Mrs. Thrale, might expect a more important, and less bashful sort of personage, than she was sure would be found.

Dr. Burney, aware of her dread, because aware of her retired life and habits, and her native taste for personal obscurity, strove to laugh off her apprehensions by disallowing their justice; and was himself all gaiety and spirit.

Mrs. Thrale, who was walking in her paddock, came to the door of the carriage to receive them; and poured forth a vivacity of thanks to the doctor for bringing his

daughter, that filled that daughter with the most agreeable gratitude; and soon made her so easy and comfortable, that she forgot the formidable renown of wit and satire that were coupled with the name of Mrs. Thrale; and the whole weight of her panic, as well as the whole energy of her hopes, devolved upon the approaching interview with Dr. Johnson.

But there, on the contrary, Dr. Burney felt far greater security. Dr. Johnson, however undesignedly, nay, involuntarily, had been the cause of the new author's invitation to Streatham, for being the first person who there had pronounced the name of Evelina; and that previously to the discovery that its unknown writer was the daughter of a man whose early enthusiasm for Dr. Johnson had merited his warm acknowledgments; and whose character and conversation had since won his esteem and friendship. Dr. Burney therefore prognosticated, that such a circumstance could not but strike the vivid imagination of Dr. Johnson as a romance of real life; and additionally interest him for the unobtrusive author of the little work; which, wholly by chance, he had so singularly helped to bring forward.

The curiosity of Dr. Johnson, however, though certainly excited, was by no means so powerful as to allure him from his chamber one moment before his customary time of descending to dinner; and the new author had three or four hours to pass in constantly augmenting trepidation: for the prospect of seeing him, which so short a time before would have sufficed for her delight, was now chequered by the consciousness that she could not, as heretofore, be in his presence only for her own gratification, without any reciprocity of notice.

She was introduced, meanwhile, to Mr. Thrale, whose reception of her was gentlemanlike; and such as showed his belief in the verity of her desire to have her authorship unmarked.

She saw also Miss Thrale, then barely entered into adolescence, though full of sense and cultivated talents; but as shy as herself, and consequently as little likely to create alarm.

One visitor only was at the house, Mr. Seward, afterwards author of *Biographiana*; a singular, but very agreeable, literary, and beneficent young man.

The morning was passed in the library, and, to the doctor and his daughter, was passed deliciously: Mrs. Thrale, much amused by the presence of two persons so peculiarly situated, put forth her utmost powers of pleasing; and though that great engine to success, flattery, was not spared, she wielded it with so much skill, and directed it with so much pleasantry, that all disconcerting effects were chased aside, to make it only produce laughter and good humour; through which gay auxiliaries every trait meant, latently, for the fearful daughter, was openly and plumply addressed to the happy father.

"I wish you had been with us last night, Dr. Burney," she said; "for thinking of what would happen to-day, we could talk of nothing in the world but a certain sweet book; and Dr. Johnson was so full of it, that he quite astonished us. He has got those incomparable Brangtons quite by heart, and he recited scene after scene of their squabbles, and selfishness, and forwardness, till he quite shook his sides with laughter. But his greatest favourite is The Holbourn Beau, as he calls Mr. Smith. Such a fine varnish, he says, of low politeness! such struggles to appear the fine gentleman! such a determination to be genteel! and, above all, such profound devotion to the ladies,—while openly declaring his distaste to matrimony!"—All this Mr. Johnson pointed out with so much comicality of sport, that, at last, he got into such high spirits, that he set about personating Mr. Smith himself! We all thought we must have died no other death than that of suffocation, in seeing Dr. Johnson handing about anything he could catch, or snatch at, and making smirking bows, saying he was *all for the ladies*,—every thing that was agreeable to the ladies, &c. &c. &c., "except," says he, "going to church with them! and as to that, though marriage, to be sure, is all in all to the ladies, marriage to a man—is the devil!" And then he pursued his personifications of his Holbourn Beau, till he brought him to what Mr. Johnson calls his climax; which is his meeting with Sir Clement Wiloughby at Madame Duval's, where a blow is given at once to his self-sufficiency, by the surprise and confusion of seeing himself so distanced; and the hopeless envy with which he looks up to Sir Clement, as to a meteor such as he himself had hitherto been looked up to at Snow Hill, that gave a finishing touch to his portrait.

And all this comic humour of character, he says, owes its effect to contrast; for without Lord Orville, and Mr. Villars, and that melancholy and gentleman-like half-starved Scotchman, poor Macartney, the Brangtons, and

the Duvals, would be less than nothing; for vulgarity, in its own unshadowed glare, is only disgusting."

This account is abridged from a long journal letter of the Memorialist, addressed to Mr. Crisp; but she will hazard copying more at length, from the same source, the original narration of her subsequent introduction to the notice of Dr. Johnson; as it may not be incurious to the reader, to see that great man in the uncommon light of courteously, nay playfully, subduing the fears, and raising the courage, of a newly discovered, but yet unavowed young author, by unexpected sallies and pointed allusions to characters in her work; not as to beings that were the product of her imagination, but as persons of his own acquaintance, and in real life.

"TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ. CHESINGTON, KINGSTON, SURREY.

"Well, when, at last, we were summoned to dinner, Mrs. Thrale made my father and myself sit on each side of her. I said, I hoped I did not take the place of Dr. Johnson? for, to my great consternation, he did not even yet appear, and I began to apprehend he meant to abscond. 'No,' answered Mrs. Thrale; 'he will sit next to you,—and that, I am sure, will give him great pleasure.'

Soon after we were all marshalled, the great man entered. I have so sincere a veneration for him, that his very sight inspires me with delight as well as reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which, as I have told you, he is subject. But all that, outwardly, is so unfortunate, is so nobly compensated by all that, within, is excellent; that I can now only, like Desdemona for Othello, 'view his image in his mind.'

"Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him with an emphasis upon my name that rather frightened me, for it seemed like a call for some compliment. But he made me a bow the most formal, almost solemn, in utter silence, and with his eyes bent downwards. I felt relieved by this distance, for I thought he had forgotten, for the present at least, both the favoured little book and the invited scribbler; and I therefore began to answer the perpetual addresses to me of Mrs. Thrale, with rather more ease. But by the time I was thus recovered from my panic, Dr. Johnson asked my father what was the composition of some little pie on his side of the table; and, while my father was endeavouring to make it out, Mrs. Thrale said, 'Nothing but mutton, Mr. Johnson, so I don't ask you to eat such poor patties, because I know you despise them.'

"No, madam, no!" cried Doctor Johnson, 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort. But I am too proud now, [smiling] to eat mutton pies! Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.'

"If you had seen, my dear Mr. Crisp, how wide I felt my eyes open!—A compliment from Doctor Johnson!

"Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, laughing, 'you must take great care of your heart, if Mr. Johnson attacks it—for I assure you he is not often successful!'

"What's that you say, madam?" cried the doctor; 'are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?'

"A little while afterwards, he drank Miss Thrale's health and mine together, in a bumper of lemonade; and then added: 'It is a terrible thing that we cannot wish young ladies to be well, without wishing them to become old women!'

"If the pleasures of longevity were not gradual,' said my father; 'If we were to light upon them by a jump or a skip, we should be cruelly at a loss how to give them welcome!'

"But some people," said Mr. Seward, 'are young and old at the same time; for they wear so well, that they never look old.'

"No, sir, no," cried the doctor; 'that never yet was, and never will be! You might as well say they were at the same time tall and short. Though I recollect an epitaph,—I forget upon whom, to that purpose.

"Miss such a one—lies buried here,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, unless her years you told,
Thought her a child—or thought her old.'

"My father then mentioned Mr. Garrick's epilogue to *Bonduca*, which Dr. Johnson called a miserable performance; and which every body agreed to be the worst that Mr. Garrick had ever written. 'And yet,' said Mr. Seward, 'it has been very much admired. But it is in praise of English valour, and so, I suppose, the subject made it popular.'

"I do not know, sir," said Dr. Johnson, 'any thing about the subject, for I could not read till I came to any. I got through about half a dozen lines; but for subject, I could observe no other than perpetual dulness. I do

not know what is the matter with David. I am afraid he is becoming superannuated; for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable.*

"Nothing is so fatiguing," said Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit. Garrick and Wilkes are the oldest men of their age that I know; for they have both worn themselves out prematurely by being eternally on the rack to entertain others."

"David, madam," said the doctor, "looks much older than he is, because his face has had double the business of any other man's. It is never at rest! When he speaks one minute, he has quite a different countenance to that which he assumes the next. I do not believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together in the whole course of his life. And such a perpetual play of the muscles must certainly wear a man's face out before his time."

While I was cordially laughing at this idea, the doctor, who had probably observed in me some little uneasy trepidation, and now, I suppose, concluded me restored to my usual state, suddenly, though very ceremoniously, as if to begin some acquaintance with me, requested that I would help him to some brocoli. This I did; but when he took it, he put on a face of humorous discontent, and said, 'Only *this*, madam?—You would not have helped Mr. Macartney so parsimoniously!'

He affected to utter this in a whisper; but to see him directly address me, caught the attention of all the table, and every one smiled, though in silence; while I felt so surprised and so foolish, so pleased and so ashamed, that I hardly knew whether he meant my Mr. Macartney, or spoke at random of some other. This, however, he soon put beyond all doubt, by very composedly adding, while contemptuously regarding my imputed parsimony on his plate: "Mr. Macartney, it is true, might have most claim to liberality, poor fellow!—for how, as Tom Branton shrewdly remarks, should he ever have known what a good dinner was, if he had never come to England?"

Perceiving, I suppose—for it could not be very difficult to discern—the commotion into which this explication put me; and the stifled disposition to a contagious laugh, which was suppressed, not to add to my embarrassment; he quickly, but quietly, went on to a general discourse upon Scotland, descriptive and political; but without point or satire—though I cannot, my dear Mr. Crisp, give you one word of it: not because I have forgotten it—for there is no remembering what we have never heard; but because I could only generally gather the subject. I could not listen to it. I was so confused and perturbed between pleasure and vexation—pleasure, indeed, in the approbation of Dr. Johnson! but vexation, and great vexation to find, by the conscious smirks of all around, that I was betrayed to the whole party! while I had only consented to confiding in Mrs. Thrale: all, no doubt, from a mistaken notion that I had merely meant to feel the pulse of the public, and to avow, or to conceal myself, according to its beatings: when heaven knows—and you, my dear Mr. Crisp, know, that I had not the most distant purpose of bringing publicity, under success, any more than under failure.

From Scotland, the talk fell, but I cannot tell how, upon some friend of Dr. Johnson, of whom I did not catch the name; so I will call him Mr. Three * * * of whom Mr. Seward related some burlesque anecdotes, from which Mr. * * * was warmly vindicated by the doctor.

"Better say no more, Mr. Seward," cried Mrs. Thrale, "for Mr. * * * is one of the persons that Mr. Johnson will suffer no one to abuse but himself! Garrick is another: for if any creature but himself says a word against Garrick—Mr. Johnson will brow-beat him in a moment."

"Why, madam, as to David," answered the doctor, very calmly, "it is only because they do not know when to abuse and when to praise him; and I will allow no man to speak any ill of David, that he does not deserve. As to * * *,—why really I believe him to be an honest man, too, at the bottom. But, to be sure, he is rather penurious; and he is somewhat mean; and it must be owned he has some degree of brutality; and is not without a tendency to savageness, that cannot well be defended."

We all laughed, as he could not help doing himself, at such a curious mode of taking up his friend's justification. And he then related a trait of another friend who had belonged to some club* that the doctor frequented,

who, after the first or second night of his admission, desired, as he eat no supper, to be excused paying his share for the collation.

"And was he excused, sir?" cried my father.

"Yes, sir; and very readily. No man is angry with another for being inferior to himself. We all admitted his plea publicly—for the gratification of scorning him privately! For my own part, I was fool enough to constantly pay my share for the wine, which I never tasted. But my poor friend Sir John, it cannot well be denied, was but an unclubbable man."

How delighted was I to hear this master of languages, this awful, this dreaded Lexiphane, thus sportively and gaily coin burlesque words in social comicality!

I don't know whether he deigned to watch me, but I caught a glance of his eye that seemed to show pleasure in perceiving my surprise and diversion, for with increased glee of manner he proceeded.

"This reminds me of a gentleman and lady with whom I once travelled. I suppose I must call them gentleman and lady, according to form, because they travelled in their own coach and four horses. But, at the first inn where we stopped to water the cattle, the lady called to a waiter for—a pint of ale! And, when it came, she would not taste it, till she had wrangled with the man for not bringing her fuller measure! Now—Madame Duval could not have done a grosser thing!"

A sympathetic simper now ran from mouth to mouth, save to mine, and to that of Dr. Johnson; who gravely pretended to pass off what he had said as if it were a merely accidental reminiscence of some vulgar old acquaintance of his own. And this, as undoubtedly, and most kindly, he projected, prevented any sort of answer that might have made the book a subject of general discourse. And presently afterwards he started some other topic, which he addressed chiefly to Mr. Thrale. But if you expect me to tell you what it was, you think far more grandly of my powers of attention without, when all within is in a whirl, than I deserve!

Be it, however, what it might, the next time there was a pause, we all observed a sudden play of the muscles in the countenance of the doctor, that showed him to be secretly enjoying some ludicrous idea: and accordingly, a minute or two after, he pursed up his mouth, and, in an assumed pert, yet feminine accent, while he tossed up his head to express wonder, he affectedly minced out, "Ea, Polly!—only think! Miss has danced with a Lord!"

This was resistless to the whole set, and a general, though a gentle laugh, became now infectious; in which, I must needs own to you, I could not, with all my embarrassment, and all my shame, and all my unwillingness to demonstrate my consciousness, help being caught—so indescribably ludicrous and unexpected was a mimicry of Miss Biddy Branton from Dr. Johnson!

The doctor, however, with a refinement of delicacy of which I have the deepest sense, never once cast his eyes my way during these comic traits; though those of every body else in the company had scarcely for a moment any other direction.

But imagine my relief and my pleasure, in playfulness such as this from the great literary Leviathan, whom I had dreaded almost as much as I had honoured! How far was I of dreaming of such sportive condescension! He clearly wished to draw the little snail from her cell, and, when once she was out, not to frighten her back. He seems to understand my *queeralties*—as some one has called my not liking to be set up for a sign post—with more leniency than any body else."

This long article of Evelina will be closed by copying a brief one upon the same subject, written from memory, by Dr. Burney, so late in his life as the year 1808.

Copied from a Memorandum-book of Dr. Burney, written in the year 1808, at Bath.

"The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now Madame d'Arbley, is singular. She was wholly unnoticed in the nursery for any talents, or quickness of study: indeed, at eight years old she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who in his boyhood had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topey-turvy, which he said she never found out! She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports; and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters; for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness: and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends who came often to my house, and

entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by any other name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than the Old Lady.

"Her first work, Evelina, was written by stealth, in a closet up two pair of stairs, that was appropriated to the younger children as a play room. No one was let into the secret but my third daughter, afterwards Mrs. Phillips; though even to her it was never read till printed, from want of private opportunity. To me, nevertheless, she confidentially owned that she was going, through her brother Charles, to print a little work, but she besought me never to ask to see it. I laughed at her plan, but promised silent acquiescence; and the book had been six months published before I even heard its name; which I learnt at last without her knowledge. But great, indeed, was then my surprise, to find that it was in general reading, and commended in no common manner in the several reviews of the times. Of this she was unacquainted herself, as she was then ill, and in the country. When I knew its title, I commissioned one of her sisters to procure it for me privately. I opened the first volume with fear and trembling; not having the least idea that, without the use of the press, or any practical knowledge of the world, she could write a book worth reading. The dedication to myself, however, brought tears into my eyes; and before I had read half the first volume I was much surprised, and, I confess, delighted; and most especially with the letters of Mr. Villars. She had always had a great affection for me; had an excellent heart, and a natural simplicity and probity about her that wanted no teaching. In her plays with her sisters, and some neighbours' children, this straightforward morality operated to an uncommon degree in one so young. There lived next door to me, at that time, in Poland street, and in a private house, a capital hair merchant, who furnished periwigs to the judges, and gentlemen of the law. The merchant's female children and mine used to play together in the little garden behind the house; and, unfortunately, one day, the door of the wig magazine being left open, they each of them put on one of those dignified ornaments of the head, and danced and jumped about in a thousand antics, laughing till they screamed at their own ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, in their vagaries, one of the flaxen wigs, said by the proprietor to be worth upwards of ten guineas—in those days a price enormous—fell into a tub of water, placed for the shrubs in the little garden, and lost all its gorgon buckle, and was declared by the owner to be totally spoilt. He was extremely angry, and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, the old lady, then ten years of age, advancing to him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately says; 'What signifies talking so much about an accident? The wig is wet; to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but it's of no use to speak of it any more; because what's done can't be undone.'

"Whether these stoical sentiments appeased the enraged perwiguer, I know not, but the youngers were stript of their honours, and my little monies were obliged to retreat without beat of drum, or colours flying."

STREATHAM.

From the very day of this happy inauguration of his daughter at Streatham, the doctor had the parental gratification of seeing her as flatteringly greeted there as himself. So vivacious, indeed, was the partiality towards her of its inhabitants, that they pressed him to make over to them all the time he could spare her from her home; and appropriated an apartment as *sacredly* for her use, when she could occupy it, as another, far more deservedly, though not more cordially, had many years previously, been held sacred for Dr. Johnson.

The social kindness for both father and daughter, of Mrs. Thrale, was of the most endearing nature; trusting, confidential, affectionate. She had a sweetness of manner, and an activity of service for those she loved, that could ill be appreciated by others; for though copiously flattering in her ordinary address to strangers, because always desirous of universal suffrage, she spoke of individuals in general with sarcasm; and of the world at large with sovereign contempt.

Flighty, however, not malignant, was her sarcasm; and ludicrous more frequently than scornful, her contempt. She wished no one ill. She would have done any one good; but she could put no restraint upon wit that led to a brilliant point, or that was productive of laughing admiration: though her epigram once pronounced, she thought neither of that nor of its object any more; and was just as willing to be friends with a per-

* The editor at the date of this letter knew not that the club to which Dr. Johnson alluded, was that which was denominated his own,—or The Literary Club.

son whom she had held up to ridicule, as with one whom she had laboured to elevate by panegyric.

Her spirits, in fact, rather ruled than exhilarated her; and were rather her guides than her support. Not that she was a child of nature. She knew the world, and gaily boasted that she had studied mankind in what she called its most prominent school-electioneering. She was rather, therefore, from her scoff of all consequences, a child of witty irreflexion.

The first name on the list of the Streatham coterie at this time, was that which, after Dr. Johnson's, was the first, also, in the nation, Edmund Burke. But his visits now, from whatever cause, were so rare, that Dr. Burney never saw him in the Streatham constellation, save as making one amongst the worthies whom the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds had caught from all mundane wanderings, to place there as a fixed star.

Next ranked Sir Joshua Reynolds himself, and Mr. Garrick.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had been a peculiar favourite in the set, as much, perhaps, for his absurdities as for his genius, was already gone; though still, and it may be from this double motive, continually missed and regretted: for what, in a chosen coterie, could be more amusing,—many as are the things that might be more edifying,—than gathering knowledge and original ideas in one moment, from the man who the next, by the simplicity of his egotism, expanded every mouth by the meriment of ridicule?

Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Boscowen, Mrs. Crewe, Lord Loughborough, Mr. Dunning, Lord Malgrave, Lord Westcott, Sir Lucas and Mr. Pepys, Major Holroyd, Mrs. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. Porteus, Miss Streatfield, Miss Gregory, Dr. Lort, the bishops of London and Peterborough (Porteus and Hinchcliffe,) with a long *et cetera* of visitors less marked, filled up the brilliant catalogue of the spirited associates of Streatham.

MR. MURPHY.

But the most intimate in the house, amongst the wits, from being the personal favourite of Mr. Thrale, was Mr. Murphy; who, for gaiety of spirits, powers of dramatic effect, stories of strong humour and resistless risibility, was nearly unequalled: and they were coupled with politeness of address, gentleness of speech, and well-bred, almost courtly, demeanour.

He was a man of great erudition, without one particle of pedantry; and a stranger not only to spleen and malevolence, but the happiest promoter of convivial hilarity.

With what pleasure, and what pride, does the editor copy, from an ancient diary, the following words that passed between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Murphy, relative to Dr. Burney, upon the first meeting of the editor with Mr. Murphy at Streatham!

Mrs. Thrale was lamenting the sudden disappearance of Dr. Burney, who was just gone to town *sans adieu*; declaring that he was the most complete male-coquette she knew, for he only gave just enough of his company to make more desired.

"Dr. Burney," said Mr. Murphy, "is, indeed, a most extraordinary man, I think I do not know such another. He is at home upon all subjects; and upon all is so highly agreeable! I look upon him as a wonderful man."

"I love Burney!" cried Dr. Johnson, emphatically: "my heart, as I told him—goes out to meet Burney!"

"He is not ungrateful, sir," cried the doctor's bairne, "for heartily indeed does he love you!"

"Does he, madam?" said the doctor, looking at her earnestly: "I am surprised at that!"

"And why, sir?—Why should you have doubted it?"

"Because, madam," answered he gravely, "Dr. Burney is a man for every body to love. It is but natural to love him."

He paused, as if with an idea of a self-conceited content not gratifying; but he soon cheerfully added, "I question if there be in the world such another man, altogether, for mind, intelligence, and manners, as Dr. Burney."

Dr. Johnson, at this time, was engaged in writing his lives of the poets; a work, to him, so light and easy, that it never robbed his friends of one moment of the time that he would otherwise have spared to their society. Lives, however, strictly speaking, they are not; he merely employed in them such materials, with respect to biography, as he had already at hand, without giving himself any trouble in researches for what might be new, or unknown; though he gladly accepted any that were offered to him, if well authenticated. The critical investigations alone he considered as his business. He himself never named them but as prefaces. No man

held in nobler scorn a promise that out-went performance.

The ease and good humour with which he fulfilled this engagement, made the present a moment peculiarly propitious for the opening acquaintance with him of the new, and by no means very hardened author; for whose terrors of public notice he had a mercy the most indulgent. He quickly saw that—whether wise or not—they were true; and soothed them without railery or reprehension; though in this he stood nearly alone! Her fears of him, therefore, were soon softened off by his kindness; or dispelled by her admiration.

The friendship with which so early he had honoured the father, was gently and at once, with almost unparalleled partiality, extended to the daughter: and, in truth, the whole current of his intercourse with both was as surmised by storm as it was enlightened by wisdom.

While this charming work was in its progress, when only the Thrale family and its nearly adopted guests, the two Burneys, were assembled, Dr. Johnson would frequently produce one of its proof sheets to embellish the breakfast table, which was always in the library; and was, certainly, the most sprightly and agreeable meeting of the day; for then, as no strangers were present to stimulate exertion, or provoke rivalry, argument was not urged on by the mere spirit of victory; it was instigated only by such truisms as could best bring forth that conflict of *pro* and *con* which elucidates opposing opinions. Wit was not flashed with the keen sting of satire; yet it elicited not less gaiety from sparkling with an unwounding brilliancy, which brightened without inflaming, every eye, and charmed without tingling, every ear.

These proof sheets Mrs. Thrale was permitted to read aloud: and the discussions to which they led were in the highest degree entertaining. Dr. Burney wistfully desired to possess one of them; but left to his daughter the risk of the petition. A hint, however, proved sufficient, and was understood not alone with compliance, but vivacity. Boswell, Dr. Johnson said, had engaged Frank Barber, his negro servant, to collect and preserve all the proof sheets; but though it had not been without the knowledge, it was without the order or the interference of their author: to the present solicitor, therefore, willingly and without scruple, he now offered an entire life; adding, with a benignant smile, "choose your poet!"

Without scruple, also, was the acceptance; and, without hesitation, the choice was Pope. And that not merely because, next to Shakespeare himself, Pope draws human characters the most veridically, perhaps, of any poetic delineator; but for yet another reason. Dr. Johnson composed with so ready an accuracy, that he sent his copy to the press unread; reserving all his corrections for the proof sheets; and, consequently, as not even Dr. Johnson could read twice without ameliorating some passages, his proof sheets were at times liberally marked with changes; and, as the Museum copy of Pope's Translation of the *Iliad*, from which Dr. Johnson has given many examples, contains abundant emendations by Pope, the memorialist secured at once, on the same page, the marginal alterations and second thoughts of that great author, and of his great biographer.

When the book was published, Dr. Johnson brought to Streatham a complete set, handsomely bound, of the Works of the Poets, as well as his own prefaces, to present to Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. And then, telling this memorialist that to the king, and to the chiefs of Streatham alone he could offer so large a tribute, he most kindly placed before her a bound copy of his own part of the work; in the title page of which he gratified her earnest request by writing her name, and "From the Author."

After which, at her particular solicitation, he gave her a small engraving of his portrait from the picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds. And while, some time afterwards, she was examining it at a distant table, Dr. Johnson, in passing across the room, stooped to discover by what she was occupied; which he no sooner discerned, than he began see-sawing for a moment or two in silence; and then, with a ludicrous half laugh, peeping over her shoulder, he called out: "Ah ha!—Sam Johnson!—I see thee!—and an ugly dog thou art!"

He even extended his kindness to a remembrance of Mr. Bewley, the receiver and preserver of the wisp of a Bolt-court hearth-broom, as a relic of the author of the Rambler; which anecdote Dr. Burney had ventured to confess: and Dr. Johnson now, with his compliments, sent a set of the prefaces to St. Martin's street, directed, "For the Brown Gentleman;" which Mr. Bewley received with rapturous gratitude.

* Dr. Johnson told this to the editor.

Dr. Johnson wrote nothing that was so immediately popular as his Lives of the Poets. Such a subject was of universal attraction, and he treated it with a simplicity that made it of universal comprehension. In all that belonged to classical criticism, he had a facility so complete, that to speak or to write produced immediately the same clear and sagacious effect. His pen was as luminous as his tongue, and his tongue was as correct as his pen.

Yet those—and there are many—who estimate these prefaces as the best of his works, must surely so judge them from a species of mental indolence, that prefers what is easiest of perusal to what is most illuminating: for rich as are these prefaces in ideas and information, their subjects have so long been familiar to every English reader, that they require no stretch of intellect, or exercise of reflection, to lead him, without effort, to accompany the writer in his annotations and criticisms. The Rambler, on the contrary, embodies a course equally new of thought and expression; the development of which cannot always be foreseen, even by the deepest reasoner and the keenest talents, because emanating from original genius. To make acquaintance, therefore, with the Rambler, the general peruser must pause, occasionally, to think as well as to read; and to clear away sundry mists of prejudice, or ignorance, ere he can keep pace with the sublime author, when the workings of his mind, his imagination, and his knowledge, are thrown upon mankind.

MR. CRISP.

The warm and venerated attachment of Dr. Burney to Mr. Crisp, which occasional discourse and allusions had frequently brought forward, impressed the whole Thrale family with a high opinion of the character and endowments of that excellent man. And when they found, also, that Mr. Crisp had as animated a votary in so much younger a person as their new guest; and that this enthusiasm was general throughout the doctor's house, they earnestly desired to view and to know a man of such eminent attraction; and gave to Dr. Burney a commission to bring on the acquaintance.

It was given, however, in vain. Mr. Crisp had no longer either health or spirit of enterprise for so formidable, however flattering, a new connection; and inexorably resisted every overture for a meeting.

But Mrs. Thrale, all alive for whatever was piquant and promising, grew so bewitched by the delight with which her new young ally, to whom she became daily more attached and more attaching, dilated on the rare perfections of *Daddy Crisp*; and the native and innocent pleasures of Liberty Hall, Chesington, that she started the plan of a little excursion for taking the premises by surprise. And Dr. Burney, certain that two such singularly accomplished persons could not meet but to their mutual gratification, sanctioned the scheme; Mr. Thrale desired to form his own judgment of so uncommon a recluse; and the doctor's pupil felt a juvenile curiosity to make one of the group.

The party took place; but its pleasure was nearly marred by the failure of the chief spring which would have put into motion, and set to harmony, the various persons who composed its drama.

Dr. Burney, from multiplicity of avocations, was forced, when the day arrived, to relinquish his share in the little invasion; which cast a damp upon the gaiety of the project, both to the besieged and the besieger. Yet Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Thrale met with mutual sentiments of high esteem, though the genius of their talents were dissimilar; Mrs. Thrale delighted in bursting forth with sudden flashes of wit, which, carelessly, she left to their own consequences; while Mr. Crisp, though awake to her talents, and sensible of their rarity and their splendour, thought with Dr. Fordyce, that in woman the retiring graces are the most attractive.

Nevertheless, in understanding, acuteness, and parts, there was so much in common between them, that sincere admiration grew out of the interview; though with too little native congeniality to mellow into confidence, or ripen into intimacy.

Praise, too, that dangerous herald of expectation, is often a friend more perfidious than any enemy; and both had involuntarily looked for a something indefinable which neither of them found; yet both had too much justness of comprehension to conclude that such a something did not exist, because no opportunity for its development had offered in the course of a few hours.

What most, in this visit, surprised Mrs. Thrale with pleasure, was the elegance of Mr. Crisp in language and manners; because that, from the hermit of Chesington, she had not expected.

And what most to Mr. Crisp caused a similar pleasure, was the courteous readiness, and unassuming good-humour, with which Mrs. Thrale received the inartificial civilities of Kitty Cooke, and the old fashioned but cordial hospitality of Mrs. Hamilton; for these, from a celebrated wit, moving in the sphere of high life, he also in his turn had not expected.

The Thrales, however, were all much entertained by the place itself, which they prowled over with gay curiosity. Not a nook or corner; nor a dark passage "leading to nothing;" nor a hanging tapestry of prim demoielles, and grim cavaliers; nor a tall canopied bed tied up to the ceiling; nor japan cabinets of two or three hundred drawers of different dimensions; nor an oaken cupboard, carved with heads, thrown in every direction, save such as might let them fall on men's shoulders; nor a window stuck in some angle close to the ceiling of a lofty slip of a room; nor a quarter of a staircase, leading to some quaint unfrequented apartment; nor a wooden chimney-piece, cut in diamonds, squares, and round knobs, surmounting another of blue and white tiles, representing, *vis à vis*, a dog and a cat, as symbols of married life and harmony—missed their scrutinising eyes.

They even visited the attics, where they were much diverted by the shapes as well as by the quantity of rooms, which, being of all sorts of forms that could increase their count, were far too heterogeneous of outline to enable the minutest mathematician to give them any technical denomination.

They peeped, also, through little window casements, of which the panes of glass were hardly so wide as their clumsy frames, to survey long ridges of lead that entwined the motley spiral roofs of the multitude of separate cells, rather than chambers, that composed the top of the mansion; and afforded from it a view, sixteen miles in circumference, of the adjacent country.

Mr. Crisp judged it fitting to return the received civility of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, whatever might be the inconvenience to his health; or whatever his disinclination to such an exertion. From habitual politeness he was of the old school in the forms of good breeding; though perfectly equal to even the present march of intellect in the new one, if to the present day he had lived,—and had deemed it a march of improvement. He was the last man not to be aware that nothing stands still. All nature in its living mass, all art in its concentrated aggregate, advances or retrogrades.

He took the earliest day that one of his few gout intervals put at his own disposal, to make his appearance at Streatham; having first written a most earnest injunction to Dr. Burney to give him there the meeting. The memorialist was then at Cheshington, and had the happiness to accompany Mr. Crisp; by whom she was to be left at her new third home.

Dr. Johnson, in compliment to his friend Dr. Burney, and by no means incurring himself to see the hermit of Cheshington, immediately descended to meet Mr. Crisp; and to aid Mrs. Thrale, who gave him a vivacious reception, to do the honours of Streatham.

The meeting, nevertheless, to the great chagrin of Dr. Burney, produced neither interest nor pleasure; for Dr. Johnson, though courteous in demeanour and looks, with evident solicitude to show respect to Mr. Crisp, was grave and silent; and whenever Dr. Johnson did not make the charm of conversation, he only marred it by his presence; from the general fear he incited, that if he spoke not, he might listen; and that if he listened, he might reprove.

Ease, therefore, was wanting; without which nothing in society can be flowing or pleasing. The Cheshingtonian conceived, that he had lived too long away from the world to start any subject that might not, to the Streathamites, be trite and out of date; and the Streathamites believed that they had lived in it so much longer, that the current talk of the day might, to the Cheshingtonian, seem unintelligible jargon: while each hoped that the sprightly Dr. Burney would find the golden mean by which both parties might be brought into play.

But Dr. Burney, who saw in the kind looks and complacency of Dr. Johnson intentional good will to the meeting, flattered himself that the great philologist was but waiting for an accidental excitement, to fasten upon a topic of general use or importance, and to describe or discuss it, with the full powers of his great mind.

Dr. Johnson, however, either in health or in spirits, was, unfortunately, oppressed; and, for once, was more desirous to hear than to be heard.

Mr. Crisp, therefore, lost, by so unexpected a taciturnity, this fair and promising opportunity for developing and enjoying the colloquial and extraordinary colloquial

abilities of Dr. Johnson; and finished the visit with much disappointment; lowered also, and always, in his spirits by parting from his tenderly attached young companion.

Dr. Burney had afterwards, however, the consolation to find that Mr. Crisp had impressed even Dr. Johnson with a strong admiration of his knowledge and capacity; for in speaking of him in the evening to Mr. Thrale, who had been absent, the doctor emphatically said, "Sir, it is a very singular to see a man with all his powers so much alive, when he has so long shut himself up from the world. Such readiness of conception, quickness of recollection, facility of following discourse started by others, in a man who has long had only the past to feed upon, are rarely to be met with. Now, for my part," added he, laughing, "that I should be ready, or even universal, is no wonder; for my dear little mistress here," turning to Mrs. Thrale, "keeps all my faculties in constant play."

Mrs. Thrale then said that nothing, to her, was so striking, as that a man who so long had retired from the world, should so delicately have preserved its forms and courtesies, as to appear equally well bred with any elegant member of society who had not quitted it for a week.

Inexpressibly gratifying to Dr. Burney was the award of such justice, from such judges, to his best and dearest loved friend.

From this time forward, Dr. Burney could scarcely recover his daughter from Streatham, even for a few days, without a friendly battle. A sportively current exaggeration of Dr. Johnson's upon this flattering hostility was current at Streatham, made in answer to Dr. Burney's saying, upon a resistance to her departure for St. Martin's street in which Dr. Johnson had strongly joined, "I must really take her away, sir, I must indeed; she has been from home so long."

"Long? no, sir! I do not think it long," cried the doctor, see-sawing, and seizing both her hands, as if purporting to detain her: "Sir! I would have her always come...and never go!"

MR. BOSWELL.

When next, after this adjuration, Dr. Burney took the memorialist back to Streatham, he found there, recently arrived from Scotland, Mr. Boswell; whose sprightly Corsican tour, and heroic, almost Quixotic pursuit of General Paoli, joined to the tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, made him an object himself of considerable attention.

He spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something sloping in the gait and dress of Mr. Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in his reverence of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of far-cical similitude escaped the notice of the doctor; but attributed his missing it to a high superiority over any such suspicion, as much as to his near-sightedness; for fully was Dr. Burney persuaded, that had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr. Boswell as a school boy, whom, without the smallest ceremony, he pardoned or rebuked, alternately, would so indignantly have been provoked, as to have instantaneously inflicted upon him some mark of displeasure. And equally he was persuaded that Mr. Boswell, however shocked and even inflamed in receiving it, would soon, from his deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred; and, after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of "Pray, sir, forgive me!"

Dr. Johnson, though often irritated by the officious importunity of Mr. Boswell, was really touched by his attachment. It was indeed surprising, and even affecting, to remark the pleasure with which this great man accepted personal kindness, even from the simplest of mankind; and the grave formality with which he ac-

knowledgeed it even to the meanest. Possibly it was what he most prized, because what he could least command; for personal partiality hangs upon lighter and slighter qualities than those which earn solid approbation, but of this, if he had least command, he had also least want: his towering superiority of intellect elevating him above all competitors, and regularly establishing him, wherever he appeared, as the first being of the society.

As Mr. Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr. Boswell was preparing to take a seat that he seemed, by prescription, to consider as his own, next to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Seward, who was present, waved his hand for Mr. Boswell to move further on, saying with a smile, "Mr. Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney's."

He stared, amazed: the asserted claimant was new and unknown to him, and he appeared by no means pleased to resign his prior rights. But, after looking round the room for a minute or two, with an important air of demanding the meaning of this innovation, and receiving no satisfaction, he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair; and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr. Johnson; while this new and unheard of rival quietly seated herself as if not hearing what was passing; for she shrunk from the explanation that she feared might ensue, as she saw a smile stealing over every countenance, that of Dr. Johnson himself was not excepted, at the discomfiture and surprise of Mr. Boswell.

Mr. Boswell, however, was so situated as not to remark it in the doctor; and of every one else, when in that presence, he was unobservant, if not contemptuous. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even answering any thing that was said, or attending to any thing that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr. Boswell amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered: nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it, late, or mystically, some information.

But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gaily and good-humouredly, by the appellation of Boszy; and discovered, by the sound of the reply, that Boszy had planted himself, as closely as he could, behind and between the elbows of the new usurper and his own, the doctor glared angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, "What do you do there, sir?—Go to the table, sir!"

Mr. Boswell, instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed: and there was something so unusual in such humble submission to so imperious a command, that another smile gleamed its way across every mouth, except that of the doctor and Mr. Boswell; who now, very unwillingly, took a distant seat.

But, ever restless when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollected something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search; when the doctor, calling after him, authoritatively said: "What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed?—Come back to your place, sir!"

Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr. Boswell did as he was bid; when the doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself: "Running about in the middle of meals!—one would take you for a Brangton!"

"A Brangton, sir?" repeated Mr. Boswell, with earnestness; "What is a Brangton, sir?"

"Where have you lived, sir," cried the doctor, laughing, "and what company have you kept, not to know that?"

Mr. Boswell now, doubly curious, yet always apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr. Johnson, said in a low tone, which he knew the doctor could not hear, to Mrs. Thrale: "Pray, ma'am, what's a Brangton?—Do me the favour to tell me?—Is it some animal hereabouts?"

Mrs. Thrale only heartily laughed, but without answering: as she saw one of her guests uneasily fearful of an explanation. But Mr. Seward cried, "I'll tell you, Boswell,—I'll tell you!—if you will walk with me into

*The name of a vulgar family in Evelina.

the paddock; only let us wait till the table is cleared; or I shall be taken for a Brangton, too!"

They soon went off together; and Mr. Boswell, no doubt, was fully informed of the road that had led to the usurpation by which he had thus been annoyed. But the Brangton fabricator took care to mount to her chamber ere they returned; and did not come down till Mr. Boswell was gone.

ANNA WILLIAMS.

Dr. Burney had no greater enjoyment of the little leisure he could tear from his work and his profession, than that which he could dedicate to Dr. Johnson; and he now, at the doctor's most earnest invitation, carried this memorialist to Bolt-court, to pay a visit to the blind poetess, Anna Williams.

They were received by Dr. Johnson with a kindness that irradiated his austere and studious features into the most pleased and pleasing benignity. Such, indeed, was the gentleness, as well as warmth, of his partiality for this father and daughter, that their sight seemed to give him a new physiognomy.*

It was in the apartment—a parlour—dedicated to Mrs. Williams, that the doctor was in this ready attendance to play the part of the master of the ceremonies, in presenting his new guest to his ancient friend and ally. Anna Williams had been a favourite of his wife, in whose life-time she had frequently resided under his roof. The merit of her poetical talents, and the misfortune of her blindness, are generally known; to these were now superadded sickness, age, and infirmity; yet such was the spirit of her character, that to make a new acquaintance thus rather singularly circumstanced, seemed to her almost an event of moment; and she had incessantly solicited the doctor to bring it to bear.

Her look, air, voice, and extended hands of reception, evinced the most eager, though by no means obtrusive curiosity. Her manner, indeed, showed her to be innately a gentlewoman; and her conversation always disclosed a cultivated as well as thinking mind.

Dr. Johnson never appeared to more advantage than in the presence of this blind poetess; for the obligations under which he had placed her, were such as he sincerely wished her to feel with the pleasure of light, not the oppression of weighty gratitude. All his best sentiments, therefore, were strenuously her advocates, to curb what was irritable in his temper by the generosity of his principles; and by the congeniality, in such points, of their sensibility.

His attentions to soften the burthen of her existence, from the various bodily diseases that aggravated the evil of her loss of sight, were anxious and unceasing; and there was no way more prominent to his favour than that of seeking to give any solace, or showing any consideration to Anna Williams.

Anna, in return, honouring his virtues and abilities, grateful for his goodness, and intimately aware of his peculiarities, made it the pride of her life to receive every moment he could bestow upon her, with cordial affection; and exactly at his own time and convenience; to soothe him when he was disposed to lament with her the loss of his wife; and to procure for him whatever was in her power of entertainment or comfort.

This introduction was afterwards followed, through Dr. Johnson's zealous intervention, by sundry other visits from the memorialist; and though minor circumstances made her compliance rather embarrassing, it could not have been right, and it would hardly have been possible, to resist an entreaty of Dr. Johnson. And every fresh interview at his own home showed the steady humanity of his assiduity to enliven his poor blind companion; as well as to confer the most essential services upon two other distressed inmates of his charitable house, Mrs. Deane, the indigent daughter of Dr. Swinfen, a physician who had been godfather to Dr. Johnson; and Mr. Leest, a poor old ruined apothecary, both of whom he housed and supported with the most exemplary Christian goodness.

MR. GARRICK.

But the year that followed this still rising tide of pleasure and prosperity to Dr. Burney, 1779, opened to him with the personal loss of a friend whom the world might vainly, perhaps, be challenged to replace, for agreeability, delight, and conviviality, Garrick!—the

*This was so strongly observed by Mrs. Maling, mother to the Dowager Countess of Mulgrave, that she has often exclaimed to this memorialist, "Why did not Sir Joshua Reynolds paint Doctor Johnson when he was speaking to Doctor Burney or to you?"

inimitable David Garrick! who left behind him all previous eminence in his profession beyond reach of comparison; save the Roscius of Rome, to whose Ciceronian celebrity we owe the adoption of an appropriate nomenclature, which at no period could have been found in our own dominions:—Garrick, so long the darling and unrivalled favourite of the public; who possessed, resistlessly, where he chose to exert it, the power of pleasing, winning, and exhilarating all around him:—Garrick, who, in the words of Dr. Johnson, seemed "Formed to gladden life," was taken from his resplendent worldly fame, and admiring worldly friends, by "that stroke of death," says Dr. Johnson, "which eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasure."

He had already retired from the stage, and retired without waiting for failing powers to urge, or precipitate his retreat; for still his unequalled animal spirits, gaily baffling the assaults of age, had such extraordinary exuberance as to supply and support both body and mind at once: still clear, varying, and penetrating was his voice; still full of intelligence or satire, of disdain, of rage, or of delight, was the fire, the radiance, the eloquence of his eye; still made up at will, of energy or grace, of command or supplication, was his form, and were his attitudes; his face alone—ah! "there was the rub!" his face alone was the martyr of time: or rather, his forehead and cheeks; for his eyes and his countenance were still beaming with recent, though retiring beauty.

But the wear and tear of his forehead and cheeks, which, as Dr. Johnson had said, made sixty years in Garrick seem seventy, had rendered them so wrinkled, from an unremitting play of expression, off as well as on the stage, that, when he found neither paint nor candle-light, nor dress nor decoration, could conceal those lines, or smooth those furrows which were ploughing his complexion, he preferred to triumph, even in foregoing his triumphs, by plunging, through voluntary impulse, from the dazzling summit to which he had mounted, and heroically pronouncing his Farewell!—amidst the universal cry, echoed and re-echoing all around him, of "Stop, Garrick, stop!—yet a little longer stop!"

A brief account of the last sight of this admired and much loved friend is thus given in a manuscript memoir of Dr. Burney.

"I called at his door, with anxious enquiries, two days before he expired, and was admitted to his chamber; but though I saw him, he did not seem to see me,—or any earthly thing! His countenance that had never remained a moment the same in conversation, now appeared as fixed and as inanimate as a block of marble; and he had already so far relinquished the world, as I was afterwards told by Mr. Wallace, his executor, that nothing that was said or done that used to interest him the most keenly, had any effect upon his muscles; or could extort either a word or a look from him for several days previously to his becoming a corpse."

Dr. Burney, in the same carriage with Whitehead, the poet laureate, the erudite Mr. Beauclerk, and Mr. Wallace, the executor, attended the last remains of this celebrated public character to their honourable interment in Westminster Abbey.

YOUNG CROTCH.

Just as this great dramatic genius was descending to the tomb, young Crotch, a rising musical genius, was brought forward into the world with so strong a promise of eminence, that a very general desire was expressed, that Dr. Burney would examine, counsel, and countenance him; and at only three years and a half old, the child was brought to St. Martin's street by his mother.

The doctor, ever ready to nourish incipient talents, submitted to his investigation, saw the child repeatedly; and was so forcibly struck by his uncommon faculties, that upon communicating his remarks to the famous Dr. Hunter, who had been foremost in desiring the examination, Dr. Hunter thought them sufficiently curious to be presented to the Royal Society; where they were extremely well received, and printed in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1779.

For some time after this, the doctor was frequently called upon, by the relations and admirers of this wonderful boy, for assistance and advice; both which he cheerfully accorded to the best of his ability: till the happy star of the young prodigy fixed him at the University of Oxford, where he met with every aid, professional or personal, that his genius claimed; and where, while his education was still in progress, he was nominated, when only fourteen years of age, organist of Christ Church,

This event he communicated to Dr. Burney in a modest and grateful letter, that the doctor received and preserved with sincere satisfaction; and kindly answered with instructive professional counsel.

MR. THRALLE.

The event next narrated in the Memoirs of Dr. Burney, proved deeply affecting to the happiness and gaiety of his social circles; for now a catastrophe, which for some time had seemed impending, and which, though various and fluctuating, had often struck with terror, or damped with sorrow, the liveliest spirits and gayest scenes of Streatham, suddenly took place; and cut short for ever the honours and the peace of that erst illustrious dwelling.

Mr. Thrale, for many years, in utter ignorance what its symptoms were foreboding, had been harbouring, through an undermining indulgence of immoderate sleep after meals, a propensity to paralysis. The prognostics of distemper were then little observed but by men of science; and those were rarely called in till something fatal was apprehended. It is, probably, only since the time that medical and surgical lectures have been published as well as delivered; and simplified from technical difficulties, so as to meet and to enlighten the unscientific intellect of the herd of mankind, that the world at large seems to have learned the value of early attention to incipient malady.

Even Dr. Johnson was so little aware of the insalubrity of Mr. Thrale's course of life, that, without interposing his powerful and never disregarded exhortations, he often laughingly said, "Mr. Thrale will out-sleep the seven sleepers!"

Strange it may seem, at this present so far more enlightened day upon these subjects, that Dr. Johnson, at least, should not have been alarmed at this lethargic tendency; as the art of medicine, which, for all that belongs to this world, stands the highest in utility, was, abstractedly, a study upon which he loved to raminate, and a subject he was addicted to discuss. But this instance of complete vacuity of practical information upon diseases and remedies in Dr. Johnson, will cease to give surprise, when it is known that, near the middle of his life, and in the fullest force of his noble faculties, upon finding himself assailed by a severe fit of the gout in his ankle, he sent for a pail of cold water, into which he plunged his leg during the worst of the paroxysm—a feat of intrepid ignorance—incongruous as sounds the word ignorance in speaking of Dr. Johnson—that probably he had cause to rue during his whole after-life; for the gout, of which he chose to get rid in so succinct a manner—a feat in which he often exulted—might have carried off many of the direful obstructions, and asthmatic seizures and sufferings, of which his latter years were wretchedly the martyrs.

Thus, most unfortunately, without representation, opposition, or consciousness, Mr. Thrale went on in a self-destroying mode of conduct, till,

"Uncalled—unheeded—unaware—"

he was struck with a fit of apoplexy.

Yet even this stroke, by the knowledge and experience of his medical advisers, might perhaps have been parried, had Mr. Thrale been imbued with earlier reverence for the arts of recovery. But he slighted them all; and fearless, or, rather, incredulous of danger, he attended to no prescriptions. He simply essayed the waters of Tunbridge; and made a long sojourn at Bath. All in vain! The last and fatal seizure was inflicted at his own town house, in Grosvenor-square, in the spring of 1781; and at an instant when such a blow was so little expected, that all London, amongst persons of fashion, talents, or celebrity, had been invited to a splendid entertainment, meant for the night of that very dawn which rose upon the sudden earthly extinction of the lamented and respected chief of the mansion.

STREATHAM.

Changed now was Streatham! the value of its chief seemed first made known by his loss; which was long felt; though not, perhaps, with the immediate acuteness that would have been demonstrated, if, at that period, the deprivation of the female chieftain had preceded that of the male. Still Mr. Thrale, by every friend of his house and family, and by every true adherent to his wife, her interest, her fame, and her happiness, was day by day, and week by week, more and more missed and regretted.

Dr. Burney was one of the first and most earnest to hasten to the widowed lady, with the truest sympathy in her grief. His daughter, who, for some previous months,

had been wholly restored to the paternal roof,—the Thrales themselves having been fixed, for the last winter season, in Grosvenor-square,—flew, in trembling haste, the instant she could be received, to the beloved friend who was now tenderly enchaind to her heart; and at this moment was doubly endeared by misfortune; and voluntarily quitting all else, eagerly established herself at Streatham.

Dr. Johnson, who was one of Mr. Thrale's executors, immediately resumed his apartment; cordially and gratefully bestowing on the remaining hostess every minute that she could desire or require of his time and his services. And nothing could be wiser in counsel, more zealous in good offices, or kinder of intention, than the whole of his conduct in performing the duties that he deemed to devolve upon him by the will of his late friend.

But Dr. Burney, as he could only upon his stated day and hour make one in this retirement, devoted himself now almost exclusively to his

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

So many years had elapsed since the appearance of the first volume, and the murmurs of the subscribers were so general for the publication of the second, that the earnestness of the doctor to fulfil his engagement, became such as to sicken him of almost every occupation that turned him from its pursuit. Yet uninterrupted attention grew more than ever difficult; for as his leisure, through the double claims of his profession and his work, diminished, his celebrity increased; and the calls upon it, as usual, from the wayward taste of public fashion for what is hard to obtain, were perpetual, were even clamorous; and he had constantly a long list of petitioning parents, awaiting a vacant hour, upon any terms that he could name, and at any part of the day.

He had always some early pupil who accepted his attendance at eight o'clock in the morning; and a strong instance has been given of its being seized upon even at seven; and, during the height of the season for fashionable London residence, his tour from house to house was scarcely ever finished sooner than eleven o'clock at night.

But so urgent grew now the spirit of his diligence for the progress of his work, that he not only declined all invitations to the hospitable boards of his friends, he even resisted the social hour of repast at his own table; and took his solitary meal in his coach, while passing from scholar to scholar; for which purpose he had sandwiches prepared in a flat tin box; and wine and water ready mixed, in a wickered pint bottle, put constantly into the pockets of his carriage.

If, at this period, Dr. Burney had been as intent and as skilful in the arrangement and the augmentation of his income, as he was industrious to procure, and assiduous to merit, its increase, he might have retired from business, its toils and its cares, while yet in the meridian of life; with a comfortable competence for its decline, and adequate portions for his daughters. With regard to his sons, it was always his intention to bestow upon them good educations, and to bring them up to honourable professions; and then to leave them to form, as he had done himself, a dynasty of their own. But, unfortunately for all parties, he had as little turn as time for that species of speculation which leads to financial prosperity; and he lived chiefly upon the principal of the sums which he amassed; and which he merely, as soon as they were received, locked up in his bureau for facility of usage; or stored largely at his banker's as an asylum of safety: while the cash which he laid out in any sort of interest, was so little, as to make his current revenue almost incredibly below what might have been expected from the remuneration of his labours; or what seemed due to his situation in the world.

But, with all his honourable toil, his philosophic privations, and his heroic self-denials,

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC,

from a continually enlarging view of its capability of improvement, did not see the light till the year 1782.

Then, however, it was received with the same favour and the same honours that had graced the entrance into public notice of its predecessor. The literary world seemed filled with its praise; the booksellers demanded ample impressions; and her majesty, Queen Charlotte, with even augmented graciousness, accepted its homage at court.

Relieved, by this publication, from a weight upon his spirits and his delicacy, which, for more than six years had burthened and disturbed them, he prudently resolved against working any longer under the self-reproachful annoyance of a promised punctuality which his position

in life disabled him from observing, by fettering himself with any further tie of time to his subscribers for the remaining volumes.

Not, however, to his daughter did the doctor recommend any similar remission of penmanship. The extraordinary favour with which her little work had been received in the world, and which may chiefly, perhaps, be attributed to the unpretending and unexpected mode in which, not skilfully, but involuntarily, it had glided into public life; being now sanctioned by the *clat* of encouragement from Dr. Johnson and from Mr. Burke, gave a zest to his paternal pleasure and hopes, that made it impossible, nay, that even led him to think it would be unfatherly, to listen to her affrighted wishes of retreat, from her fearful apprehensions of some reverse; or suffer her to shrink back to her original obscurity, from the light into which she had been surprised.

And, indeed, though he made the kindest allowance for her tremors and reluctance, he was urged so tumultuously by others, that it was hardly possible for him to be passive: and Mr. Crisp, whose voice, in whatever was submitted to his judgment, had the effect of a casting vote, called out aloud, "More! more! more!—another production!"

The wishes of two such personages were, of course, resistless; and a new mental speculation, which already, though secretly, had taken a rambling possession of her ideas, upon the evils annexed to that species of family pride, which, from generation to generation, seeks, by mortal wills, to arrest the changeable range of succession enacted by the immutable laws of death, became the basis of a composition which she denominated *Memoirs of an Heiress*.

No sooner was her consent obtained, than Dr. Burney, who had long with regret, though with pride, perceived that at Streatham she had no time that was her own, earnestly called her thence.

MR. BURKE.

The time is now come for commemorating the connection which, next alone to that of Dr. Johnson, stands highest in the literary honours of Dr. Burney, namely, that which he formed with Edmund Burke.

Their first meetings had been merely accidental and public, and wholly unaccompanied by any private intimacy or intercourse; though, from the time that the author of *Evelina* had been discovered, there had passed between them, on such occasional junctions, what Dr. Burney playfully called an *amiable coquetry* of smiles, and other symbols, that showed each to be thinking of the same thing: for Mr. Burke, with that generous energy which, when he escaped the feuds of party, was the distinction of his character, and made the charm of his oratory, had blazed around his approbation of that happy little work, from the moment that it had fallen, incidentally, into his hands; and when he heard that the author, from her acquaintance with the lovely and accomplished neices of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was a visiter at the house of that English Raphael, he flatteringly desired of the knight an appointed interview.

But from that, though enchanted as much as astonished at such a proposal from Mr. Burke, she fearfully, and with conscious insufficiency, hung back; hoping to owe to chance a less ostentatious meeting.

Various parties, during two or three years, had been planned, but proved abortive; when in June, 1782, Sir Joshua Reynolds invited Dr. Burney and the memorialist to a dinner upon Richmond Hill, to meet the Bishop of St. Asaph, Miss Shipley, and some others.

This was gladly accepted by the doctor; who now, upon his new system, was writing more at his ease; and by his daughter, who was still detained from Streatham, as her second work, though finished, was yet in the press.

Sir Joshua, and his eldest neices, accompanied by Lord Cork, called for them in St. Martin's street; and the drive was as lively, from the discourse within the carriage, as it was pleasant from the views without.

Here the editor, as no traits of Mr. Burke in conversation can be wholly uninteresting to an English reader, will venture to copy an account of this meeting, which was written while it was yet new, and consequently warm in her memory, as an offering to her second father,

SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ. CHESTINGTON.

"My dear Mr. Crisp—At the Knight of Plympton's house, on Richmond Hill, next to the Star and Garter, we were met by the Bishop of St. Asaph, who stands as high in general esteem for agreeability as for worth and learning; and by his accomplished and spirited daughter,

Miss Shipley. My father was already acquainted with both; and to both I was introduced by Miss Palmer.

"No other company was mentioned; but some smiling whispers passed between Sir Joshua, Miss Palmer, and my father, that awakened in me a notion that the party was not yet complete; and with that notion an idea that Mr. Burke might be the awaited chief of the assemblage; for as they knew I had long had as much eagerness to see Mr. Burke as I had fears of meeting his expectations, I thought they might forbear naming him to save me a fit of fright.

"Sir Joshua who, though full of kindness, dearly loves a little innocent malice, drew me soon afterwards to a window, to look at the beautiful prospect below; the soft meandering of the Thames, and the brightly picturesque situation of the elegant white house which Horace Walpole had made the habitation of Lady Diana Beauclerk and her fair progeny; in order to gather, as he afterwards laughingly acknowledged, my sentiments of the view, that he might compare them with those of Mr. Burke on the same scene! However, I escaped, luckily, falling, through ignorance, into such a competition, by the entrance of a large, though unannounced party, in a mass. For as this was only a visit of a day, there were very few servants; and those few, I suppose, were preparing the dinner apartment; for this group appeared to have found its own way up to the drawing room, with an easiness as well suited to its humour, by the gay air of its approach, as to that of Sir Joshua; who holds ceremony almost in horror, and who received them without any form or apology.

"He quitted me, however, to go forward, and greet with distinction a lady who was in the set. They were all familiarly recognised by the Bishop and Miss Shipley, as well as by Miss Palmer; and some of them by my father, whose own face wore an expression of pleasure, that helped to fix a conjecture in my mind that one amongst them, whom I peculiarly signalled, tall, and of fine deportment, with an air of courtesy and command, might be Edmund Burke.

"Excited as I felt by this idea, I continued at my picturesque window, as all the company were strangers to me, till Miss Palmer gave her hand to the tall, suspected, but unknown personage, saying in a half whisper, 'Have I kept my promise at last?' and then, but in a lower tone still, and pointing to the window, she pronounced 'Miss Burney.'

As this seemed intended for private information, previously to an introduction, be the person whom he might, though accidentally it was overheard, I instantly bent my head out of the window, as if not attending to them: yet I caught, unavoidably, the answer, which was uttered in a voice the most emphatic, though low, 'Why did you tell me it was Miss Burney? Did you think I should not have known it?'

An awkward feeling, now, from having still no certainty of my surmise, or of what it might produce, made me seize a spy glass, and set about re-examining the prospect; till a pat on the arm, soon after, by Miss Palmer, turned me round to the company, just as the still unknown, to my great regret, was going out of the room with a footman, who seemed to call him away upon some sudden summons of business. But my father, who was at Miss Palmer's elbow, said, 'Fanny—Mr. Gibbon!'

"This, too, was a great name; but of how different a figure and presentation! Fat and ill-constructed, Mr. Gibbon has cheeks of such prodigious chubbiness, that they envelope his nose so completely, as to render it, in profile, absolutely invisible. His look and manner are placidly mild, but rather effeminate; his voice,—for he was speaking to Sir Joshua at a little distance,—is gentle, but of studied precision of accent. Yet, with these Brobdignagian cheeks, his neat little feet are of a miniature description; and with these, as soon as I turned round, he hastily described a quaint sort of circle, with small quick steps, and a dapper gait, as if to mark the alacrity of his approach, and then, stopping short when full face to me, he made so singularly profound a bow, that—though hardly able to keep my gravity—I felt myself blush deeply at its undue, but palpably intended obsequiousness.

This demonstration, however, ever, his sense of politeness, or project of flattery, was satisfied: for he spoke not a word, though his gallant advance seemed to indicate a design of bestowing upon me a little rhetorical touch of a compliment. But, as all eyes in the room were suddenly cast upon us both, it is possible he par-took a little himself of the embarrassment he could not but see that he occasioned; and was therefore unwilling,

or unprepared, to hold forth so publicly upon—he scarcely, perhaps, knew what!—for, unless my partial Sir Joshua should just then have poured it into his ears, how little is it likely Mr. Gibbon should have heard of *Evelina*!

But at this moment, to my great relief, the unknown again appeared; and with a spirit, an air, a deportment that seemed to spread around him the glow of pleasure with which he himself was visibly exhilarated. But speech was there none; for dinner, which I suppose had awaited him, was at the same instant proclaimed; and all the company, in a mixed, quite irregular, and even confused manner, descended, *sans cérémonie*, to the eating parlour.

The unknown, however, catching the arm and the trumpet of Sir Joshua, as they were coming down stairs, murmured something, in a rather reproachful tone, in the knight's ear; to which Sir Joshua made no audible answer. But when he had placed himself at his table, he called out smilingly, "Come, Miss Burney!—will you take a seat next mine?"—adding, as if to reward my very alert compliance, "and then—Mr. Burke shall sit on your other side."

"O no, indeed!" cried the sprightly Miss Shipley, who was also next to Sir Joshua, "I shan't agree to that! Mr. Burke must sit next me! I won't consent to part with him. So pray come, and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke."

Mr. Burke—for Mr. Burke, Edmund Burke it was!—emiled, and obeyed.

"I only proposed it to make my peace with Mr. Burke," said Sir Joshua, passively, "by giving him that place; for he has been scolding me all the way down stairs for not having introduced him to Miss Burney; however I must do it now—Mr. Burke!—Miss Burney!"

We both half rose, to reciprocate a little salutation; and Mr. Burke said: "I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity,—which, however, did not here deceive me!"

Delightedly as my dear father, who had never before seen Mr. Burke in private society, enjoyed this encounter, I, my dear Mr. Crisp, had a delight in it that transcended all comparison. No expectation that I had formed of Mr. Burke, either from his works, his speeches, his character, or his fame, had anticipated to me such a man as I now met. He appeared, perhaps, at this moment, to the highest possible advantage in health, vivacity, and spirits. Removed from the importunate aggravations of party contentions, that, at times, by inflaming his passions, seem, momentarily at least, to disorder his character, he was lulled into gentleness by the grateful feelings of prosperity; exhilarated, but not intoxicated, by sudden success; and just risen, after toiling years of failures, disappointments, fire, and fury, to peace, affluence, and honours; which were brightly smiling on the zenith of his powers. He looked, indeed, as if he had no wish but to diffuse philanthropy, pleasure, and genial gaiety all around.

His figure, when he is not negligent in his carriage, is noble; his air, commanding; his address, graceful; his voice clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language, copious, eloquent, and changeably impressive; his manners are attractive; his conversation is past all praise!

You will call me mad, I know;—but if I wait till I see another Mr. Burke for such another fit of ecstasy—I may be long enough in my very sober good senses!

Sir Joshua next made Mrs. Burke greet the new comer into this select circle; which she did with marked distinction. She appears to be pleasing and sensible, but silent and reserved.

Sir Joshua then went through the same introductory etiquette with Mr. Richard Burke, the brother; Mr. William Burke, the cousin; and young Burke, the son of THE Burke. They all, in different ways, seem lively and agreeable; but at miles, and myriads of miles, from the towering chief.

How proud should I be to give you a sample of the conversation of Mr. Burke! But the subjects were, in general, so fleeting, his ideas so full of variety, of gaiety, and of matter; and he darted from one of them to another with such rapidity, that the manner, the eye, the air with which all was pronounced, ought to be separately delineated to do any justice to the effect that every sentence, nay, that every word produced upon his admiring hearers and beholders.

Mad again, says my Mr. Crisp; stark, staring mad!

Well, all the better; for "there's a pleasure in being mad," as I have heard you quote from Nat Lee, or

some other old play-wright, "that none but madmen know."

I must not, however, fail to particularise one point of his discourse, because 'tis upon your own favourite hobby, politics; and my father very much admired its candour and frankness.

In speaking of the great lord Chatham while he was yet Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke confessed his lordship to have been the only person whom he, Mr. Burke, did not name in parliament without caution. But Lord Chatham, he said, had obtained so preponderating a height of public favour, that though, occasionally, he could not concur in its enthusiasm, he would not attempt to oppose its cry. He then, however, positively, nay solemnly, protested, that this was the only subject upon which he did not talk with exactly the same openness and sincerity in the house as at the table.

He bestowed the most liberal praise upon Lord Chatham's second son, the now young William Pitt, with whom he is acting; and who had not only, he said, the most truly extraordinary talents, but who appeared to be immediately gifted by nature with the judgment which others acquire by experience.

"Though judgment," he presently added, "is not so rare in youth as is generally supposed. I have commonly observed, that those who do not possess it early are apt to miss it late."

But the subject on which he most enlarged, and most brightened, was Cardinal Ximenes, which was brought forward, accidentally, by Miss Shipley.

That young lady, with the pleasure of youthful exaltation in a literary honour, proclaimed that she had just received a letter from the famous Doctor Franklin.

Mr. Burke, then, to Miss Shipley's great delight, burst forth into an eulogy of the abilities and character of Dr. Franklin, which he mingled with a history the most striking, yet simple, of his life; and a veneration the most profound for his eminence in science, and his liberal sentiments and skill in politics.

This led him, imperceptibly, to a dissertation upon the beauty, but rarity, of great minds sustaining great powers to great old age; illustrating his remarks by historical proofs, and biographical anecdotes of antique worthies;—till he came to Cardinal Ximenes, who lived to his ninetieth year. And here he made a pause. He could go, he said, no further. Perfection rested there!

His pause, however, producing only a general silence, that indicated no wish of speech but from himself, he suddenly burst forth again into an oration so glowing, so flowing, so noble, so divinely eloquent, upon the life, conduct, and endowments of this cardinal, that I felt as if I had never before known what it was to listen! I saw Mr. Burke, and Mr. Burke only! Nothing, no one else was visible any more than audible. I seemed suddenly organised into a new intellectual existence, that was wholly engrossed by one single use of the senses of seeing and hearing, to the total exclusion of every object but of the figure of Mr. Burke; and of every sound but that of his voice. All else—my dear father alone excepted—appeared but amalgamations of the chairs on which they were seated; and seemed placed round the table merely as furniture.

I cannot pretend to write you such a speech—but such sentences as I can recollect with exactitude, I cannot let pass.

The cardinal, he said, gave counsel and admonition to princes and sovereigns with the calm courage and dauntless authority with which he might have given them to his own children; yet, to such noble courage, he joined a humility still more magnanimous, in never dearing to disprove, or to disguise his own lowly origin; but confessing, at times, with openness and simplicity, his surprise at the height of the mountain to which from so deep a valley he had ascended. And, in the midst of all his greatness, he personally visited the village in which he was born, where he touchingly recognised what remained of his kith and kin.

Next, he descended upon the erudition of this exemplary prelate; his scarce collection of bibles; his unequalled mass of rare manuscripts; his charitable institutions; his learned seminaries; and his stupendous university at Alcala. "Yet so untiring," he continued, "was his scholastic lore with the bigotry of the times; and so untainted with its despotism, that, even in its most forcible acts for securing the press from licentiousness, he had the enlargement of mind to permit the merely ignorant, or merely needy instruments of its abuse, when detected in promulgating profane works, from being involved in their destruction; for though, on such occasions, he ceased the culprit's shops, or ware-

houses, to be strictly searched, he let previous notice of his orders be given to the owners, who then privily executed judgment themselves upon the peccant property; while they preserved what was sane, as well as their personal liberty; but—if the misdeemeanour were committed a second time, he manfully left the offenders unaided and unpitied to its forfeiture.

"To a vigour," Mr. Burke went on, "that seemed never to calculate upon danger, he joined a prudence that seemed never to run a risk. Though often the object of aspersions—as who, conspicuous in the political world, is not?—he always refused to prosecute; he would not even answer his calumniators. He held that all classes had a right to stand for something in public life! 'We,' he said, 'who are at the head, act;—in God's name let those who are at the other end, talk! If we are wrong, 'tis our duty to hearken, and to mend! If we are right, we may be content enough with our superiority, to teach unprovoked malice its impotence, by leaving it to its own fester.'

"So elevated, indeed," Mr. Burke continued, "was his disdain of detraction, that instead of suffering it to blight his tranquillity, he taught it to become the spur to his virtues!"

Mr. Burke again paused; paused as if overcome by the warmth of his own emotion of admiration; and presently he gravely protested, that the multifarious perfections of Cardinal Ximenes were beyond human delineation.

Soon, however, afterwards, as if fearing he had become too serious, he rose to help himself to some distant fruit, for all this had passed during the dessert; and then while standing in the noblest attitude, and with a sudden smile full of radiant ideas, he vivaciously exclaimed, "No imagination—not even the imagination of Miss Burney!—could have invented a character so extraordinary as that of Cardinal Ximenes; no pen—not even the pen of Miss Burney!—could have described it adequately!"

Think of me, my dear Mr. Crisp, at a climax so unexpected! my eyes, at the moment, being openly riveted upon him; my head bent forward with excess of eagerness; my attention exclusively his own!—but now, by this sudden turn, I myself became the universally absorbing object! for instantaneously, I felt every eye upon my face; and my cheeks tingled as if they were the heated focus of stares that almost burnt them alive!

And yet, you will laugh when I tell you, that though thus struck I had not time to be disconcerted. The whole was momentary; 'twas like a flash of lightning in the evening, which makes every object of a dazzling brightness for a quarter of an instant, and then leaves all again to twilight obscurity.

Mr. Burke, by his delicacy, as much as by his kindness, reminding me of my opening encouragement from Dr. Johnson, looked now every where rather than at me; as if he had made the allusion by mere chance; and flew from it with a velocity that quickly drew back again to himself the eyes which he had transitorily employed to see how his superb compliment was taken: though not before I had caught from my kind Sir Joshua, a look of congratulatory sportiveness, conveyed by a comic nod.

My dear Mr. Crisp will be the last to want to be told that I received this speech as the mere effervescence of chivalrous gallantry in Mr. Burke;—yet, to be its object, even in pleasantry,—O, my dear Mr. Crisp, how could I have foreseen such a distinction? My dear father's eyes glistened—I wish you could have had a glimpse of him!

"There has been," Mr. Burke then, smilingly, resumed, "an age for all excellence; we have had an age for statesmen; an age for heroes; an age for poets; an age for artists;—but this," bowing down with an air of obsequious gallantry, his head almost upon the table cloth, "This is the age for women!"

"A very happy modern improvement!" cried Sir Joshua, laughing; "don't you think so, Miss Burney?—but that's not a fair question to put to you; so we won't make a point of your answering it. However," continued the dear natural knight, "what Mr. Burke says is very true, now. The women begin to make a figure in every thing. Though I remember, when I first came into the world, it was thought but a poor compliment to say a person did a thing like a lady!"

"Ay, Sir Joshua," cried my father, "but, like Moliere's physician, *nous avons changé tout cela*!"

"Very true, Dr. Burney," replied the knight; "but I remember the time—and so, I dare say, do you—when it was thought a slight, if not a sneer, to speak any

thing of a lady's performance: it was only in mockery to talk of painting like a lady; singing like a lady; playing like a lady—"

"But now," interrupted Mr. Burke, warmly, "to talk of writing like a lady, is the greatest compliment that need be wished for by a man!"

Would you believe it, my daddy—every body now, himself and my father excepted, turned about, Sir Joshua leading the way—to make a little playful bow to...can you ever guess to whom?

Mr. Burke, then, archly shrugging his shoulders, added, "What is left now, exclusively, for US; and what we are to devise in our defence, I know not! We seem to have nothing for it but assuming a sovereign contempt! for the next most dignified thing to possessing merit, is an heroic barbarism in despising it!"

I can recollect nothing else—so adieu!

One word, however, more, by way of my last speech and confession on this subject. Should you demand, now that I have seen, in their own social circles, the two first men of letters of our day, how, in one word, I should discriminate them; I answer, that I think Dr. Johnson the first discourses, and Mr. Burke the first converser, of the British empire.

MR. GIBBON.

It may seem strange, in giving an account of this meeting, not to have recited even one speech from so celebrated an author as Mr. Gibbon. But not one is recollected. His countenance looked always serene; yet he did not appear to be at his ease. His name and future fame seemed to be more in his thoughts than the present society, or than any present enjoyment: and the exalted spirits of Mr. Burke, at this period, might rather alarm than allure a man whose sole care in existence seemed that of paying his court to posterity; and induce him, therefore, to evade coming into collision with so dauntless a compeer; from the sage apprehension of making a less splendid figure, at this moment, as a colloquial competitor, than he had reason to expect making, hereafter, as a Roman historian.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, gave, sportively, and with much self-amusement, another turn to his silence; for after significantly, in a whisper, asking the memorialist, whether she had remarked the taciturnity of Mr. Gibbon?—he laughingly demanded also, whether she had discovered its cause?

"No," she answered; "nor guessed it."

"Why, he's terribly afraid you'll snatch at him for a character in your next book!"

It may easily be imagined that the few words, but highly distinguishing manner in which Mr. Burke had so courteously marked his kindness towards *Evelina*; or, *A Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, awakened in the mind of Dr. Burney no small impatience to develop what might be his opinion of *Cecilia*; or, *The Memoirs of an Heiress*, just then on the eve of publication.

And not long was his parental anxiety kept in suspense. That generous orator had no sooner given an eager perusal to the work, than he condescended to write a letter of the most indulgent, nay eloquent approbation to its highly honoured author; for whom he vivaciously displayed a flattering partiality, to which he invariably adhered through every change, either in his own affairs, or in hers, to the end of his life.

All the manuscript memorandums that remain of the year 1782, in the hand-writing of Dr. Burney, are teeming with kind exultation at the progress of this second publication; though the anecdote that most amused him, and that he wrote triumphantly to the author, was one that had been recounted to him personally at Buxton, whence the then Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, went on a visit to Lord Gower, at Trentham; where, on being conducted to a splendid library, he took a volume of *Cecilia* out of his pocket, exclaiming, "What signify all your fine and flourishing works here? See I have brought you a little book that's worth them all!" and he threw it upon the table, open, comically, at the passage where Hobson talks of "my Lord High Chancellor, and the like of that."

From the time of the Richmond Hill assemblage, the acquaintance of Dr. Burney with Mr. Burke ripened into a regard that was soon mellowed into true and genial friendship, such as well suited the primitive characters, however it might clash, occasionally, with the current politics, of both.

Influenced by such a chief, the whole of the family of Mr. Burke followed his example; and the son, brother, and cousin, always joined the doctor and his daughter upon every accidental opportunity: while Mrs. Burke called in St. Martins street to fix the acquaintance, by a pressing invitation to both father and daughter, to pass a week at Beaconsfield.

Not to have done this at so favourable a juncture in the spirits, the powers, and the happiness of Mr. Burke, always rested on both their minds with considerable regret; and on one of them it rests still! for an hour with Mr. Burke, in that bright halcyon season of his glory, concentrated in matter, and embellished in manner, as much wit, wisdom, and information, as might have demanded weeks, months,—perhaps more—to elicit from any other person:—and even, perhaps, at any other period, from himself:—Dr. Johnson always excepted.

But the engagements of Dr. Burney tied him to the capital; and no suspicion occurred that the same resplendent sunshine which then illuminated the fortune, the faculties, and the character of Mr. Burke, would not equally vivify a future invitation. Not one foreboding cloud lowered in the air with misty menace of the deadly tempests, public and domestic, that were hurling over the head of that exalted but passion-awakened orator; though such were so soon to darken the refulgence, now so vivid, of his felicity and his fame; the public, by warping his judgment—the domestic, by breaking his heart!

MRS. THRALE.

Dr. Burney, when the Cecilian business was arranged, again conveyed the memorialist to Streatham. No further reluctance on his part, nor exhortations on that of Mr. Crisp, sought to withdraw her from that spot, where, while it was in its glory, they had so recently, and with pride, seen her distinguished. And truly eager was her own haste, when mistress of her time, to try once more to soothe those sorrows and chagrins in which she had most largely participated, by answering to the call, which had never ceased tenderly to pursue her, of return.

With alacrity, therefore, though not with gaiety, they re-entered the Streatham gates—but they soon perceived that they found not what they had left!

Changed, indeed, was Streatham! Gone its chief, and changed his relict!—unaccountably, incomprehensibly, indefinitely changed! She was absent and agitated; not two minutes could she remain in a place; she scarcely seemed to know whom she saw; her speech was so hurried it was hardly intelligible; her eyes were assiduously averted from those who sought them; and her smiles were faint and forced.

The doctor, who had no opportunity to communicate his remarks, went back, as usual, to town; where soon also, with his tendency, as usual, to view every thing cheerfully, he revolved in his mind the new cares and avocations by which Mrs. Thrale was perplexed; and persuaded himself that the alteration which had struck him, was simply the effect of her new position.

Too near, however, were the observations of the memorialist for so easy a solution. The change in her friend was equally dark and melancholy; yet not personal to the memorialist was any alteration. No affection there was lessened; no kindness cooled; on the contrary, Mrs. Thrale was more fervent in both; more touchingly tender; and softened in disposition beyond all expression, all description; but in every thing else,—in health, spirits, comfort, general looks, and manner, the change was at once universal and deplorable. All was misery and mystery: misery the most restless; mystery the most unfathomable.

The mystery, however, soon ceased; the solicitations of the most affectionate sympathy could not long be urged in vain;—the mystery passed away—not so the misery! That, when revealed, was but to both parties doubled, from the different feelings set in movement by its disclosure.

The astonishing history of the enigmatical attachment which impelled Mrs. Thrale to her second marriage, is now as well known as her name: but its details belong not to the history of Dr. Burney; though the fact too deeply interested him, and was too intimately felt in his social habits, to be passed over in silence in any memoirs of his life.

But while ignorant yet of its cause, more and more struck he became at every meeting, by a species of general alienation which pervaded all around at Streatham. His visits, which, heretofore, had seemed gaiety to Mrs. Thrale, were now begun and ended almost without no-

tice: and all others,—Dr. Johnson not excepted,—were cast into the same gulf of general neglect, or forgetfulness—all,—save singly this memorialist!—to whom, the fatal secret once acknowledged, Mrs. Thrale clung for comfort; though she saw, and generously pardoned, how wide she was from meeting approbation.

In this retired, though far from tranquil manner, passed many months; during which, with the acquiescent consent of the doctor, his daughter, wholly devoted to her unhappy friend, remained uninterruptedly at and altered Streatham; sedulously avoiding, what at other times she most wished, a *tele a tele* with her father. Bound by ties indissoluble of honour not to betray a trust that, in the ignorance of her pity, she had herself unwittingly sought, even to him she was as immutably silent on this subject as to all others,—save, singly, to the eldest daughter of the house; whose conduct, through scenes of dreadful difficulty, notwithstanding her extreme youth, was even exemplary; and to whom the self-beguiled, yet generous mother, gave full and free permission to confide every thought and feeling to the memorialist.

And here let a tribute of friendship be offered up to the shrine of remembrance, due from a thousand ineffably tender recollections. Not wildly, and with male and headstrong passions, as has currently been asserted, was this connection brought to bear on the part of Mrs. Thrale. It was struggled against at times with even agonising energy, and with efforts so vehement, as nearly to destroy the poor machine they were exerted to save. But the subtle poison had glided into her veins so unsuspectingly, and, at first, so unopposedly, that the whole fabric was infected with its venom; which seemed to become a part, never to be dislodged, of its system.

It was, indeed, the positive opinion of her physician and friend, Sir Lucas Pepys, that so excited were her feelings, and so shattered, by their early indulgence, was her frame, that the crisis which might be produced through the medium of decided resistance, offered no other alternative but death or madness!

Various incidental circumstances began, at length, to open the reluctant eyes of Dr. Burney to an impedit, though clouded foresight, of the portentous event which might latently be the cause of the alteration of all around at Streatham. He then naturally wished for some explanation with his daughter, though he never formal, or even claimed her confidence; well knowing that what he gave it him had been her earliest delight.

But in taking her home with him one morning, to pass a day in St. Martin's street, he almost involuntarily in driving from the paddock, turned back his head towards the house, and, in a tone the most impressively sighed out: "Adieu, Streatham, adieu!"

His daughter perceived his eyes were glistening, though he presently dropt them, and bowed down his head, as if not to distress her by any look of examination; and said no more.

Her tears, which had long been with difficulty restrained from overflowing in his presence, through grief at the unhappiness, and even more at what she thought the infatuation of her friend, now burst forth, in emotions that surprised away forbearance.

Dr. Burney sat silent and quiet, to give her time for recollection; though fully expecting a trusting communication.

She gave, however, none: his commands alone have forced a disclosure; but he soon felt convinced of her taciturnity, that she must have been bound to concealment. He pitied, therefore, but respected her secrecy, and, clearing his brow, finished the little journey in conversing upon their own affairs.

This delicacy of kindness, which the memorialist cannot recollect and not record, filled her with ever lasting gratitude.

DR. JOHNSON.

A few weeks earlier, the memorialist had passed a nearly similar scene with Dr. Johnson. Not, however, she believes, from the same formidable species of misery; but from the wounds inflicted on his injured sensibility, through the palpably altered looks, tone, and deportment, of the bewildered lady of the mansion; who, cruelly aware what would be his wrath, and how overwhelming his reproaches against her projected union, wished to break up their residing under the same roof before it should be proclaimed.

This gave to her whole behaviour towards Dr. Johnson, a sort of restless petulance, of which she was sometimes hardly conscious; at others, nearly reckless; but

which hurt him far more than she purposed, though short of the point at which she aimed, of precipitating a change of dwelling that would elude its being cast, either by himself or the world, upon a passion that her understanding blushed to own; even while she was sacrificing to it all of inborn dignity that she had been bred to hold most sacred.

Dr. Johnson, while still uninformed of an entanglement it was impossible he should conjecture, attributed her varying humours to the effect of wayward health meeting a sort of sudden wayward power; and imagined that caprices, which he judged to be partly feminine, and partly wealthy, would soberise themselves away in being unnoticed. He adhered, therefore, to what he thought his post, in being the ostensible guardian protector of the relict and progeny of the late chief of the house; taking no open or visible notice of the alteration in the successor—save only at times, and when they were *tête à tête*, to this memorialist; to whom he frequently murmured portentous observations on the woeful, nay, alarming deterioration in health and disposition of her whom, so lately, he had signalled as the gay mistress of Streatham.

But at length, as she became more and more dissatisfied with her own situation, and impatient for its relief, she grew less and less scrupulous with regard to her celebrated guest: she alighted his counsel; did not heed his remonstrances; avoided his society; was ready at a moment's hint to lend him her carriage when he wished to return to Bolt Court; but awaited a formal request to accord it for bringing him back.

The doctor then began to be stung; his own aspect became altered; and depression, with indignant uneasiness, sat upon his venerable front.

It was at this moment that, finding the memorialist was going one morning to St. Martin's street, he desired a cast thither in the carriage, and then to be set down at Bolt Court.

Aware of his disturbance, and far too well aware how short it was of what it would become when the cause of all that passed should be detected, it was in trembling that the memorialist accompanied him to the coach, filled with dread of offending him by any reserve, should he force upon her any enquiry; and yet impressed with the utter impossibility of betraying a trusted secret.

His look was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle; but when his eye, which, however short sighted, was quick to mental perception, saw how ill at ease appeared his companion, all sternness subsided into an undisguised expression of the strongest emotion, that seemed to claim her sympathy, though to revolt from her compassion; while, with a shaking hand, and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving; and, when they faced it from the coach window, as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaiming: "That house . . . is lost to me—for ever!"

During a moment he then fixed upon her an interrogative eye, that impetuously demanded: "Do you not perceive the change I am experiencing?"

A sorrowing sigh was her only answer.

Pride and delicacy then united to make him leave her to her taciturnity.

He was too deeply, however, disturbed to start or to bear any other subject; and neither of them uttered a single word till the coach stopped in St. Martin's street, and the house and the carriage door were opened for their separation! He then suddenly and expressively looked at her, abruptly grasped her hand, and, with an air of affection, though in a low, husky voice, murmured rather than said: "Good morning, dear lady!" but turned his head quickly away, to avoid any species of answer.

She was deeply touched by so gentle an acquiescence in her declining the confidential discourse upon which he had indubitably meant to open, relative to this mysterious alienation. But she had the comfort to be satisfied, that he saw and believed in her sincere participation in his feelings; while he allowed for the grateful attachment that bound her to a friend so loved; who, to her at least, still manifested a fervour of regard that resisted all change; alike from this new partiality, and from the undisguised, and even strenuous opposition of the memorialist to its indulgence.

The "Adieu, Streatham!" that had been uttered figuratively by Dr. Burney, without any knowledge of its nearness to reality, was now fast approaching to becoming a mere matter of fact; for, to the almost equal grief, however far from equal loss, of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Burney, Streatham, a short time afterwards, though

not publicly relinquished, was quitted by Mrs. Thrale and her family.

Both friends rejoiced, however, that the library and the pictures, at least, on this first breaking up, fell into the hands of so able an appreciator of literature and painting, as the Earl of Shelburne.

Mrs. Thrale removed first to Brighton, and next repaired to pass a winter in Argyll street, previous to fixing her ultimate proceedings.

GENERAL PAOLI.

The last little narration that was written to Mr. Crisp of any party at Streatham, as it contains a description of the celebrated Corsican general, Paoli, with whom Dr. Burney had there been invited to dine, and whom Mr. Crisp, also, had been pressed, though unavailingly, to meet; will here be copied, in the hope that the reader, like Dr. Burney, will learn with pleasure General Paoli's own history of his opening intercourse with Mr. Boswell.

TO SAMUEL CRISP, ESQ., CITIESINGTON.

How sorry am I, my dear Mr. Crisp, that you could not come to Streatham at the time Mrs. Thrale hoped to see you! for when are we likely to meet at Streatham again? And you would have been much pleased, I am sure, with the famous Corsican general, Paoli, who spent the day there, and was extremely communicative and agreeable.

He is a very pleasing man; tall and genteel in his person, remarkably attentive, obliging and polite; and as soft and mild in his speech, as if he came from feeding sheep in Corsica, like a shepherd; rather than as if he had left the warlike field where he had led his armies to battle.

I will give you a little specimen of his language and discourse, as they are now fresh in my ears.

When Mrs. Thrale named me, he started back, though smilingly, and said: "I am very glad enough to see you in the face, Miss Evelina, which I have wished for long enough. O charming book! I give it you my word I have read it often enough. It is my favorite studies for apprehending the English language; which is difficult often. I pray you, Miss Evelina, write some more little volumes of the quickest."

I disclaimed the name, and was walking away; but he followed me with an apology. "I pray your pardon, mademoiselle. My ideas got in a blunder often. It is Miss Borni what name I meant to accentuate, I pray your pardon, Miss Evelina. I make very much error in my English many times enough."

My father then led him to speak of Mr. Boswell, by inquiring into the commencement of their connection.

"He came," answered the general, "to my country sudden, and he fetched me some letters of recommending him. But I was of the belief he might, in the verity, be no other person but one impostor. And I supposed, in my mente, he was in the privacy one spy; for I look away from him to my other companies, and, in one moment, when I look back to him, I behold it in his hands his tablet, and one pencil! O, he was at the work, I give it you my honour, of writing down all what I say to some persons whatsoever in the room! Indeed I was angry enough. Pretty much so, I give it you my word. But soon after, I discern he was no impostor, and besides, no spy; for soon I find it out I was myself only the monster he came to observe, and to describe with one pencil in his tablet! O, is a very good man, Mr. Boswell, in the bottom! so cheerful, so witty, so gentle, so talkable. But, at the first, O, I was indeed *faché* of the sufficient. I was in one passion, in my mente, very well."

All this comic English he pronounces in a manner the most comically pompous. Nevertheless, my father thinks he will soon speak better, and that he seems less to want language than patience to assert it; hurrying on impetuously, and any how, rather than stopping for recollection.

This is the last visit remembered, or, at least narrated, of Streatham.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Streatham thus gone, though the intercourse with Mrs. Thrale, who now resided in Argyll-street, London, was as fondly, if not as happily, sustained as ever, Dr. Burney had again his first amanuensis and librarian wholly under his roof, and the pleasure of his parental feelings doubled those of his renown; for the new author was included, with the most flattering distinction, in almost every invitation that he received, or acquaintance that he made, where a female presided in the society

Never was practical proof more conspicuous of the power of surmounting every difficulty that rises against our progress to an appointed end, when inclination and business take each other by the hand in its pursuit, than was now evinced by the conduct and success of Dr. Burney in his musical enterprise.

He vigilantly visited both the universities, leaving nothing uninvestigated that assiduity or address could ferret out to his purpose.

The British Museum Library he ransacked, pen in hand, repeatedly: that of Sir Joseph Banks was as open to him as his own: Mr. Garrick conducted him, by appointment, to that of the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne; which was personally shown to him, with distinguished consideration, by that literary nobleman. To name every other to which he had access would be prolixity; but to omit that of his majesty, George the Third, would be insensibility. Dr. Burney was permitted to make a full examination of its noble contents; and to take thence whatever extracts he thought conducive to his design, by his majesty's own gracious orders, delivered through the then librarian, Mr. Barnard.

But for bringing these accumulating materials into play, time still, with all the vigilance of his grasp upon its fragments, was wanting; and to counteract the relentless calls of his professional business, he was forced to superadd an unsparing requisition upon his sleep—the only creditor that he never paid.

SAM'S CLUB.

Immediately after vacating Streatham, Dr. Burney was called upon, by his great and good friend of Bolt-court, to become a member of a club which he was then instituting for the emolument of Samuel, a footman of the late Mr. Thrale. This man, who was no longer wanted for the broken establishment of Streatham, had saved sufficient money for setting up a humble species of hotel, to which this club would be a manifest advantage. It was called, from the name of the honest domestic whom Dr. Johnson wished to serve Sam's Club. It was held in Essex-street, in the Strand. Its rules, &c. are printed by Mr. Boswell.

To enumerate all the coteries to which the doctor, with his new associate, now resorted, would be uninteresting, for almost all are passed away! and nearly all are forgotten; though there was scarcely a name in their several sets that did not, at that time, carry some weight of public opinion. Such of them, nevertheless, that have left lasting memorials of their character, their wit, or their abilities, may not unacceptably be selected for some passing observation.

BAS BLEU SOCIETIES.

To begin with what still is famous in the annals of conversation, the *Bas Bleu* Societies.

The first of these was then in the meridian of its lustre, but had been instituted many years previously at Bath. It owed its name to an apology made by Mr. Stillingfleet, in declining to accept an invitation to a literary meeting at Mrs. Vesey's, from not being, he said, in the habit of displaying a proper equipment for an evening assembly. "Pho, pho," cried she, with her well-known, yet always original simplicity, while she looked, inquisitively at him and his accoutrements: "don't mind dress! Come in your blue stockings!" With which words, humorously repeating them as he entered the apartment of the chosen coterie, Mr. Stillingfleet claimed permission for appearing, according to order. And those words, ever after, were fixed, in playful stigma, upon Mrs. Vesey's associations.*

This original coterie was still headed by Mrs. Vesey, though it was transferred from Bath to London. Dr. Burney and this memorialist were now initiated into the midst of it. And however ridicule, in public, from those who had no taste for this bluish; or envy, in secret, from those who had no admission to it, might seek to depreciate its merit, it afforded to all lovers of intellectual entertainment a variety of amusement, an exemption from form, and a *carte blanche* certainty of good humour from the amiable and artless hostess, that rendered it as agreeable as it was singular: for Mrs. Vesey was as mirth-provoking from her oddities and mistakes, as Falstaff was wit-inspiring from his vaunting cowardice and sportive epicurism.

* Sir William Weller Pepys, when he was eighty-four years of age, told this memorialist that he was the only male member then remaining of the original set; and that Mrs. Hannah More was the only remaining female.

There was something so like the manœuvres of a character in a comedy in the manners and movements of Mrs. Vesey, that the company seemed rather to feel themselves assembled, at their own cost and pleasure, in some public apartment, to saunter or to repose; to talk or to hold their tongues; to gaze around, or to drop asleep, as best might suit their humours; than drawn together to receive and to bestow, the civilities of given and accepted invitations.

Her fears were so great of the horror, as it was styled, of a circle, from the ceremony and awe which it produced, that she pushed all the small sofas, as well as chairs, pell-mell about the apartments, so as not to leave even a zig-zag path of communication free from impediment: and her greatest delight was to place the seats back to back, so that those who occupied them could perceive no more of their nearest neighbour than if the parties had been sent into different rooms: an arrangement that could only be eluded by such a twisting of the neck as to threaten the interlocutors with a spasmodic affection.

But there was never any distress beyond risibility: and the company that was collected was so generally of a superior cast, that talents and conversation soon found—as when do they miss it?—their own level: and all these extraneous whims merely served to give zest and originality to the assemblage.

Mrs. Vesey was of a character to which it is hardly possible to find a parallel, so untrue would it be to brand it with positive folly; yet so glaringly was it marked by almost incredible simplicity.

With really lively parts, a fertile imagination, and a pleasant quickness of remark, she had the unguardedness of childhood, joined to an Hibernian bewilderment of ideas that cast her incessantly into some burlesque situation; and incited even the most partial, and even the most sensitive of her own countrymen, to relate stories, speeches, and anecdotes of her astonishing self-perplexities, her confusion about times and circumstances, and her inconceivable jumble of recollections between what had happened, or what might have happened; and what had befallen others that she imagined had befallen herself; that made her name, though it could never be pronounced without personal regard, be constantly coupled with something grotesque.

But what most contributed to render the scenes of her social circle nearly dramatic in comic effect, was her deafness; for with all the pity doubly due to that social infirmity; and all the pity due to one who still sought conversation as the first of human delights, it was impossible, with a grave face, to behold her manner of constantly marring the pleasure of which she was in pursuit.

She had commonly, two or three, or more, ear-trumpets hanging to her wrists, or slung about her neck; or tossed upon the chimney-piece or table; with intention to try them, severally and alternately, upon different speakers, as occasion might arise; and the instant that any earnestness of countenance, or animation of gesture, struck her eye, she darted forward, trumpet in hand, to enquire what was going on; but almost always arrived at the speaker at the moment that he was become, in his turn, the hearer; and eagerly held her brazen instrument to his mouth to catch sounds that were already past and gone. And, after quietly listening some minutes, she would gently utter her disappointment, by crying: "Well! I really thought you were talking of something?"

And then, though a whole group would hold it fitting to flock around her, and recount what had been said; if a smile caught her roving eye from any opposite direction, the fear of losing something more entertaining, would make her beg not to trouble them, and again rush on to the gayer talkers. But as a laugh is excited more commonly by sportive nonsense than by wit, she usually gleaned nothing from her change of place, and hastened therefore back to ask for the rest of what she had interrupted. But generally finding that set dispersing, or dispersed, she would look around her with a forlorn surprise, and cry: "I can't conceive why it is that nobody talks to-night! I can't catch a word!"

Or, if some one of peculiar note were engaging attention; if Sir William Hamilton, for example, were describing Herculaneum or Pompeii; or Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Hannah More were discussing some new author, or favourite work; or if the then still beautiful, though old, Duchess of Leinster, was encountering the beautiful and young Duchess of Devonshire; or, if Mr. Burke, having stepped in, and, marking no one with whom he wished to exchange ideas, had seized upon the first book or pamphlet he could catch, to soothe his harassed mind by reading—which he not seldom did, and most incom-

parably, a passage or two aloud; circumstances of such a sort would arouse in her so great an earnestness for participation, that she would hasten from one spot to another, in constant hope of better fare; frequently clapping, in her hurry, the broad part of the brazen ear to her temple; but after waiting, with anxious impatience, for the development she expected, but waiting in vain, she would drop her trumpet, and almost dolorously exclaim: "I hope nobody has had any bad news to-night? but as soon as I come near any body, nobody speaks!"

Yet, with all these peculiarities, Mrs. Vesey was eminently amiable, candid, gentle, and even sensible; but she had an ardour to know whatever was going forward, and to see whoever was named, that kept her curiosity constantly in a panic; and almost dangerously increased the singular wanderings of her imagination.

Here, amongst the few remaining men of letters of the preceding literary era, Dr. Burney met Horace Walpole, Owen Cambridge, and Soame Jenyns, who were commonly, then, denominated the old wits; but who rarely, indeed, were surrounded by any new ones who stood much chance of vying with them in readiness of repartee, pith of matter, terseness of expression, or pleasantry in expanding gay ideas.

MRS. MONTAGU.

Yet, while to Mrs. Vesey the *Bas Bleu* Society owed its origin and its epithet, the meetings that took place at Mrs. Montagu's were soon more popularly known by that denomination; for though they could not be more fashionable, they were far more splendid.

Mrs. Montagu had built a superb new house, which was magnificently fitted up, and appeared to be rather appropriate for princes, nobles, and courtiers, than for poets, philosophers, and blue stocking votaries. And here, in fact, rank and talents were so frequently brought together, that what the satirist uttered scoffingly, the author pronounced proudly, in setting aside the original claimant, to dub Mrs. Montagu Queen of the Blues.

This majestic title was hers, in fact, from more flattering rights than hang upon mere pre-eminence of riches or station. Her Essay on the Learning and Genius of Shakespeare; and the literary zeal which made her the voluntary champion of our immortal bard, had so national a claim to support and to praise, that her book, on its first coming out, had gained the almost general plaudits that mounted her, thenceforward, to the Paræassian heights of female British literature.

But, while the same *bas bleu* appellation was given to these two houses of rendezvous, neither that, nor even the same associates, could render them similar. Their grandeur, or their simplicity, their magnitude, or their diminutiveness, were by no means the principal cause of this difference: it was far more attributable to the lady presidents than to their abodes: for though they instilled not their characters into their visitors, their characters bore so large a share in their visitors' reception and accommodation, as to influence materially the turn of the discourse, and the humour of the parties, at their houses.

At Mrs. Montagu's, the semi-circle that faced the fire retained during the whole evening its unbroken form, with a precision that made it seem described by a Brobdingnagian compass. The lady of the castle commonly placed herself at the upper end of the room, near the commencement of the curve, so as to be courteously visible to all her guests; having the person of the highest rank, or consequence, properly, on one side, and the person the most eminent for talents, sagaciously, on the other; or as near to her chair, and her converse, as her favouring eye, and a complacent bow of the head, could invite him to that distinction.*

Her conversational powers were of a truly superior order; strong, just, clear, and often eloquent. Her process in argument, notwithstanding an earnest solicitude for pre-eminence, was uniformly polite and candid. But her reputation for wit seemed always in her thoughts, marring their natural flow, and untutored expression. No sudden start of talent urged forth any precarious opinion; no vivacious new idea varied her logical course of ratiocination. Her smile, though most generally benignant, was rarely gay; and her liveliest sallies had a something of anxiety rather than of hilarity—till their success was ascertained by applause.

Her form was stately, and her manners were dignified. Her face retained strong remains of beauty throughout life; and though its native cast was evidently that of se-

verity, its expression was softened off in discourse by an almost constant desire to please.

If beneficence be judged by the happiness which it diffuses, whose claim, by that proof, shall stand higher than that of Mrs. Montagu, from the munificence with which she celebrated her annual festival for those hapless artificers, who perform the most abject offices of any authorised calling, in being the active guardians of our blazing hearths?

Not to vain glory, then, but to kindness of heart, should be adjudged the publicity of that superb charity, which made its jetty objects, for one bright morning, cease to consider themselves as degraded outcasts from society.

Not all the lyrics of all the rhymsters, nor all the warblings of all the spring-feathered choristers, could hail the opening smiles of May, like the fragrance of that roasted beef and the pulpy softness of those puddings of plums, with which Mrs. Montagu yearly renovated those sooty little agents to the safety of our most blessing luxury.

Taken for all in all, Mrs. Montagu was rare in her attainments; splendid in her conduct; open to the calls of charity; forward to precede those of indigent genius; and unchangeably just and firm in the application of her interest, her principles, and her fortune, to the encouragement of loyalty, and the support of virtue.

In this house, amongst innumerable high personages and renowned conversers, Dr. Burney met the famous Hervey, Bishop of Derry, late Earl of Bristol; who then stood foremost in sustaining the character for wit and originality that had signalised his race, in the preceding century, by the current phrase of the day, that the world was peopled with men, women, and Herveys.

Here, also, the honourable Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford, sometimes put forth his quaint, singular, often original, generally sarcastic, and always entertaining powers.

And here the doctor met the antique General Oglethorpe, who was pointed out to him by Mr. Walpole as a man nearly in his hundredth year; an assertion that, though exaggerated, easily gained credit, from his high figure and appearance. The general was pleasingly bred, and gentle.

Horace Walpole, sportively desirous, as he was, to Dr. Burney, that the doctor's daughter should catch the humours of a man so near to counting his age by a century, insisted, one night at this house, upon forming a little group for that purpose; to which he invited Mr. and Mrs. Locke: exhibiting thus the two principal points of his own character, from which he rarely departed: a thirst of amusement from what was singular, with a taste yet more forcible for elegance from what was excellent.

At the side of General Oglethorpe, Mr. Walpole, though much past seventy, had almost the look, and quite the air of enjoyment of a man who was yet almost young; and so skeleton-like was the general's unassuming form, that, by the same species of comparison, Mrs. Walpole almost appeared, and, again, almost seemed to melt herself, if not absolutely fat, at least not despicable in *embonpoint*; though so lank was his thinness, that every other person who stood in his vicinity, might pass as accoutred and stuffed for a stage representation of a staff.

MRS. THRALL.

But—previously to the late Streatham catastrophe, blither, more bland, and more gleeful still, was the personal celebrity of Mrs. Thrall, than that of either Mrs. Montagu or Mrs. Vesey. Mrs. Vesey, indeed, regarded as diffident, dreamed not of any competition: Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Thrall had long been set up as rival candidates for colloquial eminence; and each of them thought the other alone worthy to be her peer. Openly, therefore, when they met, they contended for precedence of admiration; with placid, though high-strained intellectual exertion on one side, and an embittered pleasantry of classical allusion or quotation on the other, without the smallest malice in either: for so different were their tastes as well as attributes, that neither of them envied, while each did justice to the powers of her opponent.

The blue parties at Mrs. Thrall's, though neither marked with as much splendour as those of Mrs. Montagu, nor with so curious a selection of distinguished individuals as those of Mrs. Vesey, were yet held on equal height with either in general estimation, as Dr. Johnson, "himself a host," was usually at Mrs. Thrall's or was always, by her company, expected: and so she herself possessed powers of entertainment more vivifying in gaiety than any of her competitors.

* This only treats of the Blue Meetings; not of the general assemblies of Montagu House, which were conducted like all others in the circles of high life.

Various other meetings were formed in imitation of the same plan of dispensing with cards, music, dice, dancing, or the regales of the festive board, to concentrate in intellectual entertainment all the hopes of the guest, and the efforts of the host and hostess. And, with respect to colloquial elegance, such a plan certainly is of the first order for bringing into play the highest energies of our nature; and stimulating their fairest exercise in discussions upon the several subjects that rise with every rising day; and that take and give a fresh colour to thought as well as to expression, from the mind of every fresh discriminator.

And such meetings, when the parties were well assorted, and in good humour, formed, at that time, a coalition of talents, and a brilliancy of exertion, that produced the most informing dissertations, or the happiest sallies of wit and pleasantry, that could emanate from social intercourse.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

But of these coteries, none surpassed, if they equalled, in easy pleasantry, unaffected intelligence, and information free from pedantry or formality, those of the Knight of Plympton. Sir Joshua Reynolds was singularly simple, though never inelegant in his language; and his classical style of painting could not be more pleasing, however more sublimely it might elevate and surprise, than his manners and conversation.

There was little or no play of countenance, beyond cheerfulness or sadness, in the features of Sir Joshua; but in his eyes there was a searching look, that seemed, upon his introduction to any person of whom he had thought before he had seen, to fix, in his painter's mind, the attitude, if it may be so called, of face that would be most striking for a picture. But this was rarely obvious, and never disconcerting; he was eminently unassuming, unpretending, and natural.

Dr. Burney has left amongst his papers a note of an *harangue* which he had heard from Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the house of Dudley Long, when the Duke of Devonshire, and various other peers, were present, and when happiness was the topic of discussion. Sir Joshua for some time had listened in silence to their several opinions; and then impressively said: "You none of you, my lords, if you will forgive my telling you so, can speak upon this subject, with as much knowledge of it as I can. Dr. Burney perhaps might; but it is not the man who looks around him from the top of a high mountain at a beautiful prospect, on the first moment of opening his eyes, who has the true enjoyment of that noble sight: it is he who ascends the mountain from a miry meadow, or a ploughed field, or a barren waste; and who works his way up to it step by step; scratched and harassed by thorns and briars; with here a hollow, that catches his foot; and there a clump that forces him all the way back to find out a new path;—it is he who attains to it through all that toil and danger; and with the strong contrast on his mind of the miry meadow, or ploughed field, or barren waste, for which it was exchanged,—it is he, my lords, who enjoys the beauties that suddenly blaze upon him. They cause an expansion of ideas in harmony with the expansion of the view. He glories in its glory; and his mind opens to conscious exaltation, such as the man who was born and bred upon that commanding height, with all the loveliness of prospect, and fragrance, and variety, and plenty, and luxury of every sort, around, above, beneath, can never know; can have no idea of;—at least, not till he come near some precipice, in a boisterous wind, that hurls him from the top to the bottom, and gives him some taste of what he had possessed, by its loss; and some pleasure in its recovery, by the pain and difficulty of scrambling back to it."

MRS. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. Reynolds also had her coteries, which were occasionally attended by most of the persons who have been named; equally from consideration to her brother, and personal respect to herself.

MRS. CHAPONE.

Mrs. Chapone, too, had her own coteries, which, though not sought by the young, and, perhaps, fled from by the gay, were rational, instructive, and social; and it was not with self-approbation that they could ever be deserted. But the search of greater gaiety, and higher fashion, rarely awaits that award.

The meetings, in truth, at her dwelling, from her palpable and organic deficiency in health and strength for their sustenance, though they never lacked of sense or taste, always wanted spirit; a want which cast over them a damp that made the same interlocutors, who elsewhere

grouped audiences around them from their fame as discourses, appear to be assembled here merely for the grave purpose of performing a duty.

Yet here were to be seen Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, Hannah More, the clever family of the Burroughs, the classically lively Sir William Pepys, and the ingenious and virtuous Mrs. Barbauld.

But though the dignity of her mind demanded, as it deserved, the respect of some return to the visits which her love of society induced her to pay, it was a *tete-d-tete* alone that gave pleasure to the intercourse with Mrs. Chapone: her sound understanding, her sagacious observations, her turn to humour, and the candour of her affectionate nature, all then came into play without effort: and her ease of mind, when freed from the trammels of doing the honours of reception, seemed to soften off, even to herself, her corporeal infirmities. It was thus that she struck Dr. Burney with the sense of her worth; and seemed portraying in herself the original example whence the precepts had been drawn, for forming the unsophisticated female character that are displayed in the author's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.

SOAME JENYNS.

Amongst the *bouquets*, as Dr. Burney denominated the fragrant flatteries courteously lavished, in its day, on the Memoirs of an Heiress, few were more odorous to him than those offered by the famous old wits, Soame Jenyns and Owen Cambridge.

Soame Jenyns, at the age of seventy-eight, condescended to make interest with Mrs. Ord to arrange an acquaintance for him, at her house in Queen Ann-street, with the father and the daughter.

Pleasant to Dr. Burney was the tide of favour, by which he was exhilarated through this second publication of his daughter, it had not yet reached the climax to which it soon afterwards arose; which was the junction of the two first men of the country, if not of the age, in proclaiming each to the other, at an assembly at Miss Moncton's, where they seated themselves by her side, their kind approbation of this work; and proclaiming it, each animated by the spirit of the other, "in the noblest terms that our language, in its highest glory, is capable of emitting."

Such were the words of Dr. Johnson himself, in speaking afterwards to Dr. Burney of Mr. Burke's share in this flattering dialogue; to which Dr. Burney ever after looked back as to the height of his daughter's literary honours; though he could scarcely then foresee the extent, and the expansion, of that indulgent partiality with which each of them, ever after, invariably distinguished her to the last hour of their lives.

Thus salubriously for Dr. Burney had been cheered the opening winter of 1782, by the celebrated old wits, Owen Cambridge and Soame Jenyns; through the philanthropy and good humour which cheered for themselves and their friends the winter of their own lives: and thus radiant with a warmth which Sol in his summer's glory could not deepen, had gone on the same winter to 1783, through the glowing suffrage of the two first luminaries that brightened the constellation of genius of the reign of George the Third,—Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke.

But not in fair harmony of progression with this commencement proceeded the years 1783! its April had a harshness which its January had escaped. It brought with it no fragrance of happiness to Dr. Burney. With a blight opened this fatal spring, and with a blast it closed!

MRS. THRALE.

All being now, though in the dark, and unannounced, arranged for the determined alliance, Mrs. Thrale abandoned London as she had forsaken Streatham, and, in the beginning of April, retired with her three eldest daughters to Bath: there to reside, till she could complete a plan, then in agitation, for superseding the maternal protection with all that might yet be attainable of propriety and dignity.

Dr. Burney was deeply hurt by this now palpably threatening event; the virtues of Mrs. Thrale had borne an equal poise in his admiration with her talents; both were of an extraordinary order. He had praised, he had loved, he had sung them. Nor was he by any means so severe a disciplinarian over the claims of taste, or the elections of the heart, as to disallow their unalienable rights of being candidly heard, and favourably listened to, in the disposal of our persons and our fates; her choice, therefore, would have roused no severity, though it might justly have excited surprise, had her birth,

fortune, and rank in life alone been at stake. But Mrs. Thrale had ties that appeared to him to demand precedence over all feelings, all inclinations—in five daughters, who were juvenile heiresses.

To Bath, however, she went; and truly grieved was the prophetic spirit of Dr. Burney at her departure; which he looked upon as the catastrophe of Streatham.

MRS. DELANY.

From circumstances peculiarly fortunate with regard to the time of their operation, some relief opened to Dr. Burney for himself, and still more to his parental kindness for this memorialist, in this season of disappointment and deprivation, from a beginning intercourse which now took place for both, with the *fairest model of female excellence of the days that were passed*, Mrs. Delany.*

Such were the words by which Mrs. Delany had been pictured to this memorialist by Mr. Burke, at Miss Moncton's assembly; and such was the impression of her character under which this connection was begun by Dr. Burney.

The proposition for an acquaintance, and the negotiation for its commencement between the parties had been committed, by Mrs. Delany herself, to Mrs. Chapone; whose literary endowments stood not higher, either in public or in private estimation, than the virtues of her mind, and the goodness of her heart. Both were evinced by her popular writings for the female sex, at a time when its education, whether from timidity or indolence, required a spur, far more certainly than its cynical traducers can prove that now, from ambition or temerity, it calls for a bridle.

As Dr. Burney could not make an early visit, and Mrs. Delany could not receive a late one, Mrs. Chapone was commissioned to engage the daughter to a quiet dinner; and the doctor to join the party in the evening.

This was assented to with the utmost pleasure, both father and daughter being stimulated in curiosity and expectation by Mr. Crisp, who had formerly known and admired Mrs. Delany, and had been a favorite with her bosom friend, the Dowager Duchess of Portland; and with some other of her elegant associates.

As this venerable lady still lives in the memoirs and correspondence of Dean Swift,† an account of this interview, abridged from a letter to Mr. Crisp, will not, perhaps, be unwillingly received, as a genuine picture of an aged lady of rare accomplishments, and high bred manners, of olden times; who had strikingly been distinguished by Dean Swift, and who was now energetically esteemed by Mr. Burke.

Under the wing of the respectable Mrs. Chapone, this memorialist was first conveyed to the dwelling of Mrs. Delany in St. James' Place.

Mrs. Delany was alone; but the moment her guests were announced, with an eagerness that seemed forgetful of her years, and that denoted the most flattering pleasure, she advanced to the door of her apartment to receive them.

Mrs. Chapone presented to her by name the memorialist, whose hands she took with almost youthful vivacity, saying: "Miss Burney must pardon me if I give her an old-fashioned reception for I knew nothing new!" And she kindly saluted her.

With a grace of manner the most striking, she then placed Mrs. Chapone on the sofa, and led the memorialist to a chair next to her own, saying: "Can you forgive, Miss Burney, the very great liberty I have taken of asking you to my little dinner? But you could not come in the morning; and I wished so impatiently to see one from whom I have received such very extraordinary pleasure, that I could not bear to put it off to another day: for I have no days, now, to throw away! And if I waited for the evening, I might, perhaps, have company. And I hear so ill in next society, that I cannot, as I wish to do, attend to more than one at a time; for age, now, is making me more stupid even than I am by nature. And how grieved and mortified I should have been to have known I had Miss Burney in the room, and not to have heard what she said!"

Tone, manner, and look, so impressively marked the sincerity of this humility, as to render it,—her time of life, her high estimation in the world, and her rare acquirements considered,—as touching as it was unexpected to her new guest.

Mrs. Delany still was tall, though some of her height was probably lost. Not much, however, for she was

* Daughter of John Granville, Esq. and niece of Pope's Granville, the then Lord Lansdowne, "of every Muse the friend."

† See Sir Walter Scott's Life of Swift.

remarkably upright. There were little remains of beauty left in feature; but benevolence, softness, piety, and sense, were all, as conversation brought them into play, depicted in her face, with a sweetness of look and manner, that, notwithstanding her years, were nearly fascinating.

The report generally spread of her being blind, added surprise to pleasure at such active personal civilities in receiving her visitors. Blind, however, she palpably was not. She was neither led about the room, nor afraid of making any false step, or mistake; and the turn of her head to those whom she meant to address, was constantly right. The expression, also, of her still pleasing, though dim eyes, told no sightless tale; but, on the contrary, manifested that she had by no means lost the view of the countenance any more than of the presence of her company.

But the fine perception by which, formerly, she had drawn, painted, cut out, worked, and read, was obscured; and of all those accomplishments in which she had excelled, she was utterly deprived.

Of their former possession, however, there were ample proofs to demonstrate their value; her apartments were hung round with pictures of her own painting, beautifully designed and delightfully coloured; and ornaments of her own execution of striking elegance, in cuttings and variegated stained paper, embellished her chimney-piece; partly copied from antique studios, partly of fanciful invention; but all equally in the chaste style of true and refined good taste.

At the request of Mrs. Chapone, she instantly and unaffectedly brought forth a volume of her newly invented Mosaic flower-work; an art of her own creation; consisting of staining paper of all possible colours, and then cutting it into stripes, so finely and delicately, that when pasted on a dark ground, in accordance to the flower it was to produce, it had the appearance of a beautiful painting; except that it rose to the sight with a still richer effect: and this art Mrs. Delany had invented at seventy-five years of age!

It was so long she said, after its suggestion, before she brought her work into any system, that in the first year she finished only two flowers; but in the second she accomplished sixteen; and in the third, one hundred and sixty. And after that, many more. They were all from nature, the fresh gathered, or still growing plant, being placed immediately before her for imitation. Her collection consisted of whatever was most choice and rare in flowers, plants, and weeds, or, more properly speaking, field flowers; for, as Thomson ingeniously says, it is the "dull incurious" alone, who stigmatise these native offsprings of Flora by the degrading title of weeds.

Her plan had been to finish one thousand, for a complete herbal; but its progress had been stopped short, by the feebleness of her sight, when she was within only twenty of her original scheme.

She had always marked the spot whence she took, or received, her model, with the date of the year on the corner of each flower, in different coloured letters; "but the last year," she meekly said, "when I found my eyes becoming weaker and weaker, and threatening to fail me before my plan could be completed, I cut out my initials, M. D., in white, for I fancied myself nearly working in my winding sheet!"

There was something in her smile at this melancholy speech that blended so much cheerfulness with resignation, as to render it, to the memorialist, extremely affecting.

Mrs. Chapone enquired whether her eyes had been injured by any cold?

Instantly, at the question, recalling her spirits, "No, no!" she replied; "nothing has attacked them but my reigning malady, old age!—'Tis, however, only what we are all striving to obtain! And I, for one, have found it a very comfortable state. Yesterday, nevertheless, my peculiar infirmity was rather distressing to me. I received a note from young Mr. Montagu, written in the name of his aunt, that required an immediate answer. But how could I give it to what I could not even read? My good Astley was, by great chance, gone abroad; and my housemaid can neither write nor read; and my man happened to be in disgrace, so I could not do him such a favour [smiling] as to be obliged to him! I resolved, therefore, to try, once more, to read myself; and I hunted out my old long-laid-by magnifier. But it would not do! it was all in vain! I then ferreted out a larger glass; and with that, I had the great satisfaction to make out the first word,—but before I could get at the second, even the first became a blank! My eyes, however, have served me so long and so well, that I should be very ungrateful to quarrel with them. I then, luckily, recol-

lected that my cook is a scholar! So I sent for her, and we made out the billet together—which, indeed, deserved a much better answer than I, or my cook either, scholar as she is, could bestow. But my dear niece will be with me ere long, and then I shall not be quite such a bankrupt to my correspondents."

Bankrupt, indeed, was she not, to gaiety, to good humour, or to polished love of giving pleasure to her social circle, any more than to keeping pace with her correspondents.

When Mrs. Chapone mentioned, with much regret, that a previous evening engagement must force her away at half-past seven o'clock—"Half-past seven?" Mrs. Delany repeated, with an arch smile; "O fie! fie! Mrs. Chapone! why Miss Larolles would not for the world go any where before eight or nine!"

And when the memorialist, astonished as well as diverted at such a sally from Mrs. Delany, yet desirous, from embarrassment, not to seem to have noticed it, turned to look at some of the pictures, and stopped at a charming portrait of Madame de Savigné, to remark its expressive mixture of sweetness, intelligence, and vivacity, the smile of Mrs. Delany became yet archer, as she sportively said, "Yes!—she looks very—*enjouée*, as Captain Arseby would say."

This was not a speech to lessen, or meant to lessen, either surprise or amusement in the memorialist, who nevertheless, quietly continued her examination of the pictures, till she stopped at a portrait that struck her to have an air of spirit and genius, that induced her to enquire whom it represented.

Mrs. Delany did not mention the name, but only answered, "I don't know how it is, Mrs. Chapone, but I can never, of late, look at that picture without thinking of poor Belfield."

This was heard with a real start—though certainly not of pain! But that Mrs. Delany, at her very advanced time of life, eighty-three, should thus have personified to herself the characters of a book so recently published, mingled in its pleasure nearly as much astonishment as gratification.

Mrs. Delany—still clear-sighted to countenance, at least—seemed to read her thoughts, and, kindly taking her hand, smilingly said: "You must forgive us, Miss Burney; it is not quite a propriety, I own, to talk of these people before you; but we don't know how to speak at all, now, without naming them, they run so in our heads!"

Early in the evening, they were joined by Mrs. Delany's beloved and loving friend, the Duchess Dowager of Portland; a lady who, though not as exquisitely pleasing, any more than as interesting by age as Mrs. Delany,—who, born with the century, was now in her eighty-third year—had yet a physiognomy that when lighted up by any discourse in which she took a part from personal feelings, was singularly expressive of sweetness, sense, and dignity; three words that exactly formed the description of her manners; which were not merely free from pride, but free, also, from its mortifying deputy, affability.

Mrs. Delany, that pattern of the old school in high politeness, was now, it is probable, in the sphere whence Mr. Burke had signalled her by that character; for the reception of the Duchess of Portland, and her conduct to that noble friend, strikingly displayed the self-possession that good taste with good breeding can bestow, even upon the most timid mind, in doing the honours of home to a superior.

She welcomed her grace with as much respectful ceremony as if this had been a first visit; to manifest that, what in its origin she had taken as an honour, she had so much true humility as to hold to be rather more than less so in its continuance; yet she constantly exerted a spirit, in pronouncing her opposing or concurring sentiments, in the conversation that ensued, that showed as dignified an independence of character, as it marked a sincerity as well as happiness of friendship, in the society of her elevated guest.

The memorialist was presented to her grace, who came with the expectation of meeting her, in the most gentle and flattering terms by Mrs. Delany; and she was received with kindness rather than goodness. The watchful regard of the duchess for Mrs. Delany, soon pointed out the marked partiality which that revered lady was already conceiving for her new visitor; and the duchess, pleased to abet, as salubrious, every cheering propensity in her beloved friend, immediately disposed herself to second it with the most obliging alacrity.

Mrs. Delany gratified by this apparent approbation, then started the subject of the recent publication, with a glow of pleasure that, though she uttered her favouring opinions with the most unaffected, the chastest sim-

plicity, made the "eloquent blood" rush at every flattering sentence into her pale, soft, aged cheeks, as if her years had been as juvenile as her ideas and her kindness.

Animated by the animation of her friend, the duchess gaily increased it by her own; and the warm-hearted Mrs. Chapone still augmented its energy, by her benignant delight that she had brought such a scene to bear for her young companion: while all three sportively united in talking of the characters in the publication, as if speaking of persons and incidents of their own peculiar knowledge.

On the first pause upon a theme which, though unavoidably embarrassing, could not, in hands of such noble courtesy, that knew how to make flattery subservient to elegance, and praise to delicacy, be seriously distressing, the deeply honoured, though confused object of so much condescension, seized the vacant moment for starting the name of Mr. Crisp.

Nothing could better propitiate the introduction which Dr. Burney desired for himself to the correspondent of Dean Swift, and the quondam acquaintance of his early monitor, Mr. Crisp, than bringing this latter upon the scene.

The duchess now took the lead in the discourse, and was charmed to hear tidings of a former friend, who had been missed so long in the world as to be thought lost. She enquired minutely into his actual way of life, his health and his welfare; and whether he retained his fondness and high taste for all the polite arts.

To the memorialist this was a topic to give a flow of spirits, that spontaneously banished the reserve and silence with strangers of which she stood generally accused: and her history of the patriarchal attachment of Mr. Crisp to Dr. Burney, and its benevolent extension to every part of his family, while it revived Mr. Crisp to the memories and regard of the duchess and of Mrs. Delany, stimulated their wishes to know the man—Dr. Burney—who alone, of all the original connections of Mr. Crisp, had preserved such power over his affections, as to be a welcome inmate to his almost hermetically closed retreat.

And the account of Chesington Hall, its insulated and lonely position, its dilapidated state, its nearly inaccessible roads, its quaint old pictures, and straight long garden paths, was as curious and amusing to Mrs. Chapone, who was spiritedly awake to whatever was romantic or uncommon, as the description of the chief of the domain was interesting to those who had known him when he was as eminently a man of the world, as he was now become, singularly, the recluse of a village.

Such was the basis of the intercourse that thenceforward took place between Dr. Burney and the admirable Mrs. Delany; who was not, from her feminine and elegant character, and her skill in the arts, more to the taste of Dr. Burney, than he had the honour to be to hers, from his varied acquirements, and his unstrained readiness to bring them forth in social meetings. While his daughter, who thus, by chance, was the happy instrument of this junction, reaped from it a delight that was soon exalted to even bosom felicity, from the indulgent partiality with which that graceful pattern of *olden* times met, received and cherished the reverential attachment which she inspired; and which imperceptibly graduated into a mutual, a trusting, a sacred friendship; as soothing, from his share in its formation, to her honoured Mr. Crisp, as it was delightful to Dr. Burney from its seasonable mitigation of the loss, the disappointment, the breaking up of Streatham.

MR. CRISP.

But though this gently cheering, and highly honourable connection, by its kindly operation, offered the first mental solace to that portentous journey to Bath, which with a blight had opened the spring of 1783; that blight was still unhealed in the exorciation of its infection, when a new incision of anguish, more deeply cutting still, and more permanently incurable, pierced the heart of Dr. Burney, by tidings from Chesington that Mr. Crisp was taken dangerously ill.

The ravages of the gout, which had long laid waste the health, strength, spirits, and life-enjoying nerves of this admirable man, now extended their baleful devastations to the seats of existence, the head and the breast; wavering occasionally in their work, with something of less relentless rigour, but never abating in menace of fatality.

Susanna,—now Mrs. Phillips,—was at Chesington at the time of the seizure; and to her gentle bosom, and most reluctant pen, fell the sorrowing task of announcing this quick-approaching calamity to Dr. Burney, and all his house: and in the same union that had been their

love, was now their grief. Sorrow, save at the dissolution of conjugal or filial ties, could go no deeper. The doctor would have abandoned every call of business or interest,—for pleasure at such a period had no call to make!—in order to embrace and to attend upon his long-dearest friend, if his Susanna had not dissuaded him from so mournful an exertion, by representations of the uncertainty of finding even a moment in which it might be safe to risk any agitation to the sufferer; whose pains were so torturing, that he fervently prayed to heaven for the relief of death:—while the prayers for the dying were read to him daily by his pious sister, Mrs. Gast.

And only by the most urgent similar remonstrances, could the elder or the younger of the doctor's daughters be kept away; so completely as a fond father was Mr. Crisp loved by all.

But this memorialist, to whom, for many preceding years, Mr. Crisp had rendered Chesington a second, a tender, an always open, always inviting home, was so wretched while withheld from seeking once more his sight and his benediction, that Dr. Burney could not long oppose her wishes. In some measure, indeed, he sent her as his own representative, by entrusting to her a letter full of tender attachment and poignant grief from himself; which he told her not to deliver, lest it should be oppressive or too affecting; but to keep in hand, for reading more or less of it to him herself, according to the strength, spirits, and wishes of his dying friend.

With this fondly-aid commission, she hastened to Chesington; where she found her Susanna, and all the house, immersed in affliction: and where, in about a week, she endured the heartfelt sorrow of witnessing the departure of the first, the most invaluable, the dearest friend of her mourning father; and the inestimable object of her own chosen confidence, her deepest respect, and, from her earliest youth, almost filial affection.

HAYDN.

With Haydn, Dr. Burney was in correspondence many years before that noble and truly CREATIVE composer visited England; and almost enthusiastic was the admiration with which the musical historian opened upon the subject, and the matchless merits, of that sublime genius, in the fourth volume of the History of Music. "I am new," he says, "happily arrived at that part of my narrative where it is necessary to speak of HAYDN, the incomparable HAYDN; from whose productions I have received more pleasure late in life, when tired of most other music, than I ever enjoyed in the most ignorant and zealous part of my youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased was undiminished by criticism, or satiety."

METASTASIO.

With Metastasio, who in chaste pathos of sentimental eloquence, and a purity of expression that seems to emanate from purity of feeling, stands nearly unequalled, he amicably maintained the intercourse which he had happily begun with that laureate-poet at Vienna.

BARRY.

Amongst the many cotemporary tributes paid to the merits of Dr. Burney, there was one from a celebrated and estimable artist, that caused no small diversion to the friends of the doctor; and, perhaps, to the public at large, from the Hibernian tale which it seemed instinctively to unfold of the birth-place of its designer.

The famous painter, Mr. Barry, after a formal declaration that his picture of The Triumph of the Thames, which was painted for the Society of Arts, should be devoted exclusively to immortalising the eminent dead, placed, in the watery group of the renowned departed, Dr. Burney, then full of life and vigour.

This whimsical incident produced from the still playful imagination of Mr. Owen Cambridge the following *jeu d'esprit*; to which he was incited by an accident that had just occurred to the celebrated Gibbon; who, in stepping too lightly from, or to a boat of Mr. Cambridge's, had slipped into the Thames; whence, however, he was intrepidly and immediately rescued, with no other mischief than a wet jacket, by one of that fearless, water-proof race, denominated, by Mr. Gibbon, the amphibious family of the Cambridges.

"When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown," &c.
PRIOR.

"When Burney's picture was to Gibbon shown,
The pleased historian took it for his own;
'For who, with shoulders dry, and powder'd locks,
E'er bath'd but I?' he said, and rapt his box.
'Barry replied, 'My lasting colours show
What gifts the painter's pencil can bestow;
With nymphs of Thames, those amiable creatures,
I placed the charming minstrel's smiling features:
But let not, then, his *bonne fortune* concern ye,
For there are nymphs enough for you—and Burney.'"

DR. JOHNSON.

But all that Dr. Burney possessed, either of spirited resistance or acquiescent submission to misfortune, was again to be severely tried in the summer that followed the spring of this unkindly year; for the health of his venerated Dr. Johnson received a blow from which it never wholly recovered; though frequent rays of hope intervened from danger to danger; and though more than a year and a half were still allowed to his honoured existence upon earth.

Mr. Seward first brought to Dr. Burney the alarming tidings, that this great and good man had been afflicted by a paralytic stroke. The doctor hastened to Bolt court, taking with him this memorialist, who had frequently and urgently been desired by Dr. Johnson himself, during the time that they lived so much together at Streatham, to see him often if he should be ill. But he was surrounded by medical people, and could only admit the doctor. He sent down, nevertheless, the kindest message of thanks to the truly sorrowing daughter, for calling upon him; and a request that, "when he should be better, she would come to him again and again."

From Mrs. Williams, with whom she remained, she then received the comfort of an assurance that the physicians had pronounced him not to be in danger; and even that they expected the illness would be speedily overcome. The stroke had been confined to the tongue.

Mrs. Williams related a very touching circumstance that had attended the attack. It had happened about four o'clock in the morning, when, though she knew not how, he had been sensible to the seizure of a paralytic affection. He arose, and composed, in his mind, a prayer in Latin to the Almighty, That however acute might be the pains for which he must befit himself, it would please him, through the grace and mediation of our Saviour, to spare his intellects, and to let all his sufferings fall upon his body.

When he had internally conceived this petition, he endeavoured to pronounce it, according to his pious practice, aloud—but his voice was gone!—He was greatly struck, though humbly and resignedly. It was not, however, long, before it returned; but at first with very imperfect articulation.

Dr. Burney, with the zeal of true affection, made time unceasingly for enquiring visits: and no sooner was the invalid restored to the power of reinstating himself in his drawing-room, than the memorialist received from him a summons, which she obeyed the following morning.

She was welcomed with the kindest pleasure; though it was with much difficulty that he endeavoured to rise, and to mark, with wide extended arms, his cordial gladness at her sight; and he was forced to lean back against the wainscot as impressively he uttered, "Ah!—dearest of all dear ladies!"

He soon, however, recovered more strength, and assumed the force to conduct her himself, and with no small ceremony, to his best chair.

"Can you forgive me, sir," she cried, when she saw that he had not breakfasted, "for coming so soon!"

"I can less forgive your not coming sooner!" he answered, with a smile.

She asked whether she might make him tea, which she had not done since they had left poor Streatham; where it had been her constant and gratifying business to give him that regale, Miss Thrale being yet too young for the office.

He readily, and with pleasure consented.

"But, sir," quoth she, "I am in the wrong chair." For it was on his own sick large arm chair, which was too

heavy for her to move, that he had formally seated her and it was away from the table.

"It is so difficult," cried he, with quickness, "for any thing to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I that am in the wrong chair to keep you from the right one!"

This playful good-humour was so reviving in showing his recovery, that though Dr. Burney could not remain above ten minutes, his daughter, for whom he sent back his carriage, could with difficulty retire at the end of two hours. Dr. Johnson endeavoured most earnestly to engage her to stay and dine with him and Mrs. Williams; but that was not in her power; though so kindly was his heart opened by her true joy at his re-establishment, that he parted from her with a reluctance that was even, and to both, painful. Warm in its affections was the heart of this great and good man; his temper alone was in fault where it appeared to be otherwise.

When his recovery was confirmed, he accepted some few of the many invitations that were made to him, by various friends, to try at their dwellings the air of the country. Dr. Burney mentioned to him, one evening, that he had heard that the first of these essays was to be made at the house of Mr. Bowles; and the memorialist added, that she was extremely glad of that news, because, though she knew not Mr. Bowles, she had been informed that he had a true sense of this distinction, and was delighted by it beyond measure.

"He is so delighted," said the doctor, gravely, and almost with a sigh, "that it is really—shocking!"

"And why so, sir?"

"Why?" he repeated, "because, necessarily, he must be disappointed! For if a man be expected to leap twenty yards, and should really leap ten, which would be so many more than ever were leapt before, still they would not be twenty; and consequently, Mr. Bowles, and Mr. every body else would be disappointed."

It had happened, through vexatious circumstances, after the return from Chesington, that Dr. Burney, in his visits to Bolt Court, had not been able to take thither his daughter; nor yet to spare her his carriage for a separate enquiry; and incessant bad weather had made walking impracticable. After a week or two of this omission, Dr. Johnson, in a letter to Dr. Burney, enclosed the following billet.

TO MISS BURNEY.

"Madam,—You have now been at home this long time, and yet I have neither seen nor heard from you. Have we quarrelled?"

"I have met with a volume of the Philosophical Transactions, which I imagine to belong to Dr. Burney. Miss Charlotte will please to examine."

"Pray send me a direction where Mrs. Chapone lives; and pray, some time, let me have the honour of telling you how much I am, madam, your most humble servant,"

"SAM. JOHNSON."

"Bolt Court, Nov. 19, 1783."

Inexpressibly shocked to have hurt or displeased her honoured friend, yet conscious from all within of unalterable and affectionate reverence, she took courage to answer him without offering any serious defence.

TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Dear Sir,—May I not say dear?—for quarrelled I am sure we have not. The bad weather alone has kept me from waiting upon you: but now, that you have condescended to give me a summons, no 'lion shall stand in the way' of my making your tea this afternoon—unless I receive a prohibition from yourself, and then—I must submit! for what, as you said of a certain great lady, signifies the barking of a lap-dog, if once the lion puts out his paw?"

"The book was right."

"Mrs. Chapone lives in Dean street, Soho."

"I beg you, sir, to forgive a delay for which I can tax the elements only with unkindness, and to receive with your usual goodness and indulgence,

"Your ever most obliged, and most faithful humble servant,

F. BURNEY."

"19th Nov. 1783, St. Martin's Street."

A latent, but most potent reason, had, in fact, some share in abetting the elements in the failure of the memorialist of paying her respects in Bolt Court at this

period; except when attending thither her father. Dr. Burney feared her seeing Dr. Johnson alone; dreading, for both their sakes, the subject to which the doctor might revert, if they should chance to be *te-te-de-te*. Hitherto, in the many meetings of the two doctors and herself that had taken place after the paralytic stroke of Dr. Johnson, as well as during the many that had more immediately followed the retreat of Mrs. Thrale to Bath, the name of that lady had never once been mentioned by any of the three.

Not from difference of opinion was the silence; it was rather from a painful certainty that their opinions must be in unison, and, consequently, that in unison must be their regrets. Each of them, therefore, having so warmly esteemed one whom each of them, now, so afflictively blamed, they tacitly concurred that, for the immediate moment, to cast a veil over her name, actions, and remembrance, seemed what was most respectful to their past feelings, and to her present situation.

But, after the impressive reproach of Dr. Johnson to the memorialist relative to her absence; and after a seizure which caused a constant anxiety for his health, she could no longer consult her discretion at the expense of her regard; and, upon ceasing to observe her precautions, she was unavoidably left with him, one morning, by Dr. Burney, who had indisposible business further on in the city, and was to call for her on his return.

Nothing yet had publicly transpired, with certainty or authority, relative to the projects of Mrs. Thrale, who had now been nearly a year at Bath; though nothing was left unreported, or unasserted, with respect to her proceedings. Nevertheless, how far Dr. Johnson was himself informed, or was ignorant on the subject, neither Dr. Burney nor his daughter could tell; and each equally feared to learn.

Scarcely an instant, however, was the latter left alone in Bolt Court, ere she saw the justice of her long apprehensions; for while she planned speaking on some topic that might have a chance to catch the attention of the doctor, a sudden change from kind tranquillity to strong austerity took place in his altered countenance; and, startled and affrighted, she held her peace.

A silence almost awful succeeded, though, previously to Dr. Burney's absence, the gayest discourse had been reciprocated.

The doctor then, see-sawing violently in his chair, as usual when he was big with any powerful emotion whether of pleasure or of pain, seemed deeply moved; but without looking at her, or speaking, he intently fixed his eyes upon the fire: while his panic struck visiter, filled with dismay at the storm which she saw gathering over the character and conduct of one still dear to her very heart, from the furrowed front, the laborious heaving of the ponderous chest, and the roll of the large, penetrating, wrathful eye of her honoured, but, just then, terrific host, sat mute, motionless, and sad; tremblingly awaiting a mentally demolishing thunderbolt.

Thus passed a few minutes, in which she scarcely dared breathe; while the respiration of the doctor, on the contrary, was of asthmatic force and loudness; then, suddenly turning to her, with an air of mingled wrath and woe, he hoarsely ejaculated: "Piozzi!"

He evidently meant to say more; but the effort with which he articulated that name robbed him of any voice for amplification, and his whole frame grew tremulously convulsed.

His guest, appalled, could not speak; but he soon discerned that it was grief from coincidence, not distrust from opposition of sentiment, that caused her taciturnity.

This perception calmed him, and he then exhibited a face "in sorrow more than anger." His see-sawing abated of its velocity, and, again fixing his looks upon the fire, he fell into pensive rumination.

From time to time, nevertheless, he impressively glanced upon her his full fraught eye, that told, had its expression been developed, whole volumes of his regret, his disappointment, his astonished indignancy: but, now and then, it also spoke so clearly and so kindly, that he found her sight and her stay soothing to his disturbance, that she felt as if confidentially communing with him, although they exchanged not a word.

At length, and with great agitation, he broke forth with: "She cares for no one! You, only—you, she loves still!—but no one—and nothing else!—you she still loves!"

A half smile now, though of no very gay character, softened a little the severity of his features, while he tried to resume some cheerfulness in adding: "As—she loves her little finger!"

It was plain by this burlesque, or, perhaps, playfully

literal comparison, that he meant now, and tried, to dissipate the solemnity of his concern.

The hint was taken; his guest started another subject; and this he resumed no more. He saw how distressing was the theme to a hearer whom he ever wished to please, not distress; and he named Mrs. Thrale no more! Common topics took place, till they were rejoined by Dr. Burney, whom then, and indeed always, he likewise spared upon this subject.

Very ill again Dr. Johnson grew on the approach of winter; and with equal fear and affection, both father and daughter sought him as often as it was in their power; though by no means as frequently as their zealous attachment, or as his own kind wishes might have prompted. But fullness of affairs, and the distance of his dwelling, impeded such continual intercourse as their mutual regard would otherwise have instigated.

This new failure of health was accompanied by a sorrowing depression of spirits; though unmixed with the smallest deterioration of intellect.

One evening,—the last but one of the sad year 1783,—when Dr. Burney and the memorialist were with him, and some other not remembered visitors, he took an opportunity during a general discourse in which he did not join, to turn suddenly to the ever-favoured daughter, and, fervently grasping her hand, to say: "The blister I have tried for my breath has betrayed some very bad tokens!—but I will not terrify myself by talking of them.—Ah!—*priez Dieu pour moi!*"

Her promise was as solemn as it was sorrowful; but more humble, if possible, than either. That such a man should condescend to make her such a request, amazed, and almost bewildered her: yet, to a mind so devout as that of Dr. Johnson, prayer, even from the most lowly, never seemed presumptuous; and even—where he believed in its sincerity, soothed him—for a passing moment—with an idea that it might be propitious.

This was the only instance in which Dr. Johnson ever addressed her in French. He did not wish so serious an injunction to reach other ears than her own.

But those who imagine that the fear of death, which, at this period, was the prominent feature of the mind of Dr. Johnson; and which excited not more commiseration than wonder in the observers and commentators of the day; was the effect of conscious criminality; or produced by a latent belief that he had sinned more than his fellow sinners, knew not Dr. Johnson! He thought not ill of himself as compared with his human brethren: but he weighed in the rigid scales of his calculating justice the great talent which he had received, against the uses of it which he had made—

And found himself wanting!

Could it be otherwise, to one who had a conscience poignantly alive to a sense of duty, and religiously submissive to the awards of retributive responsibility?

If those, therefore, who ignorantly have marvelled, or who maliciously would triumph at the terror of death in the pious, would sincerely and severely bow down to a similar self-examination; the marvel would subside, and the triumph might perhaps turn to blushes! In considering—not the trembling inferiority, but the sublime humility of this ablest and most dauntless of men, but humblest and most orthodox of Christians.

MR. BURKE.

The cordial the most potent to the feelings and the spirits of the doctor, in this hard-trying year, was the exhilarating partiality displayed towards him by Mr. Burke; and which was doubly soothing by warmly and constantly including the memorialist in its urbanity. From the time of the party at Sir Joshua Reynolds' upon Richmond Hill, their intercourse had gone on with increase of regard. They met, and not unfrequently, at various places; but chiefly at Sir Joshua Reynolds', Miss Moncton's, and Mrs. Vesey's. Mr. Burke delighted in society as much as of society he was the supreme delight: and perhaps to this social disposition he owed that part of his oratorical excellence that made it so entertainingly varying, and so frequently interspersed with penetrating reflections on human life.

But to the political circle to which Mr. Burke and his powers were principally devoted, Dr. Burney was, accidentally, a stranger. Accidentally may be said, for it was by no means deliberately, as he was not of any public station or rank that demanded any restrictions to his mental connections. He was excursive, therefore, in his intercourse, though fixed in his principles.

But besides the three places above named, Mr. Burke himself, from the period of the assembly at Miss Moncton's, had the grace and amiability to drop in occasion-

ally, uninvited and unexpectedly, to the little tea-table of St. Martin's street; where his bright welcome from the enchanted memorialist, for whom he constantly enquired when the doctor was abroad, repaid him—in some measure, perhaps—for almost always missing the chief of whom he came in search.

The doctor, also, when he had half an hour to spare, took the new votary of Mr. Burke to visit him and his pleasing wife, at their apartments at the treasury, where now was their official residence. And here they saw, with wonder and admiration, amidst the whirl of politics and the perplexities of ministerial arrangements, in which Mr. Burke, then in the administration, was incessantly involved, how cheerfully, how agreeably, how vivaciously, he could still be the most winning of domestic men, the kindest of husbands, the fondest of fathers, and the most delightful of friends.

During one of these visits to the treasury, Mr. Burke presented to Miss Palmer a beautiful inkstand, with a joined portfolio, upon some new construction, and finished up with various contrivances, equally useful and embellishing. Miss Palmer accepted it with great pleasure, but not without many conscious glances towards the memorialist, which, at last, broke out into an exclamation: "I am ashamed to take it, Mr. Burke! how much more Miss Burney deserves a writing present!"

"Miss Burney?" repeated he, with energy; "fine writing tackle for Miss Burney? No, no; she can bestow value on the most ordinary. A morsel of white tea-paper, and a little blacking from her friend Mr. Briggs, in a broken gallipot, would be converted by Miss Burney into more worth than all the stationary of all the treasury."

This gay and ingenious turn, which made the compliment as gratifying to one, as the present could be to the other, raised a smile of general archness at its address in the company; and of comprehensive delight in Dr. Burney.

The year 1783 was now on its wane; so was the administration in which Mr. Burke was a minister; when one day, after a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds', Mr. Burke drew Dr. Burney aside, and, with great delicacy, and feeling his way, by the most investigating looks, as he proceeded, said that the organist's place at Chelsea College was then vacant; that it was but twenty pounds a year, but that, to a man of Dr. Burney's eminence, if it should be worth acceptance, it might be raised to fifty. He then lamented that, during the short time in which he had been paymaster general, nothing better, and indeed, nothing else had occurred more worthy of offering.

Trifling as this was in a pecuniary light, and certainly far beneath the age or the rank in his profession of Dr. Burney, to possess anything through the influence, or rather the friendship of Mr. Burke, had a charm irresistible. The doctor wished, also, for some retreat from, yet near London; and he had reason to hope for apartments, ere long, in the capacious Chelsea College. He therefore warmly returned his acknowledgments for the proposal, to which he frankly acceded.

And two days after, just as the news was published of a total change of administration, Dr. Burney received from Mr. Burke the following notice of his vigilant kindness:—

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"I had yesterday the pleasure of voting you, my dear sir, a salary of fifty pounds a year, as organist to Chelsea Hospital. But as every increase of salary made at our board is subject to the approbation of the lords of the treasury, what effect the change now made may have I know not;—but I do not think any treasury will rescind it."

"This was *pour faire la bonne bouche* at parting with office; and I am only sorry that it did not fall in my way to show you a more substantial mark of my high respect for you and Miss Burney."

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"EDM. BURKE."

"Horse Guards, Dec. 9, 1783."

"I really could not do this business at a more early period, else it would have been done infallibly."

The pleasure of Dr. Burney at this event was sensibly damped when he found that *la bonne bouche* so kindly made for himself, and so flatteringly uniting his daughter in its intentions, was unallied to any species of remuneration, or even of consideration, to Mr. Burke himself, for all his own long willing services, his patriotic exertions for the general good, and his noble, even where erroneous, efforts to stimulate public virtue.

A short time afterwards, Mr. Burke called himself in St. Martin's street, and,—for the doctor, as usual, was not at home,—Mr. Burke, as usual, had the condescension to enquire for this memorialist; whom he found alone.

He entered the room with that penetrating look, yet open air, that marked his demeanour where his object in giving was, also, to receive pleasure; and in uttering apologies of so much excellence for breaking into her time, as if he could possibly be ignorant of the honour he did her; or blind to the delight with which it was felt.

He was anxious, he said, to make known in person that the business of the Chelsea organ was finally settled at the treasury.

Difficult would it be, from the charm of his manner as well as of his words, to decide whether he conveyed this communication with most friendliness or most politeness: but, having delivered for Dr. Burnby all that officially belonged to the business, he thoughtfully, a moment, paused; and then impressively said: "this is my last act of office!"

He pronounced these words with a look that almost affectionately displayed his satisfaction that it should so be bestowed; and with such manly self-command of cheerfulness in the midst of frankly undisguised regret that all his official functions were over, that his hearer was sensibly, though silently touched, by such distinguishing partiality. Her looks, however, she hopes, were not so mute as her voice, for those of Mr. Burke seemed responsively to accept their gratitude. He reiterated, then, his kind messages to the doctor, and took leave.

1784.

The reviving ray of pleasure that gleamed from the kindness of Mr. Burke at the close of the fatal year 1783, still spread its genial warmth over Dr. Burnby at the beginning of 1784, by brightening a hope of recovery for Dr. Johnson; a hope which, though frequently dimmed, cast forth, from time to time, a transitory lustre nearly to this year's conclusion.

DR. JOHNSON'S CLUB.

Dr. Burnby was now become a member of the *Literary Club*; in which he found an association so select, yet so various, that there were few things, either of business or pleasure, that he ever permitted to interfere with his attendance. Where, indeed, could taste point out, or genius furnish, a society to meet his wishes, if that could fail which had the decided national superiority of Johnson and Burke at its head? while Banks, Beauclerk, Boswell, Colman, Courtney, Eliot (Earl), Fox, Gibbon, Hamilton (Sir William), Hinchcliffe, Jones, M'Cartney (Earl), Malone, Percy, Reynolds, Scott (Lord Sewel), Sheridan, Spencer (Earl), Windham, and many others of high and acknowledged abilities, successively entering, marked this assemblage as the pride—not of this meeting alone, but of the classical British empire of the day.

It had been the original intention of Dr. Johnson, when this club, of which the idea was conceived by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was in contemplation, to elect amongst its members, some one of noted reputation in every art, science, and profession; to the end that solid information might elucidate every subject that should be started. This profound suggestion, nevertheless, was either passed over, or overruled.

It is probable that those, so much the larger portion of mankind, who love light and desultory discourse, were persuaded they should find more amusement in wandering about the wilds of fanciful conjecture, than in submitting to be disciplined by the barriers of systemised conviction.

HANDEL'S COMMEMORATION.

In the ensuing spring and summer, a new and brilliant professional occupation fell, fortunately, to the task of Dr. Burnby, drawing him from his cares, and beguiling him from his sorrows, by notes of sweetest melody, and combinations of the most intricate, yet sound harmony; for this year, which completed a century from the birth of Handel, was allotted for a public commemoration of the great musician and his works.

Dr. Burnby, justly proud of the honour paid to the chief of that art of which he was a professor, was soon, and instinctively wound up to his native spirits, by the exertions which were called forth in aid of this noble enterprise. He suggested fresh ideas to the conductors; he was consulted by all the directors; and his advice and experience enlightened every member of the business in whatever walk he moved.

Not content, however, to be merely a counsellor to a celebration of such eclat in his own career, he resolved upon becoming the historian of the transaction; and upon devoting to it his best labours gratuitously, by

presenting them to the fund for the benefit of decayed musicians and their families.

This offer, accordingly, he made to the honourable directors; by whom it was accepted with pleasure and gratitude.

He now delegated all his powers to the furtherance of this grand scheme; and drew up a narrative of the festival, with so much delight in recording the disinterestedness of its voluntary performers: its services to the superannuated or helpless old labourers of his caste; and the splendid success of the undertaking; that his history of the performances in commemoration of Handel, presents a picture so vivid of that superb entertainment, that those who still live to remember it, must seem to witness its stupendous effects anew: and those of later days, who can know of it but by tradition, must bewail their little chance of ever personally hearing such magnificent harmony; or beholding a scene so glorious of royal magnificence and national enthusiasm.

Dr. Johnson was wont to say, with a candour that, though admirable, was irresistibly comic, "I always talk my best!" and with equal singleness of truth it might be said of Dr. Burnby, that, undertake what he would, he always did his best.

In writing, therefore, this account, he conceived he should make it more interesting by preceding it with the *Memoirs of Handel*. And for this purpose, he applied to all his German correspondents, to acquire materials concerning the early life of his hero; and to all to whom Handel had been known, either personally or traditionally, in England and Ireland, for anecdotes of his character and conduct in the British empire. Mrs. Delany here, and by the desire of the king himself, supplied sundry particulars; her brother, Mr. Granville, having been one of the patrons of this immortal composer.

And next, to render the work useful, he inserted a statement of the cash received in consequence of the five musical performances, with the disbursement of the sums to their charitable purposes; and an abstract of the general laws and resolutions of the fund for the support of decayed musicians and their families.

And lastly, he embellished it with several plates, representing Handel, or in honour of Handel; and with two views, from original designs, of the interior of Westminster Abbey during the commemoration; the first representing the galleries prepared for the reception of their majesties, of the royal family, of the directors, archbishops, bishops, dean and chapter of Westminster, heads of the law, &c. &c.

The second view displaying the orchestra and performers, in the costume of the day.

Not small in the scales of justice must be reckoned this gift of the biographical and professional talents of Dr. Burnby to the musical fund. A man who held his elevation in his class of life wholly from himself; a father of eight children, who all looked up to him as their prop; a professor who, at fifty-eight years of age, laboured at his calling with the indefatigable diligence of youth; and who had no time, even for his promised history, but what he spared from his repasts or his repose; to make any offering gratuitously, of a work which, though it might have no chance of sale when its eclat of novelty was passed, must yet, while that short eclat shone forth, have a sale of high emolument; manifested, perhaps, as generous a spirit of charity, and as ardent a love of the lyre, as could well, by a person in so private a line of life, be exhibited.

MRS. THRALE.

About the middle of this year, Mrs. Thrale put an end to the alternate hopes and fears of her family and friends, and to her own torturing conflicts, by a change of name that, for the rest of her life, produced nearly a change of existence.

Her station in society, her fortune, her distinguished education, and her conscious sense of its distinction; and yet more, her high origin—a native honour, which had always seemed the glory of her self-appreciation; all had contributed to lift her so eminently above the witlessly impetuous tribe, who immolate fame, interest, and duty, to the shrine of passion, that the outcry of surprise and censure raised throughout the metropolis by these unexpected nuptials, was almost stunning in its jarring noise of general reprobation; resounding through madrigals, parodies, declamation, epigrams, and irony.

And yet more deeply wounding was the concentrated silence of those faithful friends who, at the period of her

*Hester Lynch Salusbury, Mrs. Thrale, was lineally descended from Adam of Saltzberg, who came over to England with the conqueror.

bright display of talents, virtues, and hospitality, had attached themselves to her person with sincerity and affection.

Dr. Johnson excepted, none amongst the latter were more painfully impressed than Dr. Burnby; for none with more true grief had foreseen the mischief in its menace, or dreaded its deteriorating effect on her maternal devoirs. Nevertheless, conscious that if he had no weight, he had also no right over her actions, he hardened not his heart, when called upon by an appeal, from her own hand, to give her his congratulations; but, the deed once irreversible, civilly addressed himself to both parties at once, with all of conciliatory kindness in good wishes and regard, that did least violence to his sentiments and principles.

Far harder was the task of his daughter, on receiving from the new bride a still more ardent appeal; written at the very instant of quitting the altar; she had been trusted while the conflict still endured; and her opinions and feelings had unreservedly been acknowledged in all their grief of opposition: and their avowal had been borne, nay, almost bowed down to, with a liberality of mind, a softness of affection, a nearly angelic sweetness of temper, that won more fondly than ever the heart that they rived with pitying anguish,—till the very epoch of the second marriage.

Yet, strange to tell! all this contest of opinion, and dissonance of feeling, seemed, at the altar, to be suddenly, but in totality forgotten! and the bride wrote to demand not alone kind wishes for her peace and welfare—those she had no possibility of doubting—but joy, wishing joy; but cordial felicitations upon her marriage!

These, and so abruptly, to have accorded, must, even in their pleader's eyes, have had the semblance, and more than the semblance, of the most glaring hypocrisy.

A compliance of such inconsistency—such falsehood—the memorialist could not bestow; her answer, therefore, written in deep distress, and with regrets unspeakable, was necessarily disappointing; disappointment is inevitably chilling; and, after a painful letter or two, involving mistake and misapprehension, the correspondence—though not on the side of the memorialist—abruptly dropt.

MR. SMELT.

Fortunately, also, now, Dr. Burnby increased the intimacy of his acquaintance with Mr. Smelt, formerly sub-governor to the Prince of Wales; a man who, for displaying human excellence in the three essential points of understanding, character, and conduct, stood upon the same line of acknowledged perfection with Mr. Locky of Norbury Park. And had that virtuous and anxious parent of his people, George III., known them both at the critical instant when he was seeking a model of a true fine gentleman, for the official situation of preceptor to the heir of his sovereignty; he might have had to cope with the most surprising difficulties, that of seeing before his choice two men, in neither of whom he could spy a blemish that could cast a preference upon the other.

The worth of both these gentlemen was known upon proof: their talents, accomplishments, and taste in the arts and in literature, were singularly similar. Each was soft and winning of speech, but firm and intrepid of conduct; and their manners, their refined high breeding, were unrivalled, save each by the other. And while the same, also, was their reputation for integrity and honour, as for learning and philosophy, the first personal delight of both was in the promotion and exercise of those gentle charities of human life, which teach us to solace and to aid our fellow-creatures.

DR. JOHNSON.

Towards the end of this year, 1784, Dr. Johnson began again to nearly monopolise the anxious friendship of Dr. Burnby.

On the 16th of November, Dr. Johnson, in the carriage, and under the revering care of Mr. Windham, returned from Litchfield to the metropolis after a fruitless attempt to recover his health by breathing again his natal air.

The very next day, he wrote the following note to St. Martin's street.

"TO DR. BURNBY.

"Mr. Johnson, who came home last night, sends his respects to dear Dr. Burnby; and to all the dear Burneys, little and great.

"Bolt Court, 17th Nov. 1784."

Dr. Burnby hastened to this kind call immediately;

but had the grief to find his honoured friend much weakened, and in great pain; though cheerful and struggling to revive. All of the doctor's family who had the honour of admission, hastened to him also; but chiefly his second daughter, who chiefly and peculiarly was always demanded.

She was received with his wonted, his never failing partiality; and, as well as the doctor, repeated her visits by every opportunity during the ensuing short three weeks of his earthly existence.

She will here copy, from the diary she sent to Boulogne, an account of what, eventually, though unsuspectedly, proved to be her last interview with this venerated friend.

TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

25th Nov. 1784.—Our dear father lent me the carriage this morning for Bolt court. You will easily conceive how gladly I seized the opportunity for making a longer visit than usual to my revered Dr. Johnson, whose health, since his return from Litchfield, has been deplorably deteriorated.

He was alone, and I had a more satisfactory and entertaining conversation with him than I have had for many months past. He was in better spirits, too, than I have seen him, except upon our first meeting, since he came back to Bolt Court.

He owned, nevertheless, that his nights were grievously restless and painful; and told me that he was going, by medical advice, to try what sleeping out of town might do for him. And then, with a smile, but a smile of more sadness than mirth!—he added: "I remember that my wife, when she was near her end, poor woman!—was also advised to sleep out of town: and when she was carried to the lodging that had been prepared for her, she complained that the staircase was in a very bad condition; for the plaster was beaten off the walls in many places. 'O!' said the man of the house, 'that's nothing; it's only the knocks against it of the coffins of the poor souls that have died in the lodging.'" He forced a faint laugh at the man's brutal honesty; but it was a laugh of ill-disguised, though checked secret anguish.

I felt inexpressibly shocked, both by the perspective and retrospective view of this relation: but, desirous to confine my words to the literal story, I only exclaimed against the man's unfeeling absurdity in making so unnecessary a confession.

"True!" he cried; "such a confession, to a person then mounting his stairs for the recovery of her health—or, rather for the preservation of her life, contains, indeed, more absurdity than we can well lay our account to."

We talked then of poor Mrs. Thrale—but only for a moment—for I saw him so greatly moved, and with such severity of displeasure, that I hastened to start another subject; and he solemnly enjoined me to mention that no more!

I gave him concisely the history of the Bristol milk-woman, who is at present zealously patronised by the benevolent Hannah More. I expressed my surprise at the reports generally in circulation, that the first authors that the milk-woman read, if not the only ones, were Milton and Young. "I find it difficult," I added, "to conceive how Milton and Young could be the first authors with any reader. Could a child understand them? And grown persons, who have never read, are, in literature, children still."

"Doubtless," he answered. "But there is nothing so little comprehended as what is genius. They give it to all, when it can be but a part. The milk-woman had surely begun with some ballad—Chevy Chase or the Children in the Wood. Genius is, in fact, *knowing the use of tools*. But there must be tools, or how use them? A man who has spent all his life in this room, will give a very poor account of what is contained in the next."

"Certainly, sir; and yet there is such a thing as invention? Shakespeare could never have seen a Caliban?"

"No, but he had seen a man, and knew how to vary him to a monster. A person who would draw a monstrous cow, must know first what a cow is commonly; or how can he tell that to give her an ass's head, or an elephant's tusk, will make her monstrous? Suppose you show me a man, who is a very expert carpenter, and that an admiring stander-by, looking at some of his work, exclaims: 'O! he was born a carpenter!' What would have become of that birth-right, if he had never seen any wood?"

Presently, dwelling on this idea, he went on. "Let two men, one with genius, the other with none, look together at an overturned wagon; he who has no genius will think of the wagon only as he then sees it; that is to say, overturned, and walk on: he who has genius will give it a glance of examination, that will paint it to his imagination such as it was previously to its being overturned; and when it was standing still; and when it was in motion; and when it was heavy loaded; and when it was empty; but both alike must see the wagon to think of it at all."

The pleasure with which I listened to his illustration drew animated him on; and he talked upon this milk-woman, and upon a once as famous shoe-maker; and then mounted his spirits and his subject to our immortal Shakespeare; flowing and glowing on, with as much wit and truth of criticism and judgment, as ever yet I have heard him display; but, alas!—a-day, my Susan, I have no power to give you the participation so justly your due. My paper is filling; and I have no franks for doubling letters across the channel! But delightfully bright are his faculties, though the poor, infirm, shaken machine that contains them seems alarmingly giving way! And soon, exhilarated as he became by the pleasure of bestowing pleasure, I saw a palpable increase of suffering in the midst of his sallies; I offered, therefore, to go into the next room, there to wait for the carriage; an offer which, for the first time! he did not oppose; but taking, and most affectionately pressing, both my hands, "Be not," he said, in a voice of even melting kindness and concern, "be not longer in coming again for my letting you go now!"

I eagerly assured him that I would come the sooner, and was running off; but he called me back, and in a solemn voice, and a manner the most energetic, said: "Remember me in your prayers!"

How affecting, my dearest Susanna, such an injunction from Dr. Johnson! It almost—as once before—made me tremble, from surprise and emotion—surprise he could so honour me, and emotion that he should think himself so ill. I longed to ask him so to remember me! but he was too serious for any parleying, and I knew him too well for offering any disqualifying speeches: I merely, in a low voice, and I am sure a troubled accent, uttered an instant, and heart-felt assurance of obedience; and then, very heavily; indeed, in spirits, I left him. Great, good, and surpassing that he is, how short a time will he be our boast! I see he is going. This winter will never glide him on to a more genial season here. Elsewhere, who may hope a fairer? I now wish I had asked for his prayers! and perhaps, so encouraged, I ought: but I had not the presence of mind.

Melancholy was the rest of this year to Dr. Burney; and truly mournful to his daughter, who, from this last recorded meeting, felt redoubled anxiety both for the health and the sight of this illustrious invalid. But all accounts thenceforward discouraged her return to him, his pains daily becoming greater, and his weakness more oppressive: added to which obstacles, he was now, she was informed, almost constantly attended by a group of male friends.

Dr. Burney, however, resorted to Bolt Court every moment that he could tear from the imperious calls of his profession; and was instantly admitted; unless held back by insuperable impediments belonging to the malady. He might, indeed, from the kind regard of the sufferer, have seen him every day, by watching like some other assiduous friends, particularly Messrs. Langton, Strahan, the Hoopes, and Sastres, whole hours in the house to catch a favourable minute; but that, for Dr. Burney, was utterly impossible. His affectionate devoirs could only be received when he arrived at some interval of ease, and then the kind invalid constantly, and with tender pleasure gave him welcome.

The memorialist was soon afterwards engaged on a visit to Norbury Park; but immediately on her return to town, presented herself, according to her willing promise, at Bolt Court.

Frank Barber, the faithful negro, told her, with great sorrow, that his master was very bad indeed, though he did not keep his bed. The poor man would have shown her up stairs. This she declined, desiring only that he would let the doctor know that she had called to pay her respects to him, but would by no means disturb him, if he were not well enough to see her without inconvenience.

Mr. Straghan, the clergyman, was with him, Frank

said alone; and Mr. Straghan, in a few minutes, descended.

Dr. Johnson, he told her, was very ill indeed, but very much obliged to her for coming to him; and he had sent Mr. Straghan to thank her in his name, but to say that he was so very bad, and very weak, that he hoped she would excuse his not seeing her.

She was greatly disappointed; but, leaving a message of the most affectionate respect, acquiesced, and drove away; painfully certain how extremely ill, or how sorrowfully low he must be, to decline the sight of one whom so constantly, so partially, he had pressed, nay, adored, "to come to him again and again."

Fast, however, was approaching the time when he could so adore her no more!

From her firm conviction of his almost boundless kindness to her, she was fearful now to importune or distress him, and forbore, for the moment, repeating her visits; leaving in Dr. Burney's hands all propositions for their renewal. But Dr. Burney himself, not arriving at the propitious interval, unfortunately lost sight of the sufferer for nearly a week, though he sought it almost daily.

On Friday, the 10th of December, Mr. Seward brought to Dr. Burney the alarming intelligence from Frank Barber, that Dr. Warren had seen his master, and told him that he might take what opium he pleased for the alleviation of his pains.

Dr. Johnson instantly understood, and impressively thanked him, and then gravely took a last leave of him: after which, with the utmost kindness, as well as composure, he formally bid adieu to all his physicians.

Dr. Burney, in much affliction, hurried to Bolt Court; but the invalid seemed to be sleeping, and could not be spoken to till he should open his eyes. Mr. Straghan, the clergyman, gave however the welcome information, that the terror of death had now passed away; and that this excellent man no longer looked forward with dismay to his quick approaching end; but, on the contrary, with what he himself called the irradiation of hope.

This was, indeed, the greatest of consolations, at a awful a crisis, to his grieving friend; nevertheless, Dr. Burney was deeply depressed at the heavy and irremediable loss he was so soon to sustain; but he determined to make, at least, one more effort for a parting sight of his so long honoured friend. And, on Saturday, the 11th December, to his unspeakable comfort, he arrived at Bolt Court just as the poor invalid was able to be visible; and he was immediately admitted.

Dr. Burney found him seated on a great chair, propped up by pillows, and perfectly tranquil. He affectionately took the doctor's hand, and kindly inquired after his health, and that of his family; and then, as ever, Mr. Johnson was wont to do, he separately and very particularly named and dwelt upon the doctor's second daughter; gently adding, "I hope Fanny did not take it amiss, that I did not see her that morning?—I was very bad indeed!"

Dr. Burney answered, that the word *amiss* could never be apropos to her; and least of all now, when he was so ill.

The doctor ventured to stay about half an hour, which was partly spent in quiet discourse, partly in calm silence; the invalid always perfectly placid in looks and manner.

When the doctor was retiring, Dr. Johnson again took his hand and encouraged him to call yet another time; and afterwards, when again he was departing, Dr. Johnson impressively said, though in a low voice, "Tell Fanny—to pray for me!" And then, still holding, or rather grasping, his hand, he made a prayer for himself, the most pious, humble, eloquent, and touching. Dr. Burney said, that mortal man could compose and utter. He concluded it with an amen! in which Dr. Burney fervently joined; and which was spontaneously echoed by all who were present.

This over, he brightened up, as if with revived spirits, and opened cheerfully into some general conversation; and when Dr. Burney, yet a third time, was taking his reluctant leave, something of his old arch look played upon his countenance as, smilingly he said, "Tell Fanny—I think I shall yet throw the ball at her again!"

A kindness so lively, following an injunction so penetrating, reanimated a hope of admission in the memorialist; and, after church on the ensuing morning, Sunday, the 12th of December, with the fullest appro-

bation of Dr. Burney, she repaired once more to Bolt Court.

But grievously was she overset on hearing, at the door, that the doctor again was worse, and could receive no one.

She summoned Frank Barber, and told him she had understood, from her father, that Dr. Johnson had meant to see her. Frank then, but in silence, conducted her to the parlour. She begged him merely to mention to the doctor, that she had called with most earnest enquiries; but not to hint at any expectation of seeing him till he should be better.

Frank went up stairs; but did not return. A full hour was consumed in anxious waiting. She then saw Mr. Langton pass the parlour door, which she watchfully kept open, and ascend the stairs. She had not courage to stop or speak to him, and another hour lingered on in the same suspense.

But, at about four o'clock, Mr. Langton made his appearance in the parlour.

She took it for granted he came accidentally, but observed that, though he bowed, he forbore to speak; or even to look at her, and seemed in much disturbance.

Extremely alarmed, she durst not venture at any question; but Mrs. Davis, who was there, uneasily asked, "How is Dr. Johnson now, sir?"

"Going on to death very fast!" was the mournful reply.

The memorialist, grievously shocked and overset by so hopeless a sentence, after an invitation so sprightly of only the preceding evening from the dying man himself, turned to the window to recover from so painful a disappointment.

"Has he taken any thing, sir?" said Mrs. Davis.

"Nothing at all! We carried him some bread and milk; he refused it, and said, 'The less the better!'"

Mrs. Davis then asked sundry other questions, from the answers to which it fully appeared that his faculties were perfect, and that his mind was quite composed.

This conversation lasted about a quarter of an hour, before the memorialist had any suspicion that Mr. Langton had entered the parlour purposely to speak to her, and with a message from Dr. Johnson:

But as soon as she could summon sufficient firmness to turn round, Mr. Langton solemnly said, "This poor man I understand, ma'am, from Frank, desired yesterday to see you."

"My understanding, or hoping that, sir, brought me hither to day."

"Poor man! 'tis a pity he did not know himself better; and that you should not have been spared this trouble."

"Trouble?" she repeated; "I would come an hundred times to see Dr. Johnson the hundredth and first!"

"He begged me, ma'am, to tell you that he hopes you will excuse him. He is very sorry, indeed, not to see you. But he desired me to come and speak to you for him myself, and to tell you that he hopes you will excuse him; for he feels himself too weak for such an interview."

Struck and touched to the very heart by so kind, though sorrowful a message, at a moment that seemed so awful, the memorialist hastily expressed something like thanks to Mr. Langton, who was visibly affected, and, leaving her most affectionate respects, with every warmly kind wish she could half utter, she hurried back to her father's coach.

The very next day, Monday, the 13th of December, Dr. Johnson expired—and without a groan. Expired, it is thought, in his sleep.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and a noble, almost colossal statue of him, in the high and chaste workmanship of Bacon, has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The pall bearers were Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Colman, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Mr. Langton.

Dr. Burney, with all who were in London of the literary club, attended the funeral. The Reverend Dr. Charles Burney also joined the procession.

1785.

This year, happily for Dr. Burney, re-opened with a new professional interest, that necessarily called him from the tributary sorrow with which the year 1784 had closed.

The engravings for the commemoration of Handel were now finished; and a splendid copy of the work was prepared for the king. Lord Sandwich, as one of the chief directors of the late festival, obligingly offered

his services for taking the doctor under his wing to present the book at the levee; but his majesty gave Dr. Burney to understand, through Mr. Nicolai, that he would receive it, at a private audience, in his library.

This was an honour most gratifying to Dr. Burney, who returned from his interview at the palace, in an elevation of pleasure that he communicated to his family, with the social confidence that made the charm of his domestic character.

HOUSE-BREAKING.

In this same spring, a very serious misfortune befel Dr. Burney, which, though not of the affecting cast that had lately tainted his happiness, severely attacked his worldly comforts.

Early one morning, and before he was risen, Mrs. Burney's maid, rushing vehemently into the bed-room, screamed out: "O, sir! robbers! robbers! the house is broke open!"

A wrapping gown and slippers brought the doctor down stairs in a moment; when he found that the bureau of Mrs. Burney, in the dining parlour, had been forced open; and saw upon the table three packets of mingled gold and silver, which seemed to have been put into three divisions for a triple booty; but which were left, it was supposed, upon some sudden alarm, while the robbers were in the act of distribution.

After securing and rejoicing in what so fortunately had been saved from seizure, Dr. Burney repaired to his study; but no abandoned pillage met his gratulations there! his own bureau had been visited with equal rapacity, though left with less precipitancy; and he soon discovered that he had been purloined of upwards of £300.

He sent instantly for an officer of the police, who unhesitatingly pronounced that the leader, at least, of the burglary, must have been a former domestic; this was decided, from remarking that he had gone straight forward to the two bureaus, which were the only depositories of money; while sundry cabinets and commodes, to the right and to the left, had been passed unransacked.

The entrance into the house had been effected through the area; and a kitchen window was still open, at the foot of which, upon the sand on the floor, the print of a man's shoe was so perfect, that the police-officer drew its circumference with great exactitude; picking up, at the same time, a button that had been squeezed off from a coat, by the forced passage.

Dr. Burney had recently parted with a man servant of whom he had much reason to think ill, though none had occurred to make him believed a house-breaker. This man was immediately enquired for; but he had quitted the lodgings to which he had retired upon losing his place; and had acquainted no one whither he was gone.

The officers of the police, however, with their usual ferreting routine of dexterity, soon traced the suspected runaway to Hastings; where he had arrived to embark in a fishing vessel for France; but he had found none ready, and was waiting for a fair wind.

When the police officer, having intimation that he was gone to an inn for some refreshment, entered the kitchen where he was taking some bread and cheese, he got up so softly, while the officer, not to alarm him, had turned round to give some directions to a waiter, that he slid unheeded out of the kitchen by an opposite door: and, quickly as the officer missed him, he was sought for in vain; not a trace of his footsteps was to be seen; though the inward guilt manifested by such an evasion redoubled the vigilance of pursuit.

The fugitive was soon, however, discerned, on the top of a high brick wall, running along its edge in the midst of the most frightful danger, with a courage that, in any better cause, would have been worthy of admiration.

The policeman, now, composedly left him to his race and his defeat; satisfied that no asylum awaited him at the end of the wall, and that he must thence drop, without further resistance, into captivity.

Cruel for Dr. Burney is what remains of this narration: the runaway was seized, and brought to the public office, where a true bill was found for his trial, as he could give no reason for his flight; and as the button picked up in the area exactly suited a wanting one in a coat discovered to be in his possession. His shoe, also, precisely fitted the drawing on the kitchen floor. But though this circumstantial evidence was so strong as to bring to all the magistrates a conviction of his guilt that they scrupled not to avow, it was only circumstantial; it was not positive. He had taken nothing but cash; a single bank note might have been brought home to him with proof; but to coin, who could swear? The magistrates, therefore, were compelled to discharge, though they would not ut-

ter the word acquit, the prisoner; and the doctor had the mortification to witness in the court the repayment of upwards of fifty guineas to the felon, that had been found upon him at Hastings. The rest of the three hundred pounds must have been secured by the accomplices; or buried in some place of concealment.

But Dr. Burney, however aggrieved and injured by this affair, was always foremost to subscribe to the liberal maxim of the law, that it is better to acquit ten criminals, than to condemn one innocent man. He resigned himself, therefore, submissively, however little pleased, to the laws of his noble country, ever ready to consider, like Pope,

"All partial evil, universal good."

Would it be just, could it be right, to leave unqualified to the grief of his friends, and to the rage of the murmurers against destiny, a blight such as this to the industry and the welfare of Dr. Burney; and not seek to soften the concern of the kind, and not aim at mitigating the asperity of the declaimers, by opening a fairer point of view for the termination of this event, if fact and fair reality can supply colours for so revivifying a change of scenery?

Surely such a retention, if not exacted by discretion or delicacy, would be graceless. A secret, therefore, of more than forty-seven years' standing, and known at this moment to no living being but this memorialist, ought now, in honour, in justice, and in gratitude, to be laid open to the surviving friends of Dr. Burney.

About a month after this treacherous depredation had filled the doctor and his house with dismay, a lady of high rank, fortune, and independence, well known in the family, mysteriously summoned this memorialist to a private room, for a *tele-d-leic*, in St. Martin's street.

As soon as they were alone, she scrutinizingly examined that no one was within hearing on the other side of either of the doors leading into the apartment; and then solemnly said that she came to demand a little secret service.

The memorialist protested herself most ready to meet her request; but that was insufficient: the lady insisted upon a formal and positive promise, that what she should ask should be done; yet that her name in the transaction should never be divulged.

There seemed something so little reasonable in a desire for so unqualified an engagement upon a subject unknown, that the memorialist, disturbed, hesitated and hung back.

The lady was palpably hurt; and, dropping a low courtesy, with a supercilious half smile, and a brief, but civil, "Good morning, ma'am!" was proudly stalking out of the room; when, shocked to offend her, the memorialist besought her patience; and then frankly asked, how she could promise what she was in the dark whether she could perform?

The lady, unbending her furrowed brow, replied, "I'll tell you how, ma'am: you must either say, I believe you to be an honest woman, and I'll trust you; or, I believe you to be no better than you should be, and I'll have nothing to do with you."

An alternative such as this could hardly be called an alternative: the promise was given.

The smile now of pleasure, almost of triumph, that succeeded to that of satire, which had almost amounted to scorn, nearly recompensed the hazarded trust; which, soon afterwards, was even more than repaid by the sincerest admiration.

The lady, taking a thick letter-case from a capacious and well-furnished part of the female habilliment of other days, yclept a pocket, produced a small parcel, and said, "Do me the favour, ma'am, to slip this trifle into the doctor's bureau the first time you see him open it; and just say, 'Sir, this is bank notes for three hundred pounds, instead of what that rogue robbed you of. But you must ask no questions; and you must not stare, sir, for it's from a friend that will never be known. So don't be over curious; for it's a friend who will never take it back, if you fret yourself to the bone. So please, sir, to do what you please with it. Either use it, or put it behind the fire, whichever you think the most sensible.' And then, if he should say, 'Pray, miss, who gave you that impertinent message for me?' you will get into no jeopardy, for you can answer that you are bound head and foot to hold your tongue; and then, being a man of honour, he will hold his. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

The memorialist, heartily laughing, but in great perturbation lest the doctor should be hurt or displeased, would fain have resisted this commission; but the lady, peremptorily saying a promise was a promise, which no

person under a vagabond, but more especially a person of honour, writing books, could break, would listen to no appeal.

She had been, she protested, on the point of *non compar* ever since that rogue had played the doctor such a knavish trick, as picking his bureau to get at his cash; in thinking how much richer she, who had neither child nor chick, nor any particular great talents, was than she ought to be; while a man who was so much a greater scholar, and with such a fry of young ones at his heels, all of them such a set of geniuses, was suddenly made so much poorer, for no offence, only that rogue's knavishness. And she could not get back into her right senses upon the accident, she said, till she had hit upon this scheme: for knowing Dr. Burney to be a very punctilious man, like most of the book-writers, who were always rather odd, she was aware she could not make him accept such a thing in a quiet way, however it might be his due in conscience; only by some cunning device that he could not get the better of.

Expostulation was vain; and the matter was arranged exactly according to her injunctions.

Ultimately, however, when the deed was so confirmed as to be irrevocable, the memorialist obtained her leave to make known its author; though under the most absolute charge of secrecy for all around; which was strictly observed; notwithstanding all the resistance of the astonished doctor, whom she forbade ever to name it, either to herself, she said, or Co., under pain of never speaking to him again.

All peculiar obstacles, however, having now passed away, justice seems to demand the recital of this extraordinary little anecdote in the history of Dr. Burney.

Those who still remember a daughter of the Earl of Thanet, who was widow of Sir William Duncan, will recognise, without difficulty, in this narration, the generosity, spirit, and good humour, with the uncultivated, ungrammatical, and incoherent dialect, and the comic, but arbitrary manner, of the indescribably diverting and grotesque, though munificent and nobly liberal, Lady Mary Duncan.

MRS. VESEY.

The singular, and, in another way, equally quaint and original, as well as truly Irish, Mrs. Vesey, no sooner heard of Dr. Burney's misfortune, than she sent for an ingenious carpenter, to whom she communicated a desire to have a private drawer constructed in a private apartment, for the concealment and preservation of her cash from any fraudulent servant.

Accordingly, within the wainscot of her dressing room, this was effected; and, when done, she rang for her principal domestics; and, after recounting to them the great evil that had happened to poor Dr. Burney; and bemoaning that he had not taken a similar precaution, she charged them, in a low voice, never to touch such a part of the wall, lest they should press upon the spring of the private drawer, in which she was going to hide her gold and bank notes.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

In the summer of this year, 1785, came over from France the celebrated comtesse de Genlis. Dr. Burney and his second daughter were almost immediately invited, at the express desire of the Countess, to meet, and pass a day with her, at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His niece, Miss Palmer, Sir Abraham and Lady Hume, Lord Palmerston, and some others, were of the party.

Madame de Genlis must then have been about thirty-five years of age; but the whole of her appearance was nearly ten years younger. Her face, without positive beauty, had the most winning agreeability: her figure was remarkably elegant, her attire was chastely simple: her air was reserved, and her demeanour was dignified. Her language had the same flowing perspicuity, and animated variety, by which it is marked in the best of her works; and her discourse was full of intelligence, yet wholly free from presumption or obtrusion. Dr. Burney was forcibly struck with her, and his daughter was enchanted.

Almost as numerous as her works, and almost as diversified, were the characters which had preceded this celebrated lady to England. None, however, of the calumnious sort had reached the ears of the doctor previously to this meeting; and though some had buzzed about these of the memorialist, they were vague; and she willingly, from the charm of such superior talents, believed them unfounded; even before the witchery of personal partiality drove them wholly from the field: from her sight, her manners, and her conversation,

not an idea could elicit that was not instinctively in her favour.

Unconstrained, therefore, was the impulsive regard with which this illustrious foreigner inspired both; and which, gently, but pointedly, it was her evident aim to increase. She made a visit the next day to the memorialist, whose society she sought with a flattering earnestness and a spirited grace that, coupled with her rare attractions, made a straight forward and most animating conquest of her charmed votary.

Madame de Genlis had already been at Windsor, where, through the medium of Madame de la Fite, she had been honoured with a private audience of the queen: and the energetic respect with which she spoke of her majesty, was one of the strongest incentives to the loyal heart of Dr. Burney for encouraging this rising connection.

Madame de Genlis had presented, she said, to the queen the sacred dramas which she had dedicated to her Serene Highness the Duchess of Orleans; adding, that she had brought over only two copies of that work, of which the second was destined for *Mademoiselle Burney*; to whom, with a billet of elegance nearly heightened into expressions of friendship, it was shortly conveyed.

The memorialist was at a loss how to make acknowledgments for this obliging offering, as she would have held any return in kind to savour rather of vanity than of gratitude. Dr. Burney, however, relieved her embarrassment, by permitting her to be the bearer of his own History of Music, as far as it had then been published. This Madame de Genlis received with infinite grace and pleasure; for while capable of treating luminously almost every subject that occurred, she had an air, a look, a smile, that gave consequence, transiently, to every thing she said or did.

She had then by her side, and fondly under her wing, a little girl whom she called Pamela,* who was most attractively lovely, and whom she had imbued with a species of enthusiasm for the memorialist, so potent and so eccentric, that when, during the visit at Sir Joshua Reynolds', Madame de Genlis said, "*Pamela, voila Mademoiselle Burney*," the animated little person rushed hastily forward, and prostrated herself upon one knee before the astonished, almost confounded object of her notice; who, though covered with a confusion half distressing, half ridiculous, observed in every motion and attitude of the really enchanting little creature, a picturesque beauty of effect, and a magic allurements in her fine cast up eyes, that she could not but wish to see perpetuated by Sir Joshua.

On the day that Dr. Burney left his card in Portland-place, for a parting visit to Madame de Genlis, previously to her quitting London, he left there, also, the memorialist; who, by appointment, was to pass the morning with that lady. This same witching little being was then capitally aiding and abetting in a preconcerted manœuvre, with which Madame de Genlis not a little surprised her guest. This was by detaining her, through a thousand varying contrivances, all for a while unsuspected, in a particular position; while a painter, whom Madame de Genlis mentioned as being with her by chance, and who appeared to be amusing himself with sketching some fancies of his own, was clandestinely taking a portrait of the visitor.

However flattered by the desire of its possession in so celebrated a personage, that visitor had already, and decidedly, refused sitting for it, not alone to Madame de Genlis, but to various other kind demanders, from a rooted dislike of being exhibited. And when she discovered what was going forward, much vexed and disconcerted, she would have quitted her seat, and fled the premises: but the adroit little charmer had again recourse to her graceful prostration; and, again casting up her beautifully picturesque eyes, pleaded the cause and wishes of Madame de Genlis, whom she called *Maman*, with an eloquence and a pathos so singular and so captivating, that the memorialist, though she would not sit quietly still, nor voluntarily favour the painter's artifice, could only have put in practice a peremptory and determined flight, by trampling upon the urgent, clinging, impassioned little suppliant.

This was the last day's intercourse of Madame de Genlis with Dr. Burney and the memorialist. Circumstances, soon afterwards, suddenly parted them; and circumstances never again brought them together.

MRS. DELANY.

The society which assembled at that lady's mansion was elegant and high bred, yet entertaining and diversified. As Mrs. Delany chose to sustain her own house,

* Afterwards Lady Edward Fitzgerald.

that she might associate without constraint with her own family, the generous Duchess of Portland would not make a point of persuading her to sojourn at Whitehall; preferring the sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, in quitting that noble residence nearly every evening, to lessening those of her tenderly loved companion.

But a lamented, though not personal or family event, which occurred at the end of this summer, must here be recorded, with some detail of circumstance; as it proved, in its consequences, by no means unimportant to the history of Dr. Burney.

The venerable Mrs. Delany was suddenly bereft of the right noble friend who was the delight of her life, the Duchess Dowager of Portland. That honoured and honourable lady had quitted town for her dower mansion of Bulstrode Park. Thither she had just most courteously invited this memorialist: who had spent with her grace and her beloved friend, at the fine dwelling of the former at Whitehall, nearly the last evening of their sojourn in town, to arrange this intended summer junction. A letter of Mrs. Delany's dictation had afterwards followed to St. Martin's street, fixing a day on which a carriage, consigned by her grace to Mrs. Delany's service, was to fetch the new visitor. But, on the succeeding morning, a far different epistle, written by the amanuensis of Mrs. Delany, brought the mournful counter-tidings of the seizure, illness, and decease, of the valuable, generous, and charming mistress of Bulstrode Park.

Mrs. Delany, as soon as possible, was removed back to St. James' Place; in a grief touchingly profound, though resigned.

This was a loss for which, as Mrs. Delany was fifteen years the senior, no human calculation had prepared: and what other has the human mathematician? Her condition in life, therefore, as well as her heart, was assailed by this privation; and however inferior to the latter was the former consideration, the conflict of afflicted feelings with discomfited affairs, could not but be doubly oppressive: for though from the duchess no pecuniary loan was accepted by Mrs. Delany, unnumbered were the little auxiliaries to domestic economy which her grace found means to convey to St. James' Place.

But now, even the house in that place, though already small for the splendid persons who frequently sought there to pay their respects to the duchess, as well as to Mrs. Delany, became too expensive for her means of supporting its establishment.

The friendship of the high-minded duchess for Mrs. Delany had been an honour to herself and to her sex, a rank she held as a bauble, her superior wealth as dross, save as they might be made subservient towards equalling in condition the chosen companion, with whom in affection all was already parallel.

Upon first receiving the melancholy intelligence of the broken-up meeting at Bulstrode Park, Dr. Burney had taken his much-grieved daughter with him to Chesington, where, with all its bereavements, he repaired, to go on with his history; but, with a kindness which always led him to participate in the calls of affection, he no sooner learned that her presence would be acceptable to Mrs. Delany, than he spared his amanuensis from his side and his work, and instantly lent her his carriage to convey her back to town, and to the house of that afflicted lady; whose tenderly open-armed, though tearful reception, was as gratifying to the feelings of her deeply-attached guest, as the grief that she witnessed was saddening.

The doctor permitted her now to take up her abode in this house of mourning; where she had the heartfelt satisfaction to find herself not only soothing to the admirable friend, by whom so late in life, but so warmly in love, she had been taken to the bosom; but empowered to relieve some of her cares by being intrusted to overlook, examine, and read to her letters and manuscripts of every description; and to select, destroy, or arrange the long-boarded mass. She even began revising and continuing a manuscript memoir of the early days of Mrs. Delany; but, as it could be proceeded with only in moments of unbroken *tete-a-tete*, it never was finished.

Meanwhile, when the tidings of the death of the Duchess Dowager of Portland reached their majesties, their first thought, after their immediate grief at her departure, was of Mrs. Delany; and when they found that the duchess, from a natural expectation of being herself the longest liver, had taken no measures to soften off the worldly part, at least, of this separation, the king, with most benevolent munificence, resolved to supply the deficiency which a failure of foresight alone, he was sure, had occasioned in a friend of such anxious fondness. He completely, therefore, and even minutely fitted up for Mrs. Delany a house at Windsor, near the castle; and

settled a pension of three hundred pounds a-year upon her for life; to enable her to still keep her house in town, that she might repair thither every winter, for the pleasure of enjoying the society of her old friends.

The grateful heart of Mrs. Delany overflowed at her eyes at marks so attentive, as well as beneficent, of kindness and goodness in her sovereigns; for well she felt convinced that the queen had a mental share and influence in these royal offerings.

To Windsor, thus invited, Mrs. Delany now went; and this memorialist, lightened of a thousand apprehensions by this cheer to the feelings of her honoured friend, returned to Dr. Burney, in Surrey. A letter speedily followed her, with an account that the good king himself, having issued orders to be apprised when Mrs. Delany entered the town of Windsor, had repaired to her newly allotted house, there, in person, to give her welcome. Overcome by such condescension, she flung herself upon her knees before him, to express a sense of his graciousness for which she could find no words.

Their majesties almost immediately visited her in person; an honour which they frequently repeated: and they condescendingly sent to her, alternately, all their royal daughters. And, as soon as she was recovered from her fatigues, they invited her to their evening concerts at the Upper Lodge, in which, at that time, they sojourned.

The time is now come to open upon the circumstances which will lead, ere long, to the cause of a seeming episode in these memoirs.

Dr. Burney was soon informed that the queen had deigned to inquire of Mrs. Delany, why she had not brought her friend, Miss Burney, to her new home? an enquiry that was instantly followed by an invitation that hastened, of course, the person in question to St. Alban's street, Windsor.

Here she found her venerable friend in the full solace of as much contentment as her recent severe personal loss, and her advanced period of life, could well admit. And, oftentimes, far nearer to mortal happiness is such contentment in the aged, than is suspected, or believed, by assuming and presuming youth; who frequently take upon trust—or upon poetry—their capability of superior enjoyment for its possession. She was honoured by all who approached her; she was loved by all with whom she associated. Her very dependence was made independent by the delicacy with which it left her completely mistress of her actions and her abode. Her sovereigns unbent from their state to bestow upon her graciousness and favour: and the youthful object of her dearest affections, Miss Port, was fostered, with their full permission, under her wing.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

In a week or two after the arrival of the new visitant, she was surprised into the presence of the king, by a sudden, unannounced, and unexpected entrance of his majesty, one evening, into the drawing-room of Mrs. Delany; where, however, the confusion occasioned by his unlooked-for appearance speedily, nay, blithely, subsided, from the suavity of his manners, the impressive benevolence of his countenance, and the cheering gaiety of his discourse. Fear could no more exist where goodness of heart was so predominant, than respect could fail where dignity of rank was so pre-eminent: and, ere many minutes had elapsed, Mrs. Delany had the soft satisfaction not only of seeing the first tremours of her favoured friend pass insensibly away, but of observing them to be supplanted by ease, nay, delight, from the mild yet lively graciousness with which she was drawn into conversation by his majesty.

The queen, a few days later, made an entry with almost as little preparation; save that the king, though he had not announced, had preceded her; and that the chairman's knock at the door had excited some suspicion of her approach; while the king, who came on foot, and quite alone, had only rung at the bell; each of them palpably showing a condescending intention to avoid creating a panic in the new guest; as well as to obviate, what repeatedly had happened when they arrived without these precautions, a timid escape.

To describe what the queen was in this interview, would be to portray grace, sprightliness, sweetness, and spirit, embodied in one frame. And each of these sovereigns, while bestowing all their decided attentions upon their venerable and admirable hostess, deigned to display the most favourable disposition towards her new visitor; the whole of their manner, and the whole tenour of their discourse denoting a curious desire to develop, if traceable, the peculiarities which had impelled that

small person, almost whether she would or not, into public notice.

The pleasure with which Dr. Burney received the details now transmitted to him, of the favour with which his daughter was received at Windsor, made a marked period of parental satisfaction in his life: and these accounts, with some others on a similar topic of a more recent date, were placed amongst boards to which he had the most frequent recourse for recreation in his latter years.

The incidents, indeed, leading to this so honourable distinction were singular almost to romance. This daughter, from a shyness of disposition the most fearful, as well as from her native obscurity, would have been the last, in the common course of things, to have had the smallest chance of attracting royal notice; but the eccentricity of her opening adventure into life had excited the very curiosity which its scheme meant to render abortive; and these august personages beheld her with an evident wish of making some acquaintance with her character. They saw her, also, under the auspices of a lady whom they had almost singled out from amongst womankind as an object worthy of their private friendship; and whose animated regard for her, they knew, had set aloof all distance of years, and all remoteness of intercourse.

These were circumstances to exile common form and royal disciplinarianism from these great personages; and to give to them the smiling front and unbent brow of their fair native, not majestically acquired, physiognomies. And the impulsive effect of such urbanity was facilitating their purpose to its happy, honoured object; who found herself, as if by enchantment, in this august presence, without the panic of being summoned, or the awe of being presented. Nothing was chilled by ceremonial, nothing was stiffened by etiquette, nothing belonging to the formula of royalty kept up stately distance. No lady in waiting exhibited the queen; no equerry pointed out the king; the reverence of the heart sufficed to impede any forgetfulness of their rank; and the courtesy of their own unaffected hilarity diffused ease, spirit, and pleasure all around.

The king, insatiably curious to become still more minutely master of the history of the publication of *Evelina*, was pointed, though sportive, in question to bring forth that result. The queen, still more desirous to develop the author than the book, was arch and intelligent in converse, to draw out her general sentiments and opinions; and both were so gently, yet so gaily, encouraging, that not to have met their benignant openness with frank vivacity, must rather have been insensibility than timidity.

They appeared themselves to enjoy the novelty of so domestic an evening visit, which, it is believed, was unknown to their practice till they had settled Mrs. Delany in a private house of their own presentation at Windsor. Comfortably here they now took their tea, which was brought to them by Miss Port; Mrs. Delany, to whom that office belonged, being too infirm for its performance; and they stayed on, in lively, easy, and pleasant conversation, abandoning cards, concert, and court circle, for the whole evening. And still, when, very late, they made their exit, they seemed reluctantly to depart.

WARREN HASTINGS.

The far, and but too deeply, widely, and unfortunately famed Warren Hastings was now amongst the persons of high renown, who courteously sought the acquaintance of Dr. Burney.

The tremendous attack upon the character and conduct of Governor Hastings, which terminated, through his own dauntless appeal for justice, in the memorable trial at Westminster Hall, hung then suspended over his head: and, as Mr. Burke was his principal accuser, it would strongly have prejudiced the doctor against the accused, had not some of the most respectable connections of the governor, who had known him through the successive series of his several governments, and through the whole display of his almost unprecedented power, been particularly of the doctor's acquaintance; and these all agreed that the uniform tenour of the actions of Mr. Hastings, while he was governor general of India, spoke humanity, moderation, and liberality.

His demeanour and converse were perfectly corroboratory with this praise; and he appeared to Dr. Burney to be one of the greatest men then living as a public character; while as a private man, his gentleness, candour, and openness of discourse, made him one of the most pleasing. He talked with the utmost frankness upon his situation and affairs; and with a perfect reliance

of victory over his enemies, from a fearless consciousness of probity and honour.

That Mr. Burke, the high-minded Mr. Burke, with a zeal nearly frantic in the belief of popular rumours, could so impetuously, so wildly, so imperiously be his prosecutor, was a true grief to the doctor; and seemed an enigma inexplicable.

But Mr. Burke, with all the depth and sagacity of the rarest wisdom where he had time for consideration, and opportunity for research, had still not only the ardour, but the irreflexion of ingenuous juvenile credulity, where tales of horror, of cruelty, or of woe, were placed before him with a cry for redress.

Dr. Burney was painfully and doubly disturbed at this terrific trial, through his esteem and admiration for both parties; and he kept as aloof from the scene of action during the whole of its Trojan endurance, as he would have done from a bull fight, to which both antagonists had been mercilessly exposed. For though, through his transcendent merit, joined to a longer and more grateful connection, he had an infinitely warmer personal regard for Mr. Burke, he held Mr. Hastings, in this case, to be innocent, and consequently injured: on him, therefore, every wish of victory devolved; yet so high was the reliance of the doctor on the character of intentional integrity in the prosecutor, that he always beheld him as a man under a generous, however fanatical delusion of avenging imputed wrongs; and he forgave what he could not justify.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

Few amongst those who, at this period, honoured Dr. Burney with an increasing desire of intimacy, stood higher in fashionable celebrity than Horace Walpole, and his civilities to the father were evermore accompanied by an at least equal portion of distinction for his daughter; with whom, after numerous invitations that circumstances had rendered ineffective, the doctor, in 1786, had the pleasure of making a visit of some days to Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Walpole paid them the high and well understood compliment of receiving them without other company. No man less needed auxiliaries for the entertainment of his guests, when he was himself in good humour and good spirits. He had a fund of anecdote that could provide food for conversation without any assistance from the news of the day, or the state of the elements: and he had wit and general knowledge, to have supplied their place, had his memory been of that volatile description that retained no former occurrence, either of his own or of his neighbour, to relate. He was scrupulously, and even elaborately well-bred; fearing, perhaps, from his conscious turn to sarcasm, that if he suffered himself to be unguarded, he might utter expressions more amusing to be recounted aside, than agreeable to be received in front. He was a witty, sarcastic, ingenious, deeply thinking, highly cultivated, quaint, though evermore gallant and romantic, though very mundane, old bachelor of other days.

But his external obligations to nature were by no means upon a par with those which he owed to her mentally: his eyes were inexpressive; and his countenance, when not worked upon by his elocution, was of the same description; at least in these his latter days.

Strawberry Hill was now exhibited to the utmost advantage. All that was peculiar, especially the most valuable of his pictures, he had the politeness to point out to his guests himself; and not unfrequently, from the deep shade in which some of his antique portraits were placed; and the lone sort of look of the unusually shaped apartments in which they were hung, striking recollections were brought to their minds of his gothic story of the Castle of Otranto.

He showed them, also, with marked pleasure, the very vase immortalised by Gray, into which the pensive, but rapacious Selima had glided to her own destruction, whilst grasping at that of her golden prey. On the outside of the vase Mr. Walpole had had labelled,

"'Twas on THIS lofty vase's side."

He accompanied them to the picturesque villa already mentioned, which had been graced by the residence of Lady Di. Beauclerk; but which, having lost that fair possessor, was now destined for two successors in the highly talented Miss Berry; of whom he was anticipating with delight the expected arrival from Italy. After displaying the elegant apartments, pictures, decorations, and beautiful grounds and views; all which, to speak in his own manner, had a sort of well-bred as well as gay and recreative appearance, he conducted them to a small but charming octagon room, which was orna-

mented in every pannel by designs taken from his own tragedy of the *Mysterious Mother*, and executed by the accomplished Lady Di.

Dr. Burney beheld them with the admiration that could not but be excited by the skill, sensibility, and refined expression of that eminent lady artist; and the pleasure of his admiration happily escaped the alloy by which it would have been adulterated, had he previously read the horrid tragedy whence the subject had been chosen; a tragedy that seems written upon a plan as revolting to probability as to nature; and that violates good taste as forcibly as good feeling. It seems written, indeed, as if in epigrammatic scorn of the horrors of the Greek drama, by giving birth to conceptions equally terrific, and yet more appalling.

In the evening, Mr. Walpole favoured them with producing several, and opening some of his numerous repositories of hoarded manuscripts; and he pointed to a peculiar caravan, or strong box, that he meant to leave to his great nephew, Lord Waldegrave; with an injunction that it should not be unlocked for a certain number of years, perhaps thirty, after the death of Mr. Walpole; by which time, he probably calculated, that all then living, who might be hurt by its contents, would be above, —or beneath them.

He read several picked out and extremely clever letters of Madame du Deffand, of whom he recounted a multiplicity of pleasant histories; and he introduced to them her favourite little lap dog, which he fondled and cherished, fed by his side, and made his constant companion. There was no appearance of the roughness with which he had treated its mistress, in his treatment of the little animal; to whom, perhaps, he paid his court in secret penitence, as *l'amende honorable* for his harshness to its begetter.

Horace Walpole was amongst those whose character, as far as it was apparent, had contradictory qualities so difficult to reconcile one with another, as to make its developement, from mere general observation, superficial and unsatisfactory. And Strawberry Hill itself, with all its chequered and interesting varieties of detail, had a something in its whole of monotony, that cast, insensibly, over its visiters, an indefinable species of secret constraint; and made cheerfulness rather the effect of effort than the spring of pleasure; by keeping more within bounds than belongs to their buoyant love of liberty, those light, airy, darting, bursts of unsought gaiety, except animal spirits.

Nevertheless, the evenings of this visit were spent delightfully—they were given up to literature, and to entertaining, critical, ludicrous, or anecdotal conversation. Dr. Burney was nearly as full fraught as Mr. Walpole with all that could apply materials of this genus; and Mr. Walpole had so much taste for his society, that he was wroth to say, when Dr. Burney was running off, after a rapid call in Berkeley square, "Are you going already, Dr. Burney?—Very well, sir! but remember you owe me a visit!"

The pleasure, however, which his urbanity and unwearied exertions evidently bestowed upon his present guests, seemed to kindle in his mind a reciprocity of sensation that warmed him into an increase of kindness; and urged the most impressive desire of retaining them for a lengthened visit. He left no flattery of persuasion, and no bribery of promised entertainment untied to allure their compliance. The daughter was most willing; and the father was not less so; but his time was irretrievably portioned out, and no change was in his power.

Mr. Walpole looked seriously surprised as well as chagrined at the failure of his eloquence and his temptations: though soon recovering his usual tone, he turned off his vexation with his characteristic pleasantry, by uncovering a large portfolio, and telling them that it contained a collection of all the portraits that were extant, of every person mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sevigné; "and if you will not stay at least another day," he said, patting the portfolio with an air of menace, "you shan't see one drop of them!"

MR. STANLEY.

In May, 1786, died that wonderful blind musician, and truly worthy man, Mr. Stanley, who had long been in a declining state of health, but who was much lamented by all with whom he had lived in any intimacy.

Once more, a vacancy opened to Dr. Burney of the highest post of honour in his profession, that of master of the King's Band; a post which in earlier life he had been promised, and of which the disappointment had caused him the most cruel chagrin.

He had now to renew his application. But the chamberlain was changed; and he was again defeated.

MR. SMELT.

Very shortly after this most undeserved disappointment, the memorialist—who must still, perforce, mingle, partially, something of her own memoirs with those of her father, with which, at this period, they were indissolubly linked—met, by his own immediate request, Mr. Smelt, at the house of Mrs. Delany, who was then at her London dwelling, in St. James's place.

He expressed the most obliging concern at the precipitancy of the Lord Chamberlain, who had disposed, he said, of the place before he knew the king's pleasure; and Mr. Smelt scrupled not to confess that his majesty's own intentions had by no means been fulfilled.

As soon in the evening as all visitors were gone, and only himself and the memorialist remained with Mrs. Delany, Mr. Smelt glided, with a gentleness and delicacy that accompanied all his proceedings, into the subject that led him to demand this interview. And this was no other than the offer of a place to the memorialist in the private establishment of the queen.

Her surprise was considerable; though by no means what she would have felt had such an offer not been preceded by the most singular graciousness. Nevertheless, a mark of personal favour so unsolicited, so unthought of, could not but greatly move her; and the moment of disappointment and chagrin to her father at which it occurred; with the expressive tone and manner in which it was announced by Mr. Smelt, brought it close to her heart, as an intended and benevolent mark of goodness to her father himself, that might publicly manifest how little their majesties had been consulted, when Dr. Burney had again so unfairly been set aside.

But while these were the ideas that on the first moment awakened the most grateful sensations towards their majesties, others, far less exhilarating, broke into their vivacity before they had even found utterance. A morbid stroke of sickly apprehension struck upon her mind with forebodings of separation from her father, her family, her friends; a separation which, when there is neither distress to enforce, nor ambition to stimulate a change, can have one only equivalent, or inducement, for an affectionate female; namely, a home of her own with a chosen partner; and even then, the filial sunderment, where there is filial tenderness, is a pungent drawback to all new scenes of life.

Nevertheless, she was fully sensible that here, though there was not that potent call to bosom feelings, there was honour the most gratifying in a choice so perfectly spontaneous; and favour amounting to kindness, from a quarter whence such condescension could not but elevate with pleasure, as well as charm and penetrate with gratitude and respect.

Still—the separation,—for the residence was to be invariably at the palace;—the total change of life; the relinquishing the brilliant intellectual circle into which she had been so flatteringly invited—

She hesitated—she breathed hard—she could not attempt to speak—

But she was with those to whom speech is not indispensable for discourse; who could reciprocate ideas without uttering or hearing a syllable; and to whose penetrating acumen words are the bonds, but not the revealers of thoughts.

They saw, and understood her conflict; and by their own silence showed that they respected hers, and its latent cause.

And when, after a long pause, ashamed of their patience, she would have expressed her sense of their kindness, they would not hear her apology. "Do not hurry your spirits in your answer, my dear Miss Burney," said Mrs. Delany; "pray take your own time: Mr. Smelt, I am sure, will wait it."

"Certainly he will," said Mr. Smelt; "he can wait it even till to-morrow morning; for he is not to give his answer till to-morrow noon."

"Take then the night, my dear Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Delany, in a tone of the softest sympathy, "for deliberation; that you may think every thing over, and not be hurried; and let us all three meet here again to-morrow morning at breakfast."

"How good you both are!" the memorialist was faintly uttering, when what was her surprise to hear Mr. Smelt, who, with a smile, interrupted her, say: "I have no claim to such a panegyric! I should ill execute the commission with which I have been entrusted, if I embarrassed Miss Burney; for the great personage, from whom I hold it, permitted my speaking first to Miss Burney alone, without consulting even Dr. Burney; that she might form her own unbiassed determination."

Where now was the agitation, the incertitude, the

irresolution of the memorialist? Where the severity of her conflict, the pang of her sundering wishes? All were suddenly dissolved by overwhelming astonishment, and melted by respectful gratitude: and to the decision of Dr. Burney all now was willingly, and with resolute and cheerful acquiescence, referred.

Dr. Burney felt honoured, felt elated, felt proud of a mark so gracious, so unexpected, of personal partiality to his daughter; but felt it, perforce, with the same drawbacks to entire happiness that so strongly had balanced its pleasure with herself. Yet his high sense of such singular condescension, and his hope of the worldly advantage to which it might possibly lead; joined to the inherent loyalty that rendered a wish of his sovereign a law to him, checked his disturbance ere it amounted to hesitation. Mutually, therefore, resigned to a parting from so honourable a call, they embraced in tearful season of sentiment; and, with the warmest feelings of heartfelt and most respectful—though not unalloyed—devotion, Dr. Burney hastened to Mr. Smelt, with their unitedly grateful and obedient acceptance of the offer which her majesty had deigned to transmit to them through his kind and liberal medium.

THE QUEEN.

Dr. Burney now became nearly absorbed by this interesting crisis in the life of his second daughter; of which, however, the results, not the details, belong to these Memoirs.

She was summoned almost immediately to Windsor, though only, at first, to the house of Mrs. Delany; in whose presence, as the doctor learned from her letters, this memorialist was called to the honour of an interview of more than two hours with her majesty. Not, however, for the purpose of arranging the particulars of her destination. The penetrating queen, who soon, no doubt, perceived a degree of agitation which could not be quite controlled in so new, so unexpected a position, with a delicacy the most winning put that subject quite aside; and discoursed solely, during the whole long audience, upon general or literary matters.

"I know well," continued the letter to the doctor, "how my kind father will rejoice at so generous an opening; especially when I tell him that, in parting, she condescended, and in the softest manner, to say, 'I am sure, Miss Burney, we shall suit one another very well.' And then, turning to Mrs. Delany, she added, 'I was led to think of Miss Burney first by her books—then by seeing her—and then by always hearing how she was loved by her friends—but chiefly, and over all, by your regard for her.'"

The doctor was then further informed, through Mrs. Delany, that the office of his daughter was to be that of an immediate attendant upon her majesty, designated in the Court Calendar by the name of Keeper of the Robes.

The business thus fixed, though unannounced, as Mrs. Haggerdorn, the predecessor, still held her place, the doctor again, for a few weeks, received back his daughter; whom he found, like himself, extremely gratified that her office consisted entirely in attendance upon so kind and generous a queen: though he could not but smile a little, upon learning that its duties exacted constant readiness to assist at her majesty's toilette: not from any pragmatical disdain of dress—on the contrary, dress had its full share of his admiration, when he saw it in harmony with the person, the class, and the time of life of its exhibitor. But its charms and its capabilities, he was well aware, had engaged no part of his daughter's reflections; what she knew of it was accidental, caught and forgotten with the same facility; and conducing, consequently, to no system or knowledge that might lead to any eminence of judgment for inventing or directing ornamental personal drapery. And she was as utterly unacquainted with the value of jewelry, as she was unused to its wear and care.

The queen, however, he considered, as she made no enquiry, and delivered no charge, was probably determined to take her chance; well knowing she had others more initiated about her to supply such deficiencies. It appeared to him, indeed, that far from seeking, she waived all obstacles; anxious, upon this occasion, at least, where the services were to be peculiarly personal, to make and abide by a choice exclusively her own; and in which no common routine of chamberlain etiquette should interfere.

And, ere long, he had the inexpressible comfort to be informed that so changed, through the partial graciousness of the queen to the memorialist, was the place from that which had been Mrs. Haggerdorn's; so lightened and so simplified, that, in fact, the nominal new Keeper

of the Robes had no robes in her keeping; that the difficulties with respect to jewelry, lace, and court habiliments, and the other routine business belonging to the dress manufactory, appertained to her colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg; and that the manual labours and cares devolved upon the wardrobe-women; while from herself all that officially was required was assiduous attention, unremitting readiness for every summons to the dressing-rooms, not unfrequent long readings, and perpetual sojourn at the palace.

KEEPER OF THE ROBES.

Not till within a few days of the departure of Mrs. Haggerdorn for Germany, there to enjoy, in her own country and family, the fruits of her faithful services, was the vacation of her place made public; when, to avoid troublesome canvassings, Dr. Burney was commissioned to announce in the newspapers her successor.

Open preparations were then made for a removal to Windsor, and a general leave-taking of the memorialist with her family and friends ensued.

Not, indeed, a leave-taking of that mournful cast which belongs to great distance, or decided absence; distance here was trifling, and absence merely precarious; yet was it a leave-taking that could not be gay, though it ought not to be sad. It was a parting from all habitual or voluntary intercourse with natal home, and bosom friends; since she could only at stated hours receive even her nearest of kin in her apartments, and no appointment could be hazarded for abroad, that the duties of office did not make liable to be broken.

These restrictions, nevertheless, as they were official, Dr. Burney was satisfied could cause no offence to her connections: and with regard to her own privations, they were redeemed by so much personal favour and condescension, that they called not for more philosophy than is almost regularly demanded, by the universal equipage of good and evil, in all sublunary changes.

General satisfaction and universal wishing joy ensued from all around to Dr. Burney; who had the great pleasure of seeing that this disposal of his second daughter was spread far and wide through the kingdom, and even beyond its watery bounds, so far as so small an individual could excite any interest, with one accord of approbation.

But the chief notice of this transaction that charmed Dr. Burney, a notice which he hailed with equal pride and delight, was from Mr. Burke; to whom it was no sooner made known, than he hastened in person to St. Martin's street with his warm congratulations; and, upon missing both father and daughter, he entered the parlour, to write upon a card that he picked from a bracket, these flattering words:

"MR. BURKE,
"To congratulate upon the honour done by
"The QUEEN to Miss BURNEY,—
"And to HERSELF."

WINDSOR.

The 17th of July, 1787, was the day appointed by the queen for the entrance into her majesty's establishment of Dr. Burney's second daughter.

The doctor's correspondence with the new robe-keeper was active, lively, incessant; and he had no greater pleasure than in perusing and answering her letters from Windsor Lodge.

As soon as it was in his power to steal a few days from his business and from London, he accepted an invitation from Mrs. Delany to pass them in her abode, by the express permission, or rather with the lively approbation of the king and queen; without which Mrs. Delany held it utterly unbecoming to receive any guests in the house of private, but royal hospitality, which they had consigned to her use.

The queen, on this occasion, as on others that were similar, gave orders that Dr. Burney should be requested to dine at the Lodge with his daughter; to whom devolved, in the then absence of her coadjutrix, Mrs. Schwellenberg, the office of doing the honours of a very magnificent table. And that daughter had the happiness, at this time, to engage for meeting her father, two of the first characters for virtue, purity, and elegance, that she had ever known,—the exemplary Mr. Smelt, and the nearly incomparable Mrs. Delany. There were also some other agreeable people; but the spirited Dr. Burney was the principal object: and he enjoyed himself from the gay feelings of his contentment, as much as by the company he was enjoyed.

In the evening, when the party adjourned from the dining-room to the parlour of the robe-keeper, how high

was the gratification of Dr. Burney to see the king enter the apartment; and to see that, though professedly it was to do honour to years and virtue, in fetching Mrs. Delany himself to the queen, which was very generally his benevolent custom, he now superadded to that goodness the design of according an audience to Dr. Burney: for when Mrs. Delany was preparing to attend his majesty, he, smilingly, made her re-seat herself, with his usual benign consideration for her time of life; and then courteously entered into conversation with the happy Dr. Burney.

He opened upon musical matters, with the most animated wish to hear the sentiments of the doctor, and to communicate his own; and the doctor, enchanted, was more than ready, was eager to meet these condescending advances.

No one at all accustomed to court etiquette could have seen him without smiling: he was so totally unimpressed with the modes which, even in private, are observed in the royal presence, that he moved, spoke, and walked about the room without constraint; nay, he even debated with the king precisely with the same frankness that he would have used with any other gentleman, whom he had accidentally met in society.

Nevertheless, a certain flutter of spirits which always accompanies royal interviews that are infrequent, even with those who are least awed by them, took from him that self-possession which, in new, or uncommon cases, teaches us how to get through difficulties of form, by watching the manoeuvres of our neighbours. Elated by the openness and benignity of his majesty, he seemed in a sort of honest enchantment that drove from his mind all thought of ceremonial; though in his usual commerce with the world, he was scrupulously observant of all customary attentions. But now, on the contrary, he pursued every topic that was started till he had satisfied himself by saying all that belonged to it; and he started any topic that occurred to him, whether the king appeared to be ready for another, or not; and while the rest of the party, retreating towards the wainscot, formed a distant and respectful circle, in which the king, approaching separately and individually those whom he meant to address, was alone wont to move, the doctor, quite unconsciously, came forward into the circle himself; and, wholly bent upon pursuing whatever theme was begun, either followed the king when he turned away, or came onward to meet his steps when he inclined them towards some other person; with an earnestness irrepressible to go on with his own subject; and to retain to himself the attention and the eyes—which never looked adverse to him—of the sweet-tempered monarch.

This vivacity and this nature evidently amused the king, whose candour and good sense always distinguished an ignorance of the routine of forms, from the ill manners or ill will of disrespect.

The queen, also, with a grace all her own towards those whom she deigned to wish to please, honoured her robe-keeper's apartment with her presence on the following evening, by accompanying thither the king; with the same sweetness of benevolence of seeking Mrs. Delany, in granting an audience to Dr. Burney.

No one better understood conversation than the queen, or appreciated conversers with better judgment: gaily, therefore, she drew out, and truly enjoyed, the flowing, unpractised, yet always informing discourse of Dr. Burney.

DR. HERSCHEL.*

One morning about this period was dedicated to the famous Herschel, whom Dr. Burney visited at Slough; whither he carried his daughter, to see, and to take a walk through the immense new telescope of Herschel's own construction. Already from another very large, though, in comparison with this, very diminutive one, Dr. Herschel said he had discovered 1500 universes! The moon, too, which, at that moment, was his favourite object, had afforded him two volcanoes; and his own planet, or the *Georgium Sidus*, had favoured him with two satellites.

Dr. Burney, who had a passionate inclination for astronomy, had a double tie to admiration and regard for Dr. Herschel, who, both practically and theoretically, was also an excellent musician. They had much likewise in common of suavity of disposition; and they conversed together with a pleasure that led, eventually, to much after intercourse.

The accomplished and amiable Mr. Smelt joined them here by appointment; as did, afterwards, the erudite, poetical, and elegant Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester,

* Afterwards Sir William.

and author of the *Marks of Imitation*; whose fine features, fine expression, and fine manners made him styled by Mr. Smelt "The Beauty of Holiness;" and who was accompanied by the learned Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

Miss Herschel, the celebrated comet-searcher, and one of the most truly modest, or rather humble, of human beings, having sat up all night at her eccentric vocation, was now, much to their regret, mocking the day beams in sound repose.

In similar visits to his daughter, Dr. Burney had again and again the high honour and happiness of being indulged with long, lively, and most agreeable conversations with his majesty; who, himself a perfectly natural man, had a true taste for what, in a court—or, in truth, out of one—is so rarely to be met with,—an unsophisticated character.

And thus, congenial with his principles, and flattering to his taste, softly, gaily, salubriously, began for Dr. Burney the new career of his second daughter. It was a stream of happiness, now gliding on gently with the serenity of enjoyment for the present; now rapidly flowing faster with the aspiring velocity of hope for the future.

MRS. DELANY.

What a reverse to this beaming sunshine was floating in the air! A second year was yet incomplete, when a cloud intercepted the bright rays that had almost revived Dr. Burney, by suddenly and for ever closing from his view the inestimable, the exemplary, the venerated friend of his daughter, Mrs. Delany; for sudden was this mortal eclipse, though, at her great age, it could never be unexpected.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

Such was the cloud that obscured the spring horizon of Dr. Burney in 1788; but which, severely as it damped and saddened him, was but as a point in a general mass, save from his kind grief for his heart-afflicted daughter, compared with the effect produced upon him by the appalling hurricane that afterwards ensued; though there, he himself was but as a point, and scarcely that, in the vast mass of general woe and universal disorder, of which that fatal storm was the precursor.

The war of all the elements, when their strife darts with lightnings, and hurls with thunder, that seem threatening destruction all around, is peace, is calm, is tameness and sameness, to that which was caused by the first sudden breaking out of a malady nameless, but tremendous, terrific, but unknown, in the king—that father of his people, that friend of human kind.

This event, then, is foreign to all domestic memoirs; and to such as are political, Dr. Burney's can have no pretensions. It will rapidly, therefore, be passed over, in consonance with the intentions of the doctor, manifested by an entire omission of any intervening memorandums, from his grief at the illness, to his joy at the recovery of his sovereign; a joy which, however diversified by the endless shadings of multitudinous circumstances, was almost universally felt by all ranks, all classes, all ages; and hailed by a chorus of sympathy, that resounded in songs of thanksgiving and triumph throughout the British empire.

WINDSOR.

And yet—though joy flew to his bosom with such exalting delight, when that joy had spent its first effervescence; when, exhausted by its own eager ebullition, it subsided into quiet thankfulness—did Dr. Burney find himself in the same state of self-gratulation at the position of his daughter, as before that blight which bereaved her of Mrs. Delany? Did he experience the same vivid glow of pleasure in her destination, that he felt previously to that tremendous national tempest that had shaken the palace, and shattered all its dwellers, through terror, watchfulness, and sorrow?

Alas no! the charm was broken, the curtain was dropt! the scene was changed by unlooked for contingencies; and a catastrophe of calamity seemed menacing his peace, that was precisely the reverse of all that the opening of this part of his life's drama had appeared to augur of felicity.

The health of his daughter fell visibly into decay; her looks were alarmingly altered; her strength was daily enfeebling; and the native vivacity of her character and spirits were palpably sinking from premature internal debility.

This indeed, was a blight to close, in sickly mists, the most brilliant avenues of his parental ambition: It was a shock of the deepest disappointment, that the one

amongst his progeny on whom fortune had seemed most to smile, should be threatened with lingering dissolution, through the very channel in which she appeared to be gliding to honour and favour; and that he, her hope-beguiled parent, must now, at all mundane risks, snatch her away from every mundane advantage; or incur the perilous chance of weeping over her precipitated grave.

Yet, where such seemed the alternative, there could be no hesitation: the tender parent took place of the provident friend, and his decision was immediate to recall the invalid from all higher worldly aspirations to her retired natal home.

The gratitude of his daughter at this paternal tenderness rose to her eyes, in her then weakened state, with constant tears every time it occurred to her mind; for well she knew how many a gay hope, and glowing fond idea, must be sacrificed by so retrograde a measure.

Medical aid was, however, called in; but no prescription was efficacious: no further room, therefore, was left for demur, and with the sanction, or rather by the direction of her kind father, she addressed a letter to the queen—having first besought and obtained her majesty's leave for taking so direct a course.

In this letter, the memorialist unreservedly represented the altered state of her health; with the fears of her father that her constitution would be utterly undermined, unless it could be restored by retirement from all official exertions. She supplicated, therefore, her majesty's permission to give in her resignation, with her humblest acknowledgments for all the extraordinary goodness that had been shown to her; the remembrance of which would be ever gratefully and indelibly engraven on her heart.

Scarcely with more reluctance was this letter delivered than it was received; and as painful to Dr. Burney were the conflicting scenes that followed this step, as had been the apprehensions by which it had been produced. The queen was moved even to tears at the prospect of losing a faithful attendant, whom she had considered as consecrated to her for life; and on whose attachment she had the firmest reliance: and the reluctance with which she turned from the separation led to modifying propositions, so condescendingly urgent, that the plan of retreat was soon nearly melted away from grateful devotion.

In no common manner indeed, was Dr. Burney beset to adhere to his purpose; he was invoked, conjured, nay, exhorted, by calls and supplications from the most distinguished of his friends, which, however gratifying to his parental feelings, were distressful to his loyal ideas from his conviction that the gracious wish of detention sprung from a belief that the restoration of the invalid might be effected without relinquishing her place.

MR. BOSWELL.

And while thus poignantly he was disturbed by this conflict, his daughter became accidentally informed of plans that were in secret agitation to goad his resolves. Mr. Boswell, about this time, guided by M. de Gaiffardiere, crossed and intercepted her passage, one Sunday morning, from the Windsor cathedral to the queen's lodge.

Mr. Boswell had visited Windsor to solicit the king's leave, which graciously had been granted, for publishing Dr. Johnson's dialogue with his majesty.

Almost forcibly stopping her in her path, though making her an obsequious, or rather a theatrical, bow, "I am happy," he cried, "to find you, madam, for I was told you were lost! closed in the unscalable walls of a royal convent. But let me tell you, madam!" assuming his highest tone of mock-heroic, "it won't do! You must come forth, madam! You must abscond from your princely monastery, and come forth! You were not born to be immured, like a tabby cat, madam, in yon august cell! We want you in the world. And we are told you are very ill. But we can't spare you. Besides, madam, I want your Johnson's letters for my book!"

Then, stopping at once himself and his hearer, by spreading abroad both his arms, in starting suddenly before her, he energetically added, "For THE BOOK, madam! the first book in the universe!"

Swelling then with internal gratulation, yet involuntarily half laughing, from good humouredly catching the infection of the impulse which his unrestrained self-complacency excited in his listener, he significantly paused; but the next minute, with double emphasis, and strong, even comic gesticulation, he went on: "I have every thing else! every thing that can be named, of every sort, and class, and description, to show the great man in all his bearings!—every thing,—except his letters to you! But I have nothing of that kind. I look for it all from you! It is necessary to complete my portrait. It

will be the first book in the whole universe, madam! 'There's nothing like it—' again half laughing, yet speaking more and more forcibly: "There never was,—and there never will be!—So give me your letters, and I'll place them with the hand of a master!"

She made some sportive reply, to hurry away from his urgency; but he pursued her quite to the lodge; acting the whole way so as to make gazers of all whom they encountered, and a laughing observer of M. de Gaiffardiere. "You must come forth, madam!" he vociferated; "this monastic life won't do. You must come forth! We are resolved to a man,—we, The Club, madam! ay, THE CLUB, madam! are resolved to a man, that Dr. Burney shall have no rest—poor gentleman!—till he scale the walls of your august convent, to burn your veil, and carry you off."

At the iron gate opening into the lawn, not daring to force his uninvited steps any farther, he seriously and formally again stopped her, and, with a look and voice that indicated—don't imagine I am trifling!—solemnly confirmed to her a rumour which already had reached her ears, that Mr. Windham, whom she knew to be foremost in this chivalrous cabal against the patience of Dr. Burney, was modelling a plan for inducing the members of the Literary Club to address a round-robin to the doctor, to recall his daughter to the world.

"And the whole matter was punitively discussed," added Mr. Boswell, "at THE CLUB, madam, at the last meeting—Charles Fox in the chair."

The alarm of this intimation sufficed, however, to save the doctor from so disconcerting an honour; for the next time that the invalid, who, though palpably waning away, was seldom confined to the house, went to Westminster Hall during the trial of Mr. Hastings, and was joined by Mr. Windham, she entreated that liberal friend to relinquish his too kind purpose; assuring him that such a violent measure was unnecessary, since all, however slowly, was progressive towards her making the essay so kindly desired for her health, of change of air and life.

Mr. Windham, at first, persisted that nothing short of a round-robin would decisively re-urge Dr. Burney to his "almost blunted purpose." But when, with equal truth and gratitude, she seriously told him that his own personal influence had already, in this most intricate difficulty, been persuasively powerful, he exclaimed, with his ever animated elegance, "Then I have not lived in vain!" and acquiesced.

WINDSOR.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Horace Walpole, and all the Burkes, were potent accomplices in this kind and singular conspiracy; which, at last, was suddenly superseded by so obviously a dilapidated state of health in its object, as to admit of no further procrastination; and this uncommon struggle at length ended by the entrance at Windsor of a successor to the invalid, in July, 1791; when, though with nearly as much regret as eagerness, Dr. Burney fetched his daughter from the palace; to which exactly five years previously, he had conveyed her with unmixt delight.

It is here a duty—a fair and a willing one—to mention, that in an audience of leave-taking to which the memorialist was admitted just before her departure, the queen had the gracious munificence to insist that half the salary annexed to the resigned office should be retained; and when the memorialist, from fulness of heart, and the surprise of gratitude, would have declined, though with the warmest and most respectful acknowledgments, a remuneration to which she had never looked forward, the queen, without listening to her resistance, deigned to express the softest regret that it was not convenient to her to do more.*

All of ill health, fatigue, or suffering, that had worked the necessity for this parting, was now, at this moment of its final operation, sunk in tender gratitude, or lost in the sorrow of leave-taking; and the memorialist could difficultly articulate, in retiring, a single sentence of her regret or her attachment: while the queen, with weeping eyes, laid her fair hand upon the arm of the memorialist, repeatedly and gently wishing her happy—"well, and happy!" And all the princesses were graciously demonstrative of a concern nearly amounting to emotion, in pronouncing their adieus. Even the king, coming up to her, with an evident intention to wish her well, as he entered the apartment that she was quitting, wore an aspect of so much pity for her broken health, that, utterly

* The memorialist has since been informed that the king himself had deigned to say, "It is but her due. She has given up five years of her pen."

overpowered by the commiserating expression of his benevolent countenance, she was obliged, instead of murmuring her thanks, and curtesying her farewell, abruptly to turn from him to an adjoining window, to hide a grateful sensibility of his goodness that she should neither subdue, nor venture to manifest.

1791.

Arrived again at the natal home, Dr. Burney welcomed back his daughter with the most cheering tenderness. All the family hastened to hail and propitiate her return; and congratulatory hopes and wishes for the speedy restoration of her health poured in upon the doctor from all quarters.

But chiefly Mrs. Crewe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Messrs. Windham, Horace Walpole, and Seward, started forward, by visits or by letters, upon this restitution, with greetings almost tumultuous; so imbued had been their minds with the belief that change of scene and change of life alone could retard a change more fatal.

MR. BURKE.

Mr. Burke was at Beaconsfield; and joined not, therefore, in the kind participation which the doctor might else have hoped for, on the re-appearance of his invalid daughter in those enlightening circles of which Mr. Burke, now, was the unrivalled first ornament.

It may here be right, perhaps, as well as interesting, to note, since it can be done upon proof, the kindness of heart and liberality of Mr. Burke, even in politics, when not combated by the turbulence and excitement of public contention. Too noble, indeed, was his genuine character, too great, too grand, for any warp so offensive to mental liberty, as that of seeking to subject the opinions of his friends to his own.

This truth will be amply illustrated by the following letter, written in answer to some apology from Dr. Burney, for withholding his vote, at a Westminster election, from the friend and the party that were canvassed for in person by Mr. Burke.

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"My Dear Sir,—I give you my sincere thanks for your desire to satisfy my mind relative to your conduct in this exigency. I am well acquainted with your principles and sentiments, and know that every thing good is to be expected from both. * * * God forbid that worthy men, situated as you are, should be made sacrifices to the minuter part of politics, when we are far from able to assure ourselves that the higher parts can be made to answer the good ends we have in view! You have little or no obligations to me; but if you had as many as I really wish it were in my power—as it is certainly in my desire—to lay upon you, I hope you do not think me capable of conferring them, in order to subject your mind, or your affairs, to a painful and mischievous servitude. I know that your sentiments will always outrun the demands of your friends; and that you want rather to be restrained in the excess of what is right, than to be stimulated to a languid and insufficient exertion." * * *

Dr. Burney at this time resided entirely at Chelsea College; and he found this sojourn so perfectly to his taste, that, though obliged, some years afterwards, by official arrangements, to remove from the ground floor to nearly the highest range of rooms in that lofty edifice, he never wished to place the change of his abode.

Solaced, nevertheless, as was now his anxiety for his invalid daughter, he was not at rest. She looked ill, weak, and languid; and the danger was clearly not over.

So deplorably, indeed, was her health injured, that successive changes of air were medicinally advised for her to Dr. Burney; and her maternally zealous friend, Mrs. Ord, most kindly proposed taking charge of the execution of that prescription. A tour to the west was undertaken; the Bath waters were successfully tried: and, after passing nearly four months in gentle travelling, the good Mrs. Ord delivered the invalid to her family, nearly re-established.

The paternal affection which greeted this double restoration, to her health and her home, gave her, then, a happiness which vivified both. The doctor allowed her the indulgence of living almost wholly in his study; they read together, wrote together, compared notes, communicated projects, and diversified each other's employment; and his kindness, enlivened by her late danger and difficulties, was more marked, and more precious to her than ever.

She had no sooner made known that her western tour was finished, than she was summoned to the palace, where her majesty deigned to receive her with the

highest grace of condescension; and to keep her in animated discourse, with the same noble trust in her faithful attachment, that had uniformly marked every confidence during her royal residence. Each of the amiable princesses honoured her with a separate interview; vying with each other in kindly lively expressions upon her restored looks and appearance: and the king, the gracious king himself, vouchsafed, with an air the most benevolent, not alone of goodness, but even of pleasure, to inquire after her health, to rejoice in its improvement, and to declare, condescendingly, repeatedly to declare, how glad he was to see her again. He even made her stand under a lustre, that he might examine her countenance, before he pronounced himself satisfied with her recovery.

And, from that time forward, upon her every subsequent admission, the graciousness of her reception bounded with the blindest joy from her own heart to that of the doctor.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Not to break into the little history which mentally, during the last five years, had almost absorbed Dr. Burney, no mention has been made of a personal event of as much moment to his peace as to his fame; namely, the publication, in 1789, of the third volume of his *History of Music*; nor that, before the end of the same year, he had the brain-relieving satisfaction of completing his long impending work, by bringing out the fourth and last volume.

It seemed to him a sort of regeneration to feel freedom restored to his reflections, and liberty to his use of time, by arriving at the close of this literary labour; which, though in its origin voluntary, had of late become heavily fatiguing, because shackled by an engagement, and therefore obligatory.

1791.

The life of Dr. Burney was now almost equally distributed in literary, professional, and amical divisions.

In literature, his time, ostensibly, was become his own; but never was time less so than when put into his own hands; for his eagerness was without either curb or limit to devote it to some new pursuit. And scarcely had that elastic bound of renovated youth, of which he speaks to Mr. Repton, been capered, than a fresh, yet voluntary occupation, drove his newly-restored leisure away, and opened a course of bookish and critical toil, that soon seized again upon every spare moment. This was constituting himself a member amongst the *Monthly Reviewers*, under the editorship of the worthy Mr. Griffin.

Of the articles which were Dr. Burney's, no list has been found; and probably none was kept. The ardour of sincerity in pointing out faults and failures, is so apt to lead to a similar ardour of severity in their censure, that, in those days, when the critics were not, wisely, anonymous, the secret and passive war of books and words among authors, menaced the more public and tumultuous one of words and pistols.

The unfortunate, but truly amiable and high-minded Mr. Bookford was amongst the greatest favourites and most welcome visitors to Dr. Burney; whose remembrance of the friendly zeal of that gentleman in Italy, was a never failing call for every soothing return that could be offered to him in the calamities which, roughly and ruinously, had now changed his whole situation in life—leaving his virtues alone unalterable.

The two Wesley's, Charles and Samuel, those born rather than bred musicians, sought, and were welcomed by the doctor, whenever his leisure agreed with his estimation of their talents. With Samuel he was often in mutual correspondence.

Horace Walpole invariably delighted in the society of Dr. Burney; and had himself no admirer who carried from his company and conversation a larger or more prized portion of his lordship's *bon mots*; or who had a higher taste for his peculiar style of entertainment.

MR. GREVILLE.

But Mr. Greville, the old friend and early patron of the doctor, he now never saw, save by accident; and rarely as that occurred, it was oftener than could be wished; so querulous was that gentleman grown, from ill-luck in his perilous pursuits; so irascible within, and so supercilious without; assuming to all around him a sort of dignified distance, that bordered, at least, upon universal disdain.

The world seemed completely in decadence with this fallen gentleman; and the writhings of long suffocated mortification, from sinking his fine spirits and sickening

his gay hopes, began to engender a morbid irritation, that was ready, upon every fancied provocation, to boil into vehemence of passion, or burst into the bitterness of sarcastic reproach.

So torpid was the infatuation of self-security in Mr. Greville, that pertinaciously he frequented the same seductive haunts, and mechanically adhered to the same dangerous society, till the knowledge of his errors and their mischief was forced upon him by his creditors.

Angered and disgusted, he then, in gloomy sullenness, retired from public view; and lived a rambling, unsettled sort of life, as ill at ease with his family as with the world, from the wounds he habitually inflicted, and occasionally suffered, through the irritability of his argumentative commerce.

MR. AND MRS. SHERIDAN.

Another of the doctor's brightest calls to high and animated society was now, also, utterly eclipsed; for she, the loveliest of the lovely, the first Mrs. Sheridan, was fading away—vanishing—from the list of his fair enchantresses.

This paragon of syrens, by almost universal and national consent, had been looked up to, when she sang at oratorios and at concerts, as the star of harmony in England: though so short was that *eclat* of supremacy, that, from the date of her marriage, her claim to such pre-eminence was known to the public only by remembrance or by rumour; Mr. Sheridan, her husband, inexorably renouncing all similar engagements, and only at his own house suffering her to sing.

Far happier had it been for that captivating and beautiful creature, for happier for her eminent and highly talented husband, had the appropriate fame that belonged equally to the birth, education, and extraordinary abilities of both, been adequate to their pride of expectation: for then, glowing with rational and modest, not burning with inordinate and eccentric ambition, they would not disdainfully—almost madly—have cast away from their serious and real service the brilliant gifts of favouring nature, which, if seasonably brought forth, would have opened to them, without struggle or difficulty, the golden portals of that splendour to which their passion for grandeur and enjoyment throbblingly aspired.

But from these brilliant gifts, as instruments of advantage, they turned captiously aside; as if the exquisite powers, vocal and dramatic, which were severally intrusted to their charge, had been qualities that, in any view of utility, they ought to shrink from with secrecy and shame.

Yet Dr. Burney always believed Mrs. Sheridan herself to be inherently pure in her mind, and elegantly simple in her taste; though first from the magnetism of affection, and next from the force of circumstances, she was drawn into the same vortex of dissipation and extravagance, in which the desires and pursuits of her husband unresistably rolled.

Every thing, save rank and place, was theirs; every thing, therefore, save rank and place, seemed beneath their aim.

If, in withdrawing his fair partner from public life, the virtues of moderation had bestowed contentment upon their retreat, how dignified had been such a preference, to all the affluence attendant upon a publicity demanding personal exhibition from a delicate and sensitive female!

Such was the light in which this act of Mr. Sheridan, upon its early adoption, had appeared to Dr. Johnson; and as such it obtained the high sanction of his approbation.* But to no such view was the subsequent conduct of this too aspiring and enchanting couple respondent. They assumed the expenses of wealth, while they disclaimed the remuneration of talents; and they indulged in the luxuries of splendour, by resources not their own.

Not such, had he lived to witness the result, had been the sanction of Dr. Johnson. He had regarded the retirement from public exhibition as a measure of primitive temperance and philosophic virtue. The last of men was Dr. Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity, by nullifying the labours of talents.

The unhappy delusion into which this high-wrought and mis-placed self-appreciation betrayed them, finished its fatal fanaticism by dimming their celebrity, mocking their ambition, and hurling into disorder and ruin their fortune, their reputation, their virtues, and their genius.

At the head of the female worthies, who gratified Dr. Burney with eager good wishes on the return of the memorialist, stood Mrs. Montague. And still the ho-

nourable corps was upheld by Mrs. Boocawen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss More—though, alas, the last-mentioned lady is now the only one of that distinguished set still spared to the world.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

But a catastrophe of the most sorrowing sort soon afterwards cast a shade of saddest hue upon this happy and promising period, by the death of the friend to whom, after his many deprivations, Dr. Burney had owed his greatest share of pleasure and animation—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Deeply this loss affected his spirits. Sir Joshua was the last of the new circle with whom his intimacy had mellowed into positive friendship. And though with many, and indeed with most of the literary club, a connection was gradually increasing which might lead to that heart-expanding interest in life, friendship,—to part with what we possess while what we wish is of uncertain attainment, leaves a chasm in the feelings of a man of taste and selection, that he is long nearly as unwilling as he may be unable to re-occupy.

With Mr. Burke, indeed, with the immortal Edmund Burke, Dr. Burney might have been as closely united in heart as he was charmed in intellect, had circumstances offered time and opportunity for the cultivation of intimacy. Political dissimilarity of sentiment does not necessarily sunder those who, in other points, are drawn together by congeniality of worth; except where their walk in life compels them to confront each other with public rivalry.

But Mr. Burke, in whose composition imagination was the leading feature, had so genuine a love of rural life and rural scenery, that he seldom came voluntarily to the metropolis but upon parliamentary business; and then the whole powers of his ardent mind were absorbed by politics, or political connections: while Sir Joshua, whose equanimity of temper kept his imagination under control, and whose art was as much the happiness as it was the pride of his prosperity, finding London the seat of his glory, judiciously determined to make it that of his contentment. His loss, therefore, to Dr. Burney, was not only that of an admired friend, with whom emulously he might reciprocate and enlighten ideas; but, also, of that charm to current life the most soothing to its cares, a congenial companion always at hand.

And more particularly was he affected at this time by the departure of this valuable friend, from the circumstance of having just brought to bear the return home of the memorialist, for which Sir Joshua, previously to a paralytic attack, had been the most eager and incessant pleader. The doctor, therefore, had looked forward with the gayest gratification to the renewal of those meetings which, alike to himself, to his daughter, and to the knight, had invariably been productive of glee and pleasure.

But gone, ere arrived that renewal, was the power of its enjoyment! A meeting, indeed, took place, and with unalterable friendship on both sides. Immediately after the western tour, Dr. Burney carried the memorialist to Leicester-square; first mounting to the drawing-room himself, to enquire whether Sir Joshua were well enough for her admission. Assent was immediate; and she felt a sprightly renovation of strength in again ascending his stairs.

Miss Palmer came forward to receive her with warm greeting cordiality; but she rapidly hastened onward to shake hands with Sir Joshua. He was now all but quite blind. He had a green bandage over one eye, and the other was shaded by a green half bonnet. He was playing at cards with Mr. William Burke, and some others. He attempted to rise, to welcome a long lost favourite; but found himself too weak. He was even affectingly kind to her, but serious almost to melancholy. "I am very glad, indeed," he emphatically said, though in a meek voice, and with a dejected accent, "to see you again! and I wish I could see you better! But I have only one eye now,—and hardly that!"

She was extremely touched; and knew not how to express either her concern for his altered situation since they had last met, or her joy at being with him again; or her gratitude for the earnest exertions he had made to spur Dr. Burney to the step that had been taken.

The doctor, perceiving the emotion she both felt and caused, hurried her away. And once more only she ever saw the English Raphael again. And then he was still more deeply depressed: though Miss Palmer good-humouredly drew a smile from him, by gaily exclaiming, "Do pray, now, uncle, ask Miss Burney to write another book directly! for we have almost finished Cecilia again—and this is our sixth reading of it!"

* See Mr. Moore's *Life of Sheridan*.

The little occupation, Miss Palmer said, of which Sir Joshua was then capable, was carefully dusting the paintings in his picture gallery, and placing them in different points of view.

This passed at the conclusion of 1791; on the February of the following year, this friend, equally amiable and eminent, was no more!

Dr. Burney, extremely unwell at that period himself, could not attend the funeral; which, under the direction of Mr. Burke, the chief executor, was conducted with the splendour due to the genius, and suitable to the fortune, of the departed. Dr. Charles Burney was invited in the place of his father, and attended at the obsequies for both.

MR. HAYES.

Another last separation, long menacing, yet truly grievous to the doctor, was now almost momentarily impending. His good, gay-hearted, and talented old friend, Mr. Hayes, had had a new paralytic seizure, which, in the words of Dr. Burney, "deprived him of the use of one side, and greatly affected his speech, eyes and ears; though his faculties were still as good and as sound as his heart."

This account had been addressed, the preceding year, to George Earl of Orford, by desire of the poor invalid.

Pitiable as was this species of existence, Mr. Hayes long lingered in it, with a patience and cheerfulness that kept him still open to the kind offices, as well as to the compassion of his friends: and Dr. Burney held a regular correspondence with Lord Orford upon this subject, till it ceased with a calamitous catastrophe; not such as was daily expected to the ancient invalid, though then bedridden, and past eighty years of age, but to the earl himself, from an attack of insanity.

EARL OF ORFORD.

This was a new grief. Lord Orford had been not only an early patron, but a familiar friend of the doctor, during the whole of his sojourn in Norfolk.

This truly liberal, though, as has been acknowledged, not faultless nobleman, attached himself to all that was literary or scientific that came within reach of his kindness at Haughton Hall; yet without suffering this intellectual hospitality to abridge any of the magnificence of the calls of fair kindred aristocracy, which belonged to his rank and fortune. His high appreciation of Mr. Bewley has been already mentioned; and his value of the innate, though unvarnished worth of Mr. Hayes, sprang from the same genuine sense of intrinsic merit.

Nearly in the meridian of his life, Lord Orford had been afflicted with a seizure of madness, occasioned by an unreflecting application of some repelling plaster or lotion to an eruption on the forehead, that had broken out just before one of the birth-days of the king, upon which, as his lordship was then first lord of the bedchamber in waiting, his attendance at St. James' had seemed indispensable.

This terrible malady, after repeated partial recoveries, and disappointing relapses, had appeared to be finally cured by the same gifted medical man who blessedly had restored his sovereign to the nation, Dr. Willis. Lord Orford, from that happy lucid interval, resided chiefly at Ereawell, his favorite villa. And here, once more, Dr. Burney had had the cordial pleasure of passing a few days with this noble friend; who delighted to resort to that retirement from the grandeur and tumult of Haughton Hall.

It had been nineteen years since they had met; and the flow of conversation, from endless reminiscences, kept them up nearly all the first night of this visit. And Dr. Burney declared that he had then found his lordship's head as clear, his heart as kind, and his converse as pleasing, as at any period of their early intercourse.

The relapse, by which, not three weeks after this meeting, the earl again lost his senses, had two current reports for its cause: the first of which gave it to a fall from his horse; the second to the sudden death of Mrs. Turk, his erst lovely Patty; "to whom," says the doctor in a letter, after his Ereawell visit, that was addressed to Mrs. Phillips, "he was more attached than ever, from her faithful and affectionate attendance upon him during the long season of his insanity; though, at this time, she was become a fat and rather coarse old woman."

MR. BURKE.

Upon the publication of the celebrated treatise of Mr. Burke on the opening of the French revolution, Dr. Burney had felt re-awakened all his first unqualified admiration of its author, from a full conviction that error, wholly free from malevolence, had impelled alike his

violence in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings, and his assertions upon the incurability of the malady of the king: while a patriotism, superior to all party feeling, and above all considerations but the love of his country, had inspired every sentence of the immortal orator in his new work.

The doctor had interchanged some billets with Mr. Burke upon this occasion; and once or twice they had met; but only in large companies. This the doctor lamented to Mrs. Crewe; who promised that, if he would spend three or four days at her Hampstead little villa, she would engage for his passing one of them with Mr. Burke; though she should make, she added, her own terms; namely, "that you are accompanied, Mr. Doctor, by Miss Burney."

Glady the invitation and the condition were accepted; and the editor hopes to be pardoned, if again she spare herself the toil of recommitting to paper an account of this meeting, by copying one written at the moment to her sister Susanna. Egotistic in part it must inevitably be; yet not, she trusts, offensively; as it contains various genuine traits of Mr. Burke in society, that in no graver manner than in a familiar epistle could have been detailed.

"TO MRS. PHILLIPS.

"At length, my Susan, the re-meeting so long suspended, with Mr. Burke, has taken place. Our dearest father was enchanted at the prospect of spending so many hours with him; and of pouring forth again and again the rapturous delight with which he reads, and studies, and admires, the sublime new composition of this great statesman.

"But—my satisfaction, my dear Susan, with all my native enthusiasm for Mr. Burke, was not so unmingled. If such a meeting, after my long illness, and long seclusion, joined to my knowledge of his kind interest in them, had taken place speedily after that on Richmond Hill, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; where I beheld him with an admiration that seemed akin to enchantment; and that portrayed him all bright intelligence and gentle amenity;—instead of succeeding to the scenes of Westminster Hall; where I saw him furious to accuse,—implacable not to listen—and insane to vanquish! his respiration troubled, his features nearly distorted, and his countenance haggard with baneful animosity; while his voice, echoing up to the vaulted roof in tremendous execrations, poisoned the heated air with unheard-of crimes!—Oh! but for that more recent recollection, his sight, and the expectation of his kindness, would have given me once again a joy almost ecstatic."

"But now, from this double reminiscence, my mind, my ideas—disturbed as much as delighted—were in a sort of chaos; they could coalesce neither with pleasure nor with pain.

"Our dear father was saved all such conflicting perplexity, as he never attended the trial; and how faint are the impressions of report, compared with those that are produced by what we experience or witness! He was not, therefore, like me, harassed by the continual inward question: "shall I see once more that noble physiognomy that, erst, so fascinated my fancy? or, am I doomed to behold how completely it is expression, not feature, that stamps the human countenance upon human view?"

"The little villa at Hampstead is small, but commodious. We were received by Mrs. Crewe with great kindness, which you will easily believe was the last thing to surprise us. Her son was with her; a silent and reserved, but, I think, sensible young man, though looking—so blooming is she still—rather like her brother than her son. He is preparing to go to China with Lord Macartney. Her daughter we had ourselves brought from town, where she had been on a visit to the lovely Emily Ogilvie, at the Duchess Dowager of Leinster's. She, Miss Crewe, is become an intelligent and amiable adolescent; but so modest, that I never heard her uncourted voice.

"Mr. Burke was not yet arrived; but young Burke,

"The editor cannot here refuse herself the satisfaction of inserting a remarkable speech, that was made to her by a professionally experienced physiognomist, the Rev. Thomas Willis, upon observing Mr. Burke, after he had spoken to her one day in Westminster Hall: "Give me leave to ask—who was that you were conversing with just now?" "Mr. Burke!" "Is that possible?—Can a man who seeks by every means, not only the obvious and the fair, but the most obscure and irrelevant, to prosecute to infamy and persecute to death—have a countenance of such marked honesty? Every line of his face denotes honour and probity!"

who, when I lived in the midst of things, was almost always at my side, like my shadow, wherever we met, though never obtrusively, was the first person I saw. I felt very glad to renew our old acquaintance; but I soon perceived a strangeness in his bow, that marked a decided change from fervent amity to cold civility.

"This hurt me much for this very estimable young man; but alarmed me ten thousand times more for his father, whose benevolent personal partiality—blame him as I may for one or two public acts—I could not forfeit without the acutest mortification, pain, and sorrow.

"But it now oppressively occurred to me, that perhaps young Mr. Burke, studiously as in whatever is political I always keep in the back ground, had discovered my antipathy to the state trial; for though I felt satisfied that Mr. Windham, to whom so openly I had revealed it, had held sacred, as he had promised, my secret—for how could honour and Mr. Windham be separated?—young Burke, who was always in the managers' box, must unavoidably have observed how frequently Mr. Windham came to converse with me from the great chamberlain's; and might even, perhaps, have so been placed, at times, in the House of Commons' partition, as to overhear my unrestrained wishes for the failure of the prosecution, from my belief in its injustice—and if so, how greatly must he have been offended for his revered father! to whom, also, he might, perhaps, have made known my sentiments!

"This idea demolished in a moment all my hope of pleasure in the visit; and I became more uncomfortable than I can describe.

"Our dear father did not perceive my disturbance. Always wisely alive to the present moment, he was occupied exclusively with young Mr. Crewe, at the motion of our fair hostess; who, after naming Lord Macartney's embassy, said: "Come, Dr. Burney, you, who know every thing, come and tell us all about China."

"Soon after entered Mrs. Burke, who revived in me some better hopes; for she was just the same as I have always seen her; soft, serene, reasonable, sensible, and obliging; and we met, I think upon just as good terms as it so many years had not parted us.

"Next appeared—for all the family inhabit, at present, some spot at Hampstead—Mr. Richard Burke, that original, humorous, flashing, and entertaining brother of THE BURKE, whom we have so often met, but whom we have never liked, or, at least, understood well enough to associate with for himself: nor yet liked ill enough to shirk when we have met him with others. From him I could develop nothing of my great point of inquietude, i. e. how I stood with his great brother; for I had put myself into a place, in my old way, in the back ground, with Miss Crewe, Miss French, a lively niece of Mr. Burke's, and a very pleasing Miss Townshend; and Mr. R. Burke did not recollect, or, probably, see me. But my father, immediately leaving young Crewe, and Lord Macartney, and the whole empire of China in the lurch, darted forward to expatiate with Mr. Richard upon his brother's noble essay.

"At length—Mr. Burke himself was announced, and made his appearance; accompanied by the tall, keen-eyed Mr. Elliot, one of the twelve managers of the impeachment; and a favourite friend of Mr. Windham's.

"The moment Mr. Burke had paid his devoirs to Mrs. Crewe, he turned round to shake hands, with an air the most cordial, with my father; who, proud of his alacrity, accepted the greeting with evident delight.

"I thought this the happiest chance for obtaining his notice, and I arose, though with a strong inward tremor, and ventured to make him a courtesy; but where was I, my dear Susan, when he returned me the most distant bow, without speaking or advancing?—though never yet had I seen him, that he had not made up to me with eager, nay, kind vivacity! nor been any where seated, that he had not taken a place next mine!

"Grieved I felt—O how grieved and mortified! not only at the loss of so noble a friend, but at the thought of having given pain and offence to one from whom I had received so much favour, and to whom I owed so much honour! and who, till those two deadly blights to his fair fame, the unsubstantiated charges against Mr. Hastings, and the baneful denunciation of the king's incurability, had appeared to me of a nature as exalted in purity of feeling as in energy of genius.

"While I hesitated,—all sad within—whether to retire to my retreat in the back ground, or to abide where I stood, obviously seeking to move his returning kindness, Mrs. Crewe suddenly said, 'I don't think I have introduced Mr. Elliot to Miss Burney!'

"Mr. Elliot and I were certainly no strangers to each other's faces, so often had I seen him in the managers'

box, whence so often he must have seen me in the great chamberlain's; but a slight bow and courtesy had hardly time-to be exchanged between us—for the moment I was named, imagine my joy, my Susan, my infinite joy, to find that Mr. Burke had not recollected me! He is more near-sighted, considerably, even than my father or myself. 'Miss Burney!' in a tone of vivacity and surprise, he now exclaimed, coming instantly, courteously, and smilingly forward, and taking my willing hand, 'and I did not see—did not know you!' And then, again, imagine my increasing joy, after this false alarm, to hear him utter words that were all sweetness and amiability, upon his pleasure on our re-meeting!

"I had so mournfully given up all hope of such sounds, that I was almost re-organised by the sudden transition from dejection to delight: and I felt a glow the most vivid tingle in my cheeks and my whole face. Mr. Burke, not aware of the emotion he himself had caused, from not having distinguished me before its operation, took the colour for re-established health, and the air of gaiety for regenerated vigour; and began to pour forth the most fervent expressions of satisfaction at my restoration. 'You look,' cried he, 'still affectionately holding my hand, while benignly he fixed his investigating eyes upon my face,' quite—renewed!—revived!—in short, disengaged! You seemed, when I conversed with you last, at the trial, quite—' He paused for a word, and then finished with, 'quite altered!—I never saw such a change for the better!'

"Ah, Mr. Burke, thought I, this is simply a mistake from judging by your own feelings. I seemed altered for the worse at the trial, because I there looked coldly and distantly from distaste and disapprobation; and I here look changed for the better, because I here meet you with the rekindling animation of my first devotion to your incomparable genius. For never, my dear Susan, can I believe Mr. Burke to be either wilfully or consciously wrong. I am persuaded, on the contrary that his intentions are always pure; and that the two fatal transgressions which despoiled him of his supremacy of perfection, were both the wayward produce of that unaccountable and inexplicable occasional warp, which, in some or other unexpected instance, is sure, sooner or later, to betray an Hibernian origin; even in the most transcendent geniuses that spring from the land of Erin.

"Mrs. Crewe now made me take a seat by her side on the sofa; but, perceiving the earnestness with which Mr. Burke was talking to me—and the gratification he was giving to his bearer,—she smilingly rose, and left him her own place; which, with a little bow, he very composedly took. He then entered into a most animated conversation, of which while I had the chief address, young Mr. Crewe was the chief object; as it was upon Lord Macartney, the Chinese expedition, and two Chinese youths who were to accompany it. These he described with a most amusing minuteness of detail: and then spoke of the extent of the undertaking in high, and perhaps fanciful terms; but with allusions and anecdotes intermixed, so full of general information and brilliant ideas, as happily to enchain again my charmed attention into a return of my first enthusiasm—and with it a sensation of pleasure, that made the rest of the day delicious.

"My father soon afterwards joined us, and politics took the lead. Mr. Burke then spoke eloquently indeed; but with a vehemence that banished the graces, though it redoubled his energies. The French revolution, he said, which began by legalising injustice, and which, by rapid steps, had proceeded to every species of despotism, except owning a despot, was now menacing all mankind, and all the universe, with a diabolical concussion of all principle and order.

"My father, you will be very sure, heartily concurred in his opinions, and participated in his terrors. I assented tacitly to all that he addressed to me against the revolutionary horrors; but I was tacit without assent to his fears for stout old England. Surely with such a warning before us, we cannot fall into similar atrocities. We have, besides, so little, comparatively, to redress! One speech he then made, that I though he meant to be explanatory of his own conduct, and apparent change in cutting Mr. Fox; as well as in the sentiments he has divulged in his late book in disfavour of democracy: or rather, perhaps, I ought to say of republicanism.

"After expatiating copiously and energetically upon the present pending dangers to even English liberty and property, and to all organised government, from so neighbouring a contagion of havoc and novelty, he abruptly exclaimed: 'This it is,—the hovering in the air of this tremendous mischief, that has made me an abettor and supporter of courts and kings! Monarchs are necessary! If we would preserve peace and prosperity, we

must preserve monarchs! We must all put our shoulders to the work: aye, and stoutly, too!'

"Then, rising, somewhat moved, he turned suddenly towards me, and repeated—'This this,—and this alone, could have made me lend my shoulders to courts and to kings!' Here he hastily broke up the subject, and joined Mrs. Crewe, as every body else had already done, except Mr. Elliot; who had stood silent and fixed and tall, looking all the time in one hard stare at Mr. Burke and a certain sister of yours, with a sort of dry, but insatiable curiosity. I attribute it to his so often seeing Mr. Windham, with whom he is very intimate, converse with me at the trial. But whether he was pleased or displeased is all in his own bosom, as he never either smiled or frowned. He only stood erect and attentive. It was so odd, I could sometimes hardly keep my countenance; for there was nothing bold nor rude in his look: it was merely queer and curious.

"My dear father immediately followed Mr. Burke; as I, if I had not been ashamed, should have done too! for when Mr. Burke is himself—that is, in spirits, but not in a rage, there is no turning from him to any thing or any one else! and my father, who goes all lengths with him on the French revolution, was here, what I was at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, a 'rapt enthusiast!'

"The dinner, and, far more, when the servants were dismissed, the dessert, were delightful. How I wish my dear Susanna and Freedy could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes! But politics, even then, and even on his own side, must always be excluded! His irritability is so terrible upon politics, that they are no sooner the topic of discourse, than they cast upon his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself against murderers!

"I must now give you such little detached traits as I can recollect.

"Charles Fox being mentioned, Mrs. Crewe told us that lately, upon his being shown a passage upon some subject that, erst, he had warmly opposed, in Mr. Burke's book, but which, in the event, had made its own justification, very candidly said: 'Well, Burke is right!—but Burke is often right—only he is right too soon.'

"Had Fox seen some things in that book,' answered Mr. Burke, 'as soon, he would at this moment, in all probability, be first minister of this country.'

"What! cried Mrs. Crewe, 'with Pitt? No, no!—Pitt won't go out; and Charles Fox will never make a coalition with Pitt.'

"And why not? said Mr. Burke, drily, almost severely; 'why not that coalition, as well as other coalitions?'

"Nobody tried to answer this! The remembrance of Mr. Fox with Lord North, Mr. Pitt with Lord Rockingham, &c., rose too forcibly to every mind; and Mrs. Crewe looked abashed.*

"Charles Fox, however,' said Mr. Burke, after this pause, 'can never, internally, like this French revolution. He is—he stopped for a word, and then added, 'entangled!—but, in himself, if he could find no other objection to it, he has, at least, too much taste for such a revolution.'

"Mr. Elliott then related that he had recently been in company with some of the first and most distinguished men of the French nation, now fugitives here, and had asked them some questions concerning the new French ministry; but they had answered that they knew not one of them, even by name! 'Think,' said he, 'what a ministry that must be! Suppose a new administration were formed here of English men, of whom we had never before heard the names? What statesmen must they be! How prepared and fitted for government? To begin being known by being at the helm!'

"Mr. Richard Burke then narrated, very comically, various censures that had reached his ears upon his brother, concerning his last and most popular work; accusing him of being the *Abettor of Despots*, because he had been shocked at the imprisonment of the king of France! and the *Friend of Slavery*, because he was anxious to preserve our own limited monarchy in the same state in which it so long had flourished!

"Mr. Burke had looked half alarmed at his brother's opening, not knowing, I presume, whether his odd fancy might lead him; but, when he had finished, and so inoffensively, and a general laugh that was excited was over, he—The Burke—good humouredly turning to me, and pouring out a glass of wine, cried: 'Come, then, Miss Burney! here's slavery for ever!'

* Mr. Burke, in one of his unpublished letters, says, 'Coalition is the condition of mankind!'

"This was well understood, and echoed round the table.

"This would do for you completely, Mr. Burke,' cried Mrs. Crewe, laughing, 'if it could but get into a newspaper! Mr. Burke, they would say, has now *spoken out!* The truth has come to light over a bottle of wine! and his real defection from the cause of true liberty is acknowledged! I should like,' added she, laughing quite heartily, 'to draw up the paragraph myself!'

"Pray then,' said Mr. Burke, 'complete it by putting in, that the toast was addressed to Miss Burney!—in order to pay my court to the queen!'

"This sport went on, till, upon Mr. Elliot again mentioning France, and the rising Jacobins, Mr. Richard Burke, filling himself a bumper, and flourishing his left hand, whilst preparing with his right to toss it off, cried, 'come! here's confusion to confusion!'

"When the party broke up, Mr. and Mrs. Burke joined in giving my dear father and me a most cordial invitation to Beaconsfield. How I should delight in its acceptance!"

1793.

This happy summer excursion may be said to have charmed away, for awhile, from Dr. Burney, a species of evil which for some time had been hovering over him, and which was as new as it was inimical to his health; and as unwelcome as, hitherto, it had been unknown to his disposition; namely, a slow, unfixed, and nervous feverishness, which had infested his whole system; and which, in defiance of this salubrious episode, soon ruthlessly returned; robbing his spirits, as well as his frame, of elasticity; and casting him into a state, the least natural to his vigorous character, of wasteful depression.

His recent mental trials had been grievous and severely felt. The loss of his old and much valued friend, Mr. Hayes, and of his far more admired, and almost equally prized favourite, Sir Joshua Reynolds, joined to that of his early and constantly attached patron, the earl of Orford, had all been inflicted, or been menacing, at the same time; and a continual anxious watchfulness over the gradual deterioration of health, and decay of life, of three such cherished friends, now nearly the last of early associations—had been ill adapted for impeding the mischief of the long and deeper disturbance caused by the precarious health, and singular situation, of his second daughter: and the accumulation of the whole had, slowly and underminingly, brought him into the state that has been described.

The sole employment to which, during this morbid interval, he could turn himself, was the difficult, the laborious work of composing the most learned and recondite canons and fugues; to which study and exposition of his art, he committed all the activity that he could command from his fatigued faculties.

This distressing state lasted, without relief or remittance, till it was suddenly and rudely superseded by a violent assault of acute rheumatism; which drove away all minor or subservient maladies; by the predominance of a torturing pain that nearly nullified every thing but itself.

He was now ordered to Bath, where the waters, the change of scene, the casually meeting with old friends, and incidentally forming new ones, so recruited his health and his nerves, by chasing away what he called the foul fiend that had subjugated his animal spirits, that he was soon imperceptibly restored to his fair genial existence.

One circumstance, more potent, perhaps, in effect, than the concurrence of every other, contributed to this revivifying termination, by a power that acted as a spell upon his mind and happiness; namely, the enlightening society of the incomparable Mr. Burke; who, most fortunately for the invalid, was then at Bath, with his amiable wife, his beloved son, and his admiring brother; and whose own good taste led him to claim the chief portion of Dr. Burney's recreative leisure. And with Mr. Burke Dr. Burney had every feeling, every thought, nay, every emotion in common, with regard to that sole topic of the times, the French Revolution.

GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

The deep public interest which Doctor Burney, whether as a citizen of the world, or a sound patriot, took in the disastrous situation of France, was ere long destined to goad yet more pungently his private feelings, from becoming, in some measure, personal.

At the elegant mansion of the friend whose sight she never met but with mingled tenderness and reverence, Mr. Locke, the doctor's second daughter began an acquaintance that, imperceptibly, led to a connection

of high esteem and genial sympathy, that no opposition could dispirit, no danger intimidate, and no time—that impelling underminer of nearly all things—could wither.

But though to the strong hold of an attachment of which the basis is a believed congeniality of character, no difficulties are ultimately unconquerable, the obstacles to this were more than commonly formidable. M. d'Arblay was at that time so situated, that he must perforce accompany the friend with whom he acted, Count Louis de Narbonne, to Switzerland; or decide to fix his own abode permanently in England, in the only manner which appeared desirable to him, a home connection with a chosen object.

Not a ray of hope opened then to point to any restoration in France of order and monarchy, with liberty, to which M. d'Arblay inviolably adhered; and exile from his country, his family, and his friends, seemed to him a lot of blessedness, in comparison to joining the murderous and regicidal republic.

Dr. Burney, it may well be believed, was startled, was affrighted, when a proposition was made to him for the union of his daughter with a ruined gentleman—a foreigner—an emigrant; but the proposition came under the sanction of the wisest as well as kindest of that daughter's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Locke, of Norbury Park; and with the fullest sympathies of his cherished Susanna, who already had demonstrated the affection, and adopted the conduct, of a sister to M. d'Arblay. The doctor could not, therefore, turn from the application implacably; he only hesitated, and demanded time for consideration.

The dread of pecuniary embarrassment, secretly stimulated and heightened by a latent hope and belief in a far more advantageous connection, strongly opposed a free and happy consent to an alliance which, otherwise, from all he heard or could gather of the merits, the character, and rank in life of M. d'Arblay, he would have thought to use his own words, "an honour to his daughter, to himself, and to his family."

Fortunately, about this time, the Prince de Poix and the Comte de Lally Tolendahl, wrote some letters, in which were interspersed their personal attestations of the favour in which they knew M. d'Arblay to have stood with Louis XVI; mingled with their intimate conviction of the spotless honour, the stainless character, and the singularly amiable disposition for which, in his own country, M. d'Arblay had been distinguished.

These letters with their writers' permission, were shown to Dr. Burney; whom they so touched, nay, charmed, as to conquer his prudence of resistance: and at the village of Mickleham, in the vicinity of Norbury Park, the marriage took place.

Mr. Locke, whose unerring judgment foresaw what would make both parties happy, and whose exquisite sensibility made all virtuous felicity a bosom joy to himself, took the responsible part of father to M. d'Arblay, at the altar, where, in the absence of the doctor, Captain Burney gave his sister to that gentleman: who quickly, or rather immediately, won from his honoured new relation, an esteem, a kindness, and an affection, that never afterwards failed or faded.

Of sterner stuff than entered into the composition of Dr. Burney must that heart have been moulded, that could have witnessed the noble conduct of that truly loyal sufferer in the calamities of his king and country, General d'Arblay: and could have seen the cheerful self-denial with which he limited his expenditure to his wants, and his wants to the mere calls of necessity; save where he feared involving his partner in his privations,—in one word, who could have beheld him, at the opening of his married career, in the village of Bookham, turn instantly from the uncontrolled restlessness, and careless scorn of foresight, of the roving military life, into a domestic character of the most sage description; renouncing all foreign pleasures; retiring from even martial ambition, though it had been the glory of his hopes, and the bent of his genius, without a murmur, since he no longer thought it coalesced with honour; for home occupations, for family economies, for fire-side enjoyments,—and not be struck by such manly self-command, such active, such practical virtue.

And while still by this generous prudence were the inward fears of Dr. Burney with regard to this union, his outward and more public solitudes were equally removed, by a letter which his daughter d'Arblay had the high honour and joy to receive, written by royal order, in answer to her respectful information of her marriage to the queen: containing, most benignly by his own command, the gracious good wishes of the king

himself, joined to those of the queen and all the princesses, for her health and happiness.

MR. BURKE.

And, next only to this deeply gratifying condescension, must be ranked for Dr. Burney, the glowing pleasure with which he welcomed, and copied for Bookham, the cordial kindness upon this occasion of Mr. Burke. The letter conveying its energetic and most singular expression, was written to Dr. Burney by the great orator himself; and speaks first of a plan that had his full approbation and most liberal aid, suggested by Mrs. Crewe, in favour of the French emigrant priests; from which Mr. Burke proceeds to treat of the taking of Toulon by Lord Hood; and his, Mr. Burke's, hope of ultimate success, from the possession of that great port and arsenal of France in the Mediterranean; after which he adds:

"Besides my general wishes, the establishment of Madame d'Arblay is a matter in which I take no slight interest; if I had not the greatest affection to her virtues, my admiration of her incomparable talents would make me desirous of an order of things which would bring forward a gentleman of whose merits, by being the object of her choice, I have no doubt: his choice of her too would give me the best possible opinion of his judgment.

"I am, with Mrs. Burke's best regards, and all our best wishes for you, and M. and Madame d'Arblay, my dear sir,

Yours, &c.

EDMD. BURKE."

The zeal of Mrs. Crewe to propitiate the cause of the emigrant French clergy, mentioned in the letter of Mr. Burke, induced her now to enlist as a principal aid-camp to her scheme, Dr. Burney; who, having never acquired that power of negation, which the world at large seems so generally to possess, of shirking all personal applications that lead to no avenue, whether straight or oblique, of personal advantage, immediately listened to her call; and thus mentions the subject in a letter to Bookham.

"Mrs. Crewe, having seen at East Bourne a great number of venerable and amiable French clergy, suffering all the evils of banishment and beggary with silent resignation, has, for some time, had in meditation a plan for procuring an addition to the small allowance that the committee at the Freemason's Hall is able to spare from the residue of the subscriptions and briefs in their favour."

Dr. Burney lost not a moment in assisting this liberal design; in which he had the happiness of engaging the powerful energies of Mr. Windham. And, soon afterwards, growing warmer in the business, from seeing more of the pious sufferers, he consented to become honorary secretary himself to the private society of the ladies who were at the head of this charitable exertion; of which the Marchioness of Buckingham was nominated chief, at the desire of Mrs. Crewe.

GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

Such were the exertions of Dr. Burney, such the concurrent occupations of the happy new recluse, when suddenly a whirlwind encompassed the cottage of the latter, that involved its tenants in tremulous disorder.

It was raised by the taking of Toulon, just mentioned in the letter of Mr. Burke; and began its workings upon the female hermit on the evening of a day which had brightly dawned upon her, in bringing the junction of the suffrage of her father upon her pamphlet to that of her life's partner.

Her own account of this shock, written to Dr. Burney, will be here inserted, because it was preserved by the doctor as characteristic of the principles and conduct of his new son-in-law.

"Bookham, 1794.

"TO DR. BURNEY.

"When I received the last letter of my dearest father, and for some hours after, I was the happiest of human beings; I make no exception. I think none possible. Not a wish remained for me—not a thought of forming one!

"This was just the period—is it not always so?—for a stroke of sorrow to reverse the whole scene! That very evening, M. d'Arblay communicated to me his desire of re-entering the army, and—of going to Toulon!

"He had intended, upon our marriage, to retire wholly from public life. His services and his sufferings, in his severe military career,—repaid by exile and con-

fiscation, and for ever embittered to his memory by the murder of his sovereign, had fulfilled, though not satisfied the claims of his conscience and his honour, and led him, without a single self-reproach, to seek a quiet retreat in domestic society: but—the second declaration of Lord Hood no sooner reached this obscure little dwelling; no sooner had he read the words Louis XVII. and the Constitution, to which he had sworn, united, than his military ardour rekindled, his loyalty was all up in arms, and every sense of monarchical patriotism now carries him back to war and public service.

"I dare not speak of myself!—except to say that I have forborne to distress him by a single solicitation. All the felicity of that our own chosen and loved retirement, would effectually be annulled, by the smallest suspicion that it was enjoyed at the expense of any public duty.

"He is now writing an offer for entering as a volunteer into the army destined for Toulon; together with a list of his past services up to his becoming commandant of Longwy; and the dates of his various promotions to the last recorded of marechal de camp, which was yet unsigned and unsealed, when the captivity of Louis XVI. forced the emigration which brought M. d'Arblay to England.

"This memorial he addresses, and means to convey in person to Mr. Pitt."

To Dr. Burney, with all his consideration for his daughter, this enterprise appeared not to be inauspicious; and its spirit and loyalty warmly endeared to him his new relative: who could not, however, give proof of the noble verity of his sentiments and intentions, till many years later; for before the answer of Mr. Pitt to the memorial could be returned, the attempt upon Toulon proved abortive.

The doctor continued in his benevolent post of private secretary to the charitable ladies of the emigrant clergy contribution, so long as the committee lasted; though with so expert a distribution of time, that his new office robbed him not of the pleasure to yet enlarge the elegance of his literary circles, by being initiated into the blue parties of Lady Lucan, supported by her accomplished daughter, Lady Spencer.

MR. MASON.

He now, also, renewed into long and social meetings, at his own apartments at Chelsea College, an acquaintance of forty-six years' standing with Mason, the poet by whom he was often consulted upon schemes of church psalmody, with respect both to its composition and execution; as well as upon other desirable improvements in our sacred harmony; which Mr. Mason, from practical knowledge both of music and poetry, was peculiarly fitted to investigate and refine.

Of this formation of intimacy, rather than renewal of acquaintance, Dr. Burney, in his letters to the hermit, spoke with great pleasure; though, while always admiring the talents, and esteeming the private character of that charming poet, he never lost either his regret or his blame for the truly unclerical use made of his powers of wit and humour, by the insidious, yet biting sarcasms, levelled against his virtuous sovereign in the poetical epistle to Sir William Chambers.

MRS. THRALE PIOZZI.

Chiefly cheering, however, and agreeable to the doctor, was an unexpected re-meeting with a long favoured friend, from whom he had unavoidably, and most unpleasantly, been separated,—Mrs. Thrale; whom now, for the first time, he saw as Mrs. Piozzi.

It was at one of the charming concerts of the charming musician, Salomon, that this occurred. Dr. Burney knew not that she was returned from Italy, whither she had gone speedily after her marriage; till here, with much surprise, he perceived amongst the audience, Il Signor Piozzi.

Approaching him, with an aspect of cordiality, which was met with one of welcoming pleasure, they entered into talk upon the performers and the instruments, and the enchanting compositions of Haydn. Dr. Burney then enquired, with all the interest he most sincerely felt, after *la sua consorte*. Piozzi, turning round, pointed to a sofa, on which, to his infinite joy, Dr. Burney beheld Mrs. Thrale Piozzi, seated in the midst of her daughters, the four Miss Thrales.

His pleasure seemed reciprocated by Mrs. Piozzi, who sportively ejaculating, "Here's Dr. Burney as young as ever!" held out to him her hand with lively amity.

His satisfaction now expanded into a conversational gaiety, that opened from them both those fertile sources of entertainment, that originally had rendered them most

agreeable to each other; the younger branches, with amiable good-humour, contributing to the spirit of this unexpected junction.

The Bookhamite Recluse, to whom this occurrence was immediately communicated, received it with true and tender delight. Most joyfully would she, also, have held out her hand to that once so dear friend, from whom she could never sever her heart, had she happily been of this Salomonic party.

Twice only this lady and the memorialist had yet met, since the Italian marriage: once at a large assemblage at Mrs. Locke's; and afterwards at Windsor, on the way to St. George's chapel; but neither of these meetings, from circumstantial obstacles, led to any further intercourse; though each of them offered indications to both parties of always subsisting kindness.

METASTASIO.

Dr. Burney still, as he had done nearly from the hour that his History was finished, composed various articles for the Monthly Review. But so precarious and irregular a call upon his fertile abilities, sufficed not for their occupation; and he soon started a new work, on a subject peculiar and appropriate, that came singularly home to his business and bosom; though it was offered to him only by that fatal power which daily and unflinchingly lavishes before us subjects for our discussions—and for our tears!—Death; which, some time previously to the liberation of the doctor's mind from the arcana of musical history, had cast the Life and Writings of the Abate Metastasio upon posterity.

No poet could be more congenial to Dr. Burney than Metastasio, the purity of whose numbers was mellifluous in concord with the purity of his sentiments; while both were in perfect unison with the taste of the doctor. He considered it, professionally, to be even a duty, for the historian of the art of music, to raise, as far as in him lay, a biographical monument to the glory of the man whose poetry, after that which is sacred, is best adapted to inspire the lyric muse with strains of genial harmony, in all the impassioned varieties that the choral shell is capable of generate for the musical enthusiast.

The first object of Dr. Burney in his visit to Vienna, at the period of his German tour, had been to see and to converse with Metastasio; whose resplendent lyrical fame had raised him, in his own dramatic career, to a height unequalled throughout Europe.

The benign reception given to the doctor by this amiable and venerable bard; the charm of his converse; the meekly borne honours by which he was distinguished and surrounded; and the delightful performances, and graceful attractions of his niece, Mademoiselle Martinez, are fully and feelingly set forth in the third volume of the Musical Tours.

When decided, therefore, upon this subject for his pen and his powers, he employed himself without delay in preparatory measures for his new undertaking: and procured every edition of the poet's works, to gleam from each all that might incidentally be interspersed of anecdote, in letters, advertisements, prefaces, or notes.

BOOKHAM.

In the first of the domestic and amical tours that were made after the marriage of his second daughter, he suddenly turned out of his direct road to take a view of the dwelling of the hermits of Bookham; in which rural village they were temporarily settled, in a small but pleasant cottage.

It was not, perhaps, without the spur of some latent solicitude, some anxious incertitude, that Dr. Burney made this first visit to them abruptly, at an early hour, and when believed far distant; and if so, never were kind doubts more kindly solved: he found all that most tenderly he could wish—concord and content; gay concord, and grateful content.

CAMILLA; OR A PICTURE OF YOUTH.

The Memoirs of Metastasio, with all their interest to a man whose love of literary composition was so eminently his ruling passion, surmounted not—for nothing could surmount—the parental benevolence that welcomed with encouragement, and hailed with hope, a project now communicated to him of a new work, the third in succession, from the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*.

That author, become now a mother as well as a wife, was induced to print this, her third literary essay, by a hazardous mode of publicity, from which her natively-retired temperament had made her, in former days, recoil, even when it was eloquently suggested for her by

Mr. Burke to Dr. Burney; namely, the mode of subscription.

But, at this period, she felt a call against her distaste at once conjugal and maternal. Her noble-minded partner, though the most ardent of men to be himself what he thought belonged to the dignity of his sex, the efficient purveyor of his own small home and family, was despoiled, by events over which he had no control, of that poet of honour.

This scheme, therefore, was adopted. Its history, however, would be here a matter of supererogation, save as far as it includes Dr. Burney in its influence and effect; for neither the author, nor her partner in all, could feel greater delight than was experienced by Dr. Burney, from the three principal circumstances which emanated from this undertaking.

The first of these was the honour graciously accorded by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, of suffering her august name to stand at the head of the book, by deigning to accept its dedication.

The second was the feminine approbation marked for the author by three ladies, equally conspicuous for their virtues and their understanding; the honourable and sagacious Mrs. Boscawen, the beautiful and zealous Mrs. Crewe, and the exemplary and captivating Mrs. Locke; who each kept books for the subscription, which the kindness of their friendship raised as highly in honour as in advantage.

And the third circumstance, to the doctor the most touching, because now the least expected, was the energetic interest, to which the prospect of seeing this memorialist emerge again from obscurity, re-animated the still generous feelings of the now nearly sinking, altered, gone, Mr. Burke! who, on finding that his charges against Mr. Hastings were adjudged in Westminster Hall to be unfounded, though he was still persuaded himself that they were just, had retired from parliament, wearied and disgusted; and who, on the following year, had lost his deeply attached brother; and, almost immediately afterwards, his nearly idolised son, who was "the pride of his heart, and the joy of his existence," to use his own words in a paragraph of a letter written to the mutually respected and faithful friend of himself and of Dr. Burney, Mrs. Crewe.

That lady, well acquainted with the reverence of Dr. Burney for Mr. Burke, and the attachment with which Mr. Burke returned it, generally communicated her letters from Beaconsfield to Chelsea College; and not unfrequently with a desire that they might be forwarded on to Bookham; well knowing that the extraordinary partiality of Mr. Burke for its female recluse, would make him more than pardon the kind pleasure of Mrs. Crewe in granting that recluse such an indulgence.

The letter, whence is taken the fond sad phrase just quoted, was written in answer to the first letter of Mrs. Crewe to Mr. Burke, after his irreparable bereavement; and the whole of the paragraph in which it occurs will now be copied, to elucidate the interesting circumstance for Dr. Burney to which it led. Beautiful is the paragraph in the pathetic resignation of its submission. No flowery orator here expands his imagination; nothing finds vent but the touching simplicity of a tender parent's heart-breaking sorrow.

"TO MRS. CREWE.

"We are thoroughly sensible of your humanity and compassion to this desolate house.

"We are as well as people can be, who have nothing further to hope or fear in this world. We are in a state of quiet: but it is the tranquillity of the grave—in which all that could make life interesting to us is laid—and to which we are hastening as fast as God pleases. This place is no longer pleasant to us! and yet we have more satisfaction, if it may be so called, here than any where else. We go in and out, without any of those sentiments of conviviality and joy which alone can create an attachment to any spot. We have had a loss which time and reflection rather increase the sense of. I declare to you that I feel more this day, than on the dreadful day in which I was deprived of the comfort and support, the pride and ornament of my existence!"

Mrs. Crewe, extremely affected by this distress, and as eager to draw her illustrious friend from his consuming grief, as to serve and to gratify the new recluse, sent to Beaconsfield the next year, 1795, the plan, in which she took so prominent a part, for bringing forth *Camilla*, or a Picture of Youth; in the hope of re-exciting his interest for its author.

The following is the answer which, almost with exult-

ation of kindness, Mrs. Crewe transmitted to the hermits.

"TO MRS. CREWE.

"As to *Miss Burney*—the subscription ought to be, for certain persons, five guineas: and to take but a single copy each. The rest as it is. I am sure that it is a disgrace to the age and nation, if this be not a great thing for her. If every person in England who has received pleasure and instruction from *Cecilia*, were to rate its value at the hundredth part of their satisfaction, Madame d'Arblay would be one of the richest women in the kingdom.

"Her scheme was known before she lost two of her most respectful admirers from this house;* and this, with Mrs. Burke's subscription and mine, make the paper I send you.† One book is as good as a thousand: one of hers is certainly as good as a thousand others."

METASTASIO.

In 1795 the memoirs of Metastasio made their appearance in the republic of letters. They were received with interest and pleasure by all readers of taste, and lovers of the lyric muse. They had not, indeed, that brightness of popular success which had flourished into the world the previous works of the doctor; for though the name of Metastasio was familiar to all who had any pretensions to an acquaintance with the classical muses, whether ancient or modern, it was only the chosen few who had any enjoyment of his merit, or who understood the motives to his fame. The Italian language was by no means then in its present general cultivation; and the feeling, exalted dramas of this tenderly touching poet, were only brought forward, in England, by the miserable, mawkish, no-meaning translations of the opera-house hired scribblers.‡ And all that was most elegant and most refined, in thought as well as in language, of this classical bard, was frequently so ill rendered into English, as to become mere matter of risibility, held up for mockery and ridicule.

The translations, or, more properly speaking, imitations, occasionally interspersed in this work, of some of the poetry of Metastasio, were the most approved by the best critics: as so breathing the sentiments and the style of the author, that they read, said Horace Lord Orford, like two originals.

The kindly predilection of Mr. Burke, brought forward with such previous and decided partiality for this new enterprise, never reached its intent. Mr. Burke received it at Bath, on the bed of sickness, in the anguish of his lingering and ceaseless depression for the loss of his son; and when he was too ill and weak to have spirits even to open its leaves; withheld, perhaps, the more poignantly, from internal recurrence to the happy family parties to which repeatedly he had read its two predecessors, in the hearing of him by whom his voice now could be heard no more!

Visited by Mrs. Crewe, soon after the appearance of *Camilla* in the world, he said, "How ill I am you will easily believe, when a new work of Madame d'Arblay's lies on my table, unread!"

To Dr. Burney the result of this publication was fondly pleasing, in realising a project formed by the willing hermits, immediately upon their marriage, of constructing a slight and economical, but pretty and convenient cottage, for their residence and property.

Most welcome, indeed, to the doctor was a scheme that had their settlement in England for its basis: and most consoling to the harassed mind and fortunes of M. d'Arblay was the prospect of creating for himself a new home; since his native one, at that time, seemed lost even to his wishes, in appearing lost to religion, to monarchy, and to humanity.

Almost instantly, therefore, after the return of the hermits from the honoured presentation of *Camilla* at Windsor, a plan previously drawn up by M. d'Arblay was brought forward for execution; and a small dwelling was erected as near as possible to the Norbury mansion, on a field adjoining to its park, and rented by the hermits from the incomparable Mr. Locke.

EARL MACARTNEY.

The celebrated embassy of Lord Macartney to China, which had taken place in the year 1792, had led his lordship to consult with Dr. Burney upon whatever be-

* Beaconsfield.

† A £20 Bank Note.

‡ The translations of Mr. Hoole were not yet in circulation.

longed to musical matters, whether instruments, compositions, band, or decorations, that might contribute, in that line, to its magnificence.

The reputation of Dr. Burney, in his own art, might fully have sufficed to draw to him for counsel, in that point, this sagacious ambassador; but, added to this obvious stimulus, Lord Macartney was a near relation of Mrs. Crewe, through whom he had become intimately acquainted with the doctor's merits; which his own high attainments and intelligence well befitted him to note and to value.

Always interested in whatever was brought forward to promote general knowledge, and to facilitate our intercourse with our distant fellow creatures, Dr. Burney, even with eagerness, bestowed a considerable portion of his time, as well as of his thoughts, in meditating upon musical plans relative to this expedition; animated, not alone by the spirit of the embassy, but by his admiration of the ambassador; who, with unlimited trust in his taste and general skill, as well as in his perfect knowledge upon the subject, gave *carte blanche* to his discretion for whatever he could either select or project. And so pleased was his lordship both with the doctor's collection and suggestions, and so sensible to the time and the pains bestowed upon the requisite researches, that, on the eve of departure, his lordship, while uttering a kind farewell, brought forth a striking memorial of his regard, in a superb and very costly silver inkstand, of the most beautiful workmanship; upon which he had had engraven a Latin motto, flatteringly expressive of his esteem and friendship for Dr. Burney.

At this present period, 1796, this accomplished nobleman was again preparing to set sail, upon a new and splendid appointment, of governor and captain-general of the Cape of Good Hope; and again, upon the leave-taking visit of the doctor, he manifested the same spirit of kindness that he had displayed when parting for China.

In a room full of company, to which he had been exhibiting the various treasures prepared as presents for his approaching enterprise, he gently drew the doctor apart, and whispered, "To you, Dr. Burney, I must show the greatest personal indulgence, and private recreation, that I have selected for my voyage." He then took from a highly finished travelling bookcase, a volume of *Camilla*, which had been published four or five months; and smilingly said, "This I have not yet opened: nor will I suffer any one to anticipate a word of it to me; and, still less, suffer myself to take a glimpse of even a single sentence—till I am many leagues out at sea; that then, without hindrance of business, or any impediment whatever, I may read the work throughout with uninterrupted enjoyment."

The peculiar darling of the whole house of Dr. Burney, as well as of his heart; whose presence always exhilarated, or whose absence saddened every branch of it, his daughter Susanna, was called, by inevitable circumstances, from his paternal embraces and fond society, to accompany her husband and children upon indispensable business, to Ireland; then teeming with every evil that invasion, rebellion, civil war, and famine, could unite to inflict.

But not here ended the sharp reverse of this altered year; scarcely had this harrowing filial separation taken place, ere an assault was made upon his conjugal feelings, by the sudden death of Mrs. Burney, his second wife.

She had been for many years a valetudinarian; but her spirits, though natively unequal, had quick and animated returns to their pristine gaiety; which, joined to an uncommon muscular force that endured to the last, led all but herself to believe in her still retained powers of revival.

Extremely shocked by this fatal event, the doctor sent the tidings by express to Bookham; whence the female recluse, speeded by her kind partner, instantly set off for Chelsea College. There she found the doctor encircled by most of his family, but in the lowest spirits, and in a weak and shattered state of nerves; and there she spent with him, and his youngest daughter, Sarah Harriet, the whole of the first melancholy period of this great change.

It was at this time, during their many and long *tele d'elles*, that he communicated to her almost all the de-sultory documents, which up to the year 1796, form these memoirs.

His sole occupation, when they were alone, was searching for, and committing to her examination, the whole collection of letters, and other manuscripts relative to his life and affairs, which, up to that period, had been written, or hoarded. These, which she read aloud to him in succession, he either placed alphabetically in the

pigeon holes of his bureau, or cast at once into the flames.

In his letters, after the return of the memorialist to her cottage, the sadness of his mind is touchingly portrayed.

MR. BURKE.

A deeply mourned and widely mournful loss tried again, with poignant sorrow, his kindest affections.

On the 10th of July, 1797, he received the following note:—

"Dear Sir,—I am grieved to tell you that your late friend, Mr. Burke, is no more. He expired last night, at half-past twelve o'clock.

"The long, steady, and unshaken friendship which had subsisted between you and him, renders this a painful communication; but it is a duty I owe to such friendship. I am, dear sir, &c.,

EDW. NAGLE.

"Beaconsfield, 9th July, 1797."

Hard, indeed, was this blow to Dr. Burney. He lamented this high character in all possible ways, as a friend, a patriot, a statesman, an orator, and a man of the most exalted genius.

"He was certainly," says his letter to Bookham upon this event, "one of the greatest men of the present century; and, I think I might say, the best orator and statesman of modern times. He had his passions and prejudices, to which I did not subscribe; but I always ardently admired his great abilities, his warmth of friendship, his constitutional urbanity."

MRS. CREWE.

The unwearied Mrs. Crewe, grieved at the fresh dejection into which these reiterated misfortunes cast the doctor, now started a scheme that had more of promise than any other that could have been devised of affording him some exhilaration. This was arranging an excursion that would lead him to visit the scene of his birth, that of his boyhood, and that of his education; namely Shrewsbury, Condover, and Chester; by prevailing with him to accompany her to Mr. Crewe's noble ancient mansion of Crewe Hall: a proposal so truly grateful to his feelings, that he found it resistless.

HERSCHEL.

Upon the return of Dr. Burney to Chelsea, his astronomical project became his great amusement as well as occupation.

An account of the first visit to Dr. Herschel, at Slough, upon this astronomical pilgrimage, written by Dr. Burney, to Bookham, in September, 1797, displays, though unintentionally, the characters of both these men of science, with a genuine simplicity that can hardly fail of giving pleasure to every unsophisticated reader.

After mentioning a call upon Lord Chesterfield, at Baillies, in the neighbourhood of Slough, he says:

"I went thence to Dr. Herschel, with whom I had arranged a meeting by letter; but being, through a mistake, before my time, I stopped at the door, to make enquiry whether my visit would be the least inconvenient to Herschel that night, or the next morning. The good soul was at dinner, but came to the carriage himself, to press me to alight immediately, and partake of his family repast: and this he did so heartily, that I could not resist. I was introduced to the company at table; four ladies, and a little boy. I was quite shocked at intruding upon so many females. I knew not that Dr. Herschel was married, and expected only to have found his sister. One of these females was a very old lady, and mother, I believe, of Mrs. Herschel, who sat at the head of the table. Another was a daughter of Dr. Wilson, an eminent astronomer, of Glasgow; the fourth was Miss Herschel. I apologised for coming at so uncouth an hour, by telling my story of missing Lord Chesterfield, through a blunder; at which they were all so cruel as to join in rejoicing; and then in soliciting me to send away my carriage, and stay and sleep there. I thought it necessary, you may be sure, to *faire la petite bouche*; but, in spite of my blushes, I was obliged to submit to having my trunk taken in, and my carriage sent on. We soon grew acquainted; I mean the ladies and I; for Herschel I have known very many years; and before dinner was over, we all seemed old friends just met after a long absence. Mrs. Herschel is sensible, good humoured, unpretending, and obliging; Miss Herschel is all shyness and virgin modesty; the Scots lady sensible and harmless; and the little boy entertaining, comical, and promising.* Herschel, you know, and

every body knows, is one of the most pleasing and well-bred natural characters of the present age, as well as the greatest astronomer. Your health was immediately given and drunk after dinner, by Dr. Herschel; and, after much social conversation, and some hearty laughs, the ladies proposed taking a walk by themselves, in order to leave Herschel and me together. We two, therefore, walked, and talked over my subject, *tele d'elles*, round his great telescope, till it grew damp and dusk; and then we retreated into his study to philosophise. I had a string of questions ready to ask, and astronomical difficulties to solve, which, with looking at curious books and instruments, filled up the time charmingly till tea. After which, we retired again to the study; where, having now paved the way, we began to enter more fully into my poetical plan; and he pressed me to read to him what I had done. Lord help his head! he little thought I had eight books, or cantos, of from four hundred to eight hundred and twenty lines, which to read through would require two or three days! He made me, however, unpack my trunk for my MS., from which I read him the titles of the chapters, and begged he would choose any book; or the character of any great astronomer that he pleased. 'O,' cried he, 'let us have the beginning.' I read then the first eighteen or twenty lines of the exordium; and then told him I rather wished to come to modern times; I was more certain of my ground in high antiquity than after the time of Copernicus. I began, therefore, my eighth chapter.

"He gave me the greatest encouragement; repeatedly saying that I perfectly understood what I was writing about; and he only stopped me at two places; one was at a word too strong for what I had to describe; and the other at one too weak. The doctrine he allowed to be quite orthodox concerning gravitation, refraction, reflection, optics, comets, magnitudes, distances, revolutions, &c. &c.; but he made a discovery to me which, had I known sooner, would have overset me, and prevented my reading to him any part of my work! This was, that he had almost always had an aversion to poetry; which he had generally regarded as an arrangement of fine words, without any adherence to truth; but he presently added that, when truth and science were united to those fine words, he then liked poetry very well.

"The next morning, he made me read as much, from another chapter, on Descartes, as the time would allow; for I had ordered my carriage at twelve. But I stayed on, reading, talking, asking questions, and looking at books and instruments, at least another hour, before I could leave this excellent man."

1798.

The spring of the following year, 1798, opened to Dr. Burney with pupils, operas, concerts, conversations, and assemblies in their usual round. All that is marked as peculiar, in his memorandums, is the intimate view which he had opportunity to take of the triumphant elevation of commercial splendour over even the highest aristocratical, in the entertainments of this season.

His late new acquaintance, Mr. Walker, of Liverpool, and his charming wife, not only, the doctor says, in their balls, concerts, suppers, and masquerades, rivalled all the nobles in expense, but in elegance. And that with an *ecclat* so indisputable, as to make those overpowered great ones "hide their diminished heads;" or raise them only in a tribute of patriotic admiration, at a proof so brilliant of the true national ascendancy of all-conquering commerce.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

Not the least, nor least prized honour, in the life of Dr. Burney, occurred in the June of this year, 1798, in seconding the motion of Mr. Windham for the election of Mr. Canning as a member of the literary club; "though, strange to say," he relates, "I had already honoured myself by seconding the same motion once before, when Mr. Canning was put up, I believe, by Lord Spencer; but was rejected by one abominable party black-ball, though there were ten or eleven balls all white."

The election this time, however, was honourable to the club, for it was successful to Mr. Canning. And Mr. Marsden, author of the curious and spirited account of Sumatra, was happily white-balled at the same time; which Dr. Burney called, in his next letter to the Hermits, a revival of the true spirit of the institution.

CAMILLA COTTAGE.

In the ensuing September, the doctor writes, in a manuscript memoir:

"This autumn, September, 1798, after spending a week at Hampton, at the house of Lady Mary Duncan, who

* The present celebrated mathematician and author.

did the honours of that charming neighbourhood, by carrying me to all the fine places in its circle, Hampton Court, Mrs. Garrick's, Richmond Hill and Park, Oatlands, Kew Gardens, &c.; I went to Mrs. and Miss Crewe at Tunbridge; where I enjoyed, for more than a fortnight, all the humours of the place in the most honourable and pleasant manner.

"And thence I went to Camilla Cottage at West Hamble; a cottage built on a slice of Norbury Park, by M. d'Arbly and my daughter, from the production of Camilla, her third work; where, and at Mr. and Mrs. Locke's, I passed my time most pleasantly, in reading, in rural quiet, or in charming conversation."

This small residence, here mentioned by Dr. Burney, of which the structure was just now completed, had, playfully received from himself the name of Camilla Cottage; which name was afterwards adopted by all the friends of the hermits.

Its architect, who was also its principal, its most efficient, and even its most laborious workman, had so skillfully arranged its apartments for use and for pleasure, by investing them with imperceptible closets, cupboards, and adroit recesses; and contriving to make every window offer a freshly beautiful view from the surrounding beautiful prospects, that while its numerous, though invisible, conveniences gave it comforts which many dwellings on a much larger scale do not possess, its pleasing form, and picturesque situation, made it a point, though in miniature, of beauty and ornament, from every spot in the neighbourhood whence it could be discerned.

Dr. Burney promised to gratify, from that time, these happy hermits once a year with his presence. He could not without admiration, as well as pleasure, witness the fertile resources with which his son-in-law, though till then a stranger to a country or to private life, could fill up a rainy day without a murmur; and pass through a retired evening without one moment of ennui, either felt or given. Yet the longest day of sunshine was always too short for the vigorous exertions, and manly projects that called him to plant in his garden, to graft and crop in his orchard, to work in his hay-field, or to invent and execute new paths, and to construct new seats and bowers in his wood. From which useful and virtuous toils, when corporeally he required rest and refreshment, his mental powers rose in full force to the exercise of their equal share in his composition, through his love of science, poetry, and general literature. And Dr. Burney, through the wide extent of his varied connections, could no where find taste more congenial, principles more strictly in unison, or a temper more harmoniously in accord with his own, than here, in the happy little dwelling which he named Camilla Cottage.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

At the close of this second year of Dr. Burney's astronomical operations, their efficacy upon his health and spirits grew more and more apparent. They chased away his sorrows, by leading to meditations beyond the reach of their annoyance; and they gave to him a new earthly connection that served somewhat to brighten even the regions below, in an intimacy with Dr. Herschel.

The modest and true philosopher, who, not long afterwards, receiving the honour of the Guelphic order from the king, became Sir William, opened again his hospitable dwelling to hear the continuation of the doctor's poem; to which he afforded his valuable remarks with as much pleasure as acumen. And from that time, the intercourse was kept up by Sir William's returning, occasionally, the visits of the doctor at Chelsea College, when called to town for reading, or for presenting his astronomical discoveries to the royal society.

The doctor thus gaily speaks in his next letter:

"10th December, 1798, Chelsea College.

"Well, but Herschel has been in town, for short spirits and back again, two or three times, and I have had him here two whole days. * * * I read to him the first five books without any objection, except a little hesitation, at my saying, upon Bayly's authority, that if the sun were to move round the earth, according to Ptolemy, instead of the earth round the sun, as in the Copernican system, the nearest fixed star in every second must constantly run at the rate of near 100,000 miles. 'Stop a

little!' cries he; 'I fancy you have greatly underrated the velocity required; but I will calculate it at home.' And, on his second visit, he brought me a slip of paper, written by his sister, as he, I suppose, had dictated. 'Here we see that Sirius, if it revolved round the earth, would move at the rate of 1426 millions of miles per second. Hence the required velocity of Sirius in its orbit would be above 7305 times greater than that of light.' This is all that I had to correct of doctrine in the first five books! And he was so humble as to protest that I knew more of the history of astronomy than he did himself; and that I had surprised him by the mass of information that I had gotten together."

MR. SEWARD.

But before this year terminated, Dr. Burney had yet another, and a very sensible loss, through the death of Mr. Seward; who was truly a loss, also, to all by whom he was known. He was a man of sound worthiness of character, of a disposition the most amiable, and invested with a zeal to serve his friends, nay, to serve even strangers, that knew no bounds which his time or his trouble could remove.

He was pleasing and piquant in society; and, though always showing an alacrity to sarcasm in discourse, in action he was all benevolence.

Yet he was eccentric, even wilfully; and wilfully, also, inconsistent, if not capricious; but he was constantly in a state of suffering, from some internal and unfathomable obstructions, which generally at night robbed him of rest; and frequently, in the day, divested him of self command.*

He was author of a very agreeable and amusing, though desultory, collection of anecdotes, entitled *Biographiana*.† In the ensuing autumn, when the expedition against Holland was in preparation, Mrs. Crewe prevailed with the doctor to accompany her and her large party to Dover, to see the embarkation; well knowing the animated interest which his patriotic spirit would take in that transaction. His own lively and spirited, yet unaffected and unpretending account of this excursion, will bring him immediately before those by whom he may yet be remembered.

"Dover, 9th Sept. 1799.

"Why you Fanny!—I did not intend to write you my adventures, but to keep them for *vis-à-vis* on coming to Camilla Cottage; but the nasty east wind is arrived, to the great inconvenience of our expedition, and of my lungs—all which circumstances put it out of my power to visit Camilla Cottage at present, as I wished, and had settled in my own mind to do. But let me see—where did I leave off? I believe I have told you of my arrival here, where, at first, I found Mr. Crewe, as you might observe by the frank. But two days after he went to Hythe, where he is now quartered with the Cheshire Militia corps of which he is colonel.

"You may be sure that I hastened to visit the harbour and town which I had not seen for near thirty years * * * Did I tell you Mr. Rider, our Chelsea joint paymaster, is here, and that we all dined on Wednesday with him and his spouse, Lady Susan? a most sweet creature, handsome, accomplished, and perfectly well-bred, with condescending good-humour; and who sings and plays well, and in true taste. Thursday, bad weather; but Canning came to Longchon to brighten it: and at night I read astronomy to Mrs. Crewe, and her fair, intelligent daughter.

"On Friday, I visited with them Lady Grey, wife of the commander in chief, at the Barham Down Camp. I like Lady Grey extremely, notwithstanding she is mother of the vehement parliamentary democrat, Mr. Grey,† who is as pleasing, they pretend, as he is violent, which makes him doubly dangerous. She is, indeed, a charming woman, and by every body honoured and admired; and as she is aunt to our ardent friend Spotty, the Dean of Winchester's daughter, I was sure to be much flattered and flattered by all her family. Sir Charles's mother, old Mrs. Grey, now eighty-five, is a great and scientific reader

* To the editor he once avowed, that to pass twenty-four hours without one piercing pang of pain would be new to him.

† Generally, from the name of the author, attributed, but erroneously, to Anna Seward, of Litchfield.

‡ Now Prime Minister.

and studier; and is even yet in correspondence with Sir Charles Blagden; who communicates to her all the new philosophical discoveries made throughout Europe. What a distinguished race! The democrat himself,—but for his democracy,—strikingly at their head! Mrs. Grey took to me mightily, and would hardly let me speak to any body else. Saturday we visited Mr. and Lady Mary Churchill, our close neighbours here, an old acquaintance of mine of fifty years' standing or more. Next day, after church, I went with Miss Crewe and Canning—I serving for chaperon—to visit the Shakspeare Cliff, which is a mile and more beyond the town: and a most fatiguing clamber to it I found! We took different roads, as our eye pointed out the easiest paths; and, in so doing, on my being all at once missed, Canning and Miss Crewe were so frightened 'you can't think,' as Miss Larolles would say. They concluded I had tumbled headlong down the Cliff! It has furnished a story to every one we have seen ever since; and that arch clever rogue, Canning, makes ample use of it, at Walmer Castle, and elsewhere. 'Is there any news?' if he be asked, his ready answer is, 'only Dr. Burney is lost again!'

"This day, 5th September, pray mind! I went to Walmer Castle with Mrs. and Miss Crewe, to dine with Lady Jane Dundas—another charming creature, and one of my new flirtations, and Mr. Pitt dined at home. And Mr. Dundas, Mr. Ryder, Lady Susan, Miss Scott, the sister of the Marchioness of Titchfield, and Canning, were of the party; with the Hon. Colonel Hope, Lady Jane's brother. What do you think of that, ma'am? Mr. Pitt!—I liked this cabinet dinner prodigiously. Mr. Pitt was all politeness and pleasantry. He has won Mrs. Crewe's, and even Miss Crewe's heart, by his attentions and good humour. My translation of the hymn, 'Long live the Emperor Francis!' was very well sung in duo by Lady Susan Rider and Miss Crewe; I joining in the chorus. Lady Jane Dundas is a good musician, and has very good taste. I not only played this hymn of Haydn's setting, but Suwarrow's March to the great minister: and though Mr. Pitt neither knows nor cares one farthing for flutes and fiddles, he was very attentive; and before, and at dinner, his civility to me was as obliging as if I had half a dozen boroughs at my devotion: offering to me, though a great way off him, of every dish and wine; and entering heartily into Canning's merry stories of my having been lost; and Mrs. Crewe's relation of my dolorous three sea voyages instead of one, when I came back from Germany; all with very civil pleasantry."

"15th September, 1799.

"The Duke and Lady Mary left us two days after my last, but a dinner was fixed for Messrs. Pitt, Dundas, Ryder, and Canning, with us at Dover. Now I must give you a little episode. Canning told me that Mr. Pitt had gotten a telescope, constructed under the superintendence of Herschel, which cost one hundred guineas; but that they could make no use of it, as no one of the party had knowledge enough that way to put it together; and, knowing of my astronomical poem, Canning took it for granted that I could help them. The first day I went to Walmer Castle, I saw the instrument, and Canning put a paper in my hand of instructions; or rather, a book, for it consisted of twelve or fourteen pages; but before I had read six lines, company poured in, and I re-placed it in the drawer whence Canning had taken it; and, to say the truth, without much reluctance; for I doubted my competence. I therefore was very cautious not to start the subject! but when I got to Dover, I wrote upon it to Herschel, and received his answer just in time to meet the Dover visit of Mr. Pitt. It was very friendly and satisfactory, as is every thing that comes from Herschel; I showed it to Mr. Pitt, who read it with great attention, and I doubt not, intelligence.

"After discussing all the particulars concerning the telescope, Herschel says: 'When I learn that you are returned to Chelsea, I shall write again on the subject of memorandums that I made when I had the pleasure of hearing your beautiful poetical work.' This I did not let Mr. Pitt see; but withdrew the letter from him after Herschel had done speaking of the telescope, lest it should seem that I more wished Mr. Pitt should see Herschel's civilities to me, than his telescopic instructions. But Mrs. Crewe, in the course of the evening, borrowed the

letter from me, and showed it to Lady Jane Dundas; who read it all, and asked what the poetical work meant. Miss Crewe smilingly explained.

"The dinner was very cheerful, you may imagine, for these Messieurs had brought with them the important news of the taking Seringapatam; truly gratifying to Mr. Pitt; but doubly so to Mr. Dundas, who plans and directs all India affairs.

"No one can be more cheerful, attentive, and polite to ladies than Mr. Pitt; which astonishes all those who, without seeing him, have taken for granted that he is *no woman's man*, but a surly churl, from the accounts of his sarcastic enemies.

"The major of Mr. Crewe being ill, Mr. Crewe himself could not dine at home, being obliged to remain at Hythe with his regiment; and, after the ladies left the dining room, it having been perceived that none drank port but Mr. Pitt and I—the rest all taking claret, which made the passing and repassing the bottle rather awkward, I was voted into the chair at the head of the table, *to put the bottle about!* and that between the first ministers, Pitt and Dundas! what '*only think*,' and '*no notions*,' would Miss Larolles have exclaimed! I, so notorious for always stopping the bottle!

"When we went to the ladies, music and cheerfulness finished the evening. The hymn and the march were not forgotten. In talking over Pizarro, Mr. Pitt related very pleasantly, an amusing anecdote of a total breach of memory in some Mrs. Lloyd, a lady, or nominal house-keeper of Kensington Palace: 'being in company,' he said, 'with Mr. Sheridan, without recollecting him, while Pizarro was the topic of discussion, she said to him, "And so this fine Pizarro is printed?" "Yes, so I hear," said Sherry. "And did you ever in your life read such stuff?" cried she. "Why, I believe its bad enough!" quoth Sherry; "but at least, madam, you must allow its very loyal." "Ah!" cried she, shaking her head, "loyal? You don't know its author so well as I do?"

"In speaking, afterwards, of the great number of young men who were just embarked for Holland, Miss Crewe, half jocosely, but no doubt half seriously, said it would ruin all the balls! for where could the poor females find partners? "O," said Mr. Pitt, with a pretended air of condolence, 'you'll have partners plenty—both houses of parliament!'

"Besides," said Canning, 'you'll have the whole bench of bishops!'

"To be sure nobody laughed! Mr. Pitt, by the way, is a great and loud laughter at the jokes of others; but this was so half his own, that he only made *la petite bouche*.

"Two days after all this, Mrs. and Miss Crewe brought me on in my way home as far as Canterbury.

"Now what say you? Is this not a *belle histoire*?"

MRS. PHILLIPS.

Early in October, 1799, the desolating intelligence reached West Hamble, that the lingering sufferings of the inestimable Susanna, from long latently undermining her delicate frame, began openly to menace its destruction.

What scenes were those which followed! how deep the tragedy! How wide from their promised joys were the family meetings! Yet all his family impressively hastened to the doctor, and all were kindly received.

Of the rest of this melancholy year no vestige remains, either from the doctor or his biographer. The beginning of the new century to them was the closing of hope, not the opening of joy! and the pocket-book memorandums of both are sterile and blank.

In 1801, also, there was but a single event that the doctor thought worth committing to paper: and that, indeed, was of a kind that no one who knew him could read, first without trembling, and next without rejoicing; for, in the summer of 1801, and in his seventy-sixth year, he had an escape the most providential from sudden and violent destruction.

He had accompanied Mrs. Crewe, and some of her friends, to a review on Ascot heath, when, in returning home by water, as the boat was disembarking its crew at Staines, feeling himself light and well, and equal to a small leap, he jumped incautiously from the boat, on what he believed to be a tuft of grass; but what proved to be a moss covered stone, or hillock, which, far from banding, as he had expected, to the touch of his foot, struck him backwards into the boat with frightful violence, and a risk the most imminent of breaking his neck, if not of fracturing his skull. Happily, no such dreadful evil ensued! and every species of care and kindness

were vigilantly exerted to keep aloof further mischief than accrued from a few bruises.

CYCLOPEDIA.

Nevertheless, though no further episodic event occurred in 1801, that year must by no means be passed over without record in the memoirs of Dr. Burney; for it was marked by such extraordinary intellectual exertion as may also be called unparalleled, when considered as springing from volition, not necessity; and from efforts the most virtuously philosophical, to while away enervating sadness upon those changes and chances that hang upon the very nature of mortal existence; for now, to tie his activity to his labours, he entered into a formal agreement with the editors of the then new Encyclopedia, to furnish all its musical articles at stated periods.

He thus, in a letter of which he has left a copy, though not the address, speaks of this enterprise to some friend:

"I have entered now into concerns that leave me not a minute, or a thought, to bestow on other matters. Besides professional avocations, I have deeply engaged in a work that can admit of no delay; and which occupies every instant which I can steal from business friends or sleep. A new edition, on a very enlarged plan, of the Cyclopaedia of Chambers, is now printing in two double volumes 4to, for which I have agreed to furnish the musical articles, on a very large scale, including whatever is connected with the subject; not only definitions of the musical technica, but reflections, discussions, criticism, history, and biography. The first volume is printed, and does not finish the letter A. And in *nine months hard labour*, I have not brought forth two letters. I am more and more frightened every day at the undertaking, so long after the usual allowance of three score years and ten have expired. And the shortest calculation for the termination of this work is still ten years."

And in his letters to West Hamble on the same subject, he mentions, that to fulfil his engagement, he generally rises at five or six o'clock every morning!—in his seventy-sixth year.

1802.

This year partook not of any lack of incident; it commenced during the operation and incertitude of a public transaction so big, in its consequences, with deep importance to the domestic life of Dr. Burney, that it seems requisite for all that will follow, to enter into such parts of its details as affected the doctors feelings, through their influence over those of his son-in-law, General d'Arblay.

At the period of the peace of Amiens, in the preceding year, the minister plenipotentiary who was sent over by Bonaparte, then only First Consul, to sign its preliminaries, chanced to be an artillery officer, General de Lauriston, who had been *en garrison*, and in great personal friendship, with General d'Arblay, during their mutual youth; and with whom, as with all the *etat major* of the regiment of Toul, a connection of warm esteem and intimacy had faithfully been kept alive, till the dreadful catastrophes of the 10th of August dispersed every officer who survived it, into the wanderings of emigration, or the mystery of concealment.

When the name of Lauriston reached West Hamble, its obscured, but not enervated, chief rushed eagerly from his hermitage to the metropolis, where he hastily wrote a few impressive lines to the new minister plenipotentiary, briefly demanding whether or not, in his present splendid situation, he would avow an old *camarade*, whose life now was principally spent in cultivating cabbages in his own garden, for his own family and table?

Of this note he was fain to be his own bearer; and in some hotel in, or near St. James's street, he discovered the minister's abode.

Unaccoutred, dressed only in his common garden coat, and wearing no military appendage, or mark of military rank, he found it very difficult to gain admission into the hotel, even as a messenger; for such only, he called himself. The street was crowded so as to be almost impassable, as it was known to the public that the French minister was going forth to an audience for signing the preliminaries of peace with Lord Hawkesbury.

But M. d'Arblay was not a man to be easily baffled. He resolutely forced his way to the corridor leading to the minister's dressing apartment. There, however, he was arbitrarily stopped; but would not retire: and compelled the lacquey, who endeavoured to dismiss him, to take, and to promise the immediate delivery of his note.

With a very wry face, and an indignant shrug, the lacquey almost perforce complied; carefully, however, leaving another valet at the outside of the door, to prevent further intrud.

M. de Lauriston was under the hands of his friseur, and reading a newspaper. But the gazette gave place to the billet, which, probably recollecting the hand-writing, he rapidly ran over, and then eagerly, and in a voice of emotion, emphatically demanded who had been its bearer.

A small ante-room alone separated him from its writer, who, hearing the question, energetically called out; "*C'est moi!*"

Up rose the minister, who opened one door himself, as M. d'Arblay broke through the other, and in the midst of the little ante-room, they rushed into one another's arms.

If M. d'Arblay was joyfully affected by this generous reception, M. de Lauriston was yet more moved in embracing his early friend, whom report had mingled with the slaughtered of the 10th of August.

The meeting, indeed, was so peculiar, from the high station of M. de Lauriston; the superb equipage waiting at his door to carry him, for the most popular of purposes, to an appointed audience with a British minister; and the glare, the parade, the cost, the attendants, and the attentions by which he was encompassed, contrasted with the worn, as well as plain habiliments of the recluse of West Hamble, that it gave a singularity to the equality of their manners to each other, and the mutuality of the joy and affection of their embraces, that from first exciting the astonishment, next moved the admiration of the domestics of the minister plenipotentiary; and particularly of his friseur, who, probably, was his first valet-de-chambre; and who, while they were yet in each other's arms, exclaimed aloud, with that familiarity in which the French indulge their favourite servants, "*Ma foi! voilà qui est beau!*"

This characteristic freedom of approbation broke into the pathos of the interview by causing a hearty laugh; and M. de Lauriston, who then had not another instant to spare, cordially invited his recovered friend to breakfast with him the next morning.

At that breakfast, M. de Lauriston recorded the circumstances that had led to his present situation, with all the trust and openness of their early intercourse. And sacred General d'Arblay held that confidence; which should have sunk into oblivion, but for the after circumstances, and present state of things, which render all that, then, was prudentially secret, now desirably public.

No change, he said, of sentiment, no dereliction of principle, had influenced his entering into the service of the republic. Personal gratitude alone had brought about that event. Whilst fighting, under the banners of Austria, against Bonaparte, in one of the campaigns of Italy, he had been taken prisoner, with an Austrian troop. His companions in arms were immediately conveyed to captivity, there to stand the chances of confinement or exchange; but he, as a Frenchman, had been singled out by the conquerors, and stigmatised as a deserter, by the party into whose hands he had fallen, and who condemned him to be instantly shot: though, as he had never served Bonaparte, no laws of equity could brand as a traitor the man who had but constantly adhered to his first allegiance. Bonaparte himself, either struck by this idea, or with a desire to obtain a distinguished officer of artillery, of which alone his army wanted a supply, felt induced to start forward in person, to stop the execution at the very instant it was going to take place. And to save M. de Lauriston, at the same time, from the ill will or vengeance of the soldiers, Bonaparte concealed him, till the troop by which he had been taken was elsewhere occupied; conducting himself, in the meanwhile, with so much consideration and kindness, that the gentle heart of Lauriston was gained over by grateful feelings, and he accepted the post afterwards offered to him of aid-de-camp to the First Consul; with whom, in a short time, he rose to so much trust and favour, as to become the colleague of Duroc, as a chosen and military, though not, as Duroc, a confidential secretary.

Bonaparte, Lauriston said, had named him for this important embassy to England from two motives: one of which was, that he thought such a nomination might be agreeable to the English, as Lauriston, who was great grand-son or grand-nephew to the famous Law, of South Sea notoriety, was of British extraction; and the other was from personal regard to Lauriston, that he might open a negotiation, during his mission, for the recovery of some part of his Scottish inheritance.

At this, and a subsequent breakfast with M. de Lau-

riston, M. d'Arblay discussed the most probable means for claiming his *reforme*, or half-pay, as some remuneration for his past services and deprivations. And M. de Lauriston warmly undertook to carry a letter on this subject to Bonaparte's minister at war, Berthier; with whom, under Louis the Sixteenth, M. d'Arblay had formerly transacted military business.

It was found, however, that nothing could be effected without the presence of M. d'Arblay in France; and therefore, peace between the two nations being signed, he deemed it right to set sail for the long-lost land of his birth.

Immediately upon his arrival in Paris, a representation of his claims was presented to the First Consul himself, accompanied with words of kindest interest in its success, by the faithful General de Lauriston.

Bonaparte inquired minutely into the merits of the case, and into the military character of the claimant; and, having patiently heard the first account, and eagerly interrogated upon the second, he paused a few minutes, and then said: "Let him serve in the army, if only for one year. Let him go to St. Domingo, and join Le Cler;* and, at the end of the year, he shall be allowed to retire, with rank and promotion."

This was the last purpose that had entered into the projects of M. d'Arblay; yet, to a military spirit, jealous of his honour, and passionately fond of his profession, it was a proposition impossible to be declined. It was not to combat for Bonaparte, nor to fight against his original allegiance: it was to bear arms in the current cause of his country, in resisting the insurgents of St. Domingo, against whom he might equally have been employed by the monarch in whose service he had risked, and through whose misfortunes he had lost his all. He merely, therefore, stipulated to re-enter the army simply as a volunteer; with an agreed permission to quit it at the close of the campaign, whatever might be its issue: and he then accepted from Berthier a commission for St. Domingo, which, in the republican language adopted by Bonaparte on his first accession to dictatorial power, was addressed to *le Citoyen* General-in-chief, *le Cler*; and which recommended to that general that *le Citoyen Darblay* should be employed as a distinguished artillery officer.

M. d'Arblay next obtained leave to come over to England to settle his private affairs; to make innumerable purchases relative to the expedition to St. Domingo; and to bid adieu to his wife and son.

1802.

Dr. Burney received him with open arms, but tearful eyes. He had too much candour to misjudge the nature and the principles of a military character, so as to censure his non-refusal of an offered restoration to his profession, since, at that moment, the peace between the two countries paralysed any possible movement in favour of the royalists; yet his grief at the circumstance, and his compassion for his dejected daughter, gave a gloom to the transaction that was deeply depressing.

The purchases were soon made, for the re-instated man of arms sunk a considerable sum to be expeditiously accounted; after which, repelling every drawback of internal reluctance, he was eager not to exceed his furlough; and, pronouncing an agitated farewell, hurried back to Paris; purposing thence to proceed to Brest, whence he was to embark for his destination.

But, inexpressibly anxious not to be misunderstood, nor drawn into the service of Bonaparte beyond the contracted engagement, the day before he left London, M. d'Arblay, with a singleness of integrity that never calculated consequences where he thought his honour and his interest might pull different ways, determined to be unequivocally explicit, and addressed, therefore, a letter directly to Bonaparte.

This letter he hurried off by an official express, through Bonaparte's then minister here, M. Otto; who, after reading, forwarded it under cover to *Le Citoyen Ministre de la Guerre*, Berthier; to whom, as a former military friend, M. d'Arblay recommended its delivery to *Le Premier Consul*.† This done, M. d'Arblay pursued his own route.

A frightful chasm of all intelligence to Dr. Burney ensued after this critical departure of M. d'Arblay; no tidings came over of his arrival at Brest, his embarka-

tion, or even of his safety, after crossing the channel in the remarkably tempestuous month of February, in 1802.

The causes of this mysterious silence would be too circumstantial for these Memoirs, to which it belongs only to state their result. The First Consul, upon reading the letter of M. d'Arblay, immediately withdrew his military commission; and Berthier, in an official reply, desired that *le Citoyen Darblay* would consider that commission, and the letter to General Le Cler, as *non avenues*.

Berthier, nevertheless, in the document which annulled the St. Domingo commission, and which must have been written by the personal command of Bonaparte, since it was in answer to a letter that had been directed immediately to himself, calmly, and without rancour, harshness, or satire, developed the reason of the recall, in simply saying, that since *le Citoyen Darblay* would not bear arms against the country of his wife, which might always, eventually, bear arms against France, he could not be engaged in the service of the republic.

Bonaparte, stimulated, it is probable, by M. de Lauriston's account of the frank and honourable character of M. d'Arblay, contented himself with this simple annulling act; without embittering it by any stigma, or demonstrating any suspicious resentment.

This event, as has been hinted, produced important consequences to Dr. Burney; consequences the most ungenial to his parental affections; though happily, at that period, not foreseen in their melancholy extent, of a ten years' complete and desperate separation from his daughter d'Arblay.

Unsuspecting, therefore, of that appendent effect of the letter of M. d'Arblay to Bonaparte, the satisfaction of Dr. Burney, at this first moment, that no son-in-law of his would bear arms, through any means, however innocent, and with any intentions, however pure, under the banners of Bonaparte, largely contributed to make the unexpected tidings of this sudden change of situation an epoch of ecstasy, rather than of joy.

But far different were the sensations to which this turn of affairs gave birth in M. d'Arblay. Consternation seems too tame a word for the bewildered confusion of his feelings, at so abrupt a breaking up of an enterprise, which, though unsolicited and unwished for in its origin, had by degrees, from its recurrence to early habits, become glowingly animated to his ideas and his prospects. Bonaparte had not then blackened his glory by the seizure and sacrifice of the Comte d'Enghein; and M. d'Arblay, in common with several other admirers of the military fame of the First Consul, had conceived a hope, to which he meant honestly to allude in his letter, that the final campaign of that great warrior would be a voluntary imitation of the final campaign of General Monk.

Little, therefore, as he had intended to constitute Bonaparte, in any way, his chief, a breach such as this in his own professional career, nearly mastered his faculties with excess of perturbation. To seem dismissed the service!—he could not brook the idea; he was confounded by his own position.

He applied to a generous friend,* high in military reputation, to represent his disturbance to the First Consul.

Bonaparte consented to grant an audience on the subject; but almost instantly interrupted the application, by saying, with vivacity, "I know that business! However, let him be tranquil. It shall not hurt him any further. There was a time I might have been capable of acting so myself!"

And then, after a little pause, and with a look somewhat ironical, but by no means ill-humoured or unpleasant, he added: "*Il m'a écrit un diable de lettre!*"—He stooped again, after which, with a smile half gay, half cynical, he said; "However, I ought only to regard in it the husband of Cecilia;" and then abruptly he broke up the conference.

Of the author of Cecilia, of course, he meant†

This certainly was a trait of candour and liberality worthy of a more gentle mind; and which, till the ever unpardonable massacre of the Duke d'Enghein, softened, in some measure, the endurance of the compulsory stay in France that afterwards ensued to M. d'Arblay.

Dr. Burney, meanwhile, from the time that the St. Domingo commission was annulled, was in daily expectation of the return of his son-in-law, and the re-establishment of the little cottage of West Hamble:—but

mournfully, alas, was he disappointed! The painful news arrived from M. d'Arblay, that, from the strangeness of the circumstances in which he was involved, he could not quit France without seeming to have gained his wish in losing his appointment. He determined, therefore, to remain a twelvemonth in Paris, to show himself at hand in case of any change of orders. And he desired, of course, to be joined there by his wife and son.

M. d'Arblay, however, wrote to that wife, to Dr. Burney, and to his dearly revered friend, Mr. Locke, the most comforting assurance, that, one single year revolved, he would return, with his little family, to the unambitious enjoyment of friendship, repose, and West Hamble.

By no means gaily did Dr. Burney receive the account of this arrangement. Gloomy forebodings clouded his brow; though his daughter, exalted by joy and thankfulness that the pestilential climate of St. Domingo was relinquished, and happily persuaded that another year would re-unite her with her honoured father, her brethren, and friends, assented with alacrity to the scheme. Almost immediately, therefore, it took place; though not before the loyal heart of Dr. Burney had the soothing consolation of finding, that the step she was taking was honoured with the entire approbation of her benevolent late royal mistress; who openly held that to follow the fortune of the man to whom she had given her hand, was now her first duty in life.

No further narrative, of which the detail can be personal or reciprocal with the editor, can now be given of Dr. Burney. What follows will be collected from fragments of memoirs, and innumerable memorandums in his own hand writing; from his letters, and those of his family and friends; and from various accidental, incidental, and miscellaneous circumstances.

By the president of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, the doctor, from his own universal thirst of knowledge, and uncommon capacity for receiving, retaining and naturalising its gifts, was welcomed on public days as a worthy brother of the learned and studious; and in the hours of private conviviality was courted yet more from the gaiety of his humour and the entertainment of his anecdotes; Sir Joseph, when unbent from the state of Newton's chair, being ever merrily charmed, to reciprocate sportive nonsense; various remnants of which, laughingly amusing, but too ludicrous from the president of a scientific society for the press, are amongst the posthumous collections of the doctor.

In all, however, that was most efficient in good, most solid, most serious, most essential in comfort as well as elegance, the noble kindness of the Duke of Portland took the lead. His magnificent hospitality was nearly without parallel. The select invitations upon select occasions to Burlington House, with which his favour to the doctor had begun, were succeeded by general ones for all times and all seasons; and with injunctions that the doctor would choose his own days, and adjust their frequency completely by his own convenience.

This *carte blanche* of admission at will was next extended from Burlington House to Bulstrode Park; where he was found so agreeable by the noble host, and so pleasing to the noble family, that, in a short time, the duke urged him to take possession of an unappropriated apartment, and to consider himself to be completely at home in that sumptuous dwelling; where he had his mornings with undisturbed liberty, wholly at his own disposal; where he even dined, according to the state of his health and spirits, at the duke's table or in his own parlour; and where, though welcomed in any part of the day to every part of the house, he was never troubled with any enquiry for non-appearance, except at the evening's assemblage; though not unfrequently the duke made him personal visits of such affectionate freedom, as signally to endear to him this splendid habitation.

So impressive, indeed, was the regard of his grace for Dr. Burney, and so animated was the gratitude of its return, that the enjoyments of Bulstrode Park, with all their refined luxuries, and their cultivated scenery, soon became less than secondary; they were nearly as nothing in the calculation of the doctor, compared with what he experienced from the cordial conversation and kindness of the Duke.

Such, added to his family circle, were the auspices under which, to her great consolation, his daughter d'Arblay left Dr. Burney in April, 1803.

Dr. Burney, upon this separation, redoubled the vigilance of his self exertions for turning to account every moment of his existence. And his spirits appear to be

* First husband of Bonaparte's sister, Paulina, afterwards La Princesse Borghese.

† Of this singular and hazardous letter, declining to bear arms against England, M. d'Arblay, who wrote it on a sudden impulse, neither gave nor showed one copy in England, except to M. Otto.

* General de La Fayette; who then, with his virtuous wife and family, resided at his old chateau of La Grange; exclusively occupied by useful agricultural experiments, and exemplary domestic duties.

† Vanity, vanity, thy name is D'Arblay!—Ed.

equal to every demand upon their efforts. In his first letter to Paris, May 20, 1802, he says:

"I hope, now, the two nations will heartily shake hands, and not be quiet only themselves, but keep the rest of the world quiet. My hurries are such at present, as to oblige me to draw deeper than ever upon my sinking fund. [His sleep.] Business, and more numerous engagements than I have ever yet had, swallow all my time; and this enormous Cyclopædia fills up all my thoughts. I have been long an ABC derian; and now am become so for life.

In another letter of the same year, written a few months later, the Cyclopædia is no longer proclaimed to be the principal, but the exclusive occupation of the doctor. 'The indefatigable eagerness of its pursuit, will best appear from his own account:

"July 1st, 1802.—I have this day taken leave for this year, of my town business, which broke into three precious mornings of my week, shivered the lord knows how many links of the chain of my Cyclopædia, and lost me even the interval of time from the trouble of collecting the broken fragments of my materials, and re-putting them together.

"In order to form some idea of the total absorption of my present life, by this herculean labour, added to my usual hurricanes during the town season, a delightful letter of Twining himself, which I received some weeks ago, remains unanswered! I had a mind to see what I could really do in twelve months, by driving the quill at every possible moment that I could steal from business or repose, by day and by night, in bed and up; and, with all this stir and toil, I have found it impracticable to finish three letters of the alphabet!"

Dr. Burney had now the shock of hearing that war was again declared with France! And dire, most dire and afflicting to his daughter, was the similar information, of learning that Bonaparte had peremptorily ordered Lord Whitworth to quit Paris in a specified number of hours: and that a brief term was dictatorially fixed for either following that ambassador, or immovably remaining in France till the contest should be over.

The very peculiar position, in a military point of view, in which M. d'Arblay now stood in his native country, made it impossible for him to leave it, at so critical a juncture, in the hurried manner that the imperious decree of the French dictator commanded. It might seem deserting his post! He felt, therefore, compelled, by claims of professional observance, to abide the uncertain storm where its first thunder rolled; and to risk, at its centre, the hazards of its circulation, and the chances of its course.

The unhappiness caused by this decision was wholly unmixed with murmurs from Dr. Burney, whose justice and candour acknowledged it, in such a situation, to be indispensable.

In 1803, one short record alone has been found. That he wrote no more journal anecdotes that year, may be chiefly attributed to his then intense application to his Cyclopædia.

1804 turned out far more copious in events and recitals; though saddening, however philosophical and consonant to the common laws of nature, are the reflections and avowals of Dr. Burney upon his this year's birth-day.

From the Doctor's Journal.

"In 1804, in the month of April, I completed my 78th year, and decided to relinquish teaching and my musical patients; for both my ears and my eyes were beginning to fail me. I could still hear the most minute musical tone; but in conversation I lost the articulation, and was forced to make people at the least distance from me repeat every thing that they said. Sometimes the mere tone of voice, and the countenance of the speaker, told me whether I was to smile or to frown; but never so explicitly as to allow me to venture at any reply to what was said! Yet I never, seemingly, have been more in fashion at any period of my life than this spring; never invited to more conversaziones, assemblées, dinners, and concerts. But I feel myself less and less able to bear a part in general conversation every day, from the failure of memory, particularly in names; and I am become fearful of beginning any story that occurs to me, lest I should be stopped short by hunting for Mr. How d'ye call him's style and titles.

"I was very near-sighted from about my 30th year; but though it is usually thought that that sort of sight improves with age, I have not discovered that the notion was well founded. My sight became not only more short, but more feeble. Instead of a concave glass, I

was forced to have recourse to one that was convex, and that magnified highly, for pale ink and small types."

In the month of the following May, a similar ebullition of political rancour with that which so difficultly had been conquered for Mr. Canning, foamed over the ballot box of the Literary Club to the exclusion of Mr. Rogers; by whom it was the less deserved, from its contrast to that poet's own widely opposite liberality, in never suffering political opinions to shut out, either from his hospitality or his friendship, those who invite them by congenial sentiments on other points.

The ensuing is copied from Dr. Burney's own manuscript observations upon this occurrence:

"May 1st. I was at the Club, at which Rogers, put up by Courtney, and seconded by me, was ballotted for, and blackballed; I believe on account of his politics. There can, indeed, be nothing else against him. He is a good poet, has a refined taste in all the arts; has a select library of the best editions of the best authors in most languages; has very fine pictures; very fine drawings; and the finest collection I ever saw of the best Etruscan vases; and moreover, he gives the best dinners to the best company of men of talents and genius of any man I know; the best served and with the best wines, liqueurs, &c. He is not fond of talking politics, for he is no *Jacobin-enragé*, though I believe him to be a principled republican, and therefore in high favour with Mr. Fox and his adherents. But he is never obtrusive; and neither shuns nor dislikes a man for being of a different political creed to himself: it is therefore, that he and I, however we may dissent upon that point, concur so completely on almost every other, that we always meet with pleasure. And, in fact, he is much esteemed by many persons belonging to the government, and about the court. His books of prints of the greatest engravers from the greatest masters, in history, architecture, and antiquities, are of the first class. His house in St. James' Place, looking into the Green Park, is deliciously situated, and furnished with great taste. He seemed very desirous of being elected a member of the Club, to which, in fact, his talents would have done honour; few men are more fitted to contribute to its entertainments."

The doctor, long afterwards, in talking over this anecdote, said:

"There is no accounting for such gross injustice in the club; except by acknowledging that there are demagogues amongst them who enjoy as the highest privilege of an old member, the power of excluding, with or without reason, a new one."

Here stop all journals, all notes, all memorandums of Dr. Burney for the rest of this year: Not another word remains bearing its date.

The severest tax upon longevity that, apart from his parental ties, could be inflicted, was levied upon him at this time, by the heart-harrowing stroke of the death of Mr. Twining.

It was not merely now, in the full tide of sorrow, that Dr. Burney could neither speak nor write upon the loss of that last-elected bosom friend; it was a subject from which he shrunk ever after, both in conversation and by letter: it was a grief too concentrated for complaint: it demanded not a vent by which, with time, it might be soled; but a crush by which, though only morbidly, it might be subdued: religion and philosophy might then lead, conjointly, to calm endurance.

And not alone, though from superior sorrow aloft, stood this deprivation. It was followed by other strokes of similar fatality, each of which, but for this pre-eminent calamity, would have proved of tragic effect: for he had successively to mourn, First, the favourite, he most highly prized by his departed early partner, as well as by her successor; and who came nearest to his own feelings from the tender ties in which she had been entwined—Dolly Young; for so, to the last hour, she was called by those who had early known and loved her, from a certain caressing pleasure annexed to that youthful appellation, that seemed in unison with the genuine simplicity of her character.

Second, Mr. Coxe, the oldest and most attached of his associates from early life.

Third, Lord Macartney, a far newer connection, but one whose lively intelligence, and generous kindness, cut off all necessity for the usual routine of time to fasten attachment. And with Lord Macartney, from the retired life which his lordship generally led after his embassy to China, the doctor's intercourse had become more than ever amical. This, therefore, was a loss to his spirits and exertions, as well as to his affections, which he felt with strong regret.

Fourth, that distinguished lady whose solid worth and

faithful friendship compensated for manners the most uncouth, and language the most unpolished,—Lady Mary Duncan.

Fifth, the celebrated Elizabeth Carter; in whom he missed an admiring as well as an admired friend, the honour of whose attachment both for him and for his daughter, is recorded by her nephew, Mr. Pennington, in her memoirs.

The doctor truly revered in Mrs. Carter the rare union of humility with learning, and of piety with cheerfulness. He frequently, and always with pleasure, conveyed her to or from her home, when they visited the same parties; and always enjoyed those opportunities in comparing notes with her, on such topics as were not light enough for the large or mixed companies which they were just seeking, or had just left: topics, however, which they always treated with simplicity; for Mrs. Carter, though natively more serious, and habitually more studious than Dr. Burney, was as free from pedantry as himself.

By temperance of life and conduct, activity of body, and equanimity of mind, she nearly reached her 90th year in such health and strength as to be able to make morning calls upon her favourite friends, without carriage, companion or servant. And with all her modest humility upon her personal acquirements, she had a dignified pride of independence, that invested her with the good sense to feel rather exalted than ashamed, at owing her powers of going forth to her own unaided self-exertion.

And sixth, the man who, once the most accomplished of his race, had for half his life loved the doctor with even passionate regard—Mr. Greville.

All these sad, and truly saddening, catastrophes were unknown, in their succession, to the memorialist; whom they only reached in the aggregate of their loss, when, after a long, unexplained, and ill-boding silence, Dr. Burney imposed upon himself the hard task of announcing the irremediable affliction he had sustained through these reiterated and awful visitations of death. And then, to spare his worn and harassed sensibility any development of his feelings, he thus summed up the melancholy list in one short paragraph:

"Time," he says, "has made sad havoc amongst my dearest friends of late—Twining!—Dolly Young; Mr. Coxe; Lord Macartney; Lady Mary Duncan;—poor Elizabeth Carter a few months ago;—Mr. Greville only a few weeks!"

He then permits himself to go back to one parting phrase:

"But though, in spite of age and infirmities, I have lately more than doubled the number of friends I have lost—the niches of those above-mentioned can never be filled!"

Of his ancient and long-attached friend, Mr. Greville, little and merely melancholy is what now can be added. His death was rather a shock than a loss; but it considerably disturbed the doctor. Mr. Greville had gone on in his metaphysical career, fatiguing his spirits, harassing his understanding, and consuming the time of his friends nearly as much as his own, till, one by one, each of them eluded him as a foe. How could it be otherwise, when the least dissonance upon any point upon which he opened a controversial disquisition, so disordered his nervous system, that he could take no rest till he had re-stated all his arguments in an elaborate, and commonly sarcastic epistle? which necessarily provoked a paper war, so prolific of dispute, that, if the adversary had not regularly broken up the correspondence after the first week or two, it must have terminated by consuming the stores of every stationer in London.

His wrath upon such deceptions was too scornful for any appeal. Yet so powerful was still the remembrance of his brilliant opening into life, and of his many fine qualities, that his loss to society was never mentioned without regret, either by those who abandoned him, or by those whom he discarded.

Dr. Burney was one of the last, from the peculiarity of their intercourse, to have given it up, had it not been, he declared, necessary to have had two lives for sustaining it without hostility; one of them for himself, his family, and his life's purposes; the other wholly for Mr. Greville;—who never could be content with any competition against his personal claims to the monopoly of the time and the thoughts of his friends.

Yet whatever may have disturbed, nothing seems to have shortened his existence, since, though nearly alienated from his family, estranged from his connections, and morbidly at war with the world, the closing scene of all his gaieties and all his failures did not shut in till some time after his 90th year.

Lady Mary Duncan bequeathed to Dr. Burney the whole of her great and curious collection of music, printed and manuscript, with £600.

1805.

Fortunately for Dr. Burney, another year was not permitted wholly to wane away, ere circumstances occurred of so much movement and interest, that they operated like a species of amnesty upon the sufferings of the year just gone by; and enabled him to pass over submissively his heavy privations; and, once again, to go cheerfully on in life with what yet remained for contentment.

The chief mover to this practical philosophy was the indefatigable Mrs. Crewe; who by degrees, skilful and kind, so lured him from mourning and retirement to gratitude and society, that his seclusion insensibly ended by enlisting him in more diffuse social entertainments, than any in which he had heretofore mixed.

What will now follow, will be copied from the memoir book of Dr. Burney of this month of May; which, after a dreary winter of sorrow, seemed to have been hailed as genially by the historian of music, as by the minstrelsy of the woods.

"1805.—In May, at a concert at Lady Salisbury's, I was extremely pleased, both with the music and the performance. The former was chiefly selected by the Prince of Wales. . . . I had not been five minutes in the concert room, before a messenger, sent to me by his royal highness, gave me a command to join him, which I did eagerly enough; when his royal highness graciously condescended to order me to sit down by him, and kept me to that high honour the whole evening. Our ideas, by his engaging invitation, were reciprocated upon every piece, and its execution. After the concert, Lady Melbourne, who, when Miss Milbanke, had been one of my first scholars on my return to London from Lynn, obligingly complained that she had often vainly tried to tempt me to dine with her, but would make one effort more now, by his royal highness's permission, that I might meet, at Lord Melbourne's table, with the Prince of Wales.

"Of course I expressed as well as I could, my sense of so high and unexpected an honour; and the prince, with a smile of unequalled courtesy, said, 'Aye, do come, Dr. Burney, and bring your son with you.' And then, turning to Lady Melbourne, he added,—'It is singular that the father should be the best, and almost the only good judge of music in the kingdom; and his son the best scholar.'

"Nothing, however, for the present, came of this: but, early in July, at a concert at Lady Newark's I first saw, to my knowledge, their royal highnesses, the dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge. These princes had lived so much abroad, that I thought I had never before beheld them; till I found my mistake, by their both speaking to me, when I stood near them, not only familiarly, but with distinction; which I attribute to their respect to the noble graciousness they might have observed in their angust brother; whose notice had something in it so engaging as always to brighten as well as honour me.

"But I heard nothing more of the projected dinner, till I met Lady Melbourne at an assembly at the Dowager Lady Sefton's; when I ventured to tell her ladyship that I feared the dinner which my son and I were most ambitious should take place, was relinquished. 'By no means,' she answered, 'for the prince really desired it.' And, after a note or two of the best bred civility from her ladyship, the day was settled by his royal highness, for—

"July 8th.—The prince did not make the company wait at Whitehall (Lord Melbourne's); he was not five minutes beyond the appointed time, a quarter past six o'clock: though he is said never to dine at Carlton House before eight. The company consisted, besides the prince and the lord and lady of the house, with their two sons and two daughters, of Earls Egremont and Cowper, Mr. and Lady Caroline Lamb, Mr. Lutterell, Mr. Horner, and Mr. Windham.

"The dinner was sumptuous, of course, &c.

"I had almost made a solemn vow, early in life, to quit the world without ever drinking a dry dram; but the heroic virtue of a long life was overset by his royal highness, through the irresistible temptation to hobnobbing and nobbling with such a partner in a glass of cherry brandy! The spirit of it, however, was so finely subdued, that it was not more potent than a dose of peppermint water; which I have always called a dram.

"The conversation was lively and general the chief part of the evening; but about midnight it turned upon music, on which subject his royal highness deigned so wholly to address himself to me, that we kept it up a full

half hour, without any one else offering a word. We were, generally, in perfect tune in our opinions; though once or twice I ventured to dissent from his royal highness; and once he condescended to come over to my argument: and he had the skill, as well as nobleness, to put me as perfectly at my ease in expressing my notions, as I should have been with any other perfectly well-bred man.

"The subject was then changed to classical lore; and here his royal highness, with similar condescension, addressed himself to my son, as to a man of erudition, whose ideas, on learned topics, he respected; and a full discussion followed, of several literary matters.

"When the prince rose to go to another room, we met Lady Melbourne and her daughter, just returned from the opera; to which they had been while we sat over the wine, (and eke the cherry brandy); and from which they came back in exact time for coffee! The prince here, coming up to me, most graciously took my hand, and said, 'I am glad we got, at last, to our favourite subject.' He then made me sit down by him, close to the keys of a piano-forte; where, in a low voice, but face to face, we talked again upon music, and uttered our sentiments with, I may safely say, equal ease and freedom; so politely he encouraged my openness and sincerity.

I then ventured to mention that I had a book in my possession that I regarded as the property of his royal highness. It was a set of my Commemoration of Handel, which I had had splendidly bound for permitted presentation through the medium of Lord St. Asaph; but which had not been received, from public casualties. His royal highness answered me with the most engaging good humour, saying that he was now building a library, and that, when it was finished, mine should be the first book placed in his collection. Nobody is so prompt at polite and gratifying compliments as this gracious prince. I had no conception of his accomplishments. He quite astonished me by his learning, in conversing with my son, after my own musical *tele-tete* dialogue with him. He quoted Homer in Greek as readily as if quoting Dryden or Pope in English; and, in general conversation during the dinner, he discovered a fund of wit and humour such as demonstrated him a man of reading and parts, who knew how to discriminate characters. He is, besides, an incomparable mimic. He counterfeited Dr. Parr's lisp, language, and manner, and Kemble's voice and accent, both on and off the stage, so accurately, so nicely, so free from caricature, that, had I been in another room, I should have sworn they had been speaking themselves. Upon the whole, I cannot terminate my account of this prince better than by asserting it as my opinion, from the knowledge I acquired by my observations of this night, that he has as much conversational talent, and far more learning than Charles the Second; who knew no more, even of orthography, than Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

The severe disappointments, with their aggravating circumstances, that repeatedly had deprived Dr. Burney of the first post of nominal honour in his profession, which the whole musical world, not only of his own country, but of Europe, would have voted to be his due, were now, from his advanced stage in life, closing, without further struggle, into inevitable submission.

Yet his many friends to whom this history was familiar, and who knew that the approbation of the king, from the earliest time that the doctor had been made known to his majesty, had invariably been in his favour, could not acquiesce in this resignation; and suggested amongst themselves the propriety of presenting Dr. Burney to the king, as a fit object for the next vacancy that might occur, in the literary line, for a pension to a man of letters. And, upon the death of Mrs. Murphy, Mr. Crewe endeavoured to begin a canvass.

But an audience with the king, at that moment, from various illnesses and calamities, was so little attainable, that no application had been found feasible: weeks, months, again rolled away without the effort; and nothing, certainly, could be so unexpected, so utterly unlooked for, in the course of things, as that Dr. Burney, the most zealous adherent to government principles, and the most decided enemy to democratic doctrine, should finally receive all the remuneration he ever attained for his elaborate workings in that art, which, of all others, was the avowed favourite of his king, under the administration of the great chief of opposition, Charles Fox.*

* A mark of genuine liberality this in Mr. Fox, who, like Mr. Burke, in the affairs of Chelsea College, clearly held that men of science and letters should, in all great

So, however it was; for when, in the year 1806, that renowned orator of liberty, found himself suddenly, and, by the premature death of Mr. Pitt, almost unavoidably raised to the head of the state, Mrs. Crewe started a claim for Dr. Burney.

Mr. Windham was instant and animated in supporting it. Mr. Fox, with his accustomed grace, where he had a favour to bestow, gave it his ready countenance; the king's sign manual was granted with alacrity of approbation; and the faithful, invaluable LADY CREWE, while her own new honours were freshly ornamenting her brow, had the cordial happiness of announcing to her unsoliciting and no longer expecting old friend, his participation in the new turn of the tide.

It was Lord Grenville, however, who was the immediately apparent agent in this gift of the crown; though Charles Fox, there can be no doubt, had a real share of pleasure in propitiating such a reward to a friend and favourite of Lord and Lady Crewe; to settle whose long withheld title was amongst the first official acts of his friendship upon coming into power.

The pension accorded was £300 per annum, and the pleasure caused by this benevolent royal act amongst the innumerable friends of the man of four-score—for such, now, was Dr. Burney—was great almost to exultation. And, in truth, so little had his financial address kept pace with his mental abilities, that, previously to this grant, he had found it necessary, in relinquishing the practice of his profession, to relinquish his carriage.

The health and spirits of Dr. Burney were now so good, that he seized an opportunity for writing in the same month, to his truly grateful daughter:

"12th October.

"My Dear Fanny,—Do you remember a letter of thanks which I received from Rousseau for a present of music which I sent him, with a printed copy of *The Cunning Man*, that I had Englished from his *Div du Village*? I thought myself the most fortunate of beings, in 1770, to have obtained an hour's conversation with him; for he was then more difficult of access than ever, especially to the English, being out of humour with the whole nation, from resentment of Horace Walpole's forged letter from the King of Prussia; and he had determined, he said, never to read or write again! Guy, the famous bookseller, was the only person he then admitted; and it was through the sagacious good offices of this truly eminent book-man, urged by my friends, Count d'Holbach, Diderot, &c., that the interview I so ardently aspired at was procured for me. Well, this letter from the great Jean Jacques, which I had not seen these twenty years, I have lately found in a cover from Lord Harcourt, to whom I had lent it, when his lordship was preparing a list of all Rousseau's works, for the benefit of his widow; which, however, he left to find another editor, when Madame Rousseau relinquished her celebrated name, to become the wife of some ordinary man. Lord Harcourt then returned my letter, and, upon a recent review of it, I was quite struck with the politeness and condescension with which Jean Jacques had accepted my little offering, at a time when he refused all assistance, nay, all courtesy, from the first persons both of England and France. I am now writing in bed, and have not the original to quote; but, as far as I can remember, he concludes his letter with the following flattering lines:

"The works, sir, which you have presented to me, will often call to my remembrance the pleasure I had in seeing and hearing you; and will augment my regret at my not being able sometimes to renew that pleasure. I entreat you, sir, to accept my humble salutations.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU."

"I give you this in English, not daring, by memory, to quote J. J. Rousseau. It was directed to M. Burney, in London; and, I believe, under cover to Lord Harcourt, who always was his open protector. But is it not extraordinary, my dear Fanny, that the most flattering letters I have received should be from Dr. Johnson and J. J. Rousseau? I can account for it in no other way than from my always treating them with openness and frankness, yet with that regard and reverence which their great literary powers inspired. Much as I loved and respected the good and great Dr. Johnson, I saw his prejudices and severity of character. Nor was I blind to Rousseau's eccentricities, principles, and paradoxes in all things but music; in which his taste and views, particularly in dramatic music, were admirable; and supported with more wit, reason, and refinement, than by

states, be publicly encouraged, without wounding their feelings by shackling their opinions.

any writer on the subject, in any language which I am able to read. But as I had no means to correct the prejudices of the one, nor the principles of the other of these extraordinary persons, was I to shun and detest the whole man because of his peccant parts? Ancient and modern poets and sages, philosophers and moralists, subscribe to the axiom, *humanum est errare*, and yet, every individual, whatever be his virtues, science, or talents, is treated, if his frailties are discovered, as if the characteristic of human nature were perfection, and the least diminution from it were unnatural and unpardonable! God bless you, my dear Fanny. Write soon, and long, I entreat."

In this same, to Dr. Burney, memorable year, 1806, he had the agreeable surprise of a first invitation from Mr. West, president of the Royal Academy, to the annual dinner given by its directors to the most munificent patrons, capital artists, distinguished judges, or eminent men of letters of the day, for the purpose of assembling them to a private and undisturbed view of the works prepared for forming the exhibition of the current year.

By that grand painter, and delightful man of letters, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, from the time of their first happy intimacy, had regularly been included in the annual invitations; but Mr. West was unacquainted, personally, with the doctor, and had, of course, his own set and friends to oblige. What led to this late compliment, after a chasm of fourteen years, does not appear; but the remembrance occurred at a moment of revived exertion, and the doctor accepted it with exceeding satisfaction.

Towards the close of this year, 1807, Dr. Burney had an infiction which nearly robbed him of his long-trying, and hitherto almost invulnerable force of mind, for bearing the rude assaults of misfortune: this was a paralytic stroke, which, in casting his left hand into a state of torpor, threw his heart, head, and nerves into one of ceaseless agitation, from an unremitting expectance of abrupt dissolution.

His own account of this trying event, written in the following year, in answer to his daughter's alarm at his silence, will show the full and surprising return of his spirits and health upon his recovery:

"TO MADAME D'ARBLAY.

"Nov. 12th, 1808.

"My dear Fanny,—The complaints made, in one of the two short notes which I have received, of letters never answered, Old Charles returns—as his account of family affairs he finds has never reached you. Indeed, for these last two or three years, I have had nothing good to say of *own self*; and I peremptorily charged all the rest of the family to say nothing *bad* on the subject of health: for I never understood the kindness of alarming distant friends with accounts of severe illness,—as we may be either recovered or dead before the information reaches them.

"I wrote you an account of my excursion to Bristol Hotwells: but I had not been returned to Chelsea more than three days, before I had an alarming seizure in my left hand, which neither heat, friction, nor medicines could subdue. It felt perfectly asleep; in a state of immovable torpor. My medical friends would not tell me what this obstinate numbness was; but I discovered by their prescriptions, and advice as to regimen, that it was neither more nor less than a paralytic affection; and, near Christmas, it was pronounced to be a Bath case. On Christmas eve, I set out for that city, extremely weak and dispirited: the roads terrible, and almost incessant torrents of rain all the way. I was five days on the journey; I took Fanny Phillips with me, and we had excellent apartments on the South Parade, which is always warm when any sun shines. I put myself under the care of Dr. Parry, who, having resided, and practised physic at Bath more than forty years, must, *ceteris paribus*, know the virtues and vices of Bath waters better than the most renowned physicians in London. To give them fair play, I remained three months in this city; and I found my hand much more alive, and my general health very considerably amended. But, I caught so violent a fresh cold in my journey home, that it was called what the French style a *Fluxion de poitrine*, and I was immediately confined to my bed at Chelsea, and unable to eat, sleep, or speak. Strict starvation was then ordered; but softened off into fish and asparagus as soon as possible, by our wise and good *Æsculapius*, Sir Walter Farquhar: and now I am allowed poultry and game, under certain restrictions, and find myself tolerably well again. All this tedious account of *own self* should still have been suppressed, but that I feared it might reach

you by some other means, and give you greater alarm; I determined, therefore, to tell you the truth, the whole truth, &c., with my own paw: being able, at the same time, to write you that, cough excepted, which returns with cold weather, I passed last summer more free from complaint than I have passed any for many preceding years. And now it is time to say something of your other kindred, whose names you languish, you say, to see.

"I have forgotten to mention that, during my invalidity at Bath, I had an unexpected visit from your *ci-devant* Streatham friend, of whom I had lost sight for more than ten years. When her name was sent in, I was much surprised, but desired she might be asked to follow it: and I received her as an old friend with whom I had spent much time very happily, and never wished to quarrel. She still looks well, but is grave and seems to be turned into candour itself: though she still says good things, and writes admirable notes, and, I am told, letters. We shook hands very cordially; and avoided any allusion to our long separation and its cause. Her *caro sposo* still lives; but is such an object, from the gout, that the account of his sufferings made me pity him sincerely. He wished, she told me, to see his old friend; and, *un beau matin*, I could not refuse compliance with this wish. I found him in great pain, but very glad to see me. The old rancour, or ill-will, excited by our desire to impede the marriage, is totally worn away. Indeed, it never could have existed, but from *her* imprudence in betraying to him that proof of our friendship for *her*, which ought never to have been regarded as spleen against *him*, who, certainly, nobody could blame for accepting a gay rich widow. What could a man do better?"

It is well worthy of notice, and greatly in favour of the Bath waters for paralytic affections, that Dr. Burney never had a return of his alarming seizure of the hand; and never to the end of his life, which was yet prolonged several years, had any other paralytic attack.

It was during this residence at Bath that Dr. Burney made his last will; in which, after settling his various legacies, he left his two eldest daughters, Esther and Frances, his residuary legacies; and nominated his sons, Captain James Burney and Dr. Charles Burney, his executors.

DR. BURNEY'S MEMOIRS.

It was here, also, after a cessation of twenty-four years, that the doctor recurred to his long dormant scheme of writing his own memoirs.

If, at the date of its design and commencement, in 1782, his plan had been put into execution, according to the nobly independent ideas, and widely liberal intention of its projection, few are the individual narratives of a private life in the last century, that could have exhibited a more expansive, informing, general, or philosophical view of society than those of Dr. Burney.

But, in 1807, though the uncommon powers of his fine mind were still unimpaired for conversation or enjoyment, his frame had received a blow, and his spirits a suspensive shock, that caused a marked diminution of his resources for composition.

His imagination, hitherto the most vivid, even amidst sorrow, calamity, nay care, nay sickness, nay age, was now no longer, as heretofore, rambling abroad and at will for support and renovation. A fixed object, as he expressed himself in various letters of that date, had seized, occupied, absorbed it. The alarm excited by a paralytic attack is far more baneful than its suffering; for every rising dawn, and every darkening eve look tremblingly for its successor; and the sword of Damocles, as he mournfully declared, seemed eternally waving over his head.

The spirit, therefore, of composition was now, though not lost, enervated; and the whole force of his faculties was cast exclusively upon his memory, in the research of past incidents that might soothe his affections, or recreate his fancy; but bereft of those exhilarating ideas, which, previously to this alarm, had given attraction to whatever had fallen from his pen.

Hence arose, in that vast compilation for which, from this time, he began collecting materials and reminiscences,

* At Bath, also, many years afterwards, an intercourse, both personal and epistolary, between Mrs. Piozzi and this memorialist, was renewed; and was gliding on to returning feelings of the early cordiality, that, gaily and delightfully, had been endearing to both—when calamitous circumstances caused a new separation, that soon afterwards became final by the death of Mrs. Piozzi.

a nerveless laxity of expression, a monotonous prolixity of detail, that, upon the maturest examination, decided this memorialist to abridge, to simplify, or to destroy so immense a mass of morbid leisure, and minute personality, with the fullest conviction, as has been stated, that it never would have seen the public light, had it been revised by its composer in his healthier days of chastening criticism; so little does it resemble the flowing harmony, yet unaffected energy of his every production up to that diseased period.

Nor even can it be compared with any remaining penmanship, though of a much later date, written after his recovery; as appears by sundry letters, occasional essays, and biographical fragments, sketched from the time of that restoration to the very end of his existence.

And hence, consequently, or rather unavoidably, have arisen in their present state those abridged, or recollected, not copied memoirs; which, though on one hand largely curtailed from their massive original, are occasionally lengthened on the other, from confidential communications; joined to a whole life's recollections of the history, opinions, disposition, and character of Dr. Burney.

A dire interval again, from political restrictions and prudential difficulties, took place between all communication, all correspondence of Dr. Burney with Paris. But in June, 1810, it was happily broken up, through the active kind offices of a liberal friend,* who found means by some returning prisoner, to get a letter conveyed to Chelsea College; and to procure thence the following indescribably welcomed answer:

June, 1810.

"My dear Fanny—

"I never was so surprised and delighted at the sight of your well known autograph, as on the envelop of your last letter: but when I saw, after the melancholy account of your past sufferings, and of the more slight indisposition of your *caro sposo*, with what openness you spoke of your affairs; and, above all, that your dear Alexander was still with you, and had escaped the terrific *code de conscription*, it occasioned me an exultation which I cannot describe. And that you should be begging so hard of me for a line, a word, in my own handwriting, at the time that I was, in prudence, imploring all your living old correspondents and my friends, not to venture a letter to you, even by a private hand, lest it should accidentally miscarry, and, being observed, and misconstrued, as coming from this country, should injure M. d'Arblay in the eyes of zealous Frenchmen!—But the detail you have given me of the worthy and accomplished persons who honour you with their friendship; and of the lofty apartments you have procured, Rue d'Anjou, for the sake of more air, more room, more cleanliness, and more *bookeries*, diverts me much. With regard to my own health, I shall say nothing of past sufferings of various kinds since my last ample family letter; except that 'Here I am,' in spite of the old gentleman and his scythe. And the few people I am able to see, ere the warm weather, tell me I look better, speak better, and walk better than I did 'ever so long ago.' God knows how handsome I shall be by-and-by!—but you will allow it behoves the fair ladies who make me a visit now and then, to take care of themselves!—That's all.

"People wonder, secluded as I am for ever from the world and its joys, how I can cut a joke and be silly; but when I have no serious sufferings, a book, or a pen, makes me forget all the world, and even myself; the best of all oblivions."

Then follow sundry confidential family details.

How merely an amanuensis had been the editor of these memoirs, had all the personal manuscripts of Dr. Burney been written at this healthy, though so much later period of his existence; instead of having fallen under his melancholy pen, to while away nerveless languor when paralysis, through the vision of his imagination, appeared to be unremittingly suspended over his head! the last given pages of his letters to Paris, though composed from his 80th to his 85th year, are all run off in the flowing and lively style of his early penmanship.

But disastrous indeed to Dr. Burney was an after event, of the year 1810, that is now to be recorded; grievously, essentially, permanently disastrous. Misfortune, with all her feverish arrows of boarded ill, retained no longer the materials that could so deeply

* General Lafayette, who was then still living in his agricultural retirement, surrounded by a branching family, almost constituting a tribe; and, at that time, utterly a stranger to all politics or public life.

empoison another dart, for striking at the root of what life could yet accord him of elegant enjoyment. Lady Crewe alone remained, apart from his family, whose personal loss could more afflictively have wounded him, than that which he now experienced by the death of the Duke of Portland.

Fatal to all future zest for worldly exertion in Dr. Burney, proved this blow; from which, though he survived it some years, he never mentally recovered; so deeply had he felt and reciprocated the extraordinary partiality conceived for him by his grace.

It was the duke alone who, for a long time previously, had been able to prevail with him to come forth from his already begun seclusion, to be domiciliated at Bultrode Park; where he could animate with society, recreate in rural scenery, or meditate in solitude without difficulty or preparation; that superb country villa being as essentially, and at will, his own, as his apartments at Chelsea College.

A loss such as this, was in all ways irreparable.

The last sentence which he wrote upon the duke, in his Journal, is mournfully impressive:

"My loss by the decease of my most affectionate and liberal friend and patron, the Duke of Portland, and my grief for his dreadful sufferings, will lower my spirits to the last hour of sensibility! The loss to my heart is indescribable!"

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

Yet, in the midst of this total and voluntary retreat from public life, a new honour, as little expected by Dr. Burney as, from concomitant circumstances, it was little wished, sought, in 1810, to encircle his brow.

M. le Breton, *Secrétaire perpétuel de la classe des Beaux Arts de l'Institut National de France*, had, some years previously, put up the name of Dr. Burney as a candidate to be elected an honorary foreign member of the Institute: but the interrupted intercourse between the two countries caused a considerable time to elapse, before it was known whether this compliment was accepted or declined.

These preliminary measures, with all that belonged to the honour of the offer, passed in the year 1806; but it was not till the year 1810 that Dr. Burney received the official notification of his election; which he has thus briefly marked in his last volume of Journal:—

Nov. 23, 1810.

"Received from the National Institute at Paris, with a letter from Madame Greenwood Solvyns, my diploma, or patent, as a member of the Institute, *Classe des Beaux Arts*."

And three weeks afterwards:—

"Jan. 14, 1811.

"I received a packet from M. Le Breton, &c., addressed,

'A Monsieur le Docteur Burney.

'Correspondant de l'Institut de France.'

"This packet found its way to my apartment at Chelsea College, by means of Mr. West, President of the Royal Academy. Its contents were—

"*Notices historiques sur la vie, et les ouvrages de M. Perjon. Par M. Joachim le Breton. Du. 6. Otto. 1810.*

"*Notices historiques sur la vie, et les ouvrages de Jos. Haydn. Par le même.*

This memoir sur la vie de Haydn, sent by M. le Breton, drew from the doctor, nearly at the close of his own annals, the following paragraph upon that great musician, who, for equal excellence in science and invention, he held to be at the head of all his compeers:

"HAYDN, 1810.

"It has been well observed, by Haydn's excellent biographer, at Paris, M. le Breton, that the public every where, by whom his works were so enthusiastically admired, took more care of his fame than of his fortune. He, however, himself, always modest, upright, and prudent, supposed it possible that he might survive his talents; and wished, by rigid economy and self-denial, to accumulate a sufficiently independent income for old age and infirmities, when he might no longer be able to entertain the public with new productions. This humble and most rational wish he was unable, in his own country, from the smallness of remuneration, to accomplish.

"I began an intimate intercourse with him immediately on his arrival in England; and was as much pleased with his mild, unassuming, yet cheerful conversation and countenance, as with his stupendous musical merit. And I procured him more subscribers to that sublime effort of genius—the Creation, than all his other friends, whether at home or abroad, put together."

NAPOLEON.

On the opening of April, 1812, ten years of hard borne absence were completed between Dr. Burney and his second daughter; after a parting which, in idea, and by agreement, had foreseen but a twelvemonth's separation. Grievously dejecting in that long epoch, had been, at times, the breach of intercourse: not alone they never met; that, in a season of war, however afflictive, was but the ordinary result of hostile policy; not alone the foreign post office was closed, and all regular and authentic communication was annihilated; that, again, was but the common lot of belligerent nations while under arms, and was sustained, therefore, with that fortitude which all, save fools and madmen, must, sooner or later, perforce acquire, the fortitude of necessity.

But these prohibitions, however severe upon every national or kindred feeling that binds the affections and the interests of man to man, were inefficient to baffle the portentous vengeance of Napoleon, who suddenly, in one of his explosions of rage against Great Britain, issued a decree that not a letter, a note, an address, or any written document whatsoever, should pass from France to England, or arrive from England to France, under pain of death.

It was then that this dire position became nearly insupportable; for, by this fierce stroke of fiery despotism, all mitigation of private anodyne to public calamity was hopelessly destroyed; all the softening palliatives of billets, or memorandums, trusted to incidental opportunities, which hitherto had glided through these formidable obstacles, and found their way to the continental captive with a solace utterly indescribable, were now denied: the obscure anxiety of total ignorance of the proceedings, nay, even of the life or death, of those ties by which life and death hold their first charm, was without alloy; and hope had not a resting place!

The paroxysm of hatred or revenge which urged Napoleon to this harsh rigidity, passed, indeed, after a while, it may be presumed, away, like most other of his unbridled manifestations of unbounded authority; since its effect, after a certain time, seemed over; and things appeared to go on as they had done before that tremendous decree. But that decree was never annulled! what, then, was the security that its penalty might not be exacted from the first object, who, in disobeying it, should incur his suspicion or ill-will? or of whom, for whatever cause, he might wish to get rid?

Dr. Burney, on this subject, entertained apprehensions so affrighting, that he entirely abstained from writing himself to France; and charged all his family and friends to practise the same forbearance. The example was followed, if not set, by his nearly exiled daughter; and, at one sad time, no intelligence whatever traversed the forbidden route; and two whole, dread, endless years lingered on, in the darkest mystery, whether or not she had still the blessing of a remaining parent.

This was a doubt too cruel to support, where to endure it was not inevitable; though hard was the condition by which alone it could be obviated; namely, submission to another bosom laceration! But all seemed preferable to relinquishing one final effort for obtaining at least one final benediction.

Her noble minded partner, who participated in all her filial aspirations, but to whom quitting France was utterly impossible, consented to her spending a few months in her native land; and when the rumour of a war with Russia gave hope of the absence of Napoleon from Paris, worked assiduously himself at procuring her a passport; for, while the emperor inhabited the capital, the police discipline was so impenetrable, that a madman alone could have planned eluding its vigilance.

When, however, it was ascertained that the Czar of all the Russias disclaimed making any concessions: that Napoleon had left Dresden to take the field; and that his yet unconquerable and matchless army, in actual sight of the enemy, was bordering the frontiers of all European Russia; whence two letters, written at that breathless crisis, reached M. d'Arblay himself, from an aide-de-camp, and from the first surgeon of Napoleon; the singular moment was energetically seized by the most generous of husbands and fathers; his applications, from fresh courage, became more vigorous; the impediments, from an involuntary relaxation of municipal rigidity, grew more feeble; and, liberally seconded by the most zealous, disinterested, and feeling of friends, he finally obtained a passport not only for his wife, but, though through difficulties that had seemed insurmountable, for his son; for whom, during the imperial presence in the French metropolis, even to have solicited one, notwithstanding he was yet much too young to be

amenable to the conscription, would have produced incarceration.

THE RETURN.

A reluctant however eagerly sought parting then abruptly took place in the faubourg, or suburbs of Paris; and, after various other, but minor difficulties, and a detention of six weeks at Dunkirk, the mother and the son reached the long lost land of their desires.

It was at Deal they were disembarked, where their American vessel, the *Marianne*, was immediately captured, though they, as English, were of course set at liberty; and, to their first ecstasy in touching British ground, they had the added delight of being almost instantly recognised by the lady of the commander of the port; and the honour of taking their first British repast at the hospitable table of the commander himself.

After a separation so bordering upon banishment, from a parent so loved and so aged, some preparation seemed requisite, previous to a meeting, to avoid risking a surprise that might mar all its happiness. At Deal, therefore, and under this delectable protection, they remained three or four days, to give time for the passage of letters to Dr. Burney; first, to let him know their hopes of revisiting England, of which they had had no power to give him any intimation; and next, to announce their approach to his honoured presence.

Fully, therefore, they were expected, when, on the evening of the 20th of August, 1812, they alighted at the apartment of Dr. Burney, at Chelsea College, which they had quitted in the beginning of April, 1802.

The joy of this memorialist at the arrival of this long sighed-for moment, was almost disorder; she knew none of the servants, though they were the same that she had left; she could not recollect whether the apartment to which she was hurrying was on the ground floor or the attic, the doctor having inhabited both; her head was confused; her feelings were intense; her heart almost swelled from her bosom.

And so well was her kind parent aware of the throbbing sensations with which an instant yearned for so eagerly, and despaired of so frequently, would fill her whole being—would take possession of all its faculties, that he almost feared the excess of her emotion; and, while repeatedly, in the course of the day, he exclaimed, in the hearing of his housekeeper: "Shall I live to see her honest face again?" he had the precaution, kindly, almost comically, to give orders to his immediate attendants, Rebecca and George, to move all the chairs and tables close to the wall; and to see that nothing whatsoever should remain between the door and his sofa, which stood at the farther end of a large room, that could interfere with her rapid approach.

And, indeed, the ecstatic delight with which she sprang to his arms, was utterly indescribable. It was a rush that nothing could have checked; a joy quite speechless—an emotion almost overwhelming!

But, alas! the joy quickly abated, though the emotion long remained!—remained when bereft of its gay transport, to be worked upon only by grief.

The total dearth of familiar intercourse between Paris and London, had kept all detailed family accounts so completely out of view, that she returned to her parental home without the smallest suspicion of the melancholy change she was to witness; and though she did not, and could not expect, that ten years should have passed by unmarked in his physiognomy—still there is nothing we so little paint to ourselves at a distance, as the phenomenon of the living metamorphoses that we are destined to exhibit, one to another, upon re-unions after long absences. When, therefore, she became calm enough to look at the honoured figure before which she stood, what a revulsion was produced in her mind!

She had left him, cheerful and cheering; communicating knowledge, imparting ideas; the delight of every house that he entered.

She had left him, with his elegantly formed person still unbroken by his years; his face still susceptible of manifesting the varying associations of his vivid character; his motions alert; his voice clear and pleasing; his spirits, when called forth by social enjoyment, gay, animating, and inspiring animation.

She found him—alas! how altered! in looks, strength, complexion, voice, and spirits!

But that which was most affecting was the change in his carriage and person: his revered head was not merely by age and weakness bowed down; it was completely bent, and hung helplessly upon his breast; his voice, though still distinct, sunk almost to a whisper: his feeble frame reclined upon a sofa; his air and look forlorn; and

his whole appearance manifesting a species of self-desertion.

His eyes, indeed, still kept a considerable portion of their native spirit; they were large, and, from his thinness, looked more prominent than ever; and they exhibited a strong, nay, eloquent power of expression, which still could graduate from pathos to gaiety; and from investigating intelligence to playful archness; with energies truly wonderful, because beyond, rather than within, their original force; though every other feature marked the wither of decay! but, at this moment, from conscious alteration, their disturbed look depicted only dejection or enquiry; dejection, that mournfully said: "How am I changed since we parted!" or enquiry, anxiously demanding: "Do you not perceive it?"

This melancholy, though mute interrogatory with which his "asking eye explored her secret thoughts," quickly impelled her to stifle her dismay under an apparent disorder of general perturbation; and, when his apprehension of the shock which he might cause, and the shock which the sight of its impression might bring back to him, was abated, a gentle smile began to find its way through the earnestness of his brow, and to restore to him his serene air of native benignity; while, on her part, the more severely she perceived his change, the more grateful she felt to the Providence that had propitiated her return, ere that change, still changed on!—should have become, to her, invisible.

In consequence of her letters from Deal, he had prepared for her and his grandson, whose sight he most kindly hailed, apartments near his own; and he had charged all his family to abstain from breaking in upon this their first interview.

The turbulence of this trying scene once past, the rest of the evening glided on so smoothly, yet so rapidly, that when the closing night forced their reluctant separation, they almost felt as if they had but recognised one another in a dream.

The next morning, the next, and the next, as soon as he could be visible, they met again; and for some short and happy, though, from another absence, most anxious weeks, she delightedly devoted to him every moment he could accept.

The obscurity of the brief and ambiguous letters that rarely and irregularly had passed between them, had left subjects for discussion so innumerable, and so entangled, that they almost seemed to demand a new life for reciprocating.

Endless, indeed, were the histories they had to unfold; the projects to announce or develop; the domestic tales to hear and to relate; and the tombs of departed friends to mourn over,

THE BURNEY FAMILY.

It was as singular as it was fortunate, that, in this long space of ten years, the doctor had lost, in England, but one part of his family, Mrs. Rebecca Burney, an ancient and very amiable sister. In India he was less happy, for there died, in the prime of life, Richard Thomas, his only son by his second marriage; who left a large and prosperous family.

His eldest son, Captain James Burney, who had twice circumnavigated the globe with Captain Cooke, and who had always been marked for depth of knowledge in his profession as a naval officer, had now distinguished himself also as a writer upon naval subjects; and, after various slighter works, had recently completed an elaborate, scientific, yet entertaining and well written, *General History of Voyages to the South Sea*, in five volumes quarto.

His second son, Dr. Charles, had sustained more than unimpaired the high character in Greek erudition which he had acquired early in life, and in which he was generally held, after Porson and Parr, to be the third scholar in the kingdom. The fourth, who now, therefore, is probably the first, was esteemed by Dr. Charles to be Dr. Blomfield, the present Bishop of London. Dr. Charles still toiled on in the same walk with unwearied perseverance; and was, at that time, engaged in collating a newly found manuscript Greek Testament; by the express request of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Manners Sutton.

His daughters, Esther and Charlotte, were well and lively; and each was surrounded by a sprightly and amiable progeny.

His youngest daughter, by his second marriage, Sarah Harriet, had produced, and was still producing, some works in the novel path of literature, that the doctor had the satisfaction of hearing praised, and of knowing to be well received and favoured in the best society.

And the whole of his generation in all its branches,

children, grand-children, and great grand-children, all studied, with profound affection, to cherish the much-loved trunk whence they sprang; and to which they, and all their successors, must ever look up as to the honoured chief of their race.

THE DOCTOR'S WAY OF LIFE.

His general health was still tolerably good, save from occasional or local sufferings; of which, however, he never spoke; bearing them with such silent fortitude, that even the memorialist only knew of them through a correspondence which fell to her examination, that he had held with a medical friend, Mr. Rumsey.

The height of his apartments, which were but just beneath the attic of the tall and noble Chelsea College, had been an evil when he grew into years, from the fatigue of mounting and descending; but from the time of his dejected resolve to go forth no more, that height became a blessing, from the greater purity of the air that he inhaled, and the wider prospect that, from some of his windows, he surveyed.

To his bedchamber, however, which he chiefly inhabited, this good did not extend: its principal window faced the burying-ground in which the remains of the second Mrs. Burney were interred; and that melancholy sight was the first that every morning met his eyes. And, however his strength of mind might ward off its depressing effect, while still he went abroad, and mingled with the world; from the time that it became his sole prospect, that no change of scene created a change of ideas, must inevitably, however silently, have given a gloom to his mind, from that of his position.

Not dense, perhaps, was that gloom to those who seldom lost sight of him; but doubly, trebly was it afflictive to her who, without any graduating interval, abruptly beheld it, in place of a sunshine that had, erst, been the most radiant.

From the fatal period of the loss of the Duke of Portland, and of the delicious retreat of the appropriated villa residence of Bulstrode Park, the doctor had become inflexible to every invitation for quitting his own dwelling. The surprise of the shock he had then sustained from his disappointment in out-living a friend and patron so dear to him, and so much younger than himself, had cast him into so forlorn a turn of meditation, that even with the most intimate of his former associates, all spontaneous intercourse was nearly cut off; he never, indeed, refused their solicitations for admission, but rare was the unbidden approach that was hailed with cheering smiles! Solitary reading, and lonely contemplation, were all that, by custom, absorbed the current day: except in moments of renovated animation from the presence of some one of influence over his feelings; or upon the arrival of national good tidings; or upon the starting of any political theme that was flatteringly soothing to his own political principles and creed.

In books, however, he had still the great happiness of retaining a strong portion of his original pleasure: and the table that was placed before his sofa was commonly covered with chosen authors from his excellent library: though latterly, when deep attention fatigued his nerves, he interspersed his classical collection by works lighter of entertainment, and quicker of comprehension, from the circulating libraries.

THE DOCTOR'S WRITINGS.

With regard to his writings, he had now, for many years, ceased furnishing any articles for the *Monthly Review*, having broken up his critic-intercourse with Mr. Griffith, that he might devote himself exclusively to the *Cyclopaedia*.

But for the *Cyclopaedia*, also, about the year 1805, he had closed his labours: labours which must ever remain memorials of the clearness, fulness, and spirit of his faculties up to the seventy-eighth year of his age: for more profound knowledge of his subject, or a more natural flow of pleasing language, or more lively elucidations of his theme, appear not in any of even his most favoured productions.

The list, numbered alphabetically, that he drew up of his plan for this work, might almost have staggered the courage of a man of twenty-five years of age for its completion; but fifty years older than that was Dr. Burney when it was formed! There is not a book upon music, which it was possible he could consult, that he has not ransacked; nor a subject, that could afford information for the work, that he has not fathomed. And so excellent are his articles, both in manner and matter, that, to equal him upon the subjects he has selected, another writer must await a future period; when new musical genius, composition, and combinations in the powers of

harmony, and the varieties of melody, by creating new tastes, may kindle sensations that may call for a new historian.

Less pleasing, or rather, extremely painful, is what remains to relate of the last efforts of his genius, and last, and perhaps most cherished of his literary exercises, namely, his *Poem on Astronomy*; which the memorialist had now the chagrin, almost the consternation, to learn had been renounced, nay, committed to the flames!

What new view, either of the occupation, or its execution, had determined its total relinquishment, was never to its instigator revealed; the solemn look with which he announced that it was over, had an expression that she had not courage to explore.

Enough, however, remains of the original work, scattered amongst his manuscripts, to shew his project to have been skillfully conceived, while its plan of execution was modestly and sensibly circumscribed to his bounded knowledge of the subject. And its idea with its general sketch, drawn up at so advanced a period of life—verging upon eighty—that had been spent in another and absorbent study, must needs remain a monument of wonder for the general herd of mankind; and a stimulus to courage and enterprise for the gifted few, with whom longevity is united with genius.

From the time of this happy return, the memorialist passed at Chelsea College every moment that she could tear from personal calls that, most inopportunist yet imperiously, then demanded her attention.

Shut up nevertheless, as the doctor was now from the general world and its commerce, the seclusion of his person was by no means attended with any seclusion of kindness; or any exemption from what he deemed a parental devoir.

When, on the 12th day of the following year, 1813, his returned daughter, though her first enjoyment was the restoration to his society, excused herself from accompanying her son to the college; and the doctor gathered that that day, the 6th of January, and the anniversary of the lamented loss of their mutual darling, Susanna, had been yearly devoted, since that privation, to meditative commemoration; he sent his confidential housekeeper to the memorialist's apartment with the following lines:

"Few individuals have lost more valuable friends than myself,—Twining, Crisp, poor Bewley, Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds.—If I were to keep an anniversary for all these severally, I should not have time allowed me for diminishing the first excess of my affliction for each."

It may, perhaps, be superfluous, and yet seems unavoidable to mention, that again, as after the death of Mr. Crisp, she hastened to him with her grateful acknowledgments for this exhortation; and that she has ever since refused herself that stated sad indulgence.

Nothing new, either of event or incident, occurred thenceforward that can be offered to the public reader; though not a day passed that teemed not with circumstance, or discourse, of tender import, or bosom interest, to the family of the doctor, and to his still surviving and admitted friends.

That Dr. Burney would have approved the destruction, or suppression of the voluminous records begun under his sickly paralytic depression, and kept in hand for occasional additions to the last years of his life, his biographer has the happy conviction upon her mind, from the following paragraph, left loose amongst his manuscript hoards.

It is without date, but was evidently written after some late perusal of the materials which he had amassed for his memoirs; and which, from their opposing extremes of amplitude and deficiency, had probably, upon this accidental examination, struck his returning judgment with a consciousness, that he had rather disburdened his memory for his own ease and pastime, than prepared or selected matter from his stores for public interest.

The following is the paragraph:

"These records of the numerous invitations with which I have been honoured, entered, at the time, into my pocket-books, which served as ledgers, must be very dry and uninteresting, without relating the conversations, *bon mots*, or characteristic stories, told by individuals, who struck fire out of each other, producing mirth and good humour: but when these entries were made, I had not leisure for details—and now—memory cannot recall them!"

What next—and last—follows, is copied from the final page of Dr. Burney's manuscript journal: and closes all there is to offer of his written composition.

Sir Joshua Reynolds desired that the last name he should pronounce in public should be that of Michael

Angelo : and Dr. Burney seems to suppose that the last name he should transmit—if so allowed—through his annals, to posterity, should be that of Haydn.

"Finding a blank leaf at the end of my journal, it may be used in the way of postscriptum, in speaking of the prelude, or opening of Haydn's Creation, to observe, that though the generality of the subscribers were unable to disentangle the studied confusion in delineating chaos, yet, when dissonance was tuned, when order was established, and God said,

'Let there be light!—and there was light!'

'Que la lumière soit!—et la lumière fut!'

the composer's meaning was felt by the whole audience, who instantly broke in upon the performers with rapturous applause before the musical period was closed."

1814.

Little or no change was perceptible in the health of Dr. Burney, save some small diminution of strength, at the beginning of this memorable year; which brought to a crisis a state of things that, by analogy, might challenge belief for the most improbable legends of other times; a state of things in which history seemed to make a mockery of fiction, by giving events to the world, and assorting destinies to mankind, that imagination would have feared to create, and that good taste would have resisted, as a mass of wonders fit only for the wand of the magician, when waved in the fancied precincts of chivalrous old romance—all brought to bear by the unimaginable manoeuvre of the starting of an unknown individual from Corsica to Paris; who, in the course of a few years, without any native influence, or interest, or means whatsoever, but of his own devising, made kings over foreign dominions of three of his brothers; a queen of one of his sisters; a cardinal of an uncle; took a daughter of the Cæsars for his wife; proclaimed his infant son King of Rome; and ordered the Pope to Paris, to consecrate and crown him an emperor!*

An epoch such as this, unparalleled, perhaps, in hope, dread, danger, and sharp vicissitude, could even still call forth the energies of Dr. Burney through his love of his country; his enthusiasm for those who served it; the warmth of his patriotism for its friends, and the fire of his antipathy for its foes, could still animate him into spirited discourse; bring back the tint of life into his pallid cheek; dart into his eyes a gleam of almost lustrous intelligence; and chase the nervous hoarseness from his voice, to restore it to the native clearness of his younger days.

The apprehension of a long death-bed agony had frequently disturbed the peace of Dr. Burney; but that, at least, he was spared. It was only three days previous to his final dissolution, that any fears were excited of a fast approaching end.

To avoid going over again the same melancholy ground, since nothing fresh recurs to give any advantage to a new statement, the memorialist will venture to finish this narration, by copying the account of the closing scene which she drew up for General d'Arblay, who was then in Paris. Omitting, of course, all extraneous circumstances.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

TO GENERAL D'ARBLAY.

"Not a week before the last fatal seizure, my dear father had cheerfully said to me: 'I have gone through so rough a winter, and such severity of bodily pain; and I have held up against such intensity of cold, that I think now, I can stand any thing!'

"Joyfully I had joined in this belief, which enabled me—most acutely to my since regret!—to occupy myself in the business I have mentioned to you; which detained me three or four days from the College. But I bore the unusual separation the less unwillingly, as public affairs were just then taking that happy turn in favour of England and her allies, that I could not but hope would once more, at least for a while, reanimate his elastic spirits to almost their pristine vivacity.

"When I was nearly at liberty, I sent Alexander to the College, to pay his duty to his grandfather; with a promise that I would pay mine before night, to participate in his joy at the auspicious news from the continent.

"I was surprised by the early return of my messenger; his air of pensive absorption, and the disturbance, or rather taciturnity with which he heard my interrogatories. Too soon, however, I gathered that his

grandfather had passed an alarming night; that both my brothers had been sent for, and that Dr. Mosely had been summoned.

"I need not, I am sure, tell you that I was in the sick room the next instant.

"I found the beloved invalid seated, in his customary manner, on his sofa. My sister Sarah was with him, and his two faithful and favourite attendants, George and Rebecca. In the same customary manner, also, a small table before him was covered with books. But he was not reading. His revered head, as usual, hung upon his breast—and I, as usual, knelt before him, to catch a view of his face, while I enquired after his health.

"But alas!—no longer as usual was my reception! He made no sort of answer; his look was fixed; his posture immovable; and not a muscle of his face gave any indication that I was either heard or perceived!

"Struck with awe, I had not courage to press for his notice, and hurried into the next room not to startle him with my alarm.

"But when I was informed that he had changed his so fearfully fixed posture, I hastened back; reviving to the happy hope that again I might experience the balm of his benediction.

"He was now standing, and unusually upright; and, apparently, with unusual muscular firmness. I was advancing to embrace him, but his air spoke a rooted concentration of solemn ideas that repelled intrusion.

"Whether or not he recognised, or distinguished me, I know not! I had no command of voice to attempt any enquiry, and would not risk betraying my emotion at this great change since my last and happier admittance to his presence.

"His eyes were intently bent on a window that faced the college burial-ground, where reposed the ashes of my mother-in-law, and where, he had more than once said, would repose his own.

"He bestowed at least five or six minutes on this absorbed and melancholy contemplation of the upper regions of that sacred spot, that so soon were to enclose for ever his mortal clay.

"No one presumed to interrupt his reverie.

"He next opened his arms wide, extending them with a waving motion, that seemed indicative of an internally pronounced farewell! to all he looked at; and shortly afterwards, he uttered to himself, distinctly, though in a low, but deeply-impressive voice, 'All this will soon pass away as a dream!'

"This extension of his arms offered to his attendants an opportunity, which they immediately seized, of taking off his wrapping gown.

"He made no resistance: I again retreated; and he was put to bed. My sister Sarah watched, with his housekeeper, by his side all night; and, at an early hour in the morning, I took her place.

"My other sisters were also summoned; and my brothers came continually. But he spoke to no one! and seldom opened his eyes: yet his looks, though altered, invariably manifested his possession of his faculties and senses. Deep seemed his ruminations; deep and religious, though silent and concentrated.

"I would fain have passed this night in the sick room; but my dear father, perceiving my design, and remembering, probably, how recently I was recovered from a dangerous malady, strenuously, though by look and gesture, not words, opposed what he thought, too kindly, might be an exertion beyond my strength. Grieved and reluctant was my retreat; but this was no epoch for expostulation, nor even for entreaty.

"The next morning I found him so palpably weaker, and more emaciated, that, secretly, I resolved I would quit him no more.

"What a moment was this for so great an affliction! a moment almost throbbing with the promise of that reunion which he has sighed for, almost—*mon ami*, as I have sighed for it myself! This very day, the eleventh of April, opened by public announcement, that a general illumination would take place in the evening, to blazon the glorious victory of England and her allies, in wresting the dominion of the whole of Europe—save our own invulnerable island, from the grasp and the power of the Emperor Napoleon!

"This great catastrophe, which filled my mind, as you can well conceive! with the most buoyant emotion; and which, at any less inauspicious period, would have enchanted me almost to rapture in being the first to reveal it to my ardent and patriotic father, whose love of his country was nearly his predominant feeling, hung now

* The dream of human existence, from which death would awaken him to immortal life!

tremblingly, gasping on my lips—but there was icicles, and could not pass them!—for where now was the vivacious eagerness that would have caught the tale? where the enraptured intelligence that would have developed its circumstances? where the ecstatic enthusiasm that would have hailed it with songs of triumph?

"The whole day was spent in monotonous watchfulness and humble prayers. At night he grew worse—how grievous was that night; I could offer him no comfort; I durst not even make known my stay. The long habits of obedience of olden times robbed me of any courage for trying so dangerous an experiment as acting contrary to orders. I remained but to share, or to spare, some fatigue to others; and personally to watch and pray by his honoured side.

"Yet sometimes, when the brilliancy of mounting rockets and distant fire-works caught my eyes, to perceive, from the window, the whole apparent sky illuminated to commemorate our splendid success, you will easily imagine what opposing sensations of joy and sorrow struggled for ascendancy! While all I beheld without shone thus refulgent with the promise of peace, prosperity, and—your return!—I could only contemplate all within to mourn over the wreck of lost filial happiness! the extinction of all the earliest sweet incitements to pleasure, hope, tenderness, and reverence, in the fast approaching dissolution of the most revered of parents!

"When I was liberated by day-light from the fear of being recognised, I earnestly coveted the cordial of some notice; and fixed myself by the side of his bed, where most frequently I could press his paternal hand, or fasten upon it my lips.

"I languished, also, to bring you, *mon ami*, back to his remembrance. It is not, it cannot—I humbly trust! be impious to covet the last breathings, the gentle sympathies of those who are most dear to our hearts, when they are visibly preceding us to the regions of eternity! We are no where bidden to concentrate our feelings and our aspirations in ourselves! to forget, or to beg to be forgotten by our friends. Even our Redeemer in quitting mortal life, pityingly takes worldly care of his worldly mother; and, consigning her to his favourite disciple, says: 'Woman, behold thy son!'

"Intensely, therefore, I watched to catch a moment for addressing him: and, at last, it came, for at last, I had the joy to feel his loved hand return a pressure from mine. I ventured then, in a low, but distinct whisper, to utter a brief account of the recent events; thankfully adding, when I saw by his countenance and the air of his head, that his attention was undoubtedly engaged, that they would bring over again to England his long-lost son in-law.

"At these words, he turned towards me, with a quickness, and a look of vivacious and kind surprise, such as, with closed eyes, I should have thought it impossible to have been expressed, had I not been its grateful witness.

"My delight at such a mark of sensibility at the sound of your name, succeeding to so many hours, or rather days, of taciturn immovability, gave me courage to continue my recital, which I could perceive more and more palpably make the most vivid impression. But when I entered into the marvellous details of the Wellington victories, by which the immortal contest had been brought to its crisis; and told him that Bonaparte was dethroned, was in captivity, and was a personal prisoner on board an English man-of-war; a raised motion of his under lip displayed incredulity; and he turned away his head with an air that showed him persuaded that I was the simple and sanguine dupe of some delusive exaggeration. I did not dare risk the excitement of convincing him of his mistake!

"And nothing more of converse passed between us then—or, alas!—ever!—Though still I have the consolation to know that he frequently, and with tender kindness, felt my lips upon his hand, from soft undulation that, from time to time, acknowledged their pressure.

"But alas! I have nothing—nothing more that is personal to relate.

"The direction of all spiritual matters fell, of course, as I have mentioned, to my brother, Dr. Charles.

"From about three o'clock in the afternoon he seemed to become quite easy; and his looks were perfectly tranquil: but, as the evening advanced, this quietness subsided into sleep—a sleep so composed that, by tacit consent, every one was silent and motionless, from the fear of giving him disturbance.

"An awful stillness thence pervaded the apartment, and so soft became his breathing, that I dropped my head by the side of his pillow, to be sure that he breathed at all! There, anxiously, I remained, and such was my position,

* The editor resided at Paris during the astonishing period of all these events.

when his faithful man-servant, George, after watchfully looking at him from the foot of his bed, suddenly burst into an audible sob, crying out, "My master!—my dear master!"

"I started and rose, making agitated signs for forbearance, lest the precious rest, from which I still hoped he might awake recruited, should prematurely be broken.

"The poor young man hid his face, and all again was still.

"For a moment, however, only; an alarm from his outcry had been raised, and the servants, full of sorrow, hurried into the chamber, which none of the family, that could assemble, ever quitted, and a general lamentation broke forth.

"Yet could I not believe that all had ceased thus suddenly, without a movement—without even a sigh! and, conjuring that no one would speak or interfere, I solemnly and steadily persisted in passing a full hour or more, in listening to catch again a breath I could so reluctantly lose: but all of life—of earthly life, was gone for ever!

—And here, *mon ami*, I drop the curtain!"

On the 20th of the month of April, 1814, the solemn final marks of religious respect were paid to the remains of DOCTOR BURNEY; which were then committed to the spot on which his eye had last been fixed, in the burying ground of Chelsea College, immediately next to the ashes of his second wife. The funeral, according to his own direction, was plain and simple.

His sons, Captain James Burney, and Doctor Charles Burney, walked as chief mourners; and every male part of his family, that illness or distance did not impede from attendance, reverentially accompanied the procession to the grave: while foremost among the pall-bearers walked that distinguished lover of merit, the Hon. Frederic North, since Earl of Guildford; and Mr. Salomon, the first professional votary of the doctor's art then within call.

A tablet was soon afterwards erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, by a part of his family; the inscription for which was drawn up by his present inadequate, but faithful biographer.

When a narratory account is concluded, to delineate the character of him whom it has brought to view, with its FAILINGS as well as its EXCELLENCES, is the proper, and therefore the common task for the finishing pencil of the biographer. Impartiality demands this contrast; and the mind will not accompany a narrative of real life of which truth, frank and unequivocal, is not the dictator.

And here, to give that contrast, truth is not wanting, but, strange to say, vice and frailty! The editor, however, trusts that she shall find pardon from all lovers of veracity, if she seek not to bestow piquancy upon her portrait through artificial light and shade.

The events and circumstances, with their commentary, that are here presented to the reader, are conscientiously derived from sources of indisputable authenticity; aided by a well-stored memory of the minutest points of the character, conduct, disposition, and opinions of Dr. Burney. And in the picture, which is here endeavoured to be portrayed, the virtues are so simple, that they cannot excite disgust from their exaggeration; though no conflicting qualities give relief to their panegyric.

But with regard to the monumental lines, unmixed praise, there, is universally practised, and calls for no apology. Its object is withdrawn, alike from friends and from foes, from partiality and from envy; and mankind at large, through all nations and all times, seems instinctively agreed, that the funeral record of departed virtue is most stimulating to posterity when unencumbered by the levelling weight of human defects. Not from any belief so impossible as that he who had been mortal could have been perfect; but from the consciousness that no accusation can darken the marble of death, ere he whom it consigns to the tomb, is not already condemned—or acquitted.

The biographer, therefore, ventures to close these memoirs with the following sepulchral character:

Sacred to the memory of CHARLES BURNEY, Mus. D. who, full of days, and full of virtues; the pride of his family; the delight of society; the unrivalled chief and scientific HISTORIAN of his tuneful art, beloved, revered, regretted, in his 87th year, April 12th, 1814, breathed, in Chelsea College, his last sigh: leaving to posterity a fame unblemished, built on the noble fabric of self-acquired accomplishments, high principles, and pure benevolence; goodness with talents, gaiety with taste, were of his gifted mind the blended attributes: while the genial hilarity of his airy spirits, flowing from a conscience without reproach, prepared, through the whole tenor of his earthly life, with the mediation of our blessed Saviour, his soul for heaven.—Amen!

THE END.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

We devote a small space to a notice of one of Victor Hugo's remarkable novels, taken from a recent number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, a work of great merit now republished in this city.

Since the novel of Notre-Dame de Paris, which has reached six editions, the author has produced a new drama, entitled *Le Roi S'Amuse*, and a novel called *Quinquengrogne*, for which last he received 15,000 francs from the booksellers Gosselin & Renduel. He explains the meaning of this singular title thus—"La Quinquengrogne is the vulgar name of one of the towers of Bourbon L'Archambault. This novel is intended as the completion of my views on the arts of the middle ages, of which *Notre-Dame de Paris* gave the first part. *Notre-Dame de Paris* is the cathedral or ecclesiastical architecture; *Quinquengrogne* is the donjon, or military architecture which succeeded it. In *Notre-Dame* it was my particular object to depict the priestly middle age; in *Quinquengrogne* I have attempted the same for the feudal middle age; the whole, be it well understood, according to my own ideas, which, whether good or bad, are my own."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The author of *Han d'Islande* and *Bug Jargal* has invented another being as extraordinary as the heroes of either of these celebrated romances. To Hans and Habibrah is now to be added Quasimodo. *Notre Dame de Paris* has already, within a few months of its publication, run through several editions; and as long as a taste remains for the extraordinary, or perhaps it should be called the tremendous, such works must be popular. They appeal to an appetit which is shared by the peer with the peasant. Victor Hugo is not a writer in whose hands the power of moulding the human sympathies is likely to lie idle. He is eloquent, his fancy is active, his imagination fertile; and passion, which gives life and energy to the conceptions of a writer, and which, acting upon ideas as fire does upon the parched woods of America, sets the whole scene in a flame, is in him readily roused. Hugo may be called an affected writer, a mannerist, or a horrorist, but he can never be accused of the great vice, in modern times, the most heinous of all—dullness. A volume of Hugo is an active stimulant. Some books, as critics above all men know, act upon the senses with the depressive effect of *digitalis* upon the action of the heart; some may be compared to tonics, and some unhappily to emetics: but the writings of our author are never deficient in the true *sal volatile*, prepared according to the best directions of the Parisian pharmacopœia, amongst the ingredients of which is never forgotten a decided dash of horror. The *Morgue* is the source of much of the inspiration of *la jeune France*. When we put together the prison, the gibbet, the pillory, the gallows, the dissecting-room, the hangman and the priest, the monster-criminal and the monster-beauty, we shall have enumerated a considerable portion of the elements of the modern French romance. We nearly complete the list by adding an air of antiquity, assuming the language of the ancient chronicles, a monarch mad or cruel, an alchemist's laboratory, and a monk or a soothsayer. But it is not of much consequence, as regards at least the effect, what are the materials of romance, provided genius presides at the disposition of them.

In the novel before us, for instance, we can trace the greater part, both of the personages and the incidents which occur, to very obvious sources; and the likeness to the inventions of many English authors is so strong, that it will tempt some critics to accuse the author of imitation. Some men's ideas, and those not otherwise than men of genius, fall somewhat too readily into the mould prepared by others. They are gifted with only partial originality. Fancy is sedulous in the conception of characteristic qualities; while the memory, active in the business of comparison, associates the new creation with remembered ideas, and thus kneads the compound into a form which bears a general resemblance to the productions of other men. Such similarities constantly present themselves in the writings of Hugo: we may very often perceive them in those of our own Bulwer. It cannot be called copying; it is conception under the lively impression of a very powerful parent mind. We have no doubt that Hugo, in both his poetry and his romance, is greatly indebted to English literature. In

common with his countrymen, he has adopted the English plan of reanimating the dry bones of antiquity, and by an assiduous study of the records of history, infusing into a modern production the very spirit and language of a former age. But he has also particular obligations; he has adopted the gloom and mystery of Mrs. Radcliffe, the supernatural effects of Maturin, and the wild and unearthly personages which Walter Scott has given various examples of in such characters as Flibbertigibbet and Fenella. Descriptive scenery is common to the whole of the modern school of English romance, and it is no less characteristic of the writings of our author. In this respect, however, he has, in the story before us, introduced a novelty of a striking kind: its scenes lie chiefly in a cathedral, and all its incidents pass either in, on, or about it. His landscapes are of stone, his fields pavement, his figures carved heads and sculptured monsters.

Notre Dame de Paris is the history of a foundling exposed under the roof of the cathedral of that name, at the place appropriated for the reception of the illegitimate of the metropolis. The infant is an incipient monster whom every charitably disposed person eschews. He is, however, at length adopted by a character of extraordinary sanctity, the archdeacon of Josas, Claude Frollo by name—a personage who performs a very principal part in the work. He is versed in all the learning of the times, and having soon exhausted the confined knowledge of his age, he is driven to the dark studies of alchemy and astrology, in which he of course loses himself. He manages, however, to combine great devotion with the black art; but fasting and praying, and the habits of the anchorite, cannot keep down the passions of the man. He by accident sees in the streets a gypsy girl, pursuing her vocation in dancing and performing tricks for the gratification of the mob, and he becomes enamoured of her charms. But La Esmeralda is no common gypsy; grace is in all her movements, fascination in her manners; she is a fairy, a muse, a miracle of beauty, a beggar, a zingari—despised, defiled, adored and deified—the queen of her tribe, and the enchantress of the multitude. It is this personage we have compared to the Fenella of Scott. As for the priest and alchemist, he is something between Dr. Faustus and the Father Ambrosio of Monk Lewis: he has the learning and the voluptuousness of both these heroes. Of this Claude Frollo, the adopted son is Quasimodo, who is the very antipodes of La Esmeralda, his ugliness and awkwardness being as her grace and beauty. He is of gigantic form, herculean strength, bow-legged, blind of one eye, his face frightfully seamed with the small-pox, a huge tooth sticks from his mouth, which mouth is laid by no means horizontally in his face; his hair was composed of red bristles, and on the right of his face, over his eye, grew an enormous wen. One thing alone was wanting to complete the picture, and it was supplied: he was deaf. He had been brought up in the cathedral, and had succeeded to the office of bell-ringer, in the discharge of which duty he took a most vehement pleasure. The noise of his bells was almost the only sound he could hear; their music to him was consequently sweeter than the violin of Paganini. A being of this sort was not born to be admired: the disgust, which the world took but little pains to disguise, produced its natural effect on his temper. Quasimodo did not feel much, but what he did was in spite: the monster is malicious.

The main spring of the novel is the passion of the priest for La Esmeralda, his jealousy of his rivals, his hatred of the object, his mixture of persecution and adoration. At one time he betrays her into the hands of justice, at another he risks his life, and, what is more, his reputation for sanctity, in her defence. A very extraordinary rival springs up; it is no other than his own slave Quasimodo. An act of kindness and sympathy bestowed on the monster converts him into the humblest and most delicate, as well as the most ardent of the admirers of the Esmeralda; the exploits he performs in her service do not yield to the twelve labours of Hercules. Esmeralda is alike indifferent to the fervent passion of the arch-priest, and the faithful services of the giant slave. She has fixed her simple affection upon a captain of gendarmérie. Caught by a brilliant uniform and a handsome person, she throws herself, with all the headlong ardour of a southern beauty, into a violent attachment for a Captain Phœbus Chateaupers. Her passion is faithful and inextinguishable: she loves even to death. Trials attend her, and a melancholy fate closes her story. She, the heroine, the lovely gypsy, is executed by Tristan l'Hermite, the provost-marshal of Louis XI., of whom we hear in Quentin Durward, for the murder of the very man she would have died to save, and who, such was the

justice of the times, is so far from dead that he is himself married about the time his gipsy is hanged. The priest and his scalding love end in destroying its object; for it is he who in a most critical moment plunges a poniard into his rival's side, an act for which the poor gipsy is tortured, persecuted and gibbeted.

A number of scenes, in which those and many other incidents are developed, are certainly drawn with very considerable power. They are also, to use a phrase applied to the stage, exceedingly well got up; the costume of the time is preserved, and the antiquities of ancient Paris have been carefully studied, but the work is not, as in the writings of our Horace Smith, overwhelmed with masses of crude and undigested lore. A romance which springs from the brain of a man of genius may be compared to Adam in Paradise—all grace, animation, and power: if there be power in such works as those we have just alluded to, it is the power of such a being as Frankenstein created—a living lump of clumsy machinery.

The passages in which the author has produced the greatest impression are those in which Quasimodo figures as a principal actor, some of which we shall translate for the benefit of those who do not possess the original. But besides these, there are many others which display great vigour of painting, and forcibly move the sympathies of the reader. Such are the descriptions of the trial and torture of poor Esmeralda—of the *cour des miracles*, a sort of Alsatia, the sacred resort of all the rogues and vagabonds of the metropolis of France, one of those retreats and asylums for iniquity encouraged under the wretched police of the cities of Europe during the middle ages—the character and description of the recluse Gaudule—and the conversations of Louis XI. in the Bastille. But Quasimodo is, as we have said, the ornament (*lucus a non lucendo*) of the romance, and to him we shall turn our attention.

All the population of Paris had assembled in the cathedral of Notre Dame on occasion of some public ceremony, when it was proposed, by way of sport among the multitude, that they should elect a *pape des fous*, a functionary who appears to answer pretty closely to our *lord of misrule*. Over the door of the chapel of Louis XI. was an ornamental window of a stone frame: a pane of this was broken, and an opening appeared just the size of a human face, the stone mullions serving for an appropriate frame. The proprietor of the ugliest face that presented himself was elected pope for the day, and as the honour was coveted, the candidates were numerous. The moment of trial was when the face, placed in the broken pane, shone forth in all its monstrousness on the rolling mass of judges below. All who proposed to run the gauntlet veiled their virgin charms, and only unfolded the full horrors of their countenances at the instant of presentation: they were mounted upon a couple of barrels placed one upon the other, and then they protruded their enormities through the mullions.

"The grimaces began. The first face that showed itself at the window, with its red eyes and mouth like that of a wild beast, and a forehead all puckered up like the wrinkles of a pair of hussar boots in the time of the emperor, caused such convulsions of inextinguishable laughter, that had Homer heard them he would have taken the ruffians for immortal gods. A second and a third grimace succeeded each other, then another and another, all followed by shouts of laughter, and the stampings and clatterings of joy. A sort of frantic intoxication, a wild and supernatural kind of fascination, seemed to seize upon the mob, which it would be vain to give an idea of to the reader of our own days. Imagine a series of visages successively presenting every species of geometric form, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every expression of the human countenance, from rage down to gluttony—all ages, from the shrivels of the infant to the wrinkles of half-dead age—all sorts of religious phantasmagories, from Faunus to Beelzebub—all profiles resembling beasts, from the maw to the beak, from the head of the boar to the muzzle of a bull. Imagine all the masks of the Pont Neuf, all the night-mares petrified under the hand of the German Pilon, suddenly animated with life and motion, and coming in turns to thrust their ugly features and flaming eyes into your face—all the masking figures of the carnival flitting over the glass of your telescope—in a word, a human kaleidoscope.

"The orgies increased in coarseness and confusion. Teniers could have given but a very imperfect idea of the scene. Suppose Salvator Rosa to have painted a bacchanalian battle. There was no longer any distinction of ranks and persons—no longer scholars, ambassa-

dors, citizens, men and women—no more Clopin Trouillefou the beggar, Giles Lecornu, Mary Quatre-livres, or Robin Poussepain—all were lost in the general license. The great hall was one vast furnace of effrontery and jollity; every mouth was a cry, every eye a flash, every face a contortion, every individual a posture, all was howling and roaring. The strange visages which from time to time present themselves at the window were like brands thrown on the blazing fire, and from all this effervescent crowd escaped, like smoke from a furnace, a sharp, shrill, hissing, steely rumour, like the buzz of a gigantic blue-bottle fly."

At length, a thunder of applause, mixed with prodigious acclamation far beyond any uproar that had yet been raised, indicated that something peculiarly monstrous had made its appearance. The fools' pope was elected!

"It was in fact a face of miraculous ugliness which at this moment blazed forth from the whole of the window. After all the countenances, pentagonal, hexagonal, and heteroclit, which had succeeded at the window without realising the idea of the grotesque which the crowd had set up in their frantic imaginations, it required something sublimely monstrous to dazzle the multitude and to earn their suffrages by acclamation. Master Coppenole actually applauded, and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been himself a candidate, confessed himself conquered, and God knows to what intensity of ugliness his features reached. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of the tetrahedron nose of the new pope—of his horse-shoe shaped maw—of the little red eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrotty bristles, while the right one was utterly overwhelmed and buried under an enormous wen—of his irregular teeth, broken and nipped in all directions like the crenelled battlements of a ruined fortress—of his horny lip over which one of his teeth stretched out like the tusk of an elephant—of his forked chin—but, above all, of the expression spread over these beautiful features, that mixture of spite, of wonder, and melancholy. Dream, if you can, of such an object.

"The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed to the chapel. The lucky fools' pope was brought out in triumph, and it was only then that surprise and admiration were at its height. His monstrous head was stuck over with red hairs; between his shoulders arose an enormous bump, which had a corresponding projection in front; his legs and thighs were built upon a system of such extreme irregularity, that they touched in no one point but the knees, and, seen in front, resembled a pair of sickles joined together at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but with all this deformity, there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, forming a strange exception to the eternal rule, which ordains that force as well as beauty should result from harmony.

"He looked like a giant that had been broken and ill soldered together.

"When this sort of Cyclops appeared on the threshold of the chapel, immovable, lofty, squat, and almost as broad as high, the 'square of his base,' as is said by a great man, the populace instantly recognised him by his coat half red and half blue, spotted with silver bells, and more especially the extraordinariness of his ugliness, and cried out with one voice, 'It is Quasimodo the bell-ringer, it is Quasimodo the hump-backed, of Notre Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the knock-kneed! Hurrah! Hurrah!' The poor devil, it seems, had names to choose among."—pp. 96—107.

Quasimodo was the bell-ringer of Notre Dame; he had been exposed an infant on its pavement, and he gained a livelihood by its towers; he was the child of the cathedral, lived in it, and was of it, differing in little from its images of stone and the carved capitals of its pillars, except in the gift of locomotion.

"In the progress of time, between the bell-ringer and the church a union was formed of the most intimate description. Separated for ever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his misshapen nature—imprisoned from his childhood within these impassable boundaries—the unhappy wretch was accustomed to see no other object in the world beyond the religious walls which had gathered him in their shades. Notre Dame had been successively, according as he grew and expanded, his egg, his nest, his house, his country, and the universe."

"A sort of mysterious and pre-existent harmony had grown up between this creature and the edifice. While he was still quite a child, and dragged himself along, twisting and jumping under its shady arches, he appeared with his human face, and his limbs scarcely human, among the grotesque shadows thrown down by the

capitals of the gothic pillars, the native reptile of the dark and humid pavement.

"As he grew up, the first time that he mechanically laid hold of the rope hanging from the tower, clung to it and put the bell in motion, the effect upon its patron and protector was that produced upon a parent by the first articulate sounds of his child.

"Thus by little and little his spirit expanded in harmony with his cathedral; there he lived, there he slept, and under the perpetual influence of its presence he came at last to resemble it, to be incrustated with it, to be as it were an integral part of it. His salient angles seemed to fit into the corners of the edifice, so that he appeared not only the inhabitant, but as if nature had intended it for his shell, and that, like the snail, he had taken its form. Between him and the church the sympathy was so profound, there were so many magnetic affinities, that he stuck to it as the tortoise adheres to its shell."—ii. p. 28.

Quasimodo was as familiarly acquainted with every turn and corner, recess and stair of the cathedral, as other men are with the house they are born in; there was not a depth he had not fathomed, not a height he had not scaled. He had even climbed up the façade by means of the little projections that are always to be found in Gothic architecture. He might sometimes have been seen creeping up the sides of the lofty towers like a lizard gliding up a perpendicular wall; he could stand upon their dizzy heights as another would stand upon the solid floor; vertigo, fright, and the sudden seizure with giddiness, which attack others, were unknown to him. He had, as it were, tamed his two giant towers, so mild and manageable did they appear under his hands. The natural result of this struggling, and climbing, and jumping, and sliding among these tremendous artificial precipices was, that he had become something between a monkey and a mountain goat; he could climb before he could walk, just as the child of the South Sea islands swims before it can stand, and plays with the wave while it is unable to move a step on the earth. So much for the person of the bell-ringer; we must permit his author to describe his mind in his own words:

"Not only did the person but also the mind of Quasimodo appear to be moulded by the cathedral. It is difficult to describe the state of this being's more ethereal portion—to say what form or folds it had been contracted into under its knotty covering and during its wild and savage life. Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, hump-backed, and limping. Claude Frollo had taught him to articulate with trouble and difficulty, and a fatality seemed attached to the unhappy creature. For having become ringer of the bells of Notre Dame at the early age of fourteen, the volume of sound had broken the drum of his ear; so that the only gate which nature had left wide open was thus shut and for ever. In closing that she had intercepted the only ray of joy and light which still penetrated into the dark recesses of Quasimodo's soul; profound night consequently settled upon it. Deep melancholy supervened and completed the catalogue of his miseries. His deafness rendered him in a great measure mute. The moment he perceived himself deaf, he resolved to escape ridicule by an inexorable silence, which he never broke but when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily the tongue which his master Claude had taken such vast pains to loosen; so that when it became necessary to speak, his tongue was numb and his speech thick; the hinges were rusty, and moved with labour.

"If now we were to endeavour to penetrate into the interior of the soul of Quasimodo, through the hard and obdurate rind; if we were to sound the depths of this bungling piece of organisation; if we were enabled to hold a torch behind these untransparent organs, to explore the shadowy interior of this opaque being, to light up its obscure corners, its unmeaning cul-de-sacs, and to turn a lamp upon the wretched spirit enchained at the bottom of this cavern, we should find, doubtless, the poor creature in some miserable attitude, stunted and rickety, like the prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grew old, doubled and rolled up in a box of stone, too low to stand up in, and too narrow to lay down upon.

"The spirit assuredly pines in a decrepid form. Quasimodo scarcely felt the blind movements of the soul within him. The impressions of objects were subjected to a considerable refraction before they arrived at the seat of thought. His brain was a sort of special medium. The ideas which entered his mind straight came out all twisted. The reflection resulting from this refraction was necessarily divergent and devious. Hence a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a

thousand byeways down which his sometimes idiotic, sometimes lunatic fancies would wander.

"The first result of this fatal organisation was the confusing his vision. He scarcely received a single direct perception. The exterior world appeared to him at a greater distance than it does to us. The second result of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was, in truth, mischievous because he was savage: he was savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as well as there is in ours. His strength, developed in so extraordinary a manner, was another cause of his mischievousness. *Malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes. However, we must do him justice; malice was not inborn in him. First he felt, and then he saw, even from his earliest youth, that he was rejected, despised, cast off. Human speech had been to him nothing beyond a jeer or a curse. As he grew up he had seen nothing about him but hatred. He had adopted it. He had acquired the general spirit. He had picked up the sword by which he had been wounded.

"After all, he turned towards mankind with reluctance; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with heads of marble, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh in his face, and looked upon him only with an air of tranquillity and benevolence. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not visit him, Quasimodo, with their spite. They were too like him for that. Their rillery was levelled against a very different class of men. The saints were his friends and blessed him; the monsters were his friends and guarded him; so his feelings towards them were, therefore, strong and affectionate. He would pass whole hours crouching down before one of these statues, holding a sort of solitary dialogue with it. If any one came past he would flit away like a lover surprised in a serenade.

"The cathedral was not only his society but his universe, in short, all nature to him. He thought of no other trees than the painted ones on his cathedral windows, which were always in bloom; of no other shades than those of stone, adorned with birds in the groins of the arches; of no other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; of no other ocean than Paris, which roared at his feet.

"But that which he loved most of all, that which chiefly animated his poor fluttering soul in its prison, and sometimes even gave him a sensation of happiness, was the *bells*. He loved them, he caressed them, he spoke to them, understood them—from the chimes of the steeple of the cross-aisle to the great bell above the gateway. The belfry of the cross-aisle and the two towers were like three gigantic cages in which he kept his favourite birds. It was these same birds, however, which had deafened him; but mothers are often fondest of the children that have caused them the greatest pain. It is true that their voices were pretty nearly the only ones which he could hear. On this score the great bell was his best beloved. She was preferred before all the noisy sisters of this boisterous family, which fluttered about him on each day of fête or festival. This great bell he called *Mary*. She was placed in the southern tower along with her sister *Jacqueline*, a bell of slenderer pretensions, inclosed in a cage of less magnitude, by the side of her own. This *Jacqueline* was so named from the name of the wife of John Montague, who had presented her to the church, a gift which, nevertheless, did not prevent him from cutting a figure without his head at Montfaucon. In the second tower were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest bells dwelt in the belfry over the cross-aisle, with the wooden bell, which is only rung between Holy Thursday and the morning of the eve of Easter Sunday. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen belles in his seraglio, but the big *Mary* was his favourite.

"It is impossible to form an idea of his joy on the days of the great peals. The instant the archdeacon had let him off, and said 'go,' he mounted the corkscrew staircase of the belfry quicker than any body else could have come down, and rushed all out of breath into the aerial chamber of the great bell: he considered her a moment with passionate attention, then he began to address her kindly: he patted her with his hand, as one would a good horse that has just completed a brilliant gallop. He would pity her for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses he gave the signal to his helpers, placed on a lower stage of the tower, to begin. They flew to the ropes, the capstan creaked, and the enormous cone of metal was put slowly and heavily into motion. Quasimodo watched the movements with a heaving breast. The first shock of the tongue against the wall of brass made the whole scaffolding of the tower on which it was placed to shudder. Quasimodo trembled

with the bell. Vah! he would cry, with a burst of idiot laughter. As the great clapper began to move more rapidly, and presented a greater and greater angle, the eye of Quasimodo would open wider and wider, and shine out with a more phosphoric and torch-like light. At last the grand peal would begin, the whole tower trembled, beams, rafters, leads, stones, all groaned together, from the piles of the foundation to the club-knots of the roof. Quasimodo then boiled over with delight, his mouth foamed, he ran backwards and forwards, he trembled from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet. The great bell let loose, and, as it were, furious with rage, presented its enormous brazen maw now at one side of the tower and now at the other, from which roared the volume of sound that might be heard four leagues round. Quasimodo placed himself before the open mouth, he crouched down and got up as the bell went to and fro, breathed its boisterous breath, and looked down by turns the two hundred feet below him and then at the enormous tongue of copper, which arrived second after second to howl in his ear. This was the only language which he could comprehend, the only sound which troubled his universal silence. He spread himself out like a bird in the sun. All of a sudden he would be seized by the phrenzy of the bell: his look became wild: he would wait the coming of the engine as a spider watches a fly, and would suddenly throw himself upon it with all his force. Thus suspended over the abyss, agitated by the formidable oscillation of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by its earlets, strained it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, and with the shock of his body and the weight of his blows redoubled the fury of the peal. The tower itself would begin to rock, then he began to cry and grind his teeth, his red hair to stand on end, and his lungs to pant and blow like the bellows of a forge, his eye to dart fire, and the monstrous bell to neigh under him. It was then no longer the bell of Notre Dame nor yet Quasimodo: it was a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest, vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit shackled upon a winged beast; a strange centaur, half-man half-bell; a species of horrible Astolph, carried off by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

"The presence of this extraordinary being seemed to inspire the whole cathedral. A kind of mysterious emanation, at least so the superstitious multitude imagined, appeared to escape from him, and to animate the ancient stones of Notre Dame, and make the very entrails of the old church pant with the breath of life. When he was there it was easy to fancy that the thousand figures in stone were moving, and that the galleries and the gateways were instinct with life. In fact, the cathedral seemed a docile thing in his hands, she waited only his will to raise her great voice, she was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar genius. He might have been said to make the old building breathe. There he was every where; he multiplied himself at all points of the edifice. At one time the eye was struck with affright at beholding at the top of one of the loftiest towers, a strange dwarf, climbing, twining, creeping, descending into this abyss, leaping from angle to angle, or fumbling in the hollows of some sculptured Gorgon—it was Quasimodo unvesting the daws. At another time the spectator stumbled, in some dark corner of the church, upon a crouching grimaced creature, a sort of living chimera—it was Quasimodo musing. At another time might be seen under a bell an enormous head and a bundle of ill-packed members, swinging itself with an air of desperation at the end of a cord: this was Quasimodo ringing the vespers or the angelus. Frequently in the night a hideous form might be seen wandering on the frail balustrade which runs round the towers and the periphery of the apses: it was still the hump-backed bell ringer of Notre Dame. When he appeared, the old women of the neighbourhood imagined that the building began to assume a magical and supernatural look, eyes and mouths were said to open and shut: the dogs and the serpents and the griffins of stone, which watch day and night with outstretched necks and open jaws about the monstrous cathedral, were heard to howl. If it happened to be Christmas, the great bell, which called the faithful to the midnight mass, seemed to rattle in the throat, there was a strange and ominous look about the façade of the cathedral, the gates seemed to devour the crowd as they entered, and the rose-knot windows over them to eye the people with a glance of evil omen. All this sprang from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple: the middle age believed him to be the demon: he was the soul of it. To such a point was he so, that for those who are acquainted with

the fact of Quasimodo's existence, Notre Dame appears deserted, inanimate, dead. One perceives that something is wanting, is gone. This immense body is void; the spirit has departed; we see the place and that is all. It is like a skull: the holes to look through are there, but the sight is gone."—Vol. ii. pp. 26—42.

Such is the power of genius: if our translation have conveyed any of the effect of the original, the reader may learn what spirit the fancy of a poet may infuse into the idea of a lame old bell-ringer and the walls of an ancient church.

The charms of the heroine Esmeralda are of so fascinating a description that the ecclesiastical authorities of the time are willing to attribute their effects to sorcery. The results of a fit of jealousy on the part of the priest, who has conceived a wild and frantic passion for her, involve her in a charge of murder, and she is brought under the hands of justice, as it was most abominably miscalled. Torture is applied, and the poor creature is condemned to death. One friend, one disinterested faithful friend, alone exists in the world, and who does the reader suppose it is? it is no other than Quasimodo the preposterous. A solitary act of benevolence bestowed upon the creature, who during his life had met with nothing in human nature but hatred and contempt, won his affections for ever. Seeing the being he worships with the humility and veneration of a slave on the point of suffering death, he employs his gigantic strength and miraculous activity in effecting her rescue. By a contrivance, for the details of which we must refer to the author, Quasimodo snatches the wretched Esmeralda from the scaffold, hoists her upon the walls of his beloved Notre Dame, which overhung it, and procures her the asylum of its altar. In this retreat she remains some time, the officers of the bloody and tyrannical tribunal that had condemned her watching and prowling about the cathedral for their prey. Quasimodo is however not only a host to defend, but a genius to attend; guarding her in a small apartment on the roof, he contrives to anticipate all her wants, and waits upon her with the devotion of a slave. Esmeralda, however, possesses a host of partisans, of whom Quasimodo is utterly ignorant. A quarter of Paris was at that time the villains' general home: it was inhabited by all those who made war upon the city. Here Esmeralda, in her quality of public dancer and trickster, necessarily resided, and by her supposed gipsy parentage owned a large troop of clansmen and defenders. The whole of this Parisian Alsatia resolves upon delivering Esmeralda, who was their favourite, from the hazardous refuge to which she had been taken. Quasimodo unluckily mistakes their intentions, and under the idea of protecting his charge, makes a resistance from the old walls of the cathedral, which they are quite justified in looking upon as miraculous. The description of the attack of the whole nation of rascals and rogues upon the church, and its defence by Quasimodo, is among the most striking pictures in the book. We shall endeavour to transcribe a portion of it, counting upon a very considerable loss of vigour, more especially as the French of M. Hugo is particularly rich and forcible in every thing that relates to ragamuffinism.

"This same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last rounds in the church. He had not remarked the ill-temper of the arch-deacon as he passed, who looked in no benevolent manner on the care and activity he employed in bolting and padlocking the immense iron bars which gave to the great gates all the solidity of a wall. After having given a glance to the bells, to *Jacqueline*, to *Mary* and *Thibault*, whom he had lately so miserably neglected, he had mounted to the summit of the northern tower, and there placing his dark and well closed lantern on the leads, he sat himself down to contemplate Paris. Paris, which was scarcely lighted at this period, presented to the eye a confused mass of sombre images, traversed here and there by the white surface of the Seine. No light was to be seen except in the lofty window of a far removed building, the outlines of which were clearly defined on the sky in the direction of the *Porte St. Antoine*. There was also some one else who watched. (This was the apartment of Louis XI.)

"Whilst he allowed his eye to wander over this vague mass of mist and darkness, an emotion of anxiety and uneasiness gained upon him. For several days past he had been upon his guard, having remarked a number of sinister looking individuals continually prowling about the church, and who appeared to be peering about for the poor girl's asylum. He had an idea that some plot against the unhappy refugee was afoot, and he

imagined that the hatred of the people was directed as well against the supposed sorcerer as against himself. So he kept himself on his tower, on the watch, *révolté dans son rocher*, as Rabelais says, gazing sometimes upon the cell (Esmeralda's abode), sometimes on Paris, making sure guard, like a good dog, and with a heart full of distrust.

"All of a sudden, while he was scrutinising the great city with the eye which nature by way of compensation had made so piercing that it almost supplied the want of his other organs, it appeared to him that the profile of the quay of La Vieille-Pelleterie assumed a singular appearance. There appeared to be motion about it; the black outline of the parapet, clearly defined on the whitening waters, seemed to him as no longer either straight or motionless like that of the other quays, but that it undulated to the eye like the waves of a river or the heads of a multitude marching onwards. This struck him as strange. He redoubled his attention. The movement appeared to be extending towards the city: it existed but a short time on the quay: it then subsided by little and little as if it were entering into the interior of the isle, it then suddenly ceased and the outlines of the quay became once more straight and motionless.

"At the moment that Quasimodo had exhausted himself in conjecture, the movement re-appeared in the Rue du Parvis, which extends perpendicularly into the city from the façade of Notre Dame. At last, so intense was the obscurity, that no sooner did he see the head of a column debouch by this street, than the crowd spread itself over the precincts, where nothing could be distinguished but that it was a crowd. The sight was alarming. This singular procession could not approach without some noise or murmur, whatever silence might be kept: the trampling of the feet alone of so great a crowd must necessarily have sounded through the stillness of the streets. But no sound reached the brain of the deaf Quasimodo, and the vast multitude of which he could only catch glimpses, and which seemed to him noiseless, had the effect of an army of the dead, who had risen from their graves at midnight, mute, impassible, and ready to vanish into thin air. It seemed to him as if a mist full of human beings was approaching, and that what he saw in motion were the shadows of the shades.

"Then the fears of an attempt against the Egyptian returned to his apprehension. A confused notion presented itself to his mind that a crisis was approaching, and he began to reason on the danger of her situation with more method than might have been expected from a brain so imperfectly organised. Ought he to wake the Egyptian? Should he contrive her evasion? Where? how? the streets were invested: the church was washed by the river. No boat was to be had, and there was no outlet. There was but one alternative; he would die on the threshold of the cathedral, after making every resistance in his power until succour arrived. He resolved not to disturb the repose of his protégée; the unhappy creature would wake time enough to die. His resolution being taken, he set himself to examine the enemy with greater tranquillity.

"The crowd appeared to increase every instant in the precincts. Quasimodo, however, conjectured that the noise they made must be very slight, for the windows of the street and the place remained closed. All of a sudden a light shone out, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches appeared above the heads of the mass, brandishing their tufts of flame against the thick darkness. Then were disclosed to the rambling eye of Quasimodo whole troops of men and women in rags, armed with sickles, pikes, hedgebills, and halberds with their glancing heads. Here and there black forks stuck over hideous faces like horns. He seemed to have some vague remembrance of this multitude, and fancied that he had seen the same fashion of heads before (when he was elected fools' pope.) A man, who held a torch in one hand and a weapon in the other, got upon a post and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time this strange army made some evolutions, as if it were being placed in stations round the church. Quasimodo picked up his lantern, and went down upon the platform between the towers, in order to be able to see more distinctly and arrange his means of defence.

"Clopin Trouillefou, on his arrival before the lofty portals of Notre Dame, had, in fact, ranged his troops in order of battle. Although he expected no sort of resistance, he resolved, like a prudent general, to preserve such order as would enable him to face about in case of need, against any sudden attack of the watch or of the

Onze-vingts. Accordingly he drew up his brigade in such a way, that, seeing it from above, you would have sworn it the Roman triangle of Ecnomus, the boar's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle rested upon the bottom of the place so as to block up the Rue du Parvis, one of the sides looked upon the Hotel Dieu, the other on the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou was placed at the apex with the duke of Egypt, our friend John, and the boldest of the vagabonds.—Vol. iv. p. 61.

An attack of this kind may seem improbable to a modern reader; but in point of fact such popular movements were not even rare in the cities of the middle ages. "Police," as we understand the term, did not exist. The rights of feudality were inconsistent with any common protection. There was no centre of force. The ancient cities were simply a collection of seigneuries; a thousand different polices existed, which is as much as to say, none were effective. At Paris, for instance, independently of the one hundred and forty-one seigneurs who pretended to manorial rights, there were twenty-five who claimed as well the privilege of dispensing justice. Of these the bishop of Paris had five streets, and the prior of Notre Dame des Champs had four. All these justiciars only recognised the right of the king as suzerain nominally. Louis XI. commenced the demolition of this absurd and inconsistent edifice of feudal times, and Mirabeau completed it. There existed a vast confusion of watches, under watches, and counter watches, in defiance of which robbery and plunder were carried on with open violence and by main force. It was not unfrequent for a part of the populace to make a set at a particular palace, hotel, or mansion, in the most frequented quarters of the city. The neighbours took care not to interfere in the affair unless the pillage extended to their own property; they shut their ears to the firing, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle take its course, with or without the interference of the watch; and the next morning the talk in Paris would be, Stephen Barbetto was broken open last night, or the Marechal de Clermont was seized, &c. So that not only the royal habitations, the Louvre, the Palace, the Bastille, Les Tournelles, but the mere seigniorial residences, the Petit Bourbon, the Hotel de Sens, and the Hotel d'Angoulême, had their battlements and their walls, their porticullis, and their gates. The churches were in general protected by their sanctity; some of them, however, were fortified. The abbey of Saint Germain des Prés was built up like a baron, and it was said that the abbé spent more metal in balls than in bells. We may now resume our extract:—

"As soon as the first arrangements were terminated, (and we ought to say, for the honour of the vagabond discipline, that the orders of Clopin were executed in silence and with admirable precision,) the worthy chief of the band mounted on the parapet of the Parvis, and raised his hoarse and husky voice, turning constantly towards Notre Dame, and at the same time waving his torch, the flames of which were sometimes nearly blown out by the wind, at others nearly drowned in its own smoke, now disclosed the reddened façade of the church, and now left it buried in darkness.

"To thee, Louis de Beaumont, bishop of Paris, counsellor to the court of parliament, I speak, I, Clopin Trouillefou, king of Thunes, grand coëre, prince of slang, bishop of jesters! Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken shelter in thy church. Thou owest her safeguard and asylum. Now the court of parliament wishes to lay hold of her again, and thou consentest thereto, so that she would be taken and hung to-morrow in the place of the Grève, if God and the vagabonds were not there to stop them. Now we are come to thee, bishop. If thy church is sacred, then is our sister also; if our sister is not sacred, then is not thy church. Here then we are to summon thee to surrender our child if thou wishest to save thy church, or we will take the girl ourselves and pillage the church. And this will be well. In testimony I plant here my banner. God keep thee in his guard, bishop of Paris."

"These words, which unluckily Quasimodo could not hear, were pronounced with a sort of wild and sombre majesty. One of the vagabonds presented his banner to Clopin, who planted it solemnly between two paving stones. It was a pitch-fork, on the teeth of which hung a huge bunch of bleeding carrion.

"The King of Thunes then turned upon the wild forms assembled round him in the guise of an army, and after regarding their savage looks with complacency, he gave the word of onset, the order to charge—"to your business, blackguards," was the cry of Clopin de Trouillefou.

"Thirty men sprang from the ranks, fellows with athletic limbs and the faces of blacksmiths, with mallets in their hands, clubs, pincers and bars of iron on their shoulders. They made for the great gate of the church, mounted the steps, and in an instant were crouched down under the arch at work with their pincers and levers. A crowd of the vagabonds followed to assist or look on. The eleven steps of the portal were crowded. However, the gates held firm. 'Devil!' said one, 'they are hard and stiff;' 'they are old and their joints are of horn,' said another. 'Courage, comrades,' replied Clopin, 'I will wager my head against an old shoe, that you will have opened the door, taken the girl, and stripped the chief altar, before there is a beadle awake. Hold! I think the lock is picked.' Clopin was interrupted by a tremendous noise, which at this instant sounded behind him. He turned round. An enormous beam had just fallen from the skies; it had crushed about a dozen of the vagabond army on the steps of the church, and rebounded on the pavement with the noise of a piece of cannon, breaking here and there a score or two of legs among the beggars, who sprang away in every direction. The blacksmiths, although themselves protected by the depth of the porch, abandoned the gates, and Clopin himself retired to a respectful distance from the church. 'I have had a nice escape,' cried John, 'I was in the wind of it, by Jove, but I see Peter the butcher is butchered.'

"It is impossible to describe the fright which fell upon the mob with the fall of the beam. For some instants they stood motionless, staring in the air, more confounded than by the arrival of a thousand of the king's archers. 'Devil!' exclaimed the King of Egypt, 'this does look like magic. It must surely be the moon that has thrown us this faggot,' cried Audry-the-Red. 'Why then the moon is own sister to Notre Dame, the Virgin, I think.' 'Thousand popes!' exclaimed Clopin, 'you are all a parcel of fools,' but he did not know how to explain the fall of the beam.

"Nothing was visible on the façade, the light of the torches did not reach high enough to show any thing, and all was silent except the groans of the wretches who had been mangled on the steps. The King of Thunes at length fancied he had made a discovery. 'Maw of God!' cried he, 'are the canons defending themselves? if so, sack! sack!' 'Sack! sack!' repeated the whole crew, and sack resounded in the court, bawled by hundreds of husky voices, and a furious discharge of cross-bows and other missiles was let fly upon the façade.

"This thundering noise at last awakened the people of the neighbourhood, and in sundry quarters might be seen windows opening, and night-caps popped out, and hands holding candles. 'Fire at the windows,' roared out Clopin. The windows were all shut in an instant, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a hasty and frightened glance upon the scene of flash and tumult, returned back to perspire in terror by the sides of their wives; asking themselves if the devils kept their sabbath now in the Parvis, or whether there was another attack of the Burgundians as in '64. The men dreamed of robbery, the women of rape, and all trembled.

"'Sack! sack!' repeated the men of slang, but no one made a step towards the cathedral, they looked at the beam. The beam did not move, and the building preserved its calm and lonely air, but something had frozen the courage of the vagabond army.

"To the work then, smiths!" cried Trouillefou; 'let us force the door.' Not a soul moved. 'Here are fellows,' said he, 'now, who are frightened out of their lives by a block of wood.' An old smith came forward and said, 'Captain, it is not the block of wood that frightens us, the gate is all bestitched with bars of iron, the pincers are of no use.' 'What want you then to knock it in?' 'We want a battering ram.' 'Here is one then,' said the King of Thunes, standing upon the beam, 'the canons themselves have sent you one. Thank you, priests,' said he, making a mock obeisance to the church. This bravado had the desired effect; the charm of the beam was broken, and presently it was picked up like a feather by the vigorous arms of a hundred of the vagabonds, and hurled with fury against the doors which they had in vain endeavoured to force. The sight was an extraordinary one, and in the dusky and imperfect light of the torches, the beam and its supporters might have been taken for an immense beast with its hundreds of legs butting against a giant of stone.

"The shock of the beam resounded upon the half-metallic door like a bell; it did not give way, but the

church trembled to its foundations, and in its very innermost caverns. The same instant a shower of stones began to descend. 'Hell and the devil!' roared out John, 'are the towers shaking their battlements upon us?' But the impulse was on them; it was decided that the bishop defended his citadel, and the siege was continued with fury, in spite of the skulls that were cracked in all directions. The stones descended one at a time, but they came down pretty thick after each other; the vagabonds always perceived two at a time, one at their feet and the other on their heads. Already a large heap of killed and wounded were heaped on the pavement; the assailants, however, were nothing daunted; the long beam continued to be swung against the gates, the stones to rain down, and the door to groan."

Of course the reader divines the source of this opposition. The workmen, who had been repairing the walls of the southern tower during the day, had left their materials behind, and they consisted of immense beams for the roof, lead and stone. A sudden thought occurred to Quasimodo that they would make admirable means of defence. With a force which he alone could boast, he hoisted the largest and longest beam to be found and launched it fairly out of a small window upon the heads of the vagabonds at work on the steps. The enormous beam in descending one hundred and sixty feet acquired no small accelerated velocity, and hitting and bounding from pinnacle to corner and corner to wall as it fell, and again rebounding on the pavement among the besiegers, it seemed, to the eye of Quasimodo, like a hideous serpent writhing and leaping upon its prey.

"Quasimodo saw the vagabonds scattered by the fall of the beam, like ashes before the wind. He took advantage of this affright, and whilst they fixed a superstitious stare upon the block, fallen from the sky as they thought, Quasimodo set to work in silence to heap together rubbish, stones, hewn and unhewn, even to the sacks of tools belonging to the masons, upon the edge of the parapet; so that as soon as they began to batter the great gates, the hailstorm of stoneblocks commenced, and the vagabonds to think the church was demolishing itself upon their heads. If any eye could have seen Quasimodo at his work, it would have been a sight of dread. Independently of all the projectiles he had accumulated on the balustrade, he had heaps of stones on the platform itself; so that as soon as the blocks on the outer edge were exhausted, he gathered from the heaps. He then might be seen lowering and rising, dipping and plunging with an activity altogether inconceivable. His great head, more like that of a gnome than of a human being, was to be seen inclining over the balustrade, then a block would fall, then another enormous stone, then another. From time to time he would follow a fine stone with his eye, and when it killed well he grunted 'hun!'"—p. 76.

However, the vagabonds did not flinch. The thick gates were trembling under the weight of the battering engine, the panels were cracking, the carving sprung off in shivers, the hinges at each blow jumped up from the pivots, the boards began to separate, and the timber was ground to powder between the claspings and bindings of iron; luckily for Quasimodo there was more iron than wood. He perceived, however, that the door could not hold long, and as his ammunition declined, he began to despond. However, another bright idea struck him: the experiment he hit upon we shall describe in the author's words.

"At this moment of anguish he remarked a little lower than the balustrade whence he crushed the men of elang, two long spouts of stone, which disgorged immediately over the great gates. The interior orifice of the gutters opened on the level of the platform. He ran to fetch a faggot from his bell-ringer's lodge, and placing it over the hole of the two spouts he covered it with a multitude of laths and rolls of lead, ammunition which he had not yet resorted to. As soon as all was arranged, he set fire to the mass with his lantern.

"In this interval, the vagabonds, perceiving the stones had ceased to fall, no longer looked up, and the whole cavalcade, like a pack of hounds that have driven the boar to bay, now crowded round the gates, which, though all shattered by the battering engine, were still standing. They were all in expectation of the last grand blow, the blow that was to send the whole in shivers. Each was striving to get nearest to the door that he might be the first to dart into this rich reservoir of treasures that had been accumulating for three centuries. They roared with joy as they banded about from one to another the names of silver crosses, copes of brocade, the gilded monuments, the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling fetes, and the christmasses sparkling with torches, the casters

brilliant with the sun, and all the splendid solemnities of chalices, chandeliers, pyxes, tabernacles, reliquaries, which embossed the altars with a crust of gold and diamonds. Assuredly, at this moment of bliss, the canters and whiners, the limp and tremblers and tumblers, thought much less of the rescue of the Egyptian, than they did of the pillage of Notre Dame.

"All of a sudden, while by a last effort, they were grouping themselves about the engine, holding their breath and stiffening their muscles as for a final stroke, a howling, more hideous than that which followed the fall of the beam arose in the middle of them all. Those who were not yelling and yet alive, looked round. Two streams of boiling lead were pouring from the top of the building on the thickest part of the crowd. This stormy sea of men had subsided under the boiling metal: on the two points where it had chiefly fallen, two black and smoking holes were made in the crowd, such as hot water would cause in a drift of snow. The dying were writhing in them, half-calined and roaring with pain. All about these jets of lead, the shower had sprinkled upon the besiegers and entered into their skulls like ramrods of flame. It was heavy fire, which riddled the wretches with a thousand hailstones. The clamour was horrid. The vagabonds fled pell-mell, throwing the beam upon the dead, the bold and the timid together, and the court was cleared a second time. All eyes were raised to the roof of the church. They beheld a sight of an extraordinary kind. From the top of the loftiest gallery, above the central rose-window, huge flames, crowned with sparkles of fire, mounted between the two towers, the fury of which was increased by the wind, which every now and then carried off a tongue of flame along with the smoke. Below this fire, below the sombre balustrade, two large spouts fashioned in the shape of monsters' jaws vomited forth without cessation a silver shower of burning rain. As they approached the pavement the streams scattered like water poured through the thousand holes of the rose of a watering-pot. Above the flames were the two gigantic towers, the two fronts of which visible, the one black the other red, appeared still greater when viewed against the sky. The numberless sculptures of devils and dragons had an aspect of woe. The unsettled brilliancy of the fire gave them the appearance of life. The serpents seemed to be laughing, the water-spouts to be barking, the salamanders to be puffing the fire, the griffins to sneeze in the smoke. And amongst the monsters thus as it were awakened out of their slumbers by the noise and confusion, there was one in motion who was seen to pass from time to time in front of the fire like a bat before a candle."—p. 83.

"A silence of terror fell upon the army of Vagabonds, during which might be heard the cries of the canons shut up in their cloister, more uneasy than horses in a stable on fire, together with the stealthy-opened noise of windows, the bustle of the interior of the houses, and of the Hotel Dieu, the wind in the flame, the last rattle in the throats of the dying, and the pattering of the lead-rain on the pavement."

This formidable mode of resistance rendered a council of war necessary, at which the vagabonds resolved upon an escalade—it failed; the prowess of Quasimodo was again successful, he shook the besiegers off the ladder and hurled them into the depths below. The contest was thus protracted till the arrival of a very considerable troop of gendarmes and archers, acting under the immediate orders of the king. The unlucky vagabonds were utterly routed, and either driven from the field or left upon it. The description of the siege is continued at great length; it is utterly impossible for us to carry on our report of it on the same scale as the preceding scenes, the spirit and animation of which have induced us to enter upon the translation of some considerable passages.

We are tempted to add another scene to the foregoing, which has few equals in any language. Esmeralda having been condemned, Quasimodo and the priest witness the execution from the roof of Notre-Dame.—Ed.

"Outside the balustrade of the tower, precisely under the spot where the priest had stopped, projected one of those fantastically carved spouts of stone, which jut out along the sides of Gothic edifices; and from a crevice of this gutter, two beautiful wall-flowers in full bloom, shaken, and rendered, as it were, living by the breath of the wind, were wantonly bowing one to the other. From aloft above the towers, far towards the sky, was heard the chirping of little birds; but the priest neither heard nor saw any thing of all this. He was one of those men for whom there are no morn-

ings, no birds, no flowers; in that immense horizon, which opened so many aspects around him, his contemplation was concentrated on one single point. Quasimodo turned to ask him what he had done with the gipsy; but the Archdeacon seemed at that moment to be out of the world; he was visibly in one of those violent moments of life, when the earth might have given way under his feet, and he would not have felt it. His eyes invariably fixed on a certain spot, he remained silent and motionless, and this silence and this immobility had a something in them so fearful, that the savage ringer shuddered before, and dared not encounter them. He only followed (and this was still a mode of questioning the archdeacon) the direction of his looks; and in this manner the eye of the unhappy deaf man fell on the *place de la Grève*. He thus beheld what the priest was looking upon. The ladder was raised near the stationary gibbet; there was an attendance of the populace in the square, and a great number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the pavement something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet; here something passed that Quasimodo could not see clearly, not that his single eye had lost its keenness of sight, but there was a knot of soldiers that prevented him from distinguishing every thing. Besides, at that moment the sun shone forth, and such a flood of light burst above the horizon, that it seemed as if all the points of all the buildings in Paris, steeples, chimneys, and gable tops, had taken fire at once.

"Meanwhile, the man set about mounting the ladder; Quasimodo then saw him again distinctly—he carried a woman on his shoulder, a young girl dressed in white: this young girl had a halter about her neck. Quasimodo recognised her; it was herself. The man arrived at the top of the ladder, and arranged the knot of the halter. Here the priest, in order to see better, placed himself on his knees, on the balustrade. On a sudden, the man abruptly pushed away the ladder with his foot, and Quasimodo, who for some moments past had not drawn a breath, saw the unfortunate girl dangle at the end of a rope, two fathoms above the pavement, with the man crouching down upon her, his feet on her shoulder. The cord twisted round several times, and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions all down the gipsy girl's body. The priest, on his part, with outstretched neck, and eyes starting from their sockets, watched the frightful group of the man and the girl—of the spider and the fly. At the moment when the whole was most dreadful to behold, a demon's laugh, such a laugh as can only come from one who has ceased to be a man, burst forth on his livid face. Quasimodo did not hear this laugh, but he saw it. The ringer drew back a few steps behind the archdeacon, and suddenly rushing with fury upon him, with his two huge hands he pushed him into the abyss over which he was leaning.

"The priest cried out 'damnation!' and fell.

"The spout beneath him stopped him in his fall; in desperation, he clung to it with his hands, and just as he opened his mouth to utter a second cry, he saw the fearful and avenging figure of Quasimodo pass on the brink of the balustrade above his head; seeing this he remained silent. The abyss was beneath him; a fall of more than two hundred feet, and the pavement. In this terrible situation the archdeacon said not a word, gave not a groan; he only writhed on the spout, with surprising efforts to raise himself up, but his hands had no hold on the granite, his feet scratched against the blackened wall, without making good their footing. Those persons who have ascended the towers of Notre Dame, are aware that there is a projection of the wall immediately underneath the balustrade; it was on the inward inclination of this projection, that the wretched archdeacon exhausted himself. He had not to do with a perpendicular wall, but with a wall that receded from him.

"Quasimodo would only have had to stretch forward his hand to save him from the precipice; but Quasimodo did not even look at him, he looked at *la Grève*—he looked at the gibbet—he looked at the gipsy girl. The deaf ringer had placed his elbows on the balustrade at the spot where the archdeacon had stood the moment before; and there, not lifting his eye from the only object he had any consciousness of, he remained mute and motionless, as if thunderstruck, and a long torrent of tears fell silently from that eye, whence, till then, but one single tear had ever flowed. The archdeacon panted, his bald forehead streamed with perspiration, his nails bled upon the stone, his knees were grazed bare against the wall; he could hear his cassock, which had caught to the spout, crackle and give way at every shock he gave. To crown all, this spout was terminated by a leaden pipe, which bent under the weight of his

body, and he felt it slowly yielding to his weight. The unfortunate man could not but be certain that when his hands would be broken with fatigue, his cassock completely torn, and the lead bent down, he must fall, and terror chilled him to the heart. Sometimes he cast his eyes wildly upon a sort of platform, made by the sculpture, about ten feet lower down, and from the depth of his agonised soul, he demanded of heaven that he might be suffered to finish his life, were it to last a hundred years, on this space of two feet square. Once he looked down upon the abyss beneath him; when he raised his head, his eyes were closed, and his hair stood bristling erect.

"There was something awful in the silence of these two men. Quasimodo continued weeping and looking towards *la Grève*, while a few feet under him, the arch-deacon was in this frightful state of agony. Finding that all his efforts did nothing but weaken the frail support which remained for him, he had made up his mind to struggle no more. There he was, clinging to the spout, scarcely drawing his breath, not stirring, not moving, but with that mechanical convulsion of the body which we feel in a dream, when we think we are falling; his fixed eyes opened wide, with a diseased, a terrified glare. Little by little, meanwhile, he was losing ground; his fingers slipped upon the stone; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the bending of the lead that supported him inclined every moment still further in the direction of the abyss beneath him: he could see, and a fearful sight it was for him, the roof of *Saint Jean le Rond*, as small as a card bent in two. He looked upon the motionless statues of the tower one after the other, all suspended, like him, over the yawning depth, but without fear for themselves or pity for him. Every thing was of stone around him; before his eyes the gaping monsters, beneath, at the foot of the cathedral, the pavement; above his head, the weeping figure of Quasimodo. In the close, stood a few groups of idlers, who were coolly trying to guess what madman could be amusing himself in so strange a manner. The priest heard them say, for their voices came up clear and sharp to his ear, "Why, he must break his neck." Foaming in a complete delirium of terror, he at length became conscious that all was useless. Nevertheless, he gathered together whatever strength he was still master of, for a last effort. He stiffened himself upon the spout, pushed against the wall with his two knees, fastened both his hands in a slit of the stone and was just on the point of getting a hold for one foot, when the struggle he was making caused the end of the leaden pipe he was supported by, to bend abruptly down, and with the same motion his cassock was ripped up. Finding, therefore every thing give way under him, and having no longer a hold but by his two stiffened and failing hands, the wretched man shut his eyes, and let go the spout. He fell!—Quasimodo looked at him as he was falling.

"A fall from so great a height is seldom perpendicular; he first launched into the air, his head was undermost, and his hands were stretched forth; he afterwards, turned several times round, and, finally, the wind drove him on the roof of a house; here began the fracturing of the unfortunate priest's body, but he was not dead when he landed there. The ringer beheld him still trying to clutch the coping with his nails, but the plane was too much inclined, and he had no strength left; he slid rapidly along the shelving roof, like a loosened tile, and fell with a bound upon the pavement. There he stirred no more."

THE BLACK VELVET BAG.

BY MISS MITTFORD.

Have any of my readers ever found great convenience in the loss, the real loss, of actual tangible property, and been exceedingly provoked and annoyed when such property was restored to them? If so, they can sympathise with late unfortunate recovery, which has brought me to great shame and disgrace. There is no way of explaining my calamity but by telling the whole story.

Last Friday fortnight was one of those anomalies in weather with which we English people are visited for our sins; a day of intolerable wind, and insupportable dust; an equinoctial gale out of season; a piece of March unnaturally foisted into the very heart of May; just as, in the almost parallel mis-arrangement of the English counties, one sees (perhaps out of compliment to this peculiarity of climate, to keep the weather in countenance as it were) a bit of Wiltshire plumped down in the very middle of Berkshire, whilst a great island of the county palatine of Durham figures in the

centre of canny Northumberland. Be this as it may, on that remarkably windy day did I set forth to the good town of B., on the feminine errand called shopping. Every lady who lives far in the country, and seldom visits great towns, will understand the full force of that comprehensive word; and I had not been shopping for a long time: I had a dread of the operation, arising from a consciousness of weakness. I am a true daughter of Eve, a dear lover of bargains and bright colours; and knowing this, have generally been wise enough to keep, as much as I can, out of the way of temptation. At last a sort of necessity arose for some slight purchases, in the shape of two new gowns from London, which cried aloud for making. Trimmings, ribands, sewing silk, and lining, all were called for. The shopping was inevitable, and I undertook the whole concern at once, most heroically resolving to spend just so much, and no more; and half comforting myself that I had a full morning's work of indispensable business, and should have no time for extraneous extravagance.

There was, to be sure, a prodigious accumulation of errands and wants. The evening before, they had been set down in great form, on a slip of paper, headed thus—"things wanted."—To how many and various catalogues that title would apply, from the red bench of the peer, to the oaken settle of the cottager—from him who wants a blue riband, to him who wants bread and cheese! My list was astounding. It was written in double columns, in an invisible hand; the long intractable words were brought into the ranks by the Procrustes mode—abbreviation; and, as we approached the bottom, two or three were crammed into one lot, clumped, as the bean-setters say, and designated by a sort of short hand, a hieroglyphic of my own invention. In good open printing, my list would have cut a respectable figure as a catalogue too; for, as I had a given sum to carry to market, I amused myself with calculating the proper and probable cost of every article; in which process I most egregiously cheated the shopkeeper and myself, by copying, with the credulity of hope, from the puffs in newspapers, and expecting to buy fine solid wearable goods at advertising prices. In this way I stretched my money a great deal farther than it would go, and swelled my catalogue; so that, at last in spite of compression and shorthand, I had no room for another word, and was obliged to crowd several small but important articles, such as cotton, laces, pins, needles, shoe-strings, &c. into that very irregular and disorderly storehouse—that place where most things deposited are lost—*my memory*, by courtesy so called.

The written list was safely consigned, with a well filled purse, to my usual repository, a black velvet bag; and, the next morning, I and my bag, with its nicely balanced contents of wants and money, were safely conveyed in a little open carriage to the good town of B. There I dismounted, and began to bargain most vigorously, visiting the cheapest shops, cheapening the cheapest articles, yet wisely buying the strongest and the best; a little astonished at first, to find every thing so much dearer than I had set it down, yet soon reconciled to this misfortune by the magical influence which shopping possesses over a woman's fancy—all the sooner reconciled, as the monetary list lay unlooked at, and unthought of, in its grave receptacle, the black velvet bag. On I went, with an air of cheerful business, of happy importance, till my money began to wax small. Certain small aberrations had occurred, too, in my economy. One article that had happened, by rare accident, to be below my calculation, and, indeed, below any calculation, calico at ninepence, fine, thick, strong, wide calico, at ninepence, (did ever man hear of any thing so cheap?) absolutely enchanted me, and I took the whole piece; then after buying for M. a gown, according to order, I saw one that I liked better, and bought that too. Then I fell in love, was actually captivated by a sky blue sash and handkerchief,—not the poor, thin, greeny colour which usually passes under that dishonoured name, but the rich full tint of the noon-day sky; and a cap-riband, really pink, that might have vied with the inside leaves of a moss-rose. Then, in hunting after cheapness, I got into obscure shops, where, not finding what I asked for, I was fain to take something that they had, purely to make a proper compensation for the trouble of lugging out drawers, and answering questions. Lastly, I was fairly coaxed into some articles by the irresistibility of the sellers,—by the demure and truth telling look of a pretty quaker, who could almost have persuaded the head off one's shoulders, and who did persuade me that all-wide muslin would go as far as yard and a half: and by the fluent impudence of a lying shopman,

who under cover of a well darkened window, affirmed, on his honour, that his brown satin was a perfect match to my green pattern, and forced the said satin down my throat accordingly. With these helps, my money melted all too fast: at half past five my purse was entirely empty; and, as shopping with an empty purse has by no means the relish and savour of shopping with a full one, I was quite willing and ready to go home to dinner, pleased as a child with my purchases, and wholly unsuspecting the sins of omission, the errands unperformed, which were the natural result of my unconsulted *memoranda* and my treacherous memory.

Home I returned, a happy and proud woman, wise in my own conceit, a thrifty fashion-monger, laden, like a pedler, with huge packages in stout brown holland, tied up with whipcord, and genteel little parcels, papored and packthreaded in shopmanlike style. At last we were safely stowed in the pony-chaise, which had much ado to hold us, my little black bag lying, as usual, in my lap; when, as we ascended the steep hill out of B., a sudden puff of wind took at once my cottage-bonnet and my large cloak, blew the bonnet off my head, so that it hung behind me, suspended by the riband, and fairly snapped the string of the cloak, which flew away, much in the style of John Gilpin's, renowned in story. My companion pitying my plight, exerted himself manfully to regain the fly-away garments, shoved the head into the bonnet, or the bonnet over the head (I do not know which phrase best describes the manœuvre), with one hand, and recovered the refractory cloak with the other. This last exploit was certainly the most difficult. It is wonderful what a tug he was forced to give, before that obstinate cloak could be brought round: it was swelled with the wind like a bladder, animated, so to say, like a living thing, and threatened to carry pony and chaise, and riders, and packages, backward down the hill, as if it had been a sail, and we a ship. At last the contumacious garment was mastered. We righted; and, by dint of sitting sideways, and turning my back on my kind comrade, I got home without any farther damage than the loss of my bag, which, though not missed before the chaise had been unladen, had undoubtedly gone by the board in the gale; and I lamented my old and trusty companion, without in the least foreseeing the use it would probably be of to my reputation.

Immediately after dinner (for in all cases, even when one has bargains to show, dinner must be discussed) I produced my purchases. They were much admired; and the quantity, when spread out in our little room, being altogether dazzling, and the quality satisfactory, the cheapness was never doubted. Every body thought the bargains were exactly such as I meant to get—for nobody calculated; and the bills being really lost in the lost bag, and the particular prices just as much lost in my memory (the ninepenny calico was the only article whose cost occurred to me,) I passed, without telling any thing like a fib, merely by a discreet silence, for the best and thriftiest bargainer that ever went shopping. After some time spent very pleasantly, in admiration on one side, and display on the other, we were interrupted by the demand for some of the little articles which I had forgotten. "The sewing-silk, please ma'am, for my mistress's gown." "Sewing-silk! I don't know—look about." Ah, she might look long enough! no sewing-silk was there. "Very strange!"—Presently came other enquiries—"Where's the tape, Mary?"—"The tape!"—"Yes, my dear; and the needles, pins, cotton, stay-laces, boot laces;" "the bobbin, the ferret, shirt-buttons, shoe-strings?"—"quoth she of the sewing-silk, taking up the cry; and forthwith began a search as bustling, as active, and as vain, as that of our old spaniel, Brush, after a hare that has stolen away from her form. At last she suddenly desisted from her rummage—"Without doubt, ma'am, they are in the reticule, and all lost," said she, in a very pathetic tone. "Really," cried I, a little conscience-stricken, "I don't recollect; perhaps I might forget." "Depend on it, my love, that Harriet's right," interrupted one whose interruptions are always kind; "those are just the little articles that people put in reticules, and you never could forget so many things; besides you wrote them down." "I don't know—I am not sure"—But I was not listened to; Harriet's conjecture had been metamorphosed into a certainty; all my sins of omission were stowed in the reticule; and before bed-time, the little black bag held forgotten things enough to fill a sack.

Never was reticule so lamented by all but its owner; a boy was immediately despatched to look for it, and on his returning empty-handed, there was even a talk of having it cried. My care, on the other hand, was all directed to prevent its being found. I had had the good luck to lose it in a suburb of B. renowned for filching,

and I remembered that the street was, at that moment, full of people: the bag did actually contain more than enough to tempt those who were naturally disposed to steal for stealing's sake; so I went to bed in the comfortable assurance that it was gone for ever. But there is nothing certain in this world—not even a thief's dishonesty. Two old women who had pounced at once on my valuable property, quarrelled about the plunder, and one of them, in a fit of resentment at being cheated in her share, went to the mayor of B. and informed against her companion. The mayor, an intelligent and active magistrate, immediately took the disputed bag, and all its contents, into his own possession; and as he is also a man of great politeness, he restored it as soon as possible to the right owner. The very first thing that saluted my eyes, when I awoke in the morning, was a note from Mr. Mayor, with a sealed packet. The fatal truth was visible; I had recovered my reticule, and lost my reputation. There it lay, that identical black bag, with its name-tickets, its cambric handkerchief, its empty purse, its unconsulted list, its thirteen bills, and its two letters; one from a good sort of lady-farmer, enquiring the character of a cook, with half a sonnet written on the blank pages; the other from a literary friend, containing a critique on the plot of a play, advising me not to kill the king too soon, with other good counsel, such as might, if our mayor had not been a man of sagacity, have sent a poor authoress, in a Mademoiselle Scuderi-mistake to the tower. That catastrophe would hardly have been worse than the real one. All my omissions have been found out. My price list has been compared with the bills. I have forfeited my credit for bargaining. I am become a by-word for forgetting. Nobody trusts me to purchase a paper of pins, or to remember the cost of a penny riband. I am a lost woman. My bag is come back, but my fame is gone.

MADEMOISELLE THERESE.

BY THE SAME.

One of the prettiest dwellings in our neighbourhood, is the Lime Cottage at Burley-Hatch. It consists of a small low-browed habitation, so entirely covered with jessamine, honey-suckle, passion-flowers, and china roses, as to resemble a bower, and is placed in the centre of a large garden,—turf and flowers before, vegetables and fruit trees behind, backed by a superb orchard, and surrounded by a quickset hedge, so thick, and close, and regular, as to form an impregnable defence to the territory which it encloses—a thorny rampart, a living and growing *chevaux-de-frise*. On either side of the neat gravel walk, which leads from the outer gate to the door of the cottage, stand the large and beautiful trees to which it owes its name; spreading their strong, broad shadow over the turf beneath, and sending, on a summer afternoon, their rich, spicy, fragrance half across the irregular village green, dappled with wood and water, and gay with sheep, cattle, and children, which divides them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, from the little hamlet of Burley, its venerable church and handsome rectory, and its short straggling street of cottages and country shops.

Such is the habitation of Therese de G., an emigrée of distinction, whose aunt having married an English officer, was luckily able to afford her niece an asylum during the horrors of the revolution, and to secure to her a small annuity, and the Lime Cottage after her death. There she has lived for these five-and-thirty years, gradually losing sight of her few and distant foreign connections, and finding all her happiness in her pleasant home and her kind neighbours—a standing lesson of cheerfulness and contentment.

A very popular person is Mademoiselle Therese—popular both with high and low; for the prejudice which the country people almost universally entertain against foreigners, vanished directly before the charm of her manners, the gaiety of her heart, and the sunshine of a temper that never knows a cloud. She is so kind to them too, so liberal of the produce of her orchard and garden, so full of resource in their difficulties, and so gure to afford sympathy if she have nothing else to give, that the poor all idolise Mademoiselle. Among the rich, she is equally beloved. No party is complete without the pleasant Frenchwoman, whose amenity and cheerfulness, her perfect general politeness, her attention to the old, the poor, the stupid, and the neglected, are felt to be invaluable in society. Her conversation is not very powerful either, nor very brilliant; she never says any thing remarkable—but then it is so good-natured, so genuine, so unpretending, so constantly up and alive, that one would feel its absence far more than that of a more showy and ambitious talker; to say nothing of the

charm which it derives from her language, which is alternately the most graceful and purest French, and the most diverting and absurd broken English;—a dialect in which, whilst contriving to make herself perfectly understood both by gentle and simple, she does also contrive, in the course of an hour, to commit more blunders, than all the other foreigners in England make in a month.

Her appearance betrays her country almost as much as her speech. She is a French-looking little personage, with a slight, active figure, exceedingly nimble and alert in every movement; a round and darkly-complexioned face, somewhat faded and *passée*, but still striking from the laughing eyes, the bland and brilliant smile, and the great mobility of expression. Her features, pretty as they are, want the repose of an English countenance; and her air, gesture, and dress, are decidedly foreign, all alike deficient in the English charm of quietness. Nevertheless, in her youth she must have been pretty; so pretty that some of our young ladies, scandalised at the idea of finding their favourite an old maid, have invented sundry legends to excuse the solecism, and talk of duels fought *pour l'amour de ses beaux yeux*, and of a betrothed lover guillotined in the revolution. And the thing may have been so; although one meets every where with old maids who have been pretty, and whose lovers have not been guillotined; and although Mademoiselle Therese has not, to do her justice, the least in the world the air of a heroine crossed in love. The thing may be so; but I doubt it much. I rather suspect our fair demoiselle of having been in her youth a little of a flirt. Even during her residence at Burley-Hatch, hath not she indulged in divers very distant, very discreet, very decorous, but still very evident flirtations? Did not Dr. Abdy, the portly, ruddy schoolmaster of B., dangle after her for three mortal years, holidays excepted? And did she not refuse him at last? And Mr. Foreclose, the thin, withered, wrinkled, city solicitor, a man, so to say, smoke-dried, who comes down every year to Burley for the air, did not he do suit and service to her during four long vacations, with the same ill success. Was not Sir Thomas himself a little smitten? Nay, even now, does not the good major, a halting veteran of seventy—but really it is too bad to tell tales out of the parish—all that is certain is, that Mademoiselle Therese might have changed her name long before now, had she so chosen; and that it is most probable that she will never change it at all.

Her household consists of her little maid Betsy, a cherry-cheeked, blue-eyed country lass, brought up by herself, who with a full clumsy figure, and a fair, innocent, unmeaning countenance, copies, as closely as these obstacles will permit, the looks and gestures of her alert and vivacious mistress, and has even caught her broken English;—of a fat lap dog, called Fido, silky, sleepy, and sedate;—and of a beautiful white Spanish ass, called Donabella, an animal docile and spirited, far beyond the generality of that despised race, who draws her little donkey-chaise half the country over, runs to her the moment she sees her, and eats roses, bread and apples from her hand; but who, accustomed to be fed and groomed, harnessed and driven only by females, resists and rebels the moment she is approached by the rougher sex; has overturned more boys, and kicked more men, than any donkey in the kingdom; and has acquired such a character for restiveness among the grooms in the neighbourhood, that when Mademoiselle Therese goes out to dinner, Betsy is fain to go with her to drive Donabella home again, and to return to fetch her mistress in the evening.

If every body is delighted to receive this most welcome visitor, so is every body delighted to accept her graceful invitations, and meet to eat strawberries at Burley Hatch. Oh, how pleasant are those summer afternoons, sitting under the blossomed limes, with the sun shedding a golden light through the broad branches, the bees murmuring over head, roses and lilies all about us, and the choicest fruit served up in wicker baskets of her own making—itsself a picture! the guests looking so pleased and happy, and the kind hostess the gayest and happiest of all. Those are pleasant meetings; nor are her little winter parties less agreeable, when, two or three female friends assembled round their coffee, she will tell thrilling stories of that terrible revolution, so fertile in great crimes and great virtues; or gayer anecdotes of the brilliant days preceding that convulsion, the days which Madame de Genlis has described so well, when Paris was the capital of pleasure, and amusement the business of life; illustrating her descriptions by a series of spirited drawings of costumes and characters done by herself, and always finishing by producing a group of Louis Seize, Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin and Madame

Elizabeth, as she had last seen them at Versailles—the only recollection that ever brings tears into her smiling eyes.

Mademoiselle Therese's loyalty to the Bourbons was in truth a very real feeling. Her family had been about the court, and she had imbibed an enthusiasm for the royal sufferers natural to a young and a warm heart—she loved the Bourbons, and hated Napoleon with like ardour. All her other French feelings had for some time been a little modified. She was not quite so sure as she had been, that France was the only country, and Paris the only city of the world; that Shakespeare was a barbarian and Milton no poet; that the perfume of English limes, was nothing compared to French orange trees; that the sun never shone in England; and that sea-coal fires were bad things. She still, indeed, would occasionally make these assertions, especially if dared to make them; but her faith in them was shaken. Her loyalty to her legitimate king, was, however, as strong as ever, and that loyalty had nearly cost us our dear Mademoiselle. After the restoration, she hastened as fast as a steam-boat and diligence could carry her, to enjoy the delight of seeing once more the Bourbons at the Tuilleries; took leave, between smiles and tears, of her friends, and of Burley Hatch, carrying with her a branch of the lime tree, then in blossom, and commissioning her old lover, Mr. Foreclose, to dispose of the cottage: but in less than three months, luckily before Mr. Foreclose had found a purchaser, Mademoiselle Therese came home again. She complained of nobody; but times were altered. The house in which she was born was pulled down; her friends were scattered; her kindred dead; madame did not remember her (she had probably never heard of her in her life); the king did not know her again (poor man! he had not seen her for these thirty years); Paris was a new city; the French were a new people; she missed the sea-coal fires; and for the stunted orange trees at the Tuilleries, what were they compared with the blossomed limes of Burley Hatch!

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE

BY CHARLES BOILKAU ELLIOTT, ESQ.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

One striking evidence of the rapid progress we are making in civilisation is the constant and increasing demand for travels and voyages. We are no longer contented to live within ourselves. The whole world is our theatre. We explore all its regions; nor is there a spot visited by the sun that is wholly unknown to us. Our enterprising countrymen go forth to collect their intellectual treasures, and return home to enrich us with their stores. Every month adds something valuable to the general stock. We enjoy the benefit without countering the peril. We sympathise with danger, while we feel that it is past, and luxuriate in pleasurable emotions, while our hearts thrill with the interest which the daring adventurer has thrown round himself. This species of writing has also a charm for every reader. The man of science and the rustic, the scholar and the mechanic, sit down with equal zest to participate in the mental feast; and thus knowledge is widely diffused—knowledge which invigorates the inward man, enlarging his capacity, and extending the sphere of his enjoyments, and which prepares a whole nation for liberal institutions, which invests them with political and commercial importance, and thus raises them in the scale of nations. The success of works of this description stimulates enterprise, and opens the largest field for the useful employment of energies which might otherwise be wasted.

Mr. Elliott justly ranks among the most enlightened and intelligent of his class. His unpretending volume discovers an enthusiastic love of nature, and the most liberal views of man in all his diversified conditions. We scarcely ever read a work in which there is so little to censure and so much to approve. Unlike many of his brethren, he is a good writer: his style is pure and classical. He is likewise a philosopher and a Christian. We first become his willing associates, and our intercourse soon ripens into friendship. We close the book with reluctance, and take leave of him with a sigh of regret.

The above interesting work will appear in the next number of the "Library."

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Letters from the North of Europe;

OR,

A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN HOLLAND, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, FINLAND, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA, AND SAXONY.

BY CHARLES B. ELLIOTT, ESQ.

Of the Bengal Civil Service; of Queen's College, Cambridge; and Member of the Royal Geographical Society.

From the last London edition.

INTRODUCTION.

We do not remember having perused a volume of personal narrative that afforded more satisfaction than the following tour through the north of Europe, from the pen of Mr. Elliott. His description of Norway, its *fjords* and *fjelds*, its magnificent mountain scenery and dashing torrents—the manners of the isolated inhabitants, many of them almost entirely removed from all contact with civilisation, so graphically depicted, and with so much fidelity, are highly entertaining and instructive. We have spoken of the fidelity of the narrative—of this our conviction is produced from the general character of the book. The style is vigorous and classical, the language of a gentleman and scholar—and has all the appearance of having been written, as he says, for the private amusement and information of his friend, then travelling in South America. There is a *crispe-ment* pervading the whole that will effectually screen it from the too frequently just imputation of being of the spurious brood hatched in the brains of needy authors for the benefit of London booksellers. We believe we hazard little in saying that much of the ground over which the author travels is now to most American readers, and that he presents his scenes in a fresh and satisfactory manner. We should be glad to accompany such a gentleman as Mr. Elliott in other peregrinations. His views of Russian society and manners, &c. are of a late date—in fact it is the most recent work of any value on the countries he visited.

With more personal adventure, and through countries with which we are less familiar, in its graphic style and candour, it will probably remind many of Carter's popular letters from Europe—a work which still continues to be much read.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The following letters, written, with one exception, from the places whence they are dated, and addressed to private friends, are now submitted to the public. They comprise little more than a journal, penned at moments snatched from the occupations of a traveller passing quickly through the countries he visited, and anxious to devote his time to the acquisition of information. The desire of the author in publishing this volume is to introduce to the notice of his countrymen the beauties of nature lying within their reach in the almost unexplored mountains of Norway; a tract of country which offers to the traveller, not an isolated prospect, but a succession of richly-varied landscapes rivalling those of the Alps and the Himala.

Facts submitted to the observation of the author are recorded with fidelity; but the opinions hazarded regarding national character and civil institutions are not entitled to be received with equal confidence. They were the result of first impressions; and, as such, require confirmation by further experience or the concurrence of other minds.

The manuscripts have been revised and enlarged by the author, who, in the additions to his original letters, has drawn chiefly on memory and his own private notes. For the dates of several historical events, and for a few

details interesting to a general reader which escaped his notice, he has referred to the writings of earlier travellers in the north; as also to the able works of Sir Capel de Brooke, Captain Jones, and Dr. Granville; his obligations to all whom he takes this opportunity of acknowledging.

An occasional reference to ancient history has been inserted, as affording a means of comparing the former condition of the European world and the views of its historians with those of modern times.

The allusions to India will not be thought too frequent by those who are interested in our eastern possessions. Her political importance, the moral condition of her people, and the natural features of the country, have secured for India the attention of every one whose thoughts are occupied with politics, morals, or statistics: and in preparing for publication his private letters, the author considered it unnecessary to expunge the occasional allusions to a land where the first years of his life and his manhood were passed.

Queen's College, Cambridge.

LETTER I.

Amsterdam, 24th June, 1830.

After a passage of twenty-six hours from London, we reached Rotterdam at noon on Thursday, the 17th instant. On Saturday we went to the Hague in a *char à banc*, and on Monday evening embarked on a boat, which conveyed us in three hours to Leyden. The following day carried us to Haarlem, and yesterday evening we arrived at Amsterdam. I have entered into these details that you may follow me on the map, and because I intend to make my letters my journal.

Holland is a natural marsh, transformed by artificial means into arable land. Great changes have taken place on its surface, as you will readily believe if you cast your eye over the Zuider Zee in the map, and recall to mind that in the first century of our era, it was occupied by the Batavi. Enormous mounds of earth are piled up as barriers against the encroachments of the sea, which at full tide rises, in some places, forty feet above the level of the land. The fortification of this country against the waters was undertaken as early as the time of Claudius Drusus, who constructed the first of the dykes that form the bulwark of the Hollanders; which have ever since been the wonder of Europe, and a lasting monument of industry and perseverance. As we walked at the foot of one of these artificial mountains, gradually sloping to its summit, where the breadth is about thirty feet, the sea was washing its opposite side far above our heads. There was something in the sound of the waves, and the thought of their elevated proximity, which inspired a fear that they might involve us in destruction, by breaking down the "tall rampire" that

"Spreads its long arms against the wat'ry roar."

But this fear was momentary, and yielded to admiration, as we contemplated the strength and skilful design of the dyke.

The dykes vary in size and elevation according to their situation. Formed of stones and adhesive soil, they are planted towards the sea with reeds which collect the sand that is thrown up. Thus receiving an annual accession of matter, the original structure is protected, while its breadth and stability increase. Where more than usual danger exists, a second and interior dyke is raised to secure the country in case the outer one should give way. The two are made parallel, and the intermediate space serves as a channel, commanded by sluices, to carry off an occasional flood; or, as on one occasion, to inundate an hostile army.

The plains thus snatched from the legitimate dominion of the sea, are intersected by canals fortified with locks. These, by a happy contrivance, allow the superfluous water to flow into the ocean, while the efforts of the intrusive waves only serve to close more firmly the barriers.

The sides of the canals are frequently planted with willows; and at this season the water-lilies and field flowers render almost picturesque a country which has little to boast in the beauties of nature. To the amphibious natives the canal offers a means of conveyance, at once readier, cheaper, and more agreeable, than the roads; and *trekschuits*, or track-boats, supply the place of stage-coaches. In passing through the country on

one of these barges, an Englishman can hardly fail to be struck with the peculiar propriety of our poet's description, and the happy choice of his words, when he represents the ocean as peeping over the dyke, and wondering at

"The slow canal, the yellow-bosomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail;
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A now creation rescued from his reign."

The towns in Holland are very similar in their arrangements, so that the description of one may apply to all. The streets are broad and clean, being washed every morning; as are the fronts of the houses. Numerous canals of almost stagnant water, intersecting the towns, render them unhealthy in summer, and generate the diseases peculiar to marshy lands. The style of architecture baffles description, being as varied as the houses are numerous. The upper parts of adjacent buildings are seldom of the same elevation or form, but exhibit every grotesque shape that can be imagined; and generally, a house of three stories, with four windows on the ground-floor, has but one above; having decreased in size like the gable-end of a tiled cottage in England.

Rotterdam, which derives its name from the Rotter that here flows into the Meuse, contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. It was the birth-place of Erasmus, of whom a statue in bronze stands on the principal bridge of the city. A Latin inscription points out the little house where this great man was born.

"Hæc est parva domus magnus quæ natus Erasmus."

His tomb, if I remember right, is at Basle, in Switzerland.

In this large commercial city the canals running through the streets are so large and deep, that, when filled by the tide, vessels of six or seven hundred tons can deliver their cargoes at the door of almost any principal warehouse. They are studded with draw-bridges divided in the centre, and wheeled by machinery to the sides in order to admit vessels, as often as may be necessary.

The houses are very high, and strangely and irregularly built: there seems to be in many a foolish attempt to imitate the Grecian style, but without taste or uniformity of design. The upper stories project beyond the lower; and some of the houses are so much out of the perpendicular, that the opposite roofs are almost in contact. I rather imagine that this is attributable to the sinking of the piles which support the fronts of the buildings; the tops of which are thereby inevitably thrown forward. Great care is taken to prevent the farther depression of these piles; and, with this view, small sledges without wheels, drawn by one horse, are substituted by authority for wagons, which are prohibited, lest the vibration occasioned by their movement over a rough part should shake the uncertain foundation.

The looking-glasses, which are occasionally seen as appendages to French and German houses, seem here to form the necessary exterior furniture of every window. They are fixed on projecting irons, and inclined at an angle, varying with the elevation of the spot, so as to reflect into the room the street with its motley groups and busy bodies. This absurd toy, contrived to promote idleness, is worthy of the Hollanders,

"Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm."

The 18th of June is kept holy by the Dutch, (nearly all of whom are Protestants), to commemorate the mercy of God in the result of the battle of Waterloo. I thought the English might profit by such an example.

We attended the service in the cathedral of St. Lawrence, to hear the organ, which, in the estimation of the Rotterdamers, rivals that at Haarlem. There are two thousand two hundred pipes; the largest are seventeen inches in diameter. The stops are not fewer than ninety; that called the "*vox humana*," is said to be unrivalled, except by the corresponding one in the cathedral just mentioned. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the church, which is dull and heavy; and nothing in the interior to attract attention, except a brass balustrade, separating the nave from the choir, which exhibits skill and taste in the workmanship.

In the ride from Rotterdam to the Hague, a distance of twenty-seven miles, we passed through Delft, which

is situated half way between the two. It is a gloomy little town, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants; about one fourth of the population of Rotterdam. The learned Grotius was born here: a simple monument is erected over his body, which lies in one of the churches. The sculpture represents his head, and by the side of it, a child leaning on an urn with an inverted torch. The emblem is, perhaps, more significant than was intended; adverting not only to the extinction of life, but also to the perversion of talent.

The same building contains a monument to the memory of William the First, Prince of Orange, who was assassinated in 1584. As a specimen of sculpture it is perfect. At the feet of the prince recumbent on a marble sarcophagus, the favourite dog is sleeping who roused him from slumber when some Spanish murderers entered his tent in the campaign of 1572. After the death of his master, the faithful animal refused nourishment, and died of a broken heart.

The Hague is the residence of the court during six months of the year. It was the birth-place of our William the Third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well-built town, more in the German than the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Vourhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle covered with shells are assigned to pedestrians.

A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the prince of Orange, called the "Palace in the wood." The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman.

The chambers of lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1540, by prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection, are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt; which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tëshima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their eastern junks.

In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe. The church in which the venerable Saurin used to preach, is now a miserable ruin.

The little village of Schevening on the sea-coast, about three miles from the Hague, supplies the town with fish, which is carried there every morning in trucks drawn, as we are informed, by large mastiffs. The road is over a bed of sand. The afternoon I passed there was stormy; and it would be difficult to picture to one's mind a spot more dreary than Schevening then appeared. A large bath-house, built by order of government, is the only building in the place, except the huts of a few fishermen.

A covered boat, like an Indian bhaliah, sets off almost every hour from the Hague to Leyden, a distance of eleven miles. It is towed by a single horse, and carries about twenty people, of all descriptions, ranged on two benches. The fare is only a few pence. In this singular conveyance we were stowed with a variety of living cargo of Dutch and Flemish peculiarity. The evening was fine, and the fertile country, though flat, was interesting from the novelty of its character. Here and there the banks are lined with rows of poplar and willow. The fields are studded with mills for throwing the water into canals, when long-continued rains have inundated their surface.

The houses are low, long, and narrow, but particularly clean. Each garden has its summer-house, where tobacco and coffee unite their fumes to lull the torpid Hollander to the sleep he covets. Some of these summer-houses are remarkable for the neatness they dis-

play; being prettily ornamented with light wooden decorations and sylvan figures; but, like the gardens, they exhibit too much regularity and too many straight lines to suit an English taste.

Leyden is built on the ancient bed of the Rhine, a branch of which river still passes through it, and gives the name of Rhymland to the surrounding country. The town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants and a hundred and forty-five stone bridges, forming communications between the islands into which Leyden is divided by numerous canals. Every street is undermined by sewers. One of these is a mile in length, and sufficiently large to admit a boat, for the purpose of cleansing it. The gutters are covered with boards only, raised at pleasure to receive the dirt.

Leyden signalled itself in 1573, by the stand it made against the Spaniards, when the Duke of Alva had subjected the whole of Holland except this gallant town. The distress to which the besieged were reduced is scarcely surpassed in the history of Europe. Probably none but the Jews have ever suffered greater horrors. For seven weeks the flesh of dogs and horses, with a few roots and herbs, formed the only food of the inhabitants. At length the elements interposed on behalf of the sufferers; one of the dykes was burst by an equinoctial gale; the whole country was inundated; and the deluge that drove away the Spaniard, bore on the surface of its waters boats laden with provisions, sent from all quarters to the relief of the town. To reward their bravery, the Prince of Orange offered the burghers an university, or exemption from taxes for a certain term of years. Preferring the former, they have a just reward in the rise amongst them of many who, in various departments of science, have attained an eminence on which they stand conspicuous to posterity. Foremost in this noble company is Boerhaave, whose talents and perseverance raised him to the rank of the first chemist and physician of his day. He professed these sciences in the university; and in the examination-room, his picture is suspended with those of all who have held the office of professor here. In this venerable society we remarked the portraits of Scaliger, Salmatius, Witsius, and Arminius. The painter Gerard Douw was a native of Leyden; and Rembrandt of its immediate vicinity.

The botanical garden does honour to the taste and science with which it was arranged by Boerhaave, who planted there two palm-trees, the living memorials of the great master: the anatomical theatre is worthy of such a patron: as are the museums of natural history and antiquities, which contain some of the finest collections in Europe of stuffed animals, skeletons, and minerals, besides twenty-four mummies.

At Catwyk, a few miles from Leyden, is the artificial embouchure of one of the branches of the Rhine, which discharges itself into the sea at low tide, through a channel far below the level of high water, and protected from the ocean by sluices, that open to let out the river as the tide falls, and close to prevent its being filled by the sea as it rises. A bolder design of man has perhaps never been accomplished.

Haarlem stands on a lake of the same name, fourteen miles from Leyden. The population is about twenty thousand. We were not a little surprised to find that neither French nor English gold could be exchanged here. No money-changer was to be met with, and the people of the inn, who spoke only Dutch, gave us to understand that they did not know the value of our coins.

We paid a sovereign for an hour's enjoyment of the organ in the cathedral of St. Bavon, which is admitted to be the finest in the world. It has eight thousand pipes, and sixty-eight stops. The largest pipe is thirty-two feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter. One of the pieces we heard represented a band with every variety of music; another, a storm of rain and thunder, the effect of which was astonishing. The loud peals of thunder seemed to roll over the building, while drops of rain beat violently on the roof. The storm gradually exhausted itself, and all was calm.

In the town-house we saw the first books printed, in 1440, by Lawrence Coster, the inventor of the art. His house, and a statue in the market-place dedicated to his memory, still exist. The latter bears the following inscription:—

"MEMORIE SACRUM.

Typographia, ars artium omnium conservatrix hic primum inventa, circa annum 1440."

It is interesting to recollect, that Linnæus formed here the botanical system, which was afterwards matured by the study of nature in the flower-clad mountains of Norway. Two tulip-trees planted by him still survive, the

rivals in age and honour of the palms of Boerhaave in the sister garden of Leyden. Since his time, this place has been renowned for its tulips, and the temptation to buy some roots for transmission to England was too great to be resisted. It is difficult to decide whether the late purchase of one of these flowers for a thousand pounds is an act to be approved or not. Perhaps without such encouragement the necessary stimulus to horticultural adventure would be wanting; and enterprise in the departments of natural philosophy can scarcely be too well rewarded.

Leaving Haarlem yesterday evening, we drove nine miles in a calèche to this city, of which I hope to send you an account in my next.

LETTER II.

Amsterdam, 26th June, 1830.

This city has been formed since the thirteenth century. It derives its name from the river Amstel, on whose bank it is situated, and the enormous dam that opposes the inroads of the sea on a country snatched from its lawful dominion. The whole town which is nine miles in circumference, stands on piles driven into the mud. Under the town house alone are thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-five. Well might Erasmus say that he had reached a city, whose inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees! Ninety small islands, united by two hundred and ninety bridges, form the site of the town, which contains a population of about two hundred and five thousand souls, of whom one tenth are Jews. Owing to the number of canals, and the quantity of stagnant water in the vicinity, the air would be still more prejudicially affected than it is, were it not for mills which are kept constantly at work to communicate an artificial motion to the water. Several of these are employed likewise to draw up the mud brought down by the Y to its junction with the Amstel, which, but for this precaution, would block up the passage of the river.

Most of the houses in Amsterdam are built of brick, and entered by a flight of steps; but, two of the same shape and size are seldom seen together. Every variety of architecture is united, so that the whole exhibits a grotesque appearance not easily to be described. The streets are broad and clean; and the fronts of the houses do not, as in most of the Dutch towns, incline inwards, many degrees out of the perpendicular.

With the exception of the palace, a large and heavy edifice, and the collection of Dutch pictures, there is little of an individual character to attract a stranger's attention. The tout-ensemble is striking. An Englishman feels himself to be in a country different from his own, yet he can scarcely decide what marks most forcibly the distinction. The stagnant water and the low lands, connected, as they are in the mind, with their necessary concomitants miasma and sickness, are what most displease: unless, indeed, the traveller be annoyed, as we have been at every inn, by finding sheets on the bed from which the moisture might almost be wrung in drops.

The collection of pictures to which I have just referred is the only one not removed to Paris during the reign of Napoleon. It contains the choicest pieces of Rembrandt, Gerard Douw, Snyder, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, and Rubens. Among the chef d'œuvres of these artists, those that most attracted us are an evening school by Gerard Douw, in which the varied characters and conflicting passions of the pedagogues and his boys are strikingly exhibited; the change of a night watch by Rembrandt, where the lurid and partial glare of a lamp is contrasted with the silvery and diffused light of the moon; and lastly, a repast of the confederates after the treaty of Munster, by Vander Helst, for one figure of which, the Emperor Alexander is said to have offered three thousand pounds.

The churches are uninteresting as buildings, and very different from those of the Netherlands, whose internal decorations rival their external splendour.

The guide conducted us to the docks of the Dutch East India company. Recollecting the power they once possessed, and the sturdy opposition they offered to the establishment of the British dominion in the East, we were prepared for something better than a miserable shed, containing three or four worn out vessels under repair. The apology he offered for the decayed sinews of this commercial body is, that the original dock was carried away by the sea, which, breaking through a dyke, inundated the town some years ago; and that half the present building was destroyed in 1622 when

the piles gave way. But the fact is, their commerce received a deadly blow by the injudicious opening of the trade with China. Hundreds of adventurers embarked their fortunes in this hazardous speculation and destroyed the profits of one another, so that tea is now actually selling in Holland for a less price than it costs in China.

The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverised diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically; the other is divided, and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle: the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.

Across the river, a road runs on the top of a dyke, for seven miles, to Saardam. In this little town, Peter the Great, disguising himself, and assuming the name of Michaeloff, worked for some years as a shipwright, that he might instruct his people in that art. From Saardam, you may remember that he went, about the year 1700, to Deptford, where he perfected himself in the trade; and then exchanged for a sceptre the humble mien of a carpenter. A rude picture, which I bought on the spot, of the interior of his workshop, that was covered in 1823 by a brick building at the order of the princess of Orange, is reserved to gratify your curiosity. In the hat are two rooms and a loft. In the first little room are a table, three chairs and a recess which served as a bedstead. The Emperor Alexander visited in 1814 this abode of his great ancestor, and ordered two inscriptions to be recorded in memory of the event. The one is, "Petro Magno—Alexander."

The other, in Russian and Dutch, "Nothing is too little for a great man."

Saardam has declined from its former splendour. Its chief wealth now consists in tobacco, paper, and sawing-mills. These, which exceed two thousand in number, are often grotesquely painted, giving a singular and novel appearance to the village. They are worked by the wind, and some of them will cut forty planks at once.

Not many miles from Saardam is a village called Brock, whose peculiar character, so different from the busy capital near which it stands, baffles all my conjectures. Perhaps your imagination may be more successful in tracing a cause sufficient to produce the effects we see. On entering the village of Brock, the traveller is struck with the neat appearance of the streets, paved with variegated bricks, pebbles, and shells; and with the green painted houses and their little parterres, all bordering a lake which, but for its discoloured waters, would enhance the beauty of the spot. Yet scarcely an individual is to be seen. Carriages are not permitted to enter. Every house is closed. The doors are locked: the shutters are shut. Silence reigns: and you might fancy yourself in a fairy land peopled by invisible spirits. Diligence and comfort seem to exist; yet the agents and recipients are alike unheard and unseen. There are about three hundred houses; many of a whimsical form. The inhabitants live entirely in the back of their dwellings: the front door is never opened except on occasion of a marriage or death; and on no pretext can a stranger be admitted within. They have no amusements that we could discover; and the only three children we saw out of school were discussing some recondite game over a piece of wood, with all the sobriety of sixty years.

As we entered a school which contained about forty boys, they were rising, and the master with great solemnity offered a prayer before their dismissal. We hoped to obtain from him some clue to the real cause of a local peculiarity so striking as that which Brock presents; but he either could not, or would not, satisfy us. He talked sensibly in the main, but affected to laugh

at our supposing that the people of Brock differ from other people. "The only difference," he said, "consists in this—others have their fortunes to make; those have made their fortunes: therefore the world has no attractions for them and they seek repose." Experience does not lead to the conclusion that men find less pleasure in the enjoyments of time and sense as they acquire the means of procuring them in a greater degree. Moreover, his observations would induce the inference, that the village is composed of the country-seats of merchants retired from business; whereas, he assured us that the inhabitants had occupied their present abodes in the persons of their ancestors for many generations, and that they seldom intermarry with those of neighbouring towns. I thought at one time that they might be Moravians; but they are not. Their creed and discipline are those of the reformed protestant church; and in their religion they seem to differ from the rest of the Hollanders only in the honourable distinction of milder manners and purer lives. I have seldom seen a spot of such interest. The veil of mystery which overshadows it perhaps enhances the pleasurable feeling, by giving scope to the imagination; and it is not impossible that a perfect acquaintance with the rise and progress of their customs might detract something from the interest which I am inclined to feel for the unsophisticated natives of Brock.

The Dutch men are short and stout; the women fair and plump. The latter wear broad bands of gold round the temples, uniting large pendants in the form of conical ear-rings. French is the language of the higher orders, but the lower understand only Dutch; except at the sea-port of Rotterdam, where many speak English. The national character is observant, industrious, calculating, frugal, brave, and phlegmatic. All these qualities may be traced, in a greater or less degree, to their peculiar situation, in constant danger of inundation. From earliest infancy the Hollanders become attentive observers of their enemy, whose inroads they check by calculating foresight, and the effects of whose destructive incursions they repair with industry. The frequent loss of the labor of years compels them to be provident and frugal; and in the constant proximity of danger, they become habitually brave; while repeated disappointments and permanent distrust render them comparatively cold and phlegmatic.*

There are two things of a peculiar character in Holland which deserve to be noticed. One is the enactment authorising husbands, wives, and children, to be imprisoned in a house of correction set apart for the chastisement of offences against the laws by which the relations of social life are governed. The other, a contrivance for compelling the incorrigibly idle to work. At one end of the room is a pump, and a stream of water runs in from the ceiling; so that unless the prisoner labour continually, he must inevitably be drowned.

The common mode of salutation in this country curiously exemplifies the remark, that the expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greeting bear reference to the object they most esteem, and bespeak their

* Griscom, in his "Year in Europe," has given some characteristic sketches of the cleanliness of this people. Of one house he says;—"The floor was covered with two, if not three carpets, one a rich Brussels. The door, as well as windows, was curtained; leather was nailed to the floor around the hearth, and on the rug were two pieces of cork, about a foot square, to rest the feet upon. The other furniture was in a corresponding style." Again:—"Brock is inhabited by wealthy farmers, who live in affluence upon the income of their lands. Wagons and loaded carriages are not allowed to pass through the streets, the pavements of which are kept in the best possible order; while the foot walk, which is as clean as scrubbing brushes can well make it, is sanded and marked out into fanciful and ornamental figures. The doors and porches are burnished, the trunks of the trees which grow before them are polished by frequent scrubbing. To gain admission at the front door is a favour not to be expected, except by persons of some consequence, there being always a very decent back way, by which people on ordinary business may find access to the apartments commonly used by the family; and if the shoes of a visiter happen to be a little soiled, a pair of slippers is presented him at the door, which he is to use as a substitute during his stay."

The above reminds us of a lady in a country village, whose excess of nicety never allowed a back-log to be brought into the parlour, until it had been thoroughly scrubbed!—*Ed.*

habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations may be adduced as instances in point; so may the English, French, and Italian; nor can we forget the tranquillity and repose implied in the Oriental word "salaam." To these and other characteristic expressions may be added the Dutchman's "How do you navigate?" Ever on the water or in the water, the ideas of this amphibious people are inseparably connected with the element which they alone have subjected; and the words, which I have translated literally, inappropriate in any other mouth, are aptly addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.

Our party has been very pleasant. You know my long tried friendship with V—. The more I see, the more I value him. The ladies add much to our enjoyment. Mr. R— is full of information and vivacity; and, though seventy years of age, seems the youngest of the party. A few days I regret to say, will separate us. While they go southwards, I shall turn my solitary steps to the bleak regions of the north. The undertaking is arduous, but it offers much of enjoyment and benefit. The difficulties of a foreign tongue recede before a determination to subdue them; and one soon learns to ask in any language for the necessities of life, in terms at least intelligible, if not grammatical.

LETTER III.

Hamburg, 29th June, 1830.

On Saturday, the 26th instant, I left with much regret the friends with whom I made the tour of Holland; and embarked at Amsterdam on a steamer for Hamburg. She weighed anchor about three in the morning of Sunday. Thirty-four hours brought us to the town of Cuxhaven, that stands on the bank of the Elbe, not many miles from its embouchure. On the left we passed Heligoland, now reduced from its former condition as a well peopled and rather famous island to a miserable mound, which is gradually decreasing under the encroachment of the sea. It was once covered with temples dedicated to heathen gods, and appears to have been a spot of great sanctity: this fact is commemorated by its name, signifying "the holy land."—Many of the German literati suppose that Heligoland contained one of the seven tribes referred to by Tacitus as worshipping Hertha, or the goddess Earth. Our own ancestors, the Angles, formed one of this number, as the English word so obviously connected with the object of worship sufficiently attests in confirmation of historical evidence.

The entrance to the Elbe, the ancient Albis, is studded with an unusual number of buoys, which, as well as many landmarks, indicate the difficulty of the navigation of this river. The banks are so low that we sailed for some miles in what is called the mouth of the Elbe, without descrying land on either side, except where an occasional tower, elevated for the purpose, or a very distant hill, infringed on the even line of the horizon.

Cuxhaven is a small and dirty seaport attached to Hamburg, and governed by one of the senators of that town, who succeed to the office in rotation. It is fortified, and contains a small garrison. The English, and other foreign packets for Hamburg, stop here, while the mails are sent by land to their final destination. This port is a possession of great importance to the neighbouring free city, both as a depot and maritime station; since the water is deep and will receive ships of almost any burden.

The day was bright and clear. As we sailed up the noble river, the flat and not uncultivated coast of Hanover on the right, and that of Denmark on the left, lay extended before us. A range of low hills forms the background of the former view, that tells a tale of the poverty in which the dukes of Hanover would have remained, if a better fortune had not summoned them to the throne of England. The party on the steamer exhibited a motley group of Dutch and German. An English merchant, a French petit-maitre, a Spanish chargé-d'affaires, a Russian traveller, and a Swedish count, afforded variety to the exhibition of character and the tones of conversation. Most of them, however, understood French, which, with Dutch and German, formed the principal medium of communication. At eight in the evening we arrived at Hamburg. The weather was peculiarly fine. As we approached the town, the scenery, before tame and flat, became almost romantic; each bank being lined with country-seats and gardens which, themselves gay in their summer dress, dispensed gaiety around, and seemed to smile on the strangers moving rapidly along the stream.

The hotel Belvidere stands on the margin of a lake, formed by the river Alster, which, flowing from a distance of thirty, or four-and-thirty miles through Holstein

and part of Denmark, is here expanded into a large basin. This is divided into two unequal parts. The smaller is more than a mile in circumference. It is nearly square, and three sides are surrounded with houses; while the fourth is formed by two dams united by a bridge, under which the lower communicates with the higher Alster, or the less with the larger lake. My window commands a view of this "glassy mirror." It is ten o'clock at night, and I am writing without a candle. The sky is gradually and reluctantly resigning the last hues it borrowed from the setting sun; and a few skiffs, like gondolas, dimpling the surface of the lake, add to the beauty of the scene. I could almost fancy myself in Italy. We read of Hamburg and its commerce, and are apt to connect with the name ideas of large speculation, doubtful riches, and a Hanseatic league; but seldom, I think, is the picturesque blended with such associations.

Hamburg is in the duchy of Holstein, in Lower Saxony. It was founded in the eighth century; and for four centuries remained subject to the dukes of Saxony and Holstein. After that, it obtained from the German emperors a free government in the beginning of the thirteenth century: but its influence and power being very limited, the town soon became a prey to the cupidity of the king of Denmark, who laid it under frequent and heavy contributions. In the middle of the same century, Hamburg and Lubeck united their interests in a league that formed the basis of the Hanseatic confederation. Under this protection they enjoyed a season of political freedom: but when most of the component members of the commercial league had been compelled by the selfish fears of the sovereigns whose power held them in awe, to withdraw from the union, Hamburg was again subjected by Denmark, and remained so till 1618; in which year it was formally acknowledged as a free city under the protection of the German empire.

Though usually called the second, Lubeck being regarded as the first and Bremen the third, of the Hans towns, Hamburg has always taken the lead. It is governed by four burgomasters, under whom is a council of four syndics; and a third court of twenty-four senators. The members of these three estates supply respectively the vacancies that occur in their own body, but no one of the chambers can act independently of the other two. Besides the senate, there are two assemblies of elders and burghers. The former consists of deputies from each parish, the majority of whom must approve every enactment of the senate before it can pass into a law. The latter is formed of a hundred citizens, who meet only on special emergencies. This system of government has had many eulogists, and seems to correspond with that which the Roman historian contemplated when speaking of the triple form of a perfect constitution.

The territory belonging to the city is very confined. The Danish jurisdiction reaches even to the gate. In one direction, the free state extends the genial influence of its liberal government about seven, but in others only two miles. The town of Altona, which is connected by houses with Hamburg, was built in the middle of the seventeenth century. It now contains forty thousand inhabitants, and belongs to Denmark. Most of the Hamburg merchants have country seats there. These campaigns with their gardens lend an air of gaiety to a neighbourhood otherwise deficient in attractions: but the chief interest of this spot consists in its being the burial-place of the moral poet Klopstock, whose name is identified in memory with associations equally dear to the Christian and the man of taste.

Of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants of Hamburg, about eighteen thousand are Jews, who pay a tax for protection. The military force consists of five thousand regular troops and a national guard of six thousand, besides sixteen thousand of the citizens who are liable to be called on for their services by the civic authorities.

In this town, acknowledging no government but its own, all the nations of Europe meet together, and all their languages are spoken. Its position eminently qualifies it to take the lead among the commercial ports of Germany: accordingly, the commerce carried on here is very extensive, though not equal to what it was before the French took possession of Hamburg in the last war. Vessels cannot, as at Amsterdam, unload their cargoes at the doors of the warehouses; a convenience almost monopolised by the Hollanders: but little practical evil results from the want of deep canals, as small boats are employed in lieu of barges; and the expense is not much increased. The streets are narrow, without trottoirs, and so miserably paved that a drive in one of the common vehicles of the place is a painful act of penance. There is an air of activity and busy commerce pervading alike the streets in the vicinity of the Bourse, and the broad

handsome walk, called *Jungfraustein*, or Maiden's walk, which runs along the bank of the Alster, and forms an evening rendezvous for the citizens. The houses are high and substantial, but gloomy and inelegant; being often built in a form decreasing from the third to the fifth story, like those in Holland. Most of them have cellars underneath: these are either let to the poor, who are frequently driven out of their subterranean dwellings by the overflow of the Alster; or they are occupied by gamblers and dissolute persons of every description.

The public buildings unite the different characters of English, Dutch, and Norman architecture. The churches are peculiarly graceless. A misshapen spire is mounted on the top of a red-brick tower; and the inside has as little to recommend it as the exterior. The cathedral, founded in the ninth century, is said to be one of the most ancient in Europe. It is remarkable only for its antiquity, its inelegance, and the falling steeple, which is some feet out of the perpendicular. A crucifix over the altar tells that the religion most popular (for all are alike tolerated,) is the Lutheran. These soi-disant rigid followers of the great reformer permit the figure of the Saviour on the cross to be exhibited in relief. The senate is regarded as the head of the church. The preaching is extempore: so are the prayers. The clergy, who are elective, are entitled to attend once or twice a year to confess the members of the congregation; and on these occasions they are remunerated by a handsome present.

I will not enter into a detailed account of the buildings of a city that boasts nothing of a remarkable character. The exchange, or Borsen Halle, the Stadt-house, and the bank, are almost below mediocrity in point of external appearance; but architectural splendour is seldom found in modern republics. The college supports six professors, and the founding hospital is calculated to contain a thousand children. There is a public establishment, called Lombard, where money may be raised by the pawn of property to any amount at an annual interest of six per cent; an institution calculated to engender prodigality and propagate distress. A mile from the town is the *Krankenhaus*, or hospital. It contains no less than thirteen hundred sick; and affords an asylum to all old persons who, by the payment of a very small sum, secure for themselves a comfortable residence during the remainder of their days. I have been over the whole of it this afternoon, and am much pleased with its cleanliness and arrangement.

I remember to have read in some English work an account of a curious plan adopted here for the punishment of the idle. They are said to be placed in a basket, and suspended over the table in the house of correction, while the rest of the inmates are at dinner; and to be detained in that position, tantalised by the savory fumes, till night; by which time it is presumed that they have acquired sufficient experience to induce them to work the following day. This account is perhaps correct, but I have had no opportunity of making an enquiry on the subject.

Neither the gallows nor the guillotine is used in Hamburg. The work just referred to mentions, what I repeat on its authority, that criminals condemned to death are placed on an inclined board with their hands tied behind and fixed in the centre, while the feet are fastened at the bottom of the machine, which being then raised by pulleys and let down again by a violent jerk, dislocates the knees and shoulders, and produces death! Another mode of inflicting capital punishment is to draw the culprit backwards and forwards on a roller studded with sharp spikes that pierce the back, while his face is sprinkled with boiling sulphur!

The venders of milk carry it about in red pails, maintaining that this is the only colour which does not communicate an unpleasant flavour. If such be the case, the peculiarity must result from ingredients composing the paint. In England, where red is made from an oxide of lead, our farmers would gain little credit for a similar conclusion. But here a prejudice in favour of this colour is general. Every sail on the Elbe is red; and every house, except some few that are of stone, is built of brick of a bright red complexion; the intermediate lines of mortar being distinctly defined to exhibit it in greater contrast.

The dress of the men differs in no perceptible degree from our own. Some of the trades, however, have peculiar garbs; for instance, carpenters go about in cocked hats and leather aprons; while bakers are characterised by black waistcoats; and waiters at hotels by green aprons. The costume of the women of the lower orders is like that of some of the cantons of Switzerland. The straw hat is in the shape of a plate; the concave surface being applied to the head. A petticoat of coarse blue cloth depends from a dirty jacket without sleeves; and

shoes with wooden bottoms and leather tops complete the grotesque figure.

Unmarried women wear the hair braided into two tails, like those of China-men, hanging down their backs, and nearly touching the ground. Married women cut off one of these curious appendages; if they marry a second time, the other is amputated and the whole hair concealed. It is singular that Tacitus, speaking of the ancestors of the Hamburgers—for such the Suevi probably were—remarks a peculiarity in their mode of dressing the hair. He observes that they braided and tied it up in a knot; and that they were thus distinguished from the rest of the Germans; while their slaves, like those of the neighbouring people, were kept shaven or close cropped. He adds that some of the other Germans braided their hair, though only in youth; but the Suevi continued to do so even in old age; and their chiefs tied it in a knot on the top of the head, (as the Sepoys do in India,) to make themselves appear taller and more terrible to their enemies.

In former days Hamburg was well fortified. It has been the scene of much bloodshed; but now peace reigns. The wide fosses are planted with shrubs on both sides, and the centre is laid out in parterres: so that the country is literally brought into the town.

To-morrow I hope to cross the Danish promontory to Kiel, whence a steamer plies to Copenhagen, from which capital my next letter will probably be dated.

LETTER IV.

Copenhagen, 5th July, 1830.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th ultimo, I left Hamburg, accompanied by a Norwegian gentleman and a Swiss count, on a journey through Holstein to Kiel.

Holstein is bordered on the north by Schleswig and Jutland. The three provinces belong to Denmark, and form what used to be called the Cimbric Chersonesus. The ancient inhabitants of this country signalled their bravery at a very early date. Tacitus, who wrote ninety-eight years after Christ, speaks of them as forming a body "small in number but great in renown;" and adverts to the large encampments which then existed on both sides of the Chersonesus, in testimony of the strength and numbers of the nation; three hundred thousand of whom are said by Plutarch to have made an irruption into Italy.

In eighteen hours we accomplished a journey of seventy miles over the worst road I have travelled, except in India. Deep sand was occasionally exchanged for deep water, and here and there, where the road was before absolutely impassable, the Danish government has permitted a pavé to be made. Happily this never extends over more than a few yards, or it would be impossible for any springs to survive the ordeal. The whole distance to Kiel is divided into four posts, at each of which the vehicle is changed. The regulations require that a carriage with three persons should have as many horses, which cost, including everything, about fourteen pence a mile. The first three stages we had a calèche, worse than the vilest hackney coach in the streets of London. But how shall I describe the last? It was a basket, about fifteen feet by five, placed on four wheels, with cross benches, each adapted for two persons. The whole calculated for twelve. The leader was some feet ahead of the wheel-horses. The driver, sitting on the first bench, wore a uniform that once was red turned up with yellow, and a hat which may have been handed down as an heir-loom through a series of generations. There were no springs; and from half-past eight in the evening till one in the morning, we were shaken to that degree, that the muscles of my back and side suffered, as from a cruel beating. Yet this inconvenience was more than compensated; for every village and field presented something new.

That which most interested us was the novelty of travelling at midnight by the light of the sun. This is decidedly the most striking phenomenon that arrests the notice of a stranger in northern latitudes, where the sun is visible throughout almost the whole circle of his course. At the pole, as the season advances between the equinox and summer solstice, the days gradually increase in length from twelve to twenty-four hours. During that period, therefore, the nearer the pole the longer the day. In this latitude, for a short time before and after the sun reaches the tropic of Cancer, it dips so little under the horizon, that the reflected rays afford a twilight which prevents the cessation of day during its limited absence.

The soil is sandy; therefore poor. Gooseberry and currant trees grow wild in the hedges. The commons abound with many kinds of heath; and with a species of silky cotton, growing out of a large pod, on a short and

slender stalk. In the East they call it "*seemul rooce*," in token of its dubious nature between silk and cotton. Wells are constructed like those in India. The bucket, when full, is raised at the extremity of a long bar, balanced by a heavy stone, or mass of earth, on the other end of the lever; a machine that seems to have been formerly employed by our Teutonic ancestors as commonly as it now is in Asia.

The species of heron known in India under the name of paddy-bird, from its frequenting the paddy-fens, or rice-fields, is common in the marshy lands of Holstein. This, as well as every other kind of stork, is regarded with great veneration. It is interesting to observe the alterations effected by time and circumstances in men's habits and modes of thinking. Among the ancient Jews these birds were held in abomination, as we learn from the two last books of the pentateuch. In the present day they are cherished, and even protected by law, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In Holstein they are encouraged to build on the roofs of the houses, and are regarded as a propitious omen. In Calcutta they swarm on the tops of the larger buildings, and may be seen sometimes in parties of a hundred or more on the government-house; their lives being protected because they are found useful in removing offal. In Africa the religious veneration paid to the ibis is perpetuated to the present day. The traveller Ali Bey says that a large portion of the funds of one of the charitable institutions at Fez, is set apart for the "express purpose of assisting and nursing sick cranes and storks, and of burying them when dead."

Among so many reminiscences of the natural history of India, I should have been glad to meet with another dwelt on by Clarke; as it would have united a pleasing association with that loud and dissonant croaking of frogs which is one of the many unpleasant concomitants of the rainy season in India. The interesting and indefatigable traveller referred to, mentions that when he passed through this country, the frogs struck up a chorus so harmonious that he was induced to call them the "*Holstein nightingales*." He thinks their numbers amounted to millions; as they certainly do in the lowlands of the east; and observes that though the noise of one, when heard singly, was as discordant as the word *croaking* imports; yet the effect produced by the whole resembled the harmonious notes of musical-glasses. Some minds have the delightful faculty of converting every object into beauty and every sound into melody. This was peculiarly the case with Dr. Clarke.

The villages are far from being neat and clean. The peasant's house is a large building like a barn, a hundred and sixty or a hundred and eighty feet in length. Whenever we halted, we drove into the house without alighting from our carriage. The horses and cows occupy one end; their proprietors the other. The poultry and well-taught cats, the sparrows, and vermin which shall be nameless, have free access to every part. The women are pleasing, but not pretty. They wear no earrings; and stockings only on Sundays. The children are healthy, with beautiful complexions and white hair. The colour is attributed to the hair being bleached by the sun: but when they grow up and wear hats, the bleaching process ceases, and the hair becomes brown. This is Danish physiology.

We reached Kiel an hour after midnight. It seems that the Danes, like the Dutch, have a singular power of sleeping in spite of any noise: for having gained admittance, after ringing and knocking till we thought the house must be unoccupied, we found some people sleeping in a bed placed almost against the door. The house, we were told, was full; and three of us were doomed to occupy the same room. Not approving this arrangement, I determined to search for another apartment, while my Norwegian companion was satisfying the cravings of hunger, and the count was paying the postilion. At length I found one unoccupied, except by the hungry and long disappointed tenants of a dirty bedstead. In a corner of the building was a clean basket, five feet long, shaped something like a cradle. The basket was soon in the room, and some sheets with a rug in the basket. Thus I was accommodated for the night. It is a curious fact, that a bed in this part of the country, (and the observation applies to nearly the whole of Germany,) is never made as long as the body of a man of moderate stature; while the only covering is a feather bed, four and a half feet square; so that either the feet or shoulders must inevitably be uncovered. Nor is this the worst part of the arrangement. The heat of the feather bed induces violent perspiration, and the sleeper naturally throws it off. The sudden check which the pores experience generally manifests itself in a violent cold; and the traveller is under the necessity of submitting to the

wretched alternative of rheumatism or an exhausting sudorific every night.

The situation of Kiel is good. It stands on a beautiful bay, surrounded by a picturesque country; but is itself dirty, and interesting only as the place where, in 1814, the treaty was signed by which Denmark ceded Norway to Sweden. About three miles off is the entrance to the canal that unites the Baltic and the German Ocean: a monument of commercial enterprise whose glory, I hope, may one day be eclipsed by that of similar communications between the Mediterranean and Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This canal, begun in 1777, cost nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Eighteen miles west of Kiel it joins the river Eyder, which flows into the north sea at Everlingsburen, about fifty miles north of the mouth of the Elbe.

At four in the afternoon of Thursday the 1st instant, we embarked on a steamer for Copenhagen, a distance of two hundred miles, which was accomplished in twenty-six hours. The number of passengers on board was about thirty, of whom only one was English. The languages chiefly spoken were German and Danish: English a little; but French scarcely at all. An Englishman, however, is seldom much perplexed, for he generally finds some one who talks French or English; and, if acquainted with German, he will be quite at home. Entering the cabin towards dusk, I was surprised to see it occupied by eight beds, two in each corner, one above the other. These were provided with three pillows a-piece; and four-and-twenty passengers were to be accommodated on them. This was no agreeable prospect; but a traveller submits to any thing. The alternative was exposure on deck. So, securing a corner in one of the upper beds and wrapped in a cloak, I threw myself down and slept till I was roused by the arrival of two bedfellows, whose slumbers were only less noisy and discordant than their harsh tones of conversation.

From Kiel we steered between the islands of Langeland and Laaland; and leaving Falster on the right, between Moon and Zealand. We then passed a cluster of little isles, which, uniting the beauties of hill and dale, of wood and cultivation, present a beautiful coup d'œil. Continuing our course between the isles of Amaak and Saltholm, Copenhagen burst on our sight.

As we sailed over the spot where, in 1801, Nelson fought the celebrated battle, and as we saw the Three-crown-battery that poured its heavy artillery on our vessels, I could not but feel that local circumstances rendered more than probable the story which the Danes circulate, that two of his vessels had been destroyed by their guns, and were actually stranded at the time he sent to know if they would comply with England's terms. If this be the fact, the battle was theirs, the success ours. The death of the brave Danes who fell on that occasion, is commemorated by the following motto on a monument erected by the king—

"They fell, but Denmark stood."

The Crown-battery is erected on an island formed by ships, sunk with huge stones regularly ranged in them. It is constructed on the same principle as the breakwater at Plymouth.

The view of Copenhagen from the sea is imposing. She stands forth in all the grandeur of a well built capital. The steeples of the churches, of the town-hall, and of some other public buildings, are unlike all that I have seen in other countries. One of them rises in the form of three crocodiles twisted within each other's coils and raised by the muscles of the neck, so that the extremities of their tails form the top of the spire and their forehands the base. The tower of the observatory, in which Tycho Brahe framed the system of astronomy that obtained till the splendour of a brighter genius prevailed over this lesser luminary, is equally remarkable, though less fantastic. It is round and heavy. A spiral road, eleven feet in width, winds round it; and the traveller is informed that Peter the Great drove his carriage to the top.

From the political causes to which I have adverted, Copenhagen is no longer what it was. The population does not exceed a hundred and eighty thousand; and the commerce of the country has greatly decreased. Its agriculture, however, is said to have improved since 1792, when Christian the Seventh liberated all the husbandmen who were slaves: an act more effectually commemorated by the gratitude of the Danes than by the handsome obelisk erected between the city and Roeskilde, the cemetery of the old Danish monarchs. The streets of the city are wide; the houses are built of stone or plastered brick; and the tout ensemble is fine. There are two large squares. In the centre of each stands a

colossal equestrian figure of one of the Fredericks. The pavement is formed of flag-stones, but every house has its gutter, running into the general sewer, which cuts through the pavement and is covered only with wood. These larger drains crossing every street at the top and bottom, seem to endanger horses; but yet accidents are not numerous. The shipping coming close up to the town gives it a commercial air; while its position on the sea-shore distinguishes this from every other metropolis I have visited. It commands an extensive view, enlarged by the coast of Sweden that rises above the horizon on the other side of the Baltic.

None of the churches are remarkable for any thing but their curious spires and antique forms. The inside is generally plain and unornamented; if I except one in which are models of thirteen statues, now in the hands of Thorwaldsen. These represent our Saviour, the eleven apostles, and St. Paul, who takes the place of the traitor Judas. They were executed by Thorwaldsen himself. The master completes a model in plaster, and leaves it to his workmen to chisel the marble. The design is his, the mechanical labour theirs.

The castle of Rosenberg is, perhaps, the most interesting public edifice in Copenhagen. The architecture is Gothic. It contains a silver throne and two enormous candlesticks eight feet in height, three lions, a vase used in royal christenings, and other antiques in the same precious metal. Among the curiosities are two gold boxes, presented to Christian the Seventh, during his stay in London, by the city and the goldsmiths' company; also the original diploma of doctor in civil law, a degree conferred on him by the University of Cambridge. The dresses worn at the coronation of the Danish kings are deposited after their death in the castle of Rosenberg, where they are preserved with great veneration. In the library are about a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and four thousand manuscripts. The latter are rare and valuable. Many of them are Icelandic; and prove beyond all doubt, that in days when other nations knew little or nothing of the sciences, the Icelanders possessed a considerable degree of knowledge.

The museum contains an enormous specimen of native silver from Sweden, measuring five feet, and weighing more than five hundred pounds. There is also a great variety of northern curiosities. The stone axes and hatchets of earlier times; the rudely-carved sarcophagi; the heathen images of Thor and Woden; and the rough implements of war and agriculture; all these bespeak a state of society anterior to that of which we read; and in their character indicate the habits and manners of men whose native soil was ice, and their stature as the "sons of Anak." I had supposed that the natives of the north were small in size; but it is evident that some of the ancients were gigantic; for, not to mention the ponderous weapons, and the weight of the armour of past ages, (which even in our own country appears great to the present generation,) the height of Frederick the Fourth, marked on a pillar at Roeskilde, can scarcely be reached by a man of moderate stature; and Peter the Great, who measured his own height under it, could not have been less than seven feet, or six and three quarters, in stature.

To the museum and library, open only on Thursdays I gained admittance to-day by a curious accident. This morning a young man called, and introduced himself as a nephew of Dr. W—. Having been to see his family, he conducted me to the museum, where a professor, named Erasmus Rask, well known among European philologists, was reading. The young Dane observed that he was a great linguist, and had travelled in Persia: accordingly I addressed him in Persian. He seemed surprised, but after some hesitation replied in the same language, apologising for his bad pronunciation, and saying that some years had elapsed since he was in Persia. However, I had found a key which opened the museum and the library. The professor showed me a manuscript of the Revelations, supposed to have been written in the tenth century, beautifully executed in Latin, and ornamented with pictures; also a large volume of manuscripts he purchased at Bombay, containing an account of the religion of the Parsees and the tenets of Zoroaster, written in a character that he called Sund, quite distinct from the Sanscrit and from every other with which I am acquainted. This library is enriched with all the manuscripts which Niebuhr collected during his travels: and a manuscript of part of Livy's history, written in the tenth century, is preserved here.

Copenhagen contains a collection of pictures by the best masters from every country. These have been procured with great assiduity during the last twenty years. We spent a long time in the gallery; and though, after visits to the finest collections in Europe, a common pic-

gallery has not for my eye the charm that it would have for one less practised, yet here I was amply repaid for extra exertion on a day of considerable fatigue.

The dock-yard cannot be seen by a foreigner, (and surely an Englishman has no claim to privilege!) unless by an express order from the king. I am inclined to think there is little or nothing to be seen there. The navy of Denmark consists of three two-decked ships, five frigates, seven sloops, and about eighty gun-boats; a sad falling off for a country that once lorded it over the seas! She has only forty thousand sailors; few for a nation of islanders who trust to naval power for political existence. Some more ships are now on the stocks. Two eighty-four gun vessels are nearly finished; and the island of the Three Crowns is strengthened by a thick parapet and deep fosse, lately put into complete repair.

Joined by a bridge to Copenhagen is the island of Amaak, granted in the seventeenth century to some Dutch refugees on condition of their cultivating vegetables. The entire supply of this article of food is now procured from these industrious foreigners, who, having never intermarried with the Danes, still retain their purity of blood, with an original style of dress and primitive manners.

The burial ground is distant about a mile from the city. Like the cemeteries in musulman countries, it stands on the road side. A similar position probably presented to the Saviour's view those sepulchres of the martyrs which drew forth his severe reproof to the Scribes and Pharisees. The cemetery of the Danish capital is a miniature of that of Pere la Chaise. The graves of the young and the aged, the warrior and the bride, are all decked with flowers whose name or character qualifies them to serve as emblems of grief or of perpetual remembrance. Some of the epitaphs and devices are pretty. One motto consists of the simple and familiar words, "Not lost, but gone before;" another, "I shall see you again;" a third, in Danish verse, may be thus translated—"Rest, O sweetly rest, dear, in the garden of the dead, amidst graves, and flowers, and tears; till little angels bearing the 'forget-me-not' shall summon me to join thee in eternity." One grave contains the relics of a mother whose husband and six orphans are represented, in marble, exquisitely wrought, as doves brooding over their sorrows and the dust of her they loved. The ages of the little ones are represented by the size of the nestlings; and the widowed mate covers with his wings the last half-fledged pledge of conjugal love. The scenery around is beautiful. The cypress and the myrtle are wanting; or, as I gazed, I could have fancied that in that spot, and over that tomb, were written those exquisite lines which tell of "the love of the turtle." The Jews have here, as always, a separate burying-ground. Their corpses are interred in a standing position, with the face turned towards Jerusalem.

As we returned from the cemetery to our chaise, the king and queen, prince Ferdinand and the princess Caroline his wife, drove by, courteously returning our salute. We rode behind them to the palace called Frederiksborg; and then walked over the garden, which was crowded with citizens enjoying the cool of the evening. Though absolute, yet Frederick the Sixth exercises power with lenity, and is much beloved: he encourages his people to consider him as their friend and father. What he possesses is open to his lowest subject: and he reigns as supremely in the hearts of his people, as absolutely over their persons and estates. You may have heard an anecdote mentioned by the writer of a book of travels in illustration of the paternal character of the government of Denmark. An Englishman who had brought some wild beasts to the capital, was in the habit of putting his head into the mouth of the lion. The police interfered to prevent an act fraught with danger to life; but the proprietor, who made money by the exhibition of a man's head in a lion's mouth, complained to the British minister. The only answer he could obtain was, that in Denmark human life must not be exposed to such a risk. The king's regard for the security of his subjects' personal property is manifested by another law, which prevents a foreigner from obtaining the necessary signature to his passport till he produce a document from the landlord of his inn certifying that he is not in debt.

The town of Roeskilde is about four miles from Copenhagen. It contains the cemetery of the kings of Denmark. Here the coffins of deceased monarchs, laid side by side in parallel lines, are exposed to view in all the splendour of gold and silver embossments and heraldic

emblazonry. Some of the monuments wrought in marble are very handsome. Those of Christian the Third, and Frederick the Second, executed in Italy with all the taste and elegance of that country, and that of the great queen Margaret, are the most remarkable.

An annual fair is held at this season in the king's deer park, about ten miles from town. I saw it by accident; for having hired a horse to pay a visit to Mr. B——, the secretary to the embassy, I rode into the country for that purpose. Unfortunately for my visit, the fair was on the way; nor could I, by any contrivance, induce the horse to pass it. After many unsuccessful efforts, I was compelled to resign the undertaking, and returned much mortified at the result of the expedition. The scenery in the park is beautiful. Through long vistas of well-grown trees the sea opens on the view, and the sable land of Sweden forms the horizon. I dare not guess the number of those who had assembled to witness the festivities, but there were many thousands. The road from the capital was thronged with carriages of every description following close behind each other.

In every nation the costume of the higher orders is more or less accommodated to the taste of modern times; but the lower classes often retain their primitive dress. Thus it is in Denmark. The women wear bodies and skirts of different colours, in which blue and red predominate. The cap fits close to the head. It is bordered with a large fringe, and the back of it is often richly ornamented in the style of the Delhi scarfs. A coloured handkerchief is bound over the cap, and tied under the chin; while two red strings hang down behind, instead of the queues of the Hamburgers, which are here worn by children only.

The Danes are not inclined to like the English. It would be strange if they did. They cannot forget the bombardment of their citadel in 1807, in violation of the law of nations. England has taken from them Norway and their navy, and they would be more or less than men if they could cease to feel such bereavements. In the arts and sciences they are far behind us. They are slow in conception and dull in execution, fond of money and addicted to liquor. On the whole, the first impression one receives of the national character is not of the most favourable kind: though individual exceptions may be found, as I have cause to testify, among the higher classes; and perhaps better acquaintance with the great mass of the people would enable me to form a more pleasing, and at the same time a more just, estimate of their character.

The few objects of interest in this vicinity may be quickly seen: and I hope soon to drive from Copenhagen to the northeast point of Zealand, whence I shall cross the Sound and commence the tour of Scandinavia.

LETTER V.

Frederickshall, July 13th, 1830.

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, I left Copenhagen in company with Count Gyldenstolpe and an English gentleman, in a carriage for Elsinour. The distance is thirty-five miles, which we accomplished with three post-horses driven in the unicorn mode, between six in the morning and three in the afternoon. At Frederiksborg (burg means a castle), fifteen miles from Copenhagen, we halted for an hour to see an interesting structure of the sixteenth century. It is a palace of Christian the Fourth, the architect of which was the famous Inigo Jones, who built the palace of Copenhagen, and our college of Clare Hall at Cambridge.

The king has a stud of four hundred horses here. They are ranged in rows of eight or twelve, according to their breed and colour, and exhibit noble specimens of the race. If ever one could recall with pleasure Young's highly poetical paraphrase of the inspired penman's graphic description of the war-horse, it would be on such an occasion.

"To paw the vale he proudly takes delight;
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High raised, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war:
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death: and when he groans, he groans his last."

The horses of Holstein are strong and well-formed. This country supplies the cavalry of Prussia; as Jutland does the markets of England with her less elegant but stronger breed. It is said that fifteen or sixteen thousand horses have been exported in a single year during the late war from the Danish promontory.

An incident occurred in this place, trifling in itself, but calculated to give you an insight into the character of the people. I will mention it, because trifles make up the sum of human life, and character is more developed in trifles than in greater occurrences which call forth the deliberative faculty rather than betray the natural bent of mind. We left the carriage, ordering the postilion to harness fresh horses; and having declined dinner at the inn, proceeded to the stud. On our return, the carriage was ready. The landlord, who was also postmaster, demanded payment in advance for his cattle. We were surprised, but did not hesitate to comply, and put into his hand a Frederick-d'or. While he went to procure change, we entered the inn, (which we had not done before,) and waited five or ten minutes till he brought the silver, when we paid him and were going out. The man stopped us rudely, and demanded four marks, or eighteen pence, for the use of the room. This, of course, we resisted. He said we had sat on the couch and occupied the room for ten minutes, and that we should not quit the house till he was paid. The count, who spoke Danish fluently, parleyed with him a long time, till words ran high; and then, refusing to pay, we left the room. In the mean time, however, the landlord closed the gates of the yard, and our carriage could not proceed; nor should it, he protested, till his demand was satisfied. Having no resource, we were compelled to submit; and contented ourselves with preferring a complaint to Mr. Fenwick, the English consul at Elsinour, who kindly said he would do what he could to have the man punished, but feared he should not succeed. A Frenchman, to whom I related the circumstance, characteristically observed—"Vraiment, monsieur, vous etiez ecorché!"

Helsingor, or Elsinour, stands on the sea-shore, where the territories of Denmark and Sweden approach most near to each other. The passage is called the "Sound," or "Sund," which signifies a narrow strait. This has often been a source of dispute between the Danes and other nations. In former times they incurred great expense in fixing buoys and erecting lighthouses to direct the course of ships in this dangerous navigation. To remunerate themselves, they claimed a right of taxing the vessels that entered the Sound. This right was long undisputed, and obtained the sanction of antiquity. At length, some English sailors refusing to pay the sum, discussion ensued, which induced a reference to the two governments. The subject remained in abeyance till the treaty of 1814, when England ceded the point in consideration of Denmark resigning all claims to compensation for a heavy loss of private property sustained in consequence of the cruel bombardment of 1807.

The castle of Cronberg at Helsingor, where the unfortunate Matilda, sister of our George the Third, and mother of the present king of Denmark, was confined, is a handsome structure of the same style as Frederiksborg. We walked over the ramparts, from which the view of the Swedish coast and the Sound, with all the Danish vessels riding at anchor, is very fine.

Close to Cronberg there is a spot called Hamlet's garden, where tradition has laid the scene of his father's murder.

A boat conveyed us hence across the sea. The distance is nearly three miles. The time occupied might have been three quarters of an hour; but though we reached Elsinour at three in the afternoon, yet the various delays to which travellers are subjected in leaving one country for another are such, that it was past nine when, having gone through all the necessary formalities of the custom-house and police-office, we gained the hotel at Helsingborg.

As soon as we landed in Sweden, I ascended a hill that overlooks the town of Helsingborg, to reconnoitre the country. The sun was setting in the northwest, and the full moon shining with rival lustre in the southeast. Before me lay the whole coast of Zealand, over which I had travelled in the morning. In the distance I could descry the point of land on which Copenhagen stands, with the Northern and the Baltic seas stretched out on either hand. In the foreground was the little isle of Huen, that gave birth to Tycho Brahe, with the elevated town of Uranienborg. Not a single cloud was to be seen. The calm tranquillity of a Swedish village below contrasted sweetly with the scene of bustle and the din of many voices which had been left behind in the Danish town. I have seldom experienced so sensibly as at that moment the enjoyment of mere existence; yet I wanted a companion of congenial tastes:—

"Joy flies monopolists. It calls for two.
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast!"

With Denmark I have bidden adieu to gold and silver.

* Bride of Abydos. Happily, we can admire the unrivalled poetical beauties of Byron's works, while thoroughly disapproving the principles of the author.

Here none but paper money is known; and at this moment my coat pocket is stuffed out with more than a hundred bank notes, the aggregate value of which is thirty shillings. The six-dollar (or rigshaler, from which our word is corrupted, *rigs* signifying country,) is divided into forty-eight skilling; and the commonest notes represent eight, twelve, sixteen, and twenty-four skilling, or threepence, fourpence halfpenny, sixpence, and ninepence of our money.

At noon on Wednesday, the 7th instant, parting from the Swedish count, I left Helsingborg in a carriage with an English gentleman. We travelled by post to Gothenburg, the second town in Sweden, where we arrived at five on the morning of the 9th, having stopped only once of our own accord, to secure three hours' sleep, but having been frequently detained by want of horses on the road. The mode of travelling in this country is peculiar. A man is despatched some hours beforehand to give notice of your intended journey, and to drop a ticket at each stage, stating the hour of your arrival, and the number of horses required. He is called the forebud, or *avant courier*. When he reaches the post-house, men are sent out to collect horses from the farmers. These are generally brought from grazing or from the plough, and four hours' notice is required. If the forebud have made good progress, you will travel pleasantly over excellent roads at the rate of one Swedish, or very nearly seven English miles an hour; but if, unfortunately, you overtake the forebud, you are detained two, and often three hours at each post. This has generally been our case; therefore my first essay in Sweden has rather damped my expectations regarding the luxury of Swedish travelling; but you shall hear more on this subject hereafter. The expense is small. We have had three horses abreast, and the forebud counts as one; we have therefore paid for four horses. The whole charge from Helsingborg to Gothenburg, a hundred and fifty miles, has been 2*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* sterling, or fourpence a mile; that is, a penny for each horse per mile. In addition to this, we hired a servant for the trip to act as coachman and interpreter, who will receive twelve *banco-dollars*, or one pound; which divided among the number of miles, will show the correct average of expenditure.

The mode of fencing the fields gives a romantic appearance to the country. Stakes are driven perpendicularly into the ground, and the outside planks of trees are nailed on these at an angle of 45°, parallel to and reclining on one another. Thus a strong paling is secured, while the better timber is preserved for other purposes. One of the articles of domestic economy, supplied by the inside of the fir, is torches. Strips, saturated with turpentine, are used instead of candles, and yield a good light.

In the village, the houses are small, and constructed chiefly of wood; but at Gothenburg they are large, and most of them are built of stone or bricks well stuccoed. Some of the streets have canals running through them flanked by trees. They are paved, but without trottoirs.

The herring fishery was formerly carried on here to a great extent. The Swedes say that from two to three thousand millions of herrings have been caught in one season off this coast; they complain that the morning and evening guns of the English ships during the war frightened away the herrings. Whether this be true or false I will not pretend to decide. There is no doubt that salmon have deserted all the rivers of Europe in which steam-vessels ply their noisy paddles. The annual movement of large shoals of herrings is a most interesting fact. They are said to proceed at a certain season of the year in one vast body from the direction of Spitzbergen. Pursuing a southern course, this is divided by our island into two parts; one of which traverses our eastern, the other our western coast. It is the former of these that supplies the fishermen of Scandinavia and Denmark.

Gothenburg was founded by Charles the Ninth, about two hundred years ago. It stands on the Gotha, whence it derives its name. The population may be about twenty thousand. The cathedral of Gothenburg is a large massive building of modern, but singular, style. Over the altar is a cross. Above, a crown of thorns is suspended; and upon it is a robe such as the Asiatics wear round their loins. At the foot of the cross are two angels, the one with his breast covered by his hands, the other pointing to the skies. The whole is richly wrought in gilt work, the figures being as large as life. A similar representation of angels' heads on a smaller scale is attached to the front part of the pulpit. On either side of the church is a range of windows, forming the face of the vestry and ante-room. These are likewise richly

gilt, and add to the splendour of the tout ensemble. Over the altar, which stands in a recess, the roof is shaped into a dome, that not only gives an air of novelty to the interior of the building, but makes it appear larger than it really is.

This is probably the country inhabited by our ancestors the Goths, to which they gave the name it still retains of Gothland. A belief prevails generally, that they owed their origin to the Scythian tribe called Geta; who, according to Herodotus, dwelt on the coasts of the Danube, and derived from their legislator Zamois a belief in "the dogma of the soul's immortality." As their numbers increased, (which they did with extraordinary rapidity,) they emigrated in various directions; and large bodies settled in Scandinavia, where their kind and hospitable dispositions and moral lives acquired for them the name of *Goths*, derived from the Teutonic word *guten*, good, and aided probably by its affinity to their ancient appellation. Dispersed over the Southern parts of Sweden, and fond of the sea, (as Tacitus observes the Swedes were, even in his time,) an attempt to cross the Baltic was natural and easy. The distance from Carlskrona to the nearest ports of Pomerania and Prussia is only forty leagues; and the first emigration of the Goths from Scandinavia peopled the northeastern coast of the Baltic, where the commercial cities of Thorn, Elbing, Königsberg, and Dantzic have since sprung up. Their second emigration was from the Baltic to the Euxine, whence they sent out colonies to Thrace, Mæsia, and Italy; and diffusing themselves widely, formed a part of the population of almost every nation of Europe. In England the Celtic population was succeeded by the Gothic, who took possession of more than two thirds of the country, and likewise sent numerous tribes to the south of Ireland. The terms *Ostrogoths* and *Visigoths*, or *Westrogoths*, signifying eastern and western Goths, are derived from the position these tribes maintained in Sweden: the one occupying that part of Scandinavia which borders on Denmark, and is called *Westrogothia*, or *West Gothland*; the other, the more eastern parts near the Baltic, called *Ostrogothia*, or *East Gothland*.

I had an interesting interview with the venerable bishop of Gothenburg, the head of the Swedish Lutheran church. He called on me, and I returned his visit. He is about forty-five years of age, and a man of pleasing manners. He told me that he had distributed in Sweden fifty thousand Bibles and Testaments belonging to the Bible Society: that when the last meeting was held, he had already disposed of two hundred and fifty Bibles and fourteen hundred Testaments since January, and that he hoped to make the numbers five hundred and two thousand respectively in the course of the year. You are aware that the Lutherans believe the co-existence of the body and blood of the Saviour with the eucharistic symbols, as the Catholics do the transformation of those symbols into the sacred elements. They are violently opposed to the doctrine of election, which they say involves that of final reprobation. On this subject I had some conversation of a striking nature with the venerable prelate; as also on 1 John, v. 16, 17, which he thinks refers to final obduration of heart. He urged me to visit the bishop of Christiania, and Count Rosenblad, the premier of Sweden, to whom he favoured me with an introduction. They are the heads of the church and state in Norway and Sweden, and have the higher honour of standing forth as the champions of true religion in a land of much darkness. In Sweden, however, all is not dark. There is more than a glimmer of religious light. The bishop thinks that the spirit of God is evidently moving on the face of the waters.

From Gothenburg to Trolhattan the distance is about eight and a half Swedish, or fifty-eight English, miles. The road, unlike that from Helsingborg to Gothenburg, which is said to be the worst in Sweden, is in good repair; and the surrounding country exhibits a good deal of undulation, with large forests of firs, in which the Scotch and Spruce predominate. The peasants are a fine manly race, open in character, and mild in manners. They make good soldiers, and have generally gained honour in the field of battle. The women wear skirts and jackets of different colours, with a neat handkerchief tied over their heads, while the ends are allowed to float on the air behind. They are fair, and often pretty; and their children have beautiful complexions.

I find many things in this northern latitude reminding me of India. The wagons of the country correspond exactly with the hackries of the east; and are drawn by bullocks yoked in a similar manner, though not guided by a string passed through the nostrils. The Indian jay and crow are common here. The plumage of the former is far richer than that of the English jay; the latter re-

sembles the species known among us by the name of Royston crow, from its frequenting that part of Hertfordshire. At Fredericksburg, in Zealand, we met a man carrying a large bundle of grass of a fragrant odour, which proved to be the same as that of the Indian tattees. The tattee is an apparatus for cooling the air admitted into houses, by causing it to pass through frames in which this grass is kept well watered. If these details be uninteresting to you, I must plead as my excuse that the comparative study of countries and their productions falls immediately within the province of a traveller; and that every thing connected with India has an especial claim to my attention.

Hitherto the weather has been pleasant. It was becoming hot; but the two last days brought heavy rains, and the air is consequently cool again. I am now out of the beaten track of English travellers, very few of whom have visited this part. We have seen but one Englishman since we entered Sweden. He is a sportsman who resides in that country and Norway for the purpose of hunting, shooting, and fishing. I understand that he has written, or is writing, a work on the field-sports of Scandinavia.

The name of Trolhattan will, no doubt, recall to your mind the enterprising scheme of Gustavus the First, to form a communication between the North Sea and the Baltic, in order to avoid the embarrassments to which Swedish ships were subjected by the Danes in their passage through the sound. From 1526 to 1747 several unsuccessful efforts were made by Christian and Charles. In the latter year the canal was rendered navigable from Trolhattan to Wenersborg, a distance of ten miles: but, to avoid the fall of the Gotha, it was necessary to excavate the rock for three miles farther. This was effected in 1800, and a vessel may now go from the lake of Wetter, through that of Wenner, the canal, and the river Gotha, into the Cattegat. In this voyage she has to pass through nineteen locks, and falls a hundred and sixty feet. The locks are fixed in solid granite; eight of them are close to each other, and near Trolhattan: the effect produced by their consecutive position, giving them the appearance of a mighty ladder, each step of which is formed by a reservoir of water, is at once most remarkable and imposing. Except the Via Mala on the Splügen pass into Italy, I have seen nothing with which to compare so laborious an excavation; and in many respects greater difficulties were to be encountered here than there. But the interest of this spot arises more from natural than from artificial beauties. The river flows under a bank of high rock, on which firs are now thinly, and now more abundantly, scattered. An island in the centre, opposing the natural current of the water, causes it to rush angrily down an inclined plane in advance. The contracted passage increases the tumult of the stream, which, acquiring a prodigious velocity in the gradual descent alluded to, curls over a rock rising just enough to deflect the line of water in the form of a dolphin's head, and then precipitates its foaming waves into the gulf below.

Near the fall is a cavity of an oval shape formerly tenanted, it would seem, by some enormous stone now removed from his regularly chiseled seat. Here sat Gustavus Adolphus, and here the Duke of Sunderman. Here too, Charles the Twelfth, Carl Johan the king, and Oscar the present viceroy of Norway and heir to the throne of Bernadotte. Here I paused for a moment. From this spot thousands now numbered with the dead have dwelt on the same sublime and awful scene. The face of nature is unaltered, and so it will remain when minds which now contemplate her beauties shall dwell here, on the glories of the eternal world.

Passing by the lake Wenner, we pursued our way to Undeewala, a town on the banks of one of the *fjords*, or bays, which indicate the traveller's approach to Norway. The inn was wretchedly dirty. In the middle of the night two Frenchmen, almost the only travellers whom we have encountered in Sweden, entered our sitting room and converted it into a bed chamber. The disturbance was no inconvenience, for I had already been up repeatedly, waging war against some unwelcome bedfellows, twelve of whom I had thrown out of the window; but the relentless host maintained such a successful combat, that I was at length fairly driven off the field, and compelled to take refuge on the floor near the Frenchmen, in hope that my enemies might be enticed away by the vicinity of richer prey. In general, the accommodations have been better than we anticipated. On a route so little frequented, provisions are necessarily cheap. The bill for a dinner of three or four kinds of meat may amount to a shilling; which will also cover

the expense of a breakfast with coffee, bread, butter, smoked salmon, and strawberries; but notwithstanding this, travelling in the north is dearer than in the south of Europe; because the different sorts of carriages required in the various countries that are visited, must all be purchased.

Here the scenery begins to assume a different character. Large masses of rock, some skirted with firs, others presenting to the wind their rugged surfaces unrounded by the friction of at least four thousand years, are thrown confusedly into the landscape. The Norwegian mountains form the background, and the tranquillity of the water, land-locked in successive bays, contrasts with the conflict of elements to which the mind involuntarily refers the strange derangement here exhibited of the most solid parts of the creation. This kind of scenery continued during the whole of yesterday's journey, towards the latter end of which we crossed the frontier of Norway, near a village called Higdal, about a hundred and five miles from Trondheim. It was late in the evening: but at this season the night is as pleasant to the traveller, and almost as light, as the day. Continuing our route for fifteen miles, we reached Frederikshall about twelve o'clock; and having had very little sleep for seven nights, we were not sorry to consign our weary bodies to rest, though on beds miserably deficient both in quality and quantity.

It does not always happen that what is pleasing in prospect is equally so in enjoyment. So it is with regard to days protracted during twenty-four hours. This sounds very delightful; but the body needs relief from constant light, which becomes wearisome and almost painful. It seems as if certain functions of the human system were influenced, like those of plants, by light and darkness; and as if the alternation of these were essential to healthy action of body and mind. It is unpleasant, and seems unnatural, to go to sleep in daylight; and a town perfectly still, exhibiting no signs of life except a straggling dog or muffled watchman in the broad glare of day, wears an aspect melancholy and death-like.

I have now entered on a new and highly interesting country; one of which my limited descriptive powers will be able to convey no adequate idea. How the mountain scenery of Norway will bear comparison with that of Switzerland or the colossal ranges of the Himala, I will not venture to conjecture; but you shall hear of my progress from time to time; and as it is a country little known, the accounts shall be more detailed.

LETTER VI.

Christiania, 16th July, 1830.

We reached Frederikshall, the frontier town of Norway, on the night of Monday the 12th instant. The country, which in South Gothland is flat and sandy, becomes gradually more interesting, while the scenery assumes a bolder and more striking character. The nearer approach to Norway is characterised by a great increase of wood, and numerous little bays along the line of coast. These are called "*fjords*" or "*fjorde*." It is on one of these that the town of Frederikshall, with the fort of Frederikstein, is built. A Norwegian gentleman, named Hanson, kindly conducted us to an eminence to view a landscape considered one of the finest in this romantic country.

Ascending a lofty mountain we enjoyed a scene which Switzerland can scarcely equal. On the right, an extensive lake supplied by five rivers, whose confluent waters here unite to form the noble river Glomen, presents to the eye its leafy banks and three or four picturesque islands covered with luxuriant fir trees; the surface was calm as we surveyed it; and a few northern birds reposed peacefully on its bosom. On the left, in the foreground, the Glomen rushes violently down a precipice in three successive cataracts; being hidden from the view, before the waves have regained a tranquil state, by a forest rising on the projecting angle of a chain of hills: in the distance through a defile of woody mountains, we overlooked a fiord, at the extremity of which the tower of Frederikshall is seen in miniature, with a background of dark green forest on the heights above. A break in these disclosed the channel where the sea gains admission, and forms the fiord, here, as always, the characteristic of a Norwegian scene. While our minds were pleasantly excited by a view of this perfect landscape, the ruin of the venerable fort of Frederikstein recalled to memory the fall of Sweden's glory in the person of Charles the Twelfth. Here he perished in an attempt to take the citadel. He was leaning on a block of marble when a shot struck his head. This block, rudely chiseled, now forms his monumental stone. Conscience has since

smitten me for bringing away a piece of it; for if every traveller did the same, Charles would be left without a local memorial.

Close to the cataracts just mentioned is an establishment of saw mills, some of which belong to Mr. Hanson. The firs are hewn and marked; then floated down the Glomen in great numbers from various parts of the country; and, being stopped here, are recognised as the property of their respective owners. No attempt is made to steal them, though unaccompanied in their progress down the river: indeed, there is no temptation, since trees can be obtained for the trouble of felling, and without the risk of a legal penalty. Where the stream winds round an angle, a peasant is appointed to push off from shore the logs that have been stranded. This is the only aid they require in their long and singular voyage. When hurled down cascades and rapids they are frequently injured; but the cheapness of such a conveyance more than compensates for the loss sustained. A natural raft of firs rushing down three foaming cataracts in immediate succession is an imposing sight.

A similar mode of transporting wood is adopted in Germany; and grates, called *recken*, are fixed at the mouths of rivers to collect the trees that float down. In different parts of Europe where the forests are inaccessible, as on Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, various modes of obtaining the timber have been devised. There an inclined plane was adapted to the rugged sides of the mountain, at one time passing through excavated tunnels, at another suspended over frightful chasms; and on this, trees of a hundred feet in length rushed with almost incredible velocity through a space of eight miles from the top of the mountain into the lake of Lucerne. Unfortunately the speculation proved abortive; and the slide of Alpach was resigned to the destructive influence of the elements.

From Frederikshall to Christiania the distance is about eight Norwegian miles. We slept on the road at a town called Moss, situated on a fiord of great beauty. In the morning I enjoyed a ramble over the neighbouring country, while the carriage was submitted to some necessary repairs and the forebud rode on to order relays of horses.

The delay afforded me an opportunity of observing the ceremony of a Norse marriage. A number of young girls with flowers in their hands stood at the door of the church. The bride and bridegroom, humbly dressed, entered and took their seats in a pew, while the priest and an acolyte chanted alternately some psalms. A prayer was then offered, and the parties approaching the altar knelt to receive the benediction of the priest, and to join their supplications for the blessing of the divine institutor of this sacred rite. No ring appeared to be given; but it might have been without my seeing it. The manner of all was serious and devotional.

It was late on Wednesday morning before our carriage was repaired; and the sun had just set as we reached the capital of Norway. The view of Christiania from the top of the hill that overlooks it receives no small accession of interest from the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the novelty of its character. The town stands on a fiord running up into a continent of richly wooded mountains. The number of ships riding at anchor converted the bay into a forest of masts. The metropolis, surrounded as it is by suburbs built entirely of wood, is itself a remarkable object that seems to carry one out of the world of arts and luxuries: but having once entered the town, all interest in it ceases. A plague seems to have swept away the greater part of the inhabitants. Neither politics nor commerce move the natives to exertion. A vehicle is seldom seen in the streets; and you may walk for an hour without meeting two. Though the Storting, or representative assembly of the country, is now sitting, yet even that does not give life to this inanimate city, which seems to have been visited by an asphaltic broeze.

During my short stay I have received great kindness from Mr. Broder Knutzdon, to whom I was favoured with an introduction by his brother in London. He has accompanied me about the town, devoting himself for two days to that object; so that I have felt unlike a stranger here. Mr. Knutzdon is a banker of eminence at Trondheim. He resided some years in England; hence, to the hospitable kindness of a native of the north and the acquirements of a literary man he unites the polish and refinement of an English gentleman. Such an acquaintance is invaluable to a traveller. It inspires him with confidence in research, while sources of information are opened, calculated to stimulate the activity and satisfy the curiosity of his mind.

In an evening excursion we rambled over the fort and

its environs. It is called Aggerhuus, and gives a name to one of the four statistical divisions of Norway. The view from this spot is interesting. The eye roams over the tranquil waters of the fiord, whose surface is studded with islands and shipping, and rests on a back ground of hills which, just as we saw them, borrowed from the setting sun the golden tint of anticipated autumn. A prospect so rich in the beauties of nature, viewed from a warlike citadel and in a commercial town, offers to the mind an assemblage of images not frequently combined. Turning our steps homewards, we traversed again the ill-paved streets in search of a bookseller's shop; but such a convenience exists only in a state of higher civilisation than Norway can boast. All the shops are indifferently furnished: few of them can be recognised by external signs; so that a stranger finds difficulty in supplying himself with common necessities. Most of the houses are built of brick. Some few are of stone. The lowest floor is sunk below the level of the ground; an arrangement which must be peculiarly unwholesome, as the town is ill-drained, and the pavement, inclined from each side, converts the centre of every street into a common-sewer.

Yesterday I visited professors Hungstein and Esmark: the one a great geologist in this bureau of the sciences; the other an adventurous and scientific traveller. Professor Hungstein has lately returned from Siberia, where he went for the purpose of making observations on the variation of the needle. He thinks he has proved that there are two magnetic axes cutting each other in the centre of the globe; that their northern poles are, the one near the spot where Parry and Franklin fixed it, the other in Siberia: and their southern poles, of course, at the vertically opposite points. To illustrate this, he arranged the experiments made by travellers in different parts of the world, especially those of navigators, and showed that the variation of the needle depends always on its distance from these two poles. But observations were wanting in Siberia. He stated his belief that the needle would be found to deviate from the north in a certain manner at certain places in that country. Having sketched a map of supposed variations, he undertook the journey, under the sanction of the emperor of Russia, to ascertain the truth of his theory, and had the satisfaction to find his hypothesis verified by the result. I obtained permission to copy the map he has drawn of magnetic deviations throughout the world, and regard it as one of the most interesting things seen in my tour. From Professor Hungstein I have gained some new ideas, the only real wealth.

Professor Esmark was formerly attached to the academy of Kongsberg, where he delivered lectures in the mineralogical department. At present he holds a similar situation in the university of this city, which numbers twenty professors. The nucleus of a public library is already formed here; and the collection of books, made with great care and assiduity, promises some day to rival those of Copenhagen and Stockholm. I am informed that a similar embryo of literature exists at Bergen. It is interesting to watch the radiations of science from the English and German foci; and to trace their diverging courses to the north and the east, and the south and the west. May Christianity advance with civilisation and knowledge, and the clouds of moral darkness be dispersed by the light of true religion!

LETTER VII.

Bergen, July 31st, 1830.

That one who has traversed the Himala should address an explorer of the Andes from the mountains of Norway, on which they had hoped to roam in pleasing fellowship, is a circumstance that seems almost to annihilate the distance of the opposing points of the compass, and to bring every spot of our earth within the grasp of an adventurous spirit. I will not dwell on my disappointment in finding that you had not arrived at Hamburg the day we fixed; but had I the pen of a ready writer, a tantalising description of all I have seen should excite in your mind regret at least equal to my own. The scenery of this country is indescribable. The "*fjelds*," or mountains, may be conceived by the imagination; but the beauty of the "*fjorde*," or bays, defies alike the pencil and the pen.

I had intended to proceed from Christiania to Stockholm, but Norway possesses a power of fascination which has proved irresistible. I have been led on from one week to another, and am now deterred from going by Trondheim to Tornea only by the impossibility of getting my portmanteau from the capital without going for it myself. There are no diligences, and comparatively no travelling; for the towns of this country have far less

communication with each other than with foreign states: and the journey from Bergen to Christiania, which I hope to commence on Monday, is undertaken by scarcely a dozen people in a year. A Norwegian resident of this town has just told me that he does not remember to have seen here more than one English traveller during the last five years.

I should much like to go round the gulf of Bothnia, and enter Lapland: but this excursion is deferred till another opportunity, when perhaps we may yet be fellow-travellers. The Laps annually bring their deer to the mountains of Norway, to graze during summer on the rein-moss which covers, like a dress of gold, the more elevated fields. Three days before I joined two gentlemen who are now my travelling companions, they had supped and slept in a Lap hut with a family of those wanderers, surrounded by six hundred deer; and much did they enjoy the opportunity of observing the manners of a race who seem to form a link between the worlds of reason and of instinct. The Laps were encamped on the Roraas mountain between Trondheim and Christiania, which is always occupied at this season by one of their families. They were living in the uncivilised modes peculiar to their country, deriving subsistence, clothes, and bedding, entirely from their deer. Drinking and smoking form their chief sources of enjoyment. How pleasure can be derived from such habits is happily incomprehensible to us: but their ideas are few; their enjoyments still fewer. My friends left them with the impression that they are as little as possible elevated above the brute creation; though they do not quite answer to the description which Tacitus quotes with ambiguous faith, that they have human faces with the bodies and limbs of wild beasts.*

On Friday, the 16th instant, I left Christiania in company with Mrs. Fowler and Gurney, two interesting young men, for Dramen, a town about thirty miles south-west from the capital, carrying on an extensive trade in fire with Holland.

Our road lay along the shore of a fiord celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. A succession of hill and dale carried us through a country whose rich and various charms almost fatigue through excess of enjoyment. On the right hand, hills of basaltic porphyry arise with sloping forests of birch and fir; and as the setting sun sinks behind and leaves the last branches ungilded by its rays, their sombre shadows present to view an unlimited expanse of groves, in which imagination can scarcely fail to place the shrines of Woden and of Thor.† The foreground, no less wild, consists with the illusion. No villages nor country-seats, no cultivated fields nor orchards, tell of the luxuries of the rich or the labours of the husbandman; but the whole is the monopoly of nature. Here she has planted her garden, and here she reigns supreme. The mountains her throne and the flowery valleys her footstool, she triumphs in the fulness of her charms. The florist and the botanist may find inexhaustible treasures in this unexplored repository of her stores. Nor will the researches of the geologist be less amply repaid. Some of the hills are formed of marble resting on a base of granite, which is intimately associated with, and passes into, trap. Many varieties of granite, jasper and feldspar are seen here; and in the marble quarries are crystals of green garnet and carbonated lime, the rationale of whose formation is a subject of speculation among mineralogists.

On the left the sea runs up into a thousand creeks and bays of every shape and size, each studded with woods, and forming in itself a perfect picture. Where the bay is large, the sameness of its even surface is varied by islands springing up, as if by magic touch, exactly where the eye requires them; while the gentle ripple of the distant tide and the blue tint of its water tell that the seeming lake draws on the resources of an ocean concealed by the mountains.

The next day, we passed through Kongsberg, celebrated for its silver mines, which are situated in mountains of red granite resting on a base of hornblende and mica, whose remarkable formation long since attracted the attention of Norwegian and English geologists. These mines, now scarcely repaying the labour bestowed on them, have produced larger masses of native silver than any others in the world. One of these I have

mentioned in a former letter as being in the museum at Copenhagen; an enormous specimen, upwards of five feet in length, weighing more than five hundred pounds. Other pieces have been discovered of two and three hundred weight; small by the side of their elder brother, yet gigantic as compared with the productions of other countries. The Kongsberg mines abound with mineralogical curiosities, of which the most remarkable is native electrum, a natural alloy of gold and silver. Native mineral carbon is found here in large quantities, which, though black as coal and exactly resembling that substance, can scarcely by analysis be distinguished from diamond.

From this place, we started without much delay on an excursion of some difficulty, for the purpose of seeing the famous waterfall of Riukén, called Riukénfos. With Kongsberg we left civilisation. Each step carried us forward to its influence. We had already accomplished eight-and-forty miles from Christiania in the carts of the country, which are miserable conveyances, far worse than the rudest taxed-cart seen in England; and the last part of the day's journey was over a road where the horse had to choose his steps between points of rock and stumps of cleft trees. At Moen, the only village within fourteen miles, and containing scarcely a dozen men, we could procure neither bed nor food. Our own stock was produced: the stream supplied water; and a hard table was the best substitute for a couch.

The 18th was Sunday. The impossibility, in such a place, of passing the day as a sabbath, reconciled us to the necessity of moving to the next house, called Birkoshee, at a distance of thirteen miles. Our route lay through a forest of lofty firs, where the woodman has seldom plied his axe. Torrents of rain had fallen; and the road, if such it could be called, was covered with slimy mud which rendered it very difficult for the horses to proceed. In such weather we were not a little surprised to meet a party of peasants, neatly dressed in the peculiar costume of the district, going, in spite of rain and road, a distance of one-and-twenty miles to church. If we failed to profit by the example we have abundant cause for shame.

The Tellemarken women wear a red jacket; a black skirt trimmed at the bottom with yellow; and a short vest, fastened by a ceinture where the jacket ends and hanging in loose plaits for some inches below. A colored handkerchief, tied round the head, floats on the air behind. The sides of the stockings are prettily worked; and the shoes are ornamented with large buckles or star-shaped pieces of leather. The costume of the men is something like that in which Charles the Twelfth is drawn, or that of the combatants in the Spanish bull-fights. A short jacket of some decided color; a waistcoat striped and very gaudy; dark breeches, with a streak of red running down both sides and across the front; worsted stockings well worked; broad embroidered garters; large knee buckles; and shoes ornamented like the women's. Both sexes wear a profusion of silver lace and trinkets on their persons, and even on their saddles.

We were told that one Englishman had preceded us a few days since, in a journey to the Riukén. We met him on his return. His account of the difficulties to be encountered weighed little against his acknowledgment of the recompense, and served to stimulate rather than repress our ardour.

At Birkoshee we found a more comfortable room than we had expected. The proprietor of the house was evidently a man of some property. The interior was ornamented with a variety of copper, iron, and even silver utensils, all shining in the cleanliness of unused and valued stores. Two cribs, curiously carved, fixed to the wooden sides of the building, were filled with fresh hay on our account; nor did we fail to contrast such luxurious beds with the accommodation of the preceding night.

Throughout Norway the houses are built of wood, which is found to be as much warmer as it is cheaper than bricks. The trunks of trees rudely squared are laid sideways on one another, the interstices being calked with moss. The walls thus formed are covered with a sloping roof. In this state the building remains for six or seven years, during which time the wood contracts under the constant heat of a large fire, and the whole becomes close and compact. A coating of pitch is afterwards applied inside and out, and a double lining of deal-boards nailed to the timbers prevents the possibility of communication between the internal and external atmosphere. In this part of the country an additional precaution is requisite. The snow lies on the mountains the greater part of the year and would rot the lower beams, if they were not raised on piles. Six little pillars of wood, the solid trunks of trees, (with chapters of the Norwegian order of architecture!) support the building,

the upper story of which projects beyond the lower, and is, in its turn, protected by a large Swiss roof. In the inside of the house an inscription is often seen, standing out in relief and extending over one side of the room. This serves to bequeath the building from generation to generation, and prevents its alienation in a land where parchments and lawyers are unknown.*

The peasants of Tellemarken, few in number and separated by their mountains from much intercourse with the rest of the world, are the finest set of men we have yet seen in Norway. They are less fond of money than the Norse in general; and equally with the rest of their countrymen regard the outward observances of religion. It is a rare thing to meet a labourer who cannot read. The old man with whom we passed this day had a history of the wars between England and France, printed at Copenhagen, which we saw him studying. In every house, however poor, the bible and psalter have their place. Notwithstanding this, the majority of the lower orders are very idle. They are addicted to cheating and falsehood; and, though more intelligent, are less interesting, because less moral, than their neighbours the Swedes. The whiteness of their long and flowing hair, (which in after life becomes light brown,) the regularity and colour of their teeth, and fairness of complexion, characterise the Norwegians generally.

Nineteen miles over a mountain bridge-road to Tindöser, and twenty-one miles over the lake of Tind, carried us to a village called Moel, whence we walked seven miles to Dal, where we passed the night of the 19th. The scenery, especially on the banks of the lake, is bold and striking. Mountains rise on either side, here richly clad with firs and birch, there standing out in wild projections of rock receiving on their surface the playful waterfall, and churlishly denying subsistence even to the kindred lichen.

A bed of hay with a horse-cloth, hard bacon, unleavened rye bread full of husk, and sometimes a little milk, were all that from this time we could procure. It may seem strange that, in a country like Norway, new milk should be a rarity. The fact is, the people live in summer only to provide for winter. The grass on the top of the mountains is poorer than that in the valleys; therefore the cattle are sent up to eat the former while the latter is preserved to be mowed and stacked. Two or three women go and live with a herd of cows in the most desolate of the unclaimed pastures; and all the milk they can procure is converted into cheese, and added to the winter stock. Little or no flesh is consumed by the men; so that they have no motive to retain the flocks and herds below. The manure is therefore lost to the soil; and fields which might produce corn, yield only hay. If the people would eat more meat, the ground would be enriched by the cattle, and more land might be brought into cultivation. On Tuesday morning we started for the Riukénfos. Only one horse was in the village; but the distance was short; and after the first ten miles a horse could not proceed. For four miles we scrambled over rocks where, in places, there was nothing more than a ledge just large enough to catch the side of the foot. The scenery is grand beyond description. The mountains on either side of the valley are covered to the very summits with wood; while, in the middle, the river rolls its angry waters through a rugged channel whose inclination augments constantly their velocity.

At length we reached the foss. I do not remember to have seen a sight so calculated to inspire terror. The Moen rushes through a rock blackened by time, and falls from a height of four hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly into a caldron of the same dark material. The foam, or *riukén*, rises so high as to conceal from the distant spectator the depth of the fall, which we could duly appreciate only when lying on the ground and looking over the edge of the precipice at its highest point. Whe-

* The Swiss traveller will recall to mind mottos inscribed in a similar manner, though having a different import, on the outside of many of the houses in Switzerland, especially in the canton of Berne. The following specimens, accurately copied by the friend to whom this letter was addressed, are transcribed from his journal and translated into English. The first is as follows:

"I hope in God, and wait for the hour when He shall come to redeem me. Come then, Christ my Lord, to grant me aid in my latter end."

The other is of a similar character:

"God preserve this house from danger of fire and water, and all other perils; and crown these and all possessors of the same with peace and blessings here on this earth, in order that they may direct their aim to the heavenly abode."

* Tacit. de mor. Germ. cap. xlv.

† In the mythology of Greece and Rome, Mars, who corresponded to the Scandinavian God Thor, was frequently characterised by an epithet indicative of his ferocity, the similarity of which (thouros) to the name Thor is remarkable. Might the one word be derived from the other?

ther real or fancied, the earth seemed to tremble under the concussion of the continuous torrent.

At this moment the sun burst from behind a cloud, and shining upon the falling water and the playful spray, cast obliquely on the dark background a perfect double rainbow approaching nearly to a circle. The effect was exceedingly striking. Placed in the only point where the circumference was incomplete, we saw ourselves clothed with the rainbow. Unprepared as we were for so extraordinary a position, it was too sublime: and we almost shuddered at the glory of the vesture with which we were surrounded: while in the beauty and grandeur of this masterpiece of his hand, we recognised the power of Him who "weigheth the mountains in scales," and "covereth himself with light as with a garment."

This phenomenon, in itself so remarkable, was rendered yet more interesting by the recollection that equal dimensions are exhibited by the rainbow of scarcely any other waterfall in the world, and never attained by the covenanted bow in the clouds. You remember that from the relative position of the spectator and the sun, and from the convex figure of the earth, the natural rainbow can never be seen larger than a semi-circle; and as large only for a moment when the sun is emerging from, or dipping under, the horizon.

We had now completed the object for which we started from Christiania; but my mind was bent on proceeding, if possible, to Bergen. The finest scenery in Norway was stated to be in that vicinity; and what we had seen had whetted the appetite for a fuller enjoyment of such beauties.

The obstacle was a chain of mountains, marked in the maps as the Hardanger Fjeld, which had never been passed but in one direction, and then only by three Englishmen and one Norwegian. The latter is Professor Hungstein of Christiania, whom I have already introduced to you as a scientific traveller in Siberia, and the Humboldt of the north. He told us that he had bivouacked three nights in the snow, and tried to dissuade us from following his steps.

The pass we resolved to attempt was another one, quite unexplored. Should you blame, yet perhaps you have yourself experienced the feeling that makes one the more anxious to traverse ground, because it is terra incognita. According to our best calculation, the distance from Dal to Bergen was two hundred miles, more than half of which was over the trackless mountains. No information could be gleaned from the peasants; and it was not for some time that the minds of the whole party were made up to encounter an expedition which proved difficult and interesting beyond our highest expectations. We were furnished with neither clothes nor provisions adapted to the occasion. Ignorant of the country over which we roamed, we had hitherto encouraged the belief that each day would bring us to a village where a stock of good food might be procured: but this hope had proved fallacious, and we had now nearly exhausted the little store provided at Kongsberg. Our minds, however, were better fortified than our bodies; and at length, having determined to proceed, we went forward animated by hope, and resolved patiently to persevere.

Returning to Mool, we recrossed the lake of Tind to a village of the same name at its opposite extremity. The distance was only seven miles; but, owing to a contrary wind, it was midnight ere we arrived. A farmer admitted us with some hesitation to a bed of hay; saying it was impossible for him to provide horses, or give any information as to the route we talked of.

The following morning we waited on the priest. He welcomed us with a pipe in his mouth and a bottle of ale on the table. Unfortunately, neither English, French, Italian, German, nor Latin was intelligible to him. All he could communicate through our Norse servant was, that the pass, if such there were, was very high and very difficult, and, to the best of his belief, never attempted.

The map led us to conclude that a village, called Tessungdale, eighteen miles from Tind, lay at the foot of the Hardanger. For this, with the assistance of the kind priest's horse, we resolved to make the best of our way, and soon reached the top of the hills that overlook the lake of Tind. The same vast forests with which we had become familiar, characterised the scenery. On the heights, the firs dwindle in size, and birch predominates. By degrees the former were left behind, and the stunted birch appeared more thinly scattered on the bleak field. At length we reached the point where vegetation ceases. It might be about three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Ascending still higher, it was curious to remark the inversion of objects occasioned by

our local change. The forests appeared only in the valleys, and the clouds beneath our feet seemed to say that we had invaded the fabled residence of "The cloud-impealing Jupiter."

Towards evening, a few wooden houses in a valley indicated that the day's journey was at an end. Some husky rye bread and hard bacon were attacked by us with a relish which a city gourmand might covet; while a girl ran off to get milk from the cows that were grazing some miles away on the mountains.

Distances in Norway are not like distances in England. Towns are separated from each other by hundreds, and villages by scores, of miles. The very measure of land is gigantic; and, as though the mind could be deceived through the medium of the ear, the tenth of a degree, or nearly seven English miles, is called a Norwegian mile.

The peasants told us that the Hardanger rising above their heads, opposed an insuperable barrier between them and the natives of the western districts. No man would venture to guide us over upwards of a hundred miles where no road was to be seen; and where, in many places, the snow had accumulated from the first subsidence of the waters of the flood. A transient fear crossed our breasts that we might be compelled to relinquish a trip to the dangers and interest of which we were now wrought up. It proved however but transient. We learned that, some miles off, a mountaineer maintained a solitary, but friendly, communion with the winds and woods. He was believed to know something of the Alpine waste. A summons brought this wild child of nature. He said he had succeeded in a former attempt to cross the Hardanger, and knew the bearings of Bergen; so he agreed for seven dollars to accompany us. Some unleavened bread and bacon were added to our little store; and, the necessary preparations being made, we started from Tessungdale at one in the afternoon of Thursday the 22d of July.

The party consisted of Messrs. Fowler and Gurney, myself, our servant, the guide, and a man who accompanied the horses. Of these we had four, one of which carried the provisions. Like the horses of Switzerland, those of Norway are very small. They seldom exceed twelve or thirteen hands in height; but they are hardy and sure-footed. On the rocks they scramble like goats, sometimes perhaps to the alarm, and always to the surprise, of the rider.

Four miles from Tessungdale we passed a couple of huts, and then commenced the arduous ascent. Firs and birch gradually disappeared, as before. Our guide tore from the last stragglers of the forest a few branches which were fixed on the backs of the horses, and served afterwards to kindle a fire in time of urgent need. At four o'clock the trees were all left behind. Wild flowers, however, appeared in great profusion; especially the heart's ease, the cucubalus, the strawberry blossom, many species of chrysanthemum and campanula, and a great variety of others peculiar to Norway, with whose names I am unacquainted. We were particularly struck with a shrub resembling in its leaf the sage, and with a sweet flower like honeysuckle. The mosses and heaths are very numerous. Before five, the rein-deer moss appeared, and prepared us to see a herd of those beautiful animals shortly afterwards dart across our way. They were the first I ever beheld: nor is it improbable that we were the first persons who had ever intruded on their mountain privacy. At six we saw some ptarmigan; and at nine heard a cry like that of the eagle.

The sun set in the N.N.W. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of the flower of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself.

The weather was inclement. It rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and for two successive hours the guide had been saying that we were within a mile of a hut which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along. Hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and perhaps never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness as we did this pile of stones; for suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements.

The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together. A hole in

the centre let out the smoke and admitted the fresh air. The former had no other exit; the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters which nearly filled the hut. The intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were bowls of milk and cream, the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an unaccustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse blankets were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently that it was not possible to repose for any length of time.

The morning dawned, disclosing the full wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squalid filth of the women was exceeded, if possible, by that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting place.

After breakfasting on smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dryness and inequalities, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their progress down the throat, we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours' of hard marching over trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and in a drenching rain, we accomplished three and twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers whose plaintive cry consorted well with the discomfort of our condition, scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen.

Our course the preceding day was W. by S. and the mountain where we stopped the guide called Recabise. This day we travelled west, and to the spot attained at night (whether capriciously or otherwise I cannot say,) he gave the name of Feelsihoon.

Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant. It was probably raised by some venturesome huntsmen, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of the Hardanger and exploring in successive journeys a little and a little more of the inhospitable field, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here, to enjoy the chase of the deer. Whatever its origin, it screened us in some degree from the severity of the cold, which at this altitude, with patches of snow on every side, is intense even in the day-time.

Twelve feet by six allowed but two feet of ground in breadth to each of us. This was to be shared by three saddles and the embers of a fire supplied by our birch twigs, so that we squeezed together in a manner which would have arrested sleep less dearly earned. We gained something, however, in the development of a torpor; and hailing with pleasure the moment of release from such painful incarceration, renewed our journey at four in the morning of Saturday the 24th instant.

The blackest rye bread, unleavened and full of best, with cheese and half cooked bacon, was all that we had eaten. At a distance of six miles the guide assured us we could obtain some milk; accordingly, after a march of four hours over rocks which some days ago we should have hesitated to ascend on foot, but on which the horses were now allowed to walk with the reins over their necks, we reached a hollow pile of stones, where three women watched over, and manufactured into cheese, the produce of a herd of cows.

This was the third establishment of the kind, (for I know not how to designate it,) we had encountered in three days. Each of them was situated in a kind of valley, distant fifty or sixty miles from the nearest village, and attainable only by a circuitous route known to none but the half-civilised mountaineers who occupied the hut during a few summer weeks, and who then returned by the same way, without the desire or means of exploring the surrounding world of desolation. We formed, in all probability, the only communication between the distant tenants of the mountain waste, ignorant of each other's existence.

One shed at Hansbo, as this place was called, held the fire-place and stock of summer fuel brought from a great distance: another, forty or fifty bowls of milk in every degree of sweetness or sour fermentation, ranged according to the days on which they were added to the little stock. Some coarse rye flour was boiled in cream by one of these children of nature, and presented with

an intimation that this dish of "*flootteegroot*" was a token of their good will, and the choicest produce of the farm. It was a strange meal; but we needed the nourishment yielded by the rich cream; and felt that we were thereby fortified for a continued campaign.

These women were more civilized than those we had visited before. They came from the western side of the field; and purposed to stay two months, unless the fall of snow denied provender to their cows. They wore white woollen gowns, with drawers of the same material, but black. Under these, white socks appeared. Their hair was tied up with worsted. A waistcoat with metal buttons and short sleeves completed the grotesque costume. One of them attempted to stitch my glove. The apparatus might have been mistaken for a sail-maker's; so might the work; but the very effort evinced superiority to the other uncivilized beings. A present of half a dollar, equal to one shilling and eight pence, quite overcame our hostesses, who ran out with extended hands to grasp those of their benefactors.

Pursuing our journey, a solitary bird now and then flew over our heads; and since living creatures were so scarce, attracted attention. A hawk of the smallest known species, and peculiar to Norway, a large falcon, an eagle, and a white owl were of this number. We noticed particularly some lemmings, (whose singular history may be familiar to you,) running among the rocks. This creature is as large as a rat, with a pointed head, short round ears, small black eyes, straight whiskers, and two long cutting teeth in each jaw. The fore-legs are very short; and the toes, of which there are only four, (a sharp claw or spur being substituted for the fifth,) are covered with hair. The skin is of a dusky hue, with a tinge of yellow prevailing more towards the stomach, which is yellow and white. They appeared in hundreds, perhaps thousands, running in and out of holes under the rocks. Sometimes they descend from their elevated abodes, and migrate into Lapland, in swarms defying numerical calculation, and destroying, like locusts, every green thing. The Norwegians and Laps have many superstitions connected with these curious animals; amongst others, that they fall from the clouds. I object only to the word *fall*; for that they dwell above the clouds I can attest from ocular demonstration. Some of their habits, however, are singular enough to feed the credulity of the ignorant Nordlanders. The father of Mr. Broder Knutzdon, from whom I received great kindness at Christiania, once saw an army of lemmings crossing a river. The foremost plunged in, ranging themselves one in advance of the other, so that the head of each was supported on the back of another, while the links of this living chain were formed by the doretail of their little legs. In this manner they constructed a continuous bridge from bank to bank, on which the Lilliputian army passed over. The one holding to land on this side then let go; and the rear-most ascending, one after another, crawled over the backs of their fellows, till many had attained the shore. During this movement, the rest of the line being gradually carried down the stream, like a string of boats fastened at one end, each was conveyed to the opposite bank, and resumed his place in the line of march.

We succeeded in killing the first lemming we saw. Its skin, which I took off with care, is reserved to afford subject for an amusing conversation amid the pleasures and comforts of our *Alma Mater*.

Continuing a western course for six hours, we reached at half-past four another shed, occupied by three girls and distant fourteen miles from the former place. The guide called it Leetloos; but as the names he assigned are known to no one else, he certainly coined them for the occasion. The man was quite a character. He bore the Saraccenic name of Oollah. He talked of England, and could chant a Lutheran psalm. His walk in front of the horses was provokingly sedate and calm, unaffected by entreaties or promises: nor did he once lose his equanimity nor confess his ignorance till an occasion I shall presently mention.

The arrangements at Leetloos were similar to those at Feelsihoon. *Flootteegroot* and huskier rye bread were all that the girls could offer. Our stores supplied but little more. We had calculated on reaching a village in three days. This time had now elapsed, and we had scarcely proceeded half way across the field.

Urged by the necessity of the case, we started again at half-past seven in the evening to reach a *boe*, or pile of stones, at a distance of seven miles. The jaded horses excited our compassion; and we, only less jaded, relieved them of our weight. One of them had kicked me in the morning on the ankle-bone: I was not furnished with anything to put under the stocking; and

the wound has every day grown worse and worse, still causing me much pain. Under such circumstances, however, nothing short of a broken bone arrests the traveller. It was impossible to stop; for delay might subject us to something worse than inconvenience.

At this elevation, (four thousand feet,) snow surrounded us on all sides. Here and there we traversed its untracked surface for a quarter of a mile together, guided only by stones that a straggling rein-deer huntsman had placed, one upon another, to enable him to retrace his steps. The prospect on every side was sublime and almost terrific in its wildness. Soon after the commencement of our evening march, it began again to rain. From nine to half-past nine, and from half-past nine to ten, we expected that each minute would bring us within sight of the *boe*. At length Oollah confessed that he had lost the way.

The sun had set with all the angry symptoms of a storm, and dense black clouds deprived us of the advantage of a northern twilight. The wind and rain increasing broke my umbrella, which had hitherto sheltered me a little. My companions were equally unprotected. A consultation was held, and we determined to march through the night. The man pronounced the horses unable to proceed. The alternative was to stand still for six hours, drenched as we were with rain, or to return to the abode of the girls whom we had left three hours before. The last was preferred; but Oollah maintained that the horses must rest. It was neither a time nor place for argument; and reason would have availed little with one who, as guide over a trackless waste, knew that power was his own. While he parleyed with one of the party, the other two turned their horses' heads, and made some way before he discovered their purpose. He pursued, but in vain. In a few minutes the whole cavalcade was in retrograde motion, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at the spot from which it had started at half-past seven the preceding afternoon.

The simple mountaineers arose at our call. A fire and some *flootteegroot* cheered us not a little; and when our clothes ceased to steam, we three weary travellers, forgetful of our English gullantry, turned into the bed which the friendly peasant girls resigned to us. Its base was hay; its length five feet, and the breadth contracted in proportion. We slept at first through very weariness, but ere long awoke through actual pain. The curved position of the legs was more painful than repose was grateful, and our triple bed proved as uncomfortable as it was anomalous.

The morning of the sabbath found us in a situation preventing the possibility of the day being spent altogether as one consecrated to God. It was, however, emphatically, a day of rest. We had an opportunity of observing at leisure the surrounding country. Snow, and granite, barren as its own nature, an occasional cascade, and gneiss hills covered with the rein-deer or Icelandic moss, were the only objects which the enormous masses of mountain encircling our abode presented to the view.

The three girls to whom we were indebted for a lodging, had been there but a fortnight. They were sent by their parents with a herd of cows, to pass two months in the mountains. The entire desolation of the spot precluded fear. We were the first, and should probably be the last, of human kind whom they would see there. Their manners were peculiarly interesting. There was nothing of levity, nothing of affectation. What provisions they had they gave, refusing all payment: nor did they receive without evident pain the trifling acknowledgment we compelled them to accept. I have since doubted whether they had ever before seen money; and Mr. Janson, a Norwegian gentleman residing in this town who has been greatly interested in our tour of discovery, inclines to the opinion that they never had. Their dress was a short striped jacket with sleeves; a loose garment from the waist with tucks all round, reaching down to the knees; and dark drawers with socks and shoes. Their beautiful auburn hair, whose colour consorted with the bright healthful hue of their complexions, was neatly tied with queues which hung down to the waist. Their modesty and simplicity were equally striking. You will not believe we left them without a keepeake, however trifling in value. But we were greatly perplexed. Our bag contained little but an English bible that they could not read, and a pair of shoes worn out both above and below. We were really poor and destitute. In this dilemma my broken umbrella was quite a prize. They gazed with wonder at this eastern emblem of royalty. Its bamboo stick, its tattered silk, its ivory handle, and whalebone radii were so many sources of admiration. Could we fail to

leave with our simple friends so appropriate a souvenir of their throe adventurous guests!

It was with much regret that at six in the evening we left these pleasing specimens of human nature to attain, if possible, the *boe* that had foiled us the preceding night. It rained again, and when we reached the mountain in question, we were all wet through. The guide left us in search of the hut. A storm raged furiously. The cold was intense: and we were glad to shelter ourselves under a rock, whose projecting surface admitted a man to crawl under it and lie flat, though with his hat touching both the ground and the roof. In this state we remained, most miserably wet, till Oollah brought the joyful intelligence that the *boe* was found. He added, however, that it was occupied, for two huntsmen had taken possession. We were rejoiced to find any of our race so near, for we had lost all confidence in Oollah, as he had in himself; and a hope suggested itself that the huntsmen might know the way to Bergen, and be prevailed on to act as guides. We hastened to the spot. They permitted us to share the shelter, and sold us a haunch of rein venison which, after the wretched fare of the past week, proved most acceptable.

The *boe* was like that we occupied on Friday night. Eight men could lie with knees bent and bodies curved; but not otherwise. The ground was so damp that steam rose as in a vapour bath. Our coats were wet through, and we had no other covering; for we had left Christiania with clothes for three, and had already been absent ten days; nor could we guess how soon we might reach Bergen, the first place where our wants could be supplied. Yet, notwithstanding hardships and dangers, there was not one of the party who regretted the enterprise. An opportunity of exploring an unknown tract occurs but once in a life; and while we expected that every mile would bring us to scenery which would reward our toil, we could also look forward to future days when, by a snug fire-side, we might recall in pleasing conversation recollections of the past; and, like the old soldier of the "Deserted Village," might

"Shoulder the crutch and show how fields were won."

At half past two on Monday morning, the 26th instant, we rose from the ground, and taking a little food cooked over night, began our march.

"The morning low'd,
And heavily in clouds brought on the day."

From Kolbooa, where we had passed the night, we walked a Norwegian mile, nearly equal to seven miles English, without being able to see ten yards in advance, on account of a fog. As the huntsmen were going the same way, they undertook to guide us; and want of confidence in Oollah induced us thankfully to accept their offer. It was well that we did so; for trackless masses of snow, far larger than any we had traversed, lay directly in our route. Sometimes, the horses descended a frozen inclined plane, one false step on which would have involved the rider in certain destruction. Sometimes, the half melted surface broke under the incumbent weight, and the deeper subsidence of the animal was arrested only by the breadth of his chest. As the mist cleared away, we saw that we were passing through scenery of a highly interesting character. The mountains appeared in a less unbroken line, while cataracts here and there indicated the presence of some mighty reservoir above, from which their waters were supplied. Bold peaks, rugged precipices, and extensive lakes, varied the scene.

Every thing conspired to stimulate feelings of hope and interest which had never flagged, when suddenly, at nine o'clock, a glacier burst on our view. We were descending into a valley. A dark mountain rose above us, and a cataract rolled down its cleft uneven side. A crown of ice reposed in grandeur on the summit, two thousand feet above. The thickness of the glacier was some hundred feet; the edge of its upper surface appeared quite even. Its extent was said to be ten English miles. The effect was truly imposing. In Switzerland, the glaciers are viewed from spots above, or on a level with them: here they stand on vantage ground. Their position enhances the sentiment of terror they are calculated to inspire; while their enormous extent, far beyond the limits of sight, affords ample scope to the imagination.

Hitherto our course had been ascending; now it was occasionally in a descent, though alternating with ascents less steep and rugged. The rein-deer moss had disappeared; and with it the animals, the proud boast of arctic fields. We now came to a succession of hills of granite utterly naked, devoid of even moss and

lichens. They extend about ten miles, and are dreary in the extreme. The effect, however, is good. They prepare the eye to receive with a fuller force of contrast the lovely prospect that shortly opens on it.

Without the least warning or expectation we came to the edge of a mountain, and saw the termination of our labors. The delight we felt was ecstatic. The sun shone upon the valley stretched out three thousand feet below. At an angle formed by the meeting of a double chain of hills, four cataracts pour their waters from different elevations into a river which seeks the neighbouring fiord. For four days we had not seen a tree. A whole forest now lay before us. In the valley the Lilliputian haymakers were toiling about the grass in all the short-lived gaiety of a northern summer. The church and parsonage smiled upon the scene. The most beautiful fiord in Norway expanded itself to our view. On the other side, a ridge of mountains rose perpendicularly to the height of perpetual congelation. Their snow-clad summits now appeared beautiful, because distant from us, and formed a contrast with their richly wooded slopes and the fertile valley. A descent of seven miles occupied two hours and a half. As we approached nearer to its blue waters, the Soe fiord, the village of Opedal, and the rural parsonage of Ullensvang, seemed to multiply their charms. The view of the Skreken-foss and Riiken-foss, (or "noisy" and "vapory" water-falls,) the two largest of the cascades, is more imposing from below, where their size is more justly appreciated. The first fall of the former from the top of the cliff, three thousand feet above the fiord, may be about four hundred feet. It then rushes down a precipitous slope of somewhat greater extent, still preserving its character as a waterfall. From that point it runs along an inclined plane of forty-five degrees for two thousand feet, and is lost in the river.

I am afraid to express what we felt when standing on the summit of the cliff, surveying the scene around: but each of us thought that our labours were more than repaid. We were probably the first, except a straggling unobservant huntsman, who had ever beheld this masterpiece of nature's works. We were assuredly the first who had ever dwelt on it at the end of such a journey, with minds so prepared to receive and contemplate its beauties. It is a bold assertion, but true—that I cannot recollect any view on the Alps or the Himala, which, uniting the minute beauties and grand outlines, the loveliness and sublimity, the varied objects, so numerous and so perfect of their kind, is altogether equal to this coup d'œil.

At the priestsgaard, or parsonage, we were received with primitive hospitality. The priest, by name Hertzberg, a provost of the Lutheran church, was absent; but his wife welcomed us cordially. Though we could not speak a word of Norse, yet modes of evincing gratitude are easily found. The language of the heart is more universal than that of the tongue.

We were surprised to find that none of the provost's family had ever ascended the eminence overlooking the house, from which we had just descended; nor had any of them an idea of what exists above, much less on the other side of the fjeld. In all probability, however, the provost himself is not equally ignorant. In this town he is held in high estimation as a scientific man; and certainly the world is much indebted to his meteorological studies. On his table we were much pleased to find a number of the British and Foreign Society's bibles.* The last book we saw in the inhabited world on the other side of the Hardanger was a psalter in Oolalah's hut. The first on this a bible. It was a cordial to the soul. Our hearts, I trust, were not insensible to recent mercies, yet those were small, compared with the gift that book proclaims.

We stayed under this hospitable roof till noon the following day; then embarked on a boat and were rowed to Bergen. I have already expatiated so largely on the portion of my tour I thought most likely to interest you, that I must withhold my pen from the excursions it would gladly make into every little creek through which we voyaged. A Norwegian fiord can never be described. The wind was contrary; hence, a voyage of eighty-four miles occupied three days, which in such scenery passed too rapidly away. The mountains on both sides the fiord, at first covered with perpetual snow,

then with broken patches, at length exhibited well wooded summits, as the gradual decrease of height brought them within the limits of vegetation. Behind a splendid ridge, about twenty miles from Bergen, the glacier of Folge Fund bursts upon the view. It was ascended by Professor Esmark, whom I visited at Christiania. He calculates that it is nearly forty miles in length, and twenty in breadth; and that its summit is raised upwards of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its upper surface appears even, as seen from below. The ice like that of the Swiss glaciers, is green; and, being semi-transparent towards the angle formed by the horizontal and perpendicular surfaces, when the sun shines strongly in the opposite direction it acts something like a prism, and exhibits various combinations of the constituent rays of light, like fragments of a rainbow grotesquely shaken together.

The existence of glaciers in Norway and Switzerland, and their non-existence in the loftier mountains of Kamtschatka, the Andes, and the Himala have often afforded me subject of curious speculation. Most men are fond of theory: knowing this, I will not venture to decide that mine is correct. It is generally admitted that glaciers consist of snow, more or less interspersed with air-bubbles and ice; and always covered with a coating of congealed snow-water, which communicates a granulated appearance to their surface. The process of formation consists in the melting of the surface of the snow and its subsequent conversion into ice. An accession of snow is then received from the clouds or from impending heights, and the surface of the mass undergoes a similar transformation into ice. In proportion to the quantity of snow falling at one time, and to the rapidity of succession of such falls, admitting or not admitting the intermediate formation of ice, must be the relative proportion of those bodies as constituents of the glacier, and the degree of its transparency when formed. But, in every case, an alternation of temperature, above and below the freezing point, is essential; and such a proportion between these alternations is required as will admit of the snow-water being arrested by the frost, before it has escaped into the valleys and formed mountain streams. If there be no frost there can be no snow. If the frost be perpetual there can be no ice on the snow, because no water to be congealed. If the temperature be more frequently above than below the freezing point, the snow will gradually be melted, and the glacier formed in the autumn will, in the course of years cease to exist. Therefore frost must predominate in point of duration over a milder temperature. Now such a state of atmosphere can exist only near the limit of perpetual congelation, allowing the horizontal line of that limit to vary in altitude in different countries according to their respective latitudes. Above that line it is evident there can be no thaw; and very much below it there is never an excess of frost. Hence, whatever the extent of a glacier, its summit will generally be found near the limit of perpetual congelation. In certain positions, as in the glacier of Grindelwald, the base may be considerably lower; but then there will be a gradual and continual diminution of the body of the glacier, which would soon become extinct unless supplied by avalanches from the surrounding hills.

In order that glaciers may be formed in such a situation, there must be either valleys at a convenient elevation, or the summits of the mountains must attain just the point required. The former is the case in Switzerland; the latter in Norway. Hence it is that there the glaciers are always below, or on a level with, the eye; here, always above it. In the loftier mountains of Kamtschatka, the Andes, and the Himala, attaining the height of sixteen, twenty-five and thirty-two thousand feet, where the limit of perpetual congelation may be fixed at an altitude of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen thousand feet respectively, their summits cannot be crowned with glaciers, because frost is perpetual. In those latitudes the genial temperature of the air is such that vegetation is attracted close to the limit of perpetual congelation; and a few hundred feet higher or lower, a remarkable diminution or increase of heat is perceptible. Moreover, at the height required by our hypothesis, the mountains are steep and the valleys distant. Snow, falling from the clouds or from occasional avalanches, passes by a rapid transition from regions of frost to a warm climate, and is immediately converted into water, which forms a part of some mountain stream before it can be arrested by the cold. So much for a theory, which you are welcome to discuss and refute.

It was midnight on Thursday, the 29th instant, when we reached this town, from whose residents we have ex-

perienced great attention. Having left our portman-teaus and letters of credit at Christiania, we had yesterday to request a loan, without the usual vouchers, from Mr. Jansson, the American consul, who treated us with great politeness.

Last night he invited us to a large party. The ladies sat together; so did the gentlemen. Dinner at noon admits of supper being eaten with a relish. It is consequently a substantial meal, and a glass of spirits beforehand, to whet the appetite, is considered by ladies and gentlemen a sine qua non for the encounter. When a meal is concluded, whether dinner or supper, the master of the house shakes hands with all his guests, and thanks them for their society; after which the gentlemen retire with the ladies, and coffee is served. We ought to learn from our less polished neighbours, and abolish the odious practice of sitting over the table, when those who form the charm of our social meetings have adjourned. On the other hand we may congratulate ourselves that English drawing rooms are not dishonoured by tobacco and pipes, the unfailing resource of Norwegian gentlemen.

A particular species of sweet cheese, highly prized here, is produced on special occasions. It is called "gammelen orse" or old cheese, which Mr. Jansson told us had been converted by the ingenuity of some English traveller into "gammela Norse," or old Norway. The mistake, on which he seemed to say some fable has been built, has afforded, as we have likewise heard in other quarters, much amusement to the natives.

Mr. Jansson passed some years with Mr. Greaves at Clapham. It was a strange coincidence that I should meet at Bergen a pupil of my quondam much respected tutor. He showed us a geographical lesson-book, well known in English seminaries, in which it is gravely stated that the Norwegians eat horse flesh. Travellers in a strange land are liable to fall into mistakes like that about the cheese; but a mis-statement, such as this, is an outrage on the sense of the British and the character of the Norse. He earnestly requested us to correct, as far as in our power, the erroneous impression to which this falsehood has given rise.

Among the many striking provisions of nature for the wants of man, I have been interested in observing the juniper-tree. It grows where no other wood is to be found, and requires little or no drying previous to use as firewood. The benefit resulting from this peculiarity the peasants, who keep their cows during the summer months at a high elevation, is incalculable.

I have now brought my journal up to the present day. If its minuteness have wearied you, forgive me. It has occurred to me that in after life, these sheets will be my only reference to recall associations on which I shall now dwell. In my future travels through Scandinavia I shall have neither servant nor companion, and must therefore talk Norse, (though as yet I know scarcely a sentence,) or nothing. The road from Bergen to Christiania, is considered richer in the beauties of nature than any in Norway; but it is difficult and dangerous; therefore few travellers attempt it. They prefer the easier route to Trondheim, which offers little of novelty to one who has enjoyed the finer scenery of the western districts.

It has struck one o'clock in the morning, and my companions are asleep. The jackals and wolves are striking up a second to the air of the watchman, who is passing under my window singing his usual chant, a Norse prayer that God may bless the city, concluded with the quarter of the wind. To words of form their proper meaning may justly be appropriated when felt. Accept then the application of the watchman's prayer to yourself, as comprising my every desire on your behalf.

LETTER VIII.

Christiania, August 12th, 1830.

As I make my letters my journal, I constantly impose restraint on my pen, and confine it to matters of fact, even when I might be inclined to range over other ground.

My last was closed at Bergen, which was always considered the capital of Norway till the cession of this country to Sweden; when Bernadotte choosing to be crowned in Christiania, thus constituted it his metropolis. Bergen, however, contains more wealth and a larger population. The one has nineteen, the other only ten, thousand inhabitants. You would scarcely suppose that a town so large should be without a single respectable hotel. Yet so it is: and private families receive the very few strangers who visit Bergen. My fellow-travellers and I lodged in the house of a Madame Danielson. She supplied us with the usual morning and

* As these sheets were about to enter the press, the author received a letter from the venerable provost, favoured by a gentleman who visited Ullensvang in the following month, and who brought to England the melancholy tidings of his death.

evening meal, comprising cheese in addition to our own breakfast list; and for dinner we went to the only house in this large town where it can be procured.

Norway is in a state of demi-civilisation, a century behind Sweden, which is a century behind Denmark, and at least another century behind France and England. Nothing marks this more strongly than the degraded state of the women, who are regarded as convenient appendages, rather than as companions, to the men. Among the lower orders, they perform the hardest work. In the higher ranks their duty is to minister to their lords. The word lady is not known. When a gentleman introduces his wife, it is with two words, "my wife." This unqualified brevity grates on an English ear; and the impression of severity thus conveyed is not diminished by observing the laconic speaker throw himself carelessly into his chair, with a pipe in his mouth, while his wife waits on her husband and his company. The Norse ladies claim the exclusive privilege of attendance on strangers. The mistress of a house seldom sits while her guests are eating. She changes their plates, and acts in every respect as a servant. She speaks when she is spoken to; and does as she is bidden. This custom at first quite deprived me of the pleasure of my meal; but it appears that the women are as happy as they desire to be: and though an Englishman may wish it were otherwise, he must conform unobtrusively to the custom of the country.

Bergen stands on the western coast of Norway, at the junction of two fiords; and is protected from the sea by several small islands. The town is partly situated in the valley, and part of it rests on the swelling bosom of one of the hills that rise on three sides, protecting it from the inclemency of northern winters. It is built entirely of wood. The effects of the conflagration of April last, in which many hundred buildings were consumed, are sadly conspicuous. The branch of a fiord washing the foot of the mountain, divides Bergen into two parts; from each of which, the view of the blue waters and of the surrounding hills smiling in the verdure of summer, and reflected by the tranquil surface, is exquisitely beautiful.

The houses are neat and cheerful: through the valley, ranged in one long street from which others branch off; and on the mountain's slope, scattered with pleasing irregularity. The predominant colour is green; in summer gay, consorting with the dress of nature; and in the long eight months of winter gratefully contrasting with the glare of snow. At the present season, this northern town, though spoiled of its metropolitan honours, is peculiarly cheerful and interesting. Surrounded by the ocean and the towering heights of mountains hoary with the snow of ages, Bergen stands an isolated outpost of the civilised world.

The Englishman who is loth to encounter the difficulties of travelling, satisfies himself with a luxurious tour through Germany and Italy, and is willing to believe that the bleak regions of the north can ill repay the enterprising traveller: but he little knows the loss he sustains.

In consequence of its great distance from Christiania, and the difficulties of the road, Bergen has not, as far as I can ascertain, been visited by any of the English tourists (except Mr. Everest) who have of late years entered Scandinavia. Even by the Norwegians themselves, it is regarded in general as a kind of Ultima Thule; an extreme point they dare not hope to attain. At the same time the known and acknowledged beauties of the surrounding scenery are such that every one admits his own loveliest spot to be inferior to this fairy land, which he recognises as the "apple of gold in the picture of silver."

On reaching the capital and ascertaining the superiority of this tract of country in point of scenery, I resolved, if possible, to overcome the obstacles and to see the west of Norway. Some account of the result you will have read in my last letter. The undertaking was arduous, but the recompense has been ample. I would not on any account but have accomplished the journey, nor undertake it again. Bergen is so excluded by its position from intercourse with other parts of Norway, that the inhabitants of Christiania and Trondheim are far less acquainted with it than they are with Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, or London. Perhaps there is something in this fact which invests it with a peculiar interest, independent of the pleasure one feels in having attained the spot by effecting a passage, hitherto unexplored, over a chain of mountains.

There are two castles towards the sea. They form the only defence of the town; nor does it require more, for its position amply secures it against any attack by

land; as the only approach is through narrow defiles, which a smaller band than that of Thermopylæ might defend against an army. The inhabitants, like those of the more northern and southern districts, eat little meat. They live almost entirely on fish. This is the chief article of sale in all the markets; and the quantity brought into the town is so great that the air is in many parts tainted by it.

The mountains and sea alike operate to moderate the severity of winter, which in these parts is much milder than on the eastern side of the Fille fjeld. In this provision of nature there is a more striking instance than at first sight appears of the providence of Him whose mercy is over all his works. In the east of Norway, the peasants, who inhabit chiefly the high ground, are dependent on frost for the carriage of their timber to a market at a time when the usual water conveyance is blocked up. At the same time their own supplies of food and other necessities can be obtained only when the snow is sufficiently hard to enable them to drive their sledges over its surface; so that to them a mild winter is a serious misfortune. The rapidity and skill with which they guide sledges, gliding over ground in summer wholly impassable, and regardless alike of the rivers, chasms, and rocks, whose dangers lie concealed by the snow, are scarcely conceivable by the mind of a southern tourist.

At Bergen, on the other hand, the case is reversed. The population is supported by fisheries; and it is essential to their existence, cut off as they are from all other supplies, that the bays and creeks should be open. Accordingly, they are scarcely ever shut up by the frost. Nor is this all. It is in the depth of winter that the coast is most frequented by shoals of herrings, skates, and cod; and thousands of both sexes are occupied every day in salting fish, which could not be properly cured if the cold were so intense that they were frozen as soon as caught. In that case some might, indeed, be preserved, as in Russia; but those to which salt is essential would necessarily be destroyed. One of the species most abundant (but that is in the summer,) is the stock-fish, of which prodigious quantities are dried in the sun, to furnish food for the crews of trading vessels.

You have, no doubt, heard strange accounts of the sea serpent; and, since this is the cradle of such stories, you may probably expect from me some notice of the animal; so you shall have the result of my enquiries. It is very generally believed in Norway that there is a species of serpent, superior in size to any known on land, inhabiting the northern sea off this coast. The natives think that it frequents the lower parts of the ocean, and thus account for its being so seldom seen. The size is variously estimated, from fifty to eighty feet. The head is represented as long, and the two fins, or arms, (for I know not what term to apply to such anomalous limbs, as enormously powerful. These, with the tail, are its only weapons. The back is said to be scaly. Many superstitions regarding it, not worth repeating, are indulged by the ignorant. In some parts of the country this serpent is called the "Kraken;" and there seems little reason to doubt that an animal, more or less corresponding to the description and measuring upwards of fifty feet, was seen some few years since in the Fjolden-fiord.

Referring to the history of Norway, written by Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen, who flourished in the last century, the writer finds the following mention of the Kraken, (Part II. chap. viii. sect. 8.) which is here inserted as being the least incredible part of a heap of fables recorded by the learned prelate.

"One of the north traders, who says he has been near enough to some of these sea-snakes alive to feel their smooth skin, informs me, that sometimes they will raise up their frightful heads and snap a man out of a boat, without hurting the rest: but I will not affirm this for a truth, because it is not certain that they are fish of prey."

"It is said that they sometimes fling themselves in a wide circle round a boat, so that the men are surrounded on all sides. This snake, I observed before, generally appears on the water in folds or coils; and the fishermen, from a known custom in that case, never row towards the openings, or those places where the body is not seen but concealed under water; if they did, the snake would raise itself up and overset the boat. On the contrary, they row full against the highest part that is visible, which makes the snake immediately dive; and thus they are released from their fears. This is their method when they cannot avoid them: but when they see one of these creatures at a distance, they row away with all their might towards the shore, or into a creek where it cannot follow them."

"When they are far from land it would be in vain to

attempt to row away from them; for these creatures shoot through the water like an arrow out of a bow, seeking constantly the coldest places. In this case they put the former method in execution, or lie upon their oars, and throw any thing that comes to hand at them. If it be but a scuttle, or any light thing, so they be touched, they generally plunge into the water, or take another course."

The climate on this side is said to be not so healthy as on the east of the mountains. Physiologists attribute many of the diseases prevalent here to the mists, which rise from the sea, and, being unable to attain an elevation sufficiently great to pass the Fillefjeld, remain on the coast, keeping the atmosphere constantly damp and insalubrious. Scorbatic and leprous affections, (particularly the elephantiasis, which is common in India,) used to prevail at Bergen; and still continue, though in a less degree, to afflict the inhabitants, who have recourse to some simple herbs said to possess sanative properties. The small-pox is little known; though occasionally it visits the town as an epidemic, and carries off numbers. It then departs, and will not be seen again perhaps for years.

As there are no public conveyances, I was obliged at Bergen to purchase a vehicle called a cariole. It is a species of gig peculiar to the country, just large enough to hold one man, and exactly fitted to the shape. The value is trifling and the accommodation considerable. To an invalid, the exercise of a ride in one of these carioles, which have no springs, is an advantage that may be calculated in inverse proportion to the comfort.

Here, as in Sweden, it is necessary to send an avant-courier, called a fore-bud, to order relays of horses at every post station. When he reaches the first, he delivers one billet with the number of horses required, and the hour specified, and gives the rest to another man to carry on to the next station. The farmer, whose turn it is to supply horses, is sent for; and his boy is immediately despatched into the interior of the country, sometimes a distance of fifteen or sixteen English miles, to bring the animals, which have been grazing on the mountains. Notwithstanding all this labour, the expense is covered by three halfpence a horse per mile; and the forebud is paid for as one horse.

The courier having been despatched, I left Bergen at five in the morning on Monday, the 2d instant, with the two interesting friends who were my companions over the pass of the Hardanger Fjeld, for the chief village of a district called Vossevangen, fifty-six miles on the way to Christiania. The road lay through valleys in which all the beauties of Norwegian scenery are concentrated. Sometimes, the mountains rise on either side with forests of birch and fir spreading over their gentle slopes; at others, they seem like perpendicular walls of granite blackened by time, and terribly grand in their sterile loftiness. We crossed two fiords and a lake. The fiords I have already described as arms of the sea extending a great distance inland, and flanked by mountains crowned with eternal snow. Every mile some cataract or waterfall offered a beautiful accession to the constantly varying landscape. This is a country of forests and waterfalls; of mountains and fiords. The scenery is neither Swiss nor Thibetian. It is unique. It unites many beauties of the Alps and the Himala; and if better known, would be a favourite resort of travellers. At present there are neither travellers nor inns. A bed of hay, with a blanket off the horse's back, has been all we could procure for many successive nights; often we have had to lament the want of so comfortable a litter.

As my companions had no gig, they were obliged to ride on the cars of the peasants. These consist merely of boards nailed on shafts, without any more elevated seat. Over a bad road such a conveyance is intolerable; and as we all tried it in turn, both sitting and standing, we were sadly bruised at the journey's end.

After sixteen hours' travelling in various modes, by land and water, we reached Vossevangen at eleven at night. It had rained, as usual, the greater part of the day. We were without a servant, and none of us could speak the language.

The churlish publican growled recusantly in answer to our scarcely intelligible application for admission; nor could we muster enough words to make him understand that he should be paid for turning out of bed. At length I contrived to get in, and besieged his chamber. My wet coat and muffled mien bespoke, better than words, our wants; and the sight of a gentleman stimulated his cupidity.

At length we secured two beds; but every thing we had, whether on our bodies or in our bags, was wet; and a bundle of dirty paper, the miserable substitute for

coin, intended to defray my expenses to Christiania, was nearly destroyed by rain and the friction occasioned by the jolting of my gig.

In the morning we received a visit from the priest, to whom a gentleman of Bergen had favoured us with a note. He talked German badly: so did my companions. He asked if I understood Latin. I answered in the affirmative, and that I should be happy if he would converse in that language. The reply availed me nothing; for, turning quickly round to another of our party, he continued to speak in German, and expressed no inclination to address me. It is a curious fact, and may serve to show you how little French is understood here, that, in the enquiry as to what languages each could talk, French was the last referred to: and it proved to be, with the exception of the Orientals and our native tongues, that in which all of us could most fluently converse. Mr. Unger was very obliging, and kindly asked us to sup with him the following Thursday when we expected to return to Vossevangen from an excursion to the Voring-foss, which (except that at Gavarnie in the Pyrenees) is the largest waterfall in the world, and the lion of Norway.

You will form a just estimate of the state of the people and the paucity of travellers, when you learn that we have heard of but one Norwegian, (Professor Hungstein, who measured it,) and four Englishmen, who have seen this natural wonder.

A journey of ten miles, which my companions performed on horseback and I in my gig, over a road probably never before visited by so civilised a conveyance, brought us to Valsenden, a village in the district of Graven, consisting of a few huts on the side of a lake, which we crossed to its opposite bank, about a mile distant. Here we procured two horses and a guide to escort us ten miles over a fjeld: though it was with difficulty that we made ourselves intelligible to the peasants, who had never seen foreigners before, and could not conceive for what purpose (sinister no doubt) we had intruded on their mountain privacy.

It rained of course; and our journey over the fjeld, through bye-paths thickly set with brushwood, was painfully laborious. Towards evening we reached the village of Ulvig, situated on the Soefjord, and engaged a boat to carry us to a single hut on another branch of the bay, called Eidford, about ten miles off. Here, in a miserable hovel, on some dirty straw, and among the most wicked and uncivil people we have encountered, the night was passed rather in expectation of morning than in sleep. We rose at four, and with great difficulty procured some husky rye cakes from the peasants, who had refused us any the night before.

From Eidford, five and a half Norwegian, or thirty-eight English, miles from Vossevangen, the Voring is ten miles distant: but ten miles over mountain-paths occupy no little time. The foss is situated at the extreme point of a valley which becomes gradually narrower as it completes a second semi-circle in the form of an S. The river falls perpendicularly, without a single contact with the rock, nine hundred feet into a valley scarcely broader than itself. The effect is very grand. The body of water is perhaps equal to that of the Handek in Switzerland. Before reaching the edge of the precipice it has acquired such velocity from its course down a gently sloping plane that it is projected several feet in advance, and forms a succession of folds, like flakes of snow, of an enormous size and convex figure. These seem for a moment to pause in mid-air as if supported by their own buoyancy; then, gradually sinking, they lose their peculiar character, and, joining in the rush of water, dash themselves into the abyss.

We stood for some minutes contemplating with a mixture of surprise and terror this savage spectacle. In the gulf below was the blackness of darkness: a glimmering of light reflected through the sinuous valley just made the "darkness visible," and discovered "shades" in which the ruins of some stony buttresses of the world lie mingled together in mighty fragments and in strange confusion. All is naked and abrupt. The common terms of language are lost in the description of a spot probably unrivalled in point of savage wildness and fearful sublimity. The surrounding country consorts with the impression this scene is calculated to inspire. All nature stands aghast. The very mountains seem petrified by the sight. Their bare surfaces of gneiss are unvaried by a single tree or moss; and animals fly from a wild which may almost be said to terrify the vegetable creation.

The fruit that grows nearest to this stupendous fall is the cloudberry, or *rubus chamaemorus*. It is about the size of a strawberry, of a luscious taste and yellow

colour. We ate a large quantity of this novel and wholesome fruit, found in these regions in great abundance on the limits of perpetual congelation.

Turning from this interesting scene we resumed our journey. Part of the route to be re-traversed lay along the precipitous sides of mountains impending a fearful abyss, where there was never sufficient room to place the foot with firmness, and often scarcely enough to hold the toes or heel. The mountaineers had fixed a line of poles along the slippery side of the rock; and with the assistance of these, we were enabled to proceed. It was four in the afternoon when we returned to Eidford. The accommodation the preceding night had been so wretched, the people were so uncivil, and the difficulty of procuring food was so great, that, notwithstanding a strong contrary wind, we resolved to cross the fiord the same evening on the way back to Ulvig, which our maps described as the residence of a priest.

The weather for four-and-twenty hours had been boisterous, and the arm of the sea that forms the Soefjord was in a state of considerable agitation. Our frail bark, though manned by three men, was little calculated to encounter a gale of wind, for it was a boat without a deck, and the least uneven motion of the oars caused the gunwale to dip under water. After an hour and a half, however, we turned a sharp angle, passing into another more tranquil branch of the fiord; where pursuing our course for a similar period, we reached Ulvig at nine in the evening.

The latter part of the day proved partially fine, and the close of the excursion most agreeable. The scenery affords a constant feast. It is only too rich; for the enjoyment almost fatigues. At this season the peasants are making hay; and their cheerful faces and singular costumes add much to the interest of every landscape. In a country where so much rain falls, the hay could never dry, if it were left on the ground, as in England. It is, therefore, hung over frames of wood, like clothes on lines, one under another. Thus the top layer protects the rest, which are all saved at the expense of one.

At Ulvig we were kindly received by the priest, a bustling little man, who seemed to love his pipe and his bottle. I wish it were possible to convey to you some idea of the conversation. He understood a little of four languages, but the least possible degree of any except Norse. My companions spoke German; I Latin. The priest, whose name is Rutting, tried each in turn. The salutation of "good morning" at nine at night, had fathomed the depth of his English. Now and then a German word was dropped; and a sentence commenced in Latin was sure to end in Norse. The scene was ridiculous to a degree, and one part of it, in which he strangely perverted the meaning of a common Latin word that admitted of no easy explanation, overcame us all. The poor man was pained; so were we. The evening, however, passed pleasantly away; and a present of a few dollars, as we bade him good night, nominally for the poor, but virtually for the priest, sealed our pardon. The good lady of the house waited on us at supper; and in the morning we were surprised by a visit from her daughter, who brought us each a cup of coffee before we left our rooms: an attention which, from the simplicity of their national character, the Norwegian women can pay to a stranger with perfect delicacy, arising from the absence of all consciousness of impropriety.

In the course of conversation with Mr. Rutting, we were confirmed in the opinion already suggested by the map, that we had been traversing the surface of the very fiord on which Ullensvang stands; and that the hut we had just left was within five Norwegian miles of the personage-house where we had been so hospitably entertained on our descent from the Hardanger fjeld. While there, we had made particular enquiry for the Voring-foss. Accurate information on that occasion would have saved us the present journey of two hundred miles: but, in the absence of the provost, no one was able to state either the distance or direction of the waterfall, which, though within sixty miles, was wholly unknown to the simple inhabitants of Ullensvang. We have frequently had occasion to remark that the Norse know nothing of the topography of their country. A postmaster, two days since, told us that the next post station to his own was seven miles distant; it proved to be twenty-one: and even Mr. Unger, the kind and intelligent priest of Vossevangen, had misdirected us to the foss.

Returning by the same route to the parish of this amiable man, we fulfilled our engagement of supping with him. He was once in the army, and has consequently a better knowledge of the world and more popular manners than the generality of his Lutheran brethren. He interested himself greatly in the account of our pass

over the Hardanger; and was astonished to hear that we actually came from the opposite side, since no intercourse is maintained between the inhabitants of the eastern and western districts.

On Friday, the 6th instant, my two pleasing companions returned to Bergen to take ship for England. How much their intelligence, amiable dispositions, and patience in the endurance of no common hardships, have tended to increase the pleasure and diminish the pains of our journey, it would be difficult to estimate; but I may truly say that I have not discovered that quality essential to a delightful travelling companion in which either of them is deficient. Parting from my friends with much regret, I proceeded in solitude towards Christiania.

Unable to talk the language, and in an unknown country of which no guide-book was procurable, I had some difficulties to encounter. On these, however, the unusual excitement would not suffer my mind to dwell. For eight-and-twenty miles, during which the horse was changed three times, the road lay through valleys indescribably beautiful. Some waterfalls, especially one near a village called Staleim, riveted my attention for many minutes. The height of it is about two thousand feet; but it is not quite perpendicular; otherwise, it would surpass the Voring-foss.* An equal number of stupendous waterfalls probably exists no where in a similar space. The district is appropriately named from the multitude, variety, and beauty of these, the country of *fosses*, or *Vossevangen*.

From Gudvangen a boat carried me over the Teroen fiord. The distance is twenty-eight miles; the time occupied was about eleven hours, the wind being contrary. It rained hard; nor could I solace myself by interchanging with the sailors observations about the weather: yet the day passed rapidly away. The grandeur of the scenery cannot soon be forgotten. The fiord runs up from the northern ocean, for two hundred miles, through valleys flanked by mountains varying in height, inclination, and fertility. Here a chain of hills, and there a grand solitary peak, loses its summit in the clouds, or exhibits above them an unsullied crown of snow. Hundreds of cascades fall into the clear waters of the fiord. Neither men nor domestic animals are to be seen for miles together. All is wild as beautiful, and beautiful as sublime.

There is perhaps nothing which strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters; and the farther he penetrates into the Arctic region, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds composed entirely of shells, sand lightly sprinkled with them, and submarine forests, present through the clear medium new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observations in Norway, that sometimes in the fiords of Nordland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that, when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visual illusion is so perfect, that one who has gradually in tranquil progress over the surface ascended wonderfully the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vertex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes: though an exception may be made in favour of some parts of the China seas and a few isolated spots in the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the *Saya de Malha*, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the world of shells and coral which the translucent water exposes to view at a depth of thirty or five and thirty fathoms.

It was long past midnight when the boatmen hailed Leirdalsoren, and as my journey was to be continued early that same morning, it was necessary to send off the forebuds before retiring to bed. Necessity is the mother of invention. With a stock of scarcely twenty words at command, I contrived to have the man de-

* The author had not an opportunity of measuring the height of this cascade, (which is not a perfect waterfall,) either geometrically, or by means of a stop-watch. He calculated it by the altitude of the mountain, which, being covered with perpetual snow, must be at least four thousand feet. The foss seemed to commence in the upper half of the mountain's side; a fact which an eye, accustomed to measure distances in hilly countries, can decide with some degree of certainty.

patched by three o'clock in the morning, and started myself at six.

The road was very mountainous. The first twenty miles, running along a fearful precipice, occupied five hours; and the next no less than seven. This second part was over a mountain known by the name of Fillefjeld. The acclivity is so steep, that, were it not impossible for a horse to climb so precipitous an ascent, one would be inclined, under the guidance of the eye, to say that the road forms with the horizon an angle of 45°. In the ascent, trees are left below. The firs and birch gradually dwindle away, become thinner and more stunted, then vanish altogether. The neighbouring hills are covered at this altitude with patches of snow, Reindeer moss, (of which I hope to convey a specimen to England,) wild strawberries, and cloudberry, from their position justly so called, grow here in abundance. This mountain is the boundary of the provinces of Bergen and Christiania, or Aggerhuus. On the western side of it, the dress of the women is peculiar. They wear a cloth jacket like a sailor's, closely fitted to the figure and buttoned in front. To this masculine vest is appended a petticoat of blanketing. The hair is either tied in queues, or covered with a handkerchief, which has two corners projecting at the sides, and floating on the air behind.

Within a few miles of the Fillefjeld, the loftiest peak of the Norwegian mountains rears its venerable head. It has only lately been discovered by men of science and submitted to trigonometrical observation, from which it appears to be nearly eight thousand feet in height. The vast chain comprehending this and the Fillefjeld is known under various names: and is sometimes called the Lapland² Alps. Its natural history, in every department of that science, is peculiarly interesting. This is the grand depot of Norwegian minerals, many of which are found in no other quarter of the world. Here, too, is nature's nursery for flowers that capriciously wither and die in a more temperate clime. Like a fond child, they reject a foster nurse and, clinging to their graceless parent, decorate her with their charms;

"For the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind them to their native mountains more."

It is not only in mineralogy and botany that this tract of country offers specimens of remarkable interest. Its entomology is equally striking. I have already made you acquainted with that singular animal, the lemming. A traveller over these fjelds is yet more forcibly struck with the labours of the ant, which is about the size of the black ant of Hindoostan, and twice as large as that of our own country. The moles these insects raise stand from four to six feet in height; and the broad straight road to them, from which numerous little bye-paths diverge in every direction, is far larger in proportion than those that lead for several miles, through planted avenues, to some of the towns of Germany. If one of these little cities be disturbed, the alarm and distress occasioned bring into exhibition all the order, diligence, and united interests of the sable population. Every diminutive atom of wood and earth is replaced with architectural accuracy; and the insufficiency of individual strength is compensated by uniformity of design, concentrating in one point the efforts of thousands.

Such a scene can scarcely fail to recal to memory the anecdote related of Timour Shah; who, as he sat for some hours, during the heat of a summer's day, in a hut on the confines of the Indian empire which he was about to invade, amused himself by observing an ant that strove to carry up the wall a grain of corn. The indefatigable labourer full sixty-nine times, but succeeded the seventieth. Timour's perseverance was stimulated; and in after life he used to say that to that ant he owed his conquests.

"What great events from little causes spring!"

But to return. The mountaineers of Norway say that by boiling great quantities of ants they obtain formic acid, or a species of vinegar that serves for culinary and medicinal purposes.

Ermings abound in this country; but they frequent chiefly the lower parts of the mountains, with the valleys. In villages they may be seen running about the barns and other outhouses, as numerous as squirrels on the thatched roofs in India. The colour of their fur inclines to dusky red, which in winter is exchanged for a coat of virgin white; while the tail retains its tip of black. Two or three skins may be bought for a shilling, except in the vicinity of a town, where the demand necessarily increases the price.

* The author suspects this appellation is incorrect.

I overtook the forebud at the foot of the Fillefjeld, and should have been delayed, but the peasant who conducted me over that mountain (for one always accompanies the horse,) was prevailed on, for a small additional payment, to go another stage of ten miles. The road runs through a lovely valley bordering the Mios lake,* to a village called Thune, in the parish of Vang. The church and parsonage are on the road side. No inn was at hand, and the custom of the country sanctioned the liberty, so I wrote a few Latin lines to the Lutheran priest, saying that it was my intention to pass the sabbath in Vang, and begging permission to occupy a room in his house. His name is Munster. He talks French, and is above the common standard of sacerdotal intellect in Norway.

The following day, Sunday, the 8th instant, he was obliged to visit one of his distant hamlets. Of these he has two in addition to his chief village. I was left alone with his wife and her sister. Breakfast was sent into my room at eight o'clock. At ten I was summoned to a solitary *dejeune à la fourchette*; and, at three in the afternoon to join the family at dinner. The meal consisted of fish, and strawberries with cream, which, as well as the milk, is very luscious. As the ladies spoke only Norse, we had little intercourse. What was necessary was conducted in few words, the deficiency being supplied by signs. We looked unutterable things!

The priest returned in the evening, and we had some interesting conversation.

When we parted, I put into his hand a small sum, with a note requesting him to accept it, either on his own account or that of the poor, as an acknowledgment of his kind hospitality. I almost feared he might be hurt, for he is superior to the generality of the Norwegian priesthood. Yet hospitality, manifested to an uninvited guest, demands a return; and on three similar occasions money had been accepted. In the morning the servant brought me a note, of which the following is a copy:—"Monsieur, Je sais que vous ne connaissez point les mœurs des Norvégiens. Ils font l'hospitalité sans récompense. Permettez donc, que je vous remette votre argent, priant vous de croire, qu'il m'a fait grand plaisir, de vous pouvoir rendre un petit service. Souvenez vous de moi, quand vous pensez à Norvège. H. G. Munster." There is something manly and kind in the note: but, on the point referred to, perhaps he mistakes the "mœurs des Norvégiens." Yet others might have been as liberal, could they have afforded it. On the whole, I was pleased with my visit.

On Monday, the 9th instant, resuming my journey, I drove sixty miles in my little gig to a village called Tomlevolden, where there is a tolerably comfortable farmhouse for the reception of travellers. The scenery is less wild and grand than on the western side of the Fillefjeld. I was conscious of having quitted that peculiarly beautiful tract of country which the Norwegians, perhaps not unjustly, regard as the most picturesque in the world. On this side, the valleys are more like those of Switzerland: the forests like those of Sweden. The mountains are less in height; the waterfalls less numerous.

The following day I accomplished the same distance to Vang. Forty miles of the road lay along the banks of a lake called Reinforden. In one of the stages a girl of fourteen accompanied me to bring back the horse. She sat behind the cariole with great complacency, and we enjoyed as much conversation as our knowledge of each other's language would admit. A boy or man usually attends the horse, and is frequently a troublesome neighbour. He is generally the proprietor of the animal, and

* In some parts the road is very dangerous. The following account of what it was in the last century is extracted from the learned Bishop Pontoppidan's History of Norway. Part I. chap. ii. sec. 6.

"The most dangerous, though not the most difficult, road I have met with in my several journeys in Norway, is that betwixt Skogstad and Vang in Volders; along the fresh-water lake called Little Mios. The road on the side of the steep and high mountain is in some places as narrow and confined as the narrowest path, and if two travellers meeting in the night do not see each other soon enough to stop where the road will suffer them to pass, and chance to meet in the narrowest parts, it appears to me, as it does to others whom I have asked, that they must stop short, without being able to pass by one another, or to find a turning for their horses, or even to alight. The only resource I can imagine in this difficulty is, that one of them must endeavour to cling to some corner of this steep mountain, or be drawn up by a rope, if help be at hand; and then, to throw his horse down headlong into the lake, in order to make room for the other traveller to pass."

his solicitude for the beast occasionally leads to quarrels with the driver. On one occasion, the man who was with me seized the reins; and, though the horse was trotting gently, insisted on my going slower. He repeated the act, and at last stopped the gig. I was obliged to proceed; and, after remonstrating in vain, had no alternative but to try my physical force against his. This is the only instance of mal-treatment I have experienced in Norway. The people are very civil; and a traveller meets with little besides courtesy and kindness.

At Vang there is only one dirty hovel and the parsonage. A Latin line, addressed to the priest, secured a welcome to his house. He is an elderly man, named Steinsson, kind, courteous, and sensible. He speaks a little English, a little French, and a little Latin. Our conversation exhibited a curious medley of the three. There was a freedom and urbanity in the manner of this old gentleman that could not fail to please. I left him yesterday morning with a donation for his poor, which, being less scrupulous than the priest of the village of the same name in the west, he accepted thankfully; then resuming my journey at eight o'clock, I reached Christiania again, after an absence of twenty-six days, at four in the afternoon.

In a former letter I attempted to introduce this capital to your acquaintance. I was then a stranger in a strange land, and could only judge of what presented itself immediately to the sense of vision. I have now wandered through the most interesting and characteristic, as well as most untravelled, parts of the country; visiting at the houses of the rich and dwelling in the huts of the unsophisticated poor; and perhaps I ought not to leave a spot so endeared by the beauties of nature and the offices of friendly hospitality without a few words on the national character of its government and institutions.

Norway was subject to Denmark till the year 1812, when, by the treaty of Kiel, it was ceded to Sweden, as the reward of her union with the allies against Napoleon. The Danes, as has too often been the case, were made to suffer for what was their misfortune rather than their fault. Previously ill-treated, and despoiled by England of their naval power, they were on this occasion plundered of the better half of their land possessions. Nor was the arrangement less ungrateful to the parties contracted for. The Norwegians loved Denmark and hated Sweden. They would rather have died than lose their political liberty, which they considered compromised; and they were prepared to resist to the last drop of life-blood the fulfilment of a contract between foreign powers, by which a million and a half of men were made over, like a bale of goods, from one sovereign to another: but England's honour (or dishonour) was involved; and concession or a blockading squadron with starvation was the alternative.

Though the circumstances were painful, yet there is little doubt that the political amalgamation of two countries geographically united, separated from all others, too thinly peopled to possess individual security, and thus, from a combination of these causes, necessarily possessing similar interests, promotes the welfare of both. Sweden supplies Norway with corn and sundry manufactures. Norway yields to Sweden a race of men, sailors from the cradle, with a line of coast which places her in a condition to defend herself against Russia, without incurring the dread of a simultaneous invasion on the part of Denmark. Perhaps, too, that peculiar description of soldiers, who fight on skates, or snow-shoes, and who can run with rapidity and facility on ground over which a pedestrian would painfully toil with tardiness and fatigue, is not the least important acquisition Sweden has gained with the ceded territory.*

* As so cursory a mention is made of this remarkable body of men, it may interest some reader of these letters to form a better acquaintance with them through the medium of Sir Capel de Brooke's description. The following account of the *Skilobere* is extracted from the 8th chapter of his Travels through Norway.

"The uniform of the *Skilobere*, or regiment of skaters, is light green; and in summer they are chasseurs, and armed with rifles. As soon as the snow falls in sufficient quantity, and is in a state to bear them, they put on their *skies*, and commence their winter manoeuvres, in this singular kind of skate. The left *skie* is shorter than the right, to enable them to turn quicker in wheeling. They are covered with seal-skin, that the men may ascend the mountains with greater ease and safety; the hair preventing the *skie* from sliding backward. The speed with which these skaters perform their different manoeuvres is very astonishing: they glide along the frozen surface of the snow like lightning; and go down the steepest precipices with inconceivable velocity."

"The *Skilobere* have frequently been employed with

Conscious of these mutual benefits and anxious to conciliate his new subjects, Bernadotte has wisely permitted Norway to retain the ancient form of government that her people marked out for themselves; imposing on them only a Swedish viceroy, who is his own son, Oscar; so that the Norwegian is still among the most liberal constitutions of Europe.

The Storting, or parliament, is convoked every third year. It imposes taxes, regulates the courts, and audits the public accounts. The king has a veto; but this can be exercised only twice on the same proposition from the Storting; so that if that body pass an act for the third time, it becomes law, malgré le roi. In fact, therefore, the power of the king, when opposed to that of the people, extends only to the protraction of the period of a law's first operation to the ninth year, or the meeting of the third representative body.

The Storting is now sitting. I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle. Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth like blanketing; with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, broad-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather reading their opinions, attests the unostentatious simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand; the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reform. After the labours of the day, the members all dine together in a large room on the first floor of the hotel in which I lodge. The table is laid out neatly but not sumptuously; and decorated with flowers, a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries.

The constitution is purely democratic. Abhorrence of an aristocracy is carried to such an extent that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway; and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only distinction between man and man.

The established form of religion is Lutheran; nor are there many sectarians. The churches are very plain, built generally of wood, and little ornamented inside or out. Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed that these lovers of money would secure and retain possession of the coin; they were therefore expelled. Thus here, as every where, the sons of Judah are a "bye-word" among the people.

I have already casually expressed, on two or three occasions, my opinion of the national character of the Norse, nor can I add much to what has been said on that subject. Like all mountaineers, they are devotedly attached to their country; and inspire the love of liberty with the free air of their mountains. The better orders are kind and hospitable, opening to the traveller their houses and their hearts. Among the lower classes, on the contrary, there is an avidity of money with an indifference as to the means of acquiring it, that reminds one of Italy. They are addicted to drinking; and the climate, rendering fermented liquor perhaps in some degree necessary, is pleaded in excuse for the indulgence of an odious vice. The men are taller than the Swedes; perhaps nearly as tall as ourselves; and the women in proportion. Both sexes are very fair, with teeth of virgin white, light auburn hair, and cheeks in which the eloquent blood bespeaks health, happiness, and freedom. The general mode of salutation is by shaking hands, which they do with great cordiality. The common food of the peasantry is milk, cheese, butter, and oat or rye cakes, about the size of pancakes but a little thicker, (like the Indian *chipattees*), which they call in the Norse tongue "*flat-brød*." To this simple diet some piquant dried fish is added, such as herring or smoked salmon. The latter, cut in slices, affords a delicious morsel even to an Englishman. I am told that some of the numerous mosses with which the mountains abound are eaten in times of scarcity; and that that called Icelandic moss,

great success against the enemy, in the wars with Sweden. Indeed, an army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops; which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points; while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence; the *Skjeløbere* still hovering round them like swallows, skimming the icy surface, and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

"A pair of their *skies*, which I brought to England with me, are six feet five inches in length."

(*lichen islandicus*), when boiled, yields a very nutritious gelatinous substance.

The houses of the peasants swarm with vermin which are secreted by the moss stuffed into the interstices of the logs that form the walls. Probably the mode of huddling together at night, adopted by these people, is attributable to the difficulty of securing themselves from loathsome insects. Something like a large box is placed in one corner of the room, with some straw and sheepskins at the bottom. In this the whole family deposit themselves without distinction of sex or age. The better classes adopt the uncomfortable German mode of sleeping between two feather beds.

The trade of Christiania consists chiefly in timber. Formerly the Norwegian timber, like the produce of almost every other country, sought the London market, and was swallowed up in that enormous gulf of commerce; but the duty imposed of late years in order to favour the importation of American timber, and the impolitic mode of levying that duty, by which small are made to pay much more in proportion than large planks, have checked the exportations hence to England. As the Norwegian deal is far superior to every other, and subject to a less rapid decay, it is much to be lamented that such a barrier to commercial intercourse between nations who have a common political interest should be suffered to exist. There are only two species of fir here, the Scotch and Spruce, so that but little variety is visible in the foliage of the Scandinavian mountains. The wood of one of these is as bad, as that of the other is good, for the building of houses and ships. A merchant of Frederikshall told me that the dry-rot is not known in this country. His accuracy of observation can scarcely be doubted; and the fact he states, if correct, should be a subject of enquiry to those connected with our dock-yards.

Besides her foreign commerce, Christiania carries on a small inland trade with Dramen, Kongsberg, and Stockholm. Between these towns the road is passable for carriages; therefore merchandise, though in small quantities, can be transported; but at Bergen, as land-carriage is impracticable, there is no inland trade. The commerce is entirely foreign, consisting chiefly of lobsters and timber. The fishery off the coast is very extensive, and many thousand lobsters are shipped weekly during the season, for London. They are all bought by anticipation in the English market; so that not one can be obtained at Bergen. The fishermen receive here a sum of money equal to a penny for each fish, and on their arrival in London the agent is paid three half-pence. This price appears small by comparison with the cost in town; but a large deduction from the fishmongers' profits is made by the loss sustained on those that die, and by the charges of freight.

If in these details I have been too minute, it is attributable to the extreme interest I now feel in every thing connected with Norway, and to the consciousness of my ignorance on these subjects before a personal visit to the country; a consciousness which leads me to an inference, perhaps incorrect, that you may have studied, as little as myself, the modern history of Scandinavia. If such be the case, you will wish for information. If not, and you be already intimate with this vast continent, you cannot fail to love it, and will be gratified to use my lines as notes which may recall favourite associations, carrying you in imagination to scenes already familiar to your travelled mind.

LETTER IX.

Stockholm, 17th August, 1830.

After a delightful tour in Norway, I started quite alone on Thursday, the 12th instant, in a cariole, or Norwegian gig, from the capital of the ceded to the capital of the ruling country. Stockholm is about four hundred English miles from Christiania. The first day I travelled forty miles through an interesting country to a village called Ous.

The road, which through Norway was bad, improved as it approached the confines of Sweden; and beds of sand gave place to well-consolidated gravel. Between Christiania and Ous are two bridges and three ferries: some of them over rivers of considerable size. The ferry is pulled across by means of a rope fastened from bank to bank, on which the boatman lays his hands, applying all his strength to impel the boat in the opposite direction.

On one of the rivers, the Glomen, an immense mass of wood was floating down the stream. You can form no conception of the quantity of timber that is thus conveyed from one part to another of Scandinavia. I

am informed that some years ago the bed of one of the large rivers in the south of Norway was completely filled up with firs sunk by the weight of superincumbent logs, which reached a height of sixteen feet above the surface of the water. The stoppage was owing to a drought that continued for three years; after which a flood ensued, and carried away the accumulated mass, hurling it down the rapids, with a roar like thunder, during many successive days.

My forebud had ordered a bed: so, as the man of the house expected a guest, he was prepared to supply hot water, butter, and cream. Some tea from Bergen was cooked; (for that term alone expresses the mode of preparation;) and at midnight I lay down, to rise at half-past three.

It rained all night of course, and in the morning rained again. The body becomes habituated to this sort of weather, and constant motion prevents ill effects. Thirteen miles from Ous, the fort of Kongsvinger rears its venerable head. The Glomen flows majestically at its base; and the surrounding country offers to the view an interesting variety of hill and dale, rivers and cataracts, evergreen forests and eternal snow, characteristic of the rich scenery of Scandinavia.

At midday, between the villages of Magnor and Morast, I passed the boundary of Norway and Sweden. There is no custom-house, and no demand for passports on this frontier, as on the other by Frederikshall. My honesty led to a fortunate occurrence. Passing a house which, standing alone where houses are very scarce, I concluded to be the custom-house, I stopped to see whether any one would come out; and at length called to a man at the window, asking in broken Norse if he wished to examine my portmanteau. He thought I wanted Swedish for Norwegian notes; and bringing a quantity, took all my money at a more favourable rate than I could procure for it in Christiania; giving me twenty per cent. more than I had just before been offered at the post-house.

Here I bade adieu to a country where I have experienced greater pleasure from the beauties of nature and more hardships than I had ever known before. It was with deep regret that I quitted Norway, the Switzerland and Lilliputian Himala of the North. Yet so it must be. "Joy has ever its alloy of pain;" and earthly enjoyment is as transient as it is alloyed.

I now left behind the bold outlines of Norway, with its fiords and fjelds, its flowery valleys and milky cataracts. There is a striking contrast between the scenery of Sweden and Norway. This is formed by rocks rising in naked majesty, or mountains flanked by forests and crowned with eternal snow; while blue fiords ramify among these giant features of creation, sometimes contracted to a thousand yards; then, expanding themselves over the surface of a league in breadth. That consists of land here gently waving, and there broken into quick and hurried undulations, like the motion of the sea after a storm. Forests of firs form the unvaried dress of nature; and the humbler fresh-water lake is an unwelcome substitute for the majestic arm of the ocean.

It was a novelty to drive over ground gently undulating through cultivated fields. The corn is acquiring a golden tint; and the land, just shorn of grass, is on the point of being ploughed for a richer crop. Throughout this northern continent vegetation is singularly rapid. Were it otherwise, the crops could not be secured before the early winter set in: but this admirable provision of nature compensates for her six months' torpor. As the sun scarcely dips under the horizon during the summer, the heat of his rays is not lost at night before their influence is again perceptible; thus, by accumulation, the temperature of the valleys increases daily, and corn is matured and stacked two months after the seed has been sown.

In the course of the journey I passed a church built of bricks, one of the very few that is to be met with in a country where wood is the chief constituent of every building. Most of the village churches are so rude in structure that it is difficult to comprise them within any general description: but there is a something in the last ensemble of most which convinces an Englishman that the stately and elegant arches he loves and reveres are unjustly called Gothic, if that term be intended to connect them with the labours of the simple artificers of Gothland. The term "Gothic architecture" is generally used with so indefinite an application, that it is difficult to affix to it any precise meaning. The restorers of the Grecian orders in Italy, in the sixteenth century, seem to have designated as Gothic every ruder style which then existed. In that sense, and with a strange confusion of ideas, the epithet is used by Sir Christopher

Wren* and subsequent writers: but it seems now to be generally admitted that the term was misapplied; for the heavy and cumbersome style of architecture which prevailed over Europe from the fourth to the twelfth century was a rude and incorrect imitation of the Grecian, as handled down through Roman models. In England it was called Saxon, because it obtained during the period of the Saxon dynasty: but it is to be traced to our Roman conquerors, whose skill and science were lost in the amalgamation of their descendants with the uncivilised Britons. When England became part of Christendom in the sixth century, the Pagan temples were consecrated to Christian worship. By degrees the emissaries of the Pope manifested their zeal by teaching their converts to raise superior structures of stone after Roman models. Some of our abbots are said to have hired workmen from Rome, and themselves to have made journeys thither, for the purpose of studying the architecture of St. Peter's. When the Danes and Normans, who, as Pagans, were relentless in the destruction of Christian churches, were themselves converted, they became equally zealous in the erection of those monuments of their penitence and faith that still exist in vast numbers in England and Normandy. All the Norman bishops seem to have been skilled in architecture; for almost every cathedral church in our island was re-built by one or other of them within half a century after the conquest. Their object was to unite the sublime and beautiful. Hence, on the one hand, the length and loftiness of their buildings; on the other, the elegant decorations and the series of arches which form an unrivalled masonic vista. This, which is called the "pointed style," was gradually improved by the efforts of Normans, English, and French, at a time when those people were intimately connected by political ties; and, instead of being derived from either Goths or Italians, was probably the fruit of Norman zeal and ingenuity, and the pure growth of English soil.

But to return from this digression. In one of the first staves in Sweden I was accompanied through a forest of firs by a fine girl of eighteen. She jumped up and took her seat behind with all the confidence of a man and the innocence of a child. At the end of the stage, she mounted her nag, and returned to the plough or the farm. There is a peculiar simplicity in the Scandinavians. They are unacquainted with some of the decors and perhaps more of the evils of a higher state of civilisation. In one house I entered, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, of great beauty of feature, was cooking the family meal, with no other garb than a petticoat. In another, two men and three women were distributed in three beds. My entrance did not disconcert them. One of the women arose, and procured me some milk; while the others only stretched themselves to look at the stranger. The men turned, and yawned; then composed themselves for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber."

I halted after a journey of eighty miles at Strand, where nothing was procurable but milk and butter. The hotel was a wretched one, and I was thoroughly uncomfortable. Perhaps this was owing, in part, to a want of equanimity; for I had been vexed by the bad conduct of the man who accompanied me through the last stage. Towards the end of it, I had to cross in a ferry the lake of Vermelen, from the opposite bank of which the village of Strand is distant a quarter of a mile. On arriving at the water-side, no boatmen were at hand; and I waited a long time. The owner of the horse then insisted on unharnessing the animal and returning, because it was late in the evening. As it was his duty to convey me to the next post station, I would not suffer him to go away; especially as I should have been unable, at that hour and with my ignorance of the language, to obtain another horse. He persisted in his determination; therefore I had no resource but to take the beast by force and lead him on this ferry. On such

occasions, inability to reason with the individual, and a consciousness that physical superiority is on the side of the villagers, who will always espouse their brother's cause, are painfully felt. But on these and many greater annoyances the traveller must calculate, placing them in the scale against much enjoyment.

The next morning I started at half-past six, and accomplished nearly twelve Swedish, or about seventy-five English, miles by eight in the evening. The road lay through forests of fir, and was not strikingly beautiful in any part. Incessant rain through the day necessarily detracted from the pleasure of a drive in an open gig. Under less unfavourable circumstances, the surrounding country might have worn a better aspect.

In the course of the day I passed through two towns, Carlstad and Christinehamn. Carlstad is situated on an island at the northern extremity of the lake of Wenner, one of the largest in the world, whose ample surface presents an unbroken horizon to the eye of the inland citizen. The town is named after Charles the Ninth of Sweden, by whom it was built. The streets are long and broad. The houses, though built exclusively of wood, sometimes attain the height of three stories, and have an imposing appearance. Most of them, however, are roofed with turf, as is the case with the houses in the vicinity; and these elevated grass-plots, which attract the eye of the stranger, produce an effect not altogether displeasing, were it not associated with the dirt of the interior. Carlstad is the capital of Wermeland, and contains a population of two or three thousand. It is the residence of the governor of the province, and a bishop's see.

The surrounding country abounds with mines of iron, lead, and copper; while the Wenner affords an easy means of transportation to Gothenborg, and thence to England. The forests of fir and birch in this neighbourhood are now and then interspersed with alders and junipers, which attain a greater height than I have observed in Norway. In these woods there is a great quantity of game, with many wild animals. The capercaillie, or cock of the woods, (now peculiar to Scandinavia, though, in former days, it used to be known both in Scotland and Ireland;) abounds in Wermeland more than in any other province of Sweden. Its plumage is exquisitely beautiful, almost bearing comparison with that of the hill-pheasant of the Himala; nor is its size inferior, as it averages from ten to twelve pounds. Woodcocks and blackcocks are not rare. Hares are found in great abundance. So are foxes, wolves, bears, and lynxes. There are a few badgers, wild cats, gluttons, and elks. In the southern and central parts of Sweden, however, the elk is scarcely ever seen, as he does not often descend below the sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth degrees of latitude.

The costume of every district has its peculiarity. The dress of the peasants of Wermeland is generally black. Their coats are cut straight behind, and have no buttons. Their hats are low in the middle, and broad brimmed. The tout ensemble is ungraceful and triste. At Christinehamn, which is a smaller town than Carlstad, I took the precaution to lay in a stock of bread to last till I reached Stockholm; and it was well that I did so, for some bacon and an omelet were all that the house where I lodged at night could supply; yet they were enough for one who had lately bivouacked four nights in the region of snow, with provender not so good.

In the neighbourhood of Christinehamn, and, indeed, the observation applies more or less to the whole line of road from Kongstvinger to Westeros; masses of rock are scattered over the surface in great confusion. Here, enormous blocks of granite, in an isolated position, expose their barren surfaces to the gaze and wonder of the traveller. There, smaller boulders lie scattered in profusion, and partially rounded, as if by the influence of water. A heathen might fancy that the sons of Terra had prepared them as offensive weapons against the gods!

As it was Saturday, I stopped at the gate of the priest's house in the village of Wall, and sent in a note, as on many former occasions, to say that, with his permission, an English traveller would take shelter under his roof for the night. This request was worded as politely as my unburnished store of Latin would admit, and prefaced with an observation that the priesthood are

constituted by their office the friends of mankind at large. National hospitality sanctions what might otherwise be deemed an intrusion; for here, as in India, every gentleman's house is open to a traveller. To my surprise the note was returned, with an answer that the priest was out. I construed this into an intimation that the priest did not understand Latin, and went to the post-house, where a better room awaited me than I had expected. A forebode was immediately despatched all the way to Stockholm; nor was I sorry that my body should enjoy the day which, in no less mercy to our physical than spiritual necessities, is set apart as a season of rest.

On Sunday morning I attended divine service. The language, it is true, was unintelligible; yet there is a pleasure in being within the sanctuary where God's people are met together to honour his holy day. There is little difference, as you are aware, on essential points, between the Lutheran and English churches. The priest wears a long robe trailing on the ground, with a lappet behind, resembling that of the under-graduates at Cambridge. The men and women sit in different parts of the church. The service is conducted much like our own; but there is more singing; and some part (I suppose the psalms) is chanted by the minister alone, who does not join the congregation in the rest.

The ceremonies of marriage and baptism are also similar to ours. In the one, however, no ring is given, as far as I could observe. In the other, water is placed thrice on the head of the infant, instead of the forehead being thrice marked with the cross.

The parishes are very large. Twenty, thirty, and even forty miles is the common extent of one. The people have necessarily to go a long way to church. At Wall the environs of the building were crowded with little cars; and four or five hundred men were collected in the church-yard, though the village itself does not seem to contain ten houses. There would probably have been a still larger assembly but it rained nearly the whole day.

On Monday I quitted my resting-place at four in the morning. A long journey was before me; and as the time of arrival at each station was fixed, it was necessary that it should be punctually observed. At the third post-house, only twenty miles from Wall, I had the mortification to learn that the forebode, who ought to have arrived on Saturday night, had preceded me by a few hours only. There is no redress and no possibility of ascertaining, without the sacrifice of a week, to whom blame attaches, since the man is changed with the horse at each relay. Accordingly, I quietly pursued my way, assured of soon overtaking the courier, and resigned all hopes of reaching Stockholm on the morrow.

At noon I halted at Orebro, a little town, where I procured some meat. It was the only meat except bacon that I had tasted since entering Sweden six weeks ago; unless at Bergen and Christiania, where I dined four days; and on the Hardanger fjeld, where we were so fortunate as to obtain from a huntsman the haunch of a reindeer. Orebro is a neat town, with a market-place and regularly built wooden houses. Here the diet was held which elected the present king as crown prince of Sweden. I had a letter of introduction to a man at this place, who proved to be a bookseller. He spoke English; and it was quite a relief to meet with some one, though but for five minutes, with whom I could interchange an idea.

When a man travels in the north, he must make up his mind to part with many comforts, and to be content even when ground for dissatisfaction exists. On his arrival at an inn, instead of the officious attentions of an English landlord, he must expect a reception cold as the snow on the mountains. He may have to wander himself in search of the half-dressed girl on whom the work of the establishment devolves; and when he has found her after a painful search, he must not be angry at the assurance that neither bed nor food can be obtained. If he travel alone in a gig, he will frequently be obliged to unharness the horse himself, and take charge of the tackle till the morning. When the gig is to be cleaned, he must at least stand by and overlook the operation, thankful that a substitute can be found to save his personal labour. Delicacy of taste and feeling will suffer an hourly martyrdom. He will often be tried by negli-

* "Gothic architecture is a congestion of heavy, dark melancholy, monkish piles."—Wren's *Parentalia*.
In direct opposition to these words, in another part of the same work, Sir C. Wren speaks of it as consisting of "slender and misshapen pillars, or rather bundles of staves and other incongruous props, to support arched roofs without entablature."

gence, perverseness, or obstinacy; yet his temper must remain unruined. Without such a constitution of mind, travelling in the north will be a source of constant trial, vexation, and pain.

At five I overtook the forebud at Kopang; but I had arrived within the influence of the capital of Sweden. Horses are kept waiting at each post, and an avant-courier is unnecessary. I had also learned that from Westeros, a town fourteen miles beyond the proposed limit of my day's journey, a steamer plies every Tuesday to Stockholm. Thus, what appeared a misfortune proved an advantage; for, being unshackled by the forebud, I was enabled to urge each little nag to a faster pace, and arrived at Westeros at ten o'clock at night, having accomplished a hundred and ten miles in seventeen hours and a half.

Westeros is recognised at a great distance by the lofty steeple of its cathedral, which is no less picturesque than interesting from historical associations. Here repose, in the traveller's resting-place, the weary mortality of Eric the Fourteenth, whose follies and cruelties are almost forgotten because their penalty was paid by his misfortunes. Westeros is the capital of Westmannland; the residence of a bishop and the governor. A long street forming the main part of the town is wretchedly paved; the inn, too, is as uncomfortable as can be imagined: so that the town has little of intrinsic merit to recommend it to notice; but its situation is beautiful. Standing on the bank of the Malar, it commands a view of the blue waters, now contracted within the limits of a river, and now proudly expanding themselves into a lake whose smooth surface is broken by innumerable little isles.

This morning I embarked on the steamer, and sailed seventy-five miles to Stockholm, down the Malar. As in Norway, it is called a fiord; but, alas! the name alone is Norwegian. The mountains and valleys, the flowers and cataracts, the picturesque and the sublime, are all wanting. I could envy the Norse their country. It is a treasury of beauties; a pinnacle, whence one cannot fail to look with awe and admiration from nature up to nature's God:

"O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint!"

The banks along which we have sailed are altogether Swedish. They are neither plain nor mountainous; but undulate gently, and are covered with forests of birch and fir, sometimes interspersed with elms and alders. The party on board was entirely native. I formed the only exception. At first I suspected a man who bowed little, and had a book like a Quarterly Review in his hand. Besides, he looked proud, and seemed to regard the rest as his inferiors. The conclusion was, he must be English! Happily it proved to be erroneous.

We arrived here at six this afternoon, and to-morrow I shall proceed to explore the city.

My journey from Christiania has been as pleasant as a solitary drive could possibly be. Perhaps you will wonder how, with neither servant nor companion, I can travel in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language; indeed, I wonder also. Sometimes I am reduced to extremities to make myself intelligible, yet seldom fail to do so in one way or another. A man cannot travel a fortnight alone in any country without learning enough of the language to get his wants supplied. This I found in Norway, and it was rather tantalising that, just as I began to enjoy the benefit of experience and could talk a little, though very little, with the people, I passed into Sweden and had to commence another grammar. I am without a companion from necessity; without a servant from choice. It is not here as in France, Switzerland, and Germany, the beaten route of travellers, that you meet your countrymen every day and in every town. On the contrary, you travel miles and miles without seeing a rational being. A traveller for pleasure is a rarity. Except in Christiania I did not meet one in the whole of Norway, unless unwittingly on the road. I make this exception, because I passed a gentleman on the Lillefjeld who seemed to be English as he did not bow. I fancied too that I recognised his features; and, on examining the post-books, I found my conjecture borne out by the name. I have not engaged a servant, because experience has led me to the conclusion that travelling servants, as a body, are as bad a set of men as exist—the very Cretans of their race; and (as a Hindoo once observed to me about the Indians) "more clever, more knave." They are generally a source of trouble rather than comfort; and the man who can do without one is happy."

Posting is very cheap. It costs little more than a penny a horse for each mile, including something for the

ostler and postilion, who are grateful for a donation of a penny or three half-pence each. As no horses are kept on the way, it is necessary to send an avant-courier twenty-four hours beforehand to order relays; and that you must calculate within an hour the period of your arrival at each station, or pay for your bad arithmetic. On the punctuality and speed of this forebud depends the comfort of the journey: for if he sleep and you overtake him, which is the case three times out of four, you have to wait some hours at each post-house, till horses are brought from the neighbouring farms, or the more distant commons. Every land owner is obliged in turn to supply horses to the post station. Some of them live at a great distance; consequently, as the remuneration is so small, the obligation is considered a hardship, particularly in the season of harvest, when the cattle are required to get in the grain, and the fine weather is so short that the loss of a day is of material importance.

The Swedish horses are yet smaller than the Norwegian; generally not above thirteen, and often not above twelve hands high. In England they would be called ponies. Their manes and tails are kept uncut. The little creatures are as wild as the forests in which they graze. They get no corn to eat; and are never cleaned. When not employed, they are turned loose into the woods, to pick up what they can find. Their masters are much attached to them. The owner, who almost always accompanies, to take back his animal, shows his affection in a variety of ways. If he thinks his beast is over-driven, he will interfere by force or by tears, according as he calculates the driver's strength compared with his own. No bearing-rein is used, and I have never known a horse to fall. This, since I have had experience of about five hundred, (a hundred and thirty of which I have driven harnessed to my gig,) is a high testimony to their surefootedness. Their mouths are very hard, nor can any force of the arm applied to Swedish hits arrest their progress; but this matters little, since they are governed by the voice; and will suddenly halt from a full gallop in obedience to the *hurr* of the driver. The tackle consists generally of ropes: and is sometimes large enough to go over two of those diminutive creatures; while, at others, its deficiency for one is supplied by pieces of string. Yet malgré dirt, size, wildness, and tackle, the Swedish horses travel well, and go up or down hill at the full gallop of their little legs, so that you may make six miles an hour through the day. It is a mistake to suppose that a traveller moves quickly in Sweden. The smallness of the horses, delay of the forebud, and numerous hills, conspire to retard his progress. Owing to these causes I never effected more than a Swedish mile, which is equal to six English miles and eleven hundred and forty yards, in an hour.

The roads are particularly good. They are made and kept in repair, like those in the interior of India, by the landholders, who are responsible for that which passes through, or skirts, their estates. A portion is allotted to each peasant. This is marked by red posts engraved with his name and placed by the way-side, at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards from one another. A superintendent pays periodical visits to each post station, and delinquents are punished for *bad ways*. As the soil is one that rapidly imbibes moisture, rain has no sooner fallen than it is absorbed. On Saturday last, though during my journey it rained for twelve hours incessantly, yet, after an hour's interval, the roads exhibited no signs of the torrents that had washed them. This is a great comfort; for, with one exception, it has rained every day since the 12th ultimo, when first I entered Norway.

Good inns are scarce. They must necessarily be so while the number of travellers is small. At present the accommodations are generally very poor, and the houses always dirty. The people are for the most part civil and honest; yet not so universally as I was led to believe. A book kept in every inn for the entry of complaints is a security to the foreigner, although its revision by the magistrate is a matter of mere form. On one occasion, a woman, who had charged me three times the proper amount, volunteered to refund the whole if I would raise my complaint from the book. In these houses, poor as they are, you can generally get coffee, milk, eggs, hard bacon, and black rye bread, with a bed, such as it is. The price of every article used to be fixed, and a tariff was hung on the wall of the eating-room, as in Prussia: but of late this has ceased to be the case; and you may guess who gains by the innovation. Travelling as I did, the charges for food and lodging amounted to about five shillings a day, which is probably four times as much as a Swede would have paid under the old regulation.

Still the expense is very trifling, and even were it

high, it is a privilege to be able to obtain good accommodations, whatever they may cost. In the other half of Scandinavia, the ground will often be your couch, and your knapsack the pillow. Unleavened cakes, far inferior to Indian *chipatties*, with more of husk than the flour of rye, is all the farmer's cottage can supply. His cows are in the mountains, to save the grass of the valleys; and the stock of summer milk is reserved to supply cheese for the winter. Of animal food you find none, because the peasant eats none, except occasionally a hard morsel from the flitch of the late tenant of the sty, who last year formed one, and not the least important, of the family group. Thus the sense of taste finds little to minister to its pleasure. But this is a trifling drawback. Even the greater privations he experiences weigh little against the enjoyment the tourist derives from the scenery of Norway. It is indescribably beautiful. But in former letters I have dwelt so much on this subject, that I must now impose a check on my pen.

LETTER X.

Stockholm, 24th August, 1830.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 17th instant, I reached the capital of Sweden. The view of the metropolis from the bay down which I sailed was *riente and picturesque*. The Malar, an anomalous existence between a lake and a river, joins an inlet from the gulf of Bothnia in the centre of the town: thus, standing on the main bridge, you have salt water on one hand and fresh on the other. Before reaching the city, the Malar divides itself into two parts encircling an island; which, as well as the adjacent banks united by bridges, is occupied by handsome buildings. The little bay that runs up thus far is the only salt water visible, so that in this respect the situation of Stockholm yields to that of Christiania and Copenhagen.

The site of Christiania, indeed, is perhaps as beautiful as that of any capital in Europe. Unfortunately, the internal are inferior to the external recommendations. You enter it with an impression that a plague has lately swept away the great mass of the population: you leave it with a conviction that the plague still rages. I never beheld so melancholy a city. The sombreness of "Night Thoughts" or "Meditations among the Tombs" sits at the pall that Christiania wears.

But to return to Stockholm. There is little to detain a traveller in this regularly built modern city, which stands on the site of the ancient towns of Sigtuna and Birca. The parallel rows and formal quadrangles of her public edifices may appear beautiful to a Swede, whose ideas are frozen within the sixtieth degree of latitude, but they cannot interest a southern tourist.

The palace, the glory of Scandinavia and pride of the north, has attained a premature old age. A miserable covering of plaster intended to hide the shabby brick now craves a cleaner coating to conceal its own shame. The interior is by no means pre-eminently grand. There are gilding and dirt in abundance, but there is little appearance of either taste or wealth: and a few worthless daubs form the royal collection of paintings. Still the wonder is to find any thing of the kind in so northern a latitude. The Swedes deserve credit if they follow us at the respectful distance of two centuries.

A church, dedicated to the Seraphim, contains the dust of a long line of kings. The vault is open. Descending, you find yourself in the presence of what was Charles the Twelfth, Gustavus the Third, and others. The clothes are exhibited in which the first of these great kings and warriors was shot at Fredericksburg. From that place I carried away a portion of the rock on which he leaned at the moment, and which now forms his monumental stone. Historical associations of this kind are peculiarly dear to me. They are fraught with classic interest, without carrying the mind back to periods where she is lost in the wide expanse of the past.

It would be neither profitable nor interesting to enter on an account of each public building in Stockholm, which has been far better described by a host of travellers. It is better to dwell chiefly on objects that stand out in the high relief of scientific or moral interest, touching but lightly on some few others of a pleasing character, which have dropped unnoticed, as full ears of corn, from the sheaves of former gleaners.

In a literary point of view, there is, perhaps, nothing so interesting in the capital of Sweden, as two manuscripts in the king's library. I have no doubt they are mentioned by Dr. Clarke, whose travels in Sweden I have not at hand. He will have given their history after a thorough investigation. I will therefore only mention them, in order to refer you to his volume.

They are both in Latin. The first, called the Codex Giganteus, is of enormous size. It is said to be written on ass's skin. It consists of forty books, each of sixteen pages; and comprises the whole of the Old Testament, (except the books of Kings, of Nehemiah, and Ezra,) with a large portion of the Apocrypha; several books of Josephus's antiquities, and the whole of his Jewish wars. It contains the interesting and well known passage regarding our Saviour, which alone would render it a valuable relic. The version of the Psalms differs from our own, but I cannot say to what extent. Of the books of the New Testament, it contains the Evangelists, the Acts, and all the epistles of St. John, St. Peter, and St. James; but none of those of St. Paul. Strange as it may appear, this singular manuscript ends with a treatise on magic, and a gilded picture of the arch enemy of our race. From this circumstance it is sometimes called "Codex Diaboli." The Codex Giganteus was taken by Gustavus Adolphus from a Benedictine convent at Prague. Its date, though involved in doubt, is attributed to the thirteenth century.

The second manuscript is of a different character. It is a treatise on the various diseases to which the human frame is liable, with a drawing of each case; and purports to have been written between the years 1349 and 1412, during the prevalence of a plague in which the writer performed sundry wonderful cures.

Under the library is a museum, enriched by Gustavus the Third with paintings and antiques during his sojourn in Italy: but the collections of the north are very poor, compared with those of Italy or France, or even England.

Not far from Stockholm is the town of Upsala, famous for its university, in which the great Linnaeus was a student, and afterwards a professor. In the cathedral is a simple tablet on the ground with the inscription "Ossa Caroli a Linnaeo." Such an epitaph, like that Napoleon coveted, and Howard obtained, is infinitely superior to the overwrought eulogies whose palpable falsity too often dishonours the marble and the memory of those whom they would immortalise.

This was the spot where Christina threw off the royal diadem, and selfishly deserted a country devoted to her person and her reign. It is the fashion to admire this queen in all she said and did, but especially in the philosophy that enabled her, in the prime of life, to renounce the splendour of a throne. I am sadly heterodox. In Christina and in Charles the Twelfth I see more to blame than to approve. Each was actuated by selfishness and vanity, and each sacrificed to personal gratification the welfare of Sweden. A determination not to marry; a peevish reluctance to receive the reiterated solicitations of the states; a desire to indulge her favourite studies; and a distaste for the trouble of governing; were the motives which influenced the queen to an act that might have involved her country in all the troubles of a disputed succession and civil war. We cannot love the Swede, bound to her country by the ties of kindred blood and royal lineage, who could exclaim, "Enfin me voilà libre et hors de Suède, où j'espère bien ne rentrer jamais;" nor can we admire the philosophy which permitted a weak repentance of an act so deliberately performed.

In Charles the Twelfth the king was lost in the general. He did nothing for his country but exhaust her finances and spread the terror of her arms. Like Alexander, he was the wonder and the torch of the world. A voluntary exile from his capital, and almost from his country, he never saw the former after the campaign that immediately succeeded his coronation. Ever fighting, flying, or recruiting, he neither knew, nor suffered his officers to know, repose; and the civil government was necessarily neglected by a sovereign who commanded his chancellor to be always "booted and spurred."

I know this opinion militates against many early prejudices; but my conviction is that the historians of Sweden have as much overrated Christina and Charles the Twelfth, as those of England have Mary Queen of Scots and Charles the First; both of whom richly merited punishment though not death. The self-same principles brought Charles the First of England to the scaffold, and

Charles the Tenth of France to an inglorious exile. Nomen et omen!

In the sanctuary of the cathedral is a wooden image of the Scandinavian god, Thor; an idol which I had fancied had ceased to exist upwards of a thousand years; nor did I know that it had survived the dawn of civilisation. To this rudely carved log, human sacrifices were offered on this very spot. The ceremony with which a traveller is introduced to this block of wood might induce the belief that the dark shadows of Thor and Odin, or their brethren Brahma and Boodhi, were still spread over this Christian land. It is singular that such a relic of superstition should be found in a country so firmly devoted to the Lutheran faith; and where, though all religions are tolerated, an acknowledgment of the confession of Augsburg is demanded from every candidate for civil office. The great opulence of this temple is cited by Adam, an ecclesiastical historian of Bremen, as an example of the wealth which naval power never fails to secure. He says that it was entirely ornamented with gold; and that the people were in the habit of assembling there in large numbers to worship the statues of Thor, Woden, and Fricca.*

Not far from Upsala is the far-famed iron mine of Dannemora, that yields the finest ore in Europe; the whole of which is put in requisition for England. It is interesting to remark how every thing of every kind seeks England as a mart. Bullocks in the wildest parts of Russia are killed to supply her with tallow. The lobsters and herrings of Norway are exported, without the reserve of a single fish, to contribute to London's Billingsgate. And the steel-yielding iron of Sweden, instead of being purchased for the proximate army of Russia, is advantageously exported to the distant shores of England. Iron and copper abound in great quantities throughout Sweden. The only limit to the production of these metals seems to be assigned by an enactment which, by protecting timber, is intended to guard against a too rapid destruction of the forests. Swedish iron is especially valuable because, the ore being smelted with wood instead of coal, the metal is partially carbonated, and therefore with less difficulty converted into steel, which is only a purer carbonate of iron. The peculiarity of the mine of Dannemora consists in its being open. There is one such, I remember, at St. Austle in Cornwall. A series of fearfully deep and irregular fissures extends over a surface of about half a mile, while mounds appear in every direction formed of ore, pyrites, and scoria. The greatest depth attained is said to be two hundred fathoms; the same as in the Cornish mine Dalkouth. Thus here, as there, the "orange rind" is scarcely pierced. At Fahlun there is a large copper mine that has been visited by all the kings of Sweden, whose names are inscribed in a book presented to the traveller. A hundred and eighteen feet below ground is a room called the banqueting apartment, where the king was wont to be received and regaled. To the shame of the nation be it recorded, that the name of Gustavus Adolphus, inscribed by himself on the wall, has been effaced; while in its stead, those of Carl Johan and Oscar, the present king and heir apparent, stand conspicuous in characters of gold.

At Adelfors, in Smoland, there is a mine yielding a sulphate of gold, in which native gold is sometimes found. I am not aware that silver in an uncombined state has ever been discovered here, as it has at Kongsberg in Norway. It is generally extracted from galena, an ore of lead. The country abounds with granite and porphyry of a fine and beautiful texture. The latter is brought chiefly from the mountain of Sweccher, and specimens elegantly wrought are exposed for sale by all the lapidaries of Stockholm.

Yesterday, on my return from the king's country summer house at Rosendal, which is worth a visit only on account of a magnificent porphyry vase that it contains, (said to be the largest in the world,) I met his majesty and the prince in a carriage drawn by six milk-white horses. When one reflects that he is the only European sovereign who has raised himself by his talents from the rank of a private individual; and that he is the only one of all the great characters to whom the French revolution gave birth, who still retains his exalted position; in the present dearth of genius among crowned heads, and while the ambiguous result of a second revolution is yet pending, one cannot but feel that Bernadotte is really a great man. His manners are affable, his countenance handsome, and his figure commanding, though not tall. He maintains but little state, and in

* Thursday, Wednesday, and Friday, are named after these deities.

Sweden is popular. He is reputed to have said, certainly with more vanity than good taste, "I am so martial, that when I look in the glass I am frightened at myself." The prince's features are not so regular, nor is his expression so open, as his father's: at the same time, there is something pleasing in his appearance. He returned the day before yesterday from St. Petersburg in a frigate, which is now riding gracefully on the tranquil bosom of the bay before my window. Her colours are flying in honour of the king, who is going on board in half an hour; the humbler shipping obey the command; and the water is teeming with northern galleys, full of groups dressed in all the variety of Scandinavian costume. The Norse, who have no love for the king imposed on them, suggested, when I was in Christiania, that Oscar had gone to solicit the sanction of Nicholas to his future succession. If so, a striking proof is afforded of conscious dependence. The Swedes say his visit was one of curiosity alone. He wished to see the finest capital in the world.

The legislative assembly of the country is formed of four estates: the nobles, priests, citizens, and peasants, duly elected by their respective bodies. A bill may originate with any one, but it must be sent simultaneously to the other three, to ensure freedom of debate and vote. The king has a casting vote and a perpetual veto.

The Swedes have a sufficiency of titles to compensate for the lack of those distinctions in the sister kingdom of Norway. There, only three peers exist; here, the succession of every son to the nominal rank of his father has created a swarm of half starved nobles who would not dishonour the palace of the Great Mogul, where some thousands of kindred bodies might be found. There are four orders of knighthood; those of the Seraphim, the Sword, the Polar Star, and of Vasa; which are distinguished by blue, yellow, black, and green ribands respectively. The first is confined to royal blood and twenty-four of the highest nobles; the second to naval and military officers; and the fourth to those who have distinguished themselves in science or commerce; while the third is open as a reward for every species of merit.

The population of Sweden is estimated at three millions; that of Norway at a million and a half. In the former country the nobles amount to eleven thousand. As in France before the revolution, the aristocracy is too large to be either powerful or rich; hence it can offer no check to the influence of the crown. Yet the Swedes are liberal in their ideas, and at all times free in the expression of them. The press is under a very moderate censorship. General satisfaction with the government and universal contentment prevail. This may be attributed, in a certain degree, to the scantiness of population compared with the extent of land: for, though the soil is poor, hands can always find employment. Consequently, beggars are never seen: men are not driven to the highways for a subsistence; and discontent has no time to spring up in minds constantly occupied.

Regarding her external relations, I will only observe that Sweden looks to England for protection against the encroaching power of Russia. The mouse quakes, because her enemy has only to stretch forth her paw. A Russian standard already waves on the islands which run close along the Swedish coast. Nicholas has only to wish, and unless England thunder "No!" to seize. Such a reflection would under any circumstances be painful to feeling minds; but to the Swedes, it is doubly so, because they have always gloried in their naval prowess: a boast which has been handed down from early generations. Even in the time of Tacitus they are spoken of as "Scated on the very ocean," and possessing a naval force. This continued to increase till the eleventh century, when being the first maritime nation in Europe, the honour was assigned to them of framing the nautical code; which was first written at Wisby in the isle of Gothland.

So much for politics. I turn to a theme of higher interest; a subject that will occupy the enlarged capacity of glorified spirits when kings and kingdoms are no more. In my travels through Norway, I found that every family had a psalter and a prayer-book; but not always a bible. The Norse are strict in the observance of forms, yet, generally speaking, a suspicion is excited, one scarcely knows how, that they regard more the "outward visible sign" than the cultivation of the "inward spiritual grace." In Sweden a spirit of enquiry has been excited. The bible is received with avidity. The king was present at the last meeting of the society, and they of "Cæsar's household" boast that they serve the King of kings. The premier is no less known in England than in Sweden as one who is deeply interested in all that concerns the

* When the writer of these letters was at St. Helena, he was informed that Bonaparte, before he died, expressed a wish to have his initial N. engraven on his tombstone.

At Agra, in the northwest of Hindoostan, a magnificent mausoleum, such as Europe cannot boast, is erected over the ashes of the great king, conqueror, and lawgiver, Akber, whose name stands in solitary grandeur, the simple but impressive panegyric of his fame.

progress of true religion. He clasped my hand, and held it for nearly a quarter of an hour in earnest conversation. Amongst other things he said with great fervour, "Mon ami l'évêque m'a écrit beaucoup pour vous; mais ici, vous n'avez pas besoin d'une lettre de recommandation; c'est assez d'être un Anglais et d'avoir regard à la cause de la bible." It is remarkable that, with the exception of a few Moravians and a sect to whom the name of "Readers" is applied, because they have no specific form of worship and only read and pray, there are scarcely any dissenters in the country. It is difficult to account for this peculiarity, because all forms of Christian faith are equally tolerated here, though Jews are permitted to reside only in the three largest towns.

To-day I have received a visit from one of the most intelligent foreigners I have met. Count de Voyna is the Austrian ambassador to the Swedish court. During his visit, England was the topic of conversation. He is quite enamoured of her public institutions, and the liberal opinions of her sons. Her tenure of India, with all the civil and political arrangements dependent on it, is the object of his highest admiration. He delights in her literature and in her poetry. Yet, notwithstanding this high opinion of our country and her moral emanations, there are some things he strongly reprobates. "I cannot," said he, "approve by any means your social laws. You are proud and haughty towards each other, and towards all. However intellectual, however fascinating in conversation, if a man belong not to a particular coterie, he is not a desirable acquaintance. This lord has not received him, or that lady has frowned on him; or he has not admittance to Almack's. Such a disaster is sufficient to keep a man of merit out of view. I cannot approve the system. Rank, birth, and office are mere names. It is mind that makes the man. I have a few private friends in England; but they are all among the country gentlemen. I hope to realise my ardent wish of visiting your country in the ensuing year; and as soon as I can obtain release from public duties, I shall retire into the country, and there my intercourse shall be with minds, however clad, from whose stores I may enrich my own." In this strain he spoke at length. It was gratifying to listen to his just encomium on what I hold so dear. It was interesting to hear a man, the representative of the third sovereign of Europe, place mind and mental treasures above rank and its mere contingencies. I endeavoured to persuade him that those amongst us, whose sentiments he would value, held opinions on this point coinciding with his own. Time stole away rapidly during this interview, which was curtailed by a man entering to remind me of an engagement. As we parted, the count put into my hand a letter of introduction to the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, whom he represented as one of the few kindred spirits he has met. Count de Voyna is a Pole by birth. His person and manners are peculiarly engaging. He talks English like an Englishman; and tells me he is equally at home in French, German, and Swedish. He spoke with great feeling of his country, and of the sufferings and moral degeneracy of his countrymen. They bear reluctantly, he says, the yoke of Russia, which has smothered but not quenched the fire of their spirits: at the same time, the illiberality of her political system has exercised a pernicious influence over the expansion of the public mind, and fostered hatred in the hearts it has enslaved.

To this interesting individual I was introduced by Lord Blomfield, the British plenipotentiary, for whose very obliging attentions I am indebted to the letters of Lord Aberdeen and my friend Mr. Money, the consul at Venice. Lord Blomfield is beloved by every class of persons in Stockholm. There is but one opinion regarding him. His kind and affable manners ensure affection, while his moral excellence and public character command esteem.

I hardly know whether to consider it a misfortune or an advantage that I have no books giving an account of the scenery, statistics, and government of the kingdoms of Scandinavia. On the one hand, perhaps I remain ignorant of some things I might learn; on the other, I imbibe no prejudices. In a foreign country, conversation with the natives is probably the most correct source of information. Of this I have availed myself to the utmost, particularly in intercourse with intelligent men at the tables of the ambassador and Count Rosenblad, to whom I am much indebted. When not otherwise engaged, I have dined at the noblemen's club, to which foreign gentlemen are admitted. Dinner is a meal soon despatched, and the company often disperses as early as five o'clock; so that one sees little of any body in the ordinary course of a party. A fashion prevails throughout the North of taking a glass of spi-

rits with anchovies, or something equally piquant, to stimulate the appetite before entering the dining room. This is a vile system, equally bad in theory and practice.

Every facility is afforded to a traveller through Sweden. He is scarcely reminded by queries regarding a passport that he is in a foreign land: but on his arrival at the capital he is greeted with a paper containing a formidable list of queries, enough to make him suspect himself. After stating his name, nation, and profession; his age, religion, and residence; he is asked, "In the service of what country are you? What year and what month did you leave home? To what place did you first go? Thence to what place? The first place of your arrival in Sweden? By land or sea? (One might have thought their geography would have led to a certain inference on this point.) Where do you now intend to go? Your business here? How long shall you stay at Stockholm? How long in Sweden? State your acquaintances and addresses, &c." The preparations for a Russian tour are expensive and troublesome. Nobody seems to know accurately what is necessary. I believe I have at length obtained the documents required; but it has not been without numerous petty vexations.

One of the greatest annoyances to which a traveller is subjected arises from the dirt of the people. They are insufferably unclean. After travelling some days with a Swedish count, I had to tell him three times that some dirt in patches on his ears had proved an eye-sore ever since we had been together, before I could effect the removal of the offensive, but kindred, matter. The houses also are filthy. I have two rooms for ten shillings a week, under the roof of an aged demoiselle who keeps a "restauration;" and I cannot persuade the maids that they ought to sweep the floor every day; or, at least every other day. They are content to allow the mass to accumulate for a week before they think right to remove it. Rooms cannot be obtained in Stockholm for less than a week. Even at the hotels, it is necessary to engage them for that term, though the traveller occupy them only for a night.

To a dabbler in languages, the observation of eastern words in this northern tongue affords matter for curious speculation. The Swedish, in its origin, we know to be purely Teutonic; yet there is a mixture, though scanty, of Slavonic words that strike harmoniously on an eastern ear.

In writing this letter the train of my ideas has been broken by repeated interruptions. The king has passed under my windows. The guns have been firing. The hurrahs of the sailors on the yards of the frigate, and a noisy buzz of voices in the town, have served to dissipate my thoughts and to make me forget much that I had wished to say. I have taken a berth on a Finnish packet, which sails for Finland to-morrow. The Norwegian *caribie*, bought at Bergen, has been sold here for nearly two thirds of the cost price, and will be replaced at Abo by a *calèche*. I have now been travelling so long alone in a country where every word spoken is unintelligible to me, that I am not sorry to have met an English gentleman who is going to St. Petersburg and will be my companion.

LETTER XI.

Kyrola, in Finland, 1st September, 1830.

At five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th of August, I embarked on a packet which carried me across the gulf of Bothnia to the shores of Finland.

As we sailed down the bay, the view of Stockholm was highly picturesque. Her Grecian buildings, her domes and spires; the shipping in front, and the forest behind; above, the clear blue sky; and beneath, the azure mirror which reflected the whole; all united to form a coup d'œil such as Stockholm alone presents.

Our party was large, and many friends had come on board to prolong the parting hour and make an eternity of moments. Their boats, rowed by women whose tender nature became the touching office, kept alongside to carry back the tearful freight. At length the sad hour arrived. Tears, real or feigned, were shed in abundance; and eyes only half suffused would have been thought to indicate a want of sympathy, had they not been taught, on such occasions, to speak unutterable things. In a minute the doffed hats were reinstated; the handkerchiefs restored to the pockets; the women rowed hard; sorrow gave place to mirth; and "Voilà, le rôle est fini!" Evident insincerity threw an air of ridicule over the farce. A Finnish *camero*, or counsellor of state, with his family, had engaged the only good ac-

commodation in the vessel; and I was obliged to put up with the captain's berth, a crib without a cabin. An English gentleman occupied the opposite mattress. The *camero* spoke scarcely a word of French; but, fortunately, one of our companions, a professor of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, was able and willing to act as my interpreter; and evinced additional kindness by giving me letters to a count and countess, both Fins, whose houses are on the road through Finland to St. Petersburg.

In the morning of the 26th we crossed the gulf of Bothnia, and at five in the afternoon threw out an anchor off the islands of Åland, where the first Russian custom house is stationed. The ancients justly regarded this sea as sluggish and almost stagnant; but we need not give equal credence to their popular opinion, that the sun rose out of the top of the gulf; and that they not only heard the sound of his sinking again into the waters, but that they also saw, on very clear days, the forms of his horses crowned with halos of glory!

In arranging for passports at Stockholm I had great trouble; for no one seems to know exactly what is required. Forms are multiplied for the sake of the pockets of a tribe of hungry, ill-paid secretaries; and there, as in England, I heard that the rigidity of the Russian custom and police was unparalleled in Europe. Expectations grounded on such information could not well be exceeded by the result. They might, however, be pleasingly nullified; and such was the case: for, instead of a search, I was invited, with other passengers, to take coffee on shore with the superintending officer; and had an opportunity of observing the manners of a Finnish family. For this kindness we are all indebted to the professor, who was a friend of the custom-master. The hospitality of our host detained us a couple of hours after which we resumed our course. Passing many islands well wooded, and some a little cultivated, we arrived at Åbo at one in the afternoon of Friday, the 27th of August. The distance from Stockholm is about two hundred and sixty miles.

The population of the islands, which form almost a continued line between the two shores, is calculated at only six thousand. They live by fishing, and by the carriage of wood to the two neighbouring countries. The Fins and Laps have a common origin, as their features, form, and language indicate. Throughout both countries, those are denominated Laps who live, as so-mades, with and on their rein-deer; and those are Fins who support themselves exclusively by fishing. In our employment of this last Teutonic word, we use the whole for a part; and thus lose the clue which the word *fin* affords to the generic appellation of a race of fishermen.

Åbo is situated on the river Åura that flows through its principal street. This is said to have been, before a late dreadful conflagration of its wooden buildings, the largest street in Europe; a statement I repeat with doubt of its veracity. The town is of great antiquity; and was the capital of Finland till the emperor of Russia determined to raise Helsingfors to that rank, as account of its being a hundred and forty-six miles nearer to his own residence. The fire of Åbo afforded a favorable pretext for removing the university: and the population of the town is now reduced to about ten thousand souls. There is a floating market here, like that of Stockholm, for the sale of vegetables. The women stand knee-deep in water; and a little parapet, raised on the bed of the river, serves to secure the market from being carried away by the stream, while it affords a dry walk for the customers.

The cathedral is an old building of brick, in a rude style of architecture, without a single external decoration. It is under repair, and the masons would not suffer me to enter to see the only object of historical interest in the interior, namely, the tomb of Catherine, the wife of the unfortunate Eric XIV. The observatory is quite modern, as yet scarcely finished. It is in the sixty first degree of latitude, and is the most northern in the world. It stands on a high rock, commanding an uninterrupted view; but such a one as satisfies at first sight. The surrounding country is a mass of barren granite resembling the environs of Delhi. Finnish and Indian rock are much alike, and equally uninteresting. There is one peculiarity in this prospect. The eye is arrested by an extraordinary number of small wind-mills, which lead one to suppose that every person grinds his own corn; for they are evidently not required, as in Holland, to drain the fields of superfluous water.

It is a happy circumstance that man is so constituted

that the only charm required to attach him to any country is that it should be his own. The Fins would not exchange their country and their servitude for the freedom of England, much less for the romantic hills of Norway or of Switzerland. Their patriotism has been the theme of admiration among all nations and all ages. A Roman historian, speaking of their entire destitution of arms, horses, and settled abodes; of their hardships, toils, and dangers; concludes with observing that they provide for their infants no better shelter from wild beasts and storms, than a covering of branches twisted together. "This," he says, "is the resort of youth: this the receptacle of age. Yet even this way of life is in their estimation happier than groaning over the plough; toiling in the erection of houses; subjecting their own fortunes and those of others to the agitations of alternate hope and fear. Secure against men, secure against the gods, they have attained that most difficult point, not to need even a wish."

The contrast between Finland and Sweden is very striking. I could fancy myself in Asia. The peasants wear long loose robes of a coarse woollen manufacture, secured by a silken ceinture like the *kummerbund* of the Moslems. Their beards are thick and long. Their dress, except the European hat, resembles that of Bonapartes from Cabul. Two churches in Abo, with Byzantine domes, remind one that, though the mass of the people now profess the Lutheran faith, they are subjected to a government which, till lately, acknowledged as its ecclesiastical head the eastern patriarch of Constantinople. Their cupolas are shaped like those of a Mahomedan mosque, and painted with the favourite colour of the followers of Hassan and Hussein. Nay, more! a crescent glitters on the top of the dome; and the delusion would be complete, if the emblem of Mahomedanism were not surmounted by a cross, which proclaims the triumph of Christianity over the fallen crescent.

Few carriages are to be seen in Abo. The *droshki* is the commonest vehicle. A bench, across which two persons can sit, comme à cheval, one behind the other, is placed on four low wheels; over which a broad circular board is fixed to secure the riders from dirt. The driver is in immediate contact with the horse's tail. Over the head of the animal is a singular contrivance to supply the place of a bearing rein. A thick piece of wood, the extremities of which are fastened to the end of the shafts, rises in a circular form two feet above his ears. From the top of this a rein is attached to each side of the bit. The force applied to bear him up is consequently a perpendicular instead of (as with us,) a diagonal. He can scarcely trip, or if he do, he must recover himself, with the assistance of such a mechanical power. The apparatus appears awkward at first, but the eye soon becomes habituated to it. Most of the *droshkis* have only one horse, while those of a superior order are furnished with two. The second, however, is intended solely for ornament. It is harnessed on the near side, and made to canter with its neck bent, not ungracefully, in a curve towards the left knee. The shaft horse draws the carriage and trots while the *furiex* capers.

With the kind assistance of the Swedish consul-general we contrived to get through the tedious formalities of the passport office by noon the following day. I joined his family circle in the evening in order to see something of Finnish manners. Such opportunities are not to be lost, though they are not always of an agreeable nature as the want of some medium of verbal communication renders the interview frequently nothing more than that word literally imports. In the present instance, however, the consul talked French, and gave me much information. After leaving him, I had a curious meeting with a merchant who exchanged my Swedish for Finnish and Russian money. He spoke nothing but these three languages, and we had a good deal of business to transact. A spectator would have been amused by observing the expedients to which we mutually had recourse. My little knowledge of Swedish was drawn on to the utmost, and served in good stead of greater proficiency: for at last, what was required was done; and more could not be desired.

The worthy *camero*, our fellow passenger from Stockholm, left Abo an hour or two before us. I had won his affection by telling stories in the jargon of German and Swedish, mixed up with French, to his little girl. Accordingly, he came to me in the yard of the inn, and, taking off his hat, made a profound bow, which I returned in kind and courtesy. Approaching nearer, he took my hand and uttered sundry incomprehensible words. To these I replied by bows. A further ap-

proximation of his face to mine terminated in a salute of my right cheek, and then the left, which astonished me not a little. Perhaps I felt less grateful than in duty bound; for the good man's chin, not "newly reaped,"

"Was like a stubble field at harvest-home," and wounded me sensibly! I had not anticipated such a welcome to Finland.

As my English companion was travelling to St. Petersburg, we joined purses and bought the best of two calèches offered to our choice, for eighty banco dollars, or six pound fourteen shillings sterling. It is a miserable conveyance, and the repairs have given us much trouble; but as we require it only to carry us to St. Petersburg, a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, our hope was that it might last till we reached our final destination. We travelled all night, and on the morning of Sunday, the 29th ultimo, arrived at Helsingfors, where we passed the remainder of the day.

The road is good; and the country flat, like Sweden, but of a wilder character; the foreground being chiefly rocky, with forests in the distance. The horses are small. They go at a full gallop; and the velocity with which a carriage generally moves down hill cannot fail to try the nerves. We hired a coachman for five pounds from Abo to St. Petersburg. He can talk only the language of the country; and when my companion calls out to him, which he does repeatedly, and always with increased energy, to drive slower, the man conceives that we are urging him to greater speed, and flogs the horses more and more, till the weak fabric of the carriage swings fearfully from side to side. However, with or without danger, we have been making rapid progress, and as nothing is to be gained by delay, that is what we desire. Travelling in Finland is superior to, and cheaper than, that of any country in the world. The cost, including every thing except carriage and coachman, is one shilling per horse for ten miles English, or less than two pence half-penny per mile for two horses. There is no need of an additional horse for a forebud, as in Sweden, since horses are ready at every station and the change occupies but little time.

We passed several gentlemen's seats, and smaller well-looking houses. Such campaigns are seldom met with in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In Zealand, I saw not one respectable house between Copenhagen and Elsinore; scarcely one between Helsingborg and Christiania; none between Bergen and that capital; and only two on the road to Stockholm. As the higher orders here are richer, so the peasantry are more depressed, than those in Scandinavia. Their subdued expression of countenance and the mildness of their manners accord ill with the idea of ferocity which we are apt to associate with large mustachios and shaggy boards. I am inclined to think their state of vassalage differs but little from that of slavery. I speak, however, without sufficient knowledge; as inability to communicate with those around and an entire destitution of books leave no source of information open to me except careful observation.

In Finland, as in Sweden, the steeples are generally built apart from the churches. Were these erected on some neighbouring hill, one might suppose the object to be an extension over the whole scattered parish of the circle within which the bell is audible: but they are frequently on lower ground, and always quite close to the building, the top of whose pent roof is sometimes higher than that of the steeple.

Helsingfors is a handsome modern city. The public buildings are ornamented with a profusion of pillars and pilasters, chiefly of the Corinthian order. None of these are of stone; but the stucco is well worked and covered with a thick coat of colouring. Additions continue to be made to the town, which will soon rank among the finest of the northern capitals. At Abo there is an inn called "La Société;" but here, as in most of the towns in the North, travellers are conducted to an indefinite sort of an establishment, half private and half coffee-house, where little comfort is to be found.

The Russian government liberally allows the whole revenue of Finland, small as it is, to be expended within the limits of the country. The Fins have a council of their own, and none but a native can fill any office of trust. At first, I am told, they regarded their annexation to Russia as a hardship; probably because they remembered that Peter the Great had conquered a portion of their country, which was thereby dismembered. But the kindness of the emperor has now conciliated them; and so long as he treats them with consideration, there can be no doubt that it is an advantage to the Fins to be

attached to a nation which has the power to protect them against foreign enemies.

At an early hour on Monday morning we continued our journey. The only towns on the road are Borgo and Lovisa. Eighteen miles on this side of the latter is the river Alberfors, the boundary between old and new Finland, or that conquered by Peter the Great and that ceded by Sweden in consideration of Russia's guarantee of Norway and the succession of Oscar to the throne of Bernadotte. In Russian, or Old Finland, the peasants wear a cloak or caftan, sometimes called a *khalaat*, resembling in form, as well as name, the eastern dress. It is tied round the waist by a ceinture of serge. The hat is broad-brimmed; the trowsers are of linen; and the boots excessively wide and cumbersome. The men could not possibly be mistaken for civilised beings. The hair is sometimes in youth bright auburn, and generally in maturer years of a light brown colour; but always disgustingly dirty. Here, as in Scandinavia, it seldom, even in age, falls off. The men wear it quite covering the ears, and as long in front, but shaved off the back of the head. Their necks are left bare, and their faces are untoussured. Less pleasing objects are not often presented to the eye. The women wear their hair fastened at the top in a conical roll, sometimes ornamented with a piece of coloured cloth.

It is curious to observe the various modes which nations have adopted of dressing the hair. The Saracens wore it long, having "faces as the faces of men (that is, unshaven,) and hair as the hair of women." A Chinaman cuts the hair off the rest of the head, but wears it on the scalp, where it is cherished till it will form three cues, substantially plaited and reaching to the ground. The Hindoo holds only one cue orthodox, and that a small one, by which he hopes to be dragged up into heaven. The rest of the head is submitted to a weekly tonsure. A Catholic priest, on the other hand, shaves only the little spot on the crown, where the Hindoo allows the hair to grow. The Mussulman, inverting the Russian mode, and adopting a style peculiar to himself, shaves the upper half of the head and preserves a semi-circular tuft of hair behind.

We reached Frederickshamn by night, having accomplished a hundred and seventy wersts, or a hundred and fourteen miles, from Helsingfors. This, like almost every town in the north of Europe, has some tale of fire connected with it. Frederickshamn was destroyed by a conflagration in August of last year: it is still sadly desolate, only a part having been rebuilt. Since, in this state, it offers no attraction to the traveller, we started again at seven the following morning.

About two-and-twenty miles hence is the quarry of Peterlax, from which pillars are procured for the church of St. Isaac, now building at St. Petersburg. They are fifty-six feet in length and nineteen in circumference. If the whole structure be in proportion to these colossal pillars, the edifice, when completed, will be of enormous dimensions. The granite of this quarry is softer and therefore more easily worked than any other in the country.

A hundred and ten wersts, or seventy-three miles, brought us, at five in the afternoon of yesterday, to Viborg. The intermediate country is woody and interesting. The road, over a hard silicious soil, with large fragments of granite, on either side, winds through successive forests of small fir. The approach to Viborg is picturesque. The immediate access to the town, which is fortified and said to have been used as a military station in the thirteenth century, is by two wooden bridges, of unusual length, thrown across an arm of the sea. The houses are large and handsome, with green roofs. The churches, like those before mentioned, have green cupolas, and are surmounted with a St. Andrew's cross over a crescent. An excellent inn, the only good one I have seen since leaving Hamburg, is in the hands of a plausible Italian, who kept us in good humour while he filled our mouths and picked our pockets. It was quite a treat to meet a man with whom we could converse. Conscious of his fascinating powers, he contrived to detain us till the following morning by delaying the arrival of the *podaroshne*, or order for post-horses, without which no traveller can pass the Russian frontier, or obtain horses when past. Viborg being the last town in Finland where an officer of sufficient authority resides, it was incumbent on us to secure this document before proceeding further. The old style becomes current here, according to which my letter should be dated (20th August,) 1st September, 1830.

It was past seven this morning when we left Viborg. Our carriage, which had given daily symptoms of increasing debility, and had been supported from stage to

stage by tonics administered at the blacksmith's shops, was seized in the course of the day with a fit of palsy that terminated in a fall and the fracture of a limb. In other words, the wheel broke in half, and we are now at a stand. We have travelled thirty-two miles to a small town called Kyrola, and have fifty-four more to go, before we reach the capital of Russia. A blacksmith and carpenter are busily occupied with tools and talent truly oriental, and give us hope that, before they have been employed six hours, they will accomplish the work of two.

The church before the windows of the post-house, where I have spent a great part of the morning, is a curious building. It is painted yellow, with perpendicular lines of white. At either end is a dome silvered over, and surmounted by a square room, like a pigeon-house, above which are a large gilded cupola and an enormous cross. But for this emblem, the Christian church might easily be mistaken for a Mahomedan mosque. Nor is it in externals only that the resemblance obtains. In the worship of the interior there is scarcely less of superstition; perhaps more of senseless mummery: and the members of the Greco-Russian church have the same mode of prostrating themselves in prayer and touching the ground with their heads, that is adopted by the Mussulmans.

But I must conclude. The progress of the wheel leads us to believe that we shall reach Rajajoki, the last post station in Finland, twenty-seven miles hence, before midnight. At an early hour to-morrow we shall pass the Russian frontier. We were treated so kindly by the custom-officers in the islands of the Gulf of Bothnia, that we expect similar courtesy to-morrow. Throughout my tour I have met with nothing else; and have invariably received from foreign gentlemen much kindness and attention. The recital of some instances of hospitality may amuse you in our winter evenings. In the mean time, if my letters serve to beguile an occasional half hour of your leisure, I shall be gratified; though I sometimes fear that they are too much in the form of a journal to interest any but the writer.

LETTER XII.

St. Petersburg, (Lat.) 13th September, 1830.

My last letter was dated from Kyrola, where we were detained some hours during the manufacture of a new wheel for the carriage. We reached Rajajoki, the frontier station in Finland, that night; and the following morning, Thursday, the 2d instant, we entered the Russian territory at a place called Bellostrofskie. The custom-officers examined strictly, but politely, the contents of our boxes; and as we produced the *podaroshne*, or order for post-horses, with which we were furnished at Viborg, no impediment was offered to our ingress. Here, for the first time, a postilion insisted on driving, while the coachman, who pioneered us all the way through Finland, took up a humble post behind the carriage. A third horse was added, as the road runs through deep sand; and, after travelling thirty-four wersts, each of which is marked by a tall obelisk of red granite substituted for the wooden posts of Finland, at one in the afternoon we entered the capital of Russia.

Nothing of the same nature can be so imposing as the first view of St. Petersburg. The approach is through a wild and desert tract; nor is the city, owing to its low situation, visible at a distance. There are neither country seats nor gardens in the faubourg to announce the proximity of a large town. With one exception, the steeples are not sufficiently high to be seen at a distance. The *entré* is under an unostentatious wooden barrier; and for a mile the traveller drives through a street formed of small wooden houses. Turning a sharp angle, he finds himself on a bridge considerably longer than that of Waterloo, in the Strand. The Neva rolls its blue waters, as if with conscious dignity, on either side. Before him are the Admiralty, with a rich golden spire, the winter-palace of the emperor, the Hermitage, the Marble-palace, and a succession of buildings extending the whole length of the granite quay, each of which might be a royal residence. This façade, the opposite fortresses with its solid walls and massive buttresses, the floating bridges, and the summer gardens, fronted by a magnificent iron palisade with glittering tops, form a coup-d'œil surpassing every other of the same kind in Europe.

There is nothing in St. Petersburg that can arrest the mind by the force of classic or historical associations; nor is there any thing in the surrounding country which can enhance the pleasure of the spectator by bringing into combination with an architectural display the pic-

turesque beauties of nature. You are called upon to contemplate the splendour of a city; the triumph of art over nature; a superb metropolis in the midst of a marsh. Every building is an exhibition to which the various Grecian orders have lent their elegant forms without destroying the uniformity or impairing the harmony of the whole. No dirty lanes nor paltry huts are to be seen. These are kept out of view. The ground is the property of the emperor or of nobles at his beck; and at his fiat houses are destroyed and palaces erected. The poorer class of buildings observable in English towns does not in St. Petersburg offend the eye, because a practice prevails of letting out for the accommodation of the lower orders the cellars of large houses.

The site of the city is thought to have been injudiciously chosen. It stands near the mouth of the Neva in a marsh, since drained, which, in the time of Peter the Great, was constantly under water. Notwithstanding the obstacles opposed by soil and climate, the czar accomplished his great design; and his perseverance, no less than a keen penetration into future consequences, commands our admiration. It was necessary that the new capital should be near the coast, because it was to become the centre of trade with foreign nations; and that it should be in the neighbourhood of his recently acquired dominions, in order that he might the more securely retain and protect them by concentrating his forces in the vicinity. It was his policy, likewise, to attract foreign settlers: and there was no spot in his dominions which combined these requisites so well as the one he selected.

It would be impossible to convey within the narrow limits of a letter any idea of this city. So detailed and graphic a description of it has lately been published by Dr. Granville, that I refer you to his work rather than make an attempt to transport you to St. Petersburg, or to place the great capital on your breakfast table. I will, therefore, simply sketch an outline, which, in after years, may serve to recall to my own mind objects now vividly impressed.

The first hut in St. Petersburg was raised by Peter's own hands in 1703. It is now protected from the influence of the elements by a brick covering constructed over it. A few wooden sheds gradually collected round this nucleus, and a small citadel with six bastions was erected. In 1710, the first brick house was built. In 1712, the residence of the emperor was transferred from Moscow to the new city, then dedicated to the patron saint of the royal founder, and called after him St. Peter's town. Most of the original edifices have been destroyed by time or fire. Now, none in the principal streets are permitted to be built of wood. The usual material is brick well stuccoed; and the proprietors being compelled by law to renew the outer wash once a year, the buildings always look new. The modern houses are built on piles, because the ground is too marshy to sustain their foundation. They are lofty and generally handsome, with roofs nearly flat and sheeted with iron painted red or green. They are all numbered, and the name of the proprietor is inscribed on each door. The ground floors are chiefly used as shops; the cellars are let to the poor; and the family occupy the first and second stories. The panes of glass in the houses of the rich, are of an extraordinary size, measuring often six feet by four, and frequently much more. Each appears like a separate window, and the combination of several such panes in one frame imparts to a building an air of great magnificence.

The streets are for the most part straight, broad, and long; intersecting each other at various angles. The larger are furnished with trottoirs; an improvement effected immediately after Alexander's visit to England. At the corner of each, in a sentry-box, a police-man is stationed with a halberd. The Neva flows through the city, the largest portion of which is on its left, or southern bank; though a considerable space on the opposite shore, besides fifteen islands in the river, is covered with buildings. The Nevka, a branch of the Neva, forms the northern and northeastern boundary, while the opposite quarters are defined by the town ditch. The circumference of these limits, though not yet filled up, is said to be nearly twenty miles; and the population about four hundred and thirty thousand. Three large and several smaller canals studded with bridges, some of cast-iron and many of granite, yield an air of gaiety to the town and promote the carriage of goods between its distant quarters.

The great charm that, independent of its architectural beauties, distinguishes St. Petersburg from every other city, is the presence of the noble river whose waters, unlike those of the rivers on which other European capitals

stand, are quite blue and transparent; these, reflecting the long lines of Grecian pillars that rear their stately forms upon its banks, present a second city to the view. The Neva, at its broadest part, is about three quarters of a mile in width. It is deep, and would admit ships of heavy burden to come close to the wharfs, but a bar across the embouchure prevents those that draw more than seven feet of water from going higher up the river. On one side, a quay of granite, raised ten feet above the level of the water, extends nearly two miles and a half in length. This is furnished with landing steps at stated distances and stone benches for seats. A broad handsome carriage-road with a double pavement runs along it; while a superb façade of public edifices and private mansions commands the river. On the opposite side stand the fortress, the exchange, the academy of sciences, the museum, the college of miners, and a whole line of public buildings, the profusion of whose splendid pillars and pilasters almost fatigues the eye. Near the centre of the city, facing the Admiralty, is the Isaac bridge, on one side of which runs the English, on the other the Imperial quay; the one named from the palaces, the other from the merchants, occupying the respective quarters. In a street behind, and parallel to, the English line or quay, called the English back line or *Galerney Oulitsa*, is the comfortable inn in which I am lodging. It is kept by a man named Reay and his daughter, Mrs. Crosthwith, a pleasing woman of superior intellect and education.

Near the Isaac bridge, under the hand of a skilful architect, the marble church is rising up, for which, as I have mentioned in a previous letter, granite columns of enormous size are procured from Peterlax in Finland. Close to this stands the famous bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great. He is represented checking his steed just as he has attained the summit of an arduous rock. The horse rears, and his rider looks calmly round, seeming to triumph in the consciousness of power and security. Beneath him is a serpent whom the charger tramples to death. The simple inscription is

PETRO PRIMO
CATHERINA SECUNDA,
1782.

The statue, weighing sixteen tons, rests on a piece of granite supposed to be the largest ever moved by art. It was brought out of a morass four miles from St. Petersburg; and when it reached the spot where it now lies, it weighed fifteen hundred tons.

The admiralty, whose façade is fourteen hundred feet in length, in the centre of a line of buildings that face the river, exhibits an ambitious spire covered with a thin sheet of gold. From it, as from a focus, three principal streets diverge on the opposite side which are called, *Prospektives*. The largest of these is the Nevski *Prospekt*, so named from Saint Alexander Nevski. This street is two English miles in length; and a hundred and eighty feet in breadth. The houses are of stuccoed brick, and the shops are tolerable good; but neither in their external appearance nor in the furniture of the interior can they be compared with our own. The Nevski *Prospekt* is as inferior to Regent Street as the public buildings and quay above described are superior to the corresponding objects in London. In the centre of the Nevski *Prospekt* stands the "Church of our Lady of Kazan," the construction of which occupied ten years, from 1801 to 1811; under the superintendence of a native architect who was originally a serf of Count Stroganoff. The plan of the interior is borrowed from that of St. Peter's at Rome; but the semi-circular colonnade that forms the Roman piazza is here made to embrace the portico, and to act as a façade to the church. This consists of a hundred and thirty-two pillars of the Corinthian order, distributed in four concentric curves; each pillar being thirty-five feet in height formed of yellow stone. At the extremities of the colonnade are large portals, which give a finished appearance to the whole, and admit carriages to pass through them to the other sides of the building. The interior of the church is in the form of a cross, each arm terminating in a Corinthian portico. The aisles are flanked by pillars of spotted granite bearing a high polish, and ornamented with gilded capitals. The pavement is composed of marbles of various colors, and resembles mosaic-work on a large scale. The great altar presents a blaze of gilding that would dazzle the eye if an ordinary quantity of light were diffused through the church; but owing to the bad arrangement of the windows and dirty condition of the

* On these quays no shops are allowed by law; nor in the large and handsome street called the Great Morskoi.

glass, the interior is shrouded in a sombre and mysterious gloom not ill consoing with the dark views and blind credulity of the religionists who worship there. Standards, the keys of captured fortresses, and various trophies of a similar nature, decorate this temple consecrated to the Lord of Hosts." The symmetry of the structure is destroyed by the smallness of the dome, which seems as if intended for a building of inferior dimensions. Among the trophies is a baton said to have belonged to Davoust, the destroyer of Hamburg. The only monuments I noticed are those of Moreau and Kutusoff. Over the latter are suspended some standards captured from the French.

Two days ago a grand religious festival was celebrated in honour of Saint Alexander Nevski; when, after attending divine service, or rather showing himself, in the church of our Lady of Kazan, the emperor proceeded in his carriage to the monastery of the saint at the end of the Prospektive. The sight was very imposing. The street was lined with carriages; and the church was crowded to excess. As the emperor entered, the folding doors in the centre of the "Ikoneclast" (or screen which separates the nave from the altar,) were thrown open, and the archbishop came forth arrayed in a gorgeous dress of gold and purple. In each hand he held a chandelier, and uttered some sentences rendered inaudible by the full peals of a sacerdotal choir which at the same moment echoed through the church, together with reiterated cries from the people, "*Gospodi Pomeloe, Gospodi Pomeloe*; creating a volume of sound that overpowered all others, and conveying, I trust, to heaven the prayers of many a heart, "Lord have mercy upon us!"

The religion of the Greek Church was adopted by the Russians in the tenth century; being established without opposition by an order of the grand-duke Vladimir, the first convert to Christianity, who sent emissaries to various churches of Christendom for the purpose of observing the forms of each. Since his object was to influence the ignorant through the medium of the senses, his choice was not injudicious; for there is something in the service of the Greek church that rivets the attention far more than that of the Roman Catholic. There probably is not more real religion, but there is a greater appearance of devotion. The devotees seem to be more in earnest and to have more personal faith in the virtue of the rites they celebrate. This may arise in part from the ignorance and intellectual debasement of the Russians compared with that of the Catholics one has seen in more enlightened countries: but it is, doubtless, attributable also to a certain something difficult to describe, but in which no one who has been in the habit of attending Greek and Romish services can fail to sympathise. Is it that, in the former, instrumental music is excluded, while words of prayer and praise arrest the mind, chanted in the deep sonorous voices of the priests; and that to sounds of definite import we are loth to attach ideas which impugn the reality of feeling and the veracity of sacred functionaries: while, in the latter, full bursts of the organ overpower the voices and give to the whole the effect of a display of sacred music? Or is it that in the Greek Church the service is performed in a language intelligible to the congregation, while in the Romish a learned jargon is adopted always incomprehensible to the people, and often to the illiterate priesthood? Or is it, possibly, that here there is no bowing down to carved and graven images: and though worship scarcely inferior is paid to highly-wrought designs on tapestry and canvases, yet being familiar with such productions of art exhibited in our own temples and regarding them with an interest which the subjects render almost sacred, we are reluctant to believe that the Russian devotee converts his gaze into sin, by the admixture of an irrational and idolatrous sentiment? Or is it that we are more disposed to resign ourselves to sacred feelings inspired by the ceremonies of a Church tolerating our own dissident creed than to those that might otherwise result from the services of one which marshals our strongest prejudices in array against itself by denouncing us as heretics and accursed? Something, perhaps, is due to each of these causes; much to the union of all; and not a little to the fact that the Greek church, though itself scarcely purer, holds in equal abhorrence with ourselves the abominations of that apostasy against which our own has protested, and still maintains an incessant spiritual warfare.

The doctrines of the Russian Church are precisely those of the Greek; and so is its constitution, except that the former has cast off all allegiance to the patriarch of Constantinople and acknowledges no head but the emperor. The secession from the eastern church took place under Peter the Great, who found that the patriarch possessed more influence in his dominions than

consisted with his own autocracy. The ecclesiastical government is now in the hands of a synod held periodically at St. Petersburg, and formed of clergy under the presidency of a layman.

The Greek, like the Romish clergy, are divided into secular and monastic. The former are generally men of low birth and very illiterate. Possessing no influence from either rank or erudition, they seldom rise in their associations above the lowest orders of society. The profession usually descends from father to son; consequently, men are brought into the church by the mere contingencies of birth, devoid of all religious feeling, and even against inclination. Hence their immoral lives and total neglect of their cures. A secular priest is obliged to be a married man. While single, he is not admissible to ordination; but once in orders, he must remain "the husband of one wife;" if she die, he is not allowed to wed another. The priests are paid by the produce of lands appropriated to them by the crown in the middle of the eighteenth century; by gratuities for the celebration of mass in the houses of the *seigneurs*; and by fees on occasions of marriages and births. They wear broad-brimmed hats and loose robes of any colour. The hair is allowed to flow down the back and cherished with Israelitish pride on the chin.

The monastic clergy are subject to rules similar to those by which the same body is governed in the Romish Church. They are distinguished by a high conical cap, long veil, and black gown. The discipline of monasteries is very severe, and vows once entered into admit of no dispensation. The regular clergy are divided into seven grades, through which they rise according to merit or interest. The first is that of monk; then prior, *hegumenos*, (or abbot of a smaller institution,) and archimandrite (or abbot of a large monastery): to these succeed the higher orders of bishop, archbishop, and metropolitan. In education they are said to be greatly superior to the secular clergy; and, no doubt, are so: but their ignorance of foreign languages, if I may judge from three whom we encountered in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, the principal monastic institution in St. Petersburg, forms a curious exception to the general acquaintance with other tongues displayed by the Russians as a nation. The three monks referred to were addressed by our party, anxious to elicit some information regarding the monastery, in French, Italian, German, Latin, and English: but the only reply we could obtain was a sentence of Russ.

No Russian is at liberty to change his religion under pain of banishment to Siberia; at the same time great liberality is exercised towards Fins, Livonians, and foreigners in general; and it is an interesting fact bespeaking the religious toleration of the government, that in the street in which the Greek church of the Virgin of Kazan is situated, Catholics, Armenians, Lutherans, and three other sects of Protestants, have their respective places of worship. Till lately, Jews met with equal indulgence; but about three years ago some of their tribe were found guilty of an infringement of the custom-laws, and the whole body were banished from St. Petersburg and Moscow. Only forty-eight hours were allowed for the disposal of their property, though many possessed large houses and an extensive stock in trade. The necessity existing for immediate sale induced crafty purchasers to bid only half the value, and the loss sustained in consequence was as severe as the ukase was arbitrary and cruel. The order was subsequently modified with regard to Moscow, where Jews are allowed to remain forty-eight hours at a time for the purposes of trade. An understanding with the police officers has converted this into a permission of permanent residence; for those who have houses in the city take a walk outside the gates every second day; and, violating the spirit of the law, punctually obey its letter. Roman Catholics, except Jesuits, are tolerated equally with Protestants; but the late emperor banished the Jesuits from his dominions for attempting to proselyte members of the Greek Church.

Numerous festivals are observed by the Russians, and celebrated with much religious pomp and pageantry. Each Wednesday and Friday is nominally a fast day; but the four great annual fasts, namely that of the Virgin, comprising the first fifteen days of August, and those of Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Lent, are rigidly observed by all good Christians. The last two of these continue during six and seven weeks respectively. That of Lent, with the ensuing carnival of Easter is the most famous. For an account of it I am dependent on verbal information and such books as chance to fall in my way.

During seven weeks preceding Easter the Russians

are prohibited from eating the flesh or produce of animals; the restriction extending even to milk, butter, and eggs. A curious exception is made in favour of nobles, soldiers, and most employes of government, who are required to fast during the last two weeks only: the imperial family keep holy but seven days in Lent. This previous abstinence prepares all parties for the enjoyment (if enjoyment it can be called) of a week of revelry and gluttony, during which they indulge in every species of excess; as though the uncurbed license of the appetites were no less a matter of religious duty than the fast previously observed. The Sunday before Easter the churches are adorned with boughs and artificial fruits. The following Thursday, the archbishop assembles a large body of monastic clergy, and exhibits to a crowded congregation a representation of the Saviour washing the apostles' feet; himself acting the part of our Lord, while twelve priests supply the place of the apostles. On Easter-eve a model of the holy sepulchre is presented to the people. During this day, which is the last of the fast, the markets are filled with viands of every species. The only business performed is that of buying and selling the components of the morrow's feast. Large carts full of meat, vegetables, fish, and sweetmeats, are seen in the streets; and night is awaited with all the ardour of enthusiasm, gluttony and wantonness. Some time before midnight the people crowd to the churches which remain full of anxious expectants, bearing in their hands tapers whose concentrated blaze diffuses a brilliant light around. A priest informs them that the bishop is gone to search for the body of the Saviour. As the clock strikes twelve, the doors of the sanctuary are thrown open; the bishop, sumptuously appareled and decked with a profusion of jewels, marches forth. A long train of priests, similarly dressed, follows; and the bishop proclaims to the audience—*Christos vosress*; that is, "Christ is risen!" This declaration is received with shouts of exultation; the bells ring a joyful peal; and the choir strikes up a hymn of praise in honour of the risen Saviour. When this is concluded, the bishop and priests throw themselves on their hands and knees, and crawl all round the church, kissing the pictures of saints and other sacred relics. The spectators follow their example; but preferring living to inanimate objects of salutation, they set about kissing one another: then, leaving the church, commence an inordinate meal which lasts, with little intermission, for a week.

During this period the same custom of salutation is continued; nor is it confined to equals, but prevails among acquaintances however different in birth, education, age, or sex. A noble lady cannot refuse a kiss from the meanest peasant, if he advance with an egg in his hand in token of the conclusion of the fast, and the words *Christos vosress* on his tongue. She is obliged by her religion to receive the egg with courtesy to return the kiss in kind, and to reply, *Vies tiny vosress*, "Verily he is risen." The habit of personal salute obtains more among the Russians than any of the other continentalists. After the first introduction of a gentleman to a lady, he kisses her hand whenever they meet, while she gracefully returns the compliment on his cheek.

The festivities of Easter continue with almost savage exuberance for a week; but there are few or no breaches of the peace. It is a singular trait in the character of the natives, that amidst all their boisterous sports and licentious revelries, they never quarrel; and whenever anger is excited, seldom as it is, it vents itself in words. Their language contains a remarkable variety of terms of abuse, with which they are satisfied, without having recourse to the more brutal expedient of blows.

But to return to St. Petersburg. It may emphatically be called, as Burke with less propriety designated Calcutta, a "city of palaces;" for the royal residences are very numerous, and most of the public buildings might, from their architectural magnificence, be mistaken for such. That of the Grand-duke Michael, with the imperial Taurida and Anichkoff, is in the interior of the capital; those of Oranienbaum, Yelagine, Kammemoi, and several others, are outside the town. I have visited many, and have found them elegant and picturesque as country chateaux, or excelling in the severer grandeur of metropolitan palaces. Besides these, there are three of a highly imposing character, which peculiarly attract the traveller's notice, being all situated together on the same quay of the Neva, in a straight line with the long façade of the Admiralty. They are called respectively, the Marble-palace, the Hermitage, and the Winter-palace. The first of these derives its name from the material of which the columns are formed. The lower part of the wall is built of granite; the upper of a dark

stone, which is either marble or gray granite. A peculiar splendour is communicated to this structure by the massive capitals and basements of the pillars which, as well as the balconies, are composed of bronze richly gilt. It was originally built for Count Orloff, the favourite of Catherine the Second; and afterwards tenanted by the last King of Poland, who here terminated his unfortunate career. It is now uninhabited; and, for some reason, strangers are not admitted.

Separated by a little space from the Marble-palace is that called the Hermitage, which Catherine the Second set apart for the enjoyments of social life. Every quarter of the world has contributed to supply this superb edifice with something valuable in the departments of art or science. Besides the collection of cameos, jewels, statues, antiques, and books, there is a gallery of paintings* which would be esteemed good even in Rome or Florence. One long room is furnished with four hundred portraits of the chief officers of the Russian army, painted by the late Mr. Dawe, an English artist of great merit in the service of the Emperor Alexander. Ascending the staircase, we were conducted into a spacious apartment, one door of which leads to a conservatory of trees called the Winter-garden; beyond this is another called the Summer-garden, four hundred feet in length, formed of soil elevated on masonry to a height of more than forty feet. This artificial garden must have been the result of prodigious labour; but in St. Petersburg, all public works are on a scale of magnificence that fills a stranger with astonishment. Under a despotic monarchy no one dares to find fault with demands made by government on the purse of the people. To enter on a description of the Hermitage would be to involve myself in the labour of a month; and as I have already referred you to a work wherein all that is worthy of remark in this capital has been described with interesting minuteness, I will only add that I never before visited a building which excited such sentiments of pleasure, admiration, and astonishment.

The Hermitage, though a distinct building, is attached to, and considered as forming part of, the Winter-palace, which was built in the middle of the last century. This is the largest royal residence in Europe, occupying an area of forty-five thousand square yards, and capable of accommodating a thousand inmates. The basement and upper stories are built in different styles of architecture, so that the exterior is cumbersome and inelegant. The most splendid apartment, probably unrivalled in the world, is the great hall of St. George, a hundred and forty feet by sixty, surrounded by forty marble columns in double rows, with capitals and pedestals richly gilt.

Before dismissing the palace, I may mention that there is one at a village called Tzarskoe Celo, or the emperor's village, twenty-two versts from St. Petersburg, to which Monsieur Djoukorski, one of the counsellors of state, from whom I have received great kindness, drove me in his carriage the day before yesterday. In our way we stopped at the establishment of an enterprising English quaker who has been engaged for some years under government in draining the morasses around the capital. He has succeeded so well that his house now stands in the midst of luxuriant corn-fields, in a spot which had probably never before been trodden by man. A little further on, we passed through two villages, allotted to a German colony, whose industry has diffused an air of comfort that contrasts strongly with the general appearance of a Russian village. I will not weary you with a description of the palace at Tzarskoe Celo, which exhibits the same profuse magnificence as the royal dwellings at St. Petersburg, but contains only two rooms strikingly characteristic; the one, covered from floor to ceiling with amber; the other lined, half way up its walls, with lapis lazuli; the floor being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The rooms where Alexander sat and transacted the chief business of his empire, as well as the bed-room, with the hard mattress on which he slept, cannot fail to be regarded with great interest. This suite of apartments is said to remain in the state in which he left them. His hat and gloves are on the chair, his boots by the door; and his pocket handkerchief on the table. These rooms are consecrated to the memory of the deceased. There are some who object to such memorials of the dead. To my mind they are pleasing. They serve to maintain the connection between those who live on earth and those who have preceded them in departure hence.

We drank tea at the palace with General Merder's

* The well known Haughton collection that belonged to Sir Robert Walpole was, to the disgrace of our country, suffered to be carried away to enrich the treasures of the Hermitage.

family. He is a favourite of the emperor and empress, and preceptor to the young heir apparent, the archduke Alexander Nicholasvich. These three interesting personages we saw; as also the little archduchesses, who were in the room next to that in which we spent the evening. Walking round the gardens with our kind hostess and some other Russian ladies, we encountered many groups assembled there to see and be seen, and to pay their respects to the emperor in the course of his usual promenade. The officers were in full uniform: the ladies in handsome afternoon dresses. Most of the latter spoke English; and that with a fluency which the Russians generally display in all the languages of Europe. My companions gave me some interesting details of the Persian ambassadors sent over a year or two ago by Shah Abbas; speaking of them as men of polished manners and finished education, thoroughly at home in the languages and diplomacy of the various European courts.

In a large institution, standing close to Tzarskoe Celo, for the instruction of children of the Russian nobility, my friend pointed out two young princes from Georgia and one from Cashmere who have been sent to St. Petersburg for education. I was surprised to find they do not understand Persian. One of them has picked up a little French, and was pleased at the opportunity of displaying his fancied proficiency. The elegant form of the Cashmerian boy, his slender figure and supple limbs, so characteristic of an eastern child, contrasted strongly with the hardy and broader structure of the young Russians.

The mint at St. Petersburg is well arranged. The machinery and superintendents are English. The former was made by Bolton and Watts of London, after the model of that used in our own mint. Wherever an Englishman goes, he cannot fail to remark the preference given to the artificers, machinery, and manufactures of his country. In nearly all the large institutions of this metropolis the superintendents are Scotch or English; and their steam-engines, as well as most other articles of machinery, have been imported from England. The labourers in the mint are serfs of the emperor. We were detained till their dinner hour, and witnessed a painful process, derogatory to the dignity of more civilised Europeans. All the native workmen were clothed in very thin white jackets and linen trousers without pockets. As they moved in files from the laboratory to the dining-room, each serf was examined by a police officer, who passed his hands over the whole of the man's body, from the crown of the head to the feet, to ascertain if he had any coin secreted in his hair or dress. At night, when the workmen leave the house, they are stripped to the skin and go out in other clothes; at the end of the year those they have been in the habit of wearing are burnt, to obtain the particles of metal adhering to the fibres of the cloth. While a manifestation of respect sometimes teaches men to respect themselves, habitual distrust necessarily engenders disregard of that virtue in which the party is supposed to be deficient. Hence the Russians are faithless.

The coin commonly current is a ruble, divided into a hundred copper kopecks. Of this there are two sorts, the paper and the silver ruble; the former nearly equal in value to eleven pence of our money; the latter to three shillings and four pence. Originally, the one was merely a representative of the other, as our one-pound notes were of twenty shillings; but latterly, paper has been so depreciated by an excess of issue and other causes, that its value has been diminished in the proportion just stated. In the middle of the seventeenth century bars of silver were used instead of coins. These were marked at regular distances with notches, (*rubli*), according to which a greater or less portion of the bar was cut off to settle an account. The word *kopeck* is derived from *kopen*, a spear, because formerly the copper coin was stamped with an impression of St. George spearing the dragon. I have seen no gold in the country. A platina coin, called an "imperial," has been lately struck. Its value is not quite a guinea. This is the first piece of money that has ever been coined from platina. The metal is generally found as in oxide. Dr. Wollaston was the discoverer of a mode of combining it with chemical agents so as to render it tractile and fit for coinage. On his death-bed he disclosed this secret to Mr. Harschel, the astronomer, under whose instruction a person, named Johnson, was employed in the preparation of the metal; and when the Russian government sent to England for some one who could undertake the superintendence of a platina coinage at St. Petersburg, this man was selected for the purpose. The metal was prepared, and a coin struck with great skill and neatness: but, in the mean

time, the value of platina had been much depreciated by a large importation from America; and it was considered inexpedient to put into circulation a metal that would be liable to very great fluctuations in value. Hence the "imperial" has never left the mint, except when purchased by visitors as a curiosity.

The museum of the Academy of Sciences contains figures of the inhabitants of various uncivilised countries, attired in their national costumes. Among these are dresses of several of the tribes of Siberia, the Samoiodes, Kamtschadales, Laplanders, Chinese, Kouriks, and Japanese. There are also several natural curiosities. The chief of these is the skeleton of a mammoth that was found buried in an iceberg on the bank of the Obi, in Siberia. As the ice gradually dissolved in a summer more than usually warm, bears attacked the flesh, which was in a state of high preservation, and destroyed the skin; but the skeleton was secured with the exception of a single foot. It now stands in the museum close to that of a large elephant; and though the one is not much less in height than the other, a comparison of their joints shows how superior the mammoth must have been in strength and bulk. From a part of the skin which is preserved it appears that the animal was furnished with long hair; a fact affording strong presumptive evidence that it inhabited the cold latitude in which the body was discovered; and that it was not, as some theorists have supposed, the native of a tropical region. Another produce of Siberia exhibited here is a piece of native iron weighing nearly seventeen hundred pounds.

I have visited with great interest the prison, a refuge for the destitute, a cotton manufactory in which eight hundred foundlings and two thousand adults are employed under the superintendence of a Scotch general, and the China, plate glass, and iron manufactories; institutions admirably arranged, which cannot fail to recompense a foreigner for some trouble he may encounter in gaining admittance. I have been delighted with St. Petersburg. Every thing here is novel; every thing interesting; and every thing in a style of magnificence that is perfectly astonishing. To describe all that is worthy of note would fill a volume; and as books have been published containing detailed accounts of this capital, I refrain from minute particulars.

The houses of the lower orders are made chiefly of wood, having projecting Swiss roofs, small windows, and narrow balconies with ornamented balustrades. Those of the higher classes are built of stuccoed brick, and like our own, but on a larger scale, and with a profusion of Grecian pillars and pilasters. In all, the principal article of furniture is the stove. This consists of two walls of brick, cased outside with white, or painted, tiles which rise to a height of five or six feet, and somewhat to the top of the room. The inside is well furnished with flues, so that the air of the whole room is equally heated by the large radiating surface presented to it. A fire is lighted once in twenty-four hours, and when the wood has ceased to blaze, the heated air is confined within the stove. In large houses, one of these conveniences may be found in almost every room, and always in the hall.

But this careful distribution of heat is not the only precaution rendered necessary by the rigour of the Russian winter. External air must be excluded. For this purpose every house is furnished with double windows. In the month of September, after a succession of fine weather days, the outer windows, which had been displaced during summer, are fitted in, and the interiors warmed with tow. A layer of sand, with a few handfuls of straw, is then strewed between the two frames to absorb the moisture; and the inner ones are secured so that communication can take place between the external and internal atmosphere. The use of stoves deprives the Russians of the cheerful comfort of an English hearth, and windows constantly closed render the rooms dark and sultry; but these means preserve an equality of temperature, so that in the severest winter thermometer throughout the dwelling generally stand at 60° of Fahrenheit.

The climate of Russia is not so prejudicial to foreigners as might be supposed, because the extreme cold of winter and the heat of summer compel them to be observant and careful. Among the natives, too, certain consumptions, rheumatisms, and other diseases resulting from cold, are not so prevalent as in countries where the rigour of winter is less severe. In more temperate climes, extraordinary precautions are not considered so essential to the preservation of life. The natives are careless of the changes of weather, and negligent of themselves; hence the bad effects which ensue. Now every peasant is a strict observer of the thermometer,

and can talk with as much accuracy of the degrees of heat and cold that have been exhibited during the season, as a philosopher in England. He dresses accordingly. In warm weather he wears a shallow broad-brimmed hat, and a caftan, or robe like the Persian's, tied by a ceinture of silk round the waist. His beard is always long, and his hair close shorn behind, level with the bottom of the ears. A shirt hangs outside his loose trousers; his neck is left bare; and stockings are regarded as a needless luxury. In winter his hat is exchanged for a fur cap, wrapping over the ears and sides of the face; his light trousers for thick cloth or blanketing; and, instead of the caftan, he wears a cloak of sheep, wolf, or bear's skin, with their hair turned inwards. His hands are similarly protected by shaggy gloves, which tie up four fingers together, allotting a separate division to the thumb; and his feet by lined boots coming up to the knees. A flowing beard and long moustaches form a natural guard to the lower part of the face, so that the eyes and nose alone are exposed.

Thus equipped, a Russian walks or rides on a sledge, almost unconscious of cold, though cutting rapidly through a bleak wind when the thermometer shows 50° of Fahrenheit below freezing point. The only object of solicitude is his nose. This is occasionally frost-bitten. Having lost all sensation in that part, the sufferer is made acquainted with the accident by some passer by, who observes its natural colour to be changed. He immediately rubs his nose with snow, which imparts some of its own heat to the flesh previously reduced to the temperature of the air. This, together with friction, restores circulation, and the nose is saved. If the remedy be not quickly applied, or if he approach the fire, the part mortifies and falls off. The same observation applies to the fingers and toes. Considering the intensity of cold in winter, and the multitude exposed to its influence, it is a matter of surprise that so few are seen with mutilated members.

The dress of the higher orders of Russians resembles that of similar classes among other European nations. In winter, they, like the peasants, are furnished with stout cloaks lined with fur, but of superior quality and foreign manufacture. In the selection of fur the Russian gentlemen are very particular. Fifteen or twenty-five pounds is a price not uncommonly paid for a single collar. The ladies follow French fashions; while the lower class of women differ little in appearance from those of Finland, except that they tuck up their hair; and many wear caps richly ornamented with gold.

One peculiarity in the climate of Russia is remarkable. There is neither autumn nor spring. Summer passes away and it is winter. Winter was yesterday: to day is summer.^{*} The first intimation of the setting in of frost is received from Lake Ladoga, which, being inland and considerably north of St. Petersburg, is frozen before the Neva. The river is generally frozen in November, though sometimes not till December; and the event is preceded by unsettled weather, thick fogs, and strong winds. As soon as masses of ice begin to float down from the lake, the bridges, which stand on large barges, are opened in the centre and allowed to swing round to either side. But few boats, and those only of a large size, are suffered to cross, for fear of the heavy blocks of ice. By degrees, these close up the river, which likewise freezes; when, a deep fall of snow filling interstices and levelling the surface, the ice is declared passable, and is soon covered with passengers, horses, skaters, sledges, and carriages, exhibiting a scene of great gaiety and amusement. The bridges are replaced; and the communication, previously cut off, between different parts of the city, is renewed. The streets present an aspect no less novel. Carriages are deprived of their wheels and placed on sledges, gliding over the hard and even surface of snow with a rapidity and security highly interesting. Stoves are lighted in the principal squares for the benefit of the *seotchiks*, or drivers, and others whose profession compels them to stand still in the open air. The roofs of the houses are covered with the same unvaried dress of virgin white, and studded with crows, which assemble in groups as numerous as those that may be seen throughout the year in Calcutta. All this is the effect of a few days. Summer has passed away like a dream, and winter has set in.

But a Russian winter has not the gloom of that season

^{*} It is calculated that throughout the year there are three hot, or tolerably warm, days to two winter days and one in which it is moderately fair with frost at night. The extreme heat of summer seldom exceeds 80° of Fahrenheit in the shade, and the extreme cold of winter is rarely more than 30° below zero.

in any other country. On the contrary, it is a time of gaiety and enjoyment, not only to the rich in the festivities of the drawing-room, but to all classes in manly out-of-door exercises. Nor is the shortness of the day a source of great inconvenience. Long after the sun has set, his refracted rays, reflected from every object white with snow, afford a protracted twilight; darkness is frequently dissipated by a welcome aurora; and night is always enlivened by a sky which, exhibiting a brilliant illumination of starry lamps, seems to participate the joy of the city.

On the seventeenth of January the priests, marching in solemn procession to the bank of the Neva, bless its frozen waters. The rite, like that celebrated at Easter, (which resembles the ceremonies that Plutarch says were used by the heathens in search of Osiris), seems to have a pagan origin. A wooden building is erected on the ice. In the centre is suspended a visible emblem of the Holy Spirit. The metropolitan, followed by priests, enters this temporary shed; and having pierced the ice, dips a crucifix into the hole and sprinkles the water in the direction of the crowds who line the banks. The emperor makes a point of being present on this occasion, as during most other grand religious ceremonies.

The Neva remains frozen till about the middle of April. In the beginning of that month snow disappears from the more frequented streets; and the breaking up of the ice, an occurrence hailed with intense interest, is calculated by some with singular accuracy. They are seldom mistaken in the day. Police officers are posted to prevented people from passing over. The bridges are removed, and multitudes flock to the river to be spectators of the great event. At length, indistinct murmurs indicate a partial cracking of the ice. Masses begin to disengage themselves in the centre, and are carried under by the current. At last, a general crash is heard, like the roar of distant thunder; the whole body of ice is broken up, and frozen mountains are seen moving down the Neva, striking against each other and against the banks with destructive violence. For two or three days the river continues to be covered with similar masses which float in from the Ladoga. During this period all communication is cut off between quarters of the city on opposite banks. A salute from the citadel intimates a reinstatement of the bridges, and a grant of permission to the boatmen once more to ply their long-forgotten oars.

This event is not allowed to pass without an appropriate ceremony. The governor of the fort, attended by his staff, solicits permission to pay his respects to the emperor, and presents him with a glassful of the pure waters of the Neva, in token that they have been restored to their liquid state, and that a more genial season has arrived. The priests, too, perform their part, and bless the returning vegetation. Plants and trees now put forth their flowers, leaves, and blossoms. Nature rises with fresh energy from her long torpor, and seems to sport, with the gaiety of the butterfly springing from its chrysalis state. What in England is the work of a season is here performed in a week or two; and the sudden transition from the depth of winter to the full verdure of summer is as astonishing as it is delightful. In these observations I give you the result of my enquiries from others; for, not having been here in winter, I have not witnessed the festivities of that season, nor the magical transformation of nature.

During September and October, and still more in the month of November, St. Petersburg is liable to inundations of the river, produced by strong winds setting in from the gulf of Finland and checking the current of the Neva. The severest calamity of this nature which has happened of late years will be fresh in your recollection. It occurred in November 1824, when the river rose fifteen feet, and threatened the whole city with destruction. Many lives were lost, and many buildings destroyed. A broad red line on all the houses keeps in constant remembrance this dreadful visitation of Providence, and marks the height attained by the water.

Twenty miles from St. Petersburg, close to the mouth of the Neva, is the island of Cronstadt, the station for Russian shipping. A steamer leaves the capital at an early hour every morning during summer, and returns the same evening, so that the docks can be inspected with very little trouble and difficulty, provided only that care has been taken to secure the necessary signatures to the passport, which is always a matter of great importance, and generally embarrassed with unnecessary obstacles for the purpose of extorting money. Cronstadt is well fortified towards the sea, and surrounded by little isles furnished with batteries. Its chief protection is the shallow water investing it on all sides, and leaving only

one narrow channel, from which, in case of invasion, the buoys would be removed. About fifteen thousand sailors are kept here, trained like soldiers, to act as a marine corps against an enemy. The navy of Russia is not large. Having so small a coast to guard, and so little facility for the maintenance of a fleet, it is not her policy to do more in this department than may be sufficient to protect her German provinces and Finland against Sweden. As her commerce is entirely in the hands of foreigners, her merchantmen are likewise few. Most of the ships in the docks are English or American. It is somewhat curious that at the inn where I lodge there is not a guest of any other nation; and more than half our party are captains in the merchant service of England or America.

As all large ships are built at St. Petersburg in a dock yard off the granite quay already referred to, where the water is shallow, a number of camels are kept at Cronstadt for the purpose of carrying them down the river. Camels are hollow cases of wood so constructed as to embrace the keel and lay hold of the hull of a ship on both sides. They are filled with water and sunk, in order to be fixed on. The water is then pumped out, and the specific gravity of the whole mass being decreased, the camels and vessel gradually rise. The process is continued by an addition of camels till the ship is raised sufficiently to enable it to pass the shoals. Since my arrival, two of the largest ships in the Russian navy have been launched from this dock yard, in the presence of the emperor, with all the parade which invariably attends similar events in this great capital.

There has been no levee this month; but Lord Heytesbury, the English ambassador, to whom I am indebted for some obliging attentions, has offered to present me at the first that is held after my return from Moscow, for which city I purpose to set out to-morrow.

LETTER XIII.

Moscow, 23d (11th,) September, 1830.

Before quitting St. Petersburg it was necessary that I should make up my mind as to the route to be pursued from Moscow, because a traveller is obliged to advertise his name in the public newspapers three times before he can obtain permission to leave the country. This form occupies nearly a fortnight, and the final passport can be procured only at St. Petersburg or Moscow, at which ever of the two places the advertisement has been published. As the standing camp, the chief object of interest at Warsaw, has been removed for the winter, and as the road through that part of Poland is as tedious as a monotonous bed of sand must always be; while, on the other hand, the German provinces of Russia, with their large commercial towns, the western part of Poland, and the extensive territories of Prussia, offer much of novelty and interest, I resolved to return to St. Petersburg and pursue the road by Riga, Polangen, and Koenigsberg, to Berlin, though it is five hundred miles longer than that by Warsaw to the capital of Prussia. Accordingly, having put things in train to secure a passport as soon as I return to St. Petersburg, and having obtained permission to proceed to Moscow, I entered a diligence on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th instant.

The distance is six hundred and ninety-eight wersts, or four hundred and sixty-five miles. The journey occupied four days and nights. I was alone in the inside. There were three outside passengers, one of whom was a Greek, an inhabitant of Toganrog, to which place his family migrated during the troubles of their ill-fated land. He said he knew a little of the ancient Greek; and though he could not understand my pronunciation, yet when I wrote a few words, he answered readily, and interpreted for me at the Russian inns. We had not proceeded far before it appeared that one of my companions, an obliging young adventurer of much general information, spoke Italian. Thus, considering that I was travelling in a foreign and half civilised country, ignorant of the language, and without an interpreter, I had no reason to complain. On one occasion, I met a native of Georgia, naturalised as a Russian. The rencontre was very interesting. His name was John Mortlock. He had been a slave, and was redeemed by a benevolent gentleman of my acquaintance, well known in London and Brighton, whose name he adopted in the Christian rite of baptism.

Leaving St. Petersburg for Moscow, the traveller makes up his mind to resign all comfort till he reach the end of his journey. At the post-houses he can procure scarcely anything but tea, bread, and butter; except here and there a kind of soupe maigre, called *tachee*, consisting chiefly of cabbages and the water in which they have

been boiled. The filth of the rooms is such that even those who travel with post-horses and can command their time prefer the fatigue of continued motion to a night's sojourn in one of these nondescript abodes. The state of the people in the interior seems inconsistent with their proximity to such a city as St. Petersburg. The shaggy peasant, rivaling in hairiness his own sheep-skin cloak, and lying asleep in any corner of the road; the bare-legged girl gazing with an unmeaning stare from a hole in the wall, which serves as the only window of the house; and the wild appearance of the children, the cattle, and the buildings; force upon a stranger's mind the conclusion that civilisation has been left behind. However, every thing is new; and what is new is interesting. In spite of many annoyances and great discomfort, four days and nights passed quickly away; while memory was busily occupied in recalling the wonders of St. Petersburg, and imagination no less engaged in picturing fairy visions of Moscow.

The first twenty wersts carried us over the same road that I had travelled only a day or two before, to visit the palace of Tsarskoe Celo. At Sopha, contiguous to which little town the palace stands, our progress was arrested for three hours by a review of the troops. The peasants had scrambled, without distinction of age or sex, to the tops of their thatched roofs, to witness the military display. I followed their example, seating myself across the gable end of a cottage, to the infinite amusement of many a Russian boor who passed his dull jokes on the foreigner. The emperor and empress, with several of the imperial family, were present. Thirty thousand troops were assembled to go through the manoeuvres of a mock fight. Their volleys were fired with an irregularity which would disgrace an awkward squad; otherwise, as far as a civilian can judge, the duties were performed in a soldier-like manner. The scene was highly animating, and very opportune, as affording me a sight of the Russian army.

The Hussars and Cossacks were a peculiarly martial appearance. To the disappointment of a foreigner's curiosity, the latter have been disrobed of their national costume, and vacancies in their troops have been supplied indiscriminately with native-born Russians. They are now distinguished from European Lancers chiefly by the length and weight of their spears, and by the skill with which they wield them. The word Cossack is a corruption of the Turkish, (*kuzzak*), a robber. The predatory tribes inhabiting the banks of the Don were called the Kuzzaks of the Don; a designation which, by an easy corruption, has been converted into Don Cossacks. The term Hussar may be traced nearer home. It is Hungarian, signifying twentieth. The name was first applied to a corps formed by a selection from various regiments of the finest man in every twenty; and being imported into other countries, was used with a more general and less accurate signification.

After three hours we obtained permission to proceed. En route, we passed through two or three large towns. The first was Novgorod, a hundred and twenty miles from St. Petersburg, built before the year 500 of our era. The *krem*, or fortress, erected in the eleventh century, was repaired by the celebrated architect Aristotile,* of whose taste and science it remains a deserted monument, "are perennius." The church is constructed after the model of St. Sophia's at Constantinople, which I long to see. From Moscow to Odessa the distance is only eight hundred miles; and a water conveyance would carry me speedily thence to Istanbul. But as duty calls me home, inclination must be sacrificed. Novgorod once contained a population larger than St. Petersburg now does; but it has sunk into insignificance and possesses no object of interest except the tomb of Vladimir, and the brass gates he brought away from the Crimea in his expedition against Greece. Whether or not they are the identical gates I will not venture to decide; but some learned historians, among whom is Gibbon, think there is just ground to credit the story.

About two hundred and ten miles from St. Petersburg, and ninety from Novgorod, we crossed a little range of hillocks, designated by the lofty title of the Waldai mountains, though scarcely twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. They form a water plateau, or elevated spot whence rivers assume opposite courses. Thus, drops which have been congregated in the same cloud,

and fall within a few yards of each other, are transported, some to the commercial Baltic, and some to the Frozen ocean; while others diverge to the inland Caspian, or the Black Sea and Mediterranean. The capacious mind of Peter the Great formed a design of completing the communication, by means of a canal cut through this gently rising ground, between the Baltic and the Caspian. Many and great difficulties were to be encountered, but at length he succeeded in uniting the Msta and the Tvertsa; the former joins the Volkhoff that communicates through the lake of Ladoga and the Neva with the Baltic; the other is lost in the Wolga which flows into the Caspian. The fall towards the Msta is very great; and the quantity of water that can be collected from mountain rills is insufficient to fill the canal so as to enable vessels to go down one of the falls, called the Borovitaki. Water is therefore collected in a basin and the locks are opened only once a week, when all boats waiting for a passage are mustered, and shoot the falls. In the descent they are generally so shattered as to be good for little afterwards; and since it is impossible for them to reascend the cataracts, they are broken up at St. Petersburg. The canal is two miles in length, and admits about four thousand vessels annually. By its means one of the most extensive inland navigations in the world is accomplished; the distance from the Baltic to the Caspian by the course of the rivers referred to, being upwards of three thousand miles.*

A hundred and four miles from Valday stands Torjok, famous for a manufacture of shoes and sashes embroidered with gold and silver, and for that peculiar mode of preparing leather, which in every country gives the name of *Russian leather* to such as has undergone the process. I recollect, when travelling some years ago in the Himala mountains, to have been presented by one of the petty rajas with a whole skin of leather thus prepared, the only one I ever saw in an entire state. It was then a problem to me how he procured it. Information lately obtained leads me to believe that he must have got it from Ladak, the country of the Grand Lama, (which was near at hand) where a large fair is annually held for the barter of goods between Cashmerians and Tartars, who form a medium of communication between the merchants of China and Russia; Russians carrying from the fair of Nijni Novgorod home produce, which they exchange with Chinamen for tea. Torjok leather is tanned with the bark of oak, and coloured red with cochineal, which is a small insect gathered on the opuntia and dried. Some vegetable oil is added to communicate its peculiar odour. Here, as at each station where the horses are changed, the diligence halts for an hour; and a foreigner must possess great self-command who can abstain from laying in a stock of souvenirs of Russia from the collection of curiosities exposed for sale. These consist chiefly of sashes, caps, pillows, slippers, pocket-books, and writing cases, of Torjok, or Russian, leather, richly embroidered with gold and silver.

Tver, a large and handsome town, the capital of the government of that name, stands on the bank of the Wolga forty-three miles beyond Torjok, and three hundred and fifty-eight from St. Petersburg. The population exceeds twelve thousand. Here the real character of Russian architecture is clearly marked. The churches, which are numerous, are built in the oriental style. Their cupolas of green and gold, surmounted with massive crosses gilded by the setting sun, contrasted picturesquely with the deep azure of the sky; and presented a view, to a certain degree oriental, yet strangely blended with what is peculiarly European. When Napoleon invaded Moscow, such consternation was diffused through the country, that Tver, which is only a hundred and seven miles from that city, with many more distant towns, was deserted by its inhabitants, who carried off their moveable property to remote villages. Tver derives its name from the Tvertsa that here disembogues itself into the Wolga.

There is something indescribable in the feelings with which for the first time we look on things and places regarded from childhood with respect and almost veneration, conceded either to their individual grandeur, or to historical or geographical associations. In youth, especially, such sentiments are excited when the objects in question are remote, and the probability of seeing them but small: and even in after life all are more or less con-

scious of magnifying to themselves what is distant and unknown. It was under the influence of some such early impressions that I approached the Wolga. I once experienced similar feelings on the banks of the Ganges. But here I mused on a much larger river, the largest of Europe; a river navigable nearly to its source, through a space of more than two thousand five hundred miles; and I dwelt on it with a kind of respect and admiration. A bridge of boats carrying us quickly across, the train of my ideas was interrupted by other objects of novelty and interest.

The approach to Moscow is characterised by an increasing resemblance to oriental costumes, as well as habits and style of architecture. Women wear long shawls covering the head and pendent to the feet, like the eastern *chudder*, which probably resembles the veil that Ruth wore, when, in the simplicity of primitive times and the innocence of her heart, she presented herself to her kinsman Boaz. The gown is generally of some bright colour; and, except that it has sleeves and is covered with tinsel, might bear comparison with the Indian *sayah*. The men carry in their girdle a hatchet that answers the purpose of a knife as well as of an offensive and defensive weapon. Their large clumsy shoes are made of the inner bark of the lime-tree; and, instead of stockings, long rolls of flannel or blanketing are twisted in a grotesque manner round their legs.

Many of the villages and small towns through which we passed are not paved, but boarded with planks; the houses also are built of logs, in the fashion already described as prevalent in Norway, with large Swiss roofs and ornamented balconies. At the inns, a picture of the Virgin is suspended in every room. To this, each person, as he enters, pays respect by crossing himself quickly and bowing, before he salutes the master or mistress of the house. The picture is generally covered with a coating of coloured metal, often plated, (in the churches it is sometimes of pure silver), which has holes to show the face and hands. This practice of covering the object of worship may have been adopted in order to preserve it from injury, when the art of multiplying copies was little known in Russia. It is now retained only because the tinsel is more gaudy than the picture.

Sometimes, when we stopped to change horses, women would crowd round us with biscuits, of the size and shape of a bracelet, strung, thirty or forty together, on a piece of hemp. These they insisted on our purchasing for a halfpenny or two, nor would they take a refusal. Their importunity is considered to be rather a token of good-will than the result of a desire to make money. In the course of our journey we passed several tumuli, supposed to have been raised at an early date over fallen warriors. Every now and then we encountered a caravan of carts proceeding to the capital, each drawn by two or three oxen, and laden with sugar. The wagons were shaped like boats, fixed on two low wheels, and covered with matting. Their rude structure reminded me of the eastern *hakries*.

The greater part of the road between the rival cities of Russia has been *Macadamised*; but for an extent of two hundred wersts* the old one, though half broken up, remains. In this part the motion of a carriage becomes almost insupportable. Though the diligence is as well arranged as it can be, and thickly wadded with cotton, yet the contusions received are neither slight nor few. Russian travellers always take care to provide themselves with pillows. Not expecting that the agitation of the coach would render such a precaution absolutely necessary, I failed to do so; and had it not happened that my Greek companion carried with him three, I think I should scarcely have reached Moscow without an accident. The road was originally made of trees placed side by side. Some of these exist no more. The gap remains unfilled; and incessant jolting gives one a speedy surfeit of travelling in this half civilised country. On each side a space of a hundred and fifty yards is kept clear as pasture for cattle travelling from the south of Russia, to the capital: a provision without which they would be unable to effect such tedious marches. Nothing can well be more dreary than the country through which we passed. On the west of the little elevation called the Waldai mountains, the long plain is scarcely broken by a single hillock. Thick woods of fir and beds of sand are varied only now and then by patches of vegetation or a straggling village. On the east of the Waldai there is more cultivation, with some variety in the foliage, but

* Alberti Aristotile, otherwise called Ridolfe Fioraventi, was a celebrated architect and mechanician of Bologna, who flourished in the fifteenth century. He is said to have moved a tower with all its bells from one of the churches in his native city to a spot thirty-five paces distant!

* Mr. G——, a Scotch missionary, a year or two since, made a voyage by the route referred to from St. Petersburg to Astracan.

From an official paper published at St. Petersburg in August 1826, it appears that merchandise to the value of four and a half millions sterling passed through this canal, called Vouichni-Volotchok, in the year 1824.

* A *werst*, or *verst*, equals five hundred *sejens*; and a *sejen* seven feet English. Hence a *werst* is about two-thirds of a mile. The Russian *archine* equals twenty-eight inches English.

the same dull monotonous level. Were it not for the difference of temperature and costume, the traveller might fancy himself crossing the sandy plains of India. Nor would midnight sounds deceive him, for he would hear the same howl of the wolf, and the same shriek of the owl. Bears are more numerous here than there; but I am not aware that the jackal, whose noisy troops maintain perpetual and discordant yells in the east, is a native of Russia.

For ninety-four hours I had been shut up alone in the diligence, without any longer respite than the time allotted to meals during the changes of horses, which occurred about once in four hours; and thoroughly was I disgusted with the road and the country, when Moscow dawned on my sight; but no sooner had I obtained a view of the venerable city, with her gorgeous palaces, her magnificent array of domes and cupolas, crowned with glittering crosses, and interspersed with Gothic and Tartar towers, than I felt that the toils of the journey were far more than compensated. The effect was like enchantment. A vast assemblage of buildings belonging to every order of architecture lay before me, and an equal number whose structure has been governed by no rules whatever. In the centre, on an elevated spot, rises a pyramid of cupolas, each attaining from position an altitude higher than its neighbour, till the whole terminates in the soaring summits of the ancient palace of the tsars. On every side the eye roams over a profusion of towers, cupolas, and Byzantine domes. These last predominate, and form the characteristic of Moscow, which stands as a connecting link between two great quarters of the world. Now, while the solid battlements and Gothic towers before my window carry back my mind to days of chivalry in Europe, the mass of cupolas, so familiar to an eastern traveller, leads me forward in imagination to the heart of Asia. I see the sentries looking out for fires from their turreted heights of observation, and for a moment fancy them the priests of Islam standing on the minarets of the mosque. I listen to their deep sonorous cry that "All is well," and the solemn *woazan*, or Mahomedan summons to prayer, seems to sound in my ears, which declares "There is no God but the God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Such an illusion, however, quickly vanishes; and my eye rests with pleasure on the gilded crosses which surmount the fallen crescents, proclaiming from the glittering top of every oriental dome, that a greater than Mahomet is worshipped within the walls of these temples, where the eternal Son is recognised as co-equal with the Father.

Little is known of the rise and progress of cities in uncivilised countries, unless their history be connected with that of others, where written accounts have been substituted for uncertain tradition. Thus it is with Moscow. Some attribute its foundation to Oleg in the ninth, others to Youri, the son of Vladimir, in the twelfth century; when the Russian sovereigns held the title of *Veliki Kieiz*, or Great Prince. For two or three centuries this country was subject to the *khans* of the Mongol Tartars, and during the incessant conflicts of the middle ages, Moscow participated the ravages of war. In the year 1238, the city was sacked and burnt by Batu Khan, when the cruelty which the Mongols exercised was such that, according to the strong expression of an historian, "the living envied the dead the tranquillity of the tomb." Ten years after this we read of the first prince of Moscow, Michael was the brother of that Alexander Nevski to whom his military exploits have secured the first rank among Russian heroes, and his virtues the first place in the calendar of their saints. Towards the end of the same century Moscow was again sacked by the Mongols, who were subsequently repulsed by Daniel, but who still continued to wield an iron sway over the tributary chieftains of Russia. Their power, however, was gradually declining, and ceased, as it regards Russia, under Ivan Danilovitch, (or John the son of Daniel). He surrounded the capital with a wooden wall, and in 1339 reconstructed the kremlin, which had been destroyed by fire and was again consumed within thirty years, at the same time that a plague raged and depopulated the whole city. After this event, her wooden walls were for the first time replaced by a stronger material; and a fortification was erected enabling the Moscovites to withstand the Crimean Tartars, from whose thralldom they were liberated under prince Dmitri, towards the close of the fourteenth century.

The Tartars had no sooner desisted from their attacks, than new enemies arose in Kazan, Poland, Livonia, and Lithuania; while the country, torn by internal divisions, was involved in wars in which the independent principalities of Kieff, Novgorod, and Moscow, bore a prominent part. In 1437 Moscow was again subjected to fire, and

all the wooden buildings, even those within the walls of the kremlin, were consumed. However, she soon rallied, and Ivan Vassilivitch (John the son of Vassili) compelled the kings of Poland and Austria, who had joined their forces, to acknowledge him in 1490 as sovereign of all the Russias, and prince of Vladimir, Moscow, Novgorod, Pskoff, Yougra, Viatka, Perma, and Bulgaria. The ambassador of the allied sovereigns dignified him with the title of tsar. In the reign of his son, Vassili Ivanovitch, Moscow increased in extent and population. New streets were formed, but the houses were still built of wood; and on the 12th of April, 1547, the most destructive fire this city, familiar with that element, had ever witnessed, again reduced it to ashes.

Some idea may be formed of the density of population in those days from the fact, that, within fifty-five years after this dreadful conflagration, a famine carried off a hundred and twenty seven thousand persons in one season. During the seventeenth century Russia was engaged in perpetual wars with the Poles and Swedes, but she was gaining ground; and Moscow continued to flourish as the capital of a country whose power was daily progressing. The tsars made it their constant residence; and under the present Romanoff dynasty, which ascended the throne in 1613, in the person of Michael Feodorovitch, it continued, till the dreadful catastrophe of 1812, to increase in grandeur. From the time of Peter, the fifth of that dynasty, who came to the throne in 1696, and founded, in 1703, his favourite city of St. Petersburg, Moscow has ceased to be the residence of a court, and has therefore declined in importance; but it is still regarded by the Russians with sentiments of profound veneration, and always designated "the capital," while St. Petersburg is called "the residence."

Moscow stands in the centre of a large plain, through which the river Moscov flows in a sinuous course, passing under the walls of her citadel, and depositing its waters in the Wolga. The form of the city is that of a trapezium nearly oblong. In extent it is the largest of Europe. From southeast to northwest it measures eight miles. The other diameter is six; and the circumference twenty-six miles. Compared with these dimensions the population is small, not exceeding two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Moscow is divided into four quarters; the *Kremlin*, or citadel; the *Kitai*, or Chinese town, which is the most ancient portion, said to have been formed of wooden buildings in the ninth century; the *Beloi-gorod*, or white town; and the *Zemlenoi-gorod*, or town of earth, named from a large rampart which surrounds it. The kremlin was built under Ivan Vassilivitch in 1491; and at that time constituted nearly the whole capital. About forty years after, the Katal-gorod, adjoining the kremlin, was constructed by an Italian, who relinquished the Romish for the Greek heresy, and was baptized under the name of Petrok Maloi. This quarter contains the university, a printing establishment, merchants' houses, and shops. The Beloi-gorod was built in 1586 under Feodor Ivanovitch, round the Kitaigorod and kremlin, which form the centre of the town. Some think that it received the appellation from a white wall which formerly surrounded it, while others maintain that it was so named by the Tartars who drove the lighter-complexioned Russians into this part when they took possession of the centre. The Zemlenoi-gorod encircles the preceding quarter, forming the outskirts of the town. It was built under the same tsar in the years 1591 and 1592. The two last mentioned divisions contain a great variety of dirty huts, palaces, convents, and mosque-like churches.

The site of Moscow is slightly elevated. The inequality of the ground on which it stands adds to the picturesque nature of the view. It would be very difficult to analyse the *tout ensemble* and describe the details which form so remarkable a whole. Perhaps your recollections of Constantinople will enable you to form some idea of the general character of the city; but even in Constantinople that strange variety is not exhibited which here prevails. Dr. Clarke humorously observes, "One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow: and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from the countries holding congress; timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharia; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trollees from Naples; and warehouses from Wapping." This is a happy idea of the most amusing of travellers. The only deputy who

has missed his way is the minaret from India. That elegant form of eastern architecture appears to be entirely wanting; its place is supplied by Gothic and Tartar towers. The former are as modern as the days of Peter the Great, who introduced them from western Europe. The latter are very ancient. They are round; and instead of decreasing pyramidically to the top, they pass by sudden transitions from a greater to a less diameter.

All the churches, and many of the secular public buildings, are surmounted by five bulbous domes, of which the centre is the largest. This is generally gilded, while the four smaller are either gilt or green. As mosques in the time of the *khans* had always five cupolas, that number (which may be traced, I think, to the Mahomedans' veneration of Mahomet and his four followers and successors in power,) is still retained; nor is the emblem of Islam laid aside, but placed, as I have already mentioned, in a position indicative of subjection to the cross. The bulbous dome does not rise immediately from the building, as in the mosques of Hindoostan; but rests on a dwarf tower, such as I have observed in the north of Italy. Above the dome is a gilded ball on which a crescent stands. From the centre of this arises a gilt cross, ornamented at the extremities with stars, from which chains depend, and are fastened in opposite directions to the dome, for the support and security of the massive superstructure.

Various opinions have prevailed as to the origin of the style of architecture prevalent in the churches of Russia. Some think that it resembles Gothic or Saracen; but there is neither the boldness nor the lightness which characterise those orders. The peculiarity of this consists in the number of cupolas; and in their singular form, which does not correspond exactly with that of the cupolas in Constantinople, or that of the more ancient churches of Greece, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago. It has been suggested that the Chinese dome may have given rise to the Russian; but that is remarkable for the concavity of its upper surface, this for its convexity. The Persian and Indian cupolas, though not quite so convex, approach nearly in shape to those of Moscow, the convexity of which has no doubt been increased in order to provide a surface on which the snow will not settle, lest its weight should prove injurious to the building. On the whole, it appears certain that the Russian dome is of Mahomedan origin; and whether Persian, Tartar, or Byzantine, is a matter of little moment, since those orders are all members of the same family. The body of a church is always in the form of a cross, and modelled after the Byzantine school, while the minor decorations are of a mixed kind, partaking of the character of the age to which their Italian or German architect belonged. They are generally small, that they may be kept warm in winter; and, with the same object, many are formed of two stories, one of which is heated by flues.

The appearance of Moscow in different parts is so diversified that it is impossible to assign to it any general character, except that of strange and peculiar variety. Sometimes you may fancy yourself in a noble street in London, out of which you suddenly turn into a dirty Arab bazaar. Here, you meet with a city of Byzantine mosques; there, with the hovels of a tribe of Jews. Now you are in a large overgrown village of cottages, and now in the midst of palaces. In one part, you gaze with interest on styles of architecture which hitherto you have fancied only Spain or Venice could exhibit. In another, flowing beards and turbaned heads remind you that you are in the "Street of Tartars." Before the conflagration of 1812, the inhabited dwellings amounted to nine thousand; of which six thousand were consumed. Eight thousand have been built within the last eighteen years; so that Moscow now contains more, by one fifth, than it did before the French invasion. Most of the houses are constructed of brick; but many wooden ones remain. The streets are neither wide nor straight; and are badly paved with a kind of flint supplied by the bed of the Moskva. There is an extraordinary number of pawnbrokers' shops, containing articles from every quarter of the world. Those that predominate in all, are curiosities from China, and copies of old pictures of the Dutch and Italian schools, with some few originals.

The view from the tower of Ivan Veliki, (or John the Great,) is very striking. In the foreground, the Moskva and some tributary streams flow in a winding course through a dense mass of buildings topped with towers, domes, and steeples, whose bright green and gold, reflecting the rays of a noon-day sun, beautifully contrast with the deep azure of the sky. In the centre arises a pyramid of glittering cupolas. On every side a multitude of turrets and domes arrest attention by their novel combinations. The neutral tint of most of the

buildings sets off to advantage the dazzling whiteness of some of the palaces; and groups of trees, bright in the verdure of summer, scattered throughout, spread over this enchanting view a freshness sought for in vain in any other city. The whole appears like a vast amphitheatre of mosaic, wherein all colours are blended, while vivid hues of green, silver, and gold predominate; and confirm a lingering suspicion that the scene is more than half oriental. Still, to the *bizarrie* of an eastern capital are superadded the solidity of European work, the elegance of refined taste, and the reality of splendour; qualities essentially wanting in Mahomedan architecture. The horizon is bounded on three sides by a vast plain, and on one side by a gentle elevation, called the Sparrow Hills, where Napoleon's army encamped when first they saw the city. A battle was fought on this spot. I rode over it yesterday. There is no blood-stained earth, and the bones that once bleached there are no longer seen. The plain is cultivated, and nature smiles around. Yet who can visit it without emotion? From the grave of a tyrant's ambition and a nation's strength, a voice is heard, which tells that "the glory of man is as grass." This place which once knew the conqueror of Europe, "shall know him no more."

The awful catastrophe that destroyed the ancient city, from whose ruins another has arisen, leaving no trace of former desolation, seems to have given a colour to the character of the people. Every one strives to forget the past. A man is no sooner buried than his memory has perished with him. I was recommended to an inn kept by Crouse. On my arrival at the bureau of the diligence, a gentleman, who understood French, communicated my order to the driver of a droshki to take me to that hotel. Having ascertained the street, he conveyed me to the only inn that was in it; but we were informed that it did not belong to Crouse, and that no such name was known there. Accordingly we went to another, when it appeared that we had been at Crouse's hotel, but the poor man, having been buried three days, his successor had contrived to obliterate his memory with his name!

In the centre of Moscow stands the kremlin. It is an irregular polygon, full of buildings, and surrounded by a high wall flanked with tall Tartar towers topped with spires. The wall resembles that encircling the palace of the Great Mogul at Delhi; except that this is of brick, whereas the latter is built of red granite; and the material, together with its superior height presents a more imposing aspect. Part of the kremlin was consumed in the conflagration of 1812; but it has been renewed with such successful imitation of the original, that it is difficult to discern the modern from the ancient structure. The wall was once surrounded by a deep ditch which separated it from the town. This now exists only in part, and the fortifications are weak; but as the sight of them recalls to memory the exploits they have witnessed in bloody wars against the Mongols, Poles, Lithuanians, and French, they derive no little interest from historical associations.

One of the five gates forming the entrances to this remarkable pile of buildings is called *Spaskoi*, or "The Holy Gate;" and every person passing through is obliged to take off his hat in honour of a saint who presides over it, and who once rescued the city from the hands of the Tartars; or, as others say, delivered it from a dreadful pest. In a tower over this, as well as in one over a gate called *Troitskoi*, are some *carillons*, which Peter the Great brought from his favourite country, Holland.

An English gentleman residing in Moscow, who kindly devoted two days to escort me about the city, told me that when the magazine exploded in 1812, the whole of that side of the kremlin was shivered except a portion of one of the gates, called *Nikolski*, over which St. Nicholas presided in a glass case. Every window in the house of my friendly conductor, which is two miles off, was broken; but the saint's glass escaped the general destruction. The opportunity of extolling his power was not to be lost. The priests discovered that he had wrought a miracle in behalf of his picture; and, of course, his glory was reflected on his ministering servants, bringing down blessings in the form of increased pecuniary oblations. But superstition does not alter the nature of the fact, which is certainly a remarkable one. Having entered the kremlin, you find yourself in an area about a mile in circumference, studded with buildings of strange, grotesque forms, and of a style of architecture peculiar to Moscow. Every spot in this venerable citadel has witnessed some gallant exploit; nor is there a battlement that has not sheltered many a brave defender of his country. Some of the buildings may be called barbarous,

and none of them are in conformity with English ideas of elegance or beauty; but there is something exceedingly striking in the multitude of little cupolas, tall slender spires, and curious towers, that meet the eye, together with the variety of colouring in which they are exhibited. The chief edifices are the ancient palaces of the tsars and of the patriarchs, with three other imperial palaces; the cathedrals of the annunciation and assumption of the Virgin, that of St. Michael and two others; the treasury; the arsenal; the senate house; and two convents.

The palace of the tsars, or Belvidere, built in the year 1487 by Alevisio, an Italian architect, is a rude structure which tells of days of yore, ere simplicity gave place to luxury. The rooms are low, with vaulted roofs and a few carved ornaments. The approach to them is by a stone staircase without any decorations. The view from a balcony in front of the upper story is peculiarly interesting. So are the historical associations connected with this building. Here, Peter the Great was born; and here, Napoleon remained, surrounded by the dying and the dead, during his miserable sojourn in Moscow. Close to Belvidere is the imperial palace, which is more modern, larger, and better furnished.

The palace of the patriarchs was built for Nikon in 1655, and has been disused since the emperor assumed the title of head of the Greco-Russian Church. In his departure from the simplicity of the patriarchs of old, Nikon seems to have followed the example of those of Constantinople, and their brethren in the hierarchy of Rome; for one of his tunics preserved here is so laden with precious stones that it weighs fifty pounds; while other official robes display similar extravagance. In a chapel of the palace are vases in which holy chrism used to be prepared and preserved; and several onyx-stones of uncommon size, particularly one on which a figure of the Virgin, three inches long, is cut out in high relief. In the library they show, with some of Mary Magdalene's bones, many Greek and Slavonic manuscripts relative to the Greek Church, which Nikon collected with great pains. Among these is a Slavonic Psalter in folio, with paraphrases by seven commentators, translated from the Greek in 1692 by a monk of Mount Athos.

Close to Belvidere stands the cathedral of the assumption, where, since the fifteenth century in which it was built, the tsars and emperors have been crowned. Alexander wished his coronation to take place at St. Petersburg, but he did not dare to offend the prepossessions of his people in favour of their venerated capital. Nicholas was influenced by a similar consideration; and it will probably be long before the Russians will cease to regard as their metropolis a city which they are taught from earliest infancy to hold in religious veneration. The cathedral of *Ouspenskoi*, (as this is called,) was founded in the fourteenth century, and rebuilt in the end of the fifteenth, by Ivan the Third. It is a hundred and seventeen feet long, eighty-two broad, and a hundred and twenty-eight high, measured from the ground to the top of the loftiest cupola. The height gives it a majestic appearance. The style of architecture is not unlike Saxon or Norman; and the windows are little better than the narrow niches we see in many of the towers flanking Norman buildings in England. The interior of the church is ornamented with frescos, and is full of statues, pictures, shrines, and tombs. An image of the Virgin is shown here, estimated at two hundred thousand rubles; and a picture of her which is invaluable, because painted by St. Luke the Evangelist! All the patriarchs of Moscow and several metropolitans lie buried in this church: the insignia of their sacred offices, valued at a very large amount, are deposited here in great numbers. The relative locality of these, and of the tombs, forces on a reflecting mind the insufficiency of this world's honours to rescue man from the grasp of death. The throne of Vladimir, the most ancient in Russia, is preserved in this cathedral. It is made of walnut-tree wood, and surmounted by a canopy sustained by four pillars beautifully worked. The frieze of the canopy and the anterior part of the throne are covered with inscriptions. The other panels are sculptured, and represent the Russian prince assembling his council to declare war against the Greeks; the armament of troops destined for that warfare; departure of the army; attack of Constantinople; Russians gaining possession of some Greek villages; their return with a rich booty; war of the Greeks and Persians; Greek emperor's council proposing to solicit peace from Russia; ambassadors carrying to Vladimir the emblems of his sovereignty; their voyage from Constantinople to Kioff; their presentation at Kioff; and lastly, the coronation of Vladimir by the Greek ambassador.

The cathedral of St. Michael the archangel, called *Arkangel'skoi*, was founded in 1333 by Ivan Danilovitch to commemorate the termination of a famine, and was afterwards rebuilt, under Ivan Vassilivitch the third, in 1507, by the Milanese architect Alevisio. It is a hundred and twenty-three feet long, by a hundred and forty broad, and a hundred and twelve feet high. The centre of five surmounting cupolas is gilded, and measures twenty-one feet in diameter. In the interior are eight images in gold and silver, which represent the Saviour sitting on his throne, the Virgin and her infant, St. Michael the archangel, the annunciation, St. John the baptist, St. Nicholas, Basil, and Theodore. Two shrines are dedicated to St. Michael of Tchernigoff and St. Dmitri: one a victim to political jealousy, the other to religious intolerance. Michael was commanded by the conquering Tartar, Bate Khann, to renounce his religion or die. The Christian martyr exclaimed, "Take from me terrestrial glory; I seek celestial alone;" and fell under the sword of the executioner. This cathedral is the cemetery of the grand princes and tsars, whose stone sarcophagi, forty-four in number, are ranged round the sides. The most ancient is that of Ivan Danilovitch the founder, who died in 1344: the latest that of Alexander Petrovitch, buried in 1692. On gala days all the tombs are ornamented with gorgeous draperies. Before the court removed to St. Petersburg, it was customary for supplicants addressing the sovereign to place themselves on the tomb of one or other of the tsars, whence they could be removed only by the hand of the emperor himself. The walls are covered with portraits in fresco of many of the tsars who lie entombed there. These are miserable daubs; but their defects are favoured by the gloom of the building, whose darkness adds to the melancholy character of the royal cemetery.

The cathedral of the annunciation, or *Blagovestchenskoi*, stands on the most elevated spot in the kremlin. It is surmounted by nine gilded cupolas, which reflect a brilliant light over the edifice. The cross on the centre cupola is said to be of massive gold; and the stones in the floor of the interior, Grecian agates; but you will not require that I should either believe or disprove these assertions. The inner walls are covered with frescos representing sacred subjects, surrounded, inconsistently enough, with portraits of Aristotle, Anacharsis, Mennander, Ptolemy, Thucydides, Zeno, Anaxarides, and Plutarch, who are made to hold in their hands rolls inscribed with sentences from the gospels. But minute descriptions of buildings are tedious; and therefore I will not detain you longer in the cathedral of the annunciation, nor conduct you over two others, dedicated to the Saviour, which stand in the kremlin. It is sufficient to observe that one of them is remarkable only for nine handsome gilded domes that crown it; and the other for its antiquity; it being the first church built in Moscow. The grand prince Ivan Danilovitch founded it in 1330, and attached to it a convent, in which he assumed the monastic garb.

Of all objects of interest in the kremlin, the treasury is that which offers most gratification to a curious mind. The treasure is deposited in the new arsenal, a building of modern date, with a handsome façade sustained by Corinthian pillars. The gallery is divided into five apartments, extending over three hundred and fifty feet. In the first of these are suspended portraits of the three last tsars, dressed in the costume of the ancient sovereigns of Russia; with those of their imperial successors to the time of Paul, father of the present emperor. The jewels are exhibited only by a special order, which we obtained. Ranged along the sides of the gallery are crowns and thrones of all the tsars, emperors, and empresses of Russia; and opposite, crowns which have been taken from the fallen sovereigns of Kazan, Astrachan, Georgia, Poland, Siberia, Finland, and the Crimea. It is almost impossible to contemplate without a degree of awe the débris of so many centuries and so much human grandeur. In regarding these trophies of conquerors, and symbols of vanquished potentates, the mind retrogrades through a series of reigns; and the lifeless decorations seem to move, responsive to the call of memory, aiding historical recollections of those who once acted so important a part on the stage of life.

In this extensive collection of valuables it is difficult to select what is most worthy of description. I have derived no pleasure from inspecting, and will therefore pass without notice, all the richly worked vases, platters, and goblets, the swords, saddles, and watches, with the diamonds and jewels, whose aggregate value is said to exceed that of every similar collection, and refer only to objects of historical interest.

The crown of the grand prince Vladimir, of Grecian

workmanship, in filigree gold, surmounted by a cross of the same metal and ornamented with precious stones, was sent as a present by the sovereigns of Byzantium to those of Kioff in the year 1116, and was used at the coronation of the tzars from that period till the time of Ivan and Peter. Another crown of the same prince in polished gold is supposed to be still more ancient, and to have been given by the Greek emperor to the grand princess Olga in 946, when she went to be baptised at Constantinople.

The crowns of the czar Ivan Alexivitch and Peter the Great are ornamented, each with upwards of eight hundred diamonds and a single ruby of extraordinary dimensions.

The crowns of Kazan and Astrachan worked in oriental style, and that of Siberia, set with precious stones of great value and variety, shine in all the dazzling splendour of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, topazes, and pearls.

Each of these seven crowns is bordered with sable and shaped like a helmet with its crest cut off.

That of Catherine the first differs from those I have described. It is an imperial crown surmounted by a cross, and studded with two thousand five hundred diamonds, besides rubies and other precious stones, some of which were plundered from the crown of Peter the Great.

The crown of Poland is of unwrought gold, surmounted by a cross of the same metal, and without any ornament. No free man can see without a sigh this crown within the walls of the kremlin. The blood of Stanislaus is still crying for vengeance; and those cries will be heard by Him who has declared "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

Amongst a number of thrones, the most interesting is that of Ivan and Peter Alexivitch, made at Hamburg of massive silver. It is ornamented with Arabian twisted columns, and divided in the centre into two equal seats for the two young princes. In the back is an opening covered with a thin sheet of gold, behind which their sister Sophia used to sit and prompt what they should say on special occasions.

The number and variety of ancient and modern regalia in this treasury is such that one can scarcely fail to be fatigued before a formal circuit of visits to all the cupboards and boudoirs has been completed. The combs, horns, and inkstands; the ewers, plates, and goblets; the bracelets, mirrors, and watches; the rings, chains, and necklaces; the sceptres, globes, and crosses; and similar articles, either composed of, or richly ornamented with, gold and precious stones, are so numerous that any attempt to calculate their numbers or value would be fruitless.

The custom of preserving the robes of departed sovereigns prevails in Russia, as in other northern kingdoms; and the royal posthumous wardrobe at Moscow contains a collection of musty cast-offs more worthy of a stall in Moanmouth street. With those of Peter the Great, is preserved the uniform in which Charles the Twelfth fought unsuccessfully at Pultawa; and in another part of the treasury is the chair in which he was carried, wounded, from the field of battle. Some of the vests here deposited are very sumptuous, being ornamented with a profusion of jewels; yet they are inferior to those at the convent of St. Alexander Nevski in St. Petersburg, which form an assortment of ecclesiastical robes probably unrivalled in the world. Here, too, they have a bone of Mary Magdalene, whose whole body seems to have been ossified by the zeal of Greek and Romish churches.

The armory is well furnished with warlike trophies of every description. In this the Turkish, Persian, Circassian, and Indian implements of war are seen, side by side with the well-wrought manufactures of Italy, Spain, France, and England. Many weapons, offensive and defensive, of the more famous tzars and emperors are preserved with religious veneration. Some of them, as might be expected, are connected with wonderful achievements accomplished by individual prowess, such as ten men could not perform.

The arsenal is one of the buildings which suffered most in the explosion of 1812; but in 1818 it was restored. It is a large edifice measuring two thousand one hundred feet in circumference, two hundred and seventy-three in breadth, and seventy in height. The powder chambers are ninety-one by thirty-eight feet, and fourteen in height. The arsenal is surrounded by captured guns. Several have been lately added from Persia, which seem to be particularly well made. They are marked with a date and the name of the king in whose reign they were cast. Some of them are likewise inscribed with Arabic sentences from the Koran. Many of the pieces of artillery tell of the unhappy

army of 1812. They are all without carriages, ranged on the ground. The total number of European guns and howitzers here exhibited is eight hundred and seventy-five:

From France, 365; Austria, 189; Prussia, 123; Italy, 70; Naples, 40; Bavaria, 34; Holland, 22; Saxony 12; other states, 20.

The weight of these is said to be three hundred and eighty-seven tons.

Near one of the gates of the arsenal are a cannon and two culverins of extraordinary dimensions. The former is said to weigh thirty-eight and a-half tons, and to carry a ball of as many hundred pounds! Its length is about eighteen feet, the calibre five, and the thickness of the lip nine inches. It was cast in 1586 by a man named Tchokhoff, at the command of the czar Ivanovitch, who is represented on it in relief. One of the culverins weighs seven, the other six, tons. In stating these extraordinary dimensions, I only repeat what is currently reported at Moscow. Some of them, especially that of the ball the gun will carry, are no doubt greatly exaggerated.

The senate house is a solid building, constructed under the Empress Catherine. A cupola rises from the centre, surmounted by a square tower, on each of whose four sides the word "Law," is inscribed in Russ. It is used as a hall of justice, where cases of appeal are tried every Friday. Besides this, many other public offices are contained in it.

The two monasteries are gloomy looking buildings, which we did not enter because there is nothing in them of any note.

In a deep cave, (probably the spot where it was originally cast,) in the centre of the kremlin, is the largest bell in the world. We descended into the pit and took its dimensions as well as we were able, but I give you an accurate published account in preference to the result of my own hasty observations. The height of this extraordinary bell is twenty feet seven inches; its lowest diameter twenty-two feet eight inches. The thickness of the metal at the base is twenty-three inches; and the whole weight a hundred and sixty tons! It was cast in the year 1654, in the reign of Alexis. The Russians say that it contains a quantity of gold and silver, but the chief bulk is evidently of bell metal, or a composition of copper and tin. They also affirm that the bell was once suspended, but such an assertion carries its own contradiction. Comparing the size of this bell with that of the famous bells of Erfurt and Pekin, it appears that this is twice as large in diameter as the former, and half as large again as the latter. The height and thickness being in proportion, it is evident that those of Saxony and China are small by comparison with this colossal Moscovite.

I have now conducted you through the kremlin, an assemblage of buildings commanding, probably, more universal veneration and interest than any other in the world. In some parts there are real grandeur, splendour, and elegance. In others barbarism, ruin, and dirt. The debris of much rude magnificence is strangely contrasted with modern white washed buildings left half completed; and now "The spider weaves his web in the hall of the Cæsars."

Leaving the kremlin, the first building that attracts attention is the church of Vassili Blagennoi opposite the *Spaaskoi* gate. It was built in 1554, under Ivan Vassilivitch the Terrible, who put out the eyes of the architect, saying, "I wish this to be a solitary chef d'œuvre." It contains nineteen chapels; and is, beyond all doubt, the most extraordinary structure that the mind of man could devise. Its fantastic pyramids of domes; the number of its bulbous cupolas, differing from each other in the details of their shape and decorations; the strange variety of colours; its architectural inconsistencies, novelties, and contrasts; all unite to inspire a sentiment of unusual interest and astonishment. This singular building, which (if one dare venture a comparison to any thing,) is not unlike an artificial group of irregular stalactites, stands isolated in position as in character. On one side are some Gothic edifices allotted to the tribunals, and a military guard house of modern construction. On the other, the lofty walls of the kremlin. In front, the *Gostinnoi Dvor*, or grand market-place, ornamented with a bronze statue of Menin and Pojarskoi, two valiant defenders of their country.

In the market-place are several stalls under a prodigious roof, or succession of roofs, forming a variety of streets, in which vendors of the same commodities herd together. The mélange of articles for sale in this market, and the costumes of the sellers, are perhaps unparalleled in any city of the world. Pearls from India, scented

wood from America, cloths from England, images from Italy, china from Saxony, coffee from Arabia, brooms from Holland, iron from Sweden, furs from Siberia, swords from Persia, meat from the Crimea, tea from China, skins from Ladak, fish from Archangel; sporting dogs, carrier pigeons, Persian cats, singing birds, pismires, white mice, cockatoos; Tartars, Siberians, Italians, Calmucks, Georgians, French, Cossacks, Armenians, Moscovites, English, Persians, Germans; Mussulmans, Pagans, Christians, Jews: these are some of the objects, animate and inanimate, that contribute to the remarkable variety of a Russian bazar.

In summer, fish markets are held in the water. I have not seen any here; but at St. Petersburg a large hulk is divided into various compartments, some filled with fresh, and some with salt water. There the fish are arranged according to their kinds; and as they swim about, purchasers make their choice. The favourite species, one of which the landlord of the inn procured us yesterday, is the sterlet. It is caught only in the Caspian and the Volga, and must be preserved alive till within a few hours of being dressed; otherwise it is good for nothing. The sterlet is a species of sturgeon, measuring generally about two feet and a half in length. The flavour is delicious.

During winter, all provisions brought to Moscow are kept in a frozen state. Fish from Archangel and the Caspian, some weighing a thousand pounds, and beef from the southernmost part of Russia, are conveyed to the capital in ice, in which they are preserved for many months. All the cellars in many of the streets are thus stored; for nearly every thing that is eaten in Russia in the cold season has been congealed before it is submitted to a kitchen fire.

Merchants have a sort of hand-arithmetic by which they usually make calculations. Something of the same kind has of late years been introduced into infant schools in England. The apparatus consists of wires fixed in a frame with nine little globes of wood on each wire. The lower range represents units, the second tens, the third hundreds and so on.

Among the curiosities of Moscow, I have been conducted to a military riding school, or exercise house, which is said to be the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars. It is five hundred and sixty feet long by a hundred and seventy broad, and forty feet high. The angle in the arch of the roof is so obtuse as scarcely to be perceptible from without; while within, there is an unbroken plafond.

It is pleasing to observe the numerous moral institutions established by the late empress. In both capitals these monuments of her maternal care attract attention by their outward magnificence, and excite admiration by the excellence of their internal arrangements. I have visited most of them with extreme interest; an interest which the detail on paper must fail to convey to another. I cannot, however, refrain from referring to the Foundling, where six thousand children are educated, and provided for. They are left at the gate with a billet specifying only whether or not they have been baptised. No further information is sought. I was there at ten o'clock in the forenoon of yesterday; and three children had already been admitted that morning. The internal economy of the nursery, school, manufactory, cuisine, dormitory, and hospital, is admirable. Even in England it could not be surpassed. The policy of this institution, with such facility of admission, is very questionable. It is said to have an evil tendency: nor is it difficult to believe that where the claims of maternal solicitude are so amply satisfied, one great check to immorality is removed. It happens frequently that an indigent mother leaves her child at the gate and then offers herself as a nurse in the Foundling, where by a little management, she secures the charge of her own child. As the children grow up they are instructed in some trade. The more clever are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and when they attain a proper age, the girls are put out to service, and the boys are sent, as cultivators, to some of the crown villages. A young colony of these foundlings is now rising up in the government of Smolensk, where they have cultivated a tract of country that has hitherto been waste. Attached to this institution by the same maternal hand is another for the protection and comfort of females in the hour of their greatest suffering. No recommendation is required but that of necessity. Every candidate for admission is kindly received and provided for till able to return to the daily duties of life.

The two largest hospitals are those founded by Prince Galitzin and Count Sheremetieff, whose names they bear. Each of these presents an exterior like a palace. It is to be regretted that sums of money spent on decoration

were not laid out in providing for the accommodation of a greater number of patients. The Galitzin cost a million of rubles. It is calculated to hold a hundred and fifty-five beds. The other cost not so much, and holds two hundred beds. Of these, sixty-six are for sick persons; a hundred and thirty-two for aged and infirm, and two for extraordinary cases. I was conducted over the Sheremetieff hospital by the chief physician, an English gentleman to whose kind attention I am much indebted. The most common diseases are affections of the lungs and abdominal viscera. Intermittent fevers are rarely known; putrid scarcely ever. The annual endowment of this institution is a hundred and seventeen thousand rubles, or between five and six thousand pounds.

In the "Street of Tartars" the Mussulmans are allowed to have a mosque, which I have visited with feelings of great interest. A number of little Tartar boys collected round me, repeating, as we entered, the Arabic *waazan*, or Mahomedan summons to prayer, the only sounds that conveyed to their minds and mine the same ideas. The mosque is not like any of those in the east. In fact, it is nothing more than a plain brick building, resembling a Methodist chapel. It is quite empty; without even a pulpit or elevated step for the Moollah.

In the Netherlands I remember being much annoyed by the almost incessant chimes of *carillons*; but those are few and infrequent compared with the bells of Moscow. It seems as if the congregation of each church were called to worship eight or ten times a day; and when you know that there are two hundred and sixty-three parish churches in this city, you will be able to form some idea of the perpetual din. Some of the bells have a very deep sonorous sound, especially that in the tower of the *Ouspenskoi* cathedral, which is said to weigh sixty-four tons. Most are of a size far exceeding those generally used in other countries; and since it is dangerous to move them, the clappers alone are agitated by means of ropes.

The Russians are by no means a musical people, yet there is one species of wind instrument which they have brought to a degree of perfection unknown in other countries. It is the horn. A band of horn players is now at Moscow, and leaves the city this very day for England, where possibly you may hear them. Every performer is furnished with a single horn on which he plays one, and only one, note. A life is devoted to acquire proficiency in the execution of this monotonous duty. Each plays his note as the piece requires, and the effect produced is similar, but superior, to that of a fine organ. This species of music is peculiar to Russia, and chiefly employed for the amusement of the great on hunting excursions, when it is quite in keeping with the time and place. Vocal music is more cultivated, because instrumental is less so, in this country than in most others of Europe. I have already mentioned that in the cathedral choirs the human voice alone is heard: hence the degree of perfection attained by the band well known under the name of "Chantres de la Cour."

There is something peculiarly gay in the appearance of this city in an afternoon, when the fashionables move out in their carriages. A large proportion of the residents consists of families of the old nobility, courtiers, and military and civil officers, who have either retired voluntarily from the business of life, or have wisely sought an honourable retreat before the anticipated frown of the autocrat pronounced their doom. Their equipages present a curious mixture of shabbiness and splendour. No carriages of respectable persons are seen without four horses. The leaders' traces are so long that a pair of horses might easily be harnessed between them and the wheelers. A dirty urchin, like puss in boots, with a dirtier livery, is mounted on the off leader, flourishing a short whip in his left hand, while the coachman adapts the length of his whip to the dignity of his master, which in any other country would be compromised by the ruined condition of his tackle. His own dress, however, is generally of a better order. A long blue caftan, with a silken ceinture of gaudy colours and Torjok manufacture, a square cap, and a fine flowing beard, distinguish the coachmen.

Some idea of the relative proportions of different classes of society in Moscow may be formed from the following schedule, the result of the last census.

Nobles, 14,724; Serfs of the crown, 3,101; Ecclesiastics, 4,388; Merchants, 12,104; Foreigners, 2,385; Citizens, 23,029; Artisans, 10,384; Military, 22,191; Manufacturers, 1,854; Coachmen, 1,882; Serfs, 126,299; Miscellaneous, 19,204; Total, 246,545.

The hospitality of the Moscovites has always been proverbial. A singular instance of it, carried almost to excess, occurred a day or two ago when, on my first

introduction to an elderly lady of rank by an English gentleman whom she had known only a week, she said quickly, "And pray, sir, how is it that you have been in Moscow so many days and have not come to see me? You were not at my ball on Monday night. Will you dine with me to-morrow, or next day, or what day will you dine with me?" I was surprised by such a reception; but found on enquiry that the same kind of unreflecting hospitality is always manifested in Moscow toward foreign travellers, especially towards the English. The fact is, English travellers are scarce in this country; and the distance from our island is so great, that only men of a certain property can afford the expense of a journey, so that something like a guarantee is offered against the abuse of kindness by those whose poverty might carry captive their conscience. The number of English of the higher class in Moscow is very limited; though here as at St. Petersburg, British governesses, nursery-maids, gardeners, horse jockies, and mechanics, are retained in considerable numbers. In most large families, the individuals filling one or more of these situations are our compatriots. In the duties of a nursery Russians regard the English as unrivalled.

I have dined out nearly every day, and have met the same party each time. Mr. —, the clergyman, was, like myself, a member of Queen's College, Cambridge; therefore our meeting proved peculiarly agreeable. With one lady, Mrs. H —, to whom I was favoured with a letter of introduction,* I have enjoyed some very pleasing intercourse. The kindness experienced here and at St. Petersburg will always afford me subject of grateful remembrance.

You have no doubt observed, as I have, that the English are respected, in foreign countries, but never loved. Our countrymen are too conscious of their superiority as a nation, and frequently too little conscious of their inferiority as individuals. Instead of wishing to learn what they may from other nations, and to acquaint themselves with the opinions of foreigners on subjects of moral, political, and scientific interest, they either strive to impose on them their habits and views, or else conduct themselves with a degree of reserve which is construed into hauteur. The consequence is, they are excluded from the best society; and their observations are necessarily confined to a rank inferior to that of which they are members in their own country.

The restrictions imposed on foreigners are not so severe as I was led to expect. The only thing to be complained of is the difficulty of getting a passport properly arranged. To enter this country from Sweden I had three passports. In Finland, the frontier province, I was obliged to take another; to pay enormously; and to resign it as useless at St. Petersburg, where I was favoured with a fifth. This would only serve while I stayed in that city, for another was required to enable me to visit Moscow. I have now received a seventh to carry me back to St. Petersburg, where an eighth is to be purchased for twenty-five rubles. With this I shall be permitted to leave the country, having three times advertised my intention of doing so in the German and Russian newspapers. Of these proceedings, the expense is the least consideration. The trouble is very great. And of the sum actually expended, the smallest part is that which finds its way into the government treasury. Public clerks and higher officers are miserably paid. Since they must subsist on other means, the performance of duty is made an act of favour for which they are to be remunerated. I look forward with fearful anticipation to a time when this hydra principle may manifest itself among my fellow-servants of the English government in India, if an impolitic economy be suffered to encroach yet farther on the hard earned wages of their labour.

The oriental character of every thing around frequently carries me back to

"— the clime of the East, to the land of the sun."

The usual salutation of *Khyreent*, health, and the names of fruits, as *Khurboozah* and *Turboozah*, the dry and water melons, with many others, are Persian or Arabic in their origin. The bearded faces of the men; their long flowing robes; the darkness of their complexions; and their timid spirits, daring only in roguery; their low cunning and habitual falsehood; in short, the general character of the people; their dress, habits, and buildings; are far more Asiatic than European. Just at this time, Russia exhibits another striking feature of resemblance to the east. That dreadful scourge, the cho-

* A day or two after the date of this letter, the cholera morbus entered Moscow, and the lady here referred to was one of its first victims.

lera, which has hitherto been confined, at least in more destructive ravages, to India, has already in waste the city of Astrachan, and is proceeding with rapid strides towards Moscow. Every day brings fresh tidings of its progress. The whole population is in state of alarm. The emperor, supposing it to be infectious, has ordered out a cordon of troops to intercept communication between Astrachan and Moscow. Cholera is the universal topic of conversation among rich and poor. Every one asks the question which a body can answer, "What is the best remedy?" I have been repeatedly urged to present myself to the governor (notwithstanding the declaration that I know nothing of medicine,) because I have been in the midst of its ravages in India; and it has frequently been declared with great earnestness, that, if the governor were aware of the presence in Moscow of any individual who had been an eye-witness to the effects of the disease, he was certainly summoned him with a view to obtain some information that might suggest effectual preventive measures. This is a dreadful visitation: but, look where we sit the chastising hand of Providence seems to be laid on the nations of Europe.

LETTER XIV.

St. Petersburg, September 20th, (1841), 1/30.

My last letter was dated from Moscow. I am now in homeward progress. A growing acquaintance with foreign lands increases my love of our country, and enables me more justly to appreciate her political, social, and moral privileges. On Friday, the twenty-fourth ultimo, I left Moscow for St. Petersburg, retracing, unwillingly, my steps for nearly five hundred miles. The railway Warsaw to Berlin is little more than four hundred leagues, while that which I am pursuing is about seven hundred miles; but the north of Poland is a bed of sand; and this season scarcely passable. As a companion could not be ensured, and as there was a probability of my meeting on the road among Polish Jews, proverbially the greatest rogues of their race, I resolved to attempt the longer route on the coast of the Baltic, through the north of Poland and northwest of Prussia. A fourth of my journey has been accomplished. In the course of the remainder, I shall see an interesting country, with large commercial towns, which would otherwise be unknown to me except by name.

After a journey of four days and three nights, I arrived at St. Petersburg late yesterday evening. principal towns and other objects of interest on the coast have already been described in a former letter. Three companions in the diligence were Russians of low birth, lower manners, and lowest intelligence of them had been a slave. Having prospered in his own account, he bought his freedom with that of his family, for twenty thousand rubles, or about nine hundred pounds. I have heard of a Count Sheremetieff, the richest subject in Russia, who paid ten thousand pounds sterling for his liberty.

The novelty of every thing an Englishman meets in the habits and modes of the natives renders it exceedingly difficult for him to form a correct estimate of the state of society in Russia, since the ground on which opinion must be formed involves considerations of which his mind has never been habituated, and from which he is therefore probable that he may deduce erroneous conclusions. In St. Petersburg his estimate is likely to be more correct, because there is so great a mixture of ranks that among the higher orders intercourse is common. The principles similar to those which govern society in other large capitals of Europe. Peculiar distinctions are paid to rank. Every public officer and every foreigner, whether civil or military, has additional rank, which to our minds conveys an idea, when by the fact, of military authority. For instance, a major may be called a major-general, or a tiny private, years old, may be designated a general; but these are merely terms to which a certain rank is attached, and have no connection with military affairs. It is difficult to account for the prevalence of this custom in a country depending on its army for political existence. Every thing that raises the army in public estimation strengthens the country: and nothing can do this so effectually than an acknowledgment of military rank superior to every other, and an establishment of the principle that even civil officers are dignified by the honorary military titles. An introduction at court of a man the first circles of society in St. Petersburg. Till then, he is a plebeian. From that moment, he is vested with patrician honours. The merchants form a distinct class. They are not admitted to the tables

the nobility; nor is there an order of gentry with whom they may associate. Their intercourse is therefore confined to their own body. The principal shopkeepers, many of whom are foreigners, chiefly Germans, are included among the merchants. The third class consists of the slave peasantry. These distinctions prevail throughout Russia; except that in the interior of the country the number of merchants is so small that the people may be said to distribute themselves into two classes, nobles and serfs.

The population of Russia, including all the subjects of the emperor, amounts to fifty-five millions. Of these thirty-eight millions profess the Greco-Russian faith: ten millions are Roman Catholics; three and a half protestants; two millions Mahomedans, and a million and a half Pagans. The superficial area of the empire is three hundred and seventy-three thousand square miles, allowing on an average a square mile to one hundred and forty-seven persons. Comparing the density of the population of European Russia with that of the rest of inhabited Europe, it appears that it is as nine to forty. If Russia in Europe were populated as well as Sweden, it would contain ninety-five millions of inhabitants; if as well as Germany, four hundred and thirty-two millions. It has been calculated that the capabilities of the soil would admit an increase of population to the amount of two hundred and seventy-five millions, without subjecting them to inconvenience from a want of subsistence. Of the present inhabitants, forty-five millions are of the Slavonic race, by which I mean Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, and Servians; three millions are Fins; two millions Lithuanians; and four millions are composed of Samojedes, Mongols, Turks, Moldavians, and Armenians. The rest are European foreigners, in the following proportions:—Germans, 380,000; Swedes, 56,000; Greeks, 21,000; Danes, 15,000; French and English, 4,000; Jews, 460,000;—936,000.

In many of the conquered provinces slavery has either never existed or it has been abolished. In those where it does exist, the nobles are calculated at seven hundred and fifty thousand; the serfs at thirty-six millions. The nobles are subject to no tax, but pay for their vassals. By a charter of nobility they are exempt from military conscription and corporal chastisement; and, as fine and imprisonment are punishments comparatively unknown, if a noble be guilty of a crime, the emperor degrades and banishes him to the Siberian mines. He is then civilly dead, and has ceased to enjoy his former privileges; so that, if again criminal, he may be flogged or otherwise punished, or even be subjected to execution. The nobility are divided into three classes; hereditary, official, and those raised for military exploits. According to this division they are enrolled in three registers preserved among the public records. They are also arranged in another mode, according to which they take rank and precedence. Instead of our titles of baron, viscount, &c. there are fourteen grades: and a man is called a noble of the third class, or fourth class, &c. In the eight first classes rank descends to children, who (as soon as enrolled among the population of the country) are nobles of the fourteenth class, and gain a step every third year, unless pushed on more rapidly by interest or merit. These rise as a matter of course from the lowest to the highest class but two; the two first being set apart for chief officers of state. Those who are created nobles cease to rise when they have attained the ninth class, unless specially promoted by the emperor. The difficulty, therefore, is to pass the limits between the hereditary and non-hereditary nobles. This effected, they rise gradually as far as the third class. In one sense the nobility may be said to be vassals of the crown, for the emperor exercises arbitrary power over them in many respects; especially in the choice of a wife and a profession, on neither of which occasions can a nobleman act without permission from the crown, though that permission would never, in common cases, be withheld.

Russians of the higher orders are intelligent and, for the most part, well educated. It is by no means uncommon (I might almost say it is the general case in a large party) to hear four languages, and often five, spoken at the same table; the majority of the party understanding at least three of them. Every gentleman talks German and French, and many speak English. The Russians are jealous of our power; the more so because they consider us to be jealous of theirs: but they respect and admire us as a nation. A trifling incident may illustrate this. A nobleman of talent and information, whom I met at the Privy Counsellor Djunkorski's house, offering me a letter of introduction to one of the first men in Moscow, almost apologised for doing so, saying, "But indeed the character of an English traveller is a suffi-

cient introduction to any society." The same gentleman observed, "I consider the English to be the finest government in the world, and the administration of India to be the master-piece of its prowess. It is a political miracle. It is not in the ages of darkness, but in the nineteenth century, that England has driven from their eastern possessions the French, Danes, Portuguese, and all other Europeans; and that, with a handful of men, at a distance of four thousand leagues, she holds in subjection more than a hundred millions of men. It is quite incomprehensible!" This enlightened Russian concluded by saying: "I would not on any account that England should lose India. India adds greatly to her power; and I regard it as essential to the peace of Europe that England should be powerful." I may observe, by the way, that an acquaintance with India is sometimes very serviceable to a man abroad. The children are amused by accounts of wild beasts; the ladies like to hear of Indian manners and customs, and the gentlemen are interested in eastern politics.

The number of orders instituted as rewards strikes a traveller in Russia as being almost ridiculous. Nearly every common soldier has three or four. Many have six or seven. Civil orders and those of knighthood are only less numerous. The pretences under which these honours, with snuff-boxes and similar presents, are bestowed, are quite absurd. Last month a snuff-box, with the emperor's portrait, was forwarded to the duke of —, merely because he had taken the trouble to give a ticket for some public building to a young Russian traveller. The occasions on which these favours are generally granted are so trivial, that what was intended as an honourable distinction has almost ceased to be such.

With regard to slavery in Russia, it may be observed that it is a condition of mild restraint on man's free will compared with the slavery of the West Indies. Masters can legally inflict only a slight corporal chastisement; and the law directs that attention be paid to complaints of vassals against their masters. Thus, nominally, the owners have not power of life and death, and there is redress against excessive grievance; but, virtually, they are absolute in their domains, and there is no redress. Still, considering the authority possessed, I am inclined to think that less tyranny is exercised than might be expected. Excess of anger is not characteristic of a Russian. Compared with the native of a southern clime he is cold and apathetic. His slave is therefore less valued, and less flogged. Slavery, however, can never be divested of her real character; and her moral influence is here but too evident. The serfs are an appendage to the soil; and cannot legally be alienated from it; but this law is frequently evaded, and they are bought and sold like other personal property. An owner is entitled to the labour of his male slave three days in the week without any remuneration. If he employ him during the other four days he must furnish him with food and clothing. Mutual interests generally induce a contract between the parties: and the serf is allowed to work on his own account, paying a certain *abrok*, or rent, to his master. This varies in proportion to the trade he may pursue, and it is raised from time to time as his circumstances prosper. Some of the native merchants in this city pay hundreds, and even thousands of rubles each year to their masters for permission to carry on trade. Were they to refuse, the nobleman has power to summon them to the estate of which they are an appendage, and to compel them to work. If a serf do not aspire to trade, but continue to cultivate the soil, his master provides him with land and a hut. As the nobles have an opportunity of watching narrowly the condition of their peasantry, and as they are in the habit of raising the *abrok* in proportion to the ability to pay, while the emperor demands and receives a fixed amount from serfs of the crown, these are always in a condition far superior to that of other serfs. No slave is allowed to leave the village to which he belongs without a passport from his owner, so that it is difficult for any to escape from the grasp of a master: and as the power of holding slaves is one of the privileges of nobility, no unumitted serf can himself purchase, or otherwise obtain, a slave.

Considering the present state of civilisation in Russia, and the intimate connection between a man's desires and enjoyments, I am not inclined to think that the great mass of Russian slaves are less comfortable than the free-born Indians. It is true that they have nothing, but then they want nothing. I have been credibly informed that a caravan of a hundred boors carrying sugar from Moscow to St. Petersburg, will pass a night at an inn and not spend three halfpence among them, because they cannot muster so large a sum. Wretched as their condition is,

if estimated by our ideas of happiness, it is less so in reality, because they see and know no other state. Their master is raised too far above them to excite jealousy or ambition; and between him and them there is no third class. So long as they can satisfy the present cravings of nature, they wish for nothing more. Devoid of forethought, they have no anxiety for the future. The stripe inflicted one minute is forgotten the next, and not dreaded for the following.

It is in moral rather than in physical effects that the baneful influence of slavery, and of that ignorance which slavery promotes and perpetuates, is manifested. All that a serf possesses, even his wife, is the property of his lord. A conviction that the licentious gratification of passion would in most cases lead to his own murder, acts as a check on the superior in the absence of law: but the mere existence of the power alluded to, though seldom exercised, renders comparatively insecure that sacred tie on which the whole fabric rests of social charities. The serf lives like an animal, and habituated to act, learns in some respects almost to feel, as one. Since his *abrok* will be raised with prosperity he conceals his gains, and the first lesson he is taught with the dawn of reason is to deceive his master. To effect this, he must deceive his fellow slaves; thus low cunning and a habit of daring falsehood are engendered. Self-interest is always the mainspring of exertion; and since the labour of a serf enriches chiefly his master, the motive to industry is removed, and a slave is habitually idle. Determined idleness is the chief feature of his character. Nothing but physical compulsion overcomes it. He has no reputation to lose. Unrespected by others, he respects not himself; and if he have an opportunity of stealing, what should prevent him? If discovered, he is beaten; but he is accustomed to be beaten; and a temporary enjoyment of the stolen goods knows no diminution from remorse of conscience or violated principle. This is a sad picture, but true; and so it must remain till light and liberty dawn on this benighted land.

The debased condition of the people is the necessary result of slavery. It arises from no want of moral or intellectual capabilities: on the contrary, these are possessed by the peasantry in a very remarkable degree. Were not this the case, their state could not possibly be so good as it is. The Russians are eminently gifted with the elements of the Christian character, though deformed and almost concealed by ignorance, superstition, and other baneful growths of slavery. I am informed by a friend who has passed the greater part of his life here, that a deep-rooted conviction of original and personal sin, and a simple dependence (as far as their knowledge admits,) on the merits of the Saviour, characterise the Russians. In no class of native society, however dissipated, do you ever meet a scorner. Whenever the subject of religion is broached, even in the midst of mirth and revelry, it will be treated with solemnity, or respectfully disposed of as unsuited to the occasion. Great attention is conceded to religious instruction, and a bible is the most valuable gift that can be offered to a poor man. My friend informs me that some of the scenes he has witnessed, when visiting the prisons with a man who, as a native of England and a resident in Russia, is a blessing to the one and an honour to the other country—I mean Mr. Venning, the Howard of the day—have made an impression that will never be effaced. The sudden hush and devout preparation of the prisoners and soldiers of the guard when Mr. Venning has proposed to read the Bible; the look with which a solemn whisper passed from one to another, "the word of God is going to be read;" the fixed and breathless attention of all the listeners; the earnest petition for a Bible urged by some of the soldiers, and accompanied with an assurance that they wanted to read it to one another while on duty; and the bitter disappointment they expressed on hearing that government had forbidden the boon they sought; all these, and many more interesting traits, show that the Russians are prepared to receive the gospel with avidity, whenever it may be proclaimed to them; and encourage a hope, not enthusiastic, but sober and well founded, that when it pleases God to remove the darkness which now overshadows the land, conversions will take place, not as they do in some countries, among isolated individuals, far separated in time and place, but by whole masses of men throwing off the trammels of a degrading superstition, and worshipping in spirit and in truth.

My friend mentioned an interesting fact. Shortly after the dreadful inundation of 1824, crossing over the Neva with a large party of boors in a common ferry-boat, he was attracted by their conversation, which ran somewhat in this strain: "Well, this is a dreadful visitation

that we have had." "Yes, but we deserve it richly. Look, what sinners we are." "To be sure, that is true: and moreover, we know better. Why, there is not one of us that is not provoking God by our abominable wickedness. Nobles and slaves, we are all equally bad." "Yes, and I tell you what, I should not be surprised if we have something still worse; and we deserve it, for we do not lay our wickedness to heart, nor God's chastisements, as we ought." The arrival of the ferry at the opposite bank prevented my friend from hearing the conclusion of this interesting conversation, maintained by two boorish peasants, whom a stranger would have supposed to possess scarcely two ideas beyond providing for the necessities of life. He assures me that this is not an uncommon case; but that the sentiments here cited may be received as a fair sample of those of the natives in general. It seems to be a remarkable trait of national character, that the first ideas imbibed are of a religious nature; and that the Russians having no other, by cultivating these, have obtained a certain knowledge of religion, on which it only requires that the truths of the gospel be grafted, to make it bring forth spiritual fruit. It is in spite of a natural tendency to moralise that slavery prevents the Russian from rising to the point to which morality would elevate him.

The real nature of this bondage, which might more justly be termed vassalage; its influence on character; and the impediments it offers to moral and intellectual advancement, would form subject for a little volume, and can only be properly treated by one whom long residence in the country, and intimate acquaintance with the language, have supplied with the necessary information. The opinions I have formed may be quite incorrect. Such as they are, I offer them to you: and if you detect any inconsistency, it arises from a wish to give you always my first impressions. Sometimes these are favourable, sometimes otherwise, according to the character of the incident on which they depend. Apparent discrepancies of this kind may be easily reconciled; and it is only by a careful consideration of the various effects produced on the same mind, and a comparison of these with impressions made on others dissimilarly constituted, that a man can hope to form a just estimate of national character placed beyond the limits of his own personal investigation.

In the hey-day of life, with unlimited power, health, and every inducement to seek his own pleasure, the present emperor devotes his whole time to his subjects. From dawn of day till the afternoon, he is engaged in public affairs. Nor is his attention turned only to politics, legislation, and military arrangements; on the contrary, the moral state of the people, the prisons, almshouses, and similar institutions, are objects of his special regard. Unhappily for the country, the aristocracy are not as disinterested as the emperor. Their aim and their attainment are to keep him in comparative ignorance, or to counteract his efforts for the improvement of the present state of things. A determination on his part to carry into execution the desire of his heart for the liberation of the serfs, would excite among the nobles a conspiracy which would probably end in the loss of his crown. It is the power of an illiberal aristocracy that prevents Russia from rising to the elevation she would otherwise attain.

The emperor, or "Autocrat of all the Russias," is as absolute as a monarch can be. He has no hereditary advisers and no chosen counsellors. The prime minister of the empire is styled the chancellor. Each of the departments has likewise its peculiar minister, all of whom are ex officio members of a council consisting of thirty-five, who superintend the public offices. Imperial *ukases* are issued through a body, called a senate, who are employed as a mechanical instrument, and have no deliberative power, except when they sit as a judicial court of appeal from inferior tribunals. Governors are deputed to the provinces of this extensive empire, who carry on the duties of their governments by means of subordinate employes, and a host of *gens-d'armes*, who correspond to the *Omlah* with which a civil functionary is surrounded in India. But with the number and duties of these, all resemblance ceases. The talent, patient investigation, laborious assiduity, and undeviating integrity, which characterise British civilians in the east, are for the most part wanting in the Russian governor. Money is the sole passport to justice. To obtain money is the main object of almost every judicial officer. This evil will never be remedied so long as the present inadequate stipends are continued to public servants, whose salary seldom amounts to a quarter, and often not to a tenth, of what they are expected and obliged to spend. In some offices it remains nearly the same as it was a century

ago, notwithstanding great changes in the relative value of money and in the habits of the people. The whole system of government is bad.

At the present time the Russians are in a state to feel most keenly the effects of an absolute monarchy, a cruel aristocracy, and the want of a middle class. They are too civilised not to be conscious that they are slaves. They are too little advanced in civilisation to exercise any check on the autocrat and nobles through the medium of public opinion. Government, conscious that knowledge must burst the chains which now gail the people, has imposed a strict censorship on the press. A miserable unmanly policy is pursued to prevent men from speaking what they think, or knowing what others think. Every foreign newspaper is held back if it contain an account of a mutiny or a sentiment favourable to liberty. In short, mind and body are alike enslaved in Russia, and despotism is complete.

I have made the courts a subject of particular enquiry, and, strange to say, I have not been able to meet with an individual who could inform me of the legal mode of recovering a debt or prosecuting a criminal. The only answer I have obtained is unsatisfactory indeed. "Il n'y a point de loi, il n'y a que des ordonnances (*ukases*)". Nor is this an exaggerated statement. A gentleman who has shown me much kindness is now poor, because there is no legal mode by which he may recover large debts due to him from Russian nobles. This deficiency in the system of jurisprudence cannot fail to influence commerce prejudicially. Here a man's word is worth nothing without a bond; a bond is useless without law; and since there is no law, there is neither bond nor faith, neither credit nor enterprise. The whole external commerce of Russia is conducted by foreigners. Ships are commanded by Germans, insured and freighted by English, and often manned by Swedes or Fins. To remedy this state of things, the emperor has ordered a digest to be arranged of the *ukases* of his predecessors, and laws to be framed in accordance with them: but the nobility retard, as much as possible, this desirable work, because its completion will involve a restriction of their power.

The revenue of the country is derived from a capitation tax on the serfs, and another tax on the vassals of the crown. A census is made every fifth or sixth year; when males above twelve years old are endowed by government with seven acres of land, for which they, or their masters, are taxed at the rate of three rubles per annum. This will give you some idea of the enormous quantity of waste land in the empire; far more than sufficient, if cultivated, to supply food to the population of England and India in addition to her own. The male serfs amount to about eighteen millions, of whom seven millions are vassals of the crown, paying an annual *abrok* of ten rubles a head. Besides these, there are six other principal sources of revenue: first, the monopoly of brandy and salt; second, customs; third, Siberian mines; fourth, the mint; fifth, stamps; and sixth, a duty on merchants, who, according to the *guild*, or rank, in which they enroll themselves, pay a certain per centage on the capital they employ. The following rough schedule will give you some idea of the proportion these sources of revenue bear to each other.

	Millions of Rubles.
Capitation	70
Abrok	54
Brandy and Salt	98
Customs	50
Mines	10
Mint	8
Stamps	6
Merchants	6
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When there is no extraordinary call for money the receipts and expenses of government are nearly balanced, but the smallest extra disbursement turns the scale against the country. The interest of the national debt swallows up forty millions; the marine twenty-four millions; diplomatic charges twenty-two millions; and the army a hundred and fifty millions of rubles, annually.

The present army is calculated at eight hundred and seventy thousand men. Of these, five hundred and twenty thousand are infantry; two hundred and forty thousand, cavalry: sixty thousand artillery; and fifty thousand life-guards, pioneers, sappers, and Cossacks. Every third year two men in five hundred are enlisted. By this means a constant supply of soldiers is yielded to

the state. Every serf becomes free from the moment he is enrolled in the imperial army: his long beard is cut off, and he is thenceforth a civilised European: but the change in his condition is regarded as a subject of condolence, rather than congratulation. His friends consider him as dead, because every social tie is ruptured; and, sometimes (I am informed) they even put on mourning. The pay of a private is thirty rubles, or twenty-seven shillings a year. Besides this, he receives clothes, and a certain quantity of salt and grain. The salary of officers is equally insufficient to enable them to live in a style suited to their rank. Hence gambling, dishonesty, and a whole train of evils.

I have long been convinced of the improbability of our Indian possessions being endangered by a war with Russia. This conviction is confirmed by observation during my short sojourn here. There is a want of system in every public department; in none, perhaps, more than the military; and there is a surprising ignorance of every thing connected with the east. Between Russia and Persia there is no cordiality. It is not to be expected that that should ever exist; but even could the latter be induced to favor an invasion of India by Russia; could the difficulty of procuring sustenance for an army on the route be overcome; and could the constitutions of the soldiers be fortified against the climate; yet Russia is not furnished with resources to enable her to carry an efficient army through the territory occupied by the warlike nomade hordes of Afghanistan and of neighbouring countries. National power consists neither in money nor men, but in the relative proportion of these to the territory occupied, and in the ability to apply them to practical purposes. Tried by this test, the wealth of Russia will be found to be less, and her disposable military force smaller, than that of any of the kingdoms with which she is likely to be embroiled; and greatly inferior to that against which she would contend in the event of her ambitious hand grasping at India. Such is the case at present: but who shall venture to conjecture what may be her power a century hence?

It is impossible to visit this country, and to think of what she was a hundred years ago, without being astonished at what she is now. The rapidity of her progress is extraordinary. Every new invention in mechanics and every improvement in manufactures, in whatever corner of the world originated, is immediately adopted or tried at St. Petersburg. An absolute monarch never wants money, and many expensive failures weigh little in the balance against one successful experiment. With arts and manufactures, the moral condition of the people is undergoing a change. There can be little doubt that improvement of the intellectual faculties is the first step to moral elevation. Education must precede a change of habits, and the mind's fetters be struck off before moral obligations can be fully appreciated.

Impressed with this conviction, it is pleasing to observe in Russia many institutions for the instruction of youth. There are seven universities in the country, containing three thousand students and one hundred and ninety professors. Besides these, are fifty-nine colleges for the education of priests, containing twenty-six thousand students and four hundred professors. There are also several medical and military seminaries, with some hundreds of provincial and district schools, (independently of private academies,) under the protection of government.

In this city are two institutions, founded by the empress Catherine the Second, of a peculiarly interesting character; "Le convent de jeunes demoiselles," and L'institut de Sainte Catherine." The former was established in 1764, for the education of eight hundred girls. It is divided into two parts, for the daughters of nobles and of citizens, who pass here nine and six years respectively. Fifty or twenty-eight pounds sterling are paid annually for each girl. For this sum she is boarded and clothed, and taught not only reading and writing, arithmetic, and needle-work; but also French and German, music, drawing, and natural philosophy. An annual exhibition is held, at which the late empress-mother made a point of being present. To this the *corps diplomatique* and chief officers of government are invited, with several of the nobility and parents of pupils. Those girls who have distinguished themselves receive appropriate rewards, and those who leave the convent with éclat are presented with the empress's cipher set in diamonds, which they wear ever after as the most honourable distinction a female can obtain. The other institution referred to, calculated to accommodate three hundred girls, is of a similar nature, but open only to daughters of the nobility.

* There is no law—only *ukases*.

Unfortunately, I arrived at Moscow a few days too late to attend the fair of Nijni Novogorod, which is held annually in August and September. It is well known as the largest in the world, being superior in numbers and traffic to that of Hurdwar in Hindoostan. Merchants from all parts of Europe and Asia assemble there. The English trader is introduced to the remote Kamtschadale; while the tall Afghan traffics with the dwarfish Laplander. Tartars, Chinamen, Turks, Indians, Greeks, Italians, Icelanders, Danes, Germans, Swedes, and French, carry there the produce of their respective countries. Nijni Novogorod is the mart through which tea finds its way from China to the interior of the Russian empire. Another large fair is held in Ladak, on the borders of the plateau of Thibet, to which the Chinese carry tea, where they barter it for cloths and furs brought from Nijni by the Tartar merchants, who take it back the following year to that town, whence it is dispersed throughout the empire. The flavour of this tea is far superior to that of our own; owing probably to the land conveyance; for a sea voyage is prejudicial to tea. But, independently of this advantage, there is an aromatic fragrance in the Russian tea which is evidently extrinsic; arising, if I be rightly informed, from its being packed by the Chinese merchants for a land journey with flowers and leaves of the *olea fragrans*. In the market-place yesterday I examined what was called by the Muscovite tradesman the flower of tea, for which he demanded twenty-eight shillings a pound. It was full of little white particles, like dried flowers, and very fragrant. When infused in water, the flavour is strong and grateful. The price usually paid for the article in this part of the country is not less than that which the vendor demanded from me.

The commerce of Russia is gradually increasing. Her maritime trade is chiefly in the hands of the English. The principal articles of exportation are iron, corn, flax, hemp, wood, hides, tallow, wax, and cordage. In exchange, she imports wines, coffee, tea, and all sorts of manufactured cloths. A considerable internal trade is carried on by canals and large caravans; by means of which commercial intercourse is likewise maintained with Persia, and with China by way of Siberia. That political economy is a science hitherto unknown in Russia is manifest from the violation of its first principles by unwise restrictions on commerce, interfering, as much as legal enactments can, with the natural flow of labour into the most profitable channels.

The mines of Siberia have been a source of wealth to the empire ever since the subjection of that country in the sixteenth century. They now yield the crown annually about two and a half millions sterling; but, till the year 1821, only two gold mines were known. In the great Oural mines a solid mass of native gold was discovered, weighing twenty-seven pounds. One of the most interesting institutions in St. Petersburg is called the *Hôtel des Mines*. Besides a collection of mineralogical specimens, probably unrivalled, containing, amongst others, a piece of aqua marine weighing eighteen pounds, and another of malachite weighing thirteen hundred pounds, there are models of the lake Olonetz, of a part of the Oural chain of mountains, and of several mines. These models, (in the study of which one might pass many profitable days,) exhibit Lilliputian miners at work in exact conformity with the reality; and the whole process, from the excavation to the smelting of ore, is represented in miniature. In this institution a corps of young miners is educated in every branch of the science; and at the end of each year a party duly qualified is sent to Siberia to conduct the mining establishment. For their practical instruction, a subterraneous gallery of considerable length has been excavated, showing the various geological strata: thus are they familiarised with subjects, their knowledge of which is to be called forth by future duties. I was conducted through the rooms and mines by an intelligent lad of sixteen, who is expecting to be shortly commissioned to Siberia.

When we hear of Siberia and Botany Bay, the mind almost involuntarily adverts to hard labour and galling chains: but good information from the one and the other sanctions a combination of more pleasing ideas. When chains and labour are not annexed to the sentence, it may be doubted whether banishment to Siberia is a very heavy punishment to a Russian. At Tobolsk there are

so many noble families, so many merchants, and so many serfs, all united by sympathy as brother exiles, that a society exists as large as in any town of Russia, except St. Petersburg and Moscow. Provisions are exceedingly cheap. Amusements are numerous. The inhabitants economise while living luxuriously; and many beg permission to remain when their period of banishment has expired. All the Russian punishments are not equally mild. Disgraceful as it is to their national character, the knout is still in vogue. Culprits suffering this punishment frequently die in consequence. Women, as well as men, are subjected to it; and instances are recorded of ladies of high rank who have been publicly flogged in the Nevski Prospekt. The instrument consists of a twisted lash, two feet long, attached to a stick about half that length. At the end of the lash a leather thong is fastened, which is steeped in milk and hardened by exposure to the sun, previous to the infliction of punishment. When softened by the sufferer's blood, the thong is changed for a new one, and many may be used on the same subject. Happily, however, human nature can endure only a limited degree of pain. Owing to this merciful provision, cruelty often defeats her own object. Thus it is with the knout. The first stroke generally takes away sensation, and seeds of death are deposited in the deep bleeding furrows of the insensible culprit.

If the excellence of the police be estimated by the paucity of crimes that reach the ear, it is very good. But in a country where government restrains the public expression of truth, a different test must be resorted to. Policemen parade the streets day and night. I have frequently been walking at a late hour, yet I never saw a disturbance nor had cause for personal fear. The system of espionage is carried to a baneful extent. Foreigners are watched as though they were spies. Every *laquais de place* is said to be in the pay of government. He keeps a regular diary of your proceedings, and most travellers must find a more correct journal of their residence in St. Petersburg deposited with the police than in their own writing-case. Sometimes the *laquais* reports with more cunning than truth; so that to offend him may involve a traveller in serious difficulties. A gentleman of my acquaintance was seized and detained at the frontier because the police understood that he lived much alone and wrote a good deal. The inference was clear. He was plotting against the state! Innkeepers, English, German, and native, are so completely in the hands of the police, that not one of them is to be trusted. A person taking out a licence to keep a hotel virtually enlists himself, *ipso facto*, among the public spies. A man dares scarcely to confide in his own brother. If Napoleon's saying be true, that every one has his price, he ought not; for the government will give any price to a spy. Neither the highest rank nor official situation secures its possessor against the operation of this corrupt system. It is rumoured that when *** was ambassador to this court, he found the lock of his writing-case had been tampered with; and so conscious of her insecurity was the late unfortunate queen of Prussia, that during her residence at St. Petersburg, she invariably carried on her person all her secret papers.

The Russians, like the Indians, are partial to bathing; but a Russian bath is a thing *sui generis*; and, as a correct notion of it can be obtained only by undergoing the operation, I resolved to pay the price, and have accordingly taken a bath both here and at Moscow. A bath house consists of a succession of rooms, generally three, in each of which is a stove: the second apartment is heated to a higher temperature than the first, in which the thermometer may stand at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; and a third to a higher than the second. In the inner room is a series of benches from the floor to the top, each hotter than the one below. The temperature of the highest could not, I should think, be less than 140°; it might be more. To these baths hundreds of persons flock every day, especially on Saturday. A few years ago the sexes bathed indiscriminately together. Now there is a division in the room: but in many of the houses this is scarcely more than nominal; the door being either off its hinges, or not filling the doorway. The price paid at public institutions is equivalent to two pence; at private baths, to three and eight pence. The process is as follows. You enter the second apartment, having undressed in the first: by degrees, the tempera-

ture of the body rises, so that you find the heat of the inner room supportable; at the same time you are quite content to sit on the lowest bench that the head may be in a stratum of air lower, and therefore less heated, than when you stand. The attendant then approaches; and, desiring you to lie down, he rubs the whole body with a handful of the inner bark of lime-tree dipped in soap suds previously prepared, and shampoos every limb. This part of the operation is very grateful, when he throws over your head successive showers of hot water; after which, you take your seat on the second or third bench from the bottom, gradually ascending as you are able to bear the heat. The skin soon becomes hot, the head feverish, and the tongue parched. The sensation is dreadful, and you regard with horror the unfeeling operator who insists on your ascending to the uppermost bench. As soon as you comply, the man throws four or five buckets of water into the stove. In a moment, the room is filled with steam: and the attendant proceeds to the last part of his duty, which is to brush you rather smartly with a bunch of birch twigs covered with leaves. During this agreeable flagellation perspiration bursts forth from every pore, and actually runs down in little streams. The effect is inconceivable. A state of extreme enjoyment succeeds to that of oppression. The skin, head, and respiration are relieved; and the muscles of the mouth relax into a smile from mere animal pleasure. Such, at least, was the effect produced on me. Having descended to the floor and dried the body, you enter the next room and find the sofa a necessary resort. An hour's repose affords the body time to recover from its state of relaxation; and the Russian bath, which is regarded as a panacea for all diseases, is concluded. The natives adopt a more speedy (and, as they say, a more efficacious) mode of recruiting the system. While perspiration is flowing profusely from the skin they run into the cold air, and rub their bodies with snow, or throw cold water on their heads. The pores are instantly closed, and every fibre is braced; while the previous draught on the vessels of the cuticle counteracts the bad effect likely, under other circumstances, to result from such a transition. I tried the experiment, and found it act as a delightful tonic, from which I experienced no subsequent ill effects.

The principal articles of food among the peasantry are rye bread of a dark colour, approaching to black, and *tscher*, or vegetable soup mixed with sour crout. To these they add porridge, pickled cucumbers, water melons, buckwheat, eggs, and fish. The national physiognomy is not prepossessing. The Russians have flat features and sallow complexion. The men are dark, brawny, and short; the women only less dark, and seldom pretty. The teeth of the natives are generally good; and it is rather remarkable that the soundness of these is essential to the admission of a recruit into the army.

I have not been long enough in Russia to learn any thing of the language. It does not much resemble the Persian or Arabic; and it is so different from every European tongue, that without application to books it cannot easily be picked up. It is purely Slavonic, and has no affinity to the Teutonic tongues. Eight of the letters are Roman, and as many Grecian. One of these is sounded as v, and employed something like an Æolic digamma: Greek names, too, such as Plato and Nicomachus, are in common use. Three of the double consonants resemble in power, though not in form, the Persian Dzal, Chay, and Sheen, each of which is expressed by two letters in the Teutonic languages; and the adjective is, I rather think, formed by *koe*, not unlike the possessive case in Hindoostance; as *Tsarskoe Celo*, the czar's village. The other sixteen letters completing the alphabet are peculiar in form and power to the Russian language, which is indebted to them for its singularly harsh and laboured character. As it contains no literary treasures, there is little encouragement to a resident, much less to a traveller, to bestow pains on its acquisition; nevertheless, one cannot but feel many a regret to lose entirely that information which may be gleaned from incidental conversation.

In regard to scenery, there is little to be enjoyed in Russia. The two capitals are the only objects of interest in this part of the country; but a short residence in either of them amply compensates for all the toil and inconvenience which may have been encountered during a

journey. The country is flat and dull. The soil, where not sandy, is rich and well cultivated in proportion to the number of hands employed: but a much larger population is required to clear away the woods and to convert the space they occupy into arable land. It is curious that in Russia, as throughout the whole extent of Scandinavia, fire and birch are almost the only trees. Oaks are cherished as exotics, and never seen in a state of nature. The same may be said of elm, ash, willow, and all the *minors* family, which add so much to the beauty of our English forests and gardens.

But I must conclude. Russia is a country rising rapidly in the scale of nations, and one in which it is peculiarly interesting to watch the movements of the human mind progressing towards a higher and more enlightened state of civilisation. Its moral, as well as political and physical, phenomena are novel; a traveller is, therefore, peculiarly liable, in the observations he makes, to fall into error; for, however good the opportunities he may enjoy of investigation, his time is generally too short to admit of any degree of certainty in the correctness of his conclusions. Minds, too, are differently constituted. Hence, the different reports in circulation regarding the same places and occurrences. Some men are endowed with a faculty of regarding every object through a prism that transmits in a direct line only the *couleur de rose*, while other rays are refracted at an angle that throws them off the moral retina. But each crystal has its peculiar angle of refraction. Some may think my account of Russia not favourable enough; others, too favourable; and, after all, perhaps each of us is wrong. Convinced that this is highly probable, I neither fear correction, nor will hesitate hereafter to admit, if necessary, that I have seen cause to change my opinions.

LETTER XV.

Berlin, 16th October, 1830.

From St. Petersburg the road runs for some miles along the Gulf of Finland, commanding a fine view of the sea, the shipping, and the receding capital. At Narva, ninety-eight miles distant, it passes out of Russia proper into Esthonia, the northernmost of the provinces conquered by Peter in the last century, when Charles of Sweden lost the battle of Poltava, and strove in vain to rally his forces at this very city.

Hence, we took a more southerly direction, and, entering Livonia at the northeast point, crossed diagonally to its southwest extremity. In our route we passed Chudleigh, once the residence of the Duchess of Kingston. Her house is now converted into a farm. For some miles the road runs along the shore of the lake Peipus, which is eighty miles in length, and ranks as the largest in Europe, after those of Ladoga, Onega, Aral, and the Caspian. It abounds in fish, large quantities of which are annually transmitted in a frozen state to St. Petersburg.

A hundred and eighteen miles from Narva, at Derpt or Dorpat, there is an university founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, said to contain within its walls some of the best astronomical instruments now existing. The famous astronomer Struve, who has received medals from the Royal and Astronomical Societies in London for his discoveries relating to double stars, is a professor in this university. Soon after midnight on the second instant, we arrived at Riga, having accomplished, at a wretched pace, three hundred and seventy-seven miles in the diligence in eighty-eight hours. The road is good except over the last thirty miles, where it passes through a bed of sand.

I had three pleasant companions. One of these, the Baron von Kittlitz, has travelled with me as far as this place; and, after a fortnight's collision in a close carriage, which could not fail to exhibit a man's peculiarities, whether pleasing or otherwise, I may say I have seldom met so agreeable a companion. He has made the tour of the world. He resided some time in Kamchatka and the northwest of America, where he was employed by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg to collect specimens of natural history. With good talent and much information, united to an obliging disposition, he could not but prove an acquisition as a fellow traveller, especially as he talks Russian and German, the languages of the countries through which we have journeyed.

Riga is prettily situated on the Dwina. At this point the river expands itself into a width of one thousand eight hundred feet, over which is thrown a bridge of planks, said to be the largest in the world. Riga was built by Albert in 1200. From 1581 to 1710 it remained subject to Poland, and was then conquered by Russia. It has all the appearance of a large German commercial

town. The streets are narrow and dirty; nor are there any public buildings of note.

As we arrived a little after midnight on Saturday, I passed Sunday there, and attended divine service. The English have a factory and a chaplain, as at St. Petersburg. After church I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Ellis, the clergyman, who kindly asked me to spend the evening with him. Here the modern style of Russian architecture entirely disappears. The language is spoken only by coachmen, who are chiefly Russian; and the government is cordially disliked, except by a few employés who feed on their leaner brethren.

On Monday morning I took the diligence from Riga to Mittau, the capital of Courland, whose frontier is crossed a few miles from the former town. The distance is twenty-seven miles. Mittau is of considerable size, and carries on an extensive trade, favoured by its situation on the Aa, only three or four leagues from its embouchure. Here the baron, who had preceded me on Sunday night, had hired a carriage to convey us to Polangen, the frontier town of Russia, which we reached at two in the afternoon of Wednesday. The road from Mittau to Polangen, a hundred and fifty-four miles, is better than we had anticipated, because information obtained at Riga had led us to believe that our axle-tree would be generally buried in sand, whereas this was the case during the last stage alone.

The provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, were originally occupied by tribes of the *Cestii*, whose name is preserved in the modern appellation of the first of these districts. They long retained the Scythico-Celtic language that prevailed in our own country; and it was probably this fact which gave rise to the observation of a Roman historian, that their language resembled the British. The dialect now spoken is intelligible to neither Russians nor Germans. It is thought to be a compound of the Slavonic of the aborigines and the language of the Teutonic knights who long held these provinces in subjection. The *Cestii* used to carry about with them figures of wild boars as the Swedish peasants do to this day in the month of February, when a festival was celebrated in honour of Frea, the mother of the gods. They fancied that this symbol of superstition served instead of armour, and kept them secure in the midst of foes. It is a curious fact, in confirmation of the opinion that physical and moral habits are hereditary, that the first time these people are mentioned in history, it is as cultivators of corn, and as endowed with a larger share of diligence than falls to the lot of the indolent Germans in general. At the present time corn is the chief article of commerce in these provinces, and the inhabitants retain their reputation for industry. The natives are Lutherans. To the south of Esthonia very few Greek churches are to be seen. The appearance of the people differs greatly from that of the Russians: they resemble more the Swedes. Like them, too, they are free. In the southern parts of Livonia and in Courland the country is far more woody than in Ingria and Esthonia. We drove through prodigious forests, almost rivaling in extent, and far surpassing in variety of foliage, those of Scandinavia. Here and there villages, consisting of five or six houses, are scattered at a distance from each other, and surrounded by isolated patches of vegetation, like little Oases in vast plains of sand. The huts afforded miserable accommodation to a traveller. A bedstead swarming with vermin, covered with a mattress stuffed with leaves, and a single sheet like sail-cloth, is the usual nightly resting-place. Light is supplied by a bit of green fir saturated with its own turpentine. The floor is sprinkled with juniper twigs, to which I am now so habituated that I rather enjoy the smell. Thus in many respects the habits and modes of the people, as well as the general character of the country on this shore of the Baltic, resemble those of the opposite coast.

But one circumstance attracts peculiar notice. It is very remarkable: and seems to tell of a time when either the whole north of Europe was covered by the ocean, or else the present bed of the Baltic was dry land. Large boulders of rock are seen in every direction lying on plains of sand, and distant hundreds of miles from the nearest stone quarry. These consist of granite and other hard crystalline rocks from the mountains of Norway. Detached masses may be traced thence in a direct line through Sweden to its southern coast; the farther they lie from their parent mountain, the more they are scattered, and the less sharp their angular points. Whether or not they exist in the bed of the Baltic is unknown; but on this side they are found again, being still more scattered and rounded. Their peculiar composition refers them at once to the southern part of the Scandinavian chain, whence it would seem

that they have been broken off by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and rolled through the intervening country, becoming rounder and rounder in proportion as their lengthened journey subjected them to friction.

Polangen, as the name indicates, is a Polish village, inhabited principally by Jews. Their dress is as peculiar as their physiognomy. They wear the loose Turkish robe with a ceinture, and a conical cap turned up with fur. The smaller portion of the inhabitants are Catholic; yet the unhappy sons of Judah are the weaker party. In every spot tainted with the Romish superstition one expects to see symbols of idolatry; but here the crosses can scarcely be numbered. They are evidently erected, not to gratify the enthusiasm of devotion, but in mockery of those who mocked the Saviour whom they crucified. Within the precincts of the small church-yard I counted nine crosses, seven crucifixes, and three wooden models of the scourging and burial of the rejected king of the Jews.

Within a short distance of this place we passed the frontier between Russia and Prussia, and pursued our course by post for five hours to Memel. The Prussian *Douanier* was not strict; and the Russian forgot a part of his established duty, which is to see that no coin is taken out of the country. This prohibitory law originated in an extensive exportation of copper by the Jews, who sold it at a high premium, because that metal is of greater value in all other countries than in Russia. The *kopeck* is a piece as large as a half-penny, and there are nine *kopecks* in an English penny. The trade therefore could not fail to be profitable.

Having left my carpet bag in the carriage at Polangen, an accident which I discovered on our arrival at the custom-house only two or three miles from that town, I returned to the *barrière* and begged permission to go back in search of it. The Russian officers, however, maintained that that privilege could not be granted without a new passport. A German nobleman who witnessed our conference, and who, holding the Russians in detestation, was actually leaping with joy because he found himself once more clear of the country, saw they were only waiting for a bribe, and begged me to disappoint them, by sending back my postilion on one of the horses. This I did and succeeded in regaining the bag. I could wish to have left the great empire of Russia under circumstances permitting the last impression of national character to have been more pleasing.

At Memel an hotel is kept by a naturalised Englishman. We enjoyed his comfortable rooms the more, as they formed a pleasing contrast to those in Courland, where the two preceding nights had been passed. That town is situated on the sea coast, at the entrance of a salt water lake called the Curische Haft. The river Memel is the principal channel by which wood growing in Livonia and Courland is brought to the sea. The accumulation of amber on the southeastern coast of the Baltic is accounted for by supposing that substance to be turpentine (that has exuded from fir trees which have themselves decayed) changed in its nature by the length of time it has lain buried in the *hafts*, or lowlands. The ancients called it *glenium*; a word evidently derived from the German *glas*, signifying the same as our own word *glass*, and applied to amber on account of its transparency.

The road from Memel to Königsberg is so sandy that a water conveyance is generally preferred. A trader carried us from one end of the *haft* to the other in eighteen hours, at the rate of four miles an hour. A wagon, the best conveyance we could procure, and the only one that dare encounter the road, took us at the same pace in five hours to Königsberg, the second town of Prussia, where I spent a Sunday and rested two days and a half.

This pause was refreshing to mind and body. It afforded me an opportunity of reflecting on the interesting tour I had just concluded in Russia, and the blessings which attended me in painful and laborious travels through that country. The only language spoken at Königsberg is German; therefore there is no French church. The London Jews' Society has a missionary in this town, with whom I passed an evening on purpose to ascertain the progress of Christianity among the Hebrew population. As in India, the work of conversion advances slowly.

Some large schools on the principal of mutual instruction exist here, formed chiefly by the exertions of the present director, Mr. Vanselow, under the patronage of government. A letter from a friend at Tottenham opened to me at once his schools, his heart, and stores of information. Had my visit to the town been paid

exclusively to this interesting individual, I should consider myself well recompensed. He was sent to England for the purpose of learning the Lancasterian system. With this object he passed three months in the central school of the British and Foreign Society in the Borough Road; then returned to undertake the supervision of a similar institution in his native town. This is the first attempt to introduce the Lancasterian system into Prussia, where a more general interest on the subject of education has been excited than exists, perhaps, in any country except the United States. In one of the periodical papers circulated by the English society, which, (when he can procure them,) Mr. Vanselow exhibits with patriotic interest, it is justly observed under the head of Koenigsberg; "The education of the poor in the protestant states of Germany has been an object of attention with the government from the earliest period of the reformation, and extensive provisions were made for this purpose; a school being established by law in every parish. In Silesia and Saxony scarcely an uneducated child is to be met with, but in many districts and large towns the population has far outgrown this provision. In East Prussia and the Polish provinces especially, the number of uneducated is very numerous, so that at the present time, when the government is contemplating the supplying this deficiency, and anxious to improve the system of the old schools, the establishment of a model school on the British system in the centre of the Prussian dominions is an important measure. The Dutch system called the *simultaneous*, and the Pestalozzian, have of late both prevailed in the Prussian dominions, so that the British system will be subjected to a severer scrutiny than usual, but we doubt not its merits, if fairly exhibited, will establish its superiority."

"The subject of education generally, is at the present time extensively claiming the attention of the public, and we are informed there are several weekly and monthly publications circulated in Prussia, entirely devoted to information respecting education, and which report the state of the various establishments for public and private instruction, and the merits of the different systems pursued."

Koenigsberg contains a population of eighty thousand; a large number of whom are Jews; and many of the inscriptions in the streets and neighbourhood are in Hebrew characters. The town is one of the most irregularly built in Germany. It is unlike any other, except in the dirt of its streets and the unfortunate absence of trottoirs. It is picturesquely situated on the river Pregel, the ancient Outalus, that flows into another salt-water lake called the Fische Haft, into the opposite extremity of which the Weichsel, or Vistula, disembogues itself. Standing on one of its bridges, you have on your right an antique town of the thirteenth century, and, on your left, a pretty country and a prospect not unlike that on the banks of the Thames at Teddington. A castle still exists here, built by the Teutonic Knights, whose head-quarters it formed. The style of architecture is rude, massive, and unsightly; so that the interest of the building is entirely extrinsic and historical.

In the hotel I found a contrivance for obviating the inconvenience of standing outside the door to await the arrival of a *garçon*, as is necessary in inns where one bell is common to many rooms. I have seen the same in some of the northern capitals, but in smaller towns this simple expedient has not yet been generally resorted to. A broad circular board marked with the numbers of the rooms is placed in the centre of each passage. The bell rope hangs by it. When you ring, you turn the hand of this clock-faced apparatus to the number of your own apartment, and the waiter, referring to it, ascertains in which direction his services are required.

On Monday, the eleventh instant, I left Koenigsberg, and travelling three days and nights arrived here on Thursday morning. The distance is seventy-seven and a half German, or three hundred and sixty-two English, miles. The whole road is Macadamised. The excellence of Prussian diligences is proverbial. It is impossible for them to be better arranged. The exact time of arrival at each post station is fixed, with the number of minutes allowed for changing horses, for meals, &c. and a single deviation renders the *conducteur* amenable to the law. The *cabriolet* carries three; the *interieur* six. There is a cushion projection, which serves as a resting place for the head of the traveller sitting in the centre, so that each of the passengers has the full benefit of a corner. Six large pockets and a net afford ample room for books, and all necessary items. The

baron, with another gentleman and myself, occupied one side of the *interieur*. The opposite was secured by a lady and her two daughters, the eldest of whom was on her way to the bridal altar. The other was an interesting girl of seventeen, full of vivacity, good sense, and simplicity; having, the day before, left her native town for the first time in her life. I almost envied her the delight which the novelty of each object afforded. She could not believe that the charm would wear away; and who would wish to release her from the pleasing delusion?

The road from Koenigsberg lies through a country rather picturesque than otherwise; and through many towns of considerable size and importance. One of the most interesting of these is Marienburg, eighty-three miles from Koenigsberg; where a castle, once inhabited by the Teutonic knights, still rears its sombre towers, recalling to mind tales of chivalry and blood. Dantzic, one of the first commercial towns on the Baltic, containing little of scientific interest, is only six German miles from Marienburg. The ancient inhabitants of this part of the coast, are said to have worshipped, under the name of Alcis, those electric phenomena that sometimes appear in the neighbourhood during a storm, like meteors on the masts of ships; to which the Roman Catholics still pay religious veneration under the title of "the fire of St. Elmo." It is a curious fact that the name of the old divinity is still preserved by northern nations under the corrupted form of Alf, or Alp, a designation they apply to the presiding genii of the mountains.

From Marienburg the road, deserting the coast of the Baltic, runs in a southwesterly direction through that part of Poland which fell to the share of Prussia when the iniquitous division of that injured country between the three great neighbouring powers was effected. A large proportion of the population is Jewish. They wear the dress I have described as distinguishing them at Polangen, except that the conical cap is exchanged for a broad brimmed slouched hat. Their persons are filthy in the extreme. The squalid appearance of a Jew elsewhere will bear no comparison with that of a Jew in Poland. Most of the inns are in their hands. In this department they exercise freely that love of gain which acts as a ruling passion among those who, without country, rank, or character, feel that money is the only thing that can secure to them even the outward tokens of respect. At Friedeburg we halted some time. I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the cemetery. It is of extraordinary size compared with the population, but yet filled with tombs. All the inscriptions are in Hebrew characters; a peculiarity which gives this burial-ground a novel and interesting appearance.

Landsburg and Custrim are large fortified towns, well built in the German style, but wearing an appearance of modern manners and refinements more than those in the south of Prussia. This country was formerly inhabited by a tribe of Germans called Semnones, described as the most ancient and noble of the Suevi. Two curious facts connected with their superstitious rites are recorded by the classic historian of Germany. The first is, that representatives of all the tribes who claimed one common origin were in the habit of meeting periodically in a wood, rendered peculiarly sacred and terrific by some fearful legend, and of slaughtering there a human victim to propitiate the deity. The next is, that no person was permitted to enter this wood till he had first bound a chain round his body in token of entire subjection to the deity presiding there; and that, if he fell, (as with such an incumbrance it was not improbable he should,) he might not rise again, but was compelled to roll along the ground till he reached the place of sacrifice.

It was five in the morning of Thursday, the 14th instant, when I entered this capital, whose fortunes and reverses might furnish subject for a tragedy. Though out of twenty days, passed since leaving Moscow, sixteen days and ten nights were spent in a carriage, yet I was ready to encounter a new city, with all its palaces, museums, gardens, and boulevards. Three days have now been busily occupied in this way, and it is with difficulty and a jealous gloaming of minutes that I am able hastily to put together these lines, which will present, I fear, an unconnected whole. During my wanderings in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia, I have sent you detailed accounts of all I saw, because those countries are little known by comparison with more southern kingdoms. None of your personal friends have travelled there; and I know the different interest with which we listen to reports from a stranger and to the narration of one with whose mind we are familiar. Two productions may be equally good; but the value of either is greatly enhanced when we are intimately acquainted

with the construction and minute operations of the machinery employed. I am now moving in a well beaten track. Berlin, with the cities in my future route, are already known to you through the medium of other travellers: I shall, therefore, only sketch the outline, and trust to your recollection to supply minutiae. Here I am so near home that I have lost the sensation, sometimes painful, of a wanderer in remote and half civilised regions.

I ought, perhaps, to give some account of the city; but I can add nothing to the information you already possess concerning it. It stands on the Spree, which yields health and comfort in its course through the metropolis. The circumference of Berlin is calculated to be eleven English miles; its population two hundred thousand. On the whole, it is a fine city. The streets are all wide; many unusually so, and rivaling in length the Nevski Prospekt of St. Petersburg. One of these named *Unter den Linden*, or the avenue of lime trees, affords a delightful promenade in summer. In the centre of the street double rows of limes form two parallel avenues a mile in length. Outside each of the exterior rows are a pavé for carriages and a raised pathway for pedestrians. The houses are built with regularity; and being well stuccoed, have the appearance of stone. The Brandenburg gate terminates the vista of the avenue. This is a colossal structure, consisting of two colonnades of massive Doric columns supporting a flooring on which Victory, in a triumphal car, brandishes the Prussian eagle.

Yesterday the king's youngest son introduced his bride to his father's loyal subjects. Half the population of the city was assembled in the *Unter den Linden* to witness the procession as it entered the Brandenburg gate. A regiment of hussars preceded. The first carriages were filled with some of the chief officers of state. The maids of honour followed. Then the royal bride and bridegroom, drawn by six horses richly caparisoned, The prince looks young, and cannot be more than twenty-two. His bride seems older. The occurrence was particularly interesting to a traveller, because it collected in one spot all classes of society, and afforded an opportunity of observing various costumes, modes, and equipages. But I confess towns have less charms for me than country; the gaiety of a metropolis fewer attractions than the unsophisticated habits of the simple Norlanders. Art bears no comparison with nature; and the cities of Germany sorrowfully contrast with the scenery of Norway.

The two royal palaces, the museum, academy, and arsenal, are buildings handsome in their way; but to an eye familiar with the architecture of St. Petersburg every town appears comparatively deficient. The interior of the king's residence contains not a single article worthy of notice, except an astronomical clock, wound up only once a year, which works an orrery giving the motions of the seven larger planets of our system. The museum of natural history is not a good one; if I except the collection of birds, that cannot be too much admired, containing nearly eight thousand specimens, many of which were very uncommon. The anatomical museum is one of the first of its kind. The preparations are numerous, choice, and well arranged. For the Egyptian museum, which is superior to every other in Europe, except that at Paris, Prussia is indebted to the indefatigable labours, research, and travels, of Signor Passalacqua. In the picture gallery many originals of the Italian school have a place; but none of the first rate pieces which form the boast of Rome, Florence, Vienna, and Dresden. The antique statues are well arranged; and their dismembered bodies have been supplied with modern limbs.

The number of houses in the town is seven thousand. Of these six thousand five hundred are insured. As there are few wooden buildings, it is difficult to account for the greater than ordinary dread of fire manifested by the insurance of so large a proportion. The hotels are good; at least, when compared with those to which I have been long accustomed; but a German inn affords poor accommodation to those who have enjoyed the comforts of travelling in the south.

The Prussian government has been peculiarly considerate of foreigners; for the price of every thing that they can require is fixed by authority. Not only the charge for post-horses, but that for a *laquais de place*, apartments at an inn, food, and firing, is appointed by a public officer, who sees that a *tariff* is suspended in every chamber, so that no extortion can be practised.

Some bronze and marble statues are dispersed about the town. The finest are those of Bulow, Blucher, and Scharnhorst, who stand before an admiring posterity, monuments of their own mortality and imperishable

fame. On the most frequented bridge is an equestrian figure of Frederick, the last elector of Brandenburg, and father of the first king of Prussia, who was crowned, if I remember right, in 1700. His name was Frederick: his son's Frederick William: and his grandson succeeded to the throne under the name of Frederick the second, which an approving people commuted to "Frederick the Great." The fourth king was Frederick William the Second, father of the present sovereign, who bears, and has transmitted to his son, the same favourite name. Their pictures, with those of the old electors, are ranged round the walls of the "Salle blanche" in the palace, and form pendants in this sister kingdom to those of the emperors and tsars in the kremlin of Moscow.

The king is very popular. He lives unostentatiously; shows himself often to his subjects; imposes as few taxes as possible; manifests a laudable desire to raise Prussia in the scale of nations rather by moral than military prowess; and in consulting the happiness of his people, secures his own. There is no country of Europe where so much attention is paid to education as in Prussia. Even a Bible Society exists under the express sanction of government. By some means the Bible used by our Charles the First on the scaffold has found its way into this country, and is preserved in the royal library, forming by far the most interesting object in that gallery.

The tomb of the late unfortunate Queen Louise stands in the gardens of Charlottenberg, about three miles out of the city. As a piece of sculpture the monument is considered exquisitely beautiful. But it is historical association that generally yields to objects of this nature their chief interest. Suffering excites compassion; and when the sufferer is a female, young, virtuous, and royal, the heart that does not sympathise must be callous; and no less bold if it dare to acknowledge its obduracy.

The trade of Berlin consists chiefly in silks, wool, Prussian blue, and cutlery. By means of canals, uniting the Spree to the Oder and the Elbe, a direct water communication exists with the German Ocean and the Baltic. The iron trinkets manufactured in this capital, which have been so much worn of late in London, are prettily executed. I passed some time in a shop containing a large assortment, and collected a few specimens as souvenirs of the noble-minded women who voluntarily laid down their jewels at the feet of the defenders of their country.

The military force, consisting of two hundred thousand men, is supported at an annual expense of four millions sterling, about half the whole revenue of the state. Every soldier is obliged to wear mustachios. No corporal chastisement is inflicted. Imprisonment, degradation, and other moral punishments are substituted; and the army is under excellent discipline.

I passed two hours yesterday with Mr. G—, a Lutheran minister of the established church, from whom I hoped to gain information as to the state of religion in Berlin. His report was not favourable. It seems that the union between Calvinists and Lutherans was effected as a political, rather than religious, measure: and, as might be expected, it is less real than nominal. When will the rancour of "theological hatred" be exchanged for that "charity" which "is not easily provoked?"

LETTER XVI.

Dresden, 22d October, 1830.

You must be so much in the habit of receiving letters rich in information from the Italian nursery of the arts and sciences, that a ramble through the less fertile regions of the north feels he has little by comparison to offer. You will have read of my wanderings over the lowlands of Holland, the sandy plains of Denmark, the mountains of Norway, the forests of Sweden, the undulating fields of Finland, and the half civilised governments of Russia. My last letter traced my homeward route from Moscow, through the Teutonic provinces of the Baltic, skirting anti-Christian Poland, to the capital of Prussia. From Berlin I went to Potsdam, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great. So far on the way to Dresden, I could not resist the temptation of visiting this town to see the finest collection of pictures in Germany.

Potsdam is nineteen miles from Berlin. Frederick's suite of apartments and the furniture are shown, it is said, in the state in which he left them at his death: but many tenants have occupied them since that event. Happily, implicit faith in such a tale is not essential to the mind's reception of grateful associations. Here he lived and thought. Here he planned schemes in which resulted the glory of his country and the defeat of her enemies.

His fine mind has shed a lustre on the spot; and Potsdam will be venerated as long as the history of Prussia is read. Several royal palaces are here; but descriptions of buildings are generally uninteresting: I will therefore avoid them, only recalling to your mind that in one of these Napoleon dwelt before the battle that subjected Prussia to his arms; and that another is the retreat in which the conceited philosopher of Ferney sojourned as the favoured guest of the royal philosopher of "Sans souci."

The distance from Potsdam to the capital of Saxony is a hundred and ten miles, which we accomplished in twenty-two hours. En route, I enjoyed the society of a gentleman of pleasing manners and general information, who, on our arrival, put his card into my hand, gave me a ticket of admission to a public reading-room, and requested that I would join his family at tea in the evening. I find that he is one of the principal men in this little kingdom, the president of a court whose jurisdiction extends over all ecclesiastical affairs and moral institutions. His wife is a celebrated beauty, much admired by Napoleon seventeen years ago, when she was in the full bloom of adolescence. She is now rich in the love of a devoted husband, and the caresses of a little cherub-group of innocents.

The country between Berlin and Dresden was formerly occupied by a race of people, called Hermanduri, mentioned in history as being the only one permitted to traffic freely within the Roman territories; a privilege granted on account of their exemplary fidelity. It is recorded by their historian, that they were allowed to pass and repass the frontiers at pleasure; and that "while the Romans displayed to other nations their camps and their arms, this favourite tribe was permitted to enter their town-houses and country-seats, which they did without coveting the luxuries of their more refined and wealthy neighbours." The country is flat, but well cultivated; and the peasants, especially in Prussia, have an appearance of comfort which offers a happy contrast to the squalid condition of the debased serfs of Russia. In all the northern countries on this side the Baltic, guard-houses, barriers, and other public buildings, are marked as the property of government by broad stripes of paint in diagonal lines. In Prussia, black and white alternate with each other. In Russia a third stripe of red is added: and our entrance into Saxony was manifested by an enormous *bâtière* which stretched across the road its lengthened streaks of green and white.

It was early in the morning of Tuesday, the nineteenth instant, when we reached Dresden, which stands on the Elbe, in the midst of a picturesque valley, surrounded by hills at this season blushing with the rich and purple clusters of their vineyards. Under Augustus the Third, the Saxon metropolis was regarded by the civilised world as the Athens of modern times. Music, poetry, and painting, were cherished by that prince with zeal and munificence such as the brightest days of ancient history can scarcely boast. But times are changed. Dresden is not what Dresden was. Perhaps some part of the distress she has subsequently known may be traced to former excess of liberality. Yet the present town is handsomely built, though small. Its usually peaceful appearance is just now interrupted by a number of men wearing a semi-military costume, with a handkerchief round the left arm, distinguishing them as the national guard, or militia, raised last month, after the disturbances of which you have doubtless read in the newspaper, and in anticipation of others that are supposed to be ripening against the 30th instant, a fête in honour of the great reformer. Whether or not a riot may then occur it is difficult to decide; but the public mind is in a state of great agitation induced by the injudicious conduct of the king, who is a slave to the priests.

Ever since the early part of the last century, when the elector of Saxony changed his Lutheran queen to obtain the hand of the queen of Poland, the Saxons have been dissatisfied with their royal family. Some evils which perhaps really exist, as a necessary consequence of the smallness of the kingdom, and others existing only in imagination, are attributed to the despotism of a Catholic hierarchy and the foibles of the sovereign. Imprudent measures lately adopted by the king, kindled into a flame the heated embers which, though smothered, still continued to smoke. The people, incited by the aristocracy, cry loudly for an exemption from taxes for the support of Romish priests. The Irish rôle is reversed. Protestants refuse to pay for Catholic chains. In the disturbance of last month, they demolished the police-house, and threatened to pull down the palace, unless the king would ensure them against further evils by taking as his assessor on the throne his nephew, Frederick Augustus, the heir presumptive, who is less bigoted to a heterodox

creed. Following the example of his predecessors in the great empire of which his own is but a Lilliputian member, he complied; and now Anthony and Frederick are joint kings of Saxony.

The palace in which they live resembles a prison rather than a royal residence. It consists of a range of buildings round a sombre court-yard, flanked with towers which tell a tale of many centuries. The windows of these, defended by iron gratings, are parallel to the flight of stairs within; and, forming an angle with the outer lines of the building, wear an aspect singularly grotesque. As I walked through the square, my guide was the only person I saw. Dirt and desolation rival each other.

The Zwinger contains a cabinet of natural history and artificial curiosities. Many singular specimens of art are collected here, particularly such as are of microscopic workmanship. Amongst these are exhibited the Lord's prayer written legibly in German, French, and Latin, on a circle the size of a sixpence; twenty-eight figures carved on a cherry-stone; and several other diminutives of a similar nature. There are also some pieces of peculiar construction, and organs with tubes of paper and glass, instead of metal.

The Zwinger, however, as well as the arsenal which contains the most perfect collection existing of armour of every species, age, and nation, is an object of minor importance when compared with the picture gallery. This is a building consisting of four long rooms, each forming one side of a square. Three walls in every room are covered with pictures, while the fourth forms the framework of a series of windows, extending from top to bottom, and so furnished with blinds as to allow every possible variation in the admission of light. The most celebrated production in this collection is "The Assumption" by Raphael. The Virgin is in the act of ascending to heaven with the infant Jesus in her arms. On her left, a female saint (supposed to be Saint Barbara) stands with her arms crossed over the breast in an attitude of devotion. On the right, the pope with uncovered head, and the tiara by his side, kneels before the "mother of God," at whose feet two little angels spread their joyous wings. The expression of every countenance, and the life infused throughout the whole, indicate a master's hand. One part of the performance, however, seems a bad taste. An iron rod is represented as holding a curtain which is drawn back to exhibit the Virgin. The supposition of a physical impediment to the eye of faith involves an admixture of sense and spirit which can scarcely consist with unity of design. This picture is perhaps incorrectly called the Virgin's assumption, because that event was subsequent to the period when her offspring was an infant. It is sometimes called the Sebastian Madonnas, in honour of the pope who requested Raphael to paint it. As there are many engravings, you may probably recognise it under this name.

Another *chef-d'œuvre* is from the hand of Titian. It represents our Saviour holding the tribute money, and commanding the subtle Pharisees to render "unto God the things that are God's." There are also a "Venus" by Titian; "La Noüe" by Correggio, with a representation of the Saviour's birth; a Venetian portrait by Leonardo di Vinci; and two landscapes by Claude; which rank as the jewels of this treasury of the arts. But a mere enumeration of names is uninteresting; and no description can convey an adequate idea of a fine painting. I cannot help remarking that in "La Noüe" the conception is peculiarly fine. The centre of the picture is illumined by a blaze of light proceeding from the incarnate God; and the darkness of night is made to disappear before the glory of the sun of righteousness. At the same time, distant objects, artfully thrown into shadow, exhibit the blackness of the gloom which his beams have dispelled. Two rooms, rich in the number and value of specimens, are allotted to originals of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Next to this in interest is the collection of antiquities, comprising many medallions, busts, and marble statues, from Herculaneum, Pompeii, Rome and Naples. Some are perfect; but others, injured by time, have been unskillfully repaired. This well arranged and valuable gallery afforded me a rich feast for two hours. The director of the Académie des Antiquités, brought yesterday an ancient seal, with a request that I would endeavour to decipher the inscription. On examination, it proved to be Arabic and Persian, much ornamented with flourishes. It consists of a name, an Arabic sentence, and four Persian verses, of which I submitted a translation in English, and in the more universal language, Latin; together with a transcript of the original in the

common oriental written character; which are now deposited, with the seal, in the cabinet of antiquities.

The church of the virgin is an ugly stone building with a high dome in the centre, whose orbicular form threw off the balls and shells which the king of Prussia fired in the hope of destroying it in the middle of the last century. The interior is formed into a large amphitheatre, round which four galleries are ranged, one above the other in an elegant mode. The organ stands over a projection allotted to the communion table; an arrangement peculiar to this church. In no other do I recollect to have seen the organ at the east end of the building. The seats are circular and face the communion table. From the tower of this church we enjoyed a beautiful view of the town and the surrounding country, with the heights of Racknitz, where a simple monument is erected to the memory of Moreau.

The treasury, or green vault is so called from the green diamond it contains, well known as unique of its kind. The collection of jewels and precious stones here deposited is perfectly astonishing. I will not attempt a description to which none but a scientific lapidary could do justice. Besides the green diamond, a white one, the seventh in the world in point of size, is preserved here; its superiors being in the Brazils, St. Petersburg, London, Paris, Vienna, and Rome. Among the treasures are also a Madonna in enamel, three feet and a half long, an oval seven inches, and two oval sapphires three inches in length, with a collection of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, far exceeding in value that of every other court in Europe. My attention was attracted by a curious representation in enamel of the court of the Great Mogul sitting in state, with a hundred and fifty gold and silver courtiers and servants. The learned professor, who had demanded and obtained three dollars previous to our admission, descanted largely on the accuracy of the model: perhaps a full assurance that none of his audience could contradict him, would have converted the enamel face into an exact likeness of the present incumbent of the throne. I listened with becoming faith to the dissertation; and pitied the chagrin with which he heard that I had repeatedly attended the dumber of the living pageant.

Within a few miles of the town is a spot known by the name of "the valley of rocks." Here I spent an afternoon with my kind friend the president, who justly thought that his local knowledge would enhance the pleasure of the trip, and therefore volunteered to act as my guide. The valley is highly picturesque, being enriched by nature with her choicest gifts. It is the defile through which Napoleon's army marched, and bade defiance to the separated forces of Austria and Prussia, ranged on the rugged summits, and on opposite sides, of the rocks which form the valley. Two miles farther off, my companion has a country seat, where his wife and children remained, while he, from the window of his house at Dresden, watched the battle which terminated in the triumph of the allies. When they entered the town, he hastened to rejoin his family; but, descending into this ravine, filled with the carcases of the French, he observed a number of gentlemen seized and compelled to assist in the sepulture of the offensive mass. Rank afforded no exemption from the general press; so he resolved to attempt a dangerous bye-path, trodden only by an occasional forester. His successful essay, and the historical facts connected with it, added greatly to the interest with which we traversed this romantic valley.

Fifteen miles from Dresden is a district of twice that extent, known by the name of Saxon Switzerland, which, inviting the traveller by its name, rewards him with its beauties. It is Switzerland in miniature. A chain of hills and fragments of hills of every form and size, thick forests, smiling valleys, and naked rocks, are blended together and interspersed with waterfalls and mountain torrents, in all the variety of southern *Helvetia*. This morning I started, in company with two gentlemen, to visit the justly celebrated district. One of them is a German, with whom I became acquainted at Berlin; the other, Mr. Curzon, a fine young Englishman, whom I met yesterday in the public library.

In an hour our trio reached the king's palace at Pillnitz, which is only superior to that in Dresden. The roof is covered with little wooden boxes surmounted by spires in the Japanese style, while the lower part of the building aspires to nothing higher than German architecture. The tout ensemble is singularly grotesque and outré, nor would it ever attract attention but as the spot where the confederation against France was formed in 1792. Pursuing our course along the banks of the

Elbe, we entered at an early hour La Suisse Saxonne; and ascending, by a circuitous route, a gigantic rock, found ourselves in the ruins of an ancient fortress, called the Bastei. This was inhabited in the thirteenth century by a band of those half-barbarian Teutonic knights, or lawless robbers, who lived by the conquest of some and by the plunder of all. The *burg*, or fort, commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The Elbe washes with its tranquil stream the foot of the rock, round which forests of firs expand their dark green branches on the sloping surface of sand-stone hills, and through the lengthened windings of the valley. In front, arises the sister, or the rival, fort of Lilienstein (the lily's stone). On this solitary hill, in the form of a truncated cone, the knights of Dona defied the forces of the emperor, and held in tribute the peasantry of Saxony. The twin *burg* of Koenigstein, which stands on a similar rock, is impregnable. The sides of the mountain are almost perpendicular; and the only access is by a draw-bridge impending over a fearful gulf. Thus fortified by nature, every effort to subdue the fort has been unsuccessful; and Koenigstein remains the single virgin citadel of Germany.

It is generally admitted that the character of the country in Saxon Switzerland, which is on the frontier of Bohemia, is unique. For many miles masses of sand-stone rise to a height of seven and eight hundred feet, assuming not the appearance of rocks, but that of the pillars of some vast fabric which time has worn into a variety of grotesque forms. The gorges between these are deep, narrow, smooth, and perpendicular. It seems as if they were the effect of little rivulets which flowing for ages have intersected the soft rock with lengthened furrows. The walls thus formed are themselves cleft in pieces by some unknown agent, and their fearfully dark and irregular fissures, doomed to perpetual banishment from the light of day, present recesses black, dreary, and terrific, to which some imaginative mind profanely affixed, and custom perpetuates, the name of Hell. Here, on beds of sandstone, large masses of granite are found, which must have been projected from a distance of many miles by some convulsion of nature. The species of rock is the same as that traced through the German provinces of Russia to the Scandinavian mountains, and there is little doubt that those fragments have been detached from the grand dépôt on the opposite side of the Baltic.

One curiously shaped rock goes by the name of *Kuhstall*, or the cow-stall, from some fancied resemblance to that animal, or from a legend connected with the spot. A Saxon citizen once found himself on this eminence contemplating this panoramic view. The occasion inspired him; he sought a propitious muse; and his prolific mind produced a sublime effusion, which translated runs thus:—

I have seen it,
I have seen it,
I have seen the divine cow-stall!

The next visiter, struck with the absurdity of the lines, completed the stanza in a happier strain, writing under the above,

I have read it,
I have read it,
There has been a calf in the cow-stall!

This specimen of vanity, with the severe castigation it received, remains a perpetual record on the *Kuhstall* to the amusement of travellers.

It is interesting to observe the use of the word *burg*, connected with a fortification, in German, as in almost all the Teutonic languages of Europe. In Arabic, the same term, with the alteration of a letter, *burj*, signifies primarily a bastion, and by extension any fortified place. This meaning has been retained by all northern nations who have borrowed the word; and we, with the rest, name our towns once fortified, *burgs* or boroughs. There are some, I know, who think we derive the word from the Greek *purgos*, a citadel; but this is less probable, because the Arabic etymology can be traced through another channel, which cannot by possibility be Grecian, in all the southern countries of Europe. In Arabia, as throughout the east, the *caravanserais*, or resting places for travellers, are surrounded by walls, sometimes flanked with towers; and each is called *Alburj*, the fortified or protected place. The Italians borrowing the term, without sufficiently considering its definite meaning, apply it generally to all houses of accommodation for strangers; hence their word *Albergo*. The French, who always change *l* between *a* and a consonant into *u*,

as in the words *aumones*, *autel*, *autre*, and others, call an inn *auberge*. The Spaniards and Portuguese have likewise made a similar application of the Arabic word, whose prefixed article decides its Saracenic origin.

But with this digression I must conclude my letter. I had not intended so abruptly to quit Saxon Switzerland for a tour through Europe and an excursion into Asia. However, as it is past midnight, and as I leave Saxony at an early hour in the morning, perhaps it is well that my train of thoughts has been thus interrupted. Otherwise I might have detained you still longer in musings on the connection of our Saxon conquerors with this interesting country.

LETTER XVII.

Cuxhaven, 29th October, 1830.

On the twenty-third instant I left Dresden, where I had experienced much enjoyment, and arrived at an early hour in the afternoon at Leipzig. The distance is sixty miles. The roads through Saxony are particularly good; and this runs through a picturesque district, for the most part on the banks of the Elbe. It is the season of vintage, and the peasants are busily engaged in robbing the hilly slopes of their mantling clusters. In many parts the grapes are already gathered; in others, the vines still bend over their rich and purple pendants, yielding to the country the charms of Rhenish and Italian scenery. On the right, we left at some little distance the town of Wittenburg, consecrated by the faith and works of our great reformer. Here, from the cell of an Augustine monk, issued the thunders of truth which shook the papal hierarchy; here, in the market place, the bull of excommunication committed to the flames proclaimed as irreconcilable the hostilities subsisting between the enemy and the defender of religious liberty; and here repose the mortal remains of the German Boanerges and of his friend the amiable Melancthon.

We passed through Meissen, celebrated for its china manufactory, its ancient monastery and towering steeple, and its romantic situation on the bank of the Elbe. This is the only town of note between Dresden and Leipzig. None of my companions in the *schnell-post*, or diligence, talked French, and I should have been solitary in the midst of many, but for a young student of the Leipzig university, who understood Latin. As the public conveyance to Hamburg leaves Leipzig only twice a week, I was compelled to start again the following morning; and the few remaining hours of daylight only sufficed to enable me to visit the two most interesting objects in the town; the house where Luther disputed with Dr. Eck, and the spot where Poniatowski fell. The former, situated in the public market place, is now occupied by a petty grocer, who was surprised at my visit, and still more at the interest his house excited. It is singular that in a town where the champion of reformed faith is greatly venerated, the theatre of one of his most famous discussions should be so little known that a stranger has to hunt it out by tedious enquiries.

You, doubtless, recollect the circumstances of Poniatowski's death. When Napoleon, no longer able to maintain his position in Leipzig against the allied forces, resolved on flight, he ordered a bridge across the Elster to be blown up as soon as he was safely landed on the other side. The faithful Pole kept the Swedes at bay while his master fled; when, following with his division, he found the expected means of his escape destroyed. Closely pursued, he sought a spot where the river is narrow, and boldly leaped in. His charger gained the opposite bank, but not having strength to ascend its steep acclivity, fell backwards on the rider and involved him in its own destruction. The scene of this catastrophe was the garden of a wealthy banker, Reuchenbach; whose name, notwithstanding his fallen fortunes, it still retains. A simple stone erected on the spot from which he leaped bears the name, itself a sufficient eulogy, of Poniatowski. A few months since, in a distant Africa, I stood over a similar monument, which covers all that was Napoleon. The coincidence was striking and touching. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

Leipzig is rather a good specimen of German towns. Some of the houses, very old and richly ornamented with carved wood-work, give a venerable air to the place. Others, handsomely built in more modern style, are lofty and not inelegant. The town was crowded to excess, for an annual fair had just been held. It is the largest in Germany; attended by representatives of the principal merchants from all the chief cities of the continent, and even from London.

Great traffic in books is carried on in Leipzig. A very expensive press, in which many English works are reprinted, has contributed more than the university to give literary eclat to a town already famous as the site of a vast commercial fair, the scene of religious disputation, and the arena of two bloody battles. The anniversary of that of 1813 was celebrated only five days before my arrival. It would have been gratifying to witness such a fête in Germany; especially, as I was present at the celebration of a similar festival in Holland, in commemoration of another victory which despoiled the Corsican of his unrighteous honours. The first battle fought here was that of 1632, when Gustavus the Second of Sweden lost his life. The two occurred at a little village called Lutzen, near Leipzig.

The road from Leipzig to Hamburg almost immediately enters Prussia. The first town through which we passed is Halle, distant twenty-four miles from Leipzig. It contains one of the seventeen universities of Germany. The great physiologist Meckel has a professor's chair here. There is also an establishment, called "L'institut de la Bible de Kanstein," which keeps twelve presses constantly at work in striking off impressions of the Bible; and it is said to have printed three millions of Bibles in the past century for cheap distribution to the poor. Whether this be really the case, or how far the object of its first founder is answered in the present day, I could not accurately ascertain; but I fear that object must be opposed by the spirit of rationalism which tinges with its deadly hue all the public seminaries of Germany.

From Halle, passing through the duchy of Bernburg, we reached, after a journey of forty-eight miles, the strong fortifications of Magdeburg, commanding the Elbe in a point which has often been the scene of political contention. This part of Germany was formerly occupied by the Langobardi, or Longbeards, who afterwards founded the Lombard kingdom in Italy.

We passed quickly through Magdeburg, the chief town of the duchy of that name, and made the best of our way over a dull, monotonous country, to Kletzke, a distance of seventy-five miles, where the diligence from Berlin to Hamburg was waiting to carry us on; the *conducteur* expecting that our number would not exceed three or four. Owing, however, to the recent fair at Leipzig, the road was unusually frequented; and, as we formed a party of seventeen, a number of small, dirty, crazy calèches were hired to convey us to our journey's end.

Thirty-six miles beyond Kletzke, and just across the Prussian frontier, is Ludevislust, the capital of the independent duchy of Mecklenburg. It is a beautiful little town, with a palace that would do honour to a more extensive principality. The character of the country indicated that we were not far distant from Holstein. The same barren sands, the same dull unvaried plains, and the same birds keeping watch on the house-top over a country which no one could plunder, reminded me of the early part of the highly interesting tour which is now drawing to a close. Since these birds and this kind of country were last presented to my eye, I have travelled six thousand miles, and seen every kingdom of the North of Europe. The result has been much pleasure and a comparative restoration to health. Yet a return to my country, more loved and appreciated than ever, and to all the endearments of kindred ties and friendship, is hailed with delight, unalloyed by a single wish for farther wanderings.

Seven tedious German miles carried us through the duchies of Mecklenburg and Lauenburg. During the greater part of this journey, especially in the duchy of Mecklenburg, we remarked large boulders of rock, such as those to which I have already alluded as being strewed over the German provinces of Russia on the coast of the Baltic. They are to be found all over the great sandy plains in the north of Germany. The king of Prussia is making roads through every part of his flat kingdom, with materials almost exclusively derived from boulders which have travelled from the Scandinavian chain. On the side of the road where these large masses are broken up, one might form a collection comprehending a series of minerals peculiar to Norway. The fact, that all the boulders are rounded, proves the distance they have travelled.

The duchy of Lauenburg, belonging to Denmark, extends to the very gates of the free city of Hamburg. We skirted the sandy Hanoverian dominions of our king, as in the earlier part of the journey we had bordered on those of his relation, the duke of Brunswick; and for many miles our route lay through silicious beds, rivalling in depth those of Hanover. The whole distance from

Leipzig to Hamburg is about two hundred and fifty miles, which we accomplished in fifty-three hours, arriving there on the morning of the 26th instant.

Owing to bad roads and arrangements between the different petty states, which require frequent transfers from one diligence to another, and allow of places being secured only to the frontier station, the journey involved both trouble and tedium. During the latter part great inconvenience was experienced by all the party who started from Leipzig; for, as I have mentioned, when we joined the Berlin diligence at Kletzke, we were placed under charge of the *conducteur* from the Prussian capital. His complement being previously secured, we were stowed away in *bye-wagens*, or extra chaises, which are changed at every post-house. These are miserable conveyances, admitting rain and wind on every side; and the system gives rise to great trouble and vexatious delays in the transfer of luggage and arrangement of passengers. Unhappily for us, it rained the whole of the last night; and one of our *bye-wagens* upsetting in a ditch and breaking the springs, its contents were distributed among the others, previously groaning under their load, to the sad increase of murmurs and murmurs. So much for little troubles of ephemeral importance which afford a smile in the retrospect.

It was a singular coincidence that, of six who occupied the interior of the diligence from Leipzig, four talked English, and one of the other two spoke French, a tongue common to all except a solitary female, whose powers were limited to the harsh and guttural, but comprehensive language of Germany. Nearly all the party, seventeen in number, had some connection with the fair in Leipzig. Most of them were merchants, or agents, who had been there to make sales and purchases. One was an obliging and intelligent young man, a native of Hamburg, who has resided eight years in London, conducting an extensive trade in furs, and travelled from England on purpose to attend the fair. He proved a valuable acquisition on such a road. Amongst other things, I was amused by his letting out one of the *ruses* of his trade. Observing that he was inspecting the fur collar of my cloak, I asked him to what animal it had belonged. He said, "It is Siberian." I repeated my question. He answered, "it is jennet." Unacquainted with any animal of that name except the small Spanish horse, I asked, "what sort of animal is the jennet?" He said "carnivorous." "How large?" "About two feet long." "What is it like? What are its habits?" He hesitated; then said he could scarcely tell. I remarked that I was surprised to hear the fur was jennet, since I had bought the skin at St. Petersburg as that of a Siberian cat. "Well, sir," he replied, and so it is: but I did not know you were aware of it; and I thought you might not like to be told. English ladies would not wish to know that they wear cat's skin, so furriers always call it jennet!"

Safely arrived at Hamburg, I was informed that an extra steamer would start the following morning for London. Having visited the town before, I had no motive for delay; and accordingly secured a berth on the Attwood, bound for London direct. Mr. Oppenheim, the well-informed Hamburg merchant just alluded to, was my only companion in the great cabin; There were two passengers before the mast. It blew strongly from the west as we went down the Elbe, at the mouth of which we encountered a gale which compelled to throw out an anchor off Cuxhaven. Many ships were in a similar predicament, having been already detained three or four days by a strong contrary wind. Every hour it blew harder and harder; and the motion of the vessel became so violent, that we requested the captain to put us on shore at that town, which he promised to do in the morning, if the weather continued to arrest our progress. Since then we have been detained here. Yesterday the storm was very violent. To-day it has abated a little; and this evening we are told that if the present favourable appearances continue through the night, we may hope to start in the morning; in which case I may be the bearer of my own despatch. The captain is to hoist a flag as our summons. A boat is ready to take us on board; and at break of day I shall anxiously look out for the signal—

"As one who, long detained on foreign shores
Pants to return."

London, 3d of November, 1830.

I little thought that the past would be so eventful a week. On Saturday morning, the expected signal appeared, and we went on board. The breeze was still very fresh, and the weather seemed portentous. We had scarcely cleared the last land-marks, when the wind blew harder from the west; the angry sky loured in tempest,

and our vessel groaned under the concussion of the waves. During the whole of that day and Sunday the storm increased. My companion was confined by sickness to his berth which he scarcely quitted for four days. The motion of the vessel was so violent that, not having gained my "sea-legs," I could hardly stand: and the quivering, or rotatory motion, peculiar to a steamer, made me suffer more uneasiness than I have before experienced at sea. Through Sunday night and Monday the gale continued, the elements vying with each other. The wind was furious, the sea white with the foam of its own rage, and the billows roared,

"Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds."

On Monday, the captain said that, unless the wind changed, the coals would not last us into any port; that without her engine the vessel could not stand against the storm; that we had scarcely made more than one knot an hour with the whole force of two forty-horse-power engines; that we had no other alternative but to go back to Cuxhaven: and that, if detained on the voyage, we had not provisions sufficient for the crew. I have encountered such gales in the Atlantic, that, in a sailing vessel in an open sea, with plenty of food, I should not have thought the danger imminent. But a steamer without steam is unmanageable; and provisions intended for a voyage of two days had already been distributed into six scanty portions. Our captain and his mate were alarmed, and the passengers could not be insensible to their critical situation. On Monday morning, the wind veered round a little; a circumstance which induced the captain to decide on making direct for Yarmouth, or Lowestoft, on the inhospitable coast of Norfolk: though with a slender hope of reaching land, as it continued to blow a gale from W. N. W. In the middle of the night, between Monday and Tuesday, the wind suddenly died away. The lead was heaved and soundings were found; we were under the lee of the British isles. The sea became calmer and calmer, and our vessel made progress at the rate of eight knots an hour. Yesterday forenoon we were off Harwich and late in the evening landed at Gravesend, because we had not sufficient coals to carry us to London. Had we been a few miles farther from calm water, we should in all probability, have been lost.

Thus the termination has been, if possible, more signally blest than any other portion of my northern travels. Since leaving England I have been "In journeyings of ten, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, and (now lastly) in perils in the sea." The same gracious God has protected me in all, and brought me to the conclusion of a tour which affords scarcely less pleasure in retrospect than it did in duration.

THE END.

LE MIE PRIGIONI.

MEMOIRE DI SILVIO PELLICO, DA SALUZZO.

Having the Review of Signor Pellico's imprisonment and the book itself both before us, we have preferred the former for publication on account of its brevity, as well as because it contains all on the subject that the general reader would care to peruse, and avoids some scenes we do not wish to repeat. The exact crime of which Pellico was accused remains a mystery, though we infer it to have been of a political nature. He has exhibited strong evidence of genius in displaying in a forcible manner the natural feelings engendered by solitude and confinement; the narrative of apparently the most trivial circumstances would have failed to excite sympathy in the hands of a person of common mind or education. The reviewer and translator are entitled to praise for the graceful manner in which they introduce us to the author.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review for April.

We will candidly confess that the deep interest we have felt in the perusal of these memoirs nowise arises from any great sympathy with the actors in Italian revolutions in general. Admitting the oppressive character of the Austrian government of Italy, and the undisguised contempt for national feelings and prejudices with which it is administered; and therefore conceding to the Italians in the fullest manner their right to obtain redress, *par voie de fait*, when constitutional representations are disregarded, there has been in their late insurrections a union of fool-hardiness in the conception, with faint,

heartedness in the execution, sufficient to throw discredit on any cause, and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the chance of any general and vigorous effort in behalf of Italian freedom. In the fate of the actors in these ill-advised explosions it is difficult therefore, in general, to feel much interest. If they will set their lives on a cast, they must abide the hazard of a die. But exceptions do occasionally occur, and it is the very nature of these which must make every man of calm judgment regard with an unfavourable eye all such premature and hazardous movements; men, of whom their more scheming and worldly associates were not worthy, and who, by their firmness and passive fortitude under adversity, captivity and exile, shed a redeeming lustre upon a cause which has little else to recommend it. It is the misfortune, we say, of these rash movements, that, once commenced, they involve in them, against their better judgment, many virtuous and amiable men, who, had they been left to themselves, would never have attempted, with means so inadequate, and minds so unprepared for a serious and lasting struggle, to precipitate their country into the certain miseries which must in the outset accompany every revolution, and with scarcely even a probable chance of ultimate success. The wise and rational attachment they feel for liberty, as being but another word for the happiness of the community, would have taught them how little the interests of liberty, in its true sense, could be promoted by such attempts,—the failure of which would only afford to their stern masters a justification of their iron system of coercion, and an opportunity for increasing its rigour. But when once the cry of liberty has been set up, the very generosity and chivalrous nature of such men prevents them from hanging back; they would not needlessly have challenged a gigantic enemy, but they cannot refuse their support when called on to aid their countrymen in a desperate struggle; and their reward too often is, that while the scheming agitator, who had set the whole in motion, makes his escape, or his peace, on the first reverse of fortune, the disinterested and intrepid, who have adhered to a hopeless cause through good report and bad, are ultimately the victims on whom the vengeance of their successful antagonist descends.

For men such as these, whose natural disposition is averse from the troubled elements of revolution, who, if left to themselves, would have pursued the quiet path of philanthropy, of science, of literature, but who have been involved by the force of circumstances in the movement which rasher heads or more interested minds have set in motion: for the Gioia, Arrivabenes and Pellicos of suffering Italy, we feel that interest and sympathy which a generous, though mistaken, self-devotion must always awaken. When Pellico, therefore, lays before us the narrative of his imprisonments, in this simple and beautiful volume, with scarcely a loud complaint, without a single invective, with no political disquisition whatever—and where the mild, benevolent, and pure-hearted character of the author shines out in every page,—men of all parties and political opinions must equally yield to the charm which it possesses; and, whether he look on the revolutionary movements of Italy with the eye of a liberal or an absolutist, the reader must equally regret that one whose nature seems so opposed to conspiracies or political struggles, should have been their victim.

For our own part, we will candidly say, that this little work seems to us more calculated to enlist the sympathies of mankind against Austria, to expose the cold-blooded and relentless character of its Italian administration, and to prepare the way for its downfall, than any revolutionary movements to which it is likely to be exposed, or the political invectives by which it has been assailed. It is not from secret societies and Carbonari that Austria has much to fear. Judging from the issue of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions, we should say there was more peril in one of Pellico's pages than twenty of their swords. Neither has she much to apprehend from the rancours and exaggerated tone of those political works in which the character of her Italian government has usually been attacked; for these have in general been so questionable in their facts, or at least so distorted and overcoloured by the violence of political and national prejudice, that in the minds of calm observers they frequently produced an impression directly the reverse of that which was intended. But here is a work which appeals, not to party feeling, but to the general sympathies of humanity,—which does not deal in vague generalities, or doubtful anecdotes, but sets forth with truth and soberness the workings of that system in an individual case: instead of exaggeration there is rather a studied exclusion of every thing approaching to violence of thought or expression: and yet no one

can peruse it without feeling his heart revolt, and his indignation rise, at the system of mean, paltry, and persevering cruelty, which it develops. There might have been some excuse for violent and rigorous measures, carried through under the alarm and irritation excited in the minds of the rulers, by the supposed discovery of an extensively ramified conspiracy; but what can be said in defence of a system, which, when the danger and the excitement are past, labours with studied ingenuity to deepen the miseries of solitary imprisonment for life, by exposure to cold and damp in winter, and to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer—by coarse and revolting food—by labour—by the load of chains—by the want of medical assistance, save on particular days—by the exclusion of all communication with relatives and friends—by every petty refinement, in short, which can render the sufferings of the prisoner more intolerable? To us it seems a matter of no moment in the consideration of such a system, whether the victim was guilty of the crime which was imputed to him or not. That in any civilised country in Europe, and for any crime whatever, above all, for political offences, such a system should exist in the nineteenth century, is matter of astonishment; and if the Austrian government does not wish to place itself beyond the pale of humanity altogether, and to stand conspicuous as a monument of barbarism in the midst of surrounding civilisation, it will assuredly avail itself of the disclosures which have now been given to the world in so affecting a shape, to abolish at once that disgraceful apparatus of moral and physical torture to which we have alluded.

The main charm of this book of Pellico lies in the singular calmness and placid beauty of its tone. It is one long tragic monologue, and the scene is but a succession of prisons. And yet it presents a picture so interesting of a refined and amiable mind labouring against the most trying of earthly calamities, long continued and solitary imprisonment; it exhibits him under so many touching aspects of weakness or strength—of patient mental exertion, or the weariness and sickness of hope delayed—of the influence of sceptical doubt creeping in upon dependency, or the revival of courage and religious faith; it is brightened or saddened by so many little interesting episodes—glimpses of existence, as it were, seen through prison bars; it is instinct throughout with so kindly a spirit towards mankind, so anxious a desire to discover good even in evil, and benevolence beneath the outward garb of harshness or selfishness, that it possesses the interest of a romance combined with the truth of reality. It is at once a historical document and a psychological picture, drawn, as the author himself says, from no motive of personal vanity, but left as a legacy to those who may be placed under circumstances as trying, and with the hope "that the detail of his sufferings, and of the consolations which even amidst the deepest misfortunes he still found attainable, might impart comfort to their minds: with the view of bearing testimony to the fact, that even amidst all that he had endured, he had not found humanity so wicked, so destitute of exalted feeling, as it had been represented,—of encouraging all noble spirits to love many, to hate none, to reserve their irreconcilable hatred for mean imposture, cowardice, perfidy, and every moral degradation,—and of inculcating the once well known, but now too often forgotten truth, that religion and philosophy can command both energy of mind and calmness of judgment, and that without their union there can exist no justice, no dignity, no certain principle of action." A worthy and elevated object, and worthily accomplished!

It may no doubt be possible that something of the subdued tone which distinguishes this production may be owing to the fact that it appears under the surveillance of a Piedmontese censorship; and if so, we are disposed for once to consider the influence they have exercised as advantageous to its character. Had the work been an ordinary invective against Austrian oppression, conceived and executed in the usual perfervid manner of Italian partizanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight; but this calm, classical, and moving picture of suffering insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory.

The name of Silvio Pellico must be familiar to every reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author is reflected in all his writings. With more of tenderness than Foscolo, and more of dramatic skill than Manzoni, he has in his *Francesca da Rimini*, founded on the tragic episode of Dante, given one of the best specimens of a native Italian drama, constructed on the freer and deeper principles of the English and German

schools. His *Eufemio da Messina* is scarcely inferior. Beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and admired by the public as a rising ornament of Italian literature, his arrest, which took place at Milan in October, 1820, on the charge of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, excited a deep and general sensation of sympathy and regret. After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent—"being," he says, "like an ill-used lover, determined to bear his injuries with dignity, to leave politics alone,"—he was conducted to the prison of St. Marguerite, and consigned to a room on the ground floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by prisons.

The first day of imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The jailer, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the jailers' feet as they walked the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any supposed unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had had but little time to devote to his relations. "Ah!" observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit us." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, the affection he felt for them all; and he wept like a child till evening darkened about him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours after, he describes as one of despair. Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of this stroke should reach them in Turin. "Who," he asked, "will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to him to emerge where all had at first appeared to be despair. The very turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I am glad to see you don't look so rascally. Your rascal always looks worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of melancholy thought. It was otherwise with the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its perusal to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept, "pray without ceasing," in particular, made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realise it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was not left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to the mind. Even in the first few days of his imprisonment he had found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other

children in the same situation. They lived all together in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court.

"The deaf and dumb boy," says he, "came under my window and smiled and gesticulated to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, leaping for joy, ran to his companions, shared it with them all, and then returned to eat his own small portion opposite my window, expressing his gratitude to me by the smile that beamed in his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not venture to approach. The deaf and dumb boy had a deep sympathy for me, and one not founded on mere motives of interest. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the food I threw him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had had enough, and could not eat more. If he saw a turnkey coming towards my room, he would give him the bread to return to me. Though expecting nothing from me, he would continue to gambol beneath my window with the most amiable grace, delighted that I should see him. One day a turnkey promised that he should be allowed to visit me in my cell: the moment he entered he ran to embrace my knees with a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the transports with which he caressed me are indescribable. What attachment there was in that poor creature! How I longed to educate him, to save him from the abject condition in which I found him!

"I never learnt his name. He himself did not know that he had one. He was always gay; nor did I ever see him weep but once, when he was beaten. I know not for what, by the jailer. Strange! To live in a prison seems the height of misfortune, and yet assuredly this child was then as happy as the son of a prince. I reflected on this: I learned that it is possible to render the mind independent of place. Let us keep imagination in subjection, and we should be well every where. A day is soon over, and when at night we lie down without hunger or pain, what matters it if our bed be placed between walls which are called a prison, or walls which bear the name of a cottage or a palace?"

Of the consolation and amusement which his intercourse with this poor child afforded, Pellico was soon deprived, by his removal to another room, his own being required for a newer arrival. It was darker, dirtier, and more comfortless than the former, commanding on one side a view of the court with the windows of his former room, and on the other a prospect of part of the prison for the women. Pellico looked anxiously for some days towards his old lodging, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his successor at the windows; at last he discovered him to be his friend Melchior Gioia. Gioia had, in his turn, been made aware what part of the prison was occupied by Pellico. The friends could not speak, but they waved their handkerchiefs, and endeavored to express their feelings by silent yet speaking gestures. But such intercourse was contrary to the rules of the prison, and the turnkey entering, directed Pellico to discontinue it.

The apartment of Pellico, we have mentioned, adjoined the prison of the women; only a wall divided them. Through this thin partition, the sound, sometimes of their songs, sometimes of their quarrels, reached him; and at night, when all around was quiet, he could almost hear their conversation. Among their voices there was one that peculiarly attracted his attention. It was sweeter than the rest, it was heard more seldom, and gave utterance to no vulgar thoughts. Sometimes it sang two simple verses,

Chi rende alla meschina
La sua felicità?

at other times, accompanied by the rest, the Litany. Without seeing its possessor, Pellico formed to himself a most interesting picture of this unfortunate and repentant being, and an almost fraternal attachment for her. Often was he on the point of calling to her through the wall, but as often his courage failed him, and this little romance of a dungeon ended where it began.

In the commencement of the year 1821 Pellico was allowed the comfort of a visit from his friend Count Luigi Porro, (in whose family he had lived as tutor,) and from his father. They could give him no hope of liberation; it was evident that his imprisonment was to be a long one. His chamber was again changed, and this time for the better. The day of his removal was a day of events for Pellico. As he crossed the court he again saw the deaf and dumb orphan, and again exchanged a parting greeting with Melchior Gioia. On entering his new apartment, he found some French stanzas written on the wall, and signed, "The Duke of Normandy." He began to sing them, adapting them, as he best could,

to the air sung by the unseen Magdalen of the women's prison,—when, to his surprise, a voice from an adjoining cell took up the strain and sang them to another air. "Bravo," exclaimed Pellico, as he finished. The singer saluted him politely, and asked him if he was a Frenchman. Pellico told him his name and birthplace, and in return asked the name of his companion. The answer was, "I am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

This was one of the numerous pretenders to the character of the son of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned by the vigilance of the Austrian government. He told his story with a surprising air of truth and conviction, and a most remarkable familiarity with the events of the revolution, and the family history of the Bourbons. Though Pellico gave no credit to his tale he could not help admiring the appearance of candour, goodness, and elevation of mind which he showed in the long and frequent conversations which they held together: and yet he reproached himself afterwards that he did not fairly tell him at once that he disbelieved his pretensions. There was a degree of pusillanimity, he observes, in thus appearing to give credit to an imposture, of which he afterwards felt ashamed; and still more did he regret that the light and sceptical tone in which his unseen neighbour talked of religious subjects had so far influenced his mind at the time, that he had been weak enough in their conversations to disguise the depth and sincerity of his own convictions. Often and often did the recollection of this piece of moral cowardice recur to his mind, and excite feelings of contrition and shame.

On the night of the 18th of February, 1821, he was suddenly awakened by the noise of chains and the grating of locks. Count Bolza, the Commissary of Police, entered his prison, and desired him to dress himself as quickly as possible. In the first moments of his surprise the idea occurred to him that the count might be sent to conduct him to the confines of Piedmont; that he was once more to rejoin his family and enjoy the sweets of liberty. "Where am I going?" said he to the count as they got into the carriage. "I cannot tell you till we are a mile beyond Milan." But Pellico saw that their course was not towards the Porta Vercellina, and this was a sufficient answer. It was a lovely moonlight night; the streets, the houses, the churches, the public gardens in which he walked with Foscolo, Monti, Breme, Borsieri, and Porro, could all be recognised as they drew along; his heart swelled at the thought that he was looking at them for the last time, and when they passed the gate, he pulled his hat over his face to conceal his tears. "I suppose," he said, after a time, "we are going to Verona." "Further," replied the count, "we are going to Venice, where you are to be consigned to the charge of a special commission." They reached Venice on the 20th February.

Pellico's destination was the celebrated *Piombi*, forming the upper part of the old palace of the doge, and so called from their leaden roofs. From his chamber window he looked out on the roof of the church of St. Mark, beyond which he could catch a glimpse of the extremity of the square with its numerous cupolas and steeples. Rising immediately over the roof of the church was the gigantic *Campanile*, which was so near that he could even in calm weather hear the voices of the persons who were talking on its top. Crowds of doves fluttered about his windows, or roosted in the adjoining spires. At one corner of the church a small portion of the court of the palace, with a public well, were visible; but, from the height of his prison, the people in the street beneath looked like children, and their voices were lost as they ascended. He felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. The faces of the men about him seemed more solemn and appalling. The jailer, with his wife and family, which consisted of a daughter about fifteen, and two sons of thirteen and ten years old, had already heard of his name and reputation as a tragic poet. They looked upon him at first as a sort of magician, and scarcely ventured to utter a syllable in his presence; but by degrees all of them, except the wife, whose temper seemed naturally harsh and unamiable, seemed to grow accustomed to him. The daughter and the two boys generally accompanied their mother when she took the prisoner his coffee or his meals, and would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity, when the door was about to be locked.

Meanwhile the investigation before the special commission was proceeding; day after day Pellico had to undergo long examinations; and often he returned to his cell in such a state of excitement and despair, that he would have committed suicide, if the recollection of his family, and the voice of religion, had not restrained his hand. Yet this harassing scene of never-ending ex-

aminations began at last even to shake his religious faith. He neglected prayer—he vented curses on his fellow men and the world; he tried to still the agitation of his mind, by singing for hours with a forced gaiety; he gossiped with whoever entered his cell, and endeavoured to look on all things with a cynical indifference and contempt.

But happily, these evil days were few. His Bible, neglected in the meantime, had become covered with dust. "Since you have given up reading that large ugly book," said one of the jailer's little boys to him one day, "you don't look so melancholy, I think." "Do you think so?" said Pellico, sorrowfully and with a feeling of shame taking the Bible in his hand, and brushing the dust from it. It opened by chance at these words: "It is impossible, but that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him, that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." He blushed as he shut the book, and when the boy retired, he fell on his knees, re-opened the Bible, and amidst tears, sweeter than any other enjoyment could have been, he read for an hour, and rose with the feeling that he had reconciled himself again to a friend whom he had forsaken, and that he could now look on imprisonment, nay, the scaffold itself, with resignation.

His solitude, however, became still more dreary and complete. The two little boys of the jailer were sent to school; his visitors were now reduced to his mother and sister, and even they no longer lingered in his room, as they had been accustomed to do. The mother's absence Pellico scarcely regretted, but he felt the want of the compassionate looks and gentle speech of Angela, the daughter, who, though plain, had a certain sweetness of look and language which were not without their attractions to a solitary prisoner. "When she brought me my coffee," says he, "and told me she had made it, I thought it excellent. When she said her mother made it, it seemed but tepid water." Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico, if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering room in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, and the air were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and stings of these creatures almost drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind, and religious faith, he bore up against all these miseries. He determined, if possible, to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen, and ink, by the jailer; but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for this purpose, but contrived to procure a substitute by scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the emotions and visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the jailer approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his legal allowance of ink and paper.

At times again, he would devote himself to poetical composition, often for a day or a night at a time. Two tragedies, "Ester of Engaddi," and "Iginia of Asti," and four cantiche, "Tancredi," "Rosilde," "Eligio Valafredo," and "Adello," with many other sketches of poems and dramas,—among others, one on the League of Lombardy, and another on Columbus, attest the undiminished activity and power of his mind, amidst every thing calculated to paralyse the intellect, and deaden the heart. As there was occasionally some difficulty in getting the legal supply of paper renewed when exhausted, the first draft of all these was made either on the table, as above mentioned, or on the scraps of paper in which figs and dried fruits had been brought to him. Some-

times, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of the turnkeys, he could procure a sheet or two of paper in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when he would request that the Siora Zanze (Angela) would make him some coffee stronger than usual. The effect of the liquid, acting on an empty stomach, was to produce a state of mild and pleasing intoxication, which Pellico, having once experienced its soothing influence, could not resist the temptation of repeating, even when he was not under the necessity of famishing himself during the day. Frequently he would abstain from food, merely to enjoy the state of pleasurable sensation produced by this refreshment. And grievously was he sometimes disappointed, when, instead of the strong cordial boverage which Angela used to send him, he received only some weak and watery potion, manufactured by her mother. How important are trifles to a prisoner! These occasional disappointments seemed to poor Pellico almost more grievous than imprisonment itself, and poor Angela on her next visit was sure to encounter a torrent of reproaches for having broken her word.

A scene of this kind one day extracted from the poor girl the confession that she was in love,—not with Pellico himself, though he pleads guilty to a momentary imagination of that sort having flashed across his mind, but with a young man of her own age. "The course of true love" had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener, in Pellico. The whole of this little idyl is beautifully given. Gradually Pellico begins to find that Angela was less plain than he had at first thought, nay that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty; her visits began to be anxiously longed for—the touch of her hand confused him; and at last, one day, when the innocent girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honour him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story, much to the disappointment of the reader, breaks off as abruptly as Cambuscan's. Some hints dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of an unfavourable tendency, but Pellico gave no heed to them. So it was, however, she returned no more; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed upon him more desolately than ever. It felt, he says, like a tomb.

A somewhat singular incident, however, occurred to divert his thoughts. One of the turnkeys, one morning, with a mysterious air, presented him with a letter. It bore to be written by a person whose name Pellico conceals, who described himself as an admirer of his genius, and requested him, by means of the friendly turnkey, to correspond with him. Pellico at first naturally suspected this to be a mere scheme to entrap him into a correspondence which might be turned against him, but the fact turned out to be otherwise. The most singular part of the business, however, was the strain which the unknown letter writer chose to adopt. His letters, instead of touching on his own situation, or that of Pellico, consisted of a series of the most audacious and abusive attacks on the Christian religion; and when Pellico, determined not to be guilty a second time of the moral pusillanimity he had shown in the case of the *soi-disant* Duke of Normandy, frankly avowed in his answers the strength of his own convictions, and the disgust which the ribaldry of this modern Julian (so he chose to term himself) had caused him, he only became more impious and indecent in his replies, till at last Pellico allowed the correspondence to drop. Had it been worth any one's while to divert himself with the misfortunes of a poor captive, we should almost have been disposed to regard the whole of this letter-writing episode as a mystification. At a subsequent period of his captivity, however, he obtained some information which seems to have considerably modified his unfavourable opinion of this singular correspondent.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence—for here were his ants, his spider; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour; here, in the exercise of composition, in the consolations of devotion, he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, had two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of great part of the city and the Lagune,

Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the larger window lived a poor family, who soon evinced, by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hand towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, they have just put somebody into the *Piombi*—O, poor prisoner! who are you?'—'I am Silvio Pellico.' Another boy came running to the window, and cried, 'You are Silvio Pellico?'—'Yes, and you my dear children?'—'I am called Antonio S., and this is my brother Joseph.' Then, turning round, I heard him say, 'What more shall I ask?' and a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window, "good night, Silvio" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "good night!"

Suffering and anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

Yet do I feel, at times, my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
And a strange demon who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the heedful and the free;
But much to one who long has suffered so,
Sickness of heart and narrowness of place.

"My nights," says Pellico, "became more and more sleepless and feverish. In vain I gave up taking coffee in the evening; my restlessness continued the same. I thought at times, that I consisted of two men, one anxious to write letters, the other to do something else. 'Well,' said I, 'let us compromise matters; let us write the letter, but let us do it in German, and thus we shall learn the language.' So for a time I continued to write only in bad German, and even in this way I made some progress in that study. Towards morning, after a night of wakefulness, sleep would fall upon my wearied brain. Then I dreamt, or rather raved, of seeing my father, my mother, or some other dear relative, despairing of my fate; I heard their sobs in my sleep, and would awaken, sobbing and terrified.

"Sometimes, in these short dreams, I thought I heard my mother comforting the rest, entering my prison along with them, and addressing to me the most consoling words on the duty of resignation; then, when I was rejoicing at the prospect of my own resolution and their courage, she would suddenly burst into tears, and all would weep along with her. I cannot describe the agonies which these visions caused me.

"Sometimes, to escape these miseries, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my light burning all night, and sat reading or writing at my table. But the time always came when I found myself reading, perfectly awake, but understanding nothing, and my head incapable of directing my thoughts for composition. Then I would try to copy something, but I copied, thinking of any thing except what I was writing, thinking only of my misfortunes.

"And yet when I went to bed it was worse. Every position in which I lay was intolerable to me. I moved about convulsively; I was obliged to rise; or, if I dropped asleep, those fearful dreams shook me more than want of sleep. My prayers came with difficulty, yet I repeated them often, not in many words, but in invocations to God—to that God who had united himself with man, and was acquainted with his woes.

"In these terrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that, even when awake, I seemed to hear groans, or the sound of stifled laughter in my prison. From infancy I had never been a believer in witches or spirits—but now these groans and sounds of laughter terrified me, I knew not why, till I began to doubt whether I were not the sport of some unseen and malignant being. Several times I took the light, and looked if any one had concealed himself under the bed to torment me. Sometimes I thought they had removed me from the former room to this, because it contained some trap door or

secret aperture in the walls, through which my jailers might inspect my movements, and find a cruel amusement in my terrors. Even when standing at the table, I thought I felt some one pull me by the coat, or a push given to a book on the table, or that some one behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprang upon my feet, looked around me, walked about timidly, and asked myself whether I were in my senses or not. Of all I saw I no longer knew what was reality and what illusion, and used to exclaim with agony, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!'

This morbid state which, had it been prolonged, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico recovered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which for a time threatened the safety of the prison itself is described with a force and animation that makes us feel, as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico.

On the 11th of January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagune with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the sky without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary *Piombi*, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea which he could not exclude, that evil as had been the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him. Count Camillo Laderchi, he learned, had been liberated, as well as Professor Gian Domenico Romagnosi, and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Maroncelli now occupied the prison which had been inhabited by Laderchi; Rezia and Canova were confined together; Professor Reasi was dying in a neighbouring cell; some weeks afterwards he learned that he was dead.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence. The president rising with an air of dignified commiseration, informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor. The sentence had been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered "The will of God be done!" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," said he. "From this moment you will be allowed the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and reconducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazzetta. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's stair-case, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, of course controlled the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him, "Ah! signor, I wonder how so many strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot." The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and face the palace; an officer appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand: it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but revived more loudly at the conclusion: "Condemned to the *carcere duro*, Maroncelli for twenty

years, and Pellico for fifteen."* The prisoners were then reconducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the emperor, and that his majesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four—a roundabout way of stating the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would be of only half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly, there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated. Every where on their route the prisoners were received with kindness. Pellico had feared that this would cease when they had crossed the Alps; but it was not so; in Germany, as well as in their native Italy, they were every where received with the exclamation, "*Arme Herren*!"—Poor gentlemen!

"Sometimes," says Pellico, "our carriages were forced to stop as we entered a village, before deciding where we were to be lodged. Then the people would gather round us, and we heard on all sides expressions of compassion that burst from the heart. The kindness of these poor people affected me more than even that of my own countrymen. How grateful I felt to all! how sweet is the sympathy of our fellow creatures! how delightful to love them!

"The consolation I derived from this mitigated the rancour I felt towards those whom I had called my enemies. Who knows, thought I, if I could see them more narrowly—if they could but see me—if I could read in their souls and they in mine, who knows but I should be forced to confess there was no villainy in them, and they to admit that there was as little in me! who knows but we might feel ourselves compelled mutually to pity, to love each other! Too often men *hate*, only because they do not *know* each other; and could they but exchange words, they would extend the arm of confidence towards one another."

They reached their destination on the 10th of April. Unwell when he left Venice, the journey had exhausted Pellico's strength; his body was racked with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution. Maroncelli and he were placed in two separate cells; and the imperial commissary, on parting, impressed upon them the necessity of the most implicit submission to all the rules of the prison.

About half an hour after Pellico had taken possession of his new dungeon, the door opened, and the head jailer entered. The character of this man, who bore the renowned name of Schiller, unfolds itself with singular beauty, and is one of the most delightful parts of the book. On his first entrance, Pellico suffering from pain and irritation of mind, received him rather rudely. He came to bring him a pitcher of water to drink.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will bring the bread." "Thanks, good man." "I am not good." "The worse for you," I added. "Is this chain (pointing to one on the floor) for me?" "Yes, signor, if you should be unmanageable or insolent; but if you are reasonable we shall only put a chain on your feet. The smith is preparing it."

"He walked slowly up and down, shaking a vile mass of large keys, while with angry looks I watched his old, gigantic and meagre figure, and, in spite of some lineaments of no vulgar kind, I thought I read in his countenance nothing but the odious expression of the most brutal harshness.

"How unjust are men, when they judge by appearances and according to their own hasty prepossessions. The man who I thought was rattling his keys joyfully for the mere purpose of making me feel his power—whom I had conceived hardened by a long course of cruelty—was accessible to sentiments of compassion, and made use of this harsh tone only to hide the feelings of which he was conscious. He wished to hide them, from the fear of being thought weak, or the idea that I might prove undeserving of them; and yet, believing at the same time that I was more unfortunate than guilty, he longed to disclose them.

* "*Carcere duro*," imprisonment accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. In the *carcere durissimo* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

"Annoyed by his presence, and still more by the air of a master which he wore, I determined to humble him, and said to him imperiously, as I would have done to a servant, 'Give me some drink.'

"He looked at me as if to say, 'Arrogant man, here you must get quit of the habit of commanding.' He said nothing, however, but bending his long back, he took up the pitcher and gave it to me. As I took it, I observed he trembled; and attributing this to his age, a feeling of compassion and respect mingled with and mastered my pride.

"How old are you?" said I, with a voice of more gentleness. "Seventy-four, signor; and many misfortunes of my own and other people have I seen." This allusion to his own misfortunes and those of others was accompanied by a new fit of shaking as he replaced the pitcher; and I could not help now attributing it not so much to age as to the influence of a generous feeling of sympathy. This idea at once removed from my mind all those hostile feelings with which I had at first regarded him. . . . I looked at him more attentively than before, and his look was no longer displeasing to me; and notwithstanding a certain air of rudeness in his language, there were in it traces of an amiable mind. "The office of head jailer," said he, "has been conferred upon me as a place of repose, but God knows if it does not cost me more pain than risking my life in battle." I repented having asked for drink with such haughtiness. "My dear Schiller," said I, taking him by the hand, "it is vain for you to deny it; I know that you are a kind man; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank heaven that it has given me such a guardian." He listened to my words, shook his head, then answered—rubbing his forehead as if at the recollection of some unpleasant thought, "I am a *harsh* man, signor. I have taken an oath which I cannot violate. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without regard to their condition, without indulgence, without allowing the least abuse, and particularly the prisoners of state. It is the emperor's concern and I must obey."—You are an honest man, and I shall respect what you think a conscientious duty.—"Poor gentleman, have patience, and make allowance for me. I shall be inexorable in my duties; but my heart—my heart—is filled with anguish at my inability to succour the unhappy. This is what I wished to tell you." . . . Both of us were moved. He entreated me to be calm, and to give way to no violence, as the prisoners too often did, that he might not be compelled to treat me with rigour; then resuming his harsher tone, as if to conceal from me the depth of his sympathy, he said, "I must go." He turned however, asked me how long I had been so miserably tormented with cough, and muttered a curse against the physician because he was not to come that evening to visit me. "You have fever enough to kill a horse," he added: "you will require a mattress at all events, but we cannot give it to you till the physician comes to order it."

Nothing could be conceived more miserable than the situation in which Pellico was now placed. Exhausted by cough and fever, he had to wait till the usual visiting day of the physician arrived, which was not to be till the second day following. No change from the coarsest food no mattress could until then be allowed him. Covered with perspiration he in vain applied to be allowed the use of some of the sheets he had brought with him. It was contrary to the rules of the prison, which allowed only a sheet per week. At last the physician arrived, who sanctioned the indulgence of the mattress, and directed, him to be removed from his subterranean cell to the floor above; and this, after a special application to Count Mitrowsky, the governor of the provinces of Moravia and Silesia, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two Pellico's prison dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colours, and a shirt as rough as hair cloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened them on, thinking that Pellico did not understand German, he observed to Schiller, "I might have been saved this trouble; he has not two months to live." *Mochte es seyn!* (would it were so!) exclaimed Pellico, to the confusion of the poor workman, who begged his pardon, and prayed that his prophecy might not be fulfilled. On the detail of all the minor miseries of the prison, we will not pause; suffice it to say, that if a system could be devised for rendering existence intolerable, it seemed to have been discovered and carried into execution in the prison of Spielberg. The only consolation the prisoners experienced was the obvious though ineffectual desire which the officials felt to mitigate their sufferings, even with no inconsiderable risk to themselves. Often Pellico was obliged to refuse the finer bread which the servant who

cleaned out his room would secretly put into his hands, perceiving his inability to swallow the black bread allowed to the condemned; and often, when Schiller would in the same way bring him a bit of boiled meat, though he confessed he could have sometimes almost snatched and devoured it, he felt himself obliged to reject his kind offering, from the feeling that if the practice was persisted in, it would, in all probability, be discovered, and that the kind-hearted jailer might be the sufferer. We prefer turning to some of those incidents by which the gloom and suffering of the prison were occasionally mitigated. Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels were less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard the song sung in the cell adjoining his own. His heart beat rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, "Who are you, unfortunate man?—I am Silvio Pellico." "O Silvio!" answered his neighbour, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our jailers." It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the threat of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners; but at last, by watching the moments when the sentinels were furthest off in making their rounds, and talking in a whispering tone, they found themselves able to converse every day though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives—they tried to impart to each other comfort and hope. Oroboni shared the strong religious feelings of Pellico; and even Pellico himself derived lessons of resignation and Christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a week, between two guards, upon a platform of the castle, commanding a view of the city of Brunn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the unfortunate Maroncelli, who still languished in his subterranean cell below. Each used to whisper to Pellico as he passed, "*Buon passeggio!*" (a pleasant walk) but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed and cry, "There is one of the Italians!" and sometimes thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old; he has death in his face." It was very difficult, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossiped together. Both were good natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klepaczek, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendent; at the other lived a head jailer, with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendent had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself be carried out on a sofa into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest as if with intense and enquiring confidence at those who spoke to her.

"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serene and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infants I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer, and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often

braced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own!' And then she wept. A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her loving heart doubtless offered up for me. And I exclaimed with sobs, 'O! happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!'"

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendent. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"How unfortunate we are," they would say, "that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it will be a day of joy for all the family."

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

"She told me things I knew already, which yet struck me as new;—that misfortune does not degrade a man, unless he be a worthless one, but rather elevates him;—that if we could understand God's counsels we should frequently see cause to think the conqueror more to be pitied than the vanquished, the exulting than the afflicted, the rich than the destitute; that the special grace shown to the unfortunate by our Saviour should reconcile us to our situation, and that we ought to glory in the cross which was borne by him."

"But these two good old women, whose company gave me such consolation, were soon, for family reasons, obliged to leave Spielberg, and the children no longer came upon the platform. How deeply did these losses afflict me!"

The health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe head-aches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Orobioni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. "My friend," said he, "I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend." Poor Orobioni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs, in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy, showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often, looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resignation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, "I pardon from my heart all my enemies." His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, "I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie."

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of jailer, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

"From the time he left us he was often unwell, and we enquired for him with the anxiety of children. When he got a little better, he used to come and walk under our windows; we hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, and say to the sentinel, in a voice that we could overhear, 'Da sind mein sohne,' (there are my sons!)"

"Poor old man, what grief it gave me to see him tottering feebly along, without being able to offer him the support of my arm!"

"Sometimes he would sit down on the grass and read the books he had lent to me. That I might recognise

them, he would read the titles to the sentinel, or repeat some extract from them. For the most parts the books were stories from the almanacs or other romances of little value, but of good moral tendency. After several relapses of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the military hospital where he shortly died. He had amassed some hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings; these he had lent to some of his fellow soldiers, and when his end approached, he called them about him and said, 'I have no relations, let each of you keep what he has in his hands. I only ask that you will pray for me.'

"One of these friends had a daughter of about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter. Some hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He was no longer able to speak distinctly, but he took a silver ring, the last of his possessions, from his finger, and put it upon hers. Then he kissed her and shed tears over her. The girl sobbed, and bathed him with her tears. He dried her eyes with his handkerchief; then took her hands and placed them on his eyes;—those eyes were closed forever!"

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too past away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a little as he walked, and indisposing him from taking his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the removal of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, he grew daily worse: leeches, caustics, fomentations were tried in vain—they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but O! how much did I suffer for him. The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him wasting amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not be able to bring him health—to feel the presentiment that the knee would never be healed—to perceive that the patient himself thought death more probable than recovery—and with all this to be obliged at every instant to admire his courage and serenity—Ah! the sight of this agonised me beyond expression!"

"Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did every thing to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet the moment he recovered his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me.

"His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any further opinion of his own.

"A moment afterwards, however, the sub-intendant entered, and said to Maroncelli—'The chief physician did not like to explain himself in your presence; he was apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I have assured him, however, that you do not want for courage.'

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some proof of it by suffering these pangs without complaint. What would he recommend?'"

"Amputation, signor!—except that seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?"

"Of death?—And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course?"

"Then we shall send word immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained—"

"What! is a permission necessary?"

"Yes, signor."

"In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. The patient was carried into a larger room. He asked me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation; let me, at least, do so in the arms of a friend.' I was allowed to accompany him. The Abate Wrbas, our confessor, (who had succeeded our former confessor, Paulowich,) came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli employed the interval in singing a hymn.

"The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say our barber surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions, the other a young surgeon, an élève of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been despatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over its execution.

"The patient was seated on his bed side, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the sane part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through the muscles. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

"Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it to him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing else to present to you in token of my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear."

Amidst so much that is calculated to inspire the profoundest disgust at the whole system of the Austrian prison discipline, it may be right to mention that the emperor himself, who had probably heard of the courage and resignation with which Maroncelli had borne his hard fate, specially directed that his diet during his recovery should be of the most restorative kind, and should be sent him from the kitchen of the superintendent. One would have thought that after nine years of captivity, followed up by such a scene as that we have just quoted, an instant order for his liberation would have been rather "more German to the matter." But this suited not the unbending rules of state. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were again consigned to their old prison, improved, however, so far, by the removal of the partition which had formerly divided it from the cell once occupied by the hapless Orobioni.

Are not our readers tired of this long detail of misery, unadorned as it is in our pages by the exquisite language and deep pathos of the original? We fear they must; and therefore passing over many events to which he has contrived to impart variety and interest—the visits of successive imperial commissaries from Vienna, the changes of jailers, the fluctuations of hope and fear as to his ultimate liberation—let us turn at once to the catastrophe of this dungeon drama.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. Ten years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spielberg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of Orobioni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendent, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant to the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience room. They found there the director and the superintendent, the former of whom bowed

to them more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour of announcing to you that my majesty the emperor has had the kindness—." Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books, or less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralise the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"Are you silent," said the director of police; "I expected to see you transported with joy." "I beg of you," I answered, "to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy."

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"Retire," said he, "to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the emperor's clemency has been extended." We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned as we passed before the prisons of our friends, at the thought that we could not take them along with us. Who knew how long they were destined to languish there!—how many of them to be the slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years during which I had looked on no such spectacle. . . . After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brunn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which the emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not, however, what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the emperor, and began to fear that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schonbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the homesickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which had formerly relieved him (digitalis), he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came—*Italy*—was to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand: that my father, mother, or some one most dear to me, might be no more. My depression of spirits increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather, the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull aspect of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom,—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! . . . Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, reminded me of so many things! A young man who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness: in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honoured once, whose memory I love and honour still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces,—but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to enquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself. We passed a melancholy night. I was agitated like a criminal on the evening before he receives his sentence of condemnation. In the morning I washed my face carefully, and looked in the glass, to see whether it bore traces of weeping. I put on as far as possible a tranquil and smiling air: I repeated a short prayer to God, but in truth my thoughts wandered, and hearing Maroncelli already moving about on his crutches, and talking to the servant, I ran to embrace him. Both seemed to have collected their courage for the separation. We spoke with some emotion, but in a strong voice. The officer of the gendarmerie who was to conduct him to the frontiers of Romagna was come; he must depart immediately—one embrace—another—he entered the carriage—he disappeared, and I remained as if annihilated.

"I returned to my room and prayed for the poor mutilated being, separated from his friend. I have known many excellent men, but none more affectionately social than Maroncelli, none more alive to all the refinements of gentleness, none more inaccessible to attacks of bad humour, or more constantly mindful that virtue consists in a continual exercise and interchange of toleration, generosity, and good sense. O thou! my companion through so many years of sorrow, may Heaven bless thee wherever thou mayst be destined to breathe, and grant thee friends who may equal thee in attachment, and surpass me in worth!"

"We set out the same morning for Brescia, where our other fellow captive took leave of me. Here he learned, for the first time, that he had lost his mother, and the sight of his tears wrung my heart at parting. Grieved, however, as I was for so many causes, the following occurrence almost extorted a smile from me. On the inn table there lay a play bill, which I took up and read 'Francesca da Rimini, Opera per Musica'—'Whose is this opera?' said I to the waiter. 'Who may have composed the music,' said he, 'I know not, but in short, it is that Francesca da Rimini, which every body knows.' 'Every body,' said I,—'you are mistaken. I who am but just arrived from Germany, what can I know about your Francesca?' The waiter, a young fellow with rather a haughty and truly Brescian expression of countenance, looked at me with disdainful pity. 'Signor, we are not talking about Francesca. We speak of *one* Francesca da Rimini, I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. Here they have turned it into an opera, spoiling it a little, but all's one for that.' 'Ah! Silvio Pellico,' said I, 'I think I have heard of him. Is it not that political agitator who was condemned to death, and afterwards to the *carcere duro* some nine or ten years

ago?' I ought never to have uttered that jest. He looked round,—then at me,—grinned so as to show two and thirty handsome teeth, and if he had not heard a noise at the time, I verily believe he would have knocked me down.

"He went on murmuring to himself, 'agitator! agitator!' But before I left, he had got hold of my name. He could then neither ask questions nor answer them, nor even walk about, such was his distraction and surprise. He kept gazing at me, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming 'yes sir,' 'coming sir,' without knowing the least what he was about. . . . Another delay took place at Novara. On the morning of the 16th Sept. the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would, unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young miners, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th September dawned. Our journey proceeded: How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy group. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was—I am—the most careless of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leaving at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music. We were unwilling to interrupt the course of the narrative by my reflections of our own, and now we have lingered as so long, that we have left ourselves no room for any, had they been called for. One observation, however, we must make, in the justice of which we think every one will concur, that a book like this could not have appeared a more acceptable time than the present; that the age of religion, humanity, resignation, and Christian cheerfulness, which it breathes, and the simple, subdued, and noble tone in which these sentiments are embodied, could most favourably with those hideous pictures of those alternately voluptuous or loathsome exhibitions of vice, those physical horrors, that affected contemplation of all generous sentiments, that fierce and relentless pride, hatred, and selfishness, which have of late contaminated our own literature, and still more conspicuously that of France. These "Prison Thoughts" of Pellico may teach us, that it is not necessary to heap together impossible miseries, in order to touch the feelings; nor "on horrors' head horrors accumulate," in order to excite the dormant sympathies; nor to make the least of the tale a ruffian, an atheist, or a misanthrope, in order to invest his character with dignity and originality; nor to hurry the reader through a series of violent and conflicting contrasts, in order to stimulate the edge of conscience. They should teach us that it is on the simple, the noble, the gentler elements of feeling, not on the uncommon, the overstrained, that our sympathies must permanently repose; and that though novelty may for a time procure fleeting popularity to compositions inculcating indifference of indifference, selfishness, and contempt for the ties which bind man to his Maker and his fellow-men, those better feelings are too deeply engraved on the heart to be ever eradicated, or even long held in abeyance. The fate of this book, we are convinced, will prove, that when a writer has the manliness to avow the sincerity of his belief, the depth and stability of his attachment to his fellows, his confidence that, even in this world, full as it is of deceit and suffering, "virtue is the name, and happiness no dream,"—and does this amidst every thing calculated to shake his faith, and deaden his feelings, he will find "fit audience," and not few. And Signor Pellico may be assured that his cheering, elevated, and tranquil pictures of the human heart will survive for the instruction and consolation of others, when the hollow glaring, and disturbed phantasmagoria of life to which we have alluded is deservedly forgotten.

Shipwreck of the *Medusa*;

COMPRISING THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PICARD FAMILY.

BY MADAME DARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Introduction to the first American edition.

The catastrophe of the *Medusa* is already known to the public, as one of the most awful and appalling that ever befell any class of human beings. The shipwreck, and the dreadful scenes on the raft, have been recorded in the narrative of Messrs. Savigny and Corréard. But the adventures of the party who were cast ashore, and forced to find their way through the African desert, could be reported only imperfectly by those gentlemen, who were not eye-witnesses. This deficiency is now supplied by the narrative of Madame Dard, then Mademoiselle Picard, one of the suffering party.

There is so much feeling and good sense, mixed with an amiable and girlish simplicity, as to render it particularly engaging. Interwoven with the narrative is an interesting account of the Picard family, whose wrongs cannot fail to excite pity, and to engage feeling hearts in her favour.

There is not, on the records of misery, an instance of more severe and protracted suffering, than is furnished by this shipwreck, and we trust there is not, nor ever will be, any where human nature was more foully outraged and disgraced. There are, nevertheless, some pleasing traits of character in the story, which present a beautiful relief to the selfishness and brutality which so much abound in the dark picture, and are the green spots in the desert—the fountain and the fruit tree—as they were in truth, to the poor wretches they assisted with such genuine singleness of heart.

It was evidently nothing but the utter and thorough selfishness which actuated the leaders, and most of those on board both the ship and the raft, which rendered the affair at all very serious. A wise plan formed and acted upon, with a view to the general good, would have enabled them, without difficulty, to save the crew, the cargo, and perhaps the vessel.

The translator informs us, "It may be satisfactory for some readers to know, that in 1824, Madame Dard was living with her husband in comfort at Bligny-sous-Beaune, a short distance from Dijon. I have lately seen in a French catalogue, a dictionary and grammar of the Woloff and Bambara languages, by M. J. Dard, brought out under the auspices of the French government."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Those who have read the account of the Shipwreck of the *Medusa*, by MM. Savigny and Corréard, are already acquainted with the Picard family.

Attracted to Senegal by a faint prospect of advantage, my father, head of that unfortunate family, could not, in spite of a good constitution and the strength of his spirits, resist that destiny, from the mortal influence of which none of us save three escaped out of a family of nine. On his death-bed, he expressed to me the desire that our misfortunes should not remain unknown. This then became my duty, and a duty sacred to the public. I feel a pleasure in fulfilling it, and consolation in the thought that no feeling mind will read the story of our misfortunes without being affected; and that those who persecuted us will at least experience some regret.

The recital of the shipwreck of the *Medusa* was necessary, as much to explain the origin of our misfortunes, as the cause of the connection between that disastrous event, and the terrible journey in the Desert of Sahara, by which we at last reached Senegal. It will furnish me, also, with an opportunity of adverting to some errors in the work of Messrs. Savigny and Corréard.

It only now remains for me to crave the indulgence of the reader for my style. I trust such will not be refused to one, who has dared to take the pen only in compliance with a father's dying request.

CHAPTER I.

About the beginning of 1800, my father solicited and obtained the situation of resident attorney at Senegal, on the west coast of Africa. My mother was then nursing my youngest sister, and could not be persuaded to expose us, at so tender an age, to the fatigue and danger of so long a voyage. At this period I was not quite two years old.

It was then resolved that my father should go alone, and that we should join him on the following year; but my mother's hopes were disappointed, war having rendered impossible all communication with our colonies. In despair at a separation which placed her nearly two thousand leagues from her husband, and ignorant how long it might continue, she soon after fell into a languid condition; and death deprived us of her, at the end of five years of suffering. My grandfather, at whose house we had hitherto lived, now became both father and mother to us; and I owe it to the good old man to say, that his care and attention soon made us forget we were orphans. Too young to reflect that the condition of happiness which we enjoyed under his guardianship would ever have an end, we lived without a care for the future, and our years glided on in perfect tranquillity.

Thus were we living when, in 1809, the English captured the colony of Senegal, and permitted our father to return to his family. But what a change did he meet with on his arrival at Paris! Wife, home, furniture, friends, had all disappeared; and nothing remained but two young daughters, who refused to acknowledge him for their father: so much were our young minds habituated to see and love but one in the world—the worthy old man who had watched over our infancy.

In 1810, our father thought fit to marry a second time; but a great misfortune befall his children in the death of their grandfather. Our tears were scarcely dry, when we were conducted home to her who had become our second mother. We would hardly acknowledge her. Our sorrow was excessive, and the loss we had sustained irreparable. But they strove to comfort us; dresses, playthings, amusements in abundance, were given to us to obliterate the loss of our best friend. In this state of perfect happiness we were living, when the armies of the allies entered Paris in 1814.

France having had the good fortune to recover her king, and with him the blessing of peace, an expedition was fitted out at Brest to go and resume possession of Senegal, which had been restored to us. My father was instantly reinstated in his place of resident attorney, and went in the month of November to Brest.

As our family had become more numerous since the second marriage of my father, he could only take with him our stepmother and the younger children. My sister Caroline and myself were placed in a boarding-school at Paris, until the Minister of Marine and the Colonies would grant us a passage; but the events of 1815 caused the expedition to Senegal to be abandoned, while it was still in the harbour of Brest, and all the officers dismissed. My father then returned to Paris, leaving at Brest my stepmother, who was then in an unfit condition for travelling.

In 1816, a new expedition was fitted out. My father was ordered to repair to Rochefort, whence it was to set off. He took measures also for taking along with him his wife, who had remained at Brest during the "hundred days." The design of our accompanying him to Africa, obliged him to address a new petition to the Minister of Marine, praying him to grant us all a passage, which he obtained.

The 23d of May was the day on which we were to quit the capital, our relations and friends. In the meanwhile, my sister and myself left the boarding-school where we had been placed, and went to take a farewell of all those who were dear to us. One cousin, who loved us most tenderly, could not hear of our approaching departure without shedding tears; and as it was impossible for her to change our destiny, she offered to share it. Immediately she appeared before the minister, and M. le Baron Portal, struck with a friendship which made her encounter the dangers of so long a voyage, granted her request.

At last, a beautiful morning announced to us the afflicting moment when we were to quit Paris. The postilion, who was to convey us to Rochefort, was already at the door of the house in which we lived, to conduct us to his carriage, which waited for us at the Orleans gate. Immediately an old hackney coach appeared; my father stepped into it, and in an instant it was filled. The impatient coachman cracked his whip, sparks flashed from the horse's feet, and the street of Lille, which we had just

quitted, was soon far behind us. On arriving before the garden of the Luxembourg, the first rays of the morning's sun darted fiercely through the foliage, as if to say, you forsake the zephyrs in quitting this beautiful abode. We reached the Observatory, and in an instant passed the gate d'Enfer. There, as yet for a moment to breathe the air of the capital, we alighted at the Hotel du Pantheon, where we found our carriage. After a hasty breakfast, the postilion arranged our trunks, and off again we set. It was nearly seven in the morning when we quitted the gates of Paris, and we arrived that evening at the little village of d'Etampes, where our landlord, pressing us to refresh ourselves, almost burned his inn in making us an omelet with rotten eggs. The flames, ascending the old chimney, soon rose to the roof of the house, but they succeeded in extinguishing them. We were, however, regaled with a smoke which made us shed tears. It was broad day when we quitted d'Etampes; and our postilion, who had spent the greater part of the night in drinking with his comrades, was something less than polite. We reproached him, but he made light of the circumstance; for, in the evening, he was completely drunk. On the twenty-fifth of May, at ten in the morning, my father told me we were already thirty-two leagues from Paris. Thirty-two leagues! cried I; alas, so far! Whilst I made this reflection, we arrived at Orleans. Here we remained about three hours to refresh ourselves as well as our horses. We could not leave the place without visiting the statue raised in honour of Joan of Arc, that extraordinary woman, to whom the monarchy once owed its safety.

On leaving Orleans, the Loire, and the fertile pastures through which it rolls its waters, excited our admiration. We had on our right the beautiful vineyards of Beaugency. The road, as far as Amboise, is delightful. I then began to think that Paris and its environs might perhaps be forgotten, if the country of Senegal, to which we were going, was as fine as that through which we were journeying. We slept at Amboise, which, being situated at the confluence of the Loire and the Maise, presents a most agreeable appearance.

When we set off, the sun began to show us verdant groves, watered by the majestic course of the river. His disk looked like a glorious lustre suspended in the azure vault of heaven. Our road was studded on both sides with lofty poplars, which seemed to shoot their pyramidal heaps into the clouds. On our left was the Loire, and on our right a large rivulet, whose crystal waters every where reflected the bright beams of the sun. The birds, with their songs, celebrated the beauty of the day, whilst the dews, in the form of pearls, quivering fell from the tender boughs, fanned by the zephyrs. A thousand picturesque objects presented themselves to our view. On the one hand were delightful groves, the sweet flowers of which perfumed the air we breathed; on the other, a clear fountain sprung bubbling from the crevice of a rock, and, after falling from the top of a little hill among a tuft of flowers, bent its devious course to join the waters of the river. More distant, a small wood of filbert trees served as a retreat to the ringdoves who cooed, and the nightingales who chanted the spring.

We enjoyed this truly enchanting spectacle till we arrived at Tours. But as our route from Orleans had been diversified and agreeable, from the latter place to Rochefort it was monotonous and tiresome. However, the towns of Châtellerault, Poitiers, and Niort, made a slight change in the sameness of the scene. From Niort to Rochefort the road was nearly impassable. We were frequently obliged to alight from the carriage, in order to allow the horses to drag it out from the deep ruts which we met. In approaching to a hamlet, named Charente, we stuck so fast in the mud, that, even after removing the trunks and other baggage, we found it almost next to an impossibility to drag it out. We were in the midst of a wood, and no village within view. It was then resolved to wait till some good soul would be passing, who would assist to extricate us from our embarrassment. After vainly waiting a long hour for this expected succour, the first people who appeared were travelling merchants, who would not stay on any account to give us assistance. At length we saw a young lady upon a little path, which was at the extremity of the wood, walking with a book in her hand. My father instantly ran towards her, and acquainted her with our situation. This lady, far from acting like the travellers we formerly met, went to an adjoining field where were some farmers at work, and requested them to go with their oxen to free us from our jeopardy, and returned herself with them. When our carriage was put in a condition to continue our route, she invited us to refresh ourselves in her country seat, situated in the middle of

the wood. We then took the crossway, and returned with our carriage at the instance of the amiable lady, who received us in the most affable and generous manner. She offered us at first some pears, which were already very good; after which we were served with an exquisite collation, at the end of which a child, beautiful as the loves, presented us with a basket filled with the fairest flowers of the spring. We accepted the gift of Flora, in testimony of our regard for our generous landlady and her charming child. Traversing after that the park of our hospitable hostess, we rejoined the route to Rochefort.

In paying this just tribute of remembrance to the offices of that person who gave us so great assistance, I cannot resist the pleasure of mentioning her name. She is the wife of M. Télette, superior officer of the general magazine at Rochefort.

Already the masts of the ships appeared in the horizon, and we heard in the distance a hollow and confused sound, like that made by a multitude of people engaged in various occupations. On approaching nearer to Rochefort, we found that the tumult we heard was caused by the labourers in the wood-yards and the galley-slaves, who, painfully dragging their fetters, attended to the various labours of the port. Having entered the town, the first picture which presented itself to our eyes was that of these unfortunate creatures, who, coupled two and two by enormous chains, are forced to carry the heaviest burdens. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the sight is not very attracting to young ladies who have never been out of Paris; for, in spite of all the repugnance we can have for those who are condemned by the laws to live apart from society, we can never look with indifference on that crowd of thinking beings, degraded, by following their vicious actions, to a level with the beasts of burden.

My mind was yet occupied with these painful reflections, when my father, opening the door of the carriage, requested us to follow him into an hotel in the street Dauphine, where already were our stepmother and our young brothers and sisters, who had returned with her from Brest. Soon our numerous family were again united. What transports of joy, what saluting and embracing! O! there is nothing comparable to the pleasure of meeting with those we love after a long absence.

My father went to visit the officers who were to make the voyage to Senegal along with us. My step-mother busied herself in preparing supper, and my sister Caroline, my cousin, and myself, went to sleep; for any farther exercise but ill accorded with the fatigue we had already undergone; otherwise we could easily have sat till supper, after having eat of the good things we had had at the farm of Charente.

We spent the morning, the 3d of June, in running about the town. In the space of two hours we had seen every thing worth seeing. What a fine thing a maritime town is for a maker of romances! But as I have neither talents nor desire to write one, and as I have promised to the reader to adhere strictly to the truth, I will content myself by telling him, that in nine days I was tired of Rochefort.

CHAPTER II.

Early on the morning of the 12th of June, we were on our way to the boats that were to convey us on board the Medusa, which was riding at anchor off the island of Aix, distant about four leagues from Rochefort. The field through which we passed was sown with corn. Wishing, before I left our beautiful France, to make my farewell to the flowers, and, whilst our family went leisurely forward to the place where we were to embark, upon the Charente, I crossed the furrows, and gathered a few blue-bottles and poppies. We soon arrived at the place of embarkation, where we found some of our fellow passengers, who, like myself, seemed casting a last look to heaven, whilst they were yet on the French soil. We embarked, however, and left these happy shores. In descending the tortuous course of the Charente, contrary winds so impeded our progress, that we did not reach the Medusa till the morrow, having taken twenty-four hours in sailing four leagues. At length we mounted the deck of the Medusa, of painful memory. When we got on board, we found our berths not provided for us, consequently were obliged to remain indiscriminately together till next day. Our family, which consisted of nine persons, was placed in a berth near the main deck. As the wind was still contrary, we lay at anchor for several days.

On the 17th of June, at four in the morning, we set sail, as did the whole expedition, which consisted of the Medusa frigate, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette. The wind being very favourable, we

soon lost sight of the green fields of l'Aunis. At six in the morning, however, the island of Rhé still appeared above the horizon. We fixed our eyes upon it with regret, to salute for the last time our dear country. Now, imagine the ship borne aloft, and surrounded by huge mountains of water, which at one moment tossed it in the air, and at another plunged it into the profound abyss. The waves, raised by a stormy north-west breeze, came dashing in a horrible manner against the sides of our ship. I know not whether it was a presentiment of the misfortune which menaced us that had made me pass the preceding night in the most cruel inquietude. In my agitation, I sprung upon deck, and contemplated with horror the frigate winging its way upon the waters. The winds pressed against the sails with great violence, strained and whistled among the cordage; and the great hulk of wood seemed to split every time the surge broke upon its sides. On looking a little out to sea I perceived, at no great distance on our right, all the other ships of the expedition, which quieted me much. Towards ten in the morning the wind changed; immediately an appalling cry was heard, concerning which the passengers, as well as myself, were equally ignorant. The whole crew were in motion. Some climbed the rope ladders, and seemed to perch on the extremities of the yards; others mounted to the highest parts of the mast; these bellowing and pulling certain cordages in cadence; those crying, swearing, whistling, and filling the air with barbarous and unknown sounds. The officer on duty, in his turn, roaring out these words, starboard! larboard! hoist! luff! tack! which the helmsman repeated in the same tone. All this hubbub, however, produced its effect: the yards were turned on their pivots, the sails set, the cordage tightened, and the unfortunate sea-boys having received their lesson, descended to the deck. Every thing remained tranquil, except that the waves still roared, and the masts continued their creaking. However the sails were swelled, the winds less violent, though favourable, and the mariner, whilst he carolled his song, said we had a noble voyage.

During several days we did indeed enjoy a delightful passage. All the ships of the expedition still kept together; but at length the breeze became changeable, and they all disappeared. The Echo, however, still kept in sight, and persisted in accompanying us, as if to guide us on our route. The wind becoming more favourable, we held due south, sailing at the rate of sixty-two leagues a day. The sea was so fine, and our journey so rapid, that I began to think it nearly as agreeable to travel by sea as by land; but my illusion was not of long duration.

On the 28th of June, at six in the morning, we discovered the Peak of Teneriffe, towards the south, the summit of whose cone seemed lost among the clouds. We were then distant about two leagues, which we made in less than a quarter of an hour. At ten o'clock we brought to before the town of St. Croix. Several officers got leave to go on shore to procure refreshments.

Whilst these gentlemen were away, a certain passenger, member of the self-instituted Philanthropic Society of Cape Verd, suggested that it was very dangerous to remain where we were, adding that he was well acquainted with the country, and had navigated in all these latitudes. M. Le Roy Lachaumareys, Captain of the Medusa, believing the pretended knowledge of the intriguing Richefort, gave him the command of the frigate. Various officers of the navy represented to the captain how shameful it was to put such confidence in a stranger, and that they would never obey a man who had no character as a commander. The captain despised these wise remonstrances; and, using his authority, commanded the pilots and all the crew to obey Richefort; saying he was king, since the orders of the king were that they should obey him. Immediately the impostor, desirous of displaying his great skill in navigation, made them change the route for no purpose but that of showing his skill in manœuvring a ship. Every instant he changed the tack, went, came, and returned, and approached the very reefs, as if to brave them. In short, he beat about so much, that the sailors at length refused to obey him, saying boldly that he was a vile impostor. But it was done. The man had gained the confidence of Captain Lachaumareys, who, ignorant of navigation himself, was doubtless glad to get some one to undertake his duty. But it must be told, and told, too, in the face of all Europe, that this blind and inept confidence was the sole cause of the loss of the Medusa frigate, as well as of all the crimes consequent upon it.

Towards three in the afternoon, those officers who had gone on shore in the morning, returned on board loaded with vegetables, fruits and flowers. They laughed heartily at the manœuvres that had been going on during

their absence, which doubtless did not please the captain, who flattered himself he had already found in his pilot Richefort a good and able seaman: such were his words. At four in the afternoon we took a southerly direction. M. Richefort then beaming with exultation for having, as he said, saved the Medusa from certain shipwreck, continued to give his pernicious counsels to Captain Lachaumareys, persuading him he had been often employed to explore the shores of Africa, and that he was perfectly well acquainted with the Arguin Bank. The journals of the 29th and 30th afford nothing very remarkable.

The hot winds from the desert of Sahara began to be felt, which told us we approached the tropic; indeed, the sun at noon seemed suspended perpendicularly above our heads, a phenomenon which few among us had ever seen.

On the first of July, we recognised Cape Bojador, and then saw the shores of Sahara. Towards ten in the morning, they set about the frivolous ceremony which the sailors have invented for the purpose of causing something from those passengers who have never crossed the line. During the ceremony, the frigate doubled Cape Barbas, hastening to its destruction. Captain Lachaumareys very good humouredly presided at this species of baptism, whilst his dear Richefort pronounced the forecastle, and looked with indifference upon a shore bristling with dangers. However that may be, it passed on well; nay, it may be even said that the farce was well played off. But the route which we pursued soon made us forget the short-lived happiness we had experienced. Every one began to observe the sudden change which had taken place in the colour of the sea, as we ran upon the bank in shallow water. A general murmur rose among the passengers and officers of the navy:—they were far from partaking in the vain confidence of the captain.

On the 2d of July, at five in the morning, the captain was persuaded that a large cloud, which was discovered in the direction of Cape Blanco, was that Cape itself. After this pretended discovery, they ought to have steered to the west, for about fifty leagues, to have gained a room to double with certainty the Arguin Bank: moreover, they ought to have conformed to the instructions which the Minister of Marine had given to the ships which set out for Senegal. The other part of the expedition, from having followed these instructions arrived in safety at their destination. During the preceding night the Echo, which had hitherto accompanied the Medusa, made several signals, but being replied to with contrary orders, abandoned us. Towards ten in the morning, the danger which threatened us was again represented to the captain, and he was strongly urged, if he wished to avoid the Arguin Bank, to take a westerly course; but the captain was again neglected, and he despised the predictions. One of the officers of the frigate, from having wished to expose the intriguing Richefort, was put under arrest. My father, who had already twice made the voyage to Senegal, and who with various persons was persuaded they were going right upon the bank, also made his observations to the unfortunate pilot. His advice was no better received than those of Messrs. Reynaud, Baudin, Maudet, &c. Richefort, in the sweetest tone, replied, "My dear, we know our business; attend to your duty, and be quiet. I have already twice passed the Arguin Bank; I have sailed upon the Red Sea, and you see I am not drowned." What reply could be made to such a posterous speech? My father, seeing it was impossible to get our route changed, resolved to trust to Providence to free us from our danger, and descended to our cabin, where he sought to dissipate his fears in the oblivion of sleep.

CHAPTER III.

At noon, on the 2d of July, soundings were taken. M. Maudet, ensign of the watch, was convinced we were upon the edge of the Arguin Bank. The captain said to him, as well as to every one, that there was no cause of alarm. In the mean while, the wind blowing with great violence, impelled us nearer and nearer to the danger which menaced us. A species of stupor overpowered all our spirits, and every one preserved a mournful silence, as if they were persuaded we would soon touch the bank. The colour of the water entirely changed, a circumstance even remarked by the ladies. About three in the afternoon, being in 19° 30' north latitude, and 19° 45' west longitude, an universal cry was heard upon the deck. All declared they saw sand rolling among the ripple of the sea. The captain in an instant ordered to sound. The line gave eighteen fathoms; but on a second

sounding it only gave six. He at last saw his error, and hesitated no longer on changing the route, but it was too late. A strong concussion told us the frigate had struck. Terror and consternation were instantly depicted on every face. The crew stood motionless; the passengers in utter despair. In the midst of this general panic, cries of vengeance were heard against the principal author of our misfortunes, wishing to throw him overboard; but some generous persons interposed, and endeavoured to calm their spirits, by diverting their attention to the means of our safety. The confusion was already so great, that M. Poinsignon, commandant of a troop, struck my sister Caroline a severe blow, doubtless thinking it was one of his soldiers. At this crisis my father was buried in profound sleep, but he quickly awoke, the cries and the tumult upon deck having informed him of our misfortunes. He poured out a thousand reproaches on those whose ignorance and boasting had been so disastrous to us. However, they set about the means of averting our danger. The officers, with an altered voice, issued their orders, expecting every moment to see the ship go in pieces. They strove to lighten her, but the sea was very rough and the current strong. Much time was lost in doing nothing; they only pursued half measures, and all of them unfortunately failed.

When it was discovered that the danger of the *Medusa* was not so great as was at first supposed, various persons proposed to transport the troops to the island of Arguin, which was conjectured to be not far from the place where we lay aground. Others advised to take us all successively to the coast of the desert of Sahara, by the means of our boats, and with provisions sufficient to form a caravan, to reach the island of St. Louis, at Senegal. The events which afterwards ensued proved this plan to have been the best, and which would have been crowned with success; unfortunately it was not adopted. M. Schmaltz, the governor, suggested the making of a raft of sufficient size to carry two hundred men, with provisions: which latter plan was seconded by the two officers of the frigate, and put in execution.

The fatal raft was then begun to be constructed, which would, they said, carry provisions for every one. Masts, planks, boards, cordage, were thrown overboard. Two officers were charged with the framing of these together. Large barrels were emptied and placed at the angles of the machine, and the workmen were taught to say, that the passengers would be in greater security there, and more at their ease, than in the boats. However, as it was forgotten to erect rails, every one supposed, and with reason, that those who had given the plan of the raft, had no design of embarking upon it themselves.

When it was completed, the two chief officers of the frigate publicly promised, that all the boats would tow it to the shore of the Desert; and, when there, stores of provisions and fire-arms would be given us to form a caravan to take us all to Senegal. Why was not this plan executed? Why were these promises, sworn before the French flag, made in vain? But it is necessary to draw a veil over the past. I will only add, that if these promises had been fulfilled, every one would have been saved, and that, in spite of the detestable egotism of certain personages, humanity would not now have had to deplore the scenes of horror consequent on the wreck of the *Medusa*!

On the third of July, the efforts were renewed to disengage the frigate, but without success. We then prepared to quit her. The sea became very rough, and the wind blew with great violence. Nothing now was heard but the plaintive and confused cries of a multitude, consisting of more than four hundred persons, who, seeing death before their eyes, deplored their hard fate in bitter lamentations. On the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour the tide flowed, the frigate, being considerably lightened by all that had been thrown overboard, was found nearly afloat; and it is very certain, if on that day they had thrown the artillery into the water, the *Medusa* would have been saved; but M. Lachaumareys said, he could not thus sacrifice the king's cannon, as if the frigate did not belong to the king also. However, the sea obeyed, and the ship sinking into the sand deeper than ever, made them relinquish that on which depended our last ray of hope.

On the approach of night, the fury of the winds redoubled, and the sea became very rough. The frigate then received some tremendous concussions, and the water rushed into the hold in the most terrific manner, but the pumps would not work. We had now no alternative but to abandon her for the frail boats, which any single wave would overwhelm. Frightful gulfs environed us; mountains of water raised their liquid summits in the distance. How were we to escape so many dan-

gers? Whither could we go? What hospitable land would receive us on its shores? My thoughts then reverted to our beloved country. I did not regret Paris, but I could have esteemed myself happy to have been yet in the marshes on the road to Rochefort. Then starting suddenly from my reverie, I exclaimed: "O terrible condition! that black and boundless sea resembles the eternal night which will engulf us! All those who surround me seem yet tranquil; but that fatal calm will soon be succeeded by the most frightful torments. Fools, what had we to find in Senegal, to make us trust to the most perfidious of elements! Did France not afford every necessary for our happiness? Happy! yes, thrice happy, they who never set foot on a foreign soil! Great God! succour all these unfortunate beings; save our unhappy family!"

My father perceived my distress, but how could he console me? What words could calm my fears, and place me above the apprehension of those dangers to which we were exposed? How, in a word, could I assume a serene appearance, when friends, parents, and all that was most dear to me, were, in all human probability, on the very verge of destruction? Alas! my fears were but too well founded. For I soon perceived that, although we were the only ladies, besides the Misses Schmaltz, who formed a part of the governor's suite, they had the barbarity of intending our family to embark upon the raft, where were only soldiers, sailors, planters of Cape Verd, and some generous officers who had not the honour (if it could be accounted one) of being considered among the ignorant confidants of MM. Schmaltz and Lachaumareys. My father, indignant at a proceeding so indecorous, swore we would not embark upon the raft, and that, if we were not judged worthy of a place in one of the six boats, he would himself, his wife and children, remain on board the wreck of the frigate. The tone in which he spoke these words, was that of a man resolute to avenge any insult that might be offered to him. The governor of Senegal, doubtless fearing the world would one day reproach him for his inhumanity, decided we should have a place in one of the boats. This having in some measure quieted our fears concerning our unfortunate situation, I was desirous of taking some repose, but the uproar among the crew was so great I could not obtain it.

Towards midnight, a passenger came to enquire of my father if we were disposed to depart; he replied, we had been forbidden to go yet. However, we were soon convinced that a great part of the crew and various passengers were secretly preparing to set off in the boats. A conduct so perfidious could not fail to alarm us, especially as we perceived among those so eager to embark unknown to us, several who had promised, but a little while before, not to go without us.

M. Schmaltz, to prevent that which was going on upon deck, instantly rose to endeavour to quiet their minds; but the soldiers had already assumed a threatening attitude, and, holding cheap the words of their commander, swore they would fire upon whosoever attempted to depart in a clandestine manner. The firmness of these brave men produced the desired effect, and all was restored to order. The governor returned to his cabin; and those who were desirous of departing furtively were confused and covered with shame. The governor, however, was ill at ease; and as he had heard very distinctly certain energetic words which had been addressed to him, he judged it proper to assemble a council. All the officers and passengers being collected, M. Schmaltz there solemnly swore before them not to abandon the raft, and a second time promised, that all the boats would tow it to the shore of the Desert, where they would all be formed into a caravan. I confess this conduct of the governor greatly satisfied every member of our family; for we never dreamed he would deceive us, nor act in a manner contrary to what he had promised.

CHAPTER IV.

About three in the morning, some hours after the meeting of the council, a terrible noise was heard in the powder room; it was the helm which was broken. All who were sleeping were roused by it. On going on deck every one was more and more convinced that the frigate was lost beyond all recovery. Alas! the wreck was, for our family, the commencement of a horrible series of misfortunes. The two chief officers then decided with one accord, that all should embark at six in the morning, and abandon the ship to the mercy of the waves. After this decision, followed a scene the most whimsical, and at the same time the most melancholy that can be well conceived. To have a more distinct idea of it, let the reader

transport himself in imagination to the midst of the liquid plains of the ocean; then let him picture to himself a multitude of all classes, of every age, tossed about at the mercy of the waves upon a dismayed vessel, foundered, and half submerged; let him not forget these are thinking beings with the certain prospect before them of having reached the goal of their existence.

Separated from the rest of the world by a boundless sea, and having no place of refuge but the wrecks of a grounded vessel, the multitude addressed at first their vows to Heaven, and forgot, for a moment, all earthly concerns. Then, suddenly starting from their lethargy, they began to look after their wealth, the merchandise they had in small ventures, utterly regardless of the elements that threatened them. The miser, thinking of the gold contained in his coffer, hastened to put it in a place of safety, either by sewing it into the lining of his clothes, or by cutting out for it a place in the waistband of his trousers. The smuggler was tearing his hair at not being able to save a chest of contraband which he had secretly got on board, and with which he had hoped to have gained two or three hundred per cent. Another, selfish to excess, was throwing overboard all his hidden money, and amusing himself by burning all his effects. A generous officer was opening his portmanteau, offering caps, stockings, and shirts, to any who would take them. These had scarcely gathered together their various effects, when they learned that they could not take any thing with them; those were searching the cabins and store-rooms to carry away every thing that was valuable. Ship-boys were discovering the delicate wines and fine liqueurs, which a wise foresight had placed in reserve. Soldiers and sailors were penetrating even into the spirit-room, broaching casks, starving others, and drinking till they fell exhausted. Soon the tumult of the inebriated made us forget the roaring of the sea which threatened to engulf us. At last the uproar was at its height; the soldiers no longer listened to the voice of their captain. Some knit their brows and muttered oaths; but nothing could be done with those whom wine had rendered furious. Next, piercing cries, mixed with doleful groans were heard—this was the signal of departure.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 5th, a great part of the military were embarked upon the raft, which was already covered with a large sheet of foam. The soldiers were expressly prohibited from taking their arms. A young officer of infantry, whose brain seemed to be powerfully affected, put his horse beside the barricades of the frigate, and then, armed with two pistols, threatened to fire upon any one who refused to go upon the raft. Forty men had scarcely descended when it sunk to the depth of about two feet. To facilitate the embarking of a greater number, they were obliged to throw over several barrels of provisions which had been placed upon it the day before. In this manner did this furious officer get about one hundred and fifty heaped upon that floating tomb; but he did not think of adding one more to the number by descending himself, as he ought to have done, but went peaceably away, and placed himself in one of the best boats. There should have been sixty sailors upon the raft, and there were but about ten. A list had been made out on the 4th, assigning each his proper place; but this wise precaution being disregarded, every one pursued the plan he deemed best for his own preservation. The precipitation with which they forced one hundred and fifty unfortunate beings upon the raft was such, that they forgot to give them one morsel of biscuit. However, they threw towards them twenty-five pounds in a sack, whilst they were not far from the frigate; but it fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered.

During this disaster, the governor of Senegal, who was busied in the care of his own dear self, effeminately descended in an arm-chair into the barge, where were already various large chests, all kinds of provisions, his dearest friends, his daughter and his wife. Afterwards the captain's boat received twenty-seven persons, amongst whom were twenty-five sailors, good rowers. The shallop, commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the ship, took forty-five passengers, and put off. The boat, called the Senegal, took twenty-five; the pinnace thirty-three; and the yawl, the smallest of all the boats, took only ten.

Almost all the officers, the passengers, the mariners, and supernumeraries, were already embarked—all, but our weeping family, who still remained on the boards of the frigate, till some charitable souls would kindly receive us into a boat. Surprised at this abandonment, I instantly felt myself roused, and, calling with all my might to the officers of the boats, besought them to take our unhappy family along with them. Soon after, the barge,

in which were the governor of Senegal and all his family, approached the Medusa, as if still to take some passengers, for there were but few in it. I made a motion to descend, hoping that the Misses Schmalz, who had, till that day, taken a great interest in our family, would allow us a place in their boat; but I was mistaken: those ladies, who had embarked in a mysterious incognito, had already forgotten us; and M. Lachaumareys, who was still on the frigate, positively told me they would not embark along with us. Nevertheless I ought to tell, what we learned afterwards, that the officer who commanded the pinnace had received orders to take us in, but, as he was already a great way from the frigate, we were certain he had abandoned us. My father, however, hailed him, but he persisted on his way to gain the open sea. A short while afterwards we perceived a small boat upon the waves, which seemed desirous to approach the Medusa; it was the yawl. When it was sufficiently near, my father implored the sailors who were in it to take us on board, and to carry us to the pinnace, where our family ought to be placed. They refused. He then seized a firelock, which lay by chance upon deck, and swore he would kill every one of them if they refused to take us into the yawl, adding that it was the property of the king, and that he would have advantage from it as well as another. The sailors murmured, but durst not resist, and received all our family, which consisted of nine persons, viz. Four children, our stepmother, my cousin, my sister Caroline, my father, and myself. A small box, filled with valuable papers, which we wished to save, some clothes, two bottles of ratafia, which we had endeavoured to preserve amidst our misfortunes, were seized and thrown overboard by the sailors of the yawl, who told us we would find in the pinnace every thing which we could wish for our voyage. We had then only the clothes which covered us, never thinking of dressing ourselves in two suits; but the loss which affected us most was that of several manuscripts, at which my father had been labouring for a long while. Our trunks, our linen, and various chests of merchandise of great value, in a word, every thing we possessed, was left in the Medusa. When we boarded the pinnace, the officer who commanded it began excusing himself for having set off without forewarning us, as he had been ordered, and said a thousand things in his justification. But without believing half his fine protestations, we felt very happy in having overtaken him: for it is most certain they had had no intention of encumbering themselves with our unfortunate family. I say encumber, for it is evident that four children, one of whom was yet at the breast, were very indifferent beings to people who were actuated by a selfishness beyond all parallel. When we were seated in the long-boat, my father dismissed the sailors with the yawl, telling them he would ever gratefully remember their services. They speedily departed, but little satisfied with the good action they had done. My father hearing their murmurs and the abuse they poured out against us, said, loud enough for all in the boat to hear: "We are not surprised sailors are destitute of shame, when their officers blush at being compelled to do a good action." The commandant of the boat feigned not to understand the reproaches conveyed in these words, and, to divert our minds from brooding over our wrongs, endeavoured to counterfeit the man of gallantry.

CHAPTER V.

All the boats were already far from the Medusa, when they were brought to, to form a chain in order to tow the raft. The barge, in which was the governor of Senegal, took the first tow, then all the other boats in succession joined themselves to that. M. Lachaumareys embarked, although there yet remained upon the Medusa more than sixty persons. Then the brave and generous M. Espiau, commander of the shallop, quitted the line of boats, and returned to the frigate, with the intention of saving all the wretches who had been abandoned. They all sprang into the shallop; but as it was very much overloaded, seventeen unfortunates preferred remaining on board, rather than expose themselves as well as their companions to certain death. But, alas! the greater part afterwards fell victims to their fears or their devotion. Fifty-two days after they were abandoned, no more than three of them were alive, and these looked more like skeletons than men.* They told that their miserable

companions had gone afloat upon planks and hen-coops, after having waited in vain forty-two days for the succour which had been promised them, and that all had perished.

The shallop, carrying with difficulty all those she had saved from the Medusa, slowly rejoined the line of boats which towed the raft. M. Espiau earnestly besought the officers of the other boats to take some of them along with them; but they refused, alleging to the generous officer that he ought to keep them in his own boat, as he had gone for them himself. M. Espiau, finding it impossible to keep them all without exposing them to the utmost peril, steered right for a boat which I will not name. Immediately a sailor sprang from the shallop into the sea, and endeavoured to reach it by swimming; and when he was about to enter it, an officer who possessed great influence, pushed him back, and drawing his sabre, threatened to cut off his hands, if he again made the attempt. The poor wretch regained the shallop, which was very near the pinnace, where we were. Various friends of my father supplicated M. Lapérère, the officer of our boat, to receive him on board. My father had his arms already out to catch him, when M. Lapérère instantly let go the rope which attached us to the other boats, and tugged off with all his force. At the same instant every boat imitated our execrable example; and wishing to shun the approach of the shallop, which sought for assistance, stood off from the raft, abandoning in the midst of the ocean, and to the fury of the waves, the miserable mortals whom they had sworn to land on the shores of the Desert.

Scarcely had these cowards broken their oath, when we saw the French flag flying upon the raft. The confidence of these unfortunate persons was so great, that when they saw the first boat, which had the tow, removing from them, they all cried out, the rope is broken! the rope is broken! but when no attention was paid to their observation, they instantly perceived the treachery of the wretches who had left them so basely. Then the cries of *Vive le Roi* arose from the raft, as if the poor fellows were calling to their father for assistance; or, as if they had been persuaded that, at that rallying word, the officers of the boats would return, and not abandon their countrymen. The officers repeated the cry of *Vive le Roi*, without a doubt, to insult them; but, more particularly, M. Lachaumareys, who, assuming a martial attitude, waved his hat in the air. Alas! what availed these false professions? Frenchmen, menaced with the greatest peril, were demanding assistance with the cries of *Vive le Roi*; yet none were found sufficiently generous, nor sufficiently French, to go to aid them. After a silence of some minutes, horrible cries were heard; the air resounded with the groans, the lamentations, the imprecations of these wretched beings, and the echo of the sea frequently repeated, Alas! how cruel you are to abandon us!!! The raft already appeared to be buried under the waves, and its unfortunate passengers immersed. The fatal machine was drifted by currents far behind the wreck of the frigate; without cable, anchor, mast, sail, oars; in a word, without the smallest means of enabling them to save themselves. Each wave that struck it, made them stumble in heaps on one another. Their feet getting entangled among the cordage, and between the planks, bereaved them of the faculty of moving. Maddened by these misfortunes, suspended, and adrift upon a merciless ocean, they were soon tortured between the pieces of wood which formed the scaffold on which they floated. The bones of their feet and their legs were bruised and broken, every time the fury of the waves agitated the raft; their flesh covered with contusions and hideous wounds, dissolved, as it were, in the briny waves, whilst the roaring flood around them was coloured with their blood.

As the raft when it was abandoned, was nearly two leagues from the frigate, it was impossible these unfortunate persons could return to it; they were soon after far out at sea. These victims still appeared above their floating tomb; and, stretching out their supplicating hands towards the boats which fled from them, seemed yet to invoke, for the last time, the names of the wretches who had deceived them. O horrid day! a day of shame and reproach! Alas! that the hearts of those who were so well acquainted with misfortune, should have been so inaccessible to pity!

After witnessing that most inhuman scene, and seeing the wreck of the frigate, was assassinated in his bed at Senegal, when he was just upon the eve of setting off for France. The authorities could not discover the murderer, who had taken good care to flee from his victim after having killed him.

they were insensible to the cries and lamentations of so many unhappy beings, I felt my heart bursting with sorrow. It seemed to me that the waves would overwhelm all these wretches, and I could not suppress my tears. My father, exasperated to excess, and bursting with rage at seeing so much cowardice and inhumanity among the officers of the boats, began to regret that he had not accepted the place which had been assigned for us upon the fatal raft. "At least," said he, "we would have died with the brave, or we would have returned to the wreck of the Medusa; and not have had the disgrace of saving ourselves with cowards." Although this produced no effect upon the officers, it proved very fatal to us afterwards; for, on our arrival at Senegal, it was reported to the governor, and very probably was the principal cause of all those evils and vexations which we endured in that colony.

Let us now turn our attention to the several situations of all those who were endeavouring to save themselves in the different boats, as well as to those left upon the wreck of the Medusa.

We have already seen, that the frigate was half sunk when it was deserted, presenting nothing but a bulk and wreck. Nevertheless, seventeen still remained upon it, and had food, which, although damaged, enabled them to support themselves for a considerable time; whilst the raft was abandoned to float at the mercy of the waves, upon the vast surface of the ocean. One hundred and fifty wretches were embarked upon it, sunk to the depth of at least three feet on its fore part, and on its poop immersed even to the middle. What victims they had were soon consumed, or spoiled by the salt water; and perhaps some, as the waves hurried them along, became food for the monsters of the deep. Two only of all the boats which left the Medusa, and these with very few people in them, were provisioned with every necessary; these struck off with security and despatch. But the condition of those who were in the shallop was but little better than those upon the raft; their great number, their scarcity of provisions, their great distance from the shore, gave them the most melancholy anticipations of the future. Their worthy commander, M. Espiau, had no other hope but of reaching the shore as soon as possible. The other boats were less filled with people, but they were scarcely better provisioned; and, as by a species of fatality, the pinnace, in which were our family, was destitute of every thing. Our provisions consisted of a barrel of biscuit, and a tierce of water; and, to add to our misfortunes, the biscuit being soaked in the sea, it was almost impossible to swallow one morsel of it. Each passenger in our boat was obliged to sustain his wretched existence with a glass of water, which he could get only once a day. To tell how this happened, how this boat was so poorly supplied, whilst there was abundance left upon the Medusa, is far beyond my power. But it is at least certain, that the greater part of the officers, commanding the boats, the shallop, the pinnace, the Senegal boat, and the yawl, were persuaded, when they quitted the frigate, that they would not abandon the raft, but that all the expedition would sail together to the coast of Sahara; that when there, the boats would be again sent to the Medusa to take provisions, arms, and those who were left there; but it appears the chiefs had decided otherwise.

After abandoning the raft, although scattered, all the boats formed a little fleet, and followed the same route. All who were sincere hoped to arrive the same day at the coast of the Desert, and that every one would get on shore; but M. Schmalz and Lachaumareys gave orders to take the route for Senegal. This sudden change in the resolutions of the chiefs was like a thunderbolt to the officers commanding the boats. Having nothing on board but what was barely necessary to enable us to allay the cravings of hunger for one day, we were all sensibly affected. The other boats, which, like ourselves, hoped to have got on shore at the nearest point, were a little better provisioned than we were; they had at least a little wine, which supplied the place of other necessities. We then demanded some from them, explaining our situation, but none would assist us, not even Captain Lachaumareys, who, drinking to a kept mistress, supported by two sailors, swore he had not one drop on board. We were next desirous of addressing the boat of the governor of Senegal, where we were persuaded were plenty of provisions of every kind, such as oranges, biscuits, cakes, comfits, plums, and even the finest liqueurs; but my father opposed it, so well was he assured we would not obtain any thing.

We will now turn to the condition of those on the raft, when the boats left them to themselves.

* Two, out of the three wretches who were saved from the wreck of the Medusa, died a few days after their arrival at the colony; and the third, who pretended to know a great many particulars relative to the deser-

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If all the boats had continued dragging the raft forward, favoured as we were by the breeze from the sea, we would have been able to have conducted them to the shore in less than two days. But an inconceivable fatality caused the generous plan to be abandoned.

When the raft had lost sight of the boats, a spirit of sedition began to manifest itself in furious cries. They then began to regard one another with ferocious looks, and to thirst for one another's flesh. Some one had already whispered of having recourse to that monstrous extremity, and of commencing with the fattest and youngest. A proposition so atrocious filled the brave Captain Dupont and his worthy lieutenant M. L'Heureux with horror; and that courage which had so often supported them in the field of glory, now forsook them. Among the first who fell under the hatchets of the assassins, was a young woman who had been seen devouring the body of her husband. When her turn was come, she sought a little wine as a last favour, then rose, and without uttering one word threw herself into the sea. Captain Dupont being proscribed for having refused to partake of the sacrilegious viands on which the monsters were feeding, was saved as by a miracle from the hands of the butchers. Scarcely had they seized him to lead him to the slaughter, when a large pole, which served in place of a mast, fell upon his body; and believing that his legs were broken, they contented themselves by throwing him into the sea. The unfortunate captain plunged, disappeared, and they thought him already in another world.

Providence, however, revived the strength of the unfortunate warrior. He emerged under the beams of the raft, and clinging with all his might, holding his head above water, he remained between two enormous pieces of wood, whilst the rest of his body was hid in the sea. After more than two hours of suffering, Captain Dupont spoke in a low voice to his lieutenant, who by chance was seated near the place of his concealment. The brave L'Heureux, his eyes glistening with tears, believed he heard the voice, and saw the shade of his captain; and trembling, was about to quit the place of horror; but, O wonderful! he saw a head which seemed to draw its last sigh, he recognised it, he embraced it, alas! it was his dear friend! Dupont was instantly drawn from the water, and M. L'Heureux obtained for his unfortunate comrade again a place upon the raft. Those who had been most inveterate against him, touched at what Providence had done for him in so miraculous a manner, decided, with one accord, to allow him entire liberty upon the raft.

The sixty unfortunates who had escaped from the first massacre, were soon reduced to fifty, then to forty, and at last to twenty-eight. The least murmur, or the smallest complaint, at the moment of distributing the provisions, was a crime punished with immediate death. In consequence of such a regulation, it may easily be presumed the raft was soon lightened. In the meanwhile the wine diminished sensibly, and the half rations very much displeased a certain chief of the conspiracy. On purpose to avoid being reduced to that extremity, the executive power decided it was much wiser to drown thirteen people, and to get full rations, than that twenty-eight should have half rations. Merciful Heaven! what shame! After the last catastrophe, the chiefs of the conspiracy, fearing doubtless of being assassinated in their turn, threw all the arms into the sea, and swore an inviolable friendship with the heroes which the hatchet had spared. On the 17th of July, in the morning, Captain Parnajon, commandant of the Argus brig, still found fifteen men on the raft. They were immediately taken on board, and conducted to Senegal. Four of the fifteen are yet alive, viz: Captain Dupont, residing in the neighbourhood of Mainboiss, Lieutenant L'Heureux, since captain, at Senegal Savigny at Rochefort, and Corréard, I know not where.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 5th of July, at ten in the morning, one hour after abandoning the raft, and three after quitting the Medusa, M. Lapérère, the officer of our boat, made the first distribution of provisions. Each passenger had a small glass of water and nearly the fourth of a biscuit. Each drank his allowance of water at one draught, but it was found impossible to swallow one morsel of our biscuit, it being so impregnated with sea-water. It hap-

pened, however, that some was not quite so saturated. Of these we ate a small portion, and put back the remainder for a future day. Our voyage would have been sufficiently agreeable, if the beams of the sun had not been so fierce. On the evening we perceived the shores of the Desert; but as the two chiefs (MM. Schmaltz and Lachaumareys) wished to go right for Senegal, notwithstanding we were still one hundred leagues from it, we were not allowed to land. Several officers remonstrated, both on account of our want of provisions and the crowded condition of the boats, for undertaking so dangerous a voyage. Others urged with equal force, that it would be dishonouring the French name, if we were to neglect the unfortunate people on the raft, and insisted we should be set on shore, and whilst we waited there, three boats should return to look after the raft, and three to the wrecks of the frigate, to take up the seventeen who were left there, as well as a sufficient quantity of provisions to enable us to go to Senegal by the way of Barbary. But MM. Schmaltz and Lachaumareys, whose boats were sufficiently well provisioned, scouted the advice of their subalterns, and ordered them to cast anchor till the following morning. They were obliged to obey these orders, and to relinquish their designs. During the night, a certain passenger, who was doubtless no doctor, and who believed in ghosts and witches, was suddenly frightened by the appearance of flames, which he thought he saw in the waters of the sea, a little way from where our boat was anchored. My father, and some others, who were aware that the sea is sometimes phosphorated, confirmed the poor credulous man in his belief, and added several circumstances which fairly turned his brain. They persuaded him the Arabic sorcerers had fired the sea to prevent us from travelling along their deserts.

On the morning of the 6th of July, at five o'clock, all the boats were under way on the route to Senegal. The boats of MM. Schmaltz and Lachaumareys took the lead along the coast, and all the expedition followed. About eight, several sailors in our boat, with threats, demanded to be set on shore; but M. Lapérère, not acceding to their request, the whole were about to revolt, and seize the command; but the firmness of this officer quelled the mutineers. In a spring which he made to seize a firelock which a sailor persisted in keeping in his possession, he almost tumbled into the sea. My father fortunately was near him, and held him by his clothes, but he had instantly to quit him, for fear of losing his hat, which the waves were floating away. A short while after this slight accident, the shallop, which we had lost sight of since the morning, appeared desirous of rejoining us. We plied all hands to avoid her, for we were afraid of one another, and thought that that boat, encumbered with so many people, wished to board us to oblige us to take some of its passengers, as M. Espiau would not suffer them to be abandoned like those upon the raft. That officer hailed us at a distance, offering to take our family on board, adding, he was anxious to take about sixty people to the Desert. The officer of our boat, thinking that this was a pretence, replied, we preferred suffering where we were. It even appeared to us that M. Espiau had hid some of his people under the benches of the shallop. But, alas! in the end we deeply deplored being so suspicious, and of having so outraged the devotion of the most generous officer of the Medusa.

Our boat began to leak considerably, but we prevented it as well as we could, by stuffing the largest holes with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to take before quitting the frigate. At noon the heat became so strong—so intolerable, that several of us believed we had reached our last moments. The hot winds of the Desert even reached us; and the fine sand with which they were loaded, had completely obscured the clearness of the atmosphere. The sun presented a reddish disk; the whole surface of the ocean became nebulous, and the air which we breathed, depositing a fine sand, an impalpable powder, penetrated to our lungs, already parched with a burning thirst. In this state of torment we remained till four in the afternoon, when a breeze from the north-west brought us some relief. Notwithstanding the privations we felt, and especially the burning thirst which had become intolerable, the cool air which we now began to breathe, made us in part forget our sufferings. The heavens began again to resume

the usual serenity of those latitudes, and we hoped to have passed a good night. A second distribution of provisions was made; each received a small glass of water, and about the eighth part of a biscuit. Notwithstanding our meagre fare, every one seemed content, in the persuasion we would reach Senegal by the morrow. But how vain were all our hopes, and what sufferings had we yet to endure!

At half past seven, the sky was covered with stormy clouds. The serenity we had admired a little while before, entirely disappeared, and gave place to the most gloomy obscurity. The surface of the ocean presented all the signs of a coming tempest. The horizon on the side of the Desert had the appearance of a long hideous chain of mountains piled on one another, the summits of which seemed to vomit fire and smoke. Bluish clouds, streaked with a dark copper colour, detached themselves from that shapeless heap, and came and joined with those which floated over our heads. In less than half an hour the ocean seemed confounded with the terrible sky which canopied us. The stars were hid. Suddenly a frightful noise was heard from the west, and all the waves of the sea rushed to founder our frail bark. A fearful silence succeeded to the general consternation. Every tongue was mute; and none durst communicate to his neighbour the horror with which his mind was impressed. At intervals the cries of the children rent our hearts. At that instant a weeping and agonised mother bared her breast to her dying child, but it yielded nothing to appease the thirst of the little innocent who pressed it in vain. O night of horrors! what pen is capable to paint thy terrible picture! How describe the agonising fears of a father and mother, at the sight of their children tossed about and expiring of hunger in a small boat, which the winds and waves threatened to engulf at every instant! Having full before our eyes the prospect of inevitable death, we gave ourselves up to our unfortunate condition, and addressed our prayers to Heaven. The winds growled with the utmost fury; the tempestuous waves arose exasperated. In their terrific encounter a mountain of water was precipitated into our boat, carrying away one of the sails, and the greater part of the effects which the sailors had saved from the Medusa. Our bark was nearly sunk; the females and the children lay rolling in its bottom, drinking the waters of bitterness; and their cries, mixed with the roaring of the waves and the furious north wind, increased the horrors of the scene. My unfortunate father then experienced the most excruciating agony of mind. The idea of the loss which the shipwreck had occasioned to him, and the danger which still menaced all he held dearest in the world, plunged him into a deep swoon. The tenderness of his wife and children recovered him; but, alas! his recovery was to still more bitterly deplore the wretched situation of his family. He clasped us to his bosom; he bathed us with his tears, and seemed as if he was regarding us with his last looks of love.

Every soul in the boat was seized with the same perturbation, but it manifested itself in different ways. One part of the sailors remained motionless, in a bewildered state; the other cheered and encouraged one another; the children, locked in the arms of their parents, wept incessantly. Some demanded drink, vomiting the salt water which choked them; others, in short, embraced as for the last time, intertwining their arms, and vowing to die together.

In the meanwhile the sea became rougher and rougher. The whole surface of the ocean seemed a vast plain furrowed with huge blackish waves fringed with white foam. The thunder growled around us, and the lightning discovered to our eyes all that our imagination could conceive most horrible. Our boat, beset on all sides by the winds, and at every instant tossed on the summit of mountains of water, was very nearly sunk in spite of our every effort in baling it, when we discovered a large hole in its poop. It was instantly stuffed with every thing we could find;—old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shreds of coats, shawls, useless bonnets, every thing was employed, and secured us as far as it was possible. During the space of six hours, we rowed suspended alternately between hope and fear, between life and death. At last towards the middle of the night, Heaven, which had seen our resignation, commanded the floods to be still. Instantly the sea became less rough, the veil

which covered the sky became less obscure, the stars again shone out, and the tempest seemed to withdraw. A general exclamation of joy and thankfulness issued at one instant from every mouth. The winds calmed, and each of us sought a little sleep, whilst our good and generous pilot steered our boat on a still very stormy sea.

The day at last, the day so desired, entirely restored, the calm; but it brought no other consolation. During the night, the currents, the waves, and the winds had taken us so far out to sea, that, on the dawning of the 7th of July, we saw nothing but sky and water, without knowing whither to direct our course; for our compass had been broken during the tempest. In this hopeless condition, we continued to steer sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, until the sun arose, and at last showed us the east.

CHAPTER VII.

On the morning of the 7th of July, we again saw the shores of the Desert, notwithstanding we were yet a great distance from it. The sailors renewed their murmurings, wishing to get on shore, with the hope of being able to get some wholesome plants, and some more palatable water than that of the sea; but as we were afraid of the Moors, their request was opposed. However, M. Lapérouse proposed to take them as near as he could to the first breakers on the coast; and when there, those who wished to go on shore should throw themselves into the sea, and swim to land. Eleven accepted the proposal; but when we had reached the first waves, none had the courage to brave the mountains of water which rolled between them and the beach. Our sailors then betook themselves to their benches and oars, and promised to be more quiet for the future. A short while after, a third distribution was made since our departure from the Medusa; and nothing more remained than four pints of water, and one half dozen biscuits. What steps were we to take in this cruel situation? We were desirous of going on shore, but we had such dangers to encounter. However, we soon came to a decision, when we saw a caravan of Moors on the coast. We then stood a little out to sea. According to the calculation of our commanding officer, we could arrive at Senegal on the morrow. Deceived by the false account, we preferred suffering one day more, rather than to be taken by the Moors of the Desert, or perish among the breakers. We had now no more than a small half glass of water, and the seventh of a biscuit. Exposed as we were to the heat of the sun, which darted its rays perpendicularly on our heads, that ration, though small, would have been a great relief to us; but the distribution was delayed to the morrow. We were then obliged to drink the bitter sea water, ill as it was calculated to quench our thirst. Must I tell it! thirst had so withered the lungs of our sailors, that they drank water saltier than that of the sea! Our numbers diminished daily, and nothing but the hope of arriving at the colony on the following day sustained our frail existence. My young brothers and sisters wept incessantly for water. The little Laura, aged six years, lay dying at the feet of her mother. Her mournful cries so moved the soul of my unfortunate father, that he was on the eve of opening a vein to quench the thirst which consumed his child; but a wise person opposed his design, observing that all the blood in his body would not prolong the life of his infant one moment.

The freshness of the night wind procured us some respite. We anchored pretty near to the shore, and, though dying of famine, each got a tranquil sleep. On the morning of the 8th of July, at break of day, we took the route of Senegal. A short while after the wind fell, and we had a dead calm. We endeavoured to row, but our strength was exhausted. A fourth and last distribution was made, and, in the twinkling of an eye, our last resources were consumed. We were forty-two people who had to feed upon six biscuits and about four pints of water, with no hope of a farther supply. Then came the moment for deciding whether we were to perish among the breakers, which defended the approach to the shores of the Desert, or to die of famine in continuing our route. The majority preferred the last species of misery. We continued our progress along the shore, painfully pulling our oars. Upon the beach were distinguished several downs of white sand, and some small trees. We were thus creeping along the coast, observing a mournful silence, when a sailor suddenly exclaimed, behold the Moors! We did, in fact, see various individuals upon the rising ground, walking at a quick pace, and whom we took to be the Arabs of the Desert. As we were very near the shore, we stood farther out to sea,

fearing that these pretended Moors, or Arabs, would throw themselves into the sea, swim out, and take us. Some hours after, we observed several people upon an eminence, who seemed to make signals to us. We examined them attentively, and soon recognised them to be our companions in misfortune. We replied to them by attaching a white handkerchief to the top of our mast. Then we resolved to land, at the risk of perishing among the breakers, which were very strong towards the shore, although the sea was calm. On approaching the beach, we went towards the right, where the waves seemed less agitated, and endeavoured to reach it, with the hope of being able more easily to land. Scarcely had we directed our course to that point, when we perceived a great number of people standing near to a little wood surrounding the sand hills. We recognised them to be the passengers of that boat, who, like ourselves, were deprived of provisions.

Meanwhile we approached the shore, and already the foaming surge filled us with terror. Each wave that came upon the open sea, each billow that swept beneath our boat, made us bound into the air; so we were sometimes thrown from the poop to the prow, and from the prow to the poop. Then, if our pilot had missed the sea, we would have been sunk; the waves would have thrown us aground, and we would have been buried among the breakers. The helm of the boat was again given to the old pilot, who had already so happily steered us through the dangers of the storm. He instantly threw into the sea the mast, the sails, and every thing that could impede our proceedings. When we came to the first landing point, several of our shipwrecked companions, who had reached the shore, ran and hid themselves behind the hills, not to see us perish; others made signs not to approach at that place; some covered their eyes with their hands; others, at last despising the danger, precipitated themselves into the waves to receive us in their arms. We then saw a spectacle that made us shudder. We had already doubled two ranges of breakers; but those which we had still to cross raised their foaming waves to a prodigious height, then sunk with a hollow and monstrous sound, sweeping along a long line of the coast. Our boat sometimes greatly elevated, and sometimes engulfed between the waves, seemed at the moment of utter ruin. Bruised, battered, tossed about on all hands, it turned of itself, and refused to obey the kind hand which directed it. At that instant a huge wave rushed from the open sea, and dashed against the poop; the boat plunged, disappeared, and we were all among the waves. Our sailors, whose strength had returned at the presence of danger, redoubled their efforts, uttering mournful sounds. Our bark groaned, the oars were broken; it was thought aground, but it was stranded; it was upon its side. The last sea rushed upon us with the impetuosity of a torrent. We were up to the neck in water; the bitter sea-froth choked us. The grapple was thrown out. The sailors threw themselves into the sea; they took the children in their arms; returned, and took us upon their shoulders; and I found myself seated upon the sand on the shore, by the side of my step mother, my brothers and sisters, almost dead. Every one was upon the beach except my father and some sailors; but that good man arrived at last, to mingle his tears with those of his family and friends.

Instantly our hearts joined in addressing our prayers and praises to God. I raised my hands to heaven, and remained some time immovable upon the beach. Every one also hastened to testify his gratitude to our old pilot, who, next to God, justly merited the title of our preserver. M. Dumège, a naval surgeon, gave him an elegant gold watch, the only thing he had saved from the Medusa.

Let the reader now recollect all the perils to which we had been exposed in escaping from the wreck of the frigate to the shores of the Desert—all that we had suffered during our four days' voyage—and he will perhaps have a just notion of the various sensations we felt on getting on shore on that strange and savage land. Doubtless the joy we experienced at having escaped, as by a miracle, the fury of the floods, was very great; but how much was it lessened by the feelings of our horrible situation! Without water, without provisions, and the majority of us nearly naked, was it to be wondered at that we should be seized with terror on thinking of the obstacles which we had to surmount, the fatigues, the privations, the pains and the sufferings we had to endure, with the dangers we had to encounter in the immense and frightful Desert we had to traverse before we could arrive at our destination? Almighty Providence! it was in Thee alone I put my trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

After we had a little recovered from the fainting and fatigue of our getting on shore, our fellow sufferers told us they had landed in the forenoon, and had cleared the breakers by the strength of their oars and sails; but they had not all been so lucky as we were. One unfortunate person, too desirous of getting quickly on shore, had his legs broken under the shallop, and was taken and laid on the beach, and left to the care of Providence. M. Espiau, commander of the shallop, reproached us for having doubted him when he wished to board us to take our family along with him. It was most true he had landed sixty-three people that day. A short while after our refusal, he took the passengers of the yawl, who would infallibly have perished in the stormy night of the 6th and 7th. The boat named the Senegal, commanded by M. Maudet, had made the shore at the same time with M. Espiau. The boats of M. M. Schmitz and Lachaumareys were the only ones which continued the route for Senegal, whilst nine-tenths of the Frenchmen intrusted to these gentlemen were butchering each other on the raft, or dying of hunger on the burning sands of Sahara.

About seven in the morning, a caravan was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. We did accordingly find some at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little well, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. The Indian water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphurous taste: its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My step-mother, my cousin, and my sisters, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our benevolent fountain, then took the route for Senegal; that is, a westerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest of their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during all the night, without encountering any thing but death, which wounded our feet.

On the morning of the 9th, we saw an antelope on the top of a little hill, which instantly disappeared, before we had time to shoot it. The Desert seemed to us a view one immense plain of sand, on which was seen only one blade of verdure. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family impeded the progress of the caravan. It is true, the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us, nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the Desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and brutality. The dispute waxed hot. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poignard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this some of us threw ourselves in between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the Desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were, perhaps, less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégère, captain of infantry, who quelled the dispute by saying to his soldiers, "My friends, are Frenchmen, and I have the honour of being your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate in the Desert, so long as we are able to be of use to him. This brief, but energetic speech, caused those to whom he wished to leave us. All then joined with the captain, saying they would not leave us on condition we would walk quicker. M. Bégère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picaud were again on the road of the whole caravan. Some time after this dispute, Rogéry, member of the Philanthropic Society of the Verd, secretly left the caravan, striking into the midst of the Desert, without knowing very well what he sought.

He wished perhaps to explore the ancient country of the Numidians and Getulians, and to give himself a slave to the great Emperor of Morocco. What would it avail to acquire such celebrity? That intrepid traveller had not time to find that after which he searched; for a few days after he was captured by the Moors, and taken to Senegal, where the governor paid his ransom.

About noon hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating; but we only got poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convulsives of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves we found them as bitter as gall. The caravan rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They came back in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought back a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate any thing with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of an abominable taste. After this truly frugal repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning, nevertheless several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea shore, we all ran and lay down among the waves. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards. We deliberated on the means of securing ourselves, but sleep soon put an end to our fears. Scarcely had we slumbered a few hours when a horrible roaring of wild beasts awoke us, and made us stand on our defence. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and in spite of my fears and the horrible aspect of the place, nature never appeared so sublime to me before. Instantly something was announced that resembled a lion. This information was listened to with the greatest emotion. Every one being desirous of verifying the truth, fixed upon something he thought to be the object; one believed he saw the long teeth of the king of the forest; another was convinced his mouth was already open to devour us; several, armed with muskets, aimed at the animal, and advancing a few steps, discovered the pretended lion to be nothing more than a shrub fluctuating in the breeze. However, the howlings of ferocious beasts had so frightened us, being yet heard at intervals, that we again sought the sea shore, on purpose to continue our route towards the south.

Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless at break of day we had the satisfaction of finding none missing. About sunrise we held a little to the east to get farther into the interior to find fresh water, and lost much time in a vain search. The country which we now traversed was a little less arid than that which we had passed the preceding day. The hills, the valleys, and a vast plain of sand, were strewed with Mimosa or sensitive plants, presenting to our sight a scene we had never before seen in the Desert. The country is bounded as it were by a chain of mountains, or high downs of sand, in the direction of north and south without the slightest trace of cultivation.

Towards ten in the morning some of our companions were desirous of making observations in the interior, and they did not go in vain. They instantly returned, and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slight rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Moors and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to an officer of marine, interpreted be-

tween us; and the good women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of thirty pence a handful: the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, which they would not give him under twenty piasters. We immediately killed them, and our Moorsesses boiled them in a large kettle. Whilst our repast was preparing, my father, who could not afford the whole of the expense, got others to contribute to it; but an old officer of marine, who was to have been captain of the port of Senegal, was the only person who refused, notwithstanding he had about him nearly three thousand francs, which he boasted of in the end. Several soldiers and sailors had seen him count it in round pieces of gold, on coming ashore on the Desert, and reproached him for his sordid avarice; but he seemed insensible to their reproaches, nor eat the loss of his portion of kid with his companions in misfortune.

When about to resume our journey, we saw several Moors approaching to us armed with lances. Our people instantly seized their arms, and put themselves in readiness to defend us in case of an attack. Two officers, followed by several soldiers and sailors, with our interpreter advanced to discover their intentions. They instantly returned with the Moors, who said, that far from wishing to do us harm, they had come to offer us their assistance, and to conduct us to Senegal. This offer being accepted of with gratitude by all of us, the Moors, of whom we had been so afraid, became our protectors and friends, verifying the old proverb, *there are good people every where!* As the camp of the Moors was at some considerable distance from where we were, we set off altogether to reach it before night. After having walked about two leagues through the burning sands, we found ourselves again upon the shore. Towards night, our conductors made us strike again into the interior, saying we were very near their camp, which is called in their language Berkelet. But the short distance of the Moors was found very long by the females and the children, on account of the downs of sand which we had to ascend and descend every instant, also of prickly shrubs over which we were frequently obliged to walk. Those who were barefooted, felt most severely at this time the want of their shoes. I myself lost among the bushes various shreds of my dress, and my feet and legs were all streaming with blood. At length, after two long hours of walking and suffering, we arrived at the camp of that tribe to which belonged our Arab conductors. We had scarcely got into the camp, when the dogs, the children, and the Moorish women, began to annoy us. Some of them threw sand in our eyes, others amused themselves by snatching at our hair, on pretence of wishing to examine it. This pinched us, that spit upon us; the dogs bit our legs, whilst the old harpies cut the buttons from the officers' coats, or endeavoured to take away the lace. Our conductors, however, had pity on us, and chased away the dogs and the curious crowd, who had already made us suffer as much as the thorns which had torn our feet. The chiefs of the camp, our guides, and some good women, at last set about getting us some supper. Water in abundance was given us without payment, and they sold us fish dried in the sun, and some bowlfuls of sour milk, all at a reasonable price.

We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. As soon as he recognised him, he cried, "Tiens toi, Picard! si a pas connaître moi Amet?" (Hark ye, Picard, know you not Amet?) We were all struck with astonishment at these French words coming from the mouth of a Moor. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears; and this perhaps was the first time a Mussulman had ever wept over the misfortunes of a Christian! Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle and sheep, because his religion would not allow him to lodge with Christians under the same roof. The place appeared very dark, and the obscurity made us uneasy. Amet and our conductors lighted a large fire to quiet us; and at last, bidding us good night, and

retiring to his tent said, "Sleep in peace; the God of the Christians is also the God of the Mussulmen."

We had resolved to quit this truly hospitable place early in the morning; but during the night, some people who had probably too much money, imagined the Moors had taken us to their camp to plunder us. They communicated their fears to others, and pretending that the Moors, who walked up and down among their flocks, and cried from time to time, to keep away the ferocious beasts, had already given the signal for pursuing and murdering us. Instantly a general panic seized all our people, and they wished to set off forthwith. My father, although he knew well the perfidy of the inhabitants of the Desert, endeavoured to assure them we had nothing to fear, because the Arabs were too much frightened for the people of Senegal, who would not fail to avenge us if we were insulted; but nothing could quiet their apprehensions, and we had to take the route during the middle of the night. The Moors being soon acquainted with our fears, made us all kinds of protestations; and seeing we persisted in quitting the camp, offered us asses to carry us as far as the Senegal. These beasts of burden were hired at the rate of twelve francs a day, for each head, and we took our departure under the guidance of those Moors who had before conducted us to the camp. Amet's wife being unwell, he could not accompany us, but recommended us strongly to our guides. My father was able to hire only two asses for the whole of our family; and as it was numerous, my sister Caroline, my cousin, and myself, were obliged to crawl along, whilst my unfortunate father followed in the suite of the caravan, which in truth went much quicker than we did.

A short distance from the camp, the brave and compassionate Captain Bégère, seeing we still walked, obliged us to accept of the ass he had hired for himself, saying he would not ride when young ladies, exhausted with fatigue, followed on foot. The king afterwards honourably recompensed this worthy officer, who ceased not to regard our unfortunate family with a care and attention I shall never forget.

During the remainder of the night, we travelled in a manner sufficiently agreeable, mounting alternately the ass of Captain Bégère.

CHAPTER IX.

At five in the morning of the 11th of July we regained the sea-shore. Our asses, fatigued with the long journey among the sands, ran instantly and lay down among the breakers, in spite of our utmost exertions to prevent them. This caused several of us to take a bath we wished not: I was myself held under one of the asses in the water, and had great difficulty in saving one of my young brothers who was floating away. But, in the end, as this incident had no unfortunate issue, we laughed, and continued our route, some on foot, and some on the capricious asses. Towards ten o'clock, perceiving a ship out at sea, we attached a white handkerchief to the muzzle of a gun, waving it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it was noticed. The ship having approached sufficiently near the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. It must be said we had very wrongfully supposed that these people had a design against us, for their devotion could not appear greater than when five of them darted through the waves to endeavour to communicate between us and the ship; notwithstanding, it was still a good quarter of a league distant from where we stood on the beach. In about half an hour we saw these good Moors returning, making float before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to M. Espiau from M. Parnajon. This gentleman was the captain of the Argus brig, sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a Dutch cheese. O fortunate event! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I however preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for that of wine. To describe our joy, whilst taking this repast, is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun; exhausted by a long train of suffering; deprived for a long while of the use

of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy, mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to unrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to be born again from a condition melancholy and dejected. I even believe the sailors sung the praises of their mistresses.

This journey was the most fortunate for us. Some short while after our delicious meal, we saw several Moors approaching, who brought milk and butter, so that we had refreshments in abundance. It is true we paid a little dear for them; the glass of milk cost not less than three francs. After reposing about three hours, our caravan proceeded on its route.

About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my step-mother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my step-mother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted and addressed us in the following words: "Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country." These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly quieted our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr. Carnet,* the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr. Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my step-mother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand, whilst my father, Mr. Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, called in the country Marigot des Maringines. We wished to drink of it, but found it as salt as the sea. Mr. Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr. Carnet assured us, that the Moors who wore with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp. In truth, during the whole of the night, these good Arabs promenaded round our caravan, uttering cries at intervals like those we had heard in the camp of the generous Amet.

We passed a very good night, and at four in the morning continued our route along the shore. Mr. Carnet left us to endeavour to procure some provisions. Till then our asses had been quite docile; but, annoyed with their riders so long upon their backs, they refused to go forward. A fit took possession of them, and all at the same instant threw their riders on the ground,

or among the bushes. The Moors, however, who accompanied us, assisted to catch our capricious animals, who had nearly scampered off, and replaced us on the hard backs of these head-strong creatures. At noon, the heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves bore it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior; but how were we to reach them! The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats; notwithstanding we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. The heat reflected by the sands of the desert could be compared to nothing but the mouth of an oven at the moment of drawing out the bread; nevertheless, we endured it; but not without cursing those who had been the occasion of all our misfortunes. Arrived behind the heights for which we searched, we stretched ourselves under the Mimosa-gommier, (the acacia of the Desert), several broke branches from the acacia (swallow-wort), and made themselves a shade. But whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we were seated, we were nearly all suffocated. I thought my last hour was come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person by the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn, but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting, that he could not drink it, and spilled it on the ground. Captain Bégneré, who was present, judging, by the water which fell, how loathsome must that have been which I had drank, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco, but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

We were about to quit this furnace, when we saw our generous Englishman approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr. Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water, but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, who were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and after a bath of half an hour, we reposed ourselves upon the beach. My cousin and I went to stretch ourselves upon a small rising ground, where we were shaded with some old clothes which we had with us. My cousin was clad in an officer's uniform, the lace of which strongly attracted the eyes of Mr. Carnet's Moors. Scarcely had we lain down, when one of them, thinking we were asleep, came to endeavour to steal it; but seeing we were awake, contented himself by looking at us very steadfastly.

Such is the slight incident which it has pleased MM. Corréard and Savigny to relate in their account of the shipwreck of the Medusa in a totally different manner. Believing doubtless to make it more interesting or amusing, they say, that one of the Moors who were our guides, either through curiosity or a stronger sentiment, approached Miss Picard whilst asleep, and, after having examined her form, raised the covering which concealed her bosom, gazing awhile like one astonished, at length drew nearer but durst not touch her. Then, after having looked a long while, he replaced the covering; and, returning to his companions, related in a joyous manner what he had seen. Several Frenchmen having observed the proceedings of the Moor, told M. Picard, who, after the obliging offers of the officers, decided in clothing the rest of the ladies in the military dress on purpose to prevent their being annoyed by the attentions of the inhabitants of the Desert. Mighty well! I beg pardon of MM. Corréard and Savigny, but there is not one word of truth in all this. How could these gentlemen see from the raft that which passed during the 12th of July on the shores of the Desert of Sahara? And supposing that this was reported to them by some one of our car-

van, and inserted in their work, which contains various other inaccuracies, I have to inform them they have been deceived.

About three in the morning, a north-west wind having sprung up and a little refreshed us, our caravan continued its route; our generous Englishman again taking the task of procuring us provisions. At four o'clock the sky became overcast, and we heard thunder in the distance. We all expected a great tempest, which happily did not take place. Near seven we reached the spot where we were to wait for Mr. Carnet, who came to us with a bullock he had purchased. Then quitting the shore, we went into the interior to seek a place to cook our supper. We fixed our camp beside a small wood of acacias, near to which were several wells or cisterns of fresh water. Our ox was instantly killed, skinned, cut to pieces, and distributed. A large fire was kindled, and each was occupied in dressing his meal. At this time I caught a smart fever; notwithstanding I could not help laughing at seeing every one seated round a large fire holding his piece of beef on the point of a bayonet, a sabre, or some sharp-pointed stick. The flickering of the flames on the different faces, sunburned and covered with long beards, rendered more visible by the darkness of the night, joined to the noise of the waves and the roaring of ferocious beasts which we heard in the distance, presented a spectacle at once laughable and imposing. If a David or a Girodet had seen us, said I to myself, we would soon have been represented on canvass in the galleries of the Louvre as real cannibals; and the Parisian youth, who know not what pleasure it is to devour a handful of wild purslain, to drink muddy water from a boot, to eat a roast cooked in smoke—who know not, in a word, how comfortable it is to have it in one's power to satisfy one's appetite when hungry in the burning deserts of Africa, would never have believed that among these half savages, were several born on the banks of the Seine.

Whilst these thoughts were passing across my mind, sleep overpowered my senses. Being awaked in the middle of the night, I found my portion of beef in the shoes which an old sailor had lent me for walking among the thorns. Although it was a little burned and smelled strongly of the dish in which it was contained, I eat a good part of it, and gave the rest to my friend the sailor. That seaman, seeing I was ill, offered to exchange my meat for some which he had had the address to hold in a small tin-box. I prayed him to give me a little water if he had any, and he instantly went and fetched me some in his hat. My thirst was so great that I drank it out of this nasty cap without the slightest repugnance.

A short while after, every one awoke, and again took the route for arriving at Senegal at an early hour. Towards seven in the morning, having fallen a little behind the caravan, I saw several Moors coming towards me armed with lances. A young sailor boy, aged about twelve years, who sometimes walked with me, stopped and cried in great terror, "Ah! my God, lady, see the Moors are coming, and the caravan is already a great way before us; if they should carry us away!" I told him to fear nothing, although I was really more frightened than he was. These Arabs of the desert soon came up to us. One of them advanced with a threatening air, and stopping my ass, addressed to me, in his barbarous language, some words which he pronounced with menacing gestures. My little ship-boy having made his escape, I began to weep; for the Moor always prevented my ass going forward, who was perhaps as well content at resting a little. However, from the gestures which he made, I supposed he wished to know whither I was going, and I cried as loud as I could, "Ndar! Ndar!" (Senegal! Senegal!) the only African words I then knew. At this the Moor let go the bridle of my ass, and also assisted me by making him feel the full weight of the pole of his lance, and then ran off to his companions, who were roaring and laughing. I was well content at being freed from my fears; and what with the word *ndar*, and the famous thump of his spear, which was doubtless intended for my ass, I soon rejoined the caravan. I told my parents of my adventure, who were ignorant of what had detained me; they reprimanded me as they ought, and I promised faithfully never again to quit them.

At nine o'clock we met upon the shore a large flock herded by young Moors. These shepherds sold us milk, and one of them offered to lend my father an ass for a knife which he had seen him take from his pocket. My father having accepted the proposal, the Moor left his companions to accompany us as far as the river Senegal, from which we were yet two good leagues. There happened a circumstance in the forenoon which had liked to have proved troublesome, but it turned out pleasantly.

* In the work of MM. Corréard and Savigny, this gentleman is made mention of in substance as follows. "On the evening of the 11th, they met with more of the natives, and an Irishman, captain of a merchantman, who, of his own accord, had left St. Louis with the intention of assisting the sufferers. He spoke the language of the country, and was dressed in the Moorish costume. We are sorry we cannot recollect the name of this foreign officer, which we would have a real pleasure in publishing; but, since time has effaced it from our memories, we will at least publish his zeal and his noble efforts, titles well worthy the gratitude of every feeling heart."

The steersman of the Medusa was sleeping upon the sand, when a Moor found means to steal his sabre. The Frenchman awoke, and as soon as he saw the thief escaping with his booty, rose and pursued him with horrid oaths. The Arab, seeing himself followed by a furious European, returned, fell upon his knees, and laid at the feet of the steersman the sabre which he had stolen; who, in his turn, touched with this mark of confidence or repentance, voluntarily gave it to him to keep. During this scene we frequently stopped to see how it would terminate, whilst the caravan continued its route. Suddenly we left the shore. Our companions appearing quite transported with joy, some of us ran forward, and having gained a slight rising ground, discovered the Senegal at no great distance from them. We hastened our march, and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red birds, the paroquets, the promerops, &c. who flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. My ass stumbling threw me into the midst of one, and I tore myself in several places, but was easily consoled when I at length found myself on the banks of a river of fresh water. Every one having quenched his thirst, we stretched ourselves under the shade of a small grove, whilst the beneficent Mr. Carnet and two of our officers set forward to Senegal to announce our arrival, and to get us boats. In the meanwhile some took a little repose, and others were engaged in dressing the wounds with which they were covered.

At two in the afternoon, we saw a small boat beating against the current of the stream with oars. It soon reached the spot where we were. Two Europeans landed, saluted our caravans, and enquired for my father. One of them said he came on the part of M. M. Artigue and Labouré, inhabitants of Senegal, to offer assistance to the boats which were getting ready for our family; the other added, that he had not waited for us at the island of St. Louis, knowing too well what would be our need. We were desirous of thanking them, but they instantly ran off to the boat and brought us provisions, which my father's old friends had sent him. They placed before us large baskets containing several loaves, cheese, a bottle of Madeira, a bottle of filtered water, and dresses for my father. Every one, who, during our journey, had taken any interest in our unfortunate family, and especially the brave Captain Bénédict, had a share of our provisions. We experienced a real satisfaction in partaking with them, and giving them this small mark of our gratitude.

A young aspirant of marine, who had refused us a glass of water in the desert, pressed with hunger, begged of us some bread; he got it, also a small glass of Madeira.

It was four o'clock before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed.

That in which our family were so commanded by M. Artigue, captain of the port, and one of those who had sent us provisions. My father and he embraced as two old friends who had not seen one another for eight years, and congratulated themselves that they had been permitted to meet once more before they died. We had already made a league upon the river when a young navy clerk (M. Mollien) was suddenly taken ill. We put him ashore, and left him to the care of a negro to conduct him to Senegal when he should recover.

Immediately the town of St. Louis presented itself to our view. At the distance its appearance is fine; but in proportion as it is approached the illusion vanishes, and it looks as it really is—dirty, very ill built, poor and filled with straw huts black with smoke. At six in the evening we arrived at the port of St. Louis. It would be in vain for me to paint the various emotions of my mind at that delicious moment. I am bold to say all the colony, if we except M. M. Schmaltz and Lachaumareys, were at the port to receive us from our boats. M. Artigue going on shore first to acquaint the English governor of our arrival, met him coming to us on horseback, followed by our generous conductor Mr. Carnet, and several superior officers. We went on shore carrying our brothers and sisters in our arms. My father presented us to the English governor, who had alighted; he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration. And the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the

hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate.

The governor placed the most sickly of our companions in an hospital; various inhabitants of the colony received others into their houses; M. Artigue obligingly took charge of our family. Arriving at his house we there found his wife, two ladies, and an English lady, who begged to be allowed to assist us. Taking my sister Caroline and myself, she conducted us to her house, and presented us to her husband, who received us in the most affable manner; after which she led us to her dressing-room, where we were combed, cleaned, and dressed by the domestic negresses, and were most obligingly furnished with linen from her own wardrobe, the whiteness of which was strongly contrasted with our sable countenances. In the midst of my misfortunes my soul had preserved all its strength; but this sudden change of situation affected me so much, that I thought my intellectual faculties were forsaking me. When I had a little recovered from my faintness, our generous hostess conducted us to the saloon, where we found her husband and several English officers sitting at table. These gentlemen invited us to partake of their repast; but we took nothing but tea and some pastry. Among these English was a young Frenchman, who, speaking sufficiently well their language, served to interpret between us. Inviting us to recite to them the story of our shipwreck and all our misfortunes, which we did in few words, they were astonished how females and children had been able to endure so much fatigue and misery. We were so confused by our agitation, that we scarcely heard the questions which were put to us, having constantly before our eyes the foaming waves, and the immense tract of sand over which we had passed. As they saw we had need of repose, they all retired, and our worthy Englishwoman put us to bed, where we were not long before we fell into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER X.

At nine o'clock next morning, after our arrival, we felt quite free from all our fatigues. We arose, and, as soon as we were dressed, went to thank our generous host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley; then went to see our parents; and afterwards returned to our benefactors, who were waiting breakfast for us. Our conversation was frequently interrupted during our meal, as they were but little acquainted with the French language, and we knew nothing of English. After breakfast we learned that the English governor had not received any orders for giving up the colony to the French; and until that took place the whole of the French expedition would be obliged to go to the peninsula of Cape Verd, distant from Senegal about fifty leagues. This information distressed us much, but our affliction was at its height, when my father came and told that the French governor, M. Schmaltz, had ordered him to quit Senegal with all his family, and go and stay at Cape Verd, until further orders. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley, sensibly affected with the misfortunes we had already experienced, assured us they would not part with us, and that they would endeavour to obtain the permission of the English governor. In fact, on the following day, that gentleman informed us by his aid de camp, that, having seen the wretched condition in which our family were, he had allowed us to remain at Senegal, and that he had permitted all the officers of the Medusa to stay. This renewed instance of the benevolence of the English governor tranquillised us. We remained comfortably at the house of our benefactors; but a great part of our unhappy companions in misfortune, fearing if they stayed at Senegal they would disobey the French governor, set off for Cape Verd, where hunger and death awaited them. Our family lived nearly twenty days with our benevolent hosts M. M. Artigue and Kingsley; but my father fearing we were too great a burden for the extraordinary expenses which they made each day for us, hired a small apartment, and, on the first of August, we took possession of it, to the great regret of our generous friends, who wished us to stay with them till the surrender of the colony. When we were settled in our new habitation, my father sent a petition to M. Schmaltz, for the purpose of obtaining provisions from the general magazine of the French administration; but, angry with the reception we had met with from the English, he replied he could not give him any thing. Nevertheless, several French officers, who, like ourselves, had remained at Senegal, each day received their rations, or, which was better, were admitted to the table of M. D—, with whom also the governor, his family and staff, messed. It may be remarked here, that this same M. D—, advanced to the governor of

the forts, in provisions and money, to the amount of 50,000 francs; and, it was the general opinion, found means to charge cent. per cent. on these advances, as a small perquisite for himself; moreover, he received at the request of the governor, the decoration of the Legion of Honour. But I return to that which concerns myself. My father being unable to obtain any thing, either from the governor or M. D—, was obliged to borrow money to enable us to subsist. We were reduced to feed on negro's food, for our means would not allow us to purchase bread at 15 sous the pound, and wine at 3 francs the bottle. However, we were content, and perfectly resigned to our fate; when an English officer, Major Peddie, came and visited us precisely at the moment we were at dinner. That gentleman, astonished at seeing an officer of the French administration dining upon a dish of Kouskou, said to my father; "How, Mr. Picard! you being in the employment of your government, and living so meanly?" Mortified that a stranger should have seen his misery, my father felt his tears flowing: but, instantly collecting himself, said in a calm yet firm tone, "Know, sir, that I blush not for my poverty, and that you have wronged me by upbraiding me. It is true I have not food like the other Europeans in the colony; but I do not consider myself the more unfortunate. I have requested the man who represents my sovereign in this country, to give me the rations to which I have a right; but he has had the inhumanity to refuse. But what of that? I know how to submit, and my family also." Major Peddie, at these words, touched with our misfortunes, and vexed, doubtless, at having mortified us, though that certainly was not his intention, bade us good bye, and retired. Early on the morning of the next day, we received a visit from M. Dubois, mayor of the town of St. Louis in Senegal. That good and virtuous magistrate told us he had come, at the instance of the English governor, to offer us assistance; viz. an officer's allowance, which consisted of bread, wine, meat, sugar, coffee, &c. As my father had not been able to procure any thing from governor Schmaltz, he thought it his duty to accept that which the English governor had so generously offered. We thanked M. Dubois; and, in a few hours afterwards, we had plenty of provisions sent to us.

If my father had made himself some enemies among the authors of the shipwreck of the Medusa, and the abandoning the raft, he was recompensed by real good friends among the old inhabitants of Senegal, who, with himself, deplored the fate of the unfortunate beings who were left in the midst of the ocean. Among the numerous friends my father had, I ought particularly to mention the families of Pellegrin, Darneville, Lemotte, Dubois, Artigue, Feuilletaine, Labouré Valentin, Debonnet, Waterman, &c.: And in truth all the inhabitants of Senegal, if we except one family, were disposed to befriend us. Even the poor negroes of the interior, after hearing of our misfortunes, came and offered us a small share of their crop. Some gave us beans, others brought us milk, eggs, &c.; in a word, every one offered us some assistance, after they had heard to what misery our shipwreck had reduced us.

About a month after our arrival at Senegal, we went to look at the islands of Babagney and Safal, situated about two leagues from the town of St. Louis. The first of these islands had been given to M. Artigue, who had cultivated it; the other had been given to my father in 1807, and he had planted in it about one hundred thousand cotton plants, when the capture of Senegal by the English in 1809 obliged him to abandon his projects, and return to France.

Those who have seen the countries of Europe, and admired the fine soil of France, need not expect to enjoy the same scene at Senegal. Every where nature shows a savage and arid aspect; every where the dregs of a desert and parched soil presents itself to the view; and it is only by care and unremitting toil it can be made to produce any thing. All the cotton which my father had planted in the island of Safal had been devoured by the cattle during his absence; he found not a plant. He then proposed to begin again his first operations. After having walked round the island of Safal, we went to dine with M. Artigue in the island of Babagney, where we spent the remainder of the day, and in the evening returned to the town of Senegal. Some days after this jaunt, my father endeavoured to find whether the plants with which the island was covered would be useful in making potash. He arranged with a person in Senegal to hire for him some negroes, and a canoe to gather the ashes of the plants after they were burned. A covered gallery which we had in the small house we inhabited, seemed convenient to hold the apparatus of our manu-

facture. Here we placed our coppers. We then commenced the making of potass, waiting for the surrender of the colony. The first essay we made gave us hopes. Our ashes produced a potass of fine colour, and we did not doubt of succeeding, when we should have sent a sample of it to France. We made about four barrels, and my father sent a box of it to a friend of his at Paris to analyze. Whilst waiting the reply of the chemist, he hired three negroes to begin the cultivation of his island of Safal. He went himself to direct their operations, but he fell ill of fatigue. Fortunately his illness was not of long continuance, and in the month of December he was perfectly recovered. At this period an English expedition went from Senegal into the interior of Africa, commanded by Major Peddie, the gentleman who had given so great assistance to the unfortunates of the Medusa. That worthy philanthropic Englishman died soon after his departure; we sincerely lamented him.

On the first of January, 1817, the colony of Senegal was surrendered to the French. The English left it, some for Great Britain, others for Sierra Leone and the Cape of Good Hope; and France entered into all her possessions on the west coast of Africa. We remained yet a month in our first house; at last we procured one much larger. My father then commenced his functions of attorney, and we at last began to receive provisions from the French government. The house in which we lived was very large; but the employment which my father followed was very incompatible with the tranquillity we desired. To remove us from the noise and tumultuous conversations of the people who perpetually came to the office, we had a small hut of reeds constructed for us in the midst of our garden, which was very large. Here my sister, my cousin, and myself, passed the greater part of the day. From that time we began to see a little of the world, and to return unavoidable visits. Every Sunday the family went to the island of Safal, where we very agreeably spent the day; for that day seemed as short in the country, as the six other days of the week were long and listless at Senegal. That country was so little calculated for people of our age, that we continually teased our father to return with us to France. But as he had great expectations from the manufacture of potass, he made us stay, as we would be of great service to him in the end, for superintending the works of that manufacture.

It is now time to give a brief description of Senegal and its environs, to enable the reader better to appreciate that which I have to say in the sequel.

Travellers who have written about Africa, have given too magnificence a picture of that country known by the name of Senegal. Apparently, after the fatigues of a long and tedious journey, they have been charmed with the first fresh spot where they could repose. That first impression has all the force of reality to the superficial observer; but if he remain any time, the illusion vanishes, and Senegal appears what it really is—a parched and barren country, destitute of the most necessary vegetables for the nourishment and preservation of the health of man.

The town of St. Louis, which is also called Senegal, because it is the head-quarters of the French establishments on that coast, is built upon a small island; or a bank of sand, formed in the midst of the river Senegal, at about two leagues from its mouth. It is two thousand toises in length, and three hundred in breadth. The native inhabitants of the country call it Ndar, and Ba-Fing, or Black River, the river which waters it. The last name corresponds to that of Niger, which ancient geographers have given to that river.

The population of St. Louis is about ten thousand souls, five hundred of whom are Europeans, two thousand negroes or free mulattoes, and nearly seven thousand five hundred slaves. There are about one hundred and fifty houses in St. Louis inhabited by Europeans; the remainder consists of simple squares, or huts of straw, which a slight flame would cause to vanish in a moment, as well as all the houses of brick which are near them. The streets are spacious, but not paved. The greater part are so completely filled with sand, which the winds and hurricanes bring from the deserts of Sahara, that it is nearly impossible to walk along them when the winds are blowing. That fine and burning sand so impregnates the air, that it is inhaled, and swallowed with the food; in short, it penetrates every thing. The narrow and little frequented streets are often blocked up. Some of the houses are fine enough; they have but one story. Some have covered galleries; but in general the roofs are in the oriental fashion, in the form of a terrace.

The gardens of Senegal, though their plants have been much praised, are nevertheless few in number, and in

very bad condition. The whole of their cultivation is limited to some bad cabbages, devoured by the insects, a plot of bitter radishes, and two or three beds of salad, withered before it is fit for use; but these vegetables, it must be said, are very exquisite, because there are none better. The governor's garden, however, is stocked with various plants, such as cucumbers, melons, carrots, Indian pinks, some plants of barren ananas, and some marigolds. There are also in the garden three young date trees, a small vine arbour, and some young American and Indian plants. But these do not thrive, as much on account of the poverty of the soil, as the hot winds of the Desert, which wither them. Some, nevertheless, are vigorous, from being sheltered by walls, and frequently watered.

Five or six trees, somewhat bushy, (island fig-trees), are planted here, and there in the streets, where may be seen also four or five baobabs, the leaves of which are devoured by the negroes before they are fully blown, and a palm of the species of Ronn, which serves as a signal-post for ships at sea.

A league and a half from the island of St. Louis, is situated the island of Babaguy. It is almost entirely cultivated, but the soil is so arid that it will scarcely grow any thing but cotton. There is a military station on this island, and a signal-post. MM. Artigue and Gansfort each have a small dwelling here. The house, built in the European manner, which is there seen, serves to hold the soldiers, and to accommodate the officers of Senegal on their parties of pleasure.

The island of Safal is situated to the east of Babaguy, and is separated from it by an arm of the river. This was the asylum which we chose in the end to withdraw from misery, as will be seen in the sequel.

To the east of the island of Safal, is situated the large island of Bokos, the fertility of which is very superior to the three preceding. Here are seen large fields of millet, maize, cotton, and indigo, of the best quality. The negroes have established large villages here, the inhabitants of which live in happy ease.

To the north of these islands, and to the east of Senegal, is the island of Sor, where resides a kind of black prince, called by the French Jean Bart. The general aspect of this island is arid, but there are places susceptible of being made into large plantations. M. Valentin, merchant at St. Louis, has already planted several thousand feet of cotton, which is in a thriving condition. But that island being very much exposed to the incursions of the Moors of the Desert, it would perhaps be imprudent to live in it.

A multitude of other islands, formed by the encroachments of the river upon the mainland, border on those of which I have already spoken, several leagues distant to the north and east. They are principally covered with marshes, which it would be difficult to drain. In these islands grows the patriarch of vegetables described by the celebrated Adanson, under the name of Baobab, (Calibash tree,) the circumference of which is often found to be above one hundred feet.

Several other islands, more or less extended than the preceding, rise above the river near to St. Louis, as far as Podor; the greater part of which are not inhabited, although their soil is as fertile as those near Senegal. This indifference of the negroes in cultivating these islands, is explained by the influence which the Moors of the Desert of Sahara are permitted to have over all the country bordering upon Senegal, the inhabitants of which they carry off to sell to the slave merchants of the island of St. Louis. It is not to be doubted, that the abolition of the slave trade, and the acquisition which the French have made in the country of Dagama, will soon destroy the preponderance of the barbarians of the Desert upon the banks of the Senegal; and that things being placed on their former footing, the negroes established in the French colonies will be permitted to enjoy in peace the fields which they have planted.

Among all the islands, Tolde, which is about two leagues in circumference, seems to be the most convenient for a military and agricultural station.

Near to the village of Dagama, up the river, is the island of Morfil, which is not less than fifty leagues from east to west, and about eight or ten in breadth. The negroes of the republic of Peules cultivate great quantities of millet, maize, indigo, cotton and tobacco. The country of the Peules negroes extends about one hundred and twenty leagues, by thirty in breadth. It is a portion of the ancient empire of the negro Wolofs, which, in former times, comprehended all the countries situated between the rivers Senegal and Gambia. The country of the Peules is watered by a branch of the Senegal, which they call Morfil; and, like Lower Egypt,

owes its extreme fertility to its annual overflowing. The surprising abundance of their harvests, which are twice a year, makes it considered as the granary of Senegal. Here are to be seen immense fields finely cultivated, extensive forests producing the rarest and finest kinds of trees, and a prodigious diversity of plants and shrubs fit for dyeing and medicine.

To the east of the Peules is the country of Galam, or Kayaga, situated two hundred leagues from the island of St. Louis. The French have an establishment in the village of Baquel. This country, from its being a little elevated, enjoys at all times a temperature sufficiently cool and healthful. Its soil is considered susceptible of every species of cultivation: the mines of gold and silver, which border upon it, promise one day to rival the richest in the possession of Spain in the New World. This conjecture is sufficiently justified by the reports sent to Europe by the agents of the African and Indian Companies, and particularly by M. de Buffon, who, in a MS. deposited in the archives of the colonies, thus expresses himself:—"It is certain that there are found in the sand of the rivers (in the country of Galam) various precious stones, such as rubies, topazes, sapphires, and perhaps some diamonds; and there are in the mountains veins of gold and silver." Two productions, not less estimable perhaps than gold and silver, are indigenous to this fine country, and increase in the most prodigious manner there; viz. the Lotus, or bread-tree, of the ancients, spoken of by Pliny; and the Shea, or butter-tree, of which the English traveller Mungo Park has given a description.

CHAPTER XI.

We were happy enough, at least content, at Senegal, until the sickness of my stepmother broke in upon the repose we enjoyed. Towards the middle of July 1817, she fell dangerously ill; all the symptoms of a malignant fever appeared in her; and in spite of all the assistance of art and the care we bestowed upon her, she died in the beginning of November of the same year. Her loss plunged us all into the deepest affliction. My father was inconsolable. From that melancholy period, there was no happiness for our unfortunate family: chagrin, sickness, enemies, all seemed to conspire against us. A short while after her death my father received a letter from the chemist at Paris, informing him that the sample of potass which he had sent to France was nothing but marine salt, and some particles of potass and salt-petre. This news, although disagreeable, did not affect us, because we had still greater misfortunes to deplore. About the end of the year, my father finding his employment would scarcely enable him to support his numerous family, turned his attention to commerce, hoping thus to do some good, as he intended to send me to look after the family, and to take charge of the new improvements in the island, which had become very dear to him from the time he had deposited in it the mortal remains of his wife and his youngest child. For the better success of his project, he went into copartnership with a certain personage in the colony; but instead of benefiting his speculations, as he had flattered himself, it proved nothing but loss. Besides he was cheated in an unworthy manner by the people in whom he had placed his confidence; and as he was prohibited by the French authorities from trafficking, he could not plead his own defence, nor get an account of the merchandise of which they had defrauded him. Some time after he had sustained this loss, he bought a large boat, which he refitted at a considerable expense. He made the purchase in the hope of being able to traffic with the Portuguese of the island of Cape Verd, but in vain; the governor of the colony prohibited him from all communication with these islands.

Such were the first misfortunes which we experienced at Senegal, and which were only the precursors of still greater to come.

Besides all these, my father had much trouble and vexation to endure in the employment he followed. The bad state of the affairs of the colony, the poverty of the greater part of its inhabitants, occasioned to him all sorts of contradictions and disagreements. Debts were not paid, the ready money sales did not go off; processes multiplied in a frightful manner; every day creditors came to the office soliciting actions against their debtors; in a word, he was in a state of perpetual torment either with his own personal matters, or with those of others. However, as he hoped soon to be at the head of the agricultural establishment projected at Senegal, he supported his difficulties with great courage.

In the expedition which was to have taken place in 1815, the Count Trigant de Beaumont, whom the king

had appointed governor of Senegal, I promised my father to reinstate him in the rank of captain of infantry, which he had held before the Revolution, and after that to appoint him to the command of the counting-house of Galam, dependent upon the government of Senegal. In 1816, my father again left Paris with that hope, for the employment of attorney did not suit his disposition, which was peaceable and honest. He had the first gift of the documents concerning the countries where they were to found the agricultural establishments in Africa, and had proposed plans which were accepted of at the time by the President of the Council of State, and by the Minister of Marine, for the colonisation of Senegal; but the unfortunate events of 1815 having overturned every thing, another governor was nominated for that colony in place of Comte Trigant de Beaumont. All his plans and proposed projects were instantly altered for the purpose of giving them the appearance of novelty; and my father found himself in a situation to apply these lines of Virgil to himself.

"Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores."

These lines I made, another has the praise.

At first the new governor (M. Schnaltz) was almost disposed to employ my father in the direction of the agricultural establishment of Senegal; but he allowed himself to be circumvented by certain people, to whom my father had perhaps spoken too much truth. He thought no more of him, and we were set up as a mark of every kind of obloquy.

Finding then that he could no longer reckon upon the promises which had been made to him on the subject of the plans which he had proposed for the colony of Senegal, my father turned his attention to the island of Safal, which seemed to promise a little fortune for himself and family. He doubled the number of his labouring negroes, and appointed a black overseer for superintending his work.

In the beginning of 1818, we believed our cotton crop would make us amends for the loss which we had sustained at various times. All our plants were in the most thriving condition, and promised an abundant harvest. We had also sown maize, millet, and some country beans, which looked equally well.

At this period, M. Schnaltz was recalled to France. M. Flauriau succeeded him; but the nomination of the new governor did not alleviate our condition. Every Sunday my father went to visit his plantation, and to give directions for the labours of the week. He had built a large hut for the overseer, upon the top of a little hill, which was almost exactly in the centre of the island. It was a little distance from the small house which he had raised as a tomb, to receive the remains of his wife and child, whom he had at first buried in a place to the south of the cotton field. He surrounded the monument of his sorrow with a kind of evergreen bean tree, which soon crept over the grave, and entirely concealed it from the view. This little grove of verdure attracted, by the freshness of its foliage, a multitude of birds, and served them for a retreat. My father never left this place but he was more tranquil, and less affected with his misfortunes.

Towards the middle of April, seeing his plants had produced less cotton than he had expected, and that the hot wind and grasshoppers had made great havoc in his plantations, my father decided to leave upon it but one old negro, for superintending the day-labourers, whom he had reduced to four. In the mean time, we learned that some merchants, settled at Senegal, had written to France against my father. They complained that he had not employed sufficient severity against some unfortunate persons who had not been able to pay their debts; and they exclaimed against some miserable speculations which he had made in the country of Fouta Toro, for procuring grain necessary for the support of his negroes.

The expedition to Galam making preparations for its departure,* my father, in spite of the insinuations of some merchants of the colony, was desirous also of trying his fortune. He associated himself with a person who was to make the voyage; he bought European goods, and refitted his boat, which again occasioned him loss.

* The voyage from Senegal to the country of Galam is made but once a year, because it is necessary to take advantage of the overflowing of the river, either in coming or going. The merchant boats which are destined to make the voyage look like a fleet, and depart in the middle of August, under escort of a king's ship, commissioned to pay the droits and customs to the negro princes of the interior, with whom that colony is connected.

Towards the middle of August 1818, the expedition set off. A month after its departure, my cousin, whom the country had considerably affected, returned to France, to our great regret. My sister and myself found ourselves the only society to enable us to support our sorrows; however, as we hoped to return to France in a few years, we overcame our disappointment. We had already in some degree recovered our tranquillity, in spite of all our misfortunes and the solitude in which we lived, when my father received a letter from the governor of the colony, announcing to him, that, by the decision of the minister of marine, a new attorney had come to Senegal, and enjoining him at the same time to place the papers of the office in the hands of his successor.

Such a circumstance could not fail to affect us much; for the few resources we possessed made us anticipate an event almost as horrible as the shipwreck, which exposed our family to all the horrors of want in the boundless deserts of Sahara. My father, however, having nothing with which he could reproach himself, courageously supported this new misfortune, hoping sooner or later to be able to unmask those who had urged his ruin. He wrote a letter to his excellency the Minister of Marine, in which he detailed the affairs of the office of the colony, the regularity of the accounts, the unfortunate condition to which his numerous family were reduced by the loss of his employment, and concluded with these words:—"Broken without being heard, at the end of twenty-nine years of faithful service, but too proud to make me afraid of a disgrace which cannot but be honourable to me, especially as it has its source in those philanthropic principles which I manifested in the abandoning of the raft of the Medusa, I resign myself in silence to my destiny."

This letter, full of energy, although a little too firm, failed not to affect the feeling heart of the Minister of Marine, who wrote to the governor of Senegal to give my father some employment in the administration of the colony. But that order had either remained too long in the office of the minister, or the governor of Senegal had judged it proper not to communicate the good news to us, as we did not hear of the order of the minister till after the death of my father, nearly fifteen months after its date.

When my father had rendered his accounts, and installed his successor into the colony's office, he told me it would be quite necessary to think of returning into his island of Safal, to cultivate it ourselves. He persuaded me that our plantation suffered solely from the want of our personal care, and that the happiness and tranquillity of a country life would soon make us forget our enemies and our sufferings. It was then decided that I should set off on the morrow, with two of my brothers, to go and cultivate the cotton at the plantation. We took our little shallop, and two negro sailors, and, by daybreak, were upon the river, leaving at Senegal my father, my sister Caroline, and the youngest of our brothers and sisters.

CHAPTER XII.

For the space of two months I endured, as did my little brothers, the beams of a burning sun, the irritations of insects and thorns, and the want of that food to which we had been accustomed. I suffered during all the day from a severe headache; but I collected from the ground which belonged to us the cotton, on which were founded all our hopes. At night my two young brothers and myself retired into the cottage which we used in the island; the working negroes brought the cotton we had collected during the day; after which I set about preparing supper. The children, accompanied by the old negro Etienne (the keeper of the plantation,) went and picked up some branches of dry wood. We lighted a large fire in the middle of the hut, and I kneaded the cakes of millet flour which were to be our supper, as well as what was to supply us next day. My paste being prepared, I laid each cake upon the fire which the children had lighted. Often, and especially when we were very hungry, I placed them on a shovel of iron which I set upon the fire. This quick mode of proceeding procured us millet bread in less than half an hour; but it must be confessed that this species of wafers or cakes, though well enough prepared and baked, was far from having the taste of those we eat at Paris. However, to make them more palatable, I added butter when I had it, or we ate them with some sour milk. With the first dish was served up at the same time the dessert, which stood in the place of dainties, of roast meat and salad; it generally consisted of boiled beans, or roasted pistachio nuts. On festival days, being those when my father came to see us, we forgot our bad fare

in eating the sweet bread he brought with him from Senegal.

In the month of December 1818, having gone one morning with my brothers to take a walk among the woods behind our cottage, I found a tree covered with blossoms as white as snow, and which had a delicious smell. We gathered a great quantity of them, which we carried home; but these flowers, as we afterwards found by sad experience, contained a deleterious poison. Their strong and pungent odour caused violent pains in the head, forerunners of a malignant fever, which brought us within two steps of the grave. Two days after my young brothers were seized; fortunately my father arrived on the following day and removed them to Senegal.

Now then I was alone with my old negro Etienne in the island of Safal, far from my family, isolated in the midst of a desert island, in which the birds, the wolves, and the tigers composed the sole population. I gave free course to my tears and sorrows. The civilised world, said I to myself, is far from me, an immense river separates me from my friends. Alas! what comfort can I find in this frightful solitude? What can I do upon this wretched earth? But although I said I was unfortunate, was I not necessary to my unhappy father? Had I not promised to assist him in the education of his children, whom cruel death had deprived of their mother? Yes! yes! I was too sensible my life was yet necessary. Engaged in these melancholy reflections, I fell into a depression of mind which it would be difficult to describe. Next morning the tumult of my thoughts led me to the banks of the river, where the preceding evening I had seen the canoe carry away my father and my young brothers. There I fixed my humid eyes upon the expanse of water without seeing any thing but a horrible immensity; then, as recovered from my sorrow, I turned to the neighbouring fields to greet the flowers and plants which the sun was just beginning to gild. They were my friends, my companions: they alone could yet alleviate my melancholy, and render my loneliness supportable. At last the star of day arising above the horizon, admonished me to resume my labours.

Having returned to the cottage, I went to the harvest with Etienne. For the space of two days, I continued at my accustomed occupation, but on the morning of the third, on returning from the plantation to the house, I felt myself suddenly seized with a violent pain in my head. As soon as I reached home I lay down. On the morning I found myself unable to rise out of bed; a burning fever had manifested itself during the night, and even deprived me of the hope of being able to return to Senegal.

I was incapable of doing any thing. The good Etienne, touched with my condition, took his fowling piece, and went into the neighbouring woods, to endeavour to shoot me some game. An old vulture was the only produce of the chase. He brought it to me, and, in spite of the repugnance I expressed for that species of bird, he persisted in boiling some of it for me. In about an hour afterwards, he presented me with a bowl of that African broth; but I found it so bitter, I could not swallow it. I felt myself getting worse, and every moment seemed to be the last of life. At last, about noon, having collected all my remaining strength, I wrote to my father the distressed state I was in; Etienne took the charge of carrying my letter, and left me alone in the midst of our island. At night I experienced a great increase of fever; my strength abandoned me entirely; I was unable to shut the door of the house in which I lay. I was far from my family; no human being dwelt in the island; no person witnessed my sufferings; I fell into a state of utter unconsciousness, and I knew not what I did during the remainder of the night. On the following morning, having recovered from my insensibility, I heard some person near me utter sorrowful cries; it was my good sister Caroline. I opened my eyes, and to my astonishment, found myself at Senegal, surrounded by an afflicted family. I felt as if I had returned from the other world. My father had set off on the instant he had received my letter, with Etienne to the island, and, finding me delirious, took me to Senegal without my being conscious of it. Recovering by degrees from my confusion, I was desirous of seeing my brothers, who had been attacked the same way as myself. Our house looked like an hospital. Here a dying child wished them to take away the monster he imagined he saw before his bed; there another demanded something to drink, then refusing to take the medicines which were offered to him, filled the house with his groans; at a distance my feeble voice was heard asking something to quench the thirst which consumed me.

However, the unremitting care we received, as well

as the generous medicine of M. Quincey, with the tender concern of my father and my sister Caroline, soon placed us out of danger. I then understood that the flowers I had had the imprudence to collect in the wood of Safal, had been the principal cause of my illness, as well as that of my brothers. In the meanwhile, my father built two new huts in the island, with the intention of going and living there with all his family. But, as his affairs kept him some days at Senegal, he was prevented from returning to Safal with the children to continue the collecting of cotton. On the morrow we all three set off. When we had arrived upon the Marigot, in the island of Babagney, we hailed the keeper of our island to come and take us over in his canoe. In the mean time I amused myself in looking at our habitation, which seemed to be very much embellished since my departure, as it had been augmented with two new cottages. I discovered the country to be much greener since I last saw it; in a word, all nature seemed smiling and beautiful. At last Etienne, to whom we had been calling for a quarter of an hour, arrived with his canoe, into which we stepped, and soon were again in the island of Safal.

Arrived at my cottage, I began to examine all the changes my father had made during my illness. The small cottage situated to the west, I chose as my sleeping apartment. It was well made with straw and reeds yet green, and the window, whence was seen the cotton field, was of the greatest advantage to me. I began to clean the floor of my apartments, which was nothing else than sand, among which were various roots and blades of grass. After that I went to visit the little poultry yard, where I found two ducks and some hens placed there a short while before. I was very glad of these little arrangements; and returned to the principal cottage to prepare breakfast. After this we betook ourselves to the business of cotton gathering.

Eight days had already elapsed since our return to the island of Safal, when one morning we perceived our shallop upon the river, which we always knew by a signal placed upon the mast head. It was my father, who brought twelve negroes with him, which he had hired at Senegal, for assisting him in the cultivation of the soil. The men were instantly set to break up the soil; the women and children assisted us in gathering cotton. My father then dismissed the negroes, who worked by the day, as he had to come and go to Senegal, where the urgency of his business yet required his presence.

I remained a long while without seeing him; but at the end of eight days, I was agreeably surprised at finding our boat in the little bay of the Babagney. I ran with the family negroes to disembark our effects, and I soon had the pleasure of holding my sister Caroline in my arms. My father came on shore afterwards with the youngest children, and all the family found themselves united under the roof of the African cottage, in the island of Safal. "You see, my child," said my father to me on entering our huts, "you see all our riches! we have neither moveables nor house at Senegal; every thing we can claim as our own is here." I embraced my father, and my brothers and sisters, and then went to unload our boat. Our house was soon filled. It served at once for a cellar, granary, store house, a parlour, and bed chamber. However, we found a place for every thing: next day we began to fit them up more commodiously. My sister and myself lived in the small house to the west; my father took up his residence in that towards the east; and the large hut in the centre was the place where the children slept. Round about the last we suspended some boards by cords, to hold our dishes and various kitchen utensils. A table, two benches, and some chairs, a large couch, some old barrels, a mill to grind the cotton, implements of husbandry, constituted the furniture of that cottage. Nevertheless, in spite of its humbleness, the sun came and gilded our roofs of straw and reeds. My father then fitted up his cottage as a study. Here were boards suspended by small cords, upon which his books and papers were arranged with the greatest order;—there a fir board, supported by four feet, driven into the ground, served as a desk; at a distance stood his gun, his pistols, his sword, his clarinet, and some mathematical instruments. A chair, a small couch, a pitcher, and a cup, formed his little furniture.

Our cottage was situated on the top of a little hill of gentle ascent. Forests of mangrove-trees, gum-trees, tamarind-trees, sheltered us on the west, the north, and the east. To the south was situated the plantation which we called South-field. This field was already covered with about three hundred thousand feet of cotton, a third of which had nearly begun to be productive. Upon the banks of the river, and to the west of the cotton field,

was situated our garden; finally, to the south of the plain, were our fields of maize, beans, and millet.

Our little republic, to which my father gave laws, was governed in the following manner:—We usually rose about day-break, and met altogether in the large cottage. After having embraced our father, we fell upon our knees to return thanks to the Supreme Being for the gift of another day. That finished, my father led the negroes to their work, during which my sister and myself arranged the family affairs, and prepared breakfast, when, about eight o'clock, we returned to the cottage. Breakfast being over, each took his little bag, and went and gathered cotton. About noon, as the heat became insupportable, all returned to the cottage, and worked at different employments. I was principally charged with the education of my young brothers and sisters, and the young negroes of the family. Round my little hut were suspended various pictures for study, upon which I taught them to read according to the method of mutual assistance. A bed of sand, smoothed upon a small bench, served the younger ones to trace and understand the letters of the alphabet: the others wrote upon slates. We bestowed nearly two hours upon each exercise, and then my scholars amused themselves at different games. At three o'clock, all returned to the cotton field, and remained till five. Dinner, which we usually had at six, was followed by a little family conversation, in which the children were interrogated concerning what they had been taught during the day. When I was well pleased with them, I promised them a story, or a fable, in the evening. Sometimes after dinner, we went to take a short walk on the banks of the river; then returned to the cottage, where Etienne had had the care of lighting a large fire, the heat of which forced the mosquitoes and gnats to yield their place to the little circle which our family made round the hearth. Then my sister Caroline and myself related some fables to the children, or read them a lesson from the Evangelists or the Bible; whilst my father smoked his pipe, amusing himself by contemplating all his family around him. The hour of going to bed being arrived, we made a common prayer, after which all retired to their separate huts to sleep.

Thus did our days glide away amid the occupations of the fields and the recreations of the family. On Sundays, our labours were suspended. Sometimes to spend the day more agreeably, and avoid the molestations of the hunters, who often came to our island, we went to the island of Bokos, situated to the east of Safal. On reaching it, we seated ourselves under a large baobab, which was more than thirty feet in circumference. After having finished our humble repast under the umbrage of that wonderful tree, my father would go and amuse himself with the chase; my sister Caroline and myself went to search for rare plants, to assist our studies in botany; whilst the children hunted butterflies and other insects. Charles, the eldest of the boys, swam like a fish; and, when my father shot a duck or *aigrette* upon the water, he would instantly throw himself in, and fetch the game. At other times he would climb to the top of the trees to rob the birds, or bury himself in the midst of bushes to gather the fruits of the country, then run, all breathless and delighted, to present us with his discovery. We would remain in the island till nearly four in the afternoon, then return to our boat, and our negroes rowed us to our island.

During the time of the greatest heats, for we could not long endure the rays of the sun, we passed a part of the Sunday under a very bushy tamarind-tree, which stood at a little distance from our cottage. Thus, in the good old times, did the lords, barons, and marquises gather themselves under the old elms of the village, to discuss the concerns of their vassals, in like manner did my father collect us under the tamarind-tree to regulate the affairs of his republic, and also to enjoy the landscapes which our island afforded. We sometimes took our meals there, and on those occasions the ground served us at once for table, table-cloth, and seat. The children gambled on the grass, and played a thousand tricks to amuse us. We now began to discover that every condition of life had its own peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the week seemed long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed us by our country recreations. We lived thus for some time in the greatest tranquillity. Shut up in a desert island, from all society, we ventured to think we had discovered the condition of real happiness.

Every Wednesday we sent two negroes to the village of Gandiollé, to purchase provisions, such as butter, milk, eggs, &c. One day, however, my father resolved to purchase a cow and thirty fowls, that we might have in our island all the little necessaries used by a family. Our

poultry yard being thus augmented, we looked upon ourselves as great as the richest princes in Africa; and in truth, since we had a cottage, milk, butter, eggs, maize, millet, cotton, tranquillity and health, what more was necessary for our comfort?

CHAPTER XIII.

Whilst we were thus enjoying in peace our little good fortune, my father received a letter, desiring him to return to Senegal in all possible speed. He went, and left me at the head of our establishment, but a great misfortune happened, which we could not prevent;—six of our labouring negroes, whom he had hired, deserted during the night, and took our small boat with them. I was extremely distressed, and instantly made Etienne swim the river, and go and beg of the President at Babagney to take him to my father, who was still at Senegal, to tell him the melancholy news. That good negro was soon on the other side of the water, and went to M. Le-rouge (the name of the president), who gave him his canoe. At night, we saw him returning without my father, who went into the country to search for the fugitive negroes. He spent three whole days in the countries of Gandiollé and Touby, which lie in the neighbourhood of our island, but all his labour was in vain. The deserting negroes had already gained the forests of the interior; and my father, exhausted with fatigue, returned to Safal. I confess, though I was deeply distressed at the desertion of these slaves, who were so necessary to us for realizing our agricultural projects, my heart could not blame those unfortunate creatures, who only sought to recover that freedom from which they had been torn.

At this date, that is about the 1st of March 1819, we learned that M. Schmaltz had returned from France, and was in the Bay of St. Louis; and that the minister of marine had approved of all the projects relative to the agricultural establishment at Senegal. This news revived my father's hopes. As this establishment had been originally proposed by him, he flattered himself they would do him justice in the end. In this expectation, he went to meet with Governor Schmaltz, who had to pass our house on the morrow; but he would not speak with him. On the following day, my father wrote to him from the hotel at St. Louis; four days after which, we were assured that the governor was very far from wishing us well, and still farther from doing justice to my father. However, some of his friends encouraged him to make fresh endeavours, and persuaded him he would obtain a premium of encouragement for having first set the example of cultivating cotton at Senegal; they assured him also that funds had been sent to M. Schmaltz for that purpose. Vain hope! every claim was rejected, we had not even the satisfaction of knowing whether the premium which my father sought was due to him or not; we got no reply. My father wishing to make a last attempt to ward off the misery which menaced us, went to supplicate the governor to allow us either money to purchase food, or rations. This last petition was not more successful than the former. We were abandoned to our unhappy fate, whilst more than twenty persons, who had never done any service to the government, received gratis rations every day from the magazines of the colony. "Very well!" said my father to me, when he found he was refused that assistance which M. Schmaltz had ordered to the other unfortunate persons in the colony, "let the governor be happy if he can, I will not envy his felicity. Behold, my child, behold this roof of thatch which covers us; see these hurdles of reeds which moulder into dust, this bed of rushes, my body already impaired by years, and my children weeping around me for bread! You see a perfect picture of poverty! Nevertheless, there are yet beings upon the earth more unfortunate than we are!"—Alas! said I to him, "our misery is great; but I can support it, and even greater, without complaining, if I saw you exposed to less harassing cares. All your children are young, and of a good constitution; we can endure misfortune, and even habituate ourselves to it; but we have cause to fear that the want of wholesome and sufficient food will make you fall, and then we shall be deprived of the only stay we have upon earth."—"O! my dear child," cried my father, "you have penetrated into the secrets of my soul, you know all my fears, and I will no longer endeavour to conceal the sorrow which has weighed for a long time upon my heart. However, my death may perhaps be a blessing to my family; my bitter enemies will then doubtless cease to persecute you."—"My father," replied I, "break not my heart; how can you, forgetting your children, their tender affection, the assistance which you ought to give them, and which they have a right to ex-

poet from you, wish us to believe your death will be a benefit to us?" He was moved with these words, and his tears flowed in abundance; then, pressing me to his bosom, he cried, "No, no, my dear children, I will not die, but will live to procure for you an existence more comfortable than that you have experienced since we came to Senegal. From this moment I break every tie which binds me to the government of this colony; I will go and procure for you a new abode in the interior of the country of the negroes; yes, my dear children, we will find more humanity among the savage hordes that live in our neighbourhood, than among the greater part of those Europeans who compose the administration of the colony." In fact, some time after, my father obtained from the negro prince of the province of Cayor, a grant on his estates, and we were to take possession of it after the rainy season; but Heaven had decided otherwise.

From this time, my father, always indignant at the manner in which the governor had acted towards us, resolved to retire altogether to his island, and to have as little intercourse with the Europeans of the colony as he could. Nevertheless, he received with pleasure the friends who from time to time came to visit us, and who sometimes carried him to St. Louis, where they disputed among themselves the pleasure of entertaining him, and of making him forget his misfortunes by the favours which they heaped upon him; but the mortifications he had experienced in that town made him always impatient till he returned to his island. One day as he returned from Senegal, after having spent two days at the house of his friends, they lent him a negro mason to build an oven for us; for till then we had always baked our bread upon the embers. With this oven we were no longer obliged to eat our millet-bread with the cinders which so plentifully stuck to it.

One morning, as he was preparing to take the negroes to their labour, he perceived his dog did not follow him as usual. He called, but in vain. Then he thought his faithful companion had crossed the river to Babagney, as he used to do sometimes. Arrived at the cotton-field, my father remarked large foot-prints upon the sand, which seemed to be those of a tiger, and beside them several drops of blood, and doubted not that his poor Sultan had been devoured. He immediately returned to the cottage to acquaint us with the fate of his dog, which we greatly regretted. From that day the children were prohibited from going any distance from home; my sister and myself durst no more walk among the woods as we used to do.

Four days after the loss of the faithful Sultan, as we were going to bed, we heard behind our cottage mewings like those of a cat, but much louder. My father instantly rose, and, in spite of our entreaties and fears, went out armed with his sword and gun, in the hope of meeting with the animal whose frightful cries had filled us with dread; but the ferocious beast, having heard a noise near the little hill where it was, made a leap over his head, and disappeared in the woods. He returned a little frightened at the boldness and agility of the creature, and gave up the pursuit till the following day; he caused some negroes to come from the island of Babagney, whom he joined with his own, and putting himself at their head, he thought he would soon return with the skin of the tiger. But the carnivorous animal did not appear during that night; he contented himself with uttering dismal howlings in the midst of the woods. My father being called to Senegal by some of his friends, left us on the morrow. Before going, he strictly enjoined us to keep at the doors of the house, and to secure ourselves against ferocious beasts. At night we barricaded every avenue to our cottage, and shut up the dog with us, which a friend of my father had brought to him from the town to supply the place of that which we had lost. But my sister and myself were but ill at ease; for our huts being already decayed, we were afraid the tiger would get in, and devour the successor of poor Sultan. However, Etienne came and quieted our fears a little, by saying he would shake the round of the huts during the night. We then lay down, having left our lamp burning. Towards the middle of the night, I was awake by a hollow noise which issued from the extremity of our large chamber. I listened attentively; and the noise increasing, I heard a dog growling and also a kind of roaring like that of a lion. Seized with the greatest terror, I awoke my sister Caroline, who, as well as myself, thought a ferocious beast had got into the cottage. In an instant our dog raised the most terrible barking; the other animal plied by a hollow, but hideous growl. All this uproar issued in my father's chamber. Our minds were paralyzed; the children awoke, and came and precipitated themselves in our arms; but none durst call Etienne to

our assistance. At last my sister and myself decided we should go and see what occasioned all this noise. Caroline took the lamp in one hand, and a stick in the other, and I armed myself with a long lance. Arrived at the middle of the large cottage, we discovered at the end of my father's study our dog, who had seized a large animal covered with yellowish hair. The fears which perplexed us left no doubt but that it was either a lion or at least a tiger. We durst neither advance nor retreat, and our weapons fell from our hands. In a moment these two furious creatures darted into the hut where we were; the air was rent with their cries; our legs bent under us; we fell upon the floor in a faint; the lamp was extinguished, and we believed we were devoured. Etienne at length awoke, knocked at the door, then burst it open, ran up to us, lighted the lamp, and showed us our mistake. The supposed lion was nothing else than a large dog from the island of Babagney, fighting with ours. Etienne separated them with a stick; and the furious animal, which had frightened us so much, escaped through the same hole by which he had entered our house. We stopped up the opening and retired to bed, but were not able to sleep. My father having arrived next morning from Senegal, we recounted to him the fright we had during the night, and he instantly set about repairing the walls of our cottage.

It was now the beginning of May; our cotton harvest was completely finished, but it was not so productive as we had hoped. The rains had not been abundant the preceding year, which caused the deficiency in our crop. We now became more economical than ever, to be able to pass the bad season which had set in. We now lived entirely on the food of the negroes; we also put on clothing more suitable to our situation than that we had hitherto worn. A piece of coarse cotton, wrought by the negroes, served to make us dresses, and clothes for the children; my father was habited in coarse blue silk. On purpose to ameliorate our condition, he sent on Sundays to Senegal a negro to purchase two or three loaves of white bread. It was, in our melancholy condition, the finest repast we could procure.

One Sunday evening, as all the family were seated round a large fire eating some small loaves which had been brought from Senegal, a negro from the main land gave my father a letter; it was from M. Renaud, Surgeon-Major at Bakal in Galam, announcing to us, to complete the sum of our misfortunes, that the merchandise he had sent to Galam the preceding year had been entirely consumed by fire. "Now," cried my unhappy father, "my ruin is complete! Nothing more wretched can touch us. You see, my dear children, that Fortune has not ceased persecuting us. We have nothing more to expect from her since the only resource which remained has been destroyed."

This new misfortune, which we little expected, plunged all our family into the deepest distress. "What misfortunes! what mortifications!" cried I; "it is time to quit this land of wretchedness! Leave it then, return to France; there only we will be able to forget all our misfortunes. And you, cruel enemies of my father, whom we have to reproach for all the misery we have experienced in these lands, may you, in punishment for all the evil you have done us, be tortured with the keenest remorse!"

It cost all the philosophy of my father to quiet our minds after the fatal event. He comforted us by saying, that Heaven alone was just, and that it was our duty to rely upon it. Some days after our friends from Senegal came to pay us a visit, and testified for us the greatest sorrow. They agreed among themselves to engage all the Europeans in the colony in a voluntary subscription in our behalf; but my father opposed it by saying, he could not receive assistance from those who were so truly his friends. The generous M. Dard, director of the French school, was not the last nor least who took an interest in us. As soon as he heard of the unfortunate news, he cordially offered my father all the money he had, and even endeavoured to get provisions for us from the government stores, but he failed. After the visits of my father's friends, we were not so unhappy, and yet enjoyed some tranquillity in our humble cottage. He bought a barrel of wine, and two of flour, to support us during the rainy season or winter, a period so fatal to Europeans who inhabit the torrid zone.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was yet but about the beginning of June 1819, and already the humid winds of the south announced the approach of the bad season, or winter. The whirlwinds of the north no longer brought the hot sands of the De-

sert; but instead of them came the south east, bringing clouds of locusts, musquitoes, and gnats. We could no longer spend our twilights at the cottage, it was so filled with these insects. We fled every morning to escape their stings, and did not return home till overcome with sleep. One night, on entering the hut, after a long day's work at the cotton field, we perceived an animal stealing among the bushes at a soft slow pace: but having heard us, it leaped a very high hedge, and disappeared. From its agility, we discovered it to be a tiger-cat, which had been prowling about our poultry yard, in the hope of catching some chickens, of which these animals are very fond. The same night, my sister and myself were awoken with a hollow noise which we heard near our bed. Our thoughts instantly returned to the tiger cat; we believed that it was it we heard, and springing up, we awoke my father. Being all three armed, we began by looking under my bed, as the noise seemed to proceed from the bottom of a large hole, deep under ground. We were then convinced it was caused by a serpent, but found it impossible to get at it. The song of this reptile so frightened us that we could sleep no longer; however, we soon became accustomed to its invisible music, for at short intervals we heard it all the night. Some time after the discovery of the den of this reptile amongst, my sister, going to feed five or six pigeons which she had in a little hut, perceived a large serpent, who seemed to have a wing on each side of its mouth. She instantly called my father, who quickly ran to her with his gun, but the wings which the creature seemed to have, had already disappeared. As his belly was prodigiously swelled, my father made the negroes open it, and, to our great surprise, found four of the pigeons of our dove-cote. The serpent was nearly nine feet in length, and about nine inches in circumference in the middle. After it was skinned, we gave it to the negroes, who regaled themselves upon it. This was not the one, however, which we had heard during the night, for in the evening on which it was killed, we heard the whistlings of its companions. We then resolved to look for a more comfortable place to plant our cottage, and to abandon the rising ground to the serpents, and the woods to the tigers. We chose a spot on the south side of our island, pretty near to the banks of the river.

When this new ground was prepared, my father surrounded it with a hurdle of reeds, and then transported our cottage thither. This manner of removing from one place to another is very expeditious; in less than three days we were fairly seated in our new abode. However, as we had not time to carry away our poultry, we left them upon the hill till the place we had appropriated for them was completed. It was fenced on all sides, and covered with a large net, to prevent the birds of prey taking away our little chickens, and we had no fear in leaving them during the night. On the evening of the next day, my sister, accompanied with the children, went to feed the various inhabitants of the poultry-yard; but on approaching it she saw the frame of reeds half fallen, the net rent, and feathers scattered here and there upon the road. Having reached the site of our former cottage, heaps of worried ducks and chickens were the only objects which presented themselves. She instantly sent one of the children to acquaint us with the disaster, and my father and myself hastened to the scene of carnage, but it was too late to take any precautions,—all our poultry were destroyed! Two hens and a duck only had escaped the massacre, by having squatted in the bottom of an old barrel. We counted the dead which were left in the yard, and found that the ferocious beasts had eaten the half; about two hundred eggs of ducks and hens, nearly hatched, were destroyed at the same time.

This was a great loss to us, especially as we counted as much upon our poultry yard as upon our plantation. We were obliged to resign ourselves to our fate; for to what purpose would sorrow serve? The evil was done, and it only remained for us to guard against the recurrence of a like misfortune. The poultry yard was instantly transported to our new habitation, and we took care to surround it with thorns, to keep off the wolves, the foxes, and the tigers. Our two hens and the duck were placed in it till we could purchase others.

Our new cottage was, as I have already said, situated on the banks of the river. A small wood of mangrove trees and acacias grew to the left, presenting a scene sufficiently agreeable. But the marshy wood sent forth such clouds of musquitoes, that, from the first day, we were so persecuted, as scarcely to be able to inhabit our cottage during the night. We were forced to betake ourselves to our canoe, and sail up and down the river;

but we were not more sheltered from the stings of the insects than upon land. Sometimes, after a long course, we would return to the hut, where, in spite of the heat, we would envelop ourselves in thick woollen blankets, to pass the night; then, after being half suffocated, we would fill the house full of smoke, or go and plunge ourselves in the river.

I am bold to say, we were the most miserable creatures that ever existed on the face of the earth. The thoughts of passing all the bad season in this state of torture, made us regret a hundred times we had not perished in the shipwreck. How, thought I, how is it possible to endure the want of sleep, the stings of myriads of insects, the putrid exhalations of marshes, the heat of the climate, the smoke of our huts, the chagrin which consumes us, and the want of the most necessary articles of life, without being overcome! My father, however, to prevent us seeing the melancholy which weighed upon him, assumed a serene air, when his soul was a prey to the most horrible anguish; but through this pretended placidity it was easy to see the various sentiments by which his heart was affected. Often would that good man say to us, "My children I am not unhappy, but I suffer to see you buried in the deserts. If I could gather a sufficient sum to convey you to France, I would at least have the satisfaction of thinking you there enjoyed life, and that your youth did not pass in these solitudes far from human society."—"How, my father," replied I to him, "how can you think we could be happy in France, when we knew you were in misery in Africa! O, afflict us not. You know, and we have said so a hundred times, that our sole desire is to remain near you, to assist you to bring up our young brothers and sisters, and to endeavour by our care to make them worthy of all your tenderness." The good man would then fold us in his arms; and the tears which trickled down his cheeks, for a while soothed his sufferings.

Often, to divert our thoughts from the misery we endured, would we read some of the works of our best authors. My father was usually on these occasions the reader, whilst Caroline and myself listened. Sometimes we would amuse ourselves with shooting the bow, and chasing the wild ducks and fowls which went about our house. In this manner we endeavoured to dissipate in part our ennui during the day. As our cottage was situated close to the banks of the river, we amused ourselves in fishing, whilst the heat and the mosquitoes would permit us. Caroline and our young brothers were chiefly charged with fishing for crabs, and they always caught sufficient to afford supper to all the family. But sometimes we had to forego this evening's repast, for the mosquitoes at that hour were in such prodigious numbers, that it was impossible to remain more than an instant in one place, unless we were enveloped in our coverings of wool. But the children not having so much sense, would not allow themselves to be thus suffocated; they could not rest in any place, and every instant their doleful groans forced our tears of pity. O cruel remembrance! thou makest me yet weep as I write these lines.

Towards the beginning of July, the rains showed us it was seed time. We began by sowing the cotton, then the fields of millet, maize, and beans. Early in the morning, the family went to work: some digged, others sowed, till the fierceness of the sun forced us to retire to the cottage, where we expected a plate of kouskous, of fish, and a little rest. At three o'clock we all returned to the fields, and did not leave off working till the approach of night; then we all went home, and each occupied himself in fishing or hunting. Whilst we were thus busied in providing our supper, and provisions for the morrow, we sometimes would receive a visit from the sportsmen who were returning to Senegal. Some would feel for our misery, but many made us weep with their vulgar affronts. On these occasions, Caroline and myself would fly from these disgusting beings as from the wild beasts who prowled about us. Sometimes, to make us forget the insults and mortifications we experienced from the negro merchants who live at Senegal, and whom curiosity brought to our island, my father would say to us, "Wherefore, my dears, are you distressed with the impertinences of these beings? Only think that, in spite of your wretchedness, you are a hundred times better than them, who are nothing more than vile traffickers in human flesh, sons of soldiers, without manners, rich sailors, or free booters, without education and without country."

One day, a French negro merchant, whom I will not name, having crossed the Senegal to the station of Babagney, and seeing our cottage in the distance, inquired

to whom it belonged. He was told it was the father of a family whom misfortune had forced to seek a refuge in that island. I wish I could see them, said the merchant, it will be very *drôle*. In fact, a short while after, we had a visit from this *curieux*, who, after he had said all manner of impertinences to us, went to hunt in our plantation, where he killed the only duck which we had left, and which he had the audacity to carry away in spite of our entreaties. Fortunately for the insolent thief, my father was absent, else he would have avenged the death of the duck, which even the tigers had spared in the massacre of our poultry yard.

Since the commencement of winter, we had had but little rain, when one night we were roused by a loud peal of thunder. A horrible tempest swept over us, and the hurricane bent the trees of the fields. The lightning tore up the ground, the sound of the thunder redoubled, and torrents of water were precipitated upon our cottage. The winds roared with the utmost fury, our roofs were swept away, our huts were blown down, and all the waters of heaven rushed in upon us. A flood penetrated our habitation; all our family, drenched, confounded, sought refuge under the wrecks of our walls of straw and reeds. All our effects were floating, and hurried off by the floods which surrounded us. The whole heavens were in a blaze; the thunderbolt burst, fell, and burnt the mainmast of the French brig *Nantaise*, which was anchored at a little distance from our island. After this horrible detonation, calm was insensibly restored, whilst the hissing of serpents and howlings of the wild beasts were the only sounds heard around us. The insects and reptiles, creeping out of the earth, dispersed themselves through all the places of our cottage which water had not covered. Large beetles went buzzing on all sides, and attached themselves to our clothes, whilst the millepedes, lizards, and crabs of an immense size, crawled over the wrecks of our huts. At last, about ten o'clock, nature resumed her tranquillity, the thunder ceased to be heard, the winds instantly fell, and the air remained calm and dull.

After the tempest had ceased, we endeavoured to mend our huts a little, but we could not effect it; and were obliged to remain all day under the wrecks of our cottage. Such, however, was the manner in which we spent nearly all our days and nights. In reading this recital, the reader has but a feeble idea of the privations, the sufferings, and the evils, to which the unfortunate Picard family were exposed during their stay in the island of Safal.

About this time, my father was obliged to go to Senegal. During his absence, the children discovered that the negroes who remained with us had formed a scheme of deserting during the night. Caroline and myself were much embarrassed and undecided what course to pursue, to prevent their escape; at last, having well considered the matter, we thought, as Etienne would be in the plot, we had no other means of preventing their escape but by each of us arming ourselves with a pistol, and thus passing the night in watching them. We bound our canoe firmly with a chain, and seated ourselves, the better to observe their motions. About nine in the evening, the two negroes came to the banks of the river, but having discovered us, they feigned to fish, really holding in their hands a small line; but on coming nearer to them, I saw they had no hooks. I desired them to go to bed, and return on the morrow to fish. One of them came close to our canoe, and threw himself into it, thinking he could instantly put off; but when he found it chained, he left it quite ashamed, and went and lay down with his comrade. I set off to look for Etienne, whom we suspected to have been in the plot, and told him of the design of the two negroes, and prayed him to assist us in watching them during the night. He instantly rose, and taking my father's gun, bade us sleep in quiet, whilst he alone would be sufficient to overcome them; however, they made no farther attempt that night, hoping, doubtless, to be more fortunate another time. Next day I wrote to my father, to return to Safal before night, for that we were on the eve of losing the remainder of our negroes. He returned in the evening, resolving never again to quit our cottage. He interrogated the negroes concerning their design of desertion, and asked them what excuse they had to plead. "We are comfortable here," replied one of them, "but we are not in our native country; our parents and friends are far from us. We have been deprived of our liberty, and we have made, and will make still farther efforts, for its recovery." He added, addressing himself to my father, "If thou, Picard, my master, wert arrested when cultivating thy fields, and carried far, far from thy family, wouldst thou not endeavour to rejoin them, and recover thy liberty?" My father promptly re-

plied, "I would!" "Very well," continued Nakamcu, "I am in the same situation as thyself, I am the father of a numerous family: I have yet a mother, some uncles; I love my wife, my children; and dost thou think it wonderful I should wish to rejoin them?" My unfortunate father, melted to tears with this speech, resolved to send them to the person from whom he had hired them, for fear he should lose them. If he had thought like the colonists, he would have put them in irons, and treated them like rebels; but he was too kind hearted to resort to such measures. Some days after, the person to whom the negroes were sent, brought us two others; but they were so indolent, we found it impossible to make them work.

CHAPTER XV.

We however continued sowing; and more than twenty-four thousand feet of cotton had already been added to the plantation, when our labours were stopped by war suddenly breaking out between the colony and the Moors. We learned that a part of their troops were in the island of Bokos, situated but a short distance from our own. It was said that the Arab merchants and the Marabouts, (priests of the Mussulmen), who usually travel to Senegal on affairs of commerce, had been arrested by the French soldiers. In the fear that the Moors would come to our island and make us prisoners, we resolved to go to the head-quarters of the colony, and stay there till the war had ceased. My father caused all his effects to be transported to the house of the resident at Babagney, after which we left our cottage and the island of Safal. Whilst Etienne slowly rowed the canoe which contained our family, I ran my eye over the places we were leaving, as if wishing them an eternal adieu. In contemplating our poor cottage, which we had built with such difficulty, I could not suppress my tears. All our plantations, thought I, will be ravaged during our absence; our home will be burned; and we will lose in an instant that which cost us two years of pain and fatigue. I was diverted from these reflections by our canoe striking against the shore of Babagney. We landed there, and instantly set off to the residence of M. Lerouge; but he was already at Senegal. We found his house filled with soldiers, which the governor had sent to defend that position against the Moors. My father then borrowed a little shallop to take us to Senegal. Whilst the boat was preparing, we eat a morsel of millet bread I had had the precaution to make before we left Safal; at last, at six in the evening we embarked for St. Louis, leaving our negroes at Babagney. My father promised to Etienne to go and rejoin him to continue the work, if it was possible, as soon as we were in safety.

It was very late before we reached Senegal. As we had no lodgings, a friend of my father, (M. Thomas) admitted us, his worthy wife loading us with kindness. During our stay in the island of Safal, my father had made various trips to Senegal; but as my sister and myself had not quitted it for a long time, we found ourselves in another world. The isolated manner in which we had lived, and the misfortunes we had endured, contributed in no small degree to give us a savage and embarrassed appearance. Caroline especially had become so timid, she could not be persuaded to appear in company. It is true the nakedness to which we were reduced, a good deal caused the repugnance we felt at seeing company. Having no cap but our hair, no clothes but a half-worn robe of coarse silk, without stockings and shoes, we felt much distressed in appearing thus habited before a society among whom we had formerly held a certain rank. The good lady Thomas seeing our embarrassment, kindly dispensed with our appearance at table, as they had strangers in the house. She caused supper to be brought to our chamber, under the pretext that we were indisposed. In this manner we escaped the curious and imprudent regards of various young people, who had not yet been tutored by the hand of misfortune. We learned that we were known at Senegal by different names, some calling us *The Hermits of the Isle of Safal*, others *The Exiles in Africa*.

On the morrow, my father hired an apartment in the house of one of his old friends (M. Valentin.) After breakfast we thanked our hosts, and went to our new lodging. It consisted of a large chamber, the windows of which were under ground, filled with broken panes; thus, in the first night, we had such a quantity of mosquitoes, that we thought we were yet in the island of Safal. On the following day, my father was desirous of returning to his plantation. We in vain represented to him the dangers to which he exposed himself; nothing would divert him from his design. He promised, how-

ever, to go to Safal only during the day, and to sleep at the house of the resident at Babagüey. He told us that it was not the war with the Moors alone which caused him to bring us to Senegal, but also the state of suffering in which the whole family was. It is true our strength was considerably diminished; the youngest of my brothers had been for several days attacked with a strong fever; and we were all slightly seized with the same disease. My father, taking our oldest brother with him, left us for the isle of Safal, promising to come and see us every Sunday. I went with him to the court-gate, conjuring him, above all things, not to expose himself, and to take care of his health, which was so precious to us. That worthy man embraced me, and bade me fear nothing on that head, for he too well felt how necessary his life was to his children, to expose it imprudently. "For my health," added he, "I hope to preserve it long, unless Heaven has decided otherwise." With these words he bid adieu, and went away; I returned to the house and gave free vent to my tears. I know not what presentiment then seized me, for I felt as if I had seen my father for the last time; and it was only at the end of the third day, on receiving a letter written with his own hand, that I could divest myself of these gloomy ideas. He told us he was very well, and that all was quiet at Safal. On the same day I wrote to inform him of the condition of our young brother, who was a little better during the evening; I sent him at the same time some loaves of new bread and three bottles of wine which a generous person had had the goodness to give us. On the following Sunday we sat waiting his arrival, but a frightful tempest that raged during all the day, deprived us of that pleasure; we, however, received accounts from him every two days, which were always satisfactory.

About the 1st of August 1819, the best friend of my father, M. Dard, who, from the commencement of our misfortunes, had not withheld his helping hand from us, came to announce his approaching departure for France, and to bid us farewell. We congratulated him on the happiness of leaving so melancholy a place as Senegal. After we had talked some time about our unfortunate situation, and of the little hope we had of ever getting out of it, that sensible man, feeling his tears beginning to flow, took leave of us, promising to visit my father in passing Babagüey. Some days after, our young sister became dangerously ill; the fever attacked me also; and in less than forty-eight hours all our family were seized with the same disease. Caroline, however, had still sufficient strength to take care of us; and but for her assistance, we would all perhaps have become a prey to the malady which oppressed us. That good sister durst not acquaint my father with the deplorable condition in which we all were; but, alas! she was soon obliged to tell him the melancholy news. I know not what passed during two days after my sister had written my father, having been seized with delirium. When the fit had somewhat abated, and I had recovered my senses a little, I began to recognise the people who were about me, and I saw my father weeping near my bed. His presence revived the little strength I had still left. I wished to speak, but my ideas were so confused that I could only articulate a few unconnected words. I then learned, that after my father was acquainted with our dangerous condition, he had hastened to Senegal with my oldest brother, who also had been attacked. My father seemed to be no better than we were; but to quiet our fears, he told us that he attributed his indisposition to a cold he had caught from sleeping on a bank of sand at Safal. We soon perceived that his disease was more of the mind than of the body. I often observed him thoughtful, with a wild and disquieted look. This good man, who had resisted with such courage all his indignities and misfortunes, wept like a child at the sight of his dying family.

Meanwhile the sickness increased every day in our family; my young sister was worst. Dr. Quincey saw her, and prescribed every remedy he thought necessary to soothe her sufferings. During the middle of the night she complained of great pain in her abdomen, but, after taking the medicine ordered her, she fell quiet, and we believed she was asleep. Caroline, who watched us during the night in spite of her weakness, took advantage of this supposed slumber to take a little repose. A short while after, wishing to see if little Laura still slept, she raised the quilt which covered her, and uttered a piercing shriek. I awoke, and heard her say in a tremulous voice, *Alas! Laura is dead.* Our weeping soon awoke our unhappy father. He rose, and, seeing the face of the dead child, cried in wild despair: "It is then all over; my cruel enemies have gained their victory! They have taken from me the bread which I earned with the sweat of my brow to support my children; they have sacrificed

my family to their implacable hate; let them now come and enjoy the fruit of their malice with a sight of the victim they have immolated! let them come to satiate their fury with the scene of misery in which they have plunged us! O cruel S——, thy barbarous heart cannot be that of a Frenchman!" On uttering these words, he rushed out, and seated himself under a gallery which was at the door of the house in which we lived. He there remained a long while buried in profound meditation, during which time we could not get him to utter one word. At last, about six o'clock in the morning the physician came, and was surprised on hearing of the death of Laura; then went to my father, who seemed to be insensible to every thing around him, and inquired at him concerning his health. "I am well," replied he, "and I am going to return to Safal; for I always find myself best there." The doctor told him his own condition, as well as that of his family, would not allow him to leave Senegal; but he was inflexible. Seeing nothing would induce him to remain at St. Louis, I arose, weak as I was, and went to search for a negro and a canoe to carry us to Safal. In the meanwhile a friend of ours took charge of burying the body of my sister; but my father wished to inter it beside the others in his island, and determined to take it thither along with us. Not to have, however, such a melancholy sight before our eyes during our journey, I hired a second canoe to carry the corpse of poor Laura; and attaching it to the one in which we were, we took our young brothers in our arms and set off. Having arrived opposite the house possessed by M. Thomas, my father felt himself greatly indisposed. I profited by the circumstance, by getting him to go to the house of his friend; hoping we would persuade him against returning to Safal. He consented without difficulty; but we had scarcely entered the house, when he was again taken very ill. We instantly called a physician, who found in him the seeds of a most malignant fever. We laid him down, and all the family wept around his bed, whilst the canoe which carried the remains of our young sister proceeded to Safal. M. Thomas undertook to procure us a house more healthy than that we had quitted; but the condition of my father was such, that he found it impossible to walk, and we had to put him in a litter to take him to our new habitation. All the worthy people of Senegal could not contain their indignation against Governor S——, whose inhuman conduct towards our family had been the principal cause of all our misfortunes. They went to his house, and boldly told him it was a shame for the chief of the colony thus to allow an unfortunate family entirely to perish. M. S——, either touched with these reproaches, or at last being moved by more friendly feelings towards us, caused provisions secretly to be sent to our house. We received them under the persuasion they had been sent by some friend of my father; but having at last learned they had come from the governor, my father bid me return them to him. I did not know what to do, for a part of the provisions had already been consumed; and, besides, the distressed condition to which we were reduced, made me flatter myself with the thought, that the governor wished at last to make amends for the wrongs he had done us. But, alas! his assistance was too late; the fatal moment was fast approaching when my father had to bend under the pressure of his intolerable sufferings.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day after we had taken possession of our new abode, my father sent me to the Isle of Babagüey, to bring back the things which were left at the house of the Resident. As I found myself considerably better during the last few days, I hired a canoe and went, leaving the sick to the care of Caroline. I soon reached the place of my destination, and finishing my business, I was upon the point of returning to Senegal, when a wish came into my head of seeing Safal. Having made two negroes take me to the other side of the river, I walked along the side of the plantation, then visited our cottage, which I found just as we had left it. At last I bent my steps towards the tomb of my step-mother, in which were deposited the remains of my little sister. I seated myself under the shrubs which shaded the place of their repose, and remained a long while wrapt in the most melancholy reflections. All the misfortunes we had experienced since our shipwreck came across my mind, and I asked myself, how I had been able to endure them? I thought that, at this instant, a secret voice said to me, you will yet have greater to deplore. Terrified by this melancholy presentiment, I strove to rise, but my strength failing me, I fell on my knees upon the grave. After having addressed my prayers to the Eternal, I felt

a little more tranquil; and, quitting this melancholy spot, old Etienne led me back to Babagüey, where my canoe waited for me. The heat was excessive; however, I endured it, rather than wait for the coolness of evening to return to my father. On my arrival at St. Louis, I found him in a violent passion at a certain personage of the colony, who, without any regard to his condition, had said the most humiliating things to him. This scene had contributed, in no small degree, to aggravate his illness; for, on the evening of the same day, the fever returned, and a horrible delirium darkened all his faculties. We spent a terrible night, expecting every moment to be his last. The following day found little change in his condition, except a small glimmering of reason at intervals. In one of these moments, when we hoped he would recover his health, M. Dard, whom we thought already far from Senegal, entered our house. My father instantly recognised him, and, making him sit near to his bed, took his hand, and said, "My last hour is come; Heaven, to whose decrees I humbly submit, will soon remove me from this world; but one consolation remains with me,—the thought that you will not abandon my children. I recommend to you my oldest daughter; you are dear to her, doubt not; would she were your wife, and that you were to her, as you have always been to me, a sincere friend!" On saying these words, he took my hands and pressed them to his burning lips. Tears suffocated my voice, but I pressed him tenderly in my arms; and as he saw I was extremely affected with his situation, he quickly said to me, "My daughter, I have need of rest." I instantly quitted him, and was joined by M. Dard, when we retired to another room, where we found Caroline and the good Mad. Thomas. This worthy friend seeing the deplorable condition to which we were reduced, endeavoured to console us, and to give us hope, saying, that having heard of my father's illness on board the brig *Vigilant*, in which he had embarked at the port of St. Louis, he had obtained leave to come on shore, and to go and offer us some assistance; after which he left us, promising to return on the morrow.

Towards the middle of the night of the 15th August 1819, it struck me that my father wished to speak with me. I drew near to him, and seeing him pale, and his eyes wild, I turned away my head to conceal the tears which I could not suppress; but having perceived my distress, he said to me in a mournful voice, "Why are you so much afflicted, my child? My last hour approaches, I cannot escape it; then summon all the strength of your soul to bear it with courage. My conscience is pure, I have nothing with which to reproach myself; I will die in peace if you promise to protect the children whom I will soon leave. Tell also to feeling hearts the long train of uninterrupted misfortunes which have assailed me; tell the abandoned condition in which we have lived; and tell at last, that in dying, I forgive my enemies all the evils they had made me as well as my family endure!" At these words I fell upon his bed, and cried yes, dear father, I promise to do all you require of me. I was yet speaking when Caroline entered the chamber, and throwing herself upon his bed, tenderly embraced him, whilst he held me by the hand. We gazed on one another in profound silence, which was only interrupted by our sighs. During this heart-rending scene, my father again said to me, "My good Charlotte, I thank you for all the care you have bestowed on me; I die, but I leave you to the protection of friends who will not abandon you. Never forget the obligations you already owe M. Dard. Heaven assist you. Farewell, I go before you to a better world." These words, pronounced with difficulty, were the last he uttered. He instantly became much convulsed. All the physicians of the colony were called, but the medicines they prescribed produced no effect. In this condition he remained more than six hours, during which time we stood suspended between hope and despair. O horrible night! night of sorrow and desolation! who can describe all which the unfortunate family of Picard suffered during thy terrible reign! But the fatal period approached; the physician who prescribed it went out; I followed, and, still seeking for some illusion in the misfortune which menaced us, I tremblingly interrogated him. The worthy man would not dissemble; he took me by the hand and said, my dear lady, the moment is arrived when you have need to arm yourself with courage; it is all over with M. Picard; you must submit to the will of God. These words were a thunderbolt to me. I instantly returned, bathed in tears; but alas! my father was no more.

Such an irreparable misfortune plunged us into a condition worse than death. Without ceasing, I besought them to put a period to my deplorable life. The friends

about me used every endeavour to calm me, but my soul was in the depth of affliction, and their consolations reached it not. "O God!" cried I, "how is it possible thou canst yet let me live? Ought not the misery I feel to make me follow my father to the grave?" It was necessary to employ force to keep me from that plan of horror and dismay. Madame Thomas took us to her house, whilst our friends prepared the funeral of my unhappy father. I remained insensible for a long while; and, when somewhat recovered, my first care was to pray the people with whom we lived to carry the body of my father to the Isle of Safal to be deposited, agreeably to his request, near the remains of his wife. Our friends accompanied it. Some hours after the departure of the funeral procession, Governor S—, doubtless reproaching himself with the helpless condition in which we had been left for so long a time, gave orders to take care of the remainder of our unfortunate family. He himself came to the house of M. Thomas. His presence made such an impression on me, that I swooned away. We did not, however, refuse the assistance he offered us, convinced, as we were, that it was less to the governor of Senegal we were indebted than to the French government, whose intentions he was only fulfilling.

Several days passed before I could moderate my sorrow; but at last our friends represented to me the duties I owed to the orphans who were left with us, and to whom I had promised to hold the place of mother. Then rousing myself from my lethargy, and recollecting the obligations I had to fulfil, I bestowed all my affections on the innocent beings whom my father had confided to me in his dying moments. Nevertheless I was not at rest; the desire of seeing the place where reposed the mortal remains of my worthy father tormented me. They wished to dissuade me; but when they saw I had been frequently weeping in private, they no longer withheld me. I went alone to Safal, leaving Caroline to take charge of the children, two of whom were still in a dangerous condition. What changes did I find at our cottage! The person from whom we had hired our negroes had secretly removed them; rank weeds sprung up every where; the cotton withered for want of cultivation; the fields of millet, maize, and beans had been devoured by the herds of cattle from the colony; our house was half plundered; the books and papers of my father taken away. Old Etienne still remained; I found him cultivating cotton. As soon as he saw me he drew near; and having inquired if he wished to remain at the plantation, he replied, "I could stay here all my life; my good master is no more, but he is still here; I wish to work for the support of his children." I promised in my turn to take care of him during my stay in Africa. At last I bent my steps towards my father's grave. The shrubs which surrounded it were covered with the most beautiful verdure; their thorny branches hung over it as if to shield it from the rays of the sun. The silence which reigned around this solitary place was only interrupted by the songs of the birds, and the rustling of the foliage, agitated by a faint breeze. At the sight of this sacred retreat, I suddenly felt myself penetrated by a religious sentiment, and falling on my knees upon the grass, and resting my head upon the humid stone, remained a long while in deep meditation. Then starting up, I cried, "Dear remains of the best of fathers! I come not hither to disturb your repose; but I come to ask of Him who is omnipotent, resignation to his august decrees. I come to promise also to the worthy author of my existence, to give all my care to the orphans whom he has left on earth. I also promise to make known to feeling hearts all the misfortunes he experienced before being driven to the tomb." After a short prayer, I arose and returned to the cottage. To consecrate a monument to the memory of my father, I took two coconuts, which he had planted some time previous to his death, and replanted them beside the grave; I then gave my orders to Etienne, and returned to the family at Senegal.

Next day M. Dard came to see us at the house of M. Thomas. This worthy friend of my father told us he would not abandon in Senegal the orphans whom he had promised to assist. I come, added he, to return to the governor the leave he had given me to pass six months in France, and I charge myself with providing for all your wants till I can convey you again to Paris. Such generous devotion affected me to tears; I thanked our worthy benefactor, and he went into Mad. Thomas's room. When he had gone, Mad. Thomas took me aside, and said, that M. Dard's intention was not only to adopt the wrecks of our family, but he wished also to offer me his hand as soon as our grief had subsided. This confidence, I own, displeased me not; for it was

delightful for me to think that so excellent a man, who had already given us such substantial assistance in our distress, did not think himself degraded by uniting his fate with that of a poor orphan. I recollected what my father had said to me during one of our greatest misfortunes. "M. Dard," said that worthy man, "is an estimable youth, whose attachment for us has never diminished in spite of our wretchedness; and I am certain he prefers virtue in a wife above all other riches."

Some days after, our benefactor came to tell us he had disembarked all his effects, and that he had resumed his functions as director of the French school at Senegal. We talked a long while together concerning my father's affairs, and he then left us. However, as one of my brothers was very ill, he returned in the evening to see how he was. He found us in tears; for the innocent creature had expired in my arms. M. Dard and M. Thomas instantly buried him, for his body had already become putrid. We took great care to conceal his death from his brother, who, having a mind superior to his age, would doubtless have been greatly affected. Nevertheless, on the following day, poor Charles inquired where his brother Gustavus was; M. Dard, who was sitting near his bed, told him he was at school; but he discovered the cheat, and cried, weeping, that he wished a hat to go to school, and see if Gustavus was really living. M. Dard had the kindness to go and purchase him one to quiet him, which, when he saw, he was satisfied, and waited till the morrow to go and see if his brother was at school. This young victim to misery dragged out his melancholy existence during two months; and about the end of October we had the misfortune of losing him also.

This last blow plunged me into a gloomy melancholy. I was indifferent to every thing. I had seen, in three months, nearly all my relations die. A young orphan (Alphonso Fleury), our cousin, aged five years, to whom my father was tutor, and whom he had always considered as his own child, my sister Caroline, and myself, were all that remained of the unfortunate Picard family, who, on setting out for Africa, consisted of nine. We, too, had nearly followed our dear parents to the grave. Our friends, however, by their great care and attention, got us by degrees to recover our composure, and chased from our thoughts the cruel recollections which afflicted us. We recovered our tranquillity, and dared at last to cherish the hope of seeing more fortunate days. That hope was not delusive. Our benefactor, M. Dard, since then having become my husband, gathered together the wrecks of our wretched family, and has proved himself worthy of being a father to us. My sister Caroline afterwards married M. Richard, agricultural botanist, attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with my husband and the young Alphonso Fleury, my cousin, on board his Majesty's ship *Ménagère*, on the 18th November 1820, we safely arrived at L'Orient on the 31st December following. A few days after our landing, we went to Paris, where we remained two months. At last we reached my husband's native place, at Bligny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Côte d'Or, where I have had the happiness of finding new relations whose tender friendship consoles me in part for the loss of those of whom cruel death deprived me in Africa.

The following is the substance, abridged from MM. Corréard and Savigny, of what took place on the Raft during thirteen days before the sufferers were taken up by the *Argus Brig*.

After the boats had disappeared, the consternation became extreme. All the horrors of thirst and famine passed before our imaginations; besides, we had to contend with a treacherous element, which already covered the half of our bodies. The deep stupor of the soldiers and sailors instantly changed to despair. All saw their inevitable destruction, and expressed by their moans the dark thoughts which brooded in their minds. Our words were at first unavailing to quiet their fears, which we participated with them, but which a greater strength of mind enabled us to dissemble. At last, an unmoved countenance, and our proffered consolations, quieted them by degrees, but could not entirely dissipate the terror with which they were seized.

When tranquillity was a little restored, we began to search about the raft for the charts, the compass, and the anchor, which we presumed had been placed upon it, after what we had been told at the time of quitting the frigate.*

* M. Corréard, fearing that on the event of their being separated from the boats by any unforeseen accident,

These things, of the first importance, had not been placed upon our machine. Above all, the want of a compass the most alarmed us, and we gave vent to our rage and vengeance. M. Corréard then remembered he had seen one in the hands of one of the principal workmen under his command: he spoke to the man, who replied, "Yes, yes, I have it with me." This information transported us with joy, and we believed that our safety depended upon this futile resource: it was about the size of a crown-piece, and very incorrect. Those who have not been in situations in which their existence was exposed to extreme peril, can have but a faint knowledge of the price one attaches then to the simplest objects—with what avidity one seizes the slightest means capable of mitigating the rigour of that fate against which they contend. The compass was given to the commander of the raft, but an accident deprived us of it for ever: it fell, and disappeared between the pieces of wood which formed our machine. We had kept it but a few hours, and, after its loss, had nothing now to guide us but the rising and setting of the sun.

We had all gone afloat without taking any food. Hunger beginning to be imperiously felt, we mixed our paste of sea-biscuit [which had fallen into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered] with a little wine, and distributed it thus prepared. Such was our first meal, and the best we had during our stay upon the raft.

An order, according to our numbers, was established for the distribution of our miserable provisions. The ration of wine was fixed at three quarters a-day.* We will speak no more of the biscuit, it having been entirely consumed at the first distribution. The day passed away sufficiently tranquil. We talked of the means by which we would save ourselves; we spoke of it as a certain circumstance, which reanimated our courage; and we sustained that of the soldiers, by cherishing in them the hope of being able, in a short while, to revenge themselves on those who had so basely abandoned us. This hope of vengeance, it must be avowed, equally animated us all; and we poured out a thousand imprecations against those who had left us a prey to so much misery and danger.

The officer who commanded the raft being unable to move, M. Savigny took upon himself the duty of erecting the mast. He caused them to cut in two one of the poles of the frigate's masts, and fixed it with the rope which had served to tow us, and of which we made stays and shrouds. It was placed on the anterior third of the raft. We put up for a sail the main-top-gallant, which trimmed very well, but was of very little use, except when the wind served from behind; and to keep the raft in this course, we were obliged to trim the sail as if the breeze blew athwart us.

In the evening, our hearts and our prayers, by a feeling natural to the unfortunate, were turned towards Heaven. Surrounded by inevitable dangers, we addressed that invisible Being who has established, and who maintains the order of the universe. Our vows were fervent, and we experienced from our prayers the cheering influence of hope. It is necessary to have been in similar situations, before one can rightly imagine what a charm it is to the heart of the sufferer the sublime idea of God protecting the unfortunate!

One consoling thought still soothed our imaginations. We persuaded ourselves that the little division had gone to the Isle of Arguin, and that after it had set a part of its people on shore, the rest would return to our assistance; we endeavoured to impress this idea on our soldiers and sailors, which quieted them. The night came without our hope being realised; the wind freshened, and the sea was considerably swelled. What a horrible night! The thought of seeing the boats on the morrow a little consoled our men, the greater part of whom, being unaccustomed with the sea, fell on one another at each movement of the raft. M. Savigny, seconded by some people who still preserved their presence of mind amidst the disorder, stretched cords across the raft, by which the men held, and were better able to resist the swell of the sea: some were even obliged to fasten them-

called from the raft to an officer on board the frigate, "Are we in a condition to take the route?—have we instruments and charts?" got the following reply: "Yes, yes, I have provided for you every necessary." M. Corréard again called to him, "Who was to be their commander?" when the same officer said, "This I; I will be with you in an instant;" but he instantly went and sealed himself in one of the boats!—TRANS.

* The original French is *trois quarts*, which certainly cannot mean *three quarts*; in all probability it is *three pints*.—TRANS.

selves. In the middle of the night the weather was very rough; huge waves burst upon us, sometimes overturning us with great violence. The cries of the men mingled with the roaring of the flood, whilst the terrible sea raised us at every instant from the raft, and threatened to sweep us away. This scene was rendered still more terrible, by the horrors inspired by the darkness of the night. Suddenly we believed we saw fires in the distance at intervals. We had had the precaution to hang at the top of the mast, the gunpowder and pistols which we had brought from the frigate. We made signals by burning a large quantity of cartridges; we even fired some pistols, but it seems the fire we saw, was nothing but an error of vision, or, perhaps, nothing more than the sparkling of the waves.

We struggled with death during the whole of the night, holding firmly by the ropes which were made very secure. Tossed by the waves from the back to the front, and from the front to the back, and sometimes precipitated into the sea; floating between life and death, mourning our misfortunes, certain of perishing; we disputed, nevertheless, the remainder of our existence, with that cruel element which threatened to engulf us. Such was our condition till daybreak. At every instant we heard the lamentable cries of the soldiers and sailors; they prepared for death, bidding farewell to one another, imploring the protection of Heaven, and addressing fervent prayers to God. Every one made vows to him, in spite of the certainty of never being able to accomplish them. Frightful situation! How is it possible to have any idea of it, which will not fall short of the reality!

Towards seven in the morning the sea fell a little, the wind blew with less fury; but what a scene presented itself to our view! Ten or twelve unfortunates, having their inferior extremities fixed in the openings between the pieces of the raft, had perished by being unable to disengage themselves; several others were swept away by the violence of the sea. At the hour of repast, we took the numbers anew; we had lost twenty men. We will not affirm that this was the exact number; for we perceived some soldiers who, to have more than their share, took rations for two, and even three; we were so huddled together, that we found it absolutely impossible to prevent this abuse.

In the midst of these horrors a touching scene of filial piety drew our tears. Two young men raised and recognised their father, who had fallen, and was lying insensible among the feet of the people. They believed him at first dead, and their despair was expressed in the most affecting manner. It was perceived, however, that he still breathed, and every assistance was rendered for his recovery in our power. He slowly revived, and was restored to life, and to the prayers of his sons, who supported him, closely folded in their arms. Whilst our hearts were softened by this affecting episode in our melancholy adventures, we had soon to witness the sad spectacle of a dark contrast. Two ship-boys and a baker feared not to seek death, and threw themselves into the sea, after having bid farewell to their companions in misfortune. Already the minds of our people were singularly altered; some believed they saw land, others ships which were coming to save us; all talked aloud of their fallacious visions.

We lamented the loss of our unfortunate companions. At this moment we were far from anticipating the still more terrible scene which took place on the following night; far from that, we enjoyed a positive satisfaction, so well were we persuaded that the boats would return to our assistance. The day was fine, and the most perfect tranquillity reigned all the while on our raft. The evening came, and no boats appeared. Despondency began to seize our men, and then a spirit of insubordination manifested itself in cries of rage. The voice of the officers was entirely disregarded. Night fell rapidly in, the sky was obscured by dark clouds; the wind which, during the whole of the day, had blown rather violently, became furious and swelled the sea, which in an instant became very rough.

The preceding night had been frightful, but this was still more so. Mountains of water covered us at every instant, and burst with fury into the midst of us. Very fortunately we had the wind from behind, and the strength of the sea was a little broken by the rapidity with which we were driven before it. We were impelled towards the land. The men, from the violence of the sea, were hurried from the back to the front; we were obliged to keep to the centre, the firmest part of the raft, and those who could not get there almost all perished. Before and behind the waves dashed impetuously, and swept away the men in spite of all their resistance. At the centre the pressure was such, that some unfortunates were suf-

focated by the weight of their comrades, who fell upon them at every instant. The officers kept by the foot of the little mast, and were obliged every moment to call to those around them to go to the one or the other side to avoid the wave; for the sea coming nearly athwart us, gave our raft nearly a perpendicular position, to counteract which they were forced to throw themselves upon the side raised by the sea.

The soldiers and sailors, frightened by the presence of almost inevitable danger, doubted not that they had reached their last hour. Firmly believing they were lost, they resolved to soothe their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason. We had no power to oppose this disorder. They seized a cask which was in the centre of the raft, made a hole in the end of it, and with small tin cups, took each a pretty large quantity; but they were obliged to cease, for the sea-water rushed into the hole they had made. The fumes of the wine failed not to disorder their brains, already weakened by the presence of danger and want of food. Thus excited, these men became deaf to the voice of reason. They wished to involve, in one common ruin, all their companions in misfortune. They avowedly expressed their intention of freeing themselves from their officers, who, they said, wished to oppose their design; and then to destroy the raft, by cutting the ropes which united its different parts. Immediately after, they resolved to put their plans in execution. One of them advanced upon the side of the raft with a boarding-axe, and began to cut the cords. This was the signal of revolt. We stepped forward to prevent these insane mortals, and he who was armed with a hatchet, with which he even threatened an officer, fell the first victim; a stroke of a sabre terminated his existence.

This man was an Asiatic, and a soldier in a colonial regiment. Of a colossal stature, short hair, a nose extremely large, an enormous mouth, dark complexion, he made a most hideous appearance. At first he placed himself in the middle of the raft, and, at each blow of his fist, knocked down every one who opposed him; he inspired the greatest terror, and none durst approach him. Had there been six such, our destruction would have been certain.

Some men, anxious to prolong their existence, armed and united themselves with those who wished to preserve the raft; among this number were some subaltern officers and many passengers. The rebels drew their sabres, and those who had none armed themselves with knives. They advanced in a determined manner upon us; we stood on our defence; the attack commenced. Animated by despair, one of them aimed a stroke at an officer; the rebel instantly fell, pierced with wounds. This firmness awed them for an instant, but diminished nothing of their rage. They ceased to advance, and withdrew, presenting to us a front bristling with sabres and bayonets, to the back part of the raft to execute their plan. One of them feigned to rest himself on the small railings on the sides of the raft, and with a knife began cutting the cords. Being told by a servant, one of us sprung upon him. A soldier, wishing to defend him, struck at the officer with his knife, which only pierced his coat; the officer wheeled round, seized his adversary, and threw both him and his comrade into the sea.

There had been as yet but partial affairs: the combat now became general. Some one cried to lower the sail; a crowd of infuriated mortals threw themselves in an instant upon the halyards, the shrouds, and cut them. The fall of the mast almost broke the thigh of a captain of infantry, who fell insensible. He was seized by the soldiers, who threw him into the sea. We saved him, and placed him on a barrel, whence he was taken by the rebels, who wished to put out his eyes with a penknife. Exasperated by so much brutality, we no longer restrained ourselves, but rushed in upon them, and charged them with fury. Sword in hand we traversed the line which the soldiers formed, and many paid with their lives the errors of their revolt. Various passengers, during these cruel moments, evinced the greatest courage and coolness.

M. Corréard fell into a sort of swoon; but hearing at every instant the cries, *To arms! with us, comrades; we are lost!* joined with the groans and imprecations of the wounded and dying, was soon roused from his lethargy. All this horrible tumult speedily made him comprehend how necessary it was to be upon his guard. Armed with his sabre, he gathered together some of his workmen on the front of the raft, and there charged them to hurt no one, unless they were attacked. He almost always remained with them; and several times they had to defend themselves against the rebels, who, swimming round to the point of the raft, placed M. Corréard and his little troop between two dangers, and made their position very

difficult to defend. At every instant he was opposed to men armed with knives, sabres, and bayonets. Many had carabines which they wielded as clubs. Every effort was made to stop them, by holding them off at the point of their swords; but, in spite of the repugnance they experienced in fighting with their wretched countrymen, they were compelled to use their arms without mercy. Many of the mutineers attacked with fury, and they were obliged to repel them in the same manner. Some of the labourers received severe wounds in this action. Their commander could show a great number received in the different engagements. At last their united efforts prevailed in dispersing this mass who had attacked them with such fury.

During this combat, M. Corréard was told by one of his workmen who remained faithful, that one of their comrades, named Dominique, had gone over to the rebels, and that they had seized and thrown him into the sea. Immediately forgetting the fault and treason of this man, he threw himself in at the place whence the voice of the wretch was heard calling for assistance, seized him by the hair, and had the good fortune to restore him on board. Dominique had got several sabre wounds in a charge, one of which had laid open his head. In spite of the darkness we found out the wound, which seemed very large. One of the workmen gave his handkerchief to bind and stop the blood. Our care recovered the wretch; but, when he had collected strength, the ungrateful Dominique, forgetting at once his duty and the signal service which we had rendered him, went and rejoined the rebels. So much baseness and insanity did not go unrevenge; and soon after he found, in a fresh assault, that death from which he was not worthy to be saved, but which he might in all probability have avoided, if, true to honour and gratitude, he had remained among us.

Just at the moment we finished dressing the wounds of Dominique, another voice was heard. It was that of the unfortunate female who was with us on the raft, and whom the infuriated beings had thrown into the sea, as well as her husband, who had defended her with courage. M. Corréard, in despair at seeing two unfortunates perish, whose pitiful cries, especially the woman's, pierced his heart, seized a large rope which he found on the front of the raft, which he fastened round his middle, and throwing himself a second time into the sea, was again so fortunate as to save the woman, who invoked, with all her might, the assistance of our Lady of Land. Her husband was rescued at the same time by the head workman, Lavilette. We laid these unfortunates upon the dead bodies, supporting their backs with a barrel. In a short while they recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who saved her, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding, doubtless, that her words but ill expressed her feelings, she recollected she had in her pocket a little snuff, and instantly offered it to him,—it was all she possessed. Touched with the gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, which served him for three or four days. But it is impossible for us to describe a still more affecting scene,—the joy this unfortunate couple testified, when they had sufficiently recovered their senses, at finding they were both saved.

The rebels being repulsed, as it has been stated above, left us a little repose. The moon lighted with her melancholy rays this disastrous raft, this narrow space, on which were found united so many torturing anxieties, so many cruel misfortunes, a madness so insensate, a courage so heroic, and the most generous—the most amiable sentiments of nature and humanity.

The man and wife, who had been but a little before stabbed with swords and bayonets, and thrown both together into a stormy sea, could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. The woman was a native of the Upper Alps, which place she had left twenty-four years before, and during which time she had followed the French armies in the campaigns in Italy, and other places, as a sutler. "Therefore preserve my life," said she to M. Corréard, "you see I am an useful woman. Ah! if you knew how often I have ventured upon the field of battle, and braved death to carry assistance to our gallant men. Whether they had money or not, I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories." Unfortunate woman! she little knew what a horrible fate awaited her among us! They felt, they expressed so vividly that happiness which they alas so shortly enjoyed, that it would have drawn tears from the most obdurate heart. But in that horrible moment, when we scarcely breathed from the

most furious attack,—when we were obliged to be continually on our guard, not only against the violence of the men, but a most boisterous sea, few among us had time to attend to scenes of conjugal affection.

After this second check, the rage of the soldiers was suddenly appeased, and gave place to the most abject cowardice. Several threw themselves at our feet, and implored our pardon, which was instantly granted. Thinking that order was re-established, we returned to our station on the centre of the raft, only taking the precaution of keeping our arms. We, however, had soon to prove the impossibility of counting on the permanence of any honest sentiment in the hearts of these beings.

It was nearly midnight; and after an hour of apparent tranquillity, the soldiers rose afresh. Their mind was entirely gone; they ran upon us in despair with knives and sabres in their hands. As they yet had all their physical strength, and besides were armed, we were obliged again to stand on our defence. Their revolt became still more dangerous, as, in their delirium, they were entirely deaf to the voice of reason. They attacked us, we charged them in our turn, and immediately the raft was strewn with their dead bodies. Those of our adversaries who had no weapons endeavoured to tear us with their sharp teeth. Many of us were cruelly bitten. M. Savigny was torn on the legs and the shoulder; he also received a wound on the right arm, which deprived him of the use of his fourth and little finger for a long while. Many others were wounded; and many cuts were found in our clothes from knives and sabres.

One of our workmen was also seized by four of the rebels, who wished to throw him into the sea. One of them had laid hold of his right leg, and had bit most unmercifully the tendon above the heel; others were striking him with great slashes of their sabres, and with the but end of their guns, when his cries made us hasten to his assistance. In this affair, the brave Lavilette, ex-serjeant of the foot artillery of the Old Guard, behaved with a courage worthy of the greatest praise. He rushed upon the infuriated beings in the manner of M. Corréard, and soon snatched the workman from the danger which menaced him. Some short while after, in a fresh attack of the rebels, sub-lieutenant Lozach fell into their hands. In their delirium, they had taken him for Lieutenant Danglas, of whom we have formerly spoken, and who had abandoned the raft at the moment when we were quitting the frigate. The troop, to a man, eagerly sought this officer, who had seen little service, and whom they reproached for having used them ill during the time they garrisoned the Isle of Rhé. We believed this officer lost, but hearing his voice, we soon found it still possible to save him. Immediately M. M. Clairot, Savigny, L'Heureux, Lavilette, Coudin, Corréard, and some workmen, formed themselves into small platoons, and rushed upon the insurgents with great impetuosity, overturning every one in their way, and retook M. Lozach, and placed him on the centre of the raft.

The preservation of this officer cost us infinite difficulty. Every moment the soldiers demanded he should be delivered to them, designating him always by the name of Danglas. We endeavoured to make them comprehend their mistake, and told them that they themselves had seen the person for whom they sought return on board the frigate. They were insensible to every thing we said; every thing before them was Danglas; they saw him perpetually, and furiously and unceasingly demanded his head. It was only by force of arms we succeeded in repressing their rage, and quieting their dreadful cries of death.

Horrible night! thou shroudest with thy gloomy veil these frightful combats, over which presided the cruel demon of despair.

We had also to tremble for the life of M. Coudin. Wounded and fatigued by the attacks which he had sustained with us, and in which he had shown a courage superior to every thing, he was resting himself on a barrel, holding in his arms a young sailor boy of twelve years of age, to whom he had attached himself. The mutineers seized him with his barrel, and threw him into the sea, with the boy, whom he still held fast. In spite of his burden, he had the presence of mind to lay hold of the raft and to save himself from extreme peril.

We cannot yet comprehend how a handful of men should have been able to resist such a number so monstrously insane. We are sure we were not more than twenty to combat all these madmen. Let it not, however, be imagined, that in the midst of all these dangers, we had preserved our reason entire. Fear, anxiety, and the most cruel privations, had greatly changed our intellectual faculties. But being somewhat less insane than the unfortunate soldiers, we energetically opposed their

determination of cutting the cords of the raft. Permit us now to make some observations concerning the different sensations with which we were affected.

During the first day, M. Griffin entirely lost his senses. He threw himself into the sea, but M. Savigny saved him with his own hands. His words were vague and unconnected. A second time he threw himself in, but, by a sort of instinct, kept hold of the cross pieces of the raft, and was again saved.

The following is what M. Savigny experienced in the beginning of the night. His eyes closed in spite of himself, and he felt a general drowsiness. In this condition the most delightful visions flitted across his imagination. He saw around him a country covered with the most beautiful plantations, and found himself in the midst of objects delightful to his senses. Nevertheless, he reasoned concerning his condition, and felt that courage alone could withdraw him from this species of non-existence. He demanded some wine from the master-gunner, who got it for him, and he recovered a little from this state of stupor. If the unfortunates who were assailed with these primary symptoms had not strength to withstand them, their death was certain. Some became furious; others threw themselves into the sea, bidding farewell to their comrades with the utmost coolness. Some said—"Fear nothing; I am going to get you assistance, and will return in a short while." In the midst of this general madness, some wretches were seen rushing upon their companions, sword in hand, demanding a *wing of a chicken and some bread* to appease the hunger which consumed them; others asked for their hammocks, to go, they said, *between the decks of the frigate to take a little repose*. Many believed they were still on the decks of the Medusa, surrounded by the same objects they there saw daily. Some saw ships, and called to them for assistance, or a fine harbour, in the distance of which was an elegant city. M. Corréard thought he was travelling through the beautiful fields of Italy. An officer said to him—"I recollect we have been abandoned by the boats; but fear nothing. I am going to write to the governor, and in a few hours we shall be saved." M. Corréard replied in the same tone, and as if he had been in his ordinary condition,—"Have you a pigeon to carry your orders with such celerity?" The cries and the confusion soon roused us from this languor; but when tranquillity was somewhat restored, we again fell into the same drowsy condition. On the morrow, we felt as if we had awoke from a painful dream, and asked of our companions, if, during their sleep, they had not seen combats, and heard cries of despair. Some replied, that the same visions had continually tormented them, and that they were exhausted with fatigue. Every one believed he was deceived by the illusions of a horrible dream.

After these different combats, overcome with toil, with want of food and sleep, we laid ourselves down and reposed till the morrow dawned, and showed us the horror of the scene. A great number in their delirium had thrown themselves into the sea. We found that sixty or sixty-five had perished during the night. A fourth part at least, we supposed had drowned themselves in despair. We only lost two of our number, neither of whom were officers. The deepest dejection was painted on every face; each, having recovered himself, could now feel the horrors of his situation; and some of us, shedding tears of despair, bitterly deplored the rigour of our fate.

A new misfortune was now revealed to us. During the tumult, the rebels had thrown into the sea two barrels of wine, and the only two casks of water which we had upon the raft. Two casks of wine had been consumed the day before, and only one was left. We were more than sixty in number, and we were obliged to put ourselves on half rations.

At break of day, the sea calmed, which permitted us again to erect our mast. When it was replaced, we made a distribution of wine. The unhappy soldiers murmured and blamed us for privations which we equally endured with them. They felt exhausted. We had taken nothing for forty-eight hours, and we had been obliged to struggle continually against a strong sea. We could, like them, hardly support ourselves; courage alone made us still act. We resolved to employ every possible means to catch fish, and; collecting all the hooks and eyes from the soldiers, made fish-hooks of them, but all was of no avail. The currents carried our lines under the raft, where they got entangled. We bent a bayonet to catch sharks; one bit at it, and straightened it, and we abandoned our project. Something was absolutely necessary to sustain our miserable existence, and we trembled with horror at being obliged to tell that of which we made use. We feel our pen fall from our hands; a mor-

tal cold congeals all our members, and our hair bristles erect on our foreheads. Reader! we implore you, feel not indignant towards men already overloaded with misery. Pity their condition, and shed a tear of sorrow for their deplorable fate.

The wretches, whom death had spared during the disastrous night we have described, seized upon the dead bodies with which the raft was covered, cutting them up by slices, which some even instantly devoured. Many nevertheless refrained. Almost all the officers were of this number. Seeing that this monstrous food had revived the strength of those who had used it, it was proposed to dry it, to make it a little more palatable. Those who had firmness to abstain from it, took an additional quantity of wine. We endeavoured to eat shoulder-belts and cartouch-boxes, and contrived to swallow some small bits of them. Some eat linen: others the leathers of the hats, on which was a little grease, or rather dirt. We had recourse to many expedients to prolong our miserable existence, to recount which would only disgust the heart of humanity.

The day was calm and beautiful. A ray of hope beamed for a moment to quiet our agitation. We still expected to see the boats or some ships, and addressed our prayers to the Eternal, on whom we placed our trust. The half of our men were extremely feeble, and bore upon their faces the stamp of approaching dissolution. The evening arrived, and we found no help. The darkness of the third night augmented our fears, but the wind was still, and the sea less agitated. The sun of the fourth morning since our departure shone upon our disaster, and showed us ten or twelve of our companions stretched lifeless upon the raft. This sight struck us most forcibly, as it told us we would be soon extended in the same manner in the same place. We gave their bodies to the sea for a grave, reserving only one to feed those who, but the day before, had held his trembling hands, and sworn to him eternal friendship. This day was beautiful. Our souls, anxious for more delightful sensations, were in harmony with the aspect of the heavens, and got again a new ray of hope. Towards four in the afternoon, an unlooked for event happened, which gave us some consolation. A shoal of flying fish passed under our raft, and as there was an infinite number of openings between the pieces that composed it, the fish were entangled in great quantities. We threw ourselves upon them, and captured a considerable number. We took about two hundred and put them in an empty barrel; we opened them as we caught them, and took out what is called their milt. This food seemed delicious; but one man would have required a thousand. Our first emotion was to give God renewed thanks for this unlooked for favour.

An ounce of gunpowder having been found in the morning, was dried in the sun during the day, which was very fine; a steel, gun-flint, and tinder made also a part of the same parcel. After a good deal of difficulty we set fire to some fragments of dry linen. We made a large opening in the side of an empty cask, and placed at the bottom of it several wet things, and upon this kind of scaffolding we set our fire; all of which we placed on a barrel that the sea might not extinguish it. We cooked some fish and eat them with extreme avidity; but our hunger was such, and our portion so small, that we added to it some of the sacrilegious viands, which the cooking rendered less revolting. This some of the officers touched for the first time. From this day we continued to eat it; but we could no longer dress it, the means of making a fire having been entirely lost; the barrel having caught fire we extinguished it without being able to preserve any thing to rekindle it on the morrow. The powder and tinder were entirely done. This meal gave us all additional strength to support our fatigues. The night was tolerable, and would have been happy, had it not been signalised by a new massacre.

Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, had formed a plot to throw us all into the sea. The negroes had told them that they were very near the shore, and that, when there, they would enable them to traverse Africa without danger. We had to take to our arms again; the sailors, who had remained faithful to us, pointing out to us the conspirators. The first signal for battle was given by a Spaniard, who, placing himself behind the mast, holding fast by it, made the sign of the cross with one hand, invoking the name of God, and with the other held a knife. The sailors seized him and threw him into the sea. An Italian, servant to an officer of the troops, who was in the plot, seeing all was discovered, armed himself with the only boarding axe left on the raft, made his retreat to the front, enveloped himself in a piece of drapery he wore across his breast, and of his own accord threw

himself into the sea. The rebels rushed forward to avenge their comrades; a terrible conflict again commenced; both sides fought with desperate fury; and soon the fatal raft was strewn with dead bodies and blood, which should have been shed by other hands, and in another cause. In this tumult we heard them again demanding, with horrid rage, the head of Lieut. Danglas! In this assault the unfortunate sutler was again thrown into the sea. M. Coudin, assisted by some workmen, saved her, to prolong for a little while her torments and her existence.

In this terrible night Lavillette failed not to give proofs of the rarest intrepidity. It was to him and some of those who have survived the sequel of our misfortunes, that we owed our safety. At last, after unheard of efforts, the rebels were once more repulsed, and quiet restored. Having escaped this new danger, we endeavoured to get some repose. The day at length dawned upon us for the fifth time. We were now no more than thirty in number. We had lost four or five of our faithful sailors, and those who survived were in the most deplorable condition. The sea-water had almost entirely excoeriated the skin of our lower extremities; we were covered with contusions or wounds, which, irritated by the salt water, extorted from us the most piercing cries. About twenty of us only were capable of standing upright or walking. Almost all our fish was exhausted; we had but four days' supply of wine: in four days, said we, nothing will be left, and death will be inevitable. Thus came the seventh day of our abandonment. In the course of the day two soldiers had glided behind the only barrel of wine that was left; pierced it, and were drinking by means of a reed. We had sworn that those who used such means should be punished with death; which law was instantly put in execution, and the two transgressors were thrown into the sea.

This same day saw the close of the life of a child named Leon, aged twelve years. He died like a lamp which ceases to burn for want of aliment. All spoke in favour of this young and amiable creature, who merited a better fate. His angelic form, his musical voice, the interest of an age so tender, increased still more by the courage he had shown, and the services he had performed, for he had already made in the preceding year a campaign in the East Indies, inspired us all with the greatest pity for this young victim, devoted to so horrible and premature a death. Our old soldiers and all our people in general did every thing they could to prolong his existence, but all was in vain. Neither the wine which they gave him without regret, nor all the means they employed, could arrest his melancholy doom, and he expired, in the arms of M. Coudin, who had not ceased to give him the most unwearied attention. Whilst he had strength to move, he ran incessantly from one side to the other, loudly calling for his unhappy mother, for water and food. He trode indiscriminately on the feet and legs of his companions in misfortune, who, in their turn, uttered sorrowful cries, but these were very rarely accompanied with menaces; they pardoned all which the poor boy had made them suffer. He was not in his senses, consequently could not be expected to behave as if he had the use of his reason.

There now remained but twenty-seven of us. Fifteen of that number seemed able to live yet some days; the rest, covered with large wounds, had almost entirely lost the use of their reason. They still, however, shared in the distributions, and would, before they died, consume thirty or forty bottles of wine, which to us were inestimable. We deliberated, that by putting the sick on half allowance was but putting them to death by halves; but after a counsel, at which presided the most dreadful despair, it was decided they should be thrown into the sea. This means, however, repugnant, however horrible it appeared to us, procured the survivors six days' wine. But after the decision was made, who durst execute it? The habit of seeing death ready to devour us; the certainty of our infallible destruction without this monstrous expedient; all, in short, had hardened our hearts to every feeling but that of self-preservation. Three sailors and a soldier took charge of this cruel business. We looked aside and shed tears of blood at the fate of these unfortunates. Among them were the wretched sutler and her husband. Both had been grievously wounded in the different combats. The woman had a thigh broken between the beams of the raft, and a stroke of a sabre had made a deep wound in the head of her husband. Every thing announced their approaching end. We console ourselves with the belief that our cruel resolution shortened but a brief space the term of their existence. Ye who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect, that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, comrades, who had placed us in this awful situation!

This horrible expedient saved the fifteen who remained;

for when we were found by the Argus brig, we had very little wine left, and it was the sixth day after the cruel sacrifice we have described. The victims, we repeat, had not more than forty-eight hours to live, and by keeping them on the raft, we would have been absolutely destitute of the means of existence, two days before we were found. Weak as we were, we considered it as a certain thing, that it would have been impossible for us to have lived only twenty-four hours more without taking some food. After this catastrophe, we threw our arms into the sea; they inspired us with a horror we could not overcome. We only kept one sabre, in case we had to cut some cordage or some piece of wood.

A new event, for every thing was an event to wretches to whom the world was reduced to the narrow space of a few toises, and for whom the winds and waves contended in their fury as they floated above the abyss; an event happened which diverted our minds from the horrors of our situation. All on a sudden a white butterfly, of a species common in France, came fluttering above our heads and settled on our sail. The first thought this little creature suggested was that it was the harbinger of approaching land, and we clung to the hope with a delirium of joy. It was the ninth day we had been upon the raft; the torments of hunger consumed our entrails; and the soldiers and sailors already devoured with haggard eyes this wretched prey, and seemed ready to dispute about it. Others looking upon it as a messenger from Heaven, declared that they took it under their protection, and would suffer none to do it harm. It is certain we could not be far from land, for the butterflies continued to come on the following days, and flutter about our sail. We had also on the same day another indication not less positive, by a Goshawk which flew around our raft. This second visitor left us not a doubt that we were fast approaching the African soil, and we persuaded ourselves we would be speedily thrown upon the coast by the force of the currents.

This same day a new care employed us. Seeing we were reduced to so small a number, we collected all the little strength we had left, detached some planks on the front of the raft, and, with some pretty long pieces of wood, raised on the centre a kind of platform on which we reposed. All the effects we could collect were placed upon it, and rendered to make it less hard; which also prevented the sea from passing with such facility through the spaces between the different planks, but the waves came across, and sometimes covered us completely.

On this new theatre we resolved to meet death in a manner becoming Frenchmen, and with perfect resignation. Our time was almost wholly spent in speaking of our happy country. All our wishes, our last prayers, were for the prosperity of France. Thus passed the last days of our abode upon the raft.

Soon after our abandonment, we bore with comparative ease the immersions during the nights, which are very cold in these countries: but latterly, every time the waves washed over us, we felt a most painful sensation, and we uttered plaintive cries. We employed every means to avoid it. Some supported their heads on pieces of wood, and made with what they could find a sort of little parasol to screen them from the force of the waves; others sheltered themselves behind two empty casks. But these means were very insufficient; it was only when the sea was calm that it did not break over us.

An ardent thirst, redoubled in the day by the beams of burning sun, consumed us. An officer of the army found by chance a small lemon, and it may be easily imagined how valuable such a fruit would be to him. His comrades, in spite of the most urgent entreaties, could not get a bit of it from him. Signs of rage were already manifested, and had he not partly listened to the solicitations of those around him, they would have taken it by force, and he would have perished the victim of his own selfishness. We also disputed about thirty cloves of garlic which were found in the bottom of a sack. These disputes were for the most part accompanied with violent menaces, and if they had been prolonged, we might have come to the last extremities. There were also found two small phials, in which was a spirituous liquid for cleaning the teeth. He who possessed them kept them with care, and gave with reluctance one or two drops in the palm of the hand. This liquor which, we think, was a tincture of guaiacum, cinnamon, and other aromatic substances, produced on our tongues an agreeable feeling, and for a short while removed the thirst which destroyed us. Some of us found some small pieces of powder, which made, when put into the mouth, a kind of coolness. One plan generally employed was to put into a hat a quantity of sea-water, with which we washed our faces for a while, repeating it at intervals. We also bathed our

hair, and held our hands in the water. Misfortune made us ingenious, and each thought of a thousand means to alleviate his sufferings. Emaciated by the most cruel privations, the least agreeable feeling was to us a happiness supreme. Thus we sought with avidity a small empty phial which one of us possessed, and in which had once been some essence of roses; and every one as he got hold of it respired with delight the odour it exhaled, which imparted to his senses the most soothing impressions. Many of us kept our ration of wine in a small tin cup, and sucked it out with a quill. This manner of taking it was of great benefit to us, and allayed our thirst much better than if we had gulped it off at once.

Three days passed in inexpressible anguish. So much did we despise life, that many of us feared not to bathe in sight of the sharks which surrounded our raft; others placed themselves naked upon the front of our machine, which was under water. These expedients diminished a little the ardour of our thirst. A kind of mollusca, known to seamen by the name of *gâtère*, was sometimes driven in great numbers on our raft; and when their long arms rested on our naked bodies, they occasioned us the most cruel sufferings. Will it be believed, that amidst these terrible scenes, struggling with inevitable death, some uttered pleasanties which made us yet smile, in spite of the horrors of our situation? One, besides others, said jestingly, "If the brig is sent to search for us, pray God it has the eyes of Argus," in allusion to the name of the vessel we presumed would be sent to our assistance. This consolatory idea never left us an instant, and we spoke of it frequently. On the 16th, reckoning we were very near the land, eight of the most determined among us resolved to endeavour to gain the coast. Accordingly, a second raft, of smaller dimensions, was formed for transporting them thither; but it was found insufficient, and they at length determined to await death in their present situation. Meanwhile night came on, and its sombre veil revived in our minds the most afflicting thoughts. We were certain there were not above a dozen or fifteen bottles of wine in our barrel. We began to have an invincible disgust at the flesh which had till then scarcely supported us; and we may say, that the sight of it inspired us with feelings of horror, doubtless produced by the idea of our approaching destruction. On the morning of the 17th, the sun appeared free from clouds. After having addressed our prayers to the Eternal, we divided among us a part of our wine. Each with delight was taking his small portion, when a captain of infantry, casting his eyes on the horizon, perceived a ship, and announced it to us by an exclamation of joy. We knew it to be a brig, but it was at a great distance; we could only distinguish the masts. The sight of this vessel revived in us emotions difficult to describe. Each believed his deliverance sure, and we gave a thousand thanks to God. Fears, however, mingled with our hopes. We straightened some hoops of casks, to the ends of which we fixed handkerchiefs of different colours. A man, with our united assistance, mounted to the top of the mast, and waved these little flags. For more than half an hour, we were tossed between hope and fear. Some thought the vessel grew larger, and others were convinced its course was from us. These last were the only ones whose eyes were not blinded by hope, for the ship disappeared.

From the delirium of joy, we passed to that of despondency and sorrow. We envied the fate of those whom we had seen perish at our sides; and we said to ourselves, "When we shall be in want of every thing, and when our strength begins to forsake us, we will wrap ourselves up as well as we can, we will stretch ourselves on this platform, the witness of the most cruel sufferings, and there await death with resignation." At length, to calm our despair, we sought for consolation in the arms of sleep. The day before, we had been scorched by the beams of a burning sun; to-day, to avoid the fierceness of his rays, we made a tent with the main-sail of the frigate. As soon as it was finished, we laid ourselves under it; thus all that was passing without was hid from our eyes. We proposed then to write upon a plank an abridgement of our adventures, and to add our names at the bottom of the recital, and fix it to the upper part of our mast, in the hope it would reach the government and our families.

After having passed two hours, a prey to the most cruel reflections, the master gunner of the frigate, wishing to go to the front of the raft, went out from below the tent. Scarcely had he put out his head, when he turned to us, uttering a piercing cry. Joy was painted upon his face; his hands were stretched towards the sea; he breathed with difficulty. All he was able to say was: *Saved! see the brig upon us!* and in fact it was not more than half a league distant, having every sail set, and steer-

ing right upon us. We rushed from our tent; even those whom enormous wounds in their inferior extremities had confined for many days, dragged themselves to the back of the raft, to enjoy a sight of the ship which had come to save us from certain death. We embraced one another with a transport which looked much like madness, and tears of joy trickled down our cheeks, withered by the most cruel privations. Each seized handkerchiefs, or some pieces of linen, to make signals to the brig, which was rapidly approaching us. Some fell on their knees, and fervently returned thanks to Providence for this miraculous preservation of their lives. Our joy redoubled when we saw at the top of the fore-mast a large white flag, and we cried, "It is then to Frenchmen we will owe our deliverance." We instantly recognised the brig to be the *Argus*; it was then about two gun shots from us. We were terribly impatient to see her reef her sails, which at last she did, and fresh cries of joy arose from our raft. The *Argus* came and lay-to on our starboard about half a pistol-shot from us. The crew, ranged upon the deck and on the shrouds, announced to us, by the waving of their hands and hats, the pleasure they felt at coming to the assistance of their unfortunate countrymen. In a short time we were all transported on board the brig, where we found the lieutenant of the frigate, and some others who had been wrecked with us. Compassion was painted on every face; and pity drew tears from every eye which beheld us. We found some excellent broth on board the brig, which they had prepared, and when they had perceived us they added to it some wine, and thus restored our nearly exhausted strength. They bestowed on us the most generous care and attention; our wounds were dressed, and on the morrow many of our sick began to revive. Some however, still suffered much, for they were placed between decks, very near the kitchen, which augmented the almost insupportable heat of these latitudes. This want of space arose from the small size of the vessel. The number of the shipwrecked was indeed very considerable. Those who did not belong to the navy were laid upon cables, wrapped in flags, and placed under the fire of the kitchen. Here they had almost perished during the course of the night, fire having broken out between decks about ten in the evening; but timely assistance being rendered, we were saved for the second time. We had scarcely escaped when some became again delirious. An officer of infantry wished to throw himself into the sea, to look for his pocket book, and would have done it had he not been prevented. Others were seized in a manner not less frenzied.

The commander and officers of the brig watched over us, and kindly anticipated our wants. They snatched us from death, by saving us from the raft; their unremitting care revived within us the spark of life. The surgeon of the ship, M. Renaud, distinguished himself for his indefatigable zeal. He was obliged to spend the whole of the day in dressing our wounds; and during the two days we were on the brig, he bestowed on us all the aid of his art, with an attention and gentleness which merit our eternal gratitude.

In truth, it was time we should find an end of our sufferings; they had lasted thirteen days in the most cruel manner. The strongest among us might have lived forty-eight hours, or so, longer. M. Corréard felt that he must die in the course of the day; he had, however, a presentiment that we would be saved. He said, that a series of events so unheard of would not be buried in oblivion; that Providence would at least preserve some of us to tell to the world the melancholy story of our misfortunes.

Such is the faithful history of those who were left upon the memorable raft. Of one hundred and fifty, fifteen only were saved. Five of that number never recovered their fatigue, and died at St Louis. Those who yet live are covered with scars; and the cruel sufferings to which they have been exposed, have materially shaken their constitution.—*Naufrage de la Frigate la Meduse: par A. Corréard et J. B. H. Savigny. Second Edition. Paris, 8vo. 1818.*

THE END.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE Chevalier Charles Stuart, AND HISTORY OF THE REBELLION IN SCOTLAND In 1745, 1746.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS,

Author of *Traditions of Edinburgh, History of Scotland, &c.*

First American from the third Edinburgh edition.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Chambers is less known in America as an author, than he deserves to be. He is a fascinating writer, and in the following narrative has wrought up an authentic picture of real life, to equal in interest any fiction of ancient or modern date. No fragment connected with Scottish history will compare with it, unless it be the *Life of the unfortunate Queen Mary*.

The author has fortified his text by the insertion of his numerous authorities and other matter in the form of notes. We have retained all of these which would add any thing to the value or interest of the book, the authority being sufficiently guaranteed.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My chief object in the composition of this work, has been scarcely so much to write a history, in the accepted sense of the word, as to give a picture of that extraordinary and memorable warlike pageant, which passed through our country in 1745, and the recollection of which still excites so many feelings of a powerfully agitating nature in the bosoms of my countrymen. I have been induced to forego what is called the philosophy of history, by a conviction that the merit of the subject does not lie in any political questions which it involves, but purely in its externally romantic character. It has also appeared to me, that of all the numerous publications, authentic and otherwise, professing to commemorate the story, we have no one which aims at giving full effect to what is alone truly interesting in it, while most of them run riot in religious and political cant, and in still more loathsome adulation of the triumphant party. It has also been pressed upon my notice, that there is in reality no work upon the subject at all suitable to the spirit of modern literature, or which is sufficiently copious in its details to satisfy the present generation, now so entirely removed by distance of time from that of the ear and eye witness. To gratify the increased and increasing curiosity of the public, regarding this transaction of their ancestors—to strain from the subject all the morbid slang with which it has been hitherto incorporated—and to compile a lively current narrative, doing as much justice as might be, to the gallant enterprise and outward wonders of the story—seemed to me objects which, with a proper degree of industry, and spirit prepared to sympathise with the feelings of the actors, might lead to the production of an agreeable book; and I accordingly adopted them.

Real life has always been said to produce situations and incidents, even more extravagant than what can be well imagined. The Scottish campaign of 1745 is generally acknowledged to be as strange, and full of interesting adventure, as any fiction ever penned. From this, I conceived, that if my narrative could be written in a style and spirit approaching to that of an epic poem, or rather perhaps to what the French call *un voyage imaginaire*, and yet at the same time preserve all the truth of history, something might be produced comprehending the merits of both—that is to say, uniting the solid information of an historical narrative with the amusement and extensive popularity of a historical novel. For the accomplishment of this purpose, I set myself, in the first place, to collect every characteristic trait, and, as far as possible, every interesting piece of information, which had been consigned to print, or which were accessible to me in manuscript. In the second place, I followed most of the tracks of the Highland army, and visited, in particular, all their fields of action; enquiring anxiously into the local traditions, and adopting whatever

was presented to me in a credible shape, as generally countenanced by more authentic documents; sometimes having even the good fortune to converse with eye witnesses. In the third place, I obtained much information and anecdote from those remnants of the Jacobite party—those few and fast disappearing votaries of a perished idea, who, like the last stars of night lingering on the grey selvage of morn, still survive to dignify this world of expediency, liberality, and all uncharitableness, with their stately old manners and primitive singleness of heart. The whole result I have endeavoured to embody in one continued narrative; and the public is now to judge, whether a style of history alternately romantic and humorous, following all the inflections, and shifting with all the changes of the subject,—be preferable to the common strain, which may be said to go through a varied subject with all the uncompromising austerity of an African simoom, swallowing solitary camels, and overwhelming whole cities, with the same inexorable indifference.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

JAMES, sixth of Scotland and first of England, was the common progenitor of the two families whose contentions for the throne of Great Britain form the subject of this work. He was succeeded, at his death, in 1625, by his eldest surviving son Charles.

CHARLES I. after a reign of twenty-three years, the latter portion of which had been spent in war with a party of his subjects, perished on the scaffold in 1649.

CHARLES II. eldest son of Charles I. lived in exile for eleven years after the death of his father, during which the government was vested in a parliament and afterwards in a protectorate. He was at length placed upon the throne, May 1660. This event is known in British history by the title of "the Restoration." Charles died without legitimate issue in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, who had previously been entitled the Duke of York.

JAMES II. was fifty-three years of age when he mounted the throne. In his youth he had, as admiral of England, shown a talent for business, and great skill in naval affairs; but his character was now marked by symptoms of premature dotage. A devoted and bigoted catholic, he endeavoured, with all his power, to restore that religion, to which the people of England have ever been so generally averse. Thus he alienated the affections of his subjects, but more especially of the clergy, who were otherwise disposed to have been his most zealous friends. The complaisance of bad judges, and some imperfections of the British constitution, left it in his power to take the most arbitrary measures for the accomplishment of this object; and he attempted to establish as a maxim, that he could do whatever he pleased by a proclamation of his own, without the consent of parliament. Finally, his obstinacy and infatuation rendered it necessary for all parties of the state to seek his deposition. By a coalition of Whigs and Tories, it was resolved to call in the assistance of William Prince of Orange, nephew and son-in-law to the king. William landed upon the southern coast of England, with an army of sixteen thousand men, partly his own native subjects, and partly English refugees, November 5, 1688. As he proceeded to London, James was deserted by his army, by his friends, and even by his own children; and in a confusion of mind, the result of fear and offended feelings, he retired to France. William, at the head of an irresistible force, took possession of London. A Convention-Parliament, by an anomaly in the custom of the British government, but sanctioned by the exigency of the occasion, then declared that James had abdicated the throne and resolved to offer the crown to William and his consort Mary. In British history, this event is termed "the Revolution."

WILLIAM III. son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. and who married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James II. thus assumed the crown in company with his consort; while King James remained in exile in France. Mary died in 1695, and King William then became sole monarch. In consequence of a fall from his horse, he died in 1701.

ANNE, second daughter of King James II. was then placed upon the throne. James meanwhile died in France, leaving a son, James, born in England June 10, 1688, the heir of his unhappy fortunes. This personage, known in history by the epithet of the Pretender, and more popularly by his *incognito* title, the Chevalier St. George, continued an exile in France, supported by his cousin Louis XIV. and by the subsidies of his English adherents. Anne, after a reign of thirteen years, distinguished by excessive military and literary glory, died without issue.

August 1, 1714. During the life of this sovereign, the crown had been destined, by act of parliament, to the nearest Protestant heir, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of King James VI. Sophia having predeceased Queen Anne, it descended of course to her son George, Elector of Hanover, who accordingly came over to England and assumed the sovereignty, to the exclusion of his cousin the Chevalier.

GEORGE I. was scarcely seated on the throne, when an insurrection was raised against him by the friends of his rival. It was suppressed, however; and he continued to reign, almost without further disturbance, till his death in 1727.

GEORGE II. acceded to the crown on the death of his father. Meanwhile, the Chevalier St. George had married Clementina, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward Lewis Cassimir, born December 31, 1720, the hero of the civil war of 1745, and another son, Henry Benedict, born 1725, afterwards well known by the name of Cardinal de York. James was himself a man of weak character, to which the failure of his attempt in 1715 is mainly to be attributed. But the blood of Sobieski seems to have corrected that quality in his eldest son, whose daring and talent, as displayed in 1745-6, did every thing but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LANDING.

Guard.—Qui est là?

Puc.—Pauvres gens de France.

King Henry the Sixth.

On the 20th of June 1745, Prince Charles embarked at the mouth of the Loire, on board the *Doutelle*, a frigate of sixteen guns; designing to raise an insurrection in the dominions from which his grandfather had been expelled, and attempt the restoration of his family to the throne. He was joined at Belleisle by the Elizabeth, an old war-vessel of sixty guns, having on board about two thousand muskets, and five or six hundred French broad-swords. Accompanied by no officer of experience, and carrying with him a sum of money under four thousand pounds, he rested his sole hopes of success upon the attachment of his British friends, and upon the circumstance of the country which he designed to invade being then, by reason of the continental war, destitute of troops. He had long been amused with hopes of assistance from France, whose interest it might have been thus to cause a diversion in favour of its arms. In the preceding year, a strong armament had been fitted out by that government to accompany him to Britain; but it was prevented by a storm from reaching its destination; and there seemed now no necessity to renew it, since the French arms had achieved nearly the same object by the victory of Fontenoy. Charles was therefore induced, by his youthful ardour, to throw himself upon the affection of those whom he considered his father's natural subjects, and to peril his whole cause upon the results of a civil war. His attempt was bold in the extreme, and involved a thousand chances of destruction to himself and those who should follow him. It was a game in which the stakes were, to use his own emphatic language, "either a crown or a coffin." Yet it seemed to be, in some measure, countenanced by the circumstances of Britain. Our country was then involved beyond its depth in one of those destructive and expensive wars which have so seldom ceased ever since we adopted a foreign race of sovereigns; the navy had been almost cut to pieces in a recent defeat; the navy of England, generally so terrible, was engaged in distant expeditions; and the people were grumbling violently at the motives of the war, its progress, and the expense which it cost them.

Charles had not proceeded far on his voyage, when the Elizabeth was engaged and disabled by an English cruiser, and compelled to return to the port from whence she came. Deprived of his slender store of arms, and only retaining his money, he nevertheless proceeded on his course, and soon reached that remotest range of the Hebrides, which, comprising Lewis, Uist, Barra, and many others, is known by the epithet of the Long Island, from its appearing at a distance to form a single conti-

nent. It was his intention to land in the Highlands of Scotland, a district where many had long wished to see their king

"—come o'er the water,"

and where the peculiar constitution of society was in a singular degree favourable to his views. From the landed proprietors of this rude and sequestered region, he had received many assurances of assistance, but with the condition that he was to bring a considerable foreign force. In approaching their shores without either arms or troops, he trusted entirely to the impression of his own appearance, to the generosity of that primitive and warlike people, and to the general merits of his cause.

On reaching the southern extremity of the Long Island, the seamen of the *Doutelle* were compelled, by the appearance of three English vessels at a distance, to seek concealment in one of the land-locked bays which are so numerously interspersed throughout that rocky archipelago. Having found the shelter they desired in the strait betwixt South Uist and Eriska, the Prince determined to land and spend the night upon the latter island. He was conducted to the house of the *tacksman* (as a young Irish priest), and learned that the chief of Clanranald and his brother Boisdale* were upon the adjacent isle of South Uist, while young Clanranald,† the son of the chief, and a person in whom he had great confidence, was at Moidart upon the mainland. A messenger was despatched to desire an interview with Boisdale, and in the meantime Charles spent the night in the house of the *tacksman*.

He returned on board his vessel next morning, and Boisdale soon after came to visit him. This gentleman was supposed to have great influence over the mind of his elder brother the chief, who, on account of his advanced age and bad health, did not take an active part in the management of his affairs. Charles knew that if Boisdale could be brought over to his views, the rising of the clan would be a matter of course. He was disappointed, however, in his attempt to that effect. Boisdale, convinced of the desperation of his enterprise, utterly refused to engage in it. Charles at first requested him to go to the mainland and assist in engaging his nephew to take arms. The obstinate Highlander not only refused to do so, but asseverated that he would do his utmost to prevent his kinsman from taking so imprudent a step. The ardent adventurer then desired him to become his ambassador to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat and the Laird of MacLeod, the two principal landed proprietors in the extensive island of Skye, whose services he expected to command by a simple notification of his arrival; but Boisdale assured him that these important chieftains, notwithstanding their former negotiations with him, were determined not to support him, unless he brought a regular force; and had even desired him (Boisdale) to assure his royal highness of that being their resolution, in case he should touch at South Uist.

Charles could not help feeling disconcerted at Boisdale's coldness; but he took care to show no symptom of depression. He ordered his ship to be unmoored, and set sail for the mainland, expressing a resolution to pursue the noble enterprise he had commenced. He carried Boisdale along with him for several miles, and endeavoured, with all his eloquence, to make him relent and give a better answer. But the inexorable mountaineer continued to express the same unfavourable sentiments; and finally, descending into his boat, which hung astern, left him to follow his own hopeless course.

Continuing his voyage to the mainland, it was with a

* Throughout this narrative, the custom of the country has been adopted, in designating the Scottish chiefs and landed proprietors by their family and territorial titles.

† The eldest son of a Highland chief always receives his father's title, with the additional epithet of *Young*;—thus, for instance, Young Glengary, Young Lochiel, &c. In the Lowlands, something like the same custom did lately, and perhaps still does exist, though it is more common to call him the *Young Laird*. Ludicrous instances sometimes occur of a man being called the young laird, when he is in reality far advanced in life.

dejected though still resolute heart, that, on the 19th of July, Charles cast anchor in Lochnanuagh, a small arm of the sea, partly dividing the countries of Moidart and Arisaig. The place which he thus chose for his disembarkation, was as wild and desolate a scene as he could have found throughout the dominions of his fathers. Yet it was scarcely more unpromising than the reception he at first met with from its people.

The first thing he did after casting anchor, was to send a boat ashore with a letter for young Clanranald. That gallant and gifted young chieftain was inspired with the most enthusiastic affection to his cause; and Charles perhaps judged, that if he did not second his proposals, the enterprise was really desperate, and ought for the present to be abandoned. Clanranald did not permit him to remain long in suspense. Next day (the 20th), he came to Foray, a small village on the shore of the road in which the prince's vessel lay, accompanied by his kinsmen, the lairds of Genaladale and Dalffy, and by another gentleman of his clan, who has left an intelligent journal of the subsequent events. "Calling for the ship's boat," says this writer, "we were immediately carried on board, our hearts bounding at the idea of being at length so near our long wished for prince. We found a large tent erected with poles upon the ship's deck, the interior of which was furnished with a variety of wines and spirits. On entering this pavilion, we were warmly welcomed by the Duke of Athole, to whom most of us had been known in the year 1715. While we were conversing with the Duke, Clanranald was called away to see the prince, and we were given to understand that we should not probably see his royal highness that evening."

Clanranald, being introduced to Charles's presence, proceeded to assure him that there was no possibility, under the circumstances, of taking up arms with any chance of success. In this he was joined by his relation Kinlochmoidart, whom Mr. Home has associated with him in the following romantic anecdote, though the journalist does not allude to his presence. Charles, almost reduced to despair by his interview with Boisdale, is said, by the historian just mentioned, to have addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion; to have summed up with a great deal of eloquence all the reasons for now beginning the war; and finally, to have conjured them, in the warmest terms, to assist their prince—their countryman—their friend, in this his utmost need. With eloquence scarcely less warm, the brave young men entreated him to desist from his enterprise for the present, representing to him, that now to take up arms, without regular forces, without officers of credit, without concert, and almost without arms, would but draw down certain destruction upon the heads of all concerned. Charles persisted, argued, and implored; and they still as positively adhered to their opinion. During this conversation, the parties walked hurriedly backwards and forwards upon the deck, using all the violent gesticulations appropriate to their various arguments. A Highlander stood near them armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was on board. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the heir of Britain, when he heard his chief and brother refuse to take up arms for their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning suddenly round, appealed to him, in the emphatic words—"Will you not assist me?" "I will! I will!" exclaimed Ranald, "though not another man in Albion should draw his sword; my prince, I am ready to die for you!" With tears and thanks, Charles acknowledged the loyalty of this gallant young man, and only wished that he had a thousand such as he, to cut their way to the throne of England. The two obdurate chieftains were overpowered by this incident, which appealed so strongly to the feelings and prepossessions of a Highland bosom; and they no longer expressed any reluctance to draw their swords for their injured and rightful lord.

The prince's interview with Clanranald, according to the journalist, who was on board at the same time, occupied no less than three hours. The young chief then returned to his friends, who had spent that long

space in the pavilion. "About half an hour after," says the journalist, "there entered the tent a TALL YOUTH of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, [not very clean] a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat, with a canvass string, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat buttons, black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. At the first appearance of this pleasing youth, I felt my heart swell to my throat. But one O'Brian, a churchman, immediately told us that he was only an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with the Highlanders."

"At his entry," continues the same writer, "O'Brian forbid any of those who were sitting to rise; he saluted none of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me; but he immediately started up again, and desired me to sit down by him upon a chest. Taking him at this time for only a passenger and a clergyman, I presumed to speak to him with perfect familiarity, though I could not suppress a suspicion that he might turn out some greater man. One of the questions which he put to me in the course of conversation, regarded my Highland dress. He enquired if I did not feel cold in that habit; to which I answered, that I believe I should only feel cold in any other. At this he laughed heartily; and he next desired to know how I lay with it at night. I replied, that the plaid served me for a blanket when sleeping; and I showed him how I wrapped it about my person for that purpose. At this he remarked, that I must be unprepared for defence in case of a sudden surprise; but I informed him that, during war, or any time of danger, we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet, with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort, the mysterious youth rose from his seat and called for a dram, when O'Brian whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him; which confirmed me in my suspicions as to his real quality. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left the tent."

During this and the succeeding day, Clanranald remained close in council with Charles, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, devising means for raising the rest of the well affected clans, who were at this time reckoned to number twelve thousand men. On the 22d (July), that young chieftain was despatched with Allan MacDonald, a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, upon the embassy which Boisdale had refused to perform. They applied to both Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod; but these powerful chiefs, already sapped by the eloquence of Duncan Forbes, the lord president of the Court of Session, and so well remembered for his zeal in the service of government, returned the answer which Boisdale had formerly reported,—that, although they had promised to support his royal highness in case he came with a foreign force, they did not conceive themselves under any obligation since he came so ill provided. The want of these great allies, who could have produced several thousand men, was severely felt during the whole of the subsequent enterprise, which would have in all probability been successful had they joined it.

Charles came on shore, on the 25th; when the Dou-telle, having also landed her stores, again set sail for France. He was accompanied by only seven men—the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish gentleman, who had been tutor to the prince; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, an English clergyman; Aeneas MacDonald, a banker in Paris, brother to Kinlochmoidart; and one Buchanan, a messenger. He first set his foot upon Scottish ground, at Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, close by the south shore of Lochannagh. Borodale is a wild piece of country, forming a kind of mountainous tongue of land betwixt two bays. It was a place suitable, above all others, for the circumstances and designs of the prince, being remote and inaccessible, and, moreover, the very centre of that country where Charles's surest friends resided. It belongs to a tract of stern mountain land, prodigiously serrated by escarpments, which lies immediately to the north of the *debarque* of the great Glen of Albyn, now occupied by the Caledonian canal. In the very centre of the west coast of Scotland, it is not above an hundred and fifty miles from the capital. The MacDonalds, the Camerons, and the Stuarts, who possessed the adjacent territories, had been, since

the time of Montrose, inviolably attached to the house of Stuart; had proved themselves irresistible at Kilsyth, Killiecrankie, and Sberiffmuir; and were now, from their resistance to the Disarming-Act, perhaps the fittest of all the clans to take the field.

During the absence of young Clanranald, into whose arms Charles had thus thrown himself, several gentlemen of the family collected a guard for his person, and he remained, a welcome and honoured guest, in the house of Borodale. Considering that no other chief had yet declared for him, and that indeed the enterprise might never advance another step, it must be acknowledged, this family displayed a peculiar degree of daring, and, we may add, a great degree of generosity, in his favour; for there can be little doubt, that if Charles had retired, they must have been exposed to the jealousy, and perhaps to the vengeance, of government. "We encountered this hazard," says the journalist, "with the greatest cheerfulness, determined to risk every thing—life itself, in behalf of our beloved prince." Charles, his company, and about an hundred men constituting his guard, were entertained with the best cheer which it was in the power of Mr. MacDonald (of Borodale) to purvey. He sat in a large room, where he could see all his adherents at once, and where the multitudes of people who flocked from the country around, "without distinction of age or sex," to see him, might also have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity. At the first meal which took place under these circumstances, Charles drank the *grace*-drink in English, a language which all the gentlemen present understood; but for a toast of more extensive application our friend the journalist rose and gave the king's health in Gaelic—*Doachs laint an Reagh*. This of course gave universal satisfaction; and Charles desired to know what was meant. On its being explained to him, he requested to hear the words pronounced again, that he might learn them himself. He then gave the king's health in Gaelic, uttering the words as correctly and distinctly as he could. "The company," adds the journalist, "then mentioning my skill in Gaelic, his Royal Highness said, I should be his master in that language; and I was then desired to ask the healths of the prince and duke." It may be scarcely possible to conceive the effect which Charles's flattering attention to their language had upon the hearts of this brave and simple people.

CHAPTER II.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

"——'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from others, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

SHAKESPEARE.

The people amidst whom Charles Stuart had cast his fate, were then regarded as the rudest and least civilised portion of the nation which he conceived himself designed to govern. Occupying the most remote and mountainous section of Britain, and holding little intercourse with the rest of the community, they were distinguished by peculiar language, dress, and manners; had as yet yielded a very imperfect obedience to government; and formed a society not only distinct from their immediate neighbours, but which had perhaps scarcely any parallel in the whole world.

The country possessed by this people—the north-west moiety of Scotland—on account of its mountainous character, was descriptively termed the Highlands, in opposition to the southeast portion, which, displaying a more generally level surface, accompanied by greater fertility, gained the appropriate designation of the Lowlands. On account of comparative sterility, the district of the Highlands did not comprise above an eighth part of the population of Scotland; in other words, comprehending two hundred out of nearly a thousand parishes, it did not sustain at the time of this insurrection much more than a hundred thousand, out of above a million of people. The community was divided into about forty different tribes, denominated *clans*, each of which dwelt upon its own portion of the territory.

At the period of this history, the Highlanders displayed, in a state almost entire, that patriarchal system of life upon which the nations of the human race seem to have been originally established, and which, being the most obvious, may also be esteemed the most natural system of government. This extreme corner of Europe had the singular fortune of sheltering the last vestiges of the Kelts—that early race of people, who, placed upon

the centre of the ancient continent, it would almost appear, at the very creation, were gradually dispossessed to the extremities, by others which we are now accustomed to call ancient—the Greeks, namely, and the Romans. As they retained their primitive manners with almost unmixed purity, there was to be seen in the Highlanders of Scotland nearly a distinct picture of those early shepherd days, which are still so endearingly remembered in the traditions and poetry of the unrefined world, and of which we obtain so many delightful glimpses in the pages of sacred Scripture.

Owing to the circumstances of their country, the Highlanders were, however, by no means that simple and quiescent people who are described as content to dwell, each under his own vine and fig-tree, any more than their land was one flowing with milk and honey, or through which the voice of the turtle was often heard to resound. A perpetual state of war with the neighbours who had driven them to their northern fastnesses, and their disinclination to submit to the laws of the country in which they nominally lived, caused them, on the contrary, to make arms a sort of profession, and even to despise, in some measure, all peaceful modes of acquiring a subsistence. Entertaining, moreover, a notion that the Lowlands had been originally their birth-right, many of them, even at the recent period we speak of, practised a regular system of reprisal upon the frontiers of that civilised region, for which, of course, the use of arms was indispensably necessary. What still more tended to induce military habits, many of the tribes maintained a sort of hereditary enmity against each other, and therefore required to be in perpetual readiness, either to seize or repel opportunities of vengeance.

The Highlanders, in the earlier periods of history, appear to have possessed no superiority over the Lowlanders in the use of arms. At the battle of the Harlaw in 1410, (till which period they had been quite independent on the kings of Scotland,) the largest army that ever left the Highlands, was checked by an inferior number of Lowlanders. Coming into the field, sixty-eight years after, at the fight of Sauchieburn, where they espoused the cause of James III. against his rebellious nobles, "their tumultuous ranks," says Sir Walter Scott, in the Introduction to his Border Minstrelsy, "were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charge of the men of Annandale and Liddesdale, who bore spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen." They proved equally vincible at the battles of Corrichie, Glalivat, and others, which they fought in behalf of the unhappy Mary.

But the lapse of half a century after this last period, during which the Border spear had been converted into a shepherd's crook, and the patriot steel of Lothian and Clydesdale into penknives and weavers' shears, permitted the mountaineers at length to assert a decided superiority in arms. When they were called into action, therefore, by the illustrious Montrose, they proved invariably victorious in that desultory civil war which had almost retrieved a kingdom for their unfortunate king. Amidst the exploits of that time—by far the most brilliant in the military annals of Scotland—the victory of Kilsyth (1645) was attended with some circumstances displaying their superiority in a remarkable degree. The army arrayed against them, almost doubling theirs in number, consisted chiefly of the townsmen of Fife, which county has been described, in a publication of the time, as remarkable for the enthusiasm of its inhabitants in regard to the cause of this quarrel—to wit, the Solemn League and Covenant. The fervour of fanaticism and good feeding of a town life, proved nothing in this case, when opposed to the more exalted enthusiasm of "loyalty unlearned," and the hardihood of an education among the hills. The whig militia scarcely stood a moment before the impetuous charge of the Highlanders, but turned and fled before them, like a parcel of awkward cattle, blindly running from the bark of a few dogs. "Ah! it was a braw day, Kilsyth!" used to be the remark of an old Highlander, who had exerted himself pretty actively amongst the rabble rout; "at every stroke I gave with my broadsword, I cut an ell o' breaks!" Such, we are informed, was the horror which the people of Fife got, on this occasion, at the military life in general, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to enlist out of the populous town of Anstruther, during a period of twenty-one years towards the end of the last century.

Though the Highlanders were nominally subjugated, soon after this period, by the iron bands of Cromwell, they rebounded at the Restoration into all their former privileges and vigour. They were kept in arms, during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, by their employment

in those unhappy troubles on account of religion, which have rendered the memory of our ancient royal race so intensely detested in the southwest province of Scotland. At the Revolution, therefore, when roused by the lion voice of Dundee, they were equally ready to take the field in behalf of King James, as they had been fifty years before to stand out for his father. The patriarchal system of laws, upon which Highland society was constituted, disposed them to look upon these unhappy princes as the general fathers or chiefs of the nation, whose natural and unquestionable power had been rebelliously disputed by their children; and there can be little doubt that, both on these occasions and the subsequent attempts in behalf of the Stuart family, they fought with precisely the same ardour which would induce a man of humanity to ward off the blow which an unnatural son had aimed at a parent. On the field of Killiecrankie, where they were chiefly opposed by regular and even veteran troops, they fought with a bravery which nothing could withstand, and at the details of which the blood even yet boils and shudders.* Their victory was, however, unavailing, owing to the death of their favourite leader,—*Inn Dhu nan Cath*—as they descriptively termed him—Dark John of the Battles,—without whose commanding genius their energies could not be directed, nor even their hands kept together. The loss which their cause sustained, in the death of this noble soldier, could not be more emphatically described in a volume, than it is by the exclamation with which King William received the news of the battle. That monarch had known Dundee upon the bloody plains of Flanders, where, a soldier of fortune in the Dutch army, he had even, we believe, on one occasion saved the life of him whose deadliest enemy he was destined afterwards to become. "Dundee is slain!" was William's remark to the messenger who announced the defeat of his troops; "he would otherwise have been here to tell the news himself!"

The submission which was nominally paid throughout Britain to the "parliamentary" sovereigns, William and Anne, was in no degree participated by the children of the mountains, whose simple ideas of government did not comprehend either a second or a third estate, and who could perceive no reasons for preferring a sovereign on account of the adventitious circumstance of his religion. In the mean time, moreover, the progress of civilization, encouraged in the low countries by the Union, affected in no degree the warlike habits of the clans. Their military ardour is said to have been, if possible, increased during this period, by the injudicious policy of

* The battle of Killiecrankie was fought upon a field immediately beyond a narrow and difficult pass into the Highlands. The royal troops, under General Mackay, on emerging from this pass, found Dundee's army, which was not half so numerous, posted in columns or clusters upon the face of an opposite hill. Both lay upon their arms, looking at each other, till sunset, when the Highland troops came down with their customary impetuosity, and, charging through Mackay's lines, soon put them to the route. Mackay retreated in the utmost disorder, and reached Stirling next day with only two hundred men. His whole army must have been cut to pieces in retreating through the pass, but for the death of Dundee, and the greater eagerness of the Highlanders to secure the baggage, than to pursue their enemies.

The following anecdote, connected with the battle, we heard related by a Perthshire gentleman. When General Wade, in the course of his operations in the Highlands, was engaged in the construction of Tay Bridge, he used to converse with an old Highlander of the neighbourhood, who had been at the battle of Killiecrankie; and, among other subjects of conversation, the merits of General Mackay happened to be one day discussed. "In my opinion," said the Highlander, "General Mackay was a great fool."—"How, sir," said Wade, "he was esteemed the very best man in the army of his time."—"That may well be," answered the Celt; "but I'll show you how he was a fool for a' that. At the battle of Killiecrankie, did he not put his men before his baggage?"—"Yes," answered General Wade, "and I would have done the same thing."—"Then you would have been a fool too. The baggage should have been put foremost; it would have fought the battle itself that day, and far better than the men. It's well known, the Highlandmen will gang through fire and water to win at the baggage. They gned through Mackay's army, and put them to route, in order to get at it. Had the general put it first, our folk would have sh'en til't tooth and nail, and then he might have come in and cut us to pieces wi' his men. Ah! the baggage should have been put foremost."

King William, who, in distributing 20,000*l.* amongst them to bribe their forbearance, only inspired an idea that arms were their best means of acquiring wealth and importance. The call, therefore, which was made upon them by the exiled prince in 1715, found them as willing and ready as ever to commence a civil war.

The accession of the House of Hanover was at this period so recent, and the rival candidate shared so largely in the affections of the people, that very little was wanting in 1715 to achieve the restoration of the House of Stuart. That little was wanting—a general of military talent, and resolution on the part of the candidate. The expedition was commanded in Scotland by the Earl of Marr, a nobleman who had signalised himself by his slipperiness as a statesman, but who possessed no other abilities to fit him for the important station he held. In England the reigning sovereign had even less to dread, in the ill-concerted proceedings of a band of debauched young noblemen, who displayed this remarkable difference from the Scottish insurgents—that they could not fight at all. Marr permitted himself to be cooped up on the north of the Forth, with an army of eight or nine thousand men, by the Duke of Argyle, who occupied Stirling with a force not half so numerous. An action at length took place on Sheriffmuir, in which it is impossible to say whether the bravery of the Highlanders, the pusillanimity of their leader, or the high military genius of Argyle, was most signally distinguished.

The Duke of Argyle, whom the Highlanders remember by the epithet *Inn Roy nan Cath*—Red John of the Battles, learning, on Friday, the 11th of November, 1715, that Marr had at length plucked up the resolution to fight him, and was marching for that purpose from Perth, set forward from Stirling; and next day the armies came within sight of each other upon the plain of Sheriffmuir, a mile northeast from the ancient episcopal city of Dunblane. They both lay upon their arms all night; and a stone is still shown upon the site of the Highlanders' bivouac, indented all round with marks occasioned by the broad-swords of those warriors, who here sharpened their weapons for the next day's conflict. The battle commenced on Sunday morning, when Argyle himself, leading his dragoons over a morass which had frozen during the night, and which the insurgents expected to protect them, almost immediately routed their whole left wing, consisting of the Lowland cavaliers, and drove them to the river Allan, two or three miles from the field. His left wing, which was beyond the scope of his command, did not meet the same success against the right of the insurgents, which consisted entirely of Highlanders.

Those terrible warriors had come down from their fastnesses, with a resolution to fight as their ancestors had fought at Kilsyth and Killiecrankie. They appeared before the Lowlanders of Perthshire, who had not seen them since the days of Montrose, in the wild Irish shirt or plaid, which, only covering the body and haunches, leaves the arms, and most of the limbs, exposed in all their hirsute strength. The meanest man among them carried upon his arm the honour and glory of countless generations; and raw youth and ripe old age were there alike resolved to maintain the ancient renown of Albyn. Their enthusiasm may be guessed from a simple anecdote. A Lowland gentleman, observing amongst their bands a man of ninety from the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, had the curiosity to ask how so aged a creature as he, and one who seemed so extremely feeble, came to join their enterprise. "I ha'e sons here, sir," replied the venerable savage, "and I ha'e grandsons, and even great-grandsons:—if they fail to do their duty, can I not shoot them?"—laying his hand at the same time upon a pistol which he carried in his bosom.

The attack of these resolute soldiers upon the left wing of the royal army, was, to use language similar to their own, like the storm which strews a lee shore with wrecks. The chief of Clanranald was unfortunately killed as they were advancing; but that circumstance, which might have otherwise damped their ardour, only served to inspire them with greater fury. "To-morrow for lamentation," cried the young chieftain of Glengary, "to-day for revenge!"—and the MacDonalds rushed on the foe, with a yell as terrific as their force was irresistible. Instantly put to route, this portion of the royal army retired to Stirling, leaving hundreds a prey to the Highland broadsword. Thus, each of the two armies was partially successful, and partially defeated. The Earl of Marr stood aloof during the whole action, it is said, behind a tree, incapable from personal fear, of improving the advantages gained by his brave Highlanders. Well might the old mountaineer exclaim, when he saw

the fatal effects of this weakness, "Oh! for one hour of the brave Dundee!"

The battle was a drawn one, but not in its results. Marr, as he deserved none of the credit of his partial victory, reaped no profit from it, but found it necessary to retire to Perth. Argyle remained upon the field, in possession of the enemy's cannon and many of his standards. The conduct of this celebrated warrior and patriot was in every respect the reverse of that of Marr. He had won a victory, so far as it could be won, by his own personal exertions, and that with every advantage of numbers against him. The humanity he displayed was also such as seldom marks the details of a civil war. He offered quarter to all he met, in the very hottest moment of the fight; and he granted it to all who desired it. With his own sword, he parried three different blows which one of his dragoons aimed at a wounded cavalier, who had refused to ask his life.

In January, the succeeding year, James himself, the weak though amiable man for whom all this blood was shed, landed from abroad at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire, and immediately proceeded *incognito* to join the Earl of Marr at Perth. His presence might inspire enthusiasm, but it could not give strength or consistency to the army. Some preparations were made to crown him in the great hall of Scoon, where his ancestors had been invested with the emblems of sovereignty so many centuries ago, and where his uncle Charles II. was crowned, under circumstances not dissimilar to his own, in the year 1651. But the total ruin of his English adherents conspired, with his own imbecility and that of his officers, to prevent that consummation. In February he retired before the advance of the royal army. The Tay was frozen at the time, and thus he and all his army were fortunately enabled to cross without the difficulty which must otherwise have attended so sudden a retreat; directing their march towards the sea-ports of Aberdeenshire and Angus. We have heard that, as the good-natured prince was passing over, the misery of his circumstances made him witty, as a dark evening will sometimes produce lightning; and he remarked to his lieutenant-general, in allusion to the delusive prospects by which he had been induced to come over, "Ah, John, John, you have brought me o'er the ice."

The Chevalier embarked with Marr and other officers at Montrose; and the body of the army dispersed with so much rapidity, that Argyle, who traversed the country only a day's march behind, reached Aberdeen without ever getting a glimpse of it. We may safely suppose, that the humanity of this general, with his suspected Jacobitism, induced him to permit, without disturbance, the dissipation and escape of the unfortunate cavaliers. The Lowland gentlemen and noblemen who had been concerned in the campaign, suffered attainder, proscription, and in some cases even death: but the Highlanders returned to their mountains, unconquered and unchanged.

In 1719, a plan of invasion and insurrection in favour of the Stuarts was formed by Spain. A fleet of ten ships of the line, with several frigates, having on board six thousand troops and twelve thousand stand of arms, sailed from Cadiz to England; and while this fleet was preparing, the Earl Marischal left St. Sebastian with two Spanish frigates, having on board three hundred Spanish soldiers, ammunition, arms, and money, and landed in the island of Lewis. The Spanish fleet was completely dispersed by a storm off Cape Finisterre, and, as every thing remained quiet in England, very few Highlanders rose. General Wightman came up with the Spanish and Highland force in Glenshiel, a wild vale in the west of Ross. The Highlanders, favoured by the ground, withdrew to the hills without having suffered much; and the Spaniards lay down their arms and were made prisoners.

The state of the Highlands, which seemed the only portion of the British dominions that actively disputed King George's title, now attracted some serious attention from government; and an act was passed for disarming the whole of that dangerous people. The provisions of this act were promptly obeyed by those clans which were well affected to government, but totally craved by the rest. The result was, that on the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745, the enemies of government alone possessed the means of entering upon warlike operations, while the Duke of Argyle and other loyal chiefs, who could have best resisted them, were obliged to remain *hors de combat*.

Such had been the history, and such was the warlike condition of the Scottish mountaineers, at the time when Charles Stuart landed amongst them in July 1745. If any thing else were required to make the reader under-

stand the motives of the subsequent insurrection, it might be said, that Charles's father and himself had always maintained, from their residence in Italy, a correspondence with the chiefs who were friendly to them, and by dint of promises, and perhaps presents, had even procured some of them to enter into an association in their behalf. For the service of these unhappy princes, their unlimited power over their clans gave them an advantage which the richest English partisans did not possess.

The constitution of Highland society, as already remarked, was strictly and simply patriarchal. The clans were families, each of which, bearing the same name, occupied a well defined tract of country, the property of which had been acquired long before the introduction of writs. Every clan was governed by its chief, whose native designation, *Kean-Kinnke*, the head of the family, sufficiently indicated the grounds and nature of his power. In almost every clan, there were some subordinate chiefs, called Chieftains, being cadets of the principal family, who had acquired a distant territory, and founded separate steps. In every clan, moreover, there were two ranks of people; the *Doaine-uaisle*, or gentlemen, persons who could clearly trace their derivation from the chiefs of former times, and assert their kinsmanship to the present; and a race of commoners, or helots, who could not tell why they came to belong to the clan, and who always acted in inferior offices.

There is a very common notion among the Lowlanders, that their northern neighbours, with, perhaps, the exception of the chiefs, were all alike barbarians, and distinguished by no shades of comparative worth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The *Doaine-uaisle* were in every sense of the world gentlemen—poor gentlemen perhaps, but yet fully entitled, by their exalted sense of honour, to that ennobling epithet. On the contrary, the commoners, who yet generally believed themselves related to the chiefs, were a race of despised, and consequently miserable serfs, having no certain idea of a noble ancestry to nerve their exertions or purify their conduct. The *Doaine-uaisle* invariably formed the body upon which the chief depended in war, for they were inspired with notions of the most exalted heroism by the well remembered deeds of their forefathers, and always acted upon the supposition that their honour was a precious gift, which it was incumbent upon them to deliver down unsullied to posterity. The helots, on the contrary, were often left behind to perform the humble duties of agriculture and cow-driving; or, if admitted into the army of the clan, were put into the rear rank, and armed in an inferior manner. The comparative worth of the *Doaine-uaisle* and the helots may be at once pointed out to the reader by an anecdote connected with "the Forty-Five." At a particular period of that campaign, when all the good fighting men of a glen in Athole were absent with Prince Charles, and only the helots were left to protect the country, under the command of a raw *Duinn-uasal* of sixteen, an alarm one day arose that a party of "red-coats" (king's soldiers) were approaching to lay waste the glen. At this news, the whole of the slaves ran off to hide themselves, leaving only their young commander behind; who stood firm in his post, awaiting the encounter which promised him such certain destruction, and did not for a moment flinch till he learned that the alarm was false.

With such a sentiment of heroism, the Highland gentleman of the year 1745 must have been a person of the very noblest order. His mind was further exalted, if possible, by a devoted attachment to his chief, for whose interests, at all times, he was ready to fight, and for whose life he was even prepared to lay down his own. His politics were of the same abstract and disinterested sort. From his heart despising the commercial and canting presbyterians of the Low country, and regarding with absolute horror the dark system of parliamentary corruption which characterised the government of the *de facto* sovereign of England, he at once threw himself into the opposite scale, and espoused the cause of an exiled and injured prince, whom he looked upon as in some measure a general and higher sort of chief, and with whose fathers his fathers had anciently gained so much honour and renown. Charles's cause was the cause of chivalry, of feeling, of filial affection, and even in his estimation of patriotism; and with all his prepossessions it was scarcely possible that he should fail to espouse it.

In this chapter, notice should also have been taken of the effect which their popular native poetry had upon the minds of the Highlanders. Throughout nearly the whole country, but especially in Athole and the adjacent territories, there were innumerable songs and ballads, tending to advance the cause of the Stuarts, while there was not one to depreciate them. A Lowlander and a

modern cannot easily comprehend, nor can he set forth, the power of this simple but energetic engine.

CHAPTER III.

THE GATHERING.

On, highminded Murray, the exiled, the dear!
In the blush of the dawning the standard appear.
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Waverley.

From Borodale, where he lived, in the manner described, for several days, Charles despatched messengers to all the chiefs from whom he had any expectation of assistance. The first that came to see him, was Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel; a man in middle age, of the utmost bravery, and whose character was altogether so amiable, that some court-poet has conceived the idea of his being now

"——a Whig in Heaven."

Young Lochiel, as he was generally called, was the son of the chief of the clan Cameron, one of the most numerous and warlike of all the Highland tribes. His father had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, for which he was attainted and in exile; and his grandfather, Sir Evan Cameron, the fellow soldier of Montrose and Dundee, had died in 1719, after almost a century of military action in behalf of the house of Stuart. Young Lochiel had been much in confidence with the exiled family, whose chief agent in the north of Scotland he might be considered; an office for which he was peculiarly well qualified on account of his talents, his honourable character, and the veneration in which he was held by his countrymen. In 1740, he was one of seven gentlemen, who entered into a strict association to procure the restoration of King James; and he had long wished for the concerted time, when he should bring the Highlands to aid an invading party in his favour. When he now learned that Charles had landed without troops and arms, and with only seven followers, he determined to abstain from the enterprise, but thought himself bound as a friend to visit the prince in person, and endeavour to make him withdraw from the country.

In passing from his own house towards Borodale, Lochiel called at Fassefern, the residence of his brother John Cameron, who, in some surprise at the earliness of his visit, hastily inquired its reason. He informed his relative that the Prince of Wales had landed at Borodale, and sent for him. Fassefern asked what troops his royal highness had brought with him?—what money?—what arms? Lochiel answered, that he believed the prince had brought with him neither troops, nor money, nor arms; and that, resolved not to be concerned in the affair, he designed to do his utmost to prevent it from going any further. Fassefern approved his brother's sentiments, and applauded his resolution; advising him at the same time not to go any farther on the way to Borodale, but to come into the house, and impart his mind to the prince by a letter. "No," said Lochiel, "although my reasons admit of no reply, I ought at least to wait upon his royal highness." "Brother," said Fassefern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if this prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." The result proved the justice of this prognostication.

On arriving at Borodale, Lochiel had a private interview with the prince, in which the probabilities of the enterprise were anxiously debated. Charles used every argument to excite the loyalty of Lochiel, and the chief exerted all his eloquence to persuade the prince to withdraw till a better opportunity. Charles represented the present as the best possible opportunity; seeing that the French general kept the British army completely engaged abroad, while at home there were no troops but one or two new-raised regiments. He expressed his confidence, that a small body of Highlanders would be quite sufficient to gain a victory over all the force that could now be brought against him; and he was equally sure that such an advantage was all that was required to produce a general declaration in his favour. This argument was certainly in a great measure correct. It was even, perhaps, favourable to his views, that he came so entirely unprovided with foreign assistance; for so much exasperated were the nation at that time against the French, that, with even the smallest body of their troops, his enterprise would have acquired the odious complexion of an invasion, and meet with general and hearty resistance. Moreover, it was not only better that he should appear in the acceptable character of the leader of a national party, but almost his only chance of success lay in the activity and hardihood of the Highlanders, who

alone, of all the militia of the country, could endure long and rapid marches. These arguments, if he used them, were thrown away upon Lochiel, who expressed the greatest reluctance to rise at the present juncture, and pleaded, in moving terms, the prudence of at least a short delay. "No, no!" said the prince with fervour, "in a few days, with the friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt! Lochiel, whom my father has often spoken of as our firmest friend, may stay at home, and, from the newspapers, learn the fate of his prince!"—"No!" cried Lochiel, stung by so poignant a reproach, and hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment; "I'll share the fate of my prince, come weal, come woe; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Such was the juncture upon which depended the civil war of 1745; for it is a point agreed, says Mr. Home, who narrates this singular conversation, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, no other chief would have joined the standard, and the spark of "rebellion" must have been instantly extinguished.

Lochiel immediately returned home, and proceeded to raise his clan, as did some other gentlemen, whom Charles then prevailed upon to join him. It being now settled that he was to raise his standard at Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, he despatched letters on the sixth of the month to all the friendly chiefs, informing them of his resolution, and desiring them to meet him at the time and place mentioned. In the mean time, Clanranald returned from his unsuccessful mission to Skye, and actively set about raising his own clan.

Charles removed early in August, from the firm house of Borodale, to the more elegant seat of his friend Kinlochmoidart, situated seven miles off, at the place of that name. While he and his company went by sea, with the baggage and artillery, the guard of Clanranald, MacDonalds, which had been already appointed about his person, marched by the more circuitous route along the shore of the intervening bays. He remained at Kinlochmoidart till the 18th of the month, when he went by water to the seat of MacDonald of Glenaladale, upon the brink of Loch Shiel. From that place, he proceeded next morning with a company of about five and twenty persons, in three boats to the eastern extremity of Loch Shiel, near which was the place where he designed to raise his standard.

Meanwhile, an incident had occurred, which tended not a little to foment the rising flame of insurrection. The governor of Fort Augustus, a small fort at the distance of forty or fifty miles from Charles's landing place, (which, like Fort William on one hand, and Fort George on the other, had been planted for the subjugation of the Highlands), concluding from reports he heard, that the "Men of Moidart" were hatching some mischief, thought proper, on the 16th of August, to despatch two companies of the Scots Royals to Fort William, as a reinforcement to awe that rebellious district. The distance between the two forts is twenty-eight miles, and the road runs chiefly along the edge of a mountain which forms one side of the Great Glen, having the sheer height of the hill on one side, and the long narrow lakes, out of which the Caledonian canal is formed, on the other. The men were newly raised, and, besides being inexperienced in military affairs, were unused to the alarming circumstances of an expedition in the Highlands. When they had travelled twenty out of the eight and twenty miles, and were approaching High Bridge, a lofty arch over a mountain torrent, they were surprised to hear the sound of a bagpipe, and to discover the appearance of a large party of Highlanders, who were already in possession of the bridge. The object of their alarm was in reality a band of only ten or twelve MacDonalds of Keppoch's clan; but, by skipping and leaping about, displaying their swords and firelocks, and by holding out their plaids between each other, they contrived to make a very formidable appearance. Captain (afterwards General) Scott, who commanded the two companies, ordered an immediate halt, and sent forward a sergeant with his own servant to reconnoitre. These two persons no sooner approached the bridge than two nimble Highlanders darted out and seized them. Ignorant of the number of the Highlanders, and knowing he was in a disaffected part of the country, Captain Scott thought it would be better to retreat than enter into hostilities. Accordingly, he ordered his men to face about, and march back again. The Highlanders did not follow immediately, lest they should expose the smallness of their number, but permitted the soldiers to get two miles away (the ground being so far plain and open) before leaving their

post. As soon as the retreating party had passed the west end of Loch Lochie, and were entering upon the narrow road between the lake and the hill, out darted the mountaineers, and ascending the rocky precipices above the road, where there was shelter from both bush and stone, began to fire down upon the soldiers, who only retreated with the greater expedition.

The party of MacDonalds, who attempted this daring exploit, was commanded by MacDonald of Tiernedrich. That gentleman, having early observed the march of the soldiers, had sent expresses to Lochiel and Keppoch, whose houses were only a few miles distant on both sides of High Bridge, for supplies of men. They did not arrive in time; but he resolved to attack the party with the few men he had; and he had thus far succeeded, when, the noise of his pieces causing friends in all quarters to fly to arms, he now found himself at the head of a party almost sufficient to encounter the two companies in the open field.

When Captain Scott reached the east end of Loch Lochie, he perceived some Highlanders near the west end of Loch Oich, directly in the way before him, and not liking their appearance, he crossed the isthmus between the lakes, intending to take possession of Invergarry Castle, the seat of MacDonell of Glengary. This movement only increased his difficulties. He had not marched far, till he discovered the MacDonells of Glengary coming down the opposite hill in full force against him. He formed the hollow square, however, and marched on. Presently after, his pursuers were reinforced by the MacDonalds of Keppoch, and increased their pace to such a degree as almost to overtake him. Keppoch himself then advanced alone towards the distressed party, and offered good terms of surrender; assuring them that any attempt at resistance, in the midst of so many enemies, would only be the signal for their being cut in pieces. Of course, the soldiers, by this time fatigued by a march of thirty miles, had no alternative but to surrender. They had scarcely laid down their arms, when Lochiel came up with a body of Camerons from another quarter, and took them under his charge. Two soldiers were slain, and Captain Scott himself was wounded in this singular scuffle; which had no small effect in raising the spirits of the Highlanders, and encouraging them to commence the war.

The *Gathering of the Clans* was therefore proceeding with great activity, and armed bodies were seen every where crossing the country to Glenfinnan, at the time when Charles landed at that place to erect his standard. Glenfinnan is a narrow vale, surrounded on both sides by lofty and craggy mountains, about twenty miles north from Fort William, and as far east from Borodale; forming, in fact, the outlet from Moidart into Lochaber. The place gets its name from the little river Finnan, which runs through it, and falls into Loch Shiel at its extremity. Charles disembarked, with his company, from the three boats which had brought them from Glenaladale, at the place where the river debouches into the lake. It was eleven in the forenoon, and he expected to find the whole vale alive with the assembled bands which he had appointed to meet him. To his great mortification, however, Glenfinnan lay as still and grim at his landing, as it had done since the beginning of time; and only a few natives, the inhabitants of its little hamlet, "were there to say, *God bless him!*" Some accident, it was concluded, had prevented the arrival of the clans; and he went into one of the neighbouring hovels, to spend the anxious hours which should intervene before they appeared.

At length, about an hour after noon, the sound of a pibroch was heard over the top of an opposite hill, and immediately after, the Adventurer was cheered by the sight of a large band of Highlanders, in full march down the brae. It was the Camerons, to the amount of seven or eight hundred,

"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

coming forward in two columns of three men abreast, to the spirit-stirring notes of the bagpipe, and leading between them the party of soldiers whom they had just taken prisoners. Elevated by the fine appearance of this noble clan, and by the auspicious result of the little action just described, Charles no longer hesitated to declare war upon "the great enemy of his house."

The spot selected for the raising of the standard, was a little eminence in the centre of the vale, where it could be rendered conspicuous to all round. The Marquis of Tullibardine, whose rank entitled him to the honour, pitched himself upon the top of this knoll, supported by two men, on account of his weak state of health. He then flung upon the mountain breeze, that "meteor flag,"

which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread such omens of woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain. It was a large banner of red silk, with a white space in the centre, but without the motto of "TANDEM TRIUMPHANS," which has been so often assigned to it—as also the significant emblems of a crown and coffin, with which the terror of England at one time adorned it. The appearance of the standard was hailed by a perfect storm of pipe-music, by a cloud of skimmering bonnets, and by a loud and long-enduring shout, which, in the language of a Highland bard, roused the young eagles from their eyries, and made the wild deer bound upon the fell. Tullibardine then read a manifesto in the name of King James the Eighth, with a Commission of Regency in favour of his son Charles, both dated at Rome, December 1743. The standard was carried back to the Prince's quarters by a guard of fifty Camerons.

About two hours after this solemnity was concluded, MacDonald of Keppoch arrived with three hundred of his hardy and warlike clan; and in the evening, some gentlemen of the name of MacLeod came to offer their services, expressing great indignation at the defection of their chief, and proposing to return to Skye and raise all the men they could. The army, amounting to about twelve hundred men, was encamped that evening in Glenfinnan, Sullivan being appointed quarter-master-general.

The insurrection was thus fairly commenced; and it will now be necessary to advert to the means taken by government for its suppression, as well as to the state of the country upon which Charles was about to descend.

CHAPTER IV.

PROCEEDINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out. Macbeth.

At the time when the insurrection broke out, George the Second was absent in Hanover, on one of those frequent visits to his paternal dominions, which, with great appearance of truth, caused his British subjects to accuse him of being more devoted to the interests of his Electorate, than he was to those of the more important empire which his family had been called to protect. The government was entrusted, during his absence, to a regency composed of his principal ministers. So far as the northern section of the island was concerned in the affairs of government, it was then managed by a minister called Secretary of State for Scotland; and the Marquis of Tweeddale held the office in 1745.

The negotiations which the Exiled Family had constantly carried on with their adherents in Britain, and their incessant menaces of invasion, rendered the event which had now taken place by no means unexpected on the part of government, and indeed scarcely alarming. During the whole summer, a report had been flying about the Highlands, that Prince Charles was to come over before the end of the season; but the king's servants at Edinburgh heard nothing of it till the 2d of July, when the President of the Court of Session came to Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and showed him a letter which he had just received from a Highland gentleman, informing him of the rumour, though affecting to give it little credit. Cope instantly sent notice of what he heard to the Marquis of Tweeddale, expressing disbelief in the report, but yet advising that arms should be transmitted to the forts in Scotland, for the use of the well-affected clans, in case any attempt should be made. The marquis answered General Cope upon the 9th, ordering him to keep a vigilant eye upon the north, but mentioning that the lords of the regency seemed to decline so strong and so alarming a measure as sending arms. Cope replied immediately, that he would take all the measures which seemed necessary for his majesty's service, avoiding as much as possible the raising of unnecessary alarm. Some further correspondence took place before the end of the month, in which the zeal and promptitude of this much belied general appear very conspicuous, while the supineness and security of the regency are just as remarkable.

It is perhaps the most striking thing about the history of this singular civil war, that the characters of the opposite parties are so violently contrasted. Charles, youthful, ardent, aspiring, possessed of many of the characteristics of a hero of romance; with his Highlanders, hardy, brave, and high-minded; are opposed to stupid old marionettes, and to that ghastly spectre of powder, pomatum, blackball, and flagellation, which was then considered a

regular and well appointed army. In one of the parties we see many of the features of chivalry—a love of desperate deeds for their own sake, and a pure and devoted spirit of loyalty, such as might have graced the wars of the Roses, or glowed in the pages of Froissart. In the other we are disgusted with the alarms of a parcel of ancient civil officers—with the vile cant of a pack of affected patriots—and with the contemptible technicalities of a military frippery, the most ostentatious in pretension, and the most feeble in practice, that ever disgraced a country.

Sir John Cope, whose fortune it was to be Charles's first opponent, has been termed by President Forbes, who was perfectly qualified to judge, one of the best officers of his time. This is, however, but poor praise in the estimation of a modern Briton, when he reflects upon the condition and deeds of the army during the reign of the second George—a period which, though spent in almost perpetual war, scarcely presents a single military fact, besides those under review, on which the public mind now dwells with satisfaction, or indeed remembers at all. Sir John, such as he was, had at present under his command in Scotland, two regiments of dragoons, three full regiments of infantry, and fourteen odd companies, together with the standing garrisons of invalids in the various castles and forts. The most of these troops were newly raised, being indeed intended for immediate transportation to Flanders; and it was impossible to place much confidence in them, especially as forming an entire army, without the support of more experienced troops. Although they had probably, therefore, learned to scour their accoutrements with the most washerwoman-like accuracy, and though possibly not one of their queues could be found guilty of either a hair too much in thickness, or a hair-breadth's excess in length, when the sergeant came round, day by day, with his calibre and compasses, to ascertain these mighty points,* there was but little chance of a vigorous stand against enemies of determined valour, trained to arms from their youth upwards, and who, with an assurance perfectly frightful, would not scruple, on occasion, to fight for, and win a victory, when, according to the true art of war, it was their duty to be defeated.

With this little army, however, Cope soon found himself obliged to undertake a campaign against the formidable bands of the north. He received a letter from the Scottish secretary on the 3d of August, announcing that the young Chevalier, as Charles was called, had really left France in order to invade Scotland, and was even said to have already landed there; commanding him to make such a disposition of his forces as to be ready at a moment's notice; and promising immediately to send him down the supply of arms he formerly requested. On the 8th, he received a letter from the Lord Justice-Clerk (Milton, then residing at Roseneath,) enclosing another letter dated the 5th instant, which had just been transmitted to Mr. Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff of Argyle, by Mr. Campbell of Aird, (factor in Mull to the Duke of Argyle;) which letter gave him almost certain intelligence of the Prince's landing. Next morning, the 9th, his excellency was shown another letter by the Lord President, confirming the news; and he sent all the papers to London as the best means of rousing the slumbering energies of government.

Without waiting for this communication, the lords regent published on the 6th of August a proclamation, offering thirty thousand pounds for the person of the young Chevalier, whom they announced to have sailed from France for the purpose of invading Britain. This proclamation proceeded upon an act of the first George, by which, though it would be difficult to find a reason for it in the principles of either law or justice, the blood of James Stuart, and of his children, was attainted, and themselves outlawed. Charles, immediately on learning the price offered for his life, published a sort of parody of the proclamation, holding out the same sum for the head of the elector of Hanover.

It is amusing to observe in the newspapers of this period, the various reports which then agitated the public mind, and, above all, the uncertainty and meagreness of the intelligence which reached Edinburgh regarding Charles's transactions in Lochaber. On the 5th of August, it is mentioned in the old Scottish newspaper called the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, that the Prince had left France. Next day, it is reported, as a quotation from

* Such was really the custom, and in times not long by-gone. A friend informs us, that little more than twenty years ago, he has seen regiments paraded on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and sergeants stepping along behind, with a large pair of compasses, attentively measuring the length of the queues.

some foreign journal, that he had actually landed in the Highlands, and was sure of thirty thousand men and ten ships of war. No other intelligence of note is observable till the 22d, when it is stated that two Glasgow vessels, in their way home from Virginia, had touched somewhere in the North-west Highlands, and learned that the dreaded pretender was actually there, with ten thousand men, and that he had sent word to the governor of Fort William, "*he would give him his breakfast that morning.*" Had Lochaber been part of the Russian Empire instead of a Scotch province—had it been two thousand instead of one hundred miles from Edinburgh, greater uncertainty could scarcely have prevailed in that city regarding the proceedings of its inhabitants.

In projecting measures against the threatened insurrection, Sir John Cope had all along held counsel with those civil officers who, ever since the Union, have had such an unlimited influence over the affairs of Scotland—the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor General. The gentlemen who held the two first of these offices, Duncan Forbes and Andrew Fletcher, were men of not only the purest patriotism and loyalty, but of the most extensive understanding and highest accomplishment. Duncan Forbes, in particular, from his intimate acquaintance with the Highlanders, a full half of whom he had previously converted to government by his eloquence, was qualified in no ordinary degree to direct the operations of a campaign against that people.

The advice of all these gentlemen, unfortunately, tended to this fatal effect—that Sir John Cope should march as fast as possible into the Highlands, in order to crush the insurrection before it reached any height. It is very probable that this advice was dictated by a feeling of humanity towards the insurgents, many of whom were the intimate friends and associates of the advisers. Forbes seems to have wished, by this means, at once to quiet those who had risen, before government should become exasperated against them, and to prevent as many as possible from joining, who he was sure would soon do so if the enterprise was not immediately checked. We cannot but regret that a piece of counsel so honourable in its motive should have been so imprudent in policy. The royal army was not only inferior in numbers to that which Charles was believed to have drawn together, but had all the disadvantages of a campaign in an enemy's country, and on ground unsuitable for its evolutions—would first have to drag its way slowly over rugged wildernesses, with a perpetual clog of baggage and provisions behind it, and then perhaps fight in a defile where it would be gradually cut to pieces, or what was as bad, permit the enemy to slip past and descend upon the low country, which it ought to have protected. The advice was even given in defiance of experience: the Duke of Argyll, in 1715, by guarding the pass into the Lowlands at Stirling, prevented the much superior army of Mar from disturbing the valuable part of the kingdom, and eventually was able to paralyse and confound the whole of that unhappy enterprise.

Cope is conjectured by Mr. Home, though the fact is not so obvious, to have been confirmed in his desire of prompt measures by a piece of address on the part of the Jacobites. These gentlemen, who were very numerous in Edinburgh, remembering perhaps the precedent alluded to, and knowing that Charles, for want of money, would not be able to keep the Highlanders long together in their own country, conceived it to be their best policy to precipitate a meeting between the two armies. They therefore contrived, it is said, that Sir John Cope, who seemed to have no opinions of his own, but consulted every body he met, should be urged to perform the march he proposed, as the measure most likely to quell the insurrection, which, it was hinted by these insidious advisers, wanted nothing but a little time to become formidable.

Thus advised, and thus perhaps deluded, Sir John Cope rendezvoused his raw troops at Stirling, and sent off a letter to the Scots Secretary, requesting permission to march immediately against the rebels. The reasons which he gave for his proposal seemed so strong in the eyes of the Lords regent, that they not only agreed to it, but expressly ordered him to march to the north, and engage the enemy, whatever might be his strength, or wherever he might be found. This order reached Sir John at Edinburgh on the 19th of August, the very day when Charles reared his standard; so that war might be said to have been declared by both parties simultaneously. Cope set out that very day for Stirling, to put himself at the head of his little army.

CHAPTER V.

COPE'S MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Duke F.—Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness. As You Like It.

This unfortunate commander-in-chief commenced his fatal march, on the 20th of August, the day after he had received the orders of the Lords regent. His force consisted of twenty-five companies of foot, amounting in all to fourteen hundred men, for he had left the two regiments of dragoons behind, on account of their uselessness in a Highland campaign. He carried with him four pieces of cannon (one and a half pounders,) as many colts, and a thousand stand of arms, to be given to the native troops, which he expected to join him as he went along. Besides a vast quantity of baggage, he was followed by a train of black cattle, with butchers, to kill them as required: and he had as much bread and biscuit as would serve for twenty-one days; for the production of which all the bakers in Edinburgh, Leith, and Stirling, had been incessantly working for a week.

It was Sir John's intention to march to Fort Augustus, the central fort of the three which are pitched along the great glen. He considered this the most advantageous post that could be occupied by the king's army, because it was in the very centre of the disaffected country, and admitted of a ready communication with the adjacent places of strength. He accordingly adopted that military road through the middle of the Highlands, which, stretching athwart the great alpine region of the Grampians, is so remarkable in the memory of all travellers for its lonely desolation in summer, and its dangerous character when the ground is covered with snow. His first day's march was to Crieff, where he was obliged to halt till he should be overtaken by an hundred horse-load of bread that had been left at Stirling. Having previously written to the Duke of Athole, Lord Glenorchy, and other loyal chiefs, desiring them to raise their men, the first of these noblemen here visited him, in company with his younger brother Lord George Murray, afterwards so celebrated as the generalissimo of Charles's forces; but the chief of Athole, though disposed to preserve his estate by keeping on good terms with government, was by no means so hotly loyal as to take arms in its defence. Cope was then, for the first time, shaken in his hope of gaining accessions of strength as he went along—the hope which had mainly induced him to go north with so small an army; and he would have gladly returned to Stirling, had not the orders of government, as he afterwards acknowledged, been so peremptory for a contrary course. Lord Glenorchy waited upon the disconcerted general on the afternoon of the same day, and gave him additional pain, by the intelligence that he could not gather his men in proper time. He then saw fit to send back seven hundred of his spare arms, to the place which he would so gladly have retreated to himself.

Advancing on the 22d to Amulree, on the 23d to Tay Bridge, on the 24th to Trinfuir, and on the 25th to Dalnacardoch, the difficulties of a Highland campaign became gradually more and more apparent to the unhappy general, whose eyes were at the same time daily opened wider and wider to the secret disaffection of the Highlanders. His baggage-horses were stolen in the night from their pastures, so that he was obliged to leave hundreds of his bread-bags behind him. Those who took charge of this important deposit, though they promised to send it after him, took care that it never reached its destination, or at least not until it was useless. He was also played upon and distracted by all sorts of false intelligence; so that he at last could not trust to the word of a single native, gentleman or commoner. In short, he soon found himself in a complete *scrape*—emancipation from which seemed impossible but at the expense of honour.

When at the lonely inn of Dalnacardoch, he was met by Captain Sweetenham, the officer already mentioned as having been taken by the insurgents; who, after witnessing the execution of the standard, had been discharged upon his parole, and now brought Cope the first certain intelligence he had received, regarding the real state of the enemy. Sweetenham had left them when their numbers were fourteen hundred; he had since met many more who were marching to the rendezvous; and as he passed Dalwhinnie, the last stage, he had been informed by MacIntosh of Boreland, that they were now three thousand strong, and were marching to take possession of Corriarrack. Cope soon after received a letter from President Forbes, (now at his house of Culloden, near Inverness,) confirming the latter part of Captain Sweetenham's intelligence.

Corriarrack, of which the insurgents were about to take possession, is an immense mountain of the most lofty and voluminous proportions, interposing betwixt Cope's present position and Fort Augustus, and over which lay the road he was designing to take. The real distance from the plain at one side to the plain at the other, of this vast eminence, is perhaps little more than four or five miles; but such is the tortuosity of the road, to suit the nature of the ground, that the distance by that mode of measurement is at least eighteen. The road ascends the steep sides by seventeen *traverses*, somewhat like the ladders of a tall and complex piece of scaffolding, and each of which leads the traveller but a small way forward compared with the distance he has had to walk. It was the most dangerous peculiarity of the hill, in the present case, that the deep ditch or water-course along the side of the road, afforded innumerable positions, in which an enemy could be entrenched to the teeth, so as to annoy the approaching army without the possibility of being annoyed in return; and that, indeed, a very small body of resolute men could thus entirely cut off and destroy an army, of whatever numbers or appointments, acting upon the offensive. It was reported to Sir John Cope, that a party of the Highlanders was to wait for him at the bridge of Snugborough, one of the most dangerous passes in the mountain, and that, while he was there actively opposed, another body, marching round by a path to the west, and coming in behind, should completely enclose him, as between two fires, and in all probability accomplish his destruction.

The royal army had advanced to Dalwhinnie, and come within sight of Corriarrack, when the general received this dreadful intelligence; and so pressing had his dilemma then become, that he conceived it impossible to move farther without calling a council of war. It was on the morning of the 27th of August that this meeting took place, at which various proposals were made and considered for the further conduct of the army. All agreed, in the first place, that their original design of marching over Corriarrack was impracticable. To remain where they were was needless, as the insurgents could slip down into the Lowlands by other roads. Two objections lay against the measure which seemed most obvious, that of *marching back again*—namely, the orders of government, so express in favour of a northward march and an immediate encounter with the enemy, and the danger of the Highlanders intercepting them in their retreat by breaking down the bridges and destroying the roads. Under these circumstances, the only other course that remained, was to turn aside towards Inverness, where they had a prospect of being joined by some loyal clans; and, in which case, they might expect that the Highlanders would scarcely dare to descend upon the Lowlands, as such a course would necessarily leave their own country exposed to the vengeance of an enemy.

This last proposal was unanimously agreed to, only one officer having attempted to advocate the opposite measure of a retreat to Stirling, and no member of the council presuming to press either of the other two. Sir John Cope, who took care to get their scale-manual to the resolution, must therefore be held excused for his conduct under these unhappy circumstances, however blameable he may have been *a priori*, for his precipitancy in marching into the Highlands. The memory of this general has been loaded with ridicule and blame, to an extent which almost makes any attempt at defending him ridiculous. And yet, when the report of the board of general officers, which inquired into his conduct, is attentively perused, the reader can scarcely fail to be convinced that the result, and not the merit of his measures, has been the sole cause of his evil reputation.

No sooner was this resolution taken, than the army proceeded upon its march, turning off from the Fort Augustus road at a place called Blariggig, and proceeding along that which leads by Ruthven to Inverness. In order to deceive the enemy, who lay upon the top of Corriarrack expecting his approach, the general caused a small portion of his army to advance, with the camp colours flying, towards the hill, under the semblance of an advanced guard; with orders to overtake the main-body with all speed, when they had allowed time for it to get half a day's march upon its new route. He arrived, by forced marches, at Inverness upon the 27th, without having rested a single day since he left Crieff.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES'S DESCENT UPON THE LOWLANDS.

On by moss and mountain green,
Let's buckle a' and on the girth,
Down the burn and through the dean.
And leave the mair among the heather.

Sound the bag-pipe, blow the horn,
Let lika killed clausman gaher;
We mair up and ride the morn,
And leave the mair among the heather. *Jacobite Song.*

The first motions of the insurgent army, after rearing the standard, were directed through the country where they expected the greatest accession of force, and not towards the south of Scotland, which they considered themselves as yet in no condition to invade. Leaving Glenfinnan on the 20th, they marched on the head of Loch Lochie, and from thence on the 23d to Fassfern, where the Prince slept that night in the house of young Lochiel's brother. They were soon informed of the march of Sir John Cope from Stirling, by the Highland soldiers, who deserted nightly in great numbers from his army, and who now came to join their respective clans. Arriving on the 25th at Moy in Lochaber, they were joined by two hundred and sixty of the Stuarts of Appin, under the command of Stuart of Ardshiel. Next day, they proceeded, by the Castle of Invergarry, where the Prince slept a night, to Obertave, in the district of Glogary, where the clan of that chieftain, amounting to three hundred men, joined them, under the command of MacDonnell of Lochgarry. Charles was now made aware, by an express from Gordon of Glenbucket, that Cope had arrived within two days march of his army, and was designing to proceed against him over Corriearrack. He therefore held a council of war at Obertave, in order to consider whether he should meet the government troops with his present force, or defer an engagement till he should be joined by the clans he was daily expecting. The ardour of his counsellors, and of his own wishes, happily determined him upon the former of these measures, at once the boldest and the best.

A considerable party of the Grants of Glenmorriston had now joined the army, which thus amounted to above eighteen hundred men. The whole of the clans were in the highest spirits, and longed ardently for an engagement with General Cope, whose attempt at invading them in their own country had already excited their highest indignation. As for Charles himself, the boldness with which he commenced the enterprise had been, if possible, screwed to a still higher pitch. He had already caught fresh enthusiasm from the brave people among whom he moved; and his soul, formerly fired with ambition, was now imbued with no small portion of that purer and still loftier spirit—that peculiar spirit of chivalry and high-souled feeling—which, in some measure, might be said to form the mental atmosphere of his adherents. He had adopted a taste for Highland song and Highland tradition, was making rapid progress in the acquisition of Gaelic, and had determined upon assuming the dress and arms of a mountaineer. It was with something like the real spirit of a Highlander, that, on the morning of his march to Corriearrack, he called for the Highland dress which had been prepared for him, and, tying the lachots of his single-soled shoes or brogues, vowed not to unloose them till he had come up with the enemy.

The Highland army marched at four o'clock in the morning of the 27th from Aberchallader, near the foot of Corriearrack, in order to anticipate General Cope in the possession of that mountain. The ascent upon the north side being not nearly so steep as that upon the south, they ascended to the top without difficulty, and lay down to await the approach of the enemy, whom they understood to have spent the night at Dalwhinnie. Cope, however, had just this morning resolved upon the safer course which we have described. They were informed of his evasive march by a soldier of the name of Cameron, who deserted, in order to convey the intelligence, as soon as he perceived the army turn off at Blairgig-beg. They hailed the news with a loud shout, testifying disappointed vengeance mingled with exultation; and the Prince, calling for a glass of brandy, and ordering every man one of usquebagh, drank "To the health of good Mr. Cope, and may every general in the Usurper's service prove himself as much our friend as he has done!" They then descended the steep traverses upon the south side of Corriearrack, with the rapid steps and eager countenances of men who give chase.

It was the first emotion of the Highland army on this occasion, that Johnny Cope, as they called him, should be pursued, and, if possible, utterly exterminated. However, when they reached Garriemore, the first stage from

the bottom of the hill, it was determined by a council of war, that the unfortunate general should be left to the consequences of his own folly at Inverness, and that they should proceed, in the mean time, to take advantage of his desertion of the Lowlands. They were confirmed in this resolution by Mr. Murray of Broughton, a lowland gentleman who had joined the Prince at the head of Loch Shiel; who represented that, by the influence of the Jacobites at Edinburgh, they would gain easy possession of that capital, and thus give *celui* to their arms fully as great as the achievement of a victory. It also appeared, that by this course, if they left the Frasers, the MacIntoshes, and other northern clans, whom they expected to join, the Marquis of Tullibardine would gain them the men of Athole, before the duke his brother had time to interest them in the cause of government.

It was at this juncture that Charles's enterprise assumed that bold and romantic character for which it was destined to be altogether so remarkable—it was here that he commenced that wild and unexampled tissue of intrepid adventure, which impressed Britain at the time with so much terror, and eventually so much admiration. Having once made the resolution to descend upon the Low countries, he did it with spirit and rapidity. Two days sufficed to carry him through the alpine region of Badonoch; another to open up to his view the pleasant vale of Athole, which might in some measure be considered the avenue into the fertile country he was invading. As he passed the lonely inn of Dalwhinnie, a party of his men, who had gone upon an unsuccessful expedition against the little government fort of Ruthven, brought into his camp M'Pherson of Cluny, chief of that powerful clan; who had undertaken the command of a company in the service of government, but who was easily persuaded to return and raise his men for the cause of his heart.

In thus proceeding upon his expedition, Charles acted entirely like a man who has undertaken a high and hazardous affair, which he is resolved to carry through with all his spirit and address. Nature and education had alike qualified him for the campaign he was commencing. Originally gifted with a healthy and robust constitution, he had never engaged in those enervating amusements which prevail to such an extent in the country where he had spent his youth. On the contrary, with a view probably to this very expedition, he had taken care to inure himself to a hardy and temperate mode of life; had instructed himself in all sorts of manly exercises; and, in particular, had made himself a first-rate pedestrian by hunting a-foot over the plains of Italy. The Highlanders were astonished to find themselves over-matched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their favourite exercise of the broadsword, by the slender stranger of the distant lands; but their astonishment gave place to admiration and affection, when they discovered that Charles had adopted all these exercises out of compliment to them, and that he might some day show himself, as he said, a true Highlander. By walking, moreover, every day's march along side one or other of their corps, inquiring into their family histories, songs, and legends, he succeeded in completely fascinating the hearts of this simple and poetical people, who could conceive no greater merit upon earth than accomplishment in the use of arms, accompanied by a taste for tales of ancient glory. The enthusiastic and devoted attachment with which he succeeded in inspiring them, was such as no subsequent events could ever dissipate or impair. Even half a century after they had seen him, when years might have been supposed to do away with their early feelings, it was impossible to find a surviving fellow-adventurer, and they were then many, who could speak of him without tears and sighs of affectionate regret.

As the mountain host descended upon the plain, they were joined, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of strength at the mouths of all the little glens which they passed. But while many of the people joined and prepared to join them, a very considerable number of the landed proprietors fled at their approach—among the rest, the Duke of Athole. In the absence of this nobleman from his house at Blair, his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine took possession of it as his own; and here Charles spent the night of the 30th of August. Along with Charles, the marquis undertook on this occasion to entertain all the Highland chiefs; and the supper which he gave was suitable in splendour to the distinguished character of the guest. During the evening, it is said, the Prince exerted himself to appear cheerful, though the anxiety arising from his circumstances, as may be supposed, occasionally drew a shade of thoughtfulness over his otherwise sprightly features. He partook only of the dishes which are supposed to be peculiar

to Scotland; and, in pursuance of the same line of policy which induced him to walk in tartan at the head of his troops, attempted to drink the healths of the chiefs in the few words of Gaelic which he had already picked up. To the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, as a gentleman of the old school, always talked in broad Scotch, he addressed himself in language as nearly resembling that dialect as possible; and in all his deportment, he showed an evident anxiety to conciliate and please those among whom his lot was cast. Observing the guard which his host had placed in the lobby to be perpetually peeping in at the door to see him, he affected a desire of enjoying the open air, and, walking out into the lobby, gratified the poor Highlanders with a complete view of his person, which they had not previously seen on account of their recent arrival at the house.

He remained two days at Blair, during which he was joined by Lord Nairn and several other gentlemen of the country. Sending forward this nobleman, along with Lochiel and four hundred men, to proclaim him at Dunkeld, he proceeded down the Blair or Plain of Athole on the 2d of September, and spent that evening in Lord Nairn's house, between Dunkeld and Perth. He arrived next afternoon at the last mentioned town, where his proclamations had been made on the morning of the same day by the advanced party.

When Charles entered Perth, he wore a magnificent dress of tartan trimmed with gold, which at once set off his fine person, and received dignity from his princely aspect. He was accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Oliphant of Gask, and Mercer of Aldie, who had joined him as he passed through their estates. The people, dazzled by his appearance, hailed him with loud acclamations, and conducted him in a sort of triumph towards the lodgings which had been prepared for him in the house of a Jacobite nobleman. This was the first town of consequence which Charles had yet arrived at, and he had every reason to be satisfied with his reception, although, we believe, the magistrates had thought it necessary to leave their charge, and disappear on the preceding evening. The inhabitants of this ancient and beautiful little city were strongly disposed to regard Charles with affection, from the influence of local association. He reminded them of his father, who had here held his court thirty years before—of Charles the Second, who had spent a considerable time with them during his attempts to recover the kingdom in 1650-1,—of James the Sixth, who had so strongly patronized their town as to become its provost,—and, finally, of that long and interminable line of monarchs, who had been crowned in the neighbouring palace of Scone, and even rendered this their capital. Thinking of the many courtly scenes which this prince's ancestors had occasioned in their city and its neighbourhood, they could scarcely but regard with satisfaction, one who seemed designed to restore all these glories so long passed away. There was a public fair in Perth on the day of the prince's entry; and many persons from different parts of the country were there to join in the astonishment and partial rapture with which this singular scene was contemplated.

The house appropriated for Charles's residence was that of the Viscount of Stormont, elder brother to Lord Mansfield—the representative of an avowedly Jacobitical family, but one of those who were content to confine the expression of their political feelings to words. He was absent on the present occasion; but such was the reception which his family thought fit to give the prince, that one of his sisters is credibly said to have spread down a bed for his royal highness with her own fair hands.

The reinforcements which Charles received at Perth and its neighbourhood, were very considerable. He had already received the Duke of Perth, with a regiment formed of his grace's tenants, together with the tenants of Lord Nairn, and the Laids of Gask and Aldie. The Robertsons of Struan, Blairfrity, and Cushievale; the Stuarts who inhabited the uplands of Perthshire; and many of the tenants of the Duke of Athole, raised by the Marquis of Tullibardine, now poured themselves into the tide of insurrection. In raising these men, considerable difficulties were experienced by their chiefs and landlords, the spirit of Jacobitism being here apparently tinged a good deal with Whiggery. The Duke of Perth, having ordered his tenants to contribute a man for every plough, it is said, though with extremely little probability, was obliged to shoot one refractory person, in order to enforce his orders amongst the rest. Tullibardine, from the equivocal nature of his title, found still greater difficulty in raising the tenants upon those estates which he conceived his own. But, perhaps, no one experienced so much difficulty in his levies, as the good Laird of Gask, though he was, at the same time, perhaps, the person of

all others most anxious to provide men for the service of his beloved prince. This enthusiastic Jacobite was, it seems, so extremely incensed at the resistance he received from some of his tenants, that he actually laid an arrestment or inhibition upon their corn fields, in order to see if their interest would not oblige them to comply with his request. The case was still at issue when Charles, in marching from Perth, observed the corn hanging dead ripe, and sagerly inquired the reason. He was informed that Gask had not only prohibited his tenants from cutting their grain, but would not permit their cattle to be fed upon it, so that these creatures were absolutely starving. Shocked at what he heard, he leaped from the saddle, exclaiming, "This will never do," and began to gather a quantity of the corn. Giving this to his horse, he said to those that were by, that he had thus broken Gask's inhibition, and the farmers might now, upon his authority, proceed to put the produce of their fields to its proper use.

When Charles entered Perth, it is said that he had only a single guinea in his pocket. During his march hitherto, he had freely given his chiefs what sums they thought necessary for the subsistence of the men; and his purse was now exhausted at the very moment when it was fortunately in his power to replenish it. By sending detachments of his men to Dundee, and various other towns at no great distance, he raised a good deal of public money; and several of his Edinburgh friends now came in with smaller but less reluctant subsidies. From the city of Perth he exacted five hundred pounds.

A circumstance occurred during the negotiations about this last contribution, which, though perhaps too ludicrous for the pages of history, may be worth preserving as a curious illustration of the ignorance of the Highlanders at this period, regarding the affairs of civilized life. Before achieving the subsidy, Charles, finding it necessary to use his own personal influence with the civic rulers, went to the house of a particular bailie, attended by a single mountaineer. He immediately entered into a conference with the worthy magistrate, who happened, besides a stately old fashioned "*stand of claithe*," as a full suit was then called, to wear a remarkably voluminous, dignified, and well-powdered periwig. On observing this grand ornament on the head of the bailie, and seeing the prince at the same time wearing his own pale unostentatious locks, it struck the mind of the poor Highlander, that there was something intolerably inappropriate in the respective appearances of the two heads. He could have borne to see the prince's head covered by only the simple ornament supplied by nature, provided that there was no possibility of improving the case; but when he saw the head of an inferior person—a mere bailie, decorated with something so much finer, and to which it had not nearly so good a title, he could not possibly restrain his loyal indignation. Going up to the magistrate, therefore, he deliberately lifted off his wig before the poor gentleman was aware, and muttering that "it was a shame to see a like o' her, clarty thing, wearing sic a braw hap, when t' vera prince herself had naething on ava," fairly transferred it to his royal highness, on whose head he proceeded to adjust it with great care and apparent reverence. The magistrate, of course, stormed like a fury at the insult offered to his dignity, and even Charles himself could not help expressing some uneasiness; but it was a good while ere the sturdy advocate for appropriate ornaments would permit the wig to be removed from its owner *de jure* and restored to its proprietor *de facto*.

Perhaps the most important accession to his force which Charles received at Perth, was that of Lord George Murray, whom his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine brought down from Athole the day after the army entered the city. This gentleman was advanced to middle age, and had been out in the year 1715. Having served abroad since, in the king's service, he possessed considerable military experience; but his talents and enterprising character were such as to render knowledge of his profession comparatively a matter of secondary moment. Charles had so much confidence in his abilities, as immediately to make him Lieutenant-general of his army; a trust for which, great as it was, he soon proved himself admirably qualified.

Charles was compelled to stay no less than eight days at Perth, by the double necessity of providing himself with money and gathering the Perthshire clans together. He did not, however, spend his time in vain. He seized this opportunity of reducing the ill-assorted elements of his army to some sort of order, and exerted himself to get the men instructed in the various evolutions of military discipline. The sturdy mountaineers were, as may be easily imagined, somewhat intractable; displaying great inaptitude in the conventional rules by which a whole body is to be governed, though at the same time

every individual evinced a readiness and dexterity in the use of his own arms far beyond what is seen in ordinary soldiers. At a grand review, which he held on the common to the north of the town (September 7th), Charles was observed to smile occasionally at the awkwardness of their general motions; at the same time, he complimented their appearance as individuals, by calling them "*his Stags*,"—that is, his colts,—an appellation which marked his admiration of the strength and wild elegance of their persons.

It would almost appear that Charles occupied himself so closely in business, while at Perth, as to have little time for amusement. Not only did he make a point of rising early every morning, to drill his troops, but it is recorded of him that, being one night invited to a grand ball by the gentlewomen of Perth, he had no sooner danced one measure, than he made his bow and hastily withdrew, alleging the necessity of visiting his sentry-posts. This ungallant act, so opposite to his usual policy of ingratiating himself with all sorts of people, if not also to his own inclinations, can be ascribed to nothing but his sense of the importance of his military duties, to which he thought that all others should be for the present postponed. He is said to have given general offence to the ladies by the shortness of his stay at their entertainment.

We are enabled, from a newspaper of the time, to state, that he attended divine service on Sunday the 8th of September; when a Mr. Armstrong, probably a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, preached from the very apposite text (Isaiah, xiv. 12),—"For the Lord will have mercy upon Jacob, and will yet loose Israel, and set them in their own land: and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them and bring them to their place; and the house of Israel shall possess them, in the land of the Lord, for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captives whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors."

Many of the strangers whom Charles found at Perth attending the fair, procured passports from him, to protect their persons and goods in passing through the country. To all these persons he displayed great courteousness of manner. One of them, a linen-draper from London, had some conversation with his royal highness, and was desired to inform his fellow-citizens, that he expected to see them at St. James's in the course of two months.

CHAPTER VII.

ALARM OF EDINBURGH.

Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!
King John.

Can you think to front your enemies' revenges with the easy groans of old women—the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the paled intercession of such a weak dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire of your city with such weak breath as this?—*Coriolanus*.

For upwards of a week after Cope's march into the Highlands, the people of Edinburgh had felt all the anxiety which people usually entertain regarding an impending action; but as yet they expressed very little alarm about their own particular safety. The common talk of the day was, that that commander would soon "cock up the Pretender's beayer,"—that he would speedily "give a good account of the Highland host,"—that he would soon "read the riot act to them;" and other vauntings, indicating all the confidence of security. To speak in another strain was considered treason. Happily, prudence joined with inclination, on the part of the Jacobites, to keep this tone of the public mind undisturbed. They knew it to be Charles's wish that the low countries, and also the government, should be as little alarmed as possible by his proceedings. They, therefore, conspired with the zealous whigs to spread a general impression of his weakness.

The better to lull the town, and consequently the whole nation, into security, Charles, or some of his officers, thought proper to despatch a person of credit and good repute from their camp in Lochaber, with a report calculated to increase this dangerous confidence. They selected for this purpose James Drummond, or Macgregor, son to the celebrated Rob Roy, a man not of the purest character, but who seemed eligible on account of his address, and because he was a good deal in the confidence of the whig party. By way of making himself as useful as possible, Drummond volunteered at the same time to carry with him to Edinburgh, copies of all the prince's proclamations and manifestoes, which he thought he should easily be able to get printed there, and disseminated among the friends of the cause. He reached Edin-

burgh on the 26th, and being immediately admitted to the presence of all the high civil and civic officers, reported that the Highlanders, when he left them a day or two ago, were not above fifteen hundred strong at most. So far as he could judge of them, he said, they would run at the first onset of the royal army, being chiefly old men and boys, and moreover all very ill armed. When he had performed this part of his duty, he lost no time in settling about the other. His papers were printed by one Drummond, a zealous Jacobite; and so speedily did they become prevalent throughout the town, that the magistrates were obliged, within three or four days after the arrival of this faithful messenger, to issue a proclamation, offering a high reward for the discovery of the printer.

Drummond's report, though partially successful in assuring the citizens, who immediately learned it through the newspapers, was not so completely effective with the public authorities as to prevent them from taking a measure next day, which they had for some time contemplated—that of applying to the king for permission to raise a regiment, to be paid by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, with which they might at once defend their property and advance his majesty's interests, in case of the town being attacked. Their previous security, however, got about this time a slight filip, from a piece of intelligence brought to town by a Highland street-porter, who had been visiting his friends in the north. This man had the honesty to declare, that, when he saw the insurgents in Lochaber, their camp was as long as the space between Leith and the Calton Hill (at least a mile); a local illustration, which inspired a much more respectful idea of the chevalier's forces than any they had yet entertained.

It was not, however, till the 31st of August that the alarm of the city of Edinburgh assumed a truly serious complexion. On that day, news came of Cope's evasion of the Highland forces at Dalwhinnie, and of the consequent march of the chevalier upon the low country. The citizens had previously looked upon the insurrection as but a more formidable sort of riot, which would soon be quelled, and no more heard of; but when they saw that a regular army had found it necessary to decline fighting with the insurgents, and that they were determined to disturb the open country, it began to be looked upon as a much more serious light. The finishing stroke was given to their alarm next day (Sunday the 1st of September,) by the Duke of Athole coming suddenly to town on his way from Blair, which, as already mentioned, he had been compelled to leave on the approach of the Highlanders. It was reported at the time, that his grace had been compelled to take this step with greater precipitation than would have otherwise been necessary, by receiving a letter from his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, calling upon him to deliver up the house and estate which he had so long possessed unjustly. But the venerable Ruddiman, who gave currency to this rumour, by means of his paper, the Caledonian Mercury, was obliged, during the same week, to acknowledge it false, beg the duke's pardon, and pay a fine of two guineas, besides being imprisoned for two days.

When the alarm became thus strong, the friends of government began to make serious preparations for the defence of the capital. A series of transactions then commenced in the city, the most ridiculous perhaps that ever took place in any town under similar circumstances. Edinburgh, as may be well known to many of our readers, was then, and for twenty years afterwards, the strange castellated old city which it had been for centuries, but of which it is now so violently the reverse.

"Piled deep and massive, close and high,"

as one of its poets has expressed its appearance, and chiefly situated upon a steep and isolated hill, it was partly surrounded by a wall, and partly by a lake; defences of great antiquity, but which had never been put to the proof. To add to its natural weakness, part of the wall was overlooked by lines of lofty houses, forming the suburbs, while the lake was fordable in many places. Any attempt to fortify and hold out such a place seems to have been from the first imprudent. Even though its walls could have kept out the Highlanders, the inhabitants could have been immediately starved into terms, by the want of water and bread, both of which articles must be supplied from without; or the enemy could have threatened to burn the valuable suburb of the Canongate before their face, and perhaps even succeeded in setting fire to the town itself.

The honour of the city was destined to become a sacrifice on the present occasion, to the accursed demon of burgh politics, or, in other words, to the intrigues of the municipal government. The existing magistracy, with

Provost Archibald Stewart at its head, was of a decidedly jacobitical complexion. Opposed to them in the affections of the populace, were the materials of a whig magistracy, who had been excluded from power for five years, and at whose head was Ex-Provost George Drummond, a man of ardent and commanding genius, who had fought in behalf of government at Sheriffmuir. The time was approaching when, according to the custom of the burgh, a new election of magistrates should take place; and the whigs, to ingratiate themselves with the electors, resolved to display all their zeal in attempting to defend the town.

Along with this laudable object, the whigs had another in view, by following out their particular line of conduct. They found it possible thus to annoy in many ways the retiring magistracy, and moreover to cast discredit upon them in the eyes of the people. "Defend the town," or "not defend the town," became, indeed, a sort of test to try a man's political prepossessions. All who showed activity or zeal in behalf of the first measure, were esteemed loyal subjects and good citizens; all who started any difficulties, were maltreated as papists and jacobites. The whigs thus went on for a week or two, making what seemed strenuous attempts to defend the town; till it at last fell under an accumulated load of futile pretension and unfulfilled bravado—a laughing-stock to the whole of Britain.

The issue of this affair having had no influence upon the general movements of the insurrection, there is very little necessity for entering at large into its contemptible details. Yet, as these present some curious facts and may serve to amuse our readers, we shall pay the same attention to this episodic part of our history which is paid to it in most works of the kind. It will in the first place be necessary to consider the actual means which remained, since Cope's march northward, for defending the Low country.

The whole of the regular forces in the south of Scotland, at this juncture, consisted in two regiments of dragoons, Hamilton's at Edinburgh, and Gardiner's at Stirling, both of which were, like the infantry now at Inverness, the youngest regiments of their kind in the king's army. Besides these, there were several companies of men, chiefly invalids, appointed to garrison the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton; but as it was thought necessary, on the present occasion, to keep these fortresses in as high a state of defence as possible, none of course could be spared to augment the force upon the field. In Edinburgh, there was a body of military police, or *gens-d'armes*, called the Town-guard, generally amounting to ninety-six men, but now increased to an hundred and twenty-six: these were for the most part elderly men, and such as had never been active soldiers; but they had the merit of being pretty well disciplined. There was another, and much more numerous body of militia connected with the city, called the Trained Bands, the members of which, exceeding a thousand in number, were ordinary citizens possessed of uniforms, in which they appeared once a year to crack off their antique pieces in honour of the king's birth-day, but which none of them had adopted with the prospect of ever becoming active soldiers, or indeed with any other view than that of enjoying the civic dinner which was given to them on that joyous anniversary. The Trained Bands had, at their first institution in the reign of King James VI. worn defensive armour, and carried the long Scottish spear; but in these degenerate days they only assumed a simple uniform, and were provided with a parcel of firelocks, so old as scarcely to be fit for service. To give the reader some idea of the military prowess of these citizen-soldiers, we may mention a fact which has been recorded in a pamphlet of the day, supposed to have been written by David Hume. The author of this tract, when a boy, used to see them drawn up on the High street, to honour the natal day of Britain's majesty; on which occasions, he affirms, it was common for any one who was bolder than the rest, or who wished to give himself airs before his wife or his mistress, to fire off his piece in the street, without authority of his officers; and, "I always observed," says the pamphleteer, "they took care to shut their eyes before venturing on that military exploit;" though he immediately afterwards remarks in a note, their fear was perhaps better grounded than he imagined, seeing that their firelocks were in danger every time of bursting about their ears.

To increase this contemptible force, the whig party had instigated the magistrates, as already mentioned, to raise a regiment, which was to be paid by public subscription. The royal permission was not procured for this purpose till the 9th of September; on which day, a subscription paper was laid before the citizens, and a drum sent through town and country to enlist men. In

ordinary cases, we believe, men seldom yield to the solicitations of recruiting-sergeants for the direct purpose of fighting a dreadful battle on the succeeding week; on the contrary, men generally enlist when they have taken a disgust at all other employments, and when they have but a remote prospect of entering into active warfare. As may be easily imagined, more fortune than life was volunteered on the present occasion. The subscription paper filled almost immediately; but, after a week, only about two hundred men had been procured.

Besides this force, which was dignified with the name of the Edinburgh Regiment, a number of the loyal inhabitants associated themselves as volunteers into a separate band or regiment, for which four hundred were eventually collected. The discipline of all those men was wretched, or rather they had no discipline at all. The members of the Edinburgh regiment were in general desperate persons, to whom the promised pay was a temptation, and who cared nothing for the cause in which they were engaged. The volunteers, on the other hand, were all decent tradesmen, or youths drawn from the counter and the desk, inspired no doubt with a love of liberty and the Protestant religion; but, like all militia whatever, and especially all militia drawn from comfortable shops and drawing-rooms, utterly incapable of fighting.

One circumstance may here be mentioned, which seems to have had a great effect in determining the subsequent events—we mean, the ignorance which prevailed in the Lowlands regarding the real character of the insurgents. The people were indeed aware that there existed, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men living each under the rule of its own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the most ordinary and peaceful avocations. They occasionally saw specimens of these following the droves of black cattle which were the sole exportable commodity of their country—plaided, bonnetted, belted, and brogued—and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their immediate neighbours, they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance; by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute or protection money which they exacted from those whose possessions they spared. Yet it might be generally said that little was known of them either in the Lowlands of Scotland or in England, and that the little which was known, was only calculated to inspire sensations of fear and dislike. The idea, therefore, that a band of wild Highlanders, as they were called, were descending to work their will upon the peaceful inhabitants of the plains, occasioned a consternation on the present occasion, such as it is difficult now to conceive, but which must have proved very fatal to the wish which the friends of government entertained of defending the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES'S MARCH UPON EDINBURGH.

Fr. Her. Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in:

King John.

Having recruited both his purse and his muster roll, and done something towards the organization and discipline of his army, Charles left Perth on Wednesday, the 11th of September. The direct road from Perth to Edinburgh, was by the well-known passage across the Frith of Forth, called the Queen's Ferry, and the cities were little more than forty miles distant from each other. But as all the boats upon that estuary had been carefully brought to the south side, and as he could not have passed at any rate, without being exposed to the fire of a war-vessel lying in the Frith, as well as to the attack of Gardiner's dragoons, which awaited his approach, he was obliged to take a more circuitous and safe route by a fordable part of the river above Stirling. Marching therefore to Dunblane, he was joined upon the way by sixty of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, in addition to as many more who had previously come to his standard; and by forty MacGregors, the retainers of MacGregor of Glencairn, who had deputed their command to James Mor MacGregor or Drummond, the same person who did the service at Edinburgh which we have just mentioned.

The prince remained a day at Dunblane, waiting till a portion of his army, which he had left at Perth, should come up to join the main body. The whole encamped that night about a mile to the south of Dunblane.

Charles proceeded on Friday, the 15th, towards the Fords of the Frew. He passed by Doune, where an in-

cident occurred, which showed that he was at least the elected sovereign of the ladies of Scotland. At the house of Mr. Edmondstone of Cambus, in the neighbourhood of Doune, all the gontlewomen of Monteith had assembled to see him pass; and he was invited to stop and partake of some refreshment. He stopped before the house, and, without alighting from his horse, drank a glass of wine to the healths of all the fair ladies present. The Misses Edmondstone, daughters to the host, acted on this occasion as servitresses, glad to find an opportunity of approaching a person of whom they had heard so much; and, when Charles had drunk his wine, and restored his glass to the plate which they held for him, they begged, in respectful terms, the honour of kissing his royal highness's hand. This favour he granted with his usual grace, and also a still higher one which was asked by another lady present. This was Miss Clementina Edmondstone, cousin of the other young ladies, who was on a visit at Doune, and who, "with heart and good will," as she expressed it, joined them in performing service to the chevalier. Miss Clementina, when she saw the rest all kissing the prince's hand, thought it would be a much more satisfactory taste of royalty to kiss his lips, and she accordingly made bold to ask permission "to preë his royal highness's mou." Charles did not at first understand her homely language, but it was no sooner explained to him than he took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her fair and blushing face from ear to ear; to the no small vexation, it is added, of the other ladies, who had contented themselves with a less liberal share of princely grace.

At this period of his career, Charles lost an expected adherent in a mysterious manner. Stewart of Glenbuckie, the head of a small sept of that family in Balquhider, and MacGregor of Glencairn, chief of his ancient and famous clan, were both passing Leny House, (above Callander,) with their respective followings, to join the prince, when Mr. Buchanan of Arnprior, proprietor of the house, came out and invited the two gentlemen in to spend the night. Glencairn positively refused to stop, and marched on with his retainers; but Glenbuckie consented to accept of Arnprior's hospitality. He supped with his host, apparently in good spirits, and was in due time conducted to his bed-room. During the night, a pistol shot was heard; and it was given out next morning that Glenbuckie had put an end to his own life. Whether he really did so, or whether Arnprior pistoled him in a quarrel, immediately became a matter of public discussion; but was destined never to be clearly ascertained; for, Arnprior afterwards joining the prince himself, and being executed at Carlisle, the affair was never made the subject of judicial inquiry. It remains to this day, and will ever remain one of those *questiones verate*, which are less indebted for interest to their importance, than to their mysteriousness and the impossibility of concluding upon them. Glenbuckie's men took up the corpse of their master, carried it home to their own glen, and did not afterwards join the prince.

The Ford of the Frew, by which Charles had to cross the Forth, was a shallow part of the river, formed by the debouche of the Boquhan Water, about eight miles above Stirling. It was expected that Gardiner's dragoons would attempt to dispute the passage with the Highlanders; but those doubtful heroes, who had hitherto talked of cutting the whole host in pieces as soon as it approached the Lowlands, now thought proper to retire upon Stirling. Charles, therefore, found no opposition to prevent him from taking this decisive and intrepid step, which was, every thing considered, much the same to him as the passage of the Rubicon had been to Cæsar. Hitherto, he had only been in the *Highlands*—in a lawless land of romance, where deeds of wonderful enterprise were things of daily occurrence and little consideration; but he was now about to enter the Lowlands, a country where deeds of that sort had been unknown for a century past, and where he must necessarily excite more deadly and general hostility. Hitherto, he had been in a land where the Highlanders had a natural advantage over any troops which might be sent to oppose them; but he was now come to the frontier of a country where, if they fought at all, they must fight on equal, or perhaps inferior terms. This was truly the point where his enterprise assumed its most dangerous aspect: it was a crisis of great and agitating moment. The adventurer's heart was, however, screwed up to every contingency of danger. Some of his officers had just questioned the propriety of venturing into a country so open and so hostile, and various less decisive measures were proposed and warmly advocated. But Charles was resolved to peril his whole cause upon one stake—in other words, to make promptitude and audacity his sole tactics and counsellors. On coming,

therefore, to the brink of the river, he drew his sword, flourished it in the air, and pointing to the other side, rushed into the stream with an air of the highest resolution. The river having been somewhat reduced by a course of dry weather, he found no difficulty in wading across. When he reached the opposite side, he stood upon the bank, and congratulated every successive detachment as it reached the land.

Charles dined in the afternoon of this memorable day at Leckie House, the seat of a Jacobite gentleman named Moir, who had been seized on the preceding night in his bed, and hurried to Stirling Castle by the dragoons, on suspicion that he was preparing to entertain the chevalier. The remainder of this day's march was in a direction due south, to the Moor of Touch; and it was for a time uncertain whether Charles designed to attack Edinburgh or Glasgow. The latter presented great temptations on account of its being unprotected, and quite as wealthy as Edinburgh; and Charles had sufficient reason to owe it a grudge, on account of its zeal against his family on all occasions when zeal could be displayed. But the *eclat* of seizing the seat of government, and the assurance of his Edinburgh friends that he would easily be able to do so, proved decisive in confirming his own original wishes to that effect. He, however, sent off a detachment to demand a subsidy of fifteen thousand pounds from the commercial capital.*

The Highland army moved eastward next day, fetching a compass to the south of Stirling, in order to avoid the castle guns. Meanwhile, Colonel Gardiner, who had retreated from Stirling the preceding night, continued to retire before them, designing to fall back upon the other regiment, which was now lying at Edinburgh. In this day's march, the prince passed over the field of Bannockburn, where his illustrious ancestor Bruce gained the greatest victory that adorns the Scottish annals. The emotions of pride with which he beheld this scene, were disturbed by a few shots from the castle, which broke ground near him, but without doing any mischief. A Highlander in attendance upon his person, displayed his sense of what he considered so grievous an insult upon his prince, by turning about, and firing a horse-pistol at the doughty fortress.

Charles spent the night succeeding this brief day's march in Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Patterson, a gentleman attached in the most enthusiastic manner to his cause. His army lay upon the neighbouring field of Sauchie, where King James III. in 1488, was defeated and slain by his rebellious subjects. From this place he sent a message to the magistrates of Stirling, who submitted to him, and sent out the provisions he demanded.

On the 15th, Charles proceeded to Falkirk, where his army lay all night among some broom to the east of Calander House. He himself lodged in that mansion, where he was kindly entertained, and assured of faithful service by the Earl of Kilmarnock. His lordship in-

forming Charles that Gardiner's dragoons intended next day to dispute the passage of Linlithgow bridge, Charles despatched a band of nine hundred well armed Highlanders to attack him, who, without delay, marched during the night on this expedition; but the dragoons did not wait to come to blows. They retired precipitately to Kirkliston, eight miles nearer Edinburgh; and the Highlanders entered Linlithgow without disturbance before break of day.

Charles brought up the remainder of the army to Linlithgow, about ten o'clock that forenoon, when he was only sixteen miles from Edinburgh. It was Sunday, and the people were about to attend the common ordinances of religion in their ancient church. But the arrival of so distinguished a visitor suspended their pious duties for at least one day. Linlithgow, perhaps on account of its having been so long a seat of Scottish royalty, was a decidedly Jacobite town; and on the present occasion, it is said that even some of the magistrates could not restrain their loyal enthusiasm. Charles was conducted in triumph to the palace of his ancestors, where a splendid entertainment was prepared for him by Mrs. Gordon, the *keeper*, who, in honour of Charles's visit, set the palace-well flowing with wine, of which she invited all the respectable inhabitants of the burgh to partake. The prince mingled in their festivities with his usual grace; and such another Sunday was perhaps never spent by the good burghers of Linlithgow.

The Highland army, at four o'clock in the afternoon marched to a rising ground between three and four miles to the eastward, (near the twelfth mile stone from Edinburgh,) where they bivouacked, while the prince slept in a neighbouring house. They proceeded next morning, (Monday the 17th,) towards Edinburgh, from which they were now distant only four hours' march.

On reaching Corstorphine, Charles thought proper, in order to avoid the guns of Edinburgh castle, to strike off into a by-road leading in a southerly direction towards the little village of Slateford. His men there bivouacked for the night in a field called Gray's Park, which at that time bore a crop of peas nearly ripe. The tradition of Slateford records, that the proprietor of the ground applied to Charles at his lodgings for some indemnification for the loss of his crop. He was asked, if he would take the Prince Regent's bill for the sum, to be paid whenever the troubles of the country should be concluded. The man hesitated at the name of the Prince Regent, and said he would prefer a bill from some *here-awa* person,—(that is to say, some native of Scotland,) whom he knew. Charles laughed heartily at his caution, and asked if he would take the name of the Duke of Perth, who was his countryman, and at the same time a more creditable man than he could pretend to be. The rustic accepted a promissory note from the duke.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Anglers, open your gates;
Let in that amity which you have made.

King John.

The delay of the Highland army at Perth, and the daily expectation of being relieved by Sir John Cope, for a time subdued the alarm which had been excited at Edinburgh by the first intelligence of Charles's descent upon the Lowlands. But when he set out from that city, and was understood to be marching upon Edinburgh, all the terrors of the citizens were renewed, at least of that part of them who looked upon the Highland army as a public enemy, or who conceived their entrance into the city as inconsistent with the safety of private property. On the other hand, the Jacobite part of the population openly exulted at the news of every successive day's march which Charles made towards the city.

The conflicting ferment into which the passions of all ranks of people were thrown by the course of public events, was now increased in a great degree by another agitating matter—the election of heads of incorporations, which began to take place on the tenth of September, preparatory to the nomination of the magistrates. All the reptiles who are in the habit of interesting themselves in these transactions, then became involved in the contemptible details of burghal polity; and, while the great question agitating the British empire was, "Who should be king?" that which chiefly occupied the attention of the tradesmen of Edinburgh was, "Who shall be deacon?" To such a height was this madness carried, that the magistrates at length were obliged to discontinue the repairs which they were making upon the city walls, because it was impossible to get workmen to attend to their respective occupations. In the all-pervading, all-engrossing

subject of burgh-politics, every nobler and more urgent purpose was forgotten. Their convener, or chief master, had for some days fixed upon the steeple of St. Giles's the ancient banner which his predecessor in office is said to have planted upon the walls of Jerusalem, thus emblematically calling upon all his subjects, or rather, it is said, upon the whole of the tradesmen in Scotland, to rally round him, and repel the common danger; but the "unwashed artificers" of this generation had no inclination to go upon a crusade against Prince Charlie, and the blue folds of their standard flaunted as vainly from the spire of the cathedral, as if it had been a real instead of a metaphorical blanket, swinging upon a dyer's pole.

Sir John Cope had sent one of his captains from Inverness early in the month, to order a number of transports to sail from Leith to Aberdeen, in which he might bring back his men to the shores of Lottian. These vessels sailed on the 10th, escorted by a ship of war; and, as the weather was excellent, they were expected to return very soon with an army of relief. From that day, the people of Edinburgh, according to Mr. Home, were continually looking up with anxiety to the vane and weathercocks, watching the direction of the wind.

As no certain dependence could be placed on Cope's arrival, the Whigs did not, in the mean time, neglect in aught the training of the militia we have described. Drills took place twice a day, of a nature which seemed designed to make up in intensity what was wanted in time. MacLaurin, moreover, the celebrated mathematician, exerted all his faculties in completing the works of defence which he had designed; and the walls began to bristle with old pieces of cannon, which had been hastily collected from the country around. The various gates or ports of the town were all strongly barricaded, and a guard appointed to each.

No incident of importance occurred at Edinburgh till Sunday the 15th, when a false alarm reaching the city, that the insurgents were advanced within eight miles, it was proposed that Hamilton's and Gardiner's regiments of dragoons should make a stand at Corstorphine, supported by a body of infantry composed of the volunteers and town guard. The utter imbecility of these wretched citizen soldiers was now shown in all its ridiculous reality.

Public worship had commenced on this day at the usual hour of ten, and the ministers were all preaching with swords by their sides, when the fire bell was rung as a signal of approaching danger, and the churches were instantly deserted by their congregations. The people found the volunteers ranked up in the Lawnmarket, preparatory to marching out of town; and immediately after, Hamilton's dragoons rode up the street, on their way from Leith to Corstorphine. These heroes clashed their swords against each other as they rode along, and displayed by their language the highest symptoms of courage. The volunteers, put into heart by their formidable appearance, uttered a hearty huzza, and the people threw up their hats in the air. But an end was soon put to this temporary affectation of bravery. The mothers and sisters of the volunteers began to take the alarm at seeing them about to march out to battle, and, with tears, cries, and tender embraces, implored them not to hazard their precious lives. Even their male relations saw fit to advise them against so dangerous a measure, which they said staked their valuable persons against the worthless carcasses of a parcel of brutes. That these remonstrances were by no means unsuccessful, was speedily shown by the result. An order being given to march after the dragoons, Captain Ex-Provost Drummond, who stood at the head of the regiment, led off his company down the West Bow, towards the West Port, expecting all the rest to follow in their order. What was this gentleman's astonishment, on reaching the gate, to find that, instead of being followed as he expected, only a few of his more immediate friends and most enthusiastic comrades had chosen to do him that honour! All the rest had either remained irresolute where they were in the Lawnmarket, or slipped down the various lanes which they passed in their brief march to the West Port. A city was afterwards compared their march to the course of the Rhine, which at one place is a majestic river flowing through fertile fields, but, being continually drawn off by little canals, at last becomes a small rivulet, and is almost lost in the sand before reaching the ocean.

When Drummond found himself so poorly attended, he sent back a lieutenant to know what had detained the regiment. Out of all who were still standing in the Lawnmarket, this gentleman found an hundred and forty-one, who still retained some sense of either shame or courage, and expressed themselves willing to

* The conduct of the insurgent army, on first entering the Lowlands, is minutely and strikingly portrayed by Dougal Graham, the metrical historian of the Forty-five, who seems to have been present and observed their proceedings. The reader will learn with astonishment, that young Lochiel, with all his amiable qualities, could be guilty of shooting one of his clan; a fact highly illustrative of the power of these petty sovereigns over their people.

"Here for a space they took a rest,
And had refreshment of the best
The country round them could afford,
Though many found but empty board.
As sheep and cattle were drove away,
Yet hungry men sought for their prey;
Took milk and butter, kirk and cheese,
On all kinds of eatables they seize;
And he who could not get a share,
Sprang to the hills like dogs for hare;
There shot the sheep and made them fall,
Whirled off the skin, and that was all;
Struck up fires and boiled the flesh,
With salt and pepper did not fash,
This did enrage the Camerons' chief,
To see his men so play the thief;
And finding one into the act,
He fired and shot him through the back;
Then to the rest himself addressed,
'This is your lot, I do protest,
Who e'er amongst you wrongs a man,
Pay what you get, I tell you plain;
For yet we know not friend or foe,
Nor how all things may chance to go."

march. The lieutenant brought these down to the West Port, where, being added to the town guard and the half-bred subscription regiment, they made up a body of three hundred and sixty-three men, besides officers.

Even this insignificant band was destined to be still further reduced before making a movement against the approaching danger. As they were standing within the West Port, before setting out, Dr. Wishart, a clergyman of the city, and principal of the college, came down with several other clergymen, and conjured the volunteers to remain within the walls, and reserve themselves for the defence of the city. The words of the reverend man appealed directly to the sentiments of the persons addressed; and, though some affected a courage which could listen to no proposals of peace, by far the greater part would have gladly obeyed the doctor's behest. Happily, their manhood was saved the shame of a direct and point-blank retreat, by a circumstance which took place just at this time. Drummond having sent a message to the provost, bearing, that unless he gave his final permission for their march, they should not proceed, they were gratified with an answer, in which the provost congratulated them upon their resolution not to march; on which Drummond who had made all this show of zeal for the meanest of purposes, withdrew with the air of a man who is balked by malice in a design for the public service; and all the rest of the volunteers dispersed except a few, chiefly hot-headed college youths, who resolved to continue in arms till the end of the war.* Meanwhile the town guard and Edinburgh regiment, in number an hundred and eighty men, marched out, by order of the provost, to support the dragoons at Corstorphine; being the whole force which the capital of Scotland found it possible on this occasion to present against its formidable enemy.

The night succeeding this disgraceful day was spent without disturbance. The walls of the city were guarded by six or seven hundred men, consisting of trained bands, volunteers, and tenants of the Duke of Buccleugh, who had been sent by that nobleman to assist in defending the town. Some of those watchmen were not relieved for twenty-four hours; and as we learn from a newspaper of the period, that the magistrates had restricted them during the night to a "single chopin of ale," the nature of the service may be conjectured as having been by no means very agreeable. The grandfather of a citizen of Edinburgh now living, is said by his descendant to have been so much exhausted by a long course of vigils at the door of the council chamber, that he was obliged at last to lay down his musket, and go home to his house in the Grassmarket for a refreshment.

During the course of this night the two regiments of dragoons retired to a field betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and the infantry entered the city. Brigadier General Fowkes arrived on the same night from London, in order to take the command of this little army of protection. He did so next morning; and by an order from General Guest, governor of the castle, marched out to Colt Bridge, a place two miles west of the city, where he was joined in the course of the forenoon by the civic troops.

A person who saw these unfortunate soldiers at their post, describes them as having been drawn up in the open field to the east of Colt Bridge, in the form of a crescent, with Colonel Gardiner at their head, who on account of his age and health, was muffled in a wide blue surcoat, with a handkerchief drawn round his hat and tied under his chin. The Edinburgh regiment and town guard he describes as looking extremely dismal; but certainly their hearts could not be fainter than those of the "bluff dragoons." The event was such as to show that nobody had escaped the panic of this momentous day.

On retreating the preceding night to their quarters between Edinburgh and Leith, the dragoons had left a small reconnoitring party at Corstorphine, which is about two miles in advance of Colt Bridge. It was with this party that the panic commenced. The insurgents observing them on their approach to Corstorphine, sent forward one or two of their number on horseback to take a view of them, and bring a report of their number. These wicked fellows riding up pretty near, thought proper to fire their pistols rather towards than at the party; and the poor dragoons immediately, in the greatest

alarm, wheeled about, without returning a shot, and retired upon the main body at Colt Bridge, to whom they communicated all their fears. It was immediately resolved by General Fowkes to make no further opposition to the rebels, whom he saw to be too strong to be resisted without some risk; and he accordingly issued the welcome order for a retreat. This motion was performed with the greatest good will by the various troops; and the Jacobite inhabitants of Edinburgh were immediately gratified with the sight of these cowards, all galloping as hard as they could, over the ground now occupied by the New Town on their way to the eastward.

A clamour immediately rose in the streets of Edinburgh, which, till, this period, had been crowded with anxious faces; and hundreds ran about, crying that it was madness to think of defending the town, after the dragoons had fled, and that if this measure was persisted in, "they should all be murdered!" A message from the Young Chevalier had previously been delivered to them, importing, that if they admitted him peaceably into the town, they should be civilly dealt with, but that resistance would subject them to all the pains of military usage; and the general cry now was, that the town should be surrendered. The provost, in returning from the West Port, where he had been giving orders, in consequence of the retreat of his militia, was assailed upon the street by multitudes of the alarmed inhabitants, and implored to call a meeting of the citizens, to determine what should be done. He consented with some reluctance to do so, or rather the people pressed so close around him and his council, in their chamber, that a meeting was constituted without his consent. He then sent for the officers of the crown, whose advice he wished to ask; but it was found, to the still greater consternation of the people, that all these gentlemen had deserted the city. The meeting was then adjourned to a larger place—the New Church aisle, where the question of "Defend, or not defend, the town," being put, by far the greater part of those present exclaimed in favour of the latter alternative, and all who attempted to urge the contrary measure were borne down by clamour. While the ferment was at its height, a letter was handed in from the door, addressed to the lord provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh. Deacon Orrick, a shoemaker, got this document into his hands, and announced that it was subscribed "Charles, P. R." On this the provost rose, and, saying he would not be present at the reading of such a letter, left the assembly. He was, however, prevailed upon, after some time, to return, and permit the letter to be read, when it was found to run as follows.

"From our Camp, 16th September, 1745.

"Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do; and in order to it, we hereby require you, on receipt of this, to summon the town council, and to take proper measures for securing the peace of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition, now in it (whether belonging to the public or to private persons,) to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the king and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved, at any rate, to enter the city; and in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

"CHARLES, P. R."

The tenor of this letter decided the meeting in their proposal for a capitulation; and deputies were immediately despatched to Slateford, where they understood Charles to have taken up his quarters for the night, with power to treat time for deliberation.

In the course of the afternoon, while the inhabitants were violently debating in the New Kirk aisle, a gentleman, whose person was not recognised by any one, rode up the West Bow upon a grey horse, and, rushing rapidly along the lines of the volunteers, where they were standing in the Lawnmarket, cried with a loud voice that he had seen the Highlanders, and they were sixteen thousand strong! Without stopping to be questioned, he was out of sight in a moment; but the impression he made upon the faint-hearted volunteers was decisive. Four companies immediately marched up to the Castle Hill, and surrendered their arms to General Guest, from whom they had received them; and their example was speedily followed by all the different bodies

of militia that had been supplied with arms from the castle magazine. When this transaction was completed, Edinburgh might be said to have virtually resigned all hope of defence, though the trained bands still continued upon the walls, with their rusty firelocks in their hands, and the gates were still barricaded.

Throughout all these scenes of civic pusillanimity, natural enough perhaps, but still ridiculous, if not disgraceful, there were not wanting instances of noble resolution and consistent loyalty. Mr. Joseph Williamson, an advocate (son to the celebrated *Mass David Williamson*, minister of the West Church of Edinburgh, during the tempestuous times of the last Charles and James,) who had been intrusted with the keys of the gates, on account of his office of town clerk, on being asked by the provost to deliver up his charge, absolutely refused to do so; and when commanded peremptorily by his lordship, implored that he might be permitted at least to escape over the walls, so as not to share in what he considered the general disgrace of the city.* A similar enthusiast, by name Dr. Stevenson, though he had long been bed-ridden through age and disease, sat for some days, as one of the guards at the Netherbow-port, in his arm chair!

The deputies, who had gone out in a carriage to Slateford at eight o'clock, returned at ten, with a letter from Charles, reiterating his demand to be peaceably admitted into the town, and pointing out, that his manifesto and his father's declaration were a sufficient guarantee for the protection of the city. By this time, the magistrates had been informed of the approach of General Cope's transports to Dunbar, (twenty-seven miles east from the city,) and felt disposed to hold out in the hope of speedy relief from a government army. With this view the deputies were sent back to Slateford about two o'clock in the morning, with an insidious petition for a little longer time; but the prince refused to admit them to his presence: and they were obliged to return without accomplishing their object.

Charles, during this anxious night, slept only two hours, and that without taking off his clothes. Finding that the inhabitants of Edinburgh were only amusing themselves at his expense, and afraid that the city would be soon relieved, he gave orders, at an early hour in the morning, for an attempt to take the city by surprise. The gentlemen whom he selected for this purpose were Lochiel, Keppoch, Ardschiel, and O'Sullivan; they were commanded to take the best armed of their respective parties, to the amount of about nine hundred, together with a barrel of powder, to blow up one of the gates if necessary. This band mustered upon the Borough Muir, by moon light, and reached the lower gate of the city, called the Netherbow, about five o'clock in the morning.

A fortuitous circumstance occurred at this moment, which spared the disagreeable necessity of using violence in entering the town. Just as the Highlanders reached the gate, it was opened by the guard within, in order to let out the hackney coach which had brought back the deputies from Slateford; all the hackney-coaches of Edinburgh being at that time kept in the Canongate, to which place this was now returning. No sooner did the portal open, than the Highlanders rushed in and took possession of the gate. Not knowing what resistance they might meet in the town, they had prepared themselves with sword and target to commence an immediate conflict, and they uttered one of those wild and terror striking yells with which they were in the habit of accompanying the onset on a day of pitched battle. But they were agreeably surprised to find the spacious street into which they had rushed, exhibit, instead of a serried host of foes, all the ordinary appearances which betoken a city buried in profound and universal repose. Only a few night-capped heads were here and there thrust hastily out of the lofty windows, evidently raised from their pillows by the appalling noise they had just heard. The daughter of one of these persons has described to us, from the recollection of her mother, the appearance of the Highlanders as they rushed up the street. They preserved their ranks in marching; but every individual expressed, by different gestures and cries, the sensations of his own mind on so momentous an occasion. The ferocious aspect which they had put on in expectation of fighting, was just changed to an expression of joy at the easy prize they had made; and many were laughing at the symptoms of surprise and alarm which they observed in the faces of the spectators. On so auspicious an occasion, the

* Williamson did go over the walls through the night, and was the first man to reach London with intelligence of the surrender of Edinburgh.

* A story is told of one John MacLure, a writing master, and knowing the irresolution of his fellow volunteers, and that they would never fight, assumed what the reviewer of Mr. Home's Works (Quar. Rev. No. 71) calls "a professional coarseness," namely, a quire of writing paper, upon which he wrote, "This is the body of John MacLure—pray give it a Christian burial."

bag pipes could not remain silent; the ancient echoes of the High Street therefore, sounded, as they marched, to the spirit stirring strains of the favourite Jacobite air, "We'll awa to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order."

The first thing that the Highlanders did in Edinburgh, was to seize the Guard-house, an ancient building in the centre of High Street, where they disarmed all the men whom they found upon duty. They then went to the different parts of the city, and also to all the posts upon the walls, and relieved the guards, as quietly, says Mr. Home, as one guard relieves another in the routine of duty on ordinary occasions. They fixed a strong guard at the head of the West Bow to cut off all communication between the city and the castle, using the Weigh-house as their court of guard; and the remainder of the body drew themselves up in two lines upon the street, to await the arrival of the army. When the inhabitants began to stir at their usual hour of rising, they found the government of the city completely transferred from the magistrates in the name of King George, to the Highlanders in the name of King James.

At the period of these memorable transactions, there were two newspapers regularly published at Edinburgh—the *Evening Courant* and the *Caledonian Mercury*. The former continued throughout all the subsequent campaign to express such violent hostility to the insurgents, that the editor was burnt in effigy, at Rome, on the 10th of June 1746, amongst the other festivities with which the birth-day of the old chevalier was there celebrated. The *Mercury*, on the contrary, was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that it was afterwards very much discountenanced and even persecuted by government. There is something quite amusing in the conduct of the *Courant* on the occasion of Charles's entry into Edinburgh. So long as the Highlanders were at a distance, the editor talks of them with the most dignified contempt. Even when they had pushed the length of Perth, he describes them as "a pitiful ignorant crew, good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their proceedings, but talking only of *Smashing, King James, la Rashant* (the Regent), *plunter*, and *new progues*." At every successive advance, however, which they made towards Edinburgh, and at every additional symptom of imbecility displayed by the protectors of the city, this tone is perceptibly decreased, till at last, in the number for Tuesday, September 17, it is altogether extinguished, and we only find a notice to the following effect: "By order of Mr. Murray of Broughton, Secretary. Since our last, the Prince, with his Highland army, has taken possession of this place; but we must refer you for particulars to our next." Our next, however, did not come out for a week, instead of appearing, as it ought to have done, at the distance of two days; and, during the whole stay of the prince at Edinburgh, the editor seems fain to say as little on either side as possible. The *Mercury*, which, as we have already mentioned, was then under the charge of Ruddiman, the distinguished grammarian, both talked with more respect of the Highland army when at a distance, and afterwards became more readily its organ of intelligence, than the *Courant*. In the first publication after the capture of Edinburgh, "affairs" are stated to have "taken a surprising turn in this city since yesterday, Highlanders and bag pipes being now as common in our street as formerly were dragoons and drums." Then follows an account of the taking of the city, concluding with a statement that "the Highlanders behave most civilly to the inhabitants, paying cheerfully for every thing they get," &c. Both papers are printed without the affix of a printer's or publisher's name; a circumstance which at once indicated their terror of government, and the compulsion under which the Highland army had laid them. They are also unstamped; because the stamp office, as well as the banks, and other public offices, had been removed into the castle before the army approached.

It remains to be stated, that Provost Archibald Stewart was afterwards apprehended, and, being confined for fourteen months, and only liberated on finding bail to the enormous amount of 15,000*l.*, tried by the High Court of Justiciary, upon an obsolete statute of the Scottish James II. "for neglect of duty and misbehaviour in the execution of his office." The trial, which took place in March 1747, lasted for two or three days, and was considered the most solemn ever witnessed in this country. He was acquitted by an unanimous jury. The vexations and disgrace to which this man was subjected, prove strongly the nature of the government of that time. Jacobite as he was, he had done every thing for

the defence of the city which his duty required, and he at last only yielded to a force which had dismayed a stronger body of regular soldiers than any he could pretend to muster. But, at any rate, even although he had resigned a city which *could* have held out a siege, what law of the land had he infringed? for what was he to be tried? The sense of the nation eventually compensated to him the persecution which he had suffered at the hands of government; for, afterwards setting up as a wine-merchant in London, he received so much encouragement from all ranks of people, that he soon acquired a fortune.

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE CHARLES'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold—

His amber coloured locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun;
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue;
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of his skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes—
Eyes that confounded him born for kingly away,
So fierce, they flashed intolerable day.

Palamon and Arcite.

Intelligence of the capture of Edinburgh having been conveyed to the prince, he prepared, at an early hour, to leave his lodgings in Slateford, and lead forward the remainder of his army. This march, though short, was not altogether free of danger; for he could see from his present position the flag of defiance flaunting on the battlements of the castle, and apparently daring him to venture within the scope of its guns. The eminent position of that fortress was such as to command nearly the whole country for miles around, and it was a matter of difficulty to discover a path which should conduct him to the city, without being exposed to its fire. Some of his train, however, by their acquaintance with the localities, enabled him to obviate this petty danger.

When the army was ready to march, Charles mounted his horse, and, attended by several of his principal officers, also on horseback, rode slowly through the street of the village. As soon as it was known that he had left his lodgings, the street became crowded with men, women, and children, all alike anxious to behold so singular a visitant. Tradition records, that, on this occasion, a poor old woman, who had not seen him the night before, rushed out of her house just as the cavalcade was passing, and exclaimed with eager curiosity, "Which is the prince? Which is the prince?"—anxious, it might be, to behold a person of whom she had heard so much. Charles, hearing the enquiry, and willing to gratify the curiosity of even so humble a person, opened his coat, and displayed before her eyes the star which marked his rank. The aged creature, impressed at once with admiration of his splendid figure, and awe for his supposed quality, shrunk back with an air of homage which strongly marked her feelings.

By the direction of his guides, Charles made a wide circuit to the south of Edinburgh, so as not only to maintain a respectful distance from the castle, but to keep some swelling grounds between, which completely screened him from its view. Debouching upon the open or turnpike road, near Morningside, and turning towards the city, he reached the *Buck Stone*, a solitary mass of granite by the way-side, on which his ancestor James the Fourth is said to have planted the lion standard of Scotland, for the muster of his army, immediately before its fatal march to Flodden. At that point, a sequestered and almost obsolete cross-road, marking the limits of the city liberties in that direction, turns off to the east, behind the eminence of Bruntsfield Links, which completely precludes the view of the city or castle; an ancient beech-shaded path, so little frequented as to be almost overgrown by grass and wild flowers, and whose secluded character was sufficiently attested by its being then a favourite evening walk of lovers from the city. Charles conducted his army along this road, and, soon after passing through the Causeway-side and Newington, entered the King's Park, near Priestfield, by a breach which had been made in the wall.

With what feelings Charles traversed this venerable domain, whose wild recesses had often sounded to the bugle-horn of his royal ancestors, it is impossible to conjecture. It must, however, have been a proud moment, when he thus found himself approaching the palace

where those from whom he derived his pretensions had so long held regal and unquestioned sway. He proceeded, accordingly, with all expedition, to possess himself of that ancient seat, which almost appeared symbolical of the object he came in quest of. Leaving his troops about noon, in the Hunter's Bog, a deep and sheltered valley between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, he rode forward with the Duke of Perth on one hand, and Lord Elcho on the other; some other gentlemen coming up behind. When he reached the eminence under St. Anthony's Well, where he for the first time came within sight of the palace, he alighted from his horse, and paused a few moments to survey the scene.

The park and gardens below, intervening betwixt the prince and the palace, were by this time filled with the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on learning that he approached the city in this quarter, had flocked in great numbers to see him. The crowd consisted of all ranks and persuasions of people: for the curiosity to behold so remarkable a person was a common feeling which did not regard any accidental distinctions. The Jacobites of course abounded; and many of them now approached Charles where he was standing beside his horse, and knelt down to kiss his hand. He received the homage and the congratulations of these persons with smiles; and he bowed gracefully to the huzza which immediately after rose from the crowded plain below.

Descending to the Duke's walk, a footpath through the park, so called from having been the favourite promenade of his grandfather, he stood for a few minutes to show himself to the people. As it was here that he might be said to have first presented himself to the people of Scotland, it may be necessary to describe his appearance.

The figure and presence of Charles are said by one of his historians, who saw him on this occasion, to have been not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he wore a light coloured peruke, the ringlets of which descended his back in graceful masses, and over the front of which his own pale hair was neatly combed. His complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles; a peculiarity in which he differed widely from his ancestors, whose chief personal characteristic was a dark grey complexion; a saturnine paleness corresponding to the austere pride of their moral features, and suited but too well to the infelicity of their fortunes. Charles's brow had all the intellectual but melancholy loftiness so remarkable in those of his ancestors. His visage was the most perfect oval that could be conceived, and came out in strong relief from his neck, which, according to the fashion of the times, had no other covering or incumbrance than a slender stock buckled behind. His eyes were large and rolling, and of that light blue which is so generally found in people who are what is called in Scotland *blind-fair*. The light and scarcely discernible eye-brows which surmounted these features were beautifully arched. His nose was round and high; his mouth small in proportion to the rest of his features; and his chin was pointed.

Charles was both what would be called an extremely handsome and an extremely good-looking young man. In height, he approached to six feet; and his body was of that straight and round description which is said to indicate not only perfect symmetry, but also the valuable requisites of agility and health. In the language of one of his adherents, he was "as straight as a lance and as round as an egg." By all ladies who ever saw him, his person was excessively admired; and many of his male friends have been heard to declare, in sober earnest, that there was a *charm* about him which seemed to be more than human. Much of what seemed so irresistible in his appearance, may no doubt be ascribed to a polished and winning manner, operating upon the faculties of a simple people, and to the influence of his supposed rank, which must, to a certain extent, have imposed upon their imaginations. Yet something should also be reserved as the effect of birth, which, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, so often and so unequivocally sends an air of nobility through the successive representatives of a family.

On the present occasion, Charles wore a blue velvet bonnet, bound with gold lace, and adorned at top with a white satin cockade, the well known badge of his party. He had a short tartan coat, on the breast of which hung the star of the order of St. Andrew. A blue sash wrought with gold, came gracefully over his shoulder. He wore small clothes of red velvet, a pair of military boots and a silver hilted broadsword.

After he had stood for a few minutes in the midst of the people, he mounted a fine bay gelding, which had been presented to him by the Duke of Perth, and slowly rode towards the palace. Being an excellent horseman, and his conspicuous situation giving him additional *clat*, a murmur of admiration ran at this moment through the crowd, which soon amounted to, and terminated in, a long and loud huzza. Around him, as he rode, there was a small guard of aged Highlanders, whose outlandish and sun-burnt faces, as they were occasionally turned up with reverence towards the prince, and occasionally cast with an air of stupid wonder over the crowd, formed not the least striking feature in this singular scene.

The Jacobites, delighted beyond measure by the gallant aspect of their idol, were now indulging themselves in the most extravagant terms of admiration. With that propensity to revert to the more brilliant periods of the Scottish monarchy, for which they were so remarkable, they fondly compared Charles to King Robert Bruce, whom they said he resembled in his figure, as they fondly anticipated he would also do in his fortunes. The Whigs, however, though compelled to be more cautious in the expression of their sentiments, talked of him in a different style. They acknowledged he was a goodly person; but observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy—that he looked like a gentleman and man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror.

Charles approached Holyroodhouse by the same path over which George the Fourth seventy-seven years after, was drawn thither, in his daily progresses from Dalkeith. As he was passing along, the Duke of Perth stopped him a little, while he described the limits and peculiar local characteristics of the King's Park. It was observed on this occasion by an eye witness, that during the whole five minutes his grace was expatiating, Charles kept his eye bent sideways upon Lord Elcho (who stood aside at a little distance), and seemed lost in a mental speculation about that youthful adherent.

As the procession—for such it might be termed—moved along the Duke's Walk, the crowd greeted the principal personage with two distinct huzzas, which he acknowledged by as many bows and smiles. Charles did not seem to court these acclamations, or even to appreciate them in the way that might have been expected from a person under his peculiar circumstances, but, maintaining all the dignified bearing and lofty indifference of a real prince, took the whole as a more matter of course. The general feeling of the crowd seemed to be a very joyful one, arising in some cases from the influence of political prepossessions, in many others from gratified curiosity, and perhaps in still more from the satisfaction with which they had observed the fate of the city so easily decided that morning. Many had previously conceived Charles to be only the leader of a band of predatory barbarians, at open warfare with property, and prepared to commit any species of cruelty for the accomplishment of his purposes. They now regarded him in the interesting light of an injured prince, seeking, at the risk of life, one single noble object, which did not very obviously concern their personal interests. All, more or less, resigned themselves to the charm with which the presence of royalty is invariably attended. The present generation of the people of Edinburgh saw a king, *de facto*, pass over the ground which Charles was now passing over; a king who had no rival to his title, and whom the whole undivided country had agreed to honour and applaud. Yet, we doubt if the circumstances of that memorable scene, with all their splendour and exciting interest, composed nearly so fine an affair as the advent of the unfortunate Charles, equivocal as was his title, and miserable his retinue. In the case of George the Fourth, it is true, the whole population of Scotland was there to say, "God bless him!" and every body beheld, with wonder and affection, a monarch acknowledgedly the most powerful on the face of the earth. But, besides that his age prevented him from having the strictly personal charm of Charles, he was invested with none of that charm of national association which gilded the name of Stuart. He was a goodly object, and surrounded with goodly objects, to fill and please the living eye; but he excited no image of pleasure upon the mental optics that were backward cast upon the past. He was the sovereign of the understanding and the reason; but Charles was emperor over the imagination and the heart. Youthful and handsome; gallant and daring; the leader of a brave and hardy band; the commander and object of an enterprise singular beyond

all former singularity, and hazardous beyond all former hazard; the idol of a sentiment equivalent to all that was generous; unfortunate in his birth and prospects, but making one grand effort to retrieve the sorrows of his fate; the descendant of those time honoured persons by whose sides the ancestors of all who saw him had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden; the representative of a family peculiarly Scottish, but which seemed to have been deprived of its birth-right by the machinations of the hated English; Charles was a being calculated to excite the most fervent and extravagant emotions amongst the people who surrounded him. If the modern sovereign was beheld with veneration and respect as the chief magistrate of the nation, and with love and admiration as an acknowledged pattern of all manly politeness, the last of the Stuarts was worshipped by the devoted loyalists of that time, as a cherished idol. George might be greeted, in his splendid chariot, with cheers and smiles; but the boot of Charles is said to have been dimmed, as he passed along, with kisses and with tears!

On coming to the front of the palace, Charles alighted from his horse, and, with his attendants, prepared to enter the court. At that moment an incident occurred, which served to show the bent that popular feeling had taken in his favour. The garrison of the castle had resolved, not only to hold out their fortress against the Highland army, but also to act as much upon the offensive as their means would allow. They had been informed—for they could not see—that Charles was approaching the palace; and, thinking to disturb his hour of triumph, if they could not do him any more serious injury, they fired off a large bullet, with such a direction and force as to make it descend upon that building. It struck a part of the front wall of James the Fifth's Tower, near the window which lights a small turret-chamber connected with Queen Mary's state apartments; immediately after falling into the court yard, accompanied by a quantity of rubbish which it had knocked out of the wall. So wanton a piece of mischief, so mean an act of annoyance, excited the indignation of the crowd; and there ensued a groan, partly of contempt for the garrison and of sympathy for the prince, who was thus insulted in common with themselves, and with one of their favourite public buildings. He therefore entered the porch of the palace with an acclamation the loudest and heartiest which he had yet received.

It was a proud day for Holyroodhouse, when it received into its ample halls the grandson of the last prince who had inhabited it, and when for a time it seemed designed to be restored to all its pristine animation and grandeur. People were still alive who had seen these desolate and melancholy walls possessed by a court; and it was easy for the younger generation to catch the idea of a scene of which they had heard so much more than enough to make them long for its restoration. Whatever might be the misrule of this prince's ancestors, Edinburgh at least had never derived any thing but good from them, while it was only from their successors that it conceived itself to have derived any thing like evil. They were aware that the dissolution of the Union was one of the objects of the prince's politics, and they willingly hoped he might be successful, in order to procure them what they thought so great a blessing. Dazzled by the extrinsic glories of the scene, and unmindful that the expedition was not yet successful, they likened Charles's entry into Holyroodhouse to the restoration of Charles the second, and indulged in the most extravagant anticipations regarding the splendid change of fortune which they saw about to befall their depressed and desolate court.

A remarkable instance of the effect of these feelings, occurred as Charles was entering the palace. When he had proceeded along the piazza within the quadrangle, and was just about to enter the porch of what are called the Hamilton apartments, the door of which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising it aloft, marshalled the way before his royal Highness up stairs. The person who adopted this ostentatious mode of enlisting himself, did not act altogether under the influence of a devoted attachment to the Stuart family, but was stimulated by a sense of the injustice of the Union, which he said had ruined his country, and reduced a Scottish gentleman from being a person of some estimation to being the same as nobody. He was a gentleman of East Lothian—his name and title James Hepburn of Keith. He had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, and for thirty years had kept himself in constant readiness to strike another blow for what he considered the independence of his

country. Learned and intelligent, advanced in life and honoured by all parties of his countrymen, this man is said, by Mr. Home, who knew him, to have been a perfect model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour. That he was inspired with as pure and noble a sense of patriotism as any Whig that ever breathed, it is impossible to doubt. The Jacobites beheld with pride so accomplished a person set the first example at Edinburgh of joining the prince; auguring, like Brutus's conspirators regarding Cicero, that his "silver hair," would "purchase them a good opinion from men." The Whigs, on the other hand, by whom he was equally admired, looked with pity upon a brave and worthy gentleman thus offering himself up a sacrifice to the visionary idea of national independence.

The apartment of the palace selected for Charles's residence, was that which was appropriated to the use of the Duke of Hamilton, the hereditary keeper of this deserted abode of Scottish royalty. It is the suite of rooms which stretches along the front of the quadrangle, embracing those faded halls in James the Fifth's tower, which are yet so strongly impressed with the melancholy history of Mary. Soon after he entered, Charles was called to a window by the continued acclamations of the crowd below, whom it was thought necessary he should gratify by the exhibition of his person. We are enabled, by the information of a person whose grandmother saw him on this occasion, to point out the particular window at which he displayed himself to the populace. It was in the south west and most modern tower, the floor above that chamber which, on account of his present Majesty having there held levees, is now termed the king's state-room. In more particular phraseology, it was the uppermost long casement in the circular turret which forms the north west corner of the tower described; and it seems to have been selected on account of its commanding a more extensive view of the court-yard than any other window in that quarter of the palace. So minute a local circumstance may appear unimportant and frivolous; but those who derive pleasure from the associations of history, may urge, in language resembling that of Johnson on a similar occasion, that the Scotoman is little to be envied who can view without emotion the spot where the last Stuart was hailed at Holyrood by the people of his fathers.

Charles being thus established in his paternal palace, it was the next business of his adherents to proclaim his father at the Cross. The party which entered the city in the morning had taken care to secure the heralds and pursuivants, whose business it was to perform such ceremonies. About one o'clock, therefore, an armed body was drawn up around the Cross; and that venerable pile, which, notwithstanding its association with so many romantic events, was soon after removed by the magistrates, had the honour of being covered with carpet for the occasion. The officers were clothed in their fantastic but rich old dresses, in order to give all the usual eclat to this disloyal ceremony. David Beattie, a Jacobite teacher of Edinburgh, then proclaimed King James, and read the commission of regency, with the declaration dated at Rome in 1743, and a manifesto in the name of Charles Prince Regent, dated at Paris, May 16th, 1745. An immense multitude witnessed the solemnity, which they greeted with hearty but partial huzzas. The ladies, who viewed the scene from their lofty lattices in the high street, strained their soft voices with acclamation, and their lovely arms with waving white handkerchiefs, in honour of the day. The Highland guard looked round the crowd with faces expressing wild joy and triumph; and, with the license and extravagance appropriate to the occasion, fired off their pieces in the air. The bagpipe was not wanting to greet the name of James with a loyal pibroch; and during the whole ceremony, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, whose enthusiasm was only surpassed by her beauty, sat on horseback beside the Cross, a drawn sword in her hand, and her person profusely decorated with the white ribbons which signified devotion to the house of Stuart.

CHAPTER XI.

COPE'S PREPARATIONS.

Cope sent a letter from Dunbar, saying "Charlie, meet me an ye daur, And I'll show you the art o' war, Right early in the morning."

Jacobite Song.

Whilst the Highlanders were proclaiming King James at the Cross of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope was landing his troops at Dunbar, a small port twenty-seven miles east from the capital. That doughty general, after mak-

ing a wide circuit, and performing a rapid sea-voyage in order to get once more in front of the Chevalier, probably finding his nerves braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, now resolved to give the Highland army that opportunity of battle which he had formerly declined.

This gentleman's character has been the theme of so much ridicule among the Jacobites, and such severe censure among the whigs, that the present popular impression regarding it is perhaps extremely inaccurate. "He was, in fact," says the writer of an article in the Quarterly Review, "by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault." Even this is a more severe view of his character than his conduct throughout this whole campaign will well justify. From a letter which he wrote to Lord Milton when at Inverness, it appears that, instead of being inclined to adhere in the present distressing case to the ordinary rules of business, he was an advocate for measures equally irregular and energetic with those of the Highlanders. It also appears from the same document, that he lacked no zeal in the cause intrusted to him, but that he had all along conducted himself with as much activity, as the circumstances in which he was placed, and the means in his power, rendered possible or necessary.

Sir John's infantry was reinforced at Dunbar by the craven dragoons, who had fled thither as the safest place within their reach. "The behaviour of these gentlemen, 'whose business it was to die,' " remarks the reviewer just quoted, "was even less edifying than that of the citizen-volunteers, whose business, as Fluellin says to Pistol, was 'to live and eat their victuals.' " The following lively description of it," he continues, "from the pen, it is believed, of David Hume, will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may probably amuse the reader. After remarking that cavalry ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry, which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that particularly in the case of Highlanders, whom they encounter with their own weapon, the broadsword, and who neither formed platoons, nor had bayonets or any other long weapon to withstand a charge,—after noticing, moreover, that if it were too sanguine to expect a victory, Brigadier Fowke, who had two regiments of cavalry, might at least have made a leisurely and regular retreat, though he had advanced within musket-shot of his enemy, before a column that could not turn out five mounted horsemen, he proceeds thus:—'Before the rebels came within sight of the king's forces, before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation of what fine manoeuvre they might terminate in; when new orders were immediately issued to retreat they immediately obeyed, and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their pace, and both precept and example concurring, they quickened it so well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they quickened it to a very smart gallop. They passed in inexpressible hurry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot's Parks, in the sight of all the north part of Edinburgh, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants. They rushed like a torrent down to Leith, where they endeavoured to draw breath; but some unlucky boy (I suppose a Jacobite in his heart) calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again, and galloped to Prestonpans, about five miles farther. There, in a literal sense, *timor addidit alas*—there fear added wings, I mean to the rebels. For, otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined these formidable enemies to be within several miles of them. But at Prestonpans, the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles to the other side of Edinburgh, they thought they might safely dismount from their horses, and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: *egit amor dapis atque pugnae*; they were actuated by the desire of supper and of battle. The sheep and turkeys of north Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty

of human happiness! When the mutton was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of Highlanders. Their fear proved stronger than their hunger; they again got on horseback; but were informed of the falseness of the alarm, time enough to prevent the spoiling of their meal. By such rudiments as these, the dragoons were so thoroughly initiated in the art of running, that at the battle of Preston, they could practise it of themselves, though even there the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera called *Cesare in Egitto*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, where in the first scene, Cæsar is introduced in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, *fugge, fugge, a' llo scampo*—fly, fly, to your heels! This is a proof that the commander at the Colt-bridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops."

The "Canter of Coltbridge," as this disgraceful retreat was popularly termed, is related by Mr. Home with circumstances somewhat different, but not less ridiculous. After passing through Leith and Musselburgh, they encamped for the evening in a field near Colonel Gardiner's house, at Preston, that venerable officer taking up his quarters in his own dwelling. Between ten and eleven at night, one of their number going in search of forage, fell into a disused coal pit, which was full of water, and making a dreadful outcry for assistance, impressed his companions with a belief that their dreaded enemy was upon them. Not stopping to ascertain the real cause of the noise, or to relieve their unfortunate fellow-soldier, the whole mounted their horses, and with all imaginable speed galloped off to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner, awakening in the morning, found a silent and deserted camp, and was obliged, with a heavy heart, to follow in the direction which he learned they had taken. There was little danger that he should have missed their track, for, as he passed along, he found the road strewed with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which they had thrown away in their panic. He caused these to be gathered, and conveyed in covered carts to Dunbar, where he arrived in time to greet General Cope as he landed. The mind of this gallant old officer and excellent man, seems to have been depressed to the very point where life ceases to be prized, by the shameful conduct of his men; and circumstances seem to warrant a supposition, that he now resolved to sacrifice himself, as he did, at once in atonement for their misbehaviour, and in order to escape the infamy in which they had involved his name.

The disembarkation of the troops, artillery, and stores, was not completed till Thursday the 18th; when Mr. Home, author of the history already quoted, presented himself at the camp, and gave the general all the information he could desire, regarding the numbers and condition of the highland army. The author of Douglas had gone to the different posts about the city, and counted the men there stationed; he had then ascended the hill which overlooked the bivouack of the main body, and reckoned them as they sat at food in lines upon the ground. The whole number, in his estimation, did not exceed two thousand; but he had been told that several bodies from the North were on their march to join them. The general asked his informant what sort of appearance they made, and, in particular, how were they armed; to which the young poet replied, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, hardy men, though many were of an ordinary size, and, if clothed like Lowlanders, would appear inferior to the king's troops. The Highland garb, he said, favoured them, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular; while their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, he continued, they had no artillery of any sort, but one small unmounted cannon, which he had seen lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland pony. Fourteen or fifteen hundred of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords, and many others had only either the one or the other of these weapons. Their firelocks were of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fuscées, and fowlingpieces; but they must soon provide themselves more generally with that weapon, as the arsenal of the Trained Bands had fallen into their hands. In the mean time, he had seen one or two companies, amounting altogether perhaps to an hundred men, each of whom had no other weapon than the blade of a scythe fastened end-long upon a pole. General Cope dismissed Mr. Home, with many compliments, for bringing him so accurate and intelligent an account of the enemy.

The king's army was joined at Dunbar by several judges and other civil officers, who, having fled from Edinburgh on the evening before the prince had entered it, now resolved to remain with the royal troops, not as

fighting men, but as anxious and interested spectators of the approaching action. Cope received at the same time a few more effective reinforcements in the shape of noblemen and gentlemen of the country, who came to him attended with their tenants in arms. Among the latter was the Earl of Home, who, being then an officer in the guards, thought it his duty to offer his services when the king's troops were in the field. The retinue which this nobleman brought along with him, was such as to surprise many persons. At the time when the Lowlands of Scotland were equally warlike, and equally under the influence of the feudal system, with the Highlands, his lordship's ancestors could have raised as many men upon their dominions in Berwickshire, as would have themselves repelled the Chevalier's little army. Even so late as 1633, the Earl of Home had greeted Charles the First, as he crossed the border to visit Scotland, at the head of six hundred well-mounted gentlemen, his relations and retainers. All that the present earl could bring, besides himself, to assist his sovereign in opposing a public enemy, was *two body servants*!

It was not till the day succeeding the disembarkation, Thursday the 19th of September, that the royal army left Dunbar to meet the insurgents. It is said to have made a great show upon its march; the infantry, cavalry, cannon, and baggage, occupying at once several miles of road. The people of the country, long accustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters to see an army going to fight a battle in Lothian: and, with infinite concern and anxiety, beheld this uncommon spectacle.

The army halted for the night in a field to the west of Haddington, sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. In the evening, it was proposed to employ some young people who followed the camp, to ride betwixt Haddington and Edinburgh, during the dark hours, lest the Highlanders, whose movements were rapid, should march in the night-time and surprise the army. A proposal so obviously beneficial was seconded by the general; and accordingly, sixteen young men, most of whom had been volunteers at Edinburgh, and among whom the author of Douglas was one, offered their services. About nine at night, eight of them set out, in four parties, by four different roads, for Duddingstone, where they understood the Highlanders to be encamped. They returned safe at midnight, reporting that all was quiet; and the other eight then set out in the same manner. But all the individuals of the second party were not alike fortunate or dexterous, in performing their portion of duty.

It was the duty of two of this little corps to observe the coast road towards Musselburgh. Their names were Francis Garden and Robert Cunningham—the one afterwards better known by his senatorial title of Lord Gardenstone, and the other by his official designation of general. On approaching Musselburgh, says the lively reviewer just quoted, "they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Eske, it being then low water, at a place nigh its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug, thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman called Luckie F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrols were both *bon-vivants*,—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a scotor, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope, as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muletter. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandore*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North-country lad, a writer's (that is, attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie.* He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business;—he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He therefore placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Eske; and how he contrived it I could never learn, but the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers, before they could draw a trigger."

They were immediately conducted to the camp at

* The reason why Charles's name is so generally diminished in this manner by popular parlance, seems to be, that the Erse or Gaelic translation of Charles is *Charlich* or *Charli*. The Lowlanders must have adopted the name generally given to him by his adherents.

Duddingstone, and put into the hands of John Roy Stuart, commander of the Prince's Body-Guard, who at once pronounced them spies, and proposed to hang them accordingly. Thrown into a dreadful consternation by this sentence, they luckily recollected that a youthful acquaintance, by name Colquhoun Grant, bore a commission in the very body which John Roy commanded: and they entreated him to lead them before that person, who was able to attest their innocence. Colquhoun Grant, who lived many years afterwards as a respectable writer to the signet at Edinburgh, used to relate that he never was so much surprised in his life, and at the same time amused, as when his two young friends were brought up to him for his verdict. Roy Stuart introduced them with the following words:—"Here are two fellows, who have been caught prowling near the camp. I am certain they are spies, at least this oldest one (Mr. Garden,) and I propose that, to make sure, we should hang them both." Mr. Grant, of course, interfered in behalf of his friends, and afterwards, getting them into his own custody, took it upon him to permit their escape.

On the morning of the succeeding day, Friday the 20th of September, Cope continued his march towards Edinburgh, by the ordinary post-road from Haddington. After marching a very few miles, it occurred to him, that the defiles and inclosures near the road would, in case of an attack, prove unfavourable to the action of cavalry; and he resolved to adopt a less frequented and more open path. On coming to Huntington, therefore, he turned off to the right, and took what is called the *Low Road*, that is, the road which traverses the Low country near the sea, passing by St. Germains and Seton. At the same time, he sent forward his adjutant-general, the Earl of Loudoun, accompanied by the Earl of Home, to mark out a camp for the army near Musselburgh, intending to go no further that day. During the march, his soldiers were in the highest spirits; the infantry feeling confident in the assistance of the cavalry, and the cavalry, who had betrayed still greater pusillanimity when unsupported, acquiring the same courage by a junction with the infantry.

The first files of the troops were entering the plain between Seton and Preston, when Lord Loudoun came back at a round pace, with information, that the Highlanders were in full march towards the royal army. The general surprised, but not disconcerted by this intelligence, and thinking the plain which lay before him a very proper place to receive the enemy, called a halt there, and drew up his troops with a front to the west. His right was thus extended to the sea, and his left towards the village of Tranent. Soon after he had taken up his ground, the Chevalier's army came in sight.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCE'S MARCH TO PRESTON.

When Charlie looked this letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Crying, "Follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll gie Johnnie Cope his morning!"
Jacobite Song.

Three days of rest at Edinburgh, where they were supplied with plenty of food, and did not want opportunities of improving their appointments, had meanwhile increased in no inconsiderable degree the efficacy and confidence of "Charlie and his men." Learning that Cope had landed at Dunbar, and was marching to give him battle, the prince came to Duddingstone on Thursday night, where, calling a council of war, he proposed to march next morning, and meet the enemy half way. The council agreed, that this was the only thing they could do; and Charles then asked the Highland chiefs, how they thought their men would behave in meeting a general who had already avoided them. The chiefs desired MacDonald of Keppoch to speak for them, as he had served in the French army, and was thought to know best what the Highlanders could do against regular troops. Keppoch's speech was brief, but emphatic. He said, that the country having been long at peace, and few or none of the private men having ever seen a battle, it was difficult to foretell how they would behave; but he would venture to assure his royal highness, that the gentlemen would be in the midst of the enemy, and that the clansmen, devoted to their chiefs, and loving the cause, would certainly not be far behind them. Charles, catching the spirit of the moment, exclaimed he would be the first man to charge the foe, and so set, if possible, a still more striking example of attack! But the chiefs disavowed this imprudent proposal; declaring that in his life lay the strength of their cause, and that, should he be slain, they would be undone beyond redemption, whether victorious

or defeated. They even went so far as to declare, that they would go home, and endeavour to make the best terms they could for themselves, if he persisted in so rash a resolution. This remonstrance with difficulty repressed the ardour of their young commander, whose great passion at this moment seems to have been to strike a decisive blow, and share personally in its glory.

On the morning of Friday the 20th of September, when the king's army was commencing its march from Haddington, the Highlanders roused themselves from their shelterless lairs, near Duddingstone, and prepared to set forward. They had been reinforced since day-break by a party of Grants from Glenmorriston, as they had been the day before by some MacLauchlans and Atholemen. The prince, putting himself at the head of his army, thus increased two hundred and fifty, presented his sword, and said aloud, "My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard!" He was answered by a cheerful hurra; and the band then set forward in three files, Charles marching on horseback by their side, along with some of his principal officers.

The situation of the Highland camp, or rather bivouac, was not so near the village, as it was to the mill of Duddingstone. It was pitched in a snug and sheltered place upon the banks of the Figgat Burn, within the present park around Duddingstone House, and immediately adjacent to the *cauld* or *dam-head* belonging to the mill. The nearest road from that point towards the bridge of Musselburgh, where the army had to cross the Eke, was of course that old and pleasant path, which, leading down between two luxuriant hedges, passes the little village of Easter Duddingstone, and joins the post-road, near Magdalene Bridge. Along this retired and rural way Charles passed "with all his chivalry," his whole soul bent upon the approaching combat. We have had the good fortune to converse with a lady who saw him leading his men through Easter Duddingstone, and who yet lives (1837,) at the age of eighty-nine, to describe the memorable pageant. The Highlanders strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking around them with faces, in which were strangely blended, pride with ferocity, savage ignorance with high-souled resolution. The prince rode on amidst his officers, at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry stubble-fields beside the road. Our aged friend remembers, as yesterday, his graceful carriage and comely looks—his long light hair straggling below his neck—and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the star dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon. He was viewed with admiration by the simple villagers; and even those who were ignorant of his claims, or who rejected them, could not help wishing good fortune and no calamity to so fair and so princely a young man.

Soon after falling into the post-road, the insurgents continued their march till they entered the market-gate of Fisher-row, an old narrow street leading to the bridge. One of their number there went up to a new house upon which the tilers were engaged, and took up a long slip of wood technically called a *tile-lath*; from another house he abstracted an ordinary broom, which he tied upon the end of the pole. This he bore aloft over his head, emblematising what seemed to be the general sentiment of the army, that they would sweep their enemies off the face of the earth. De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, it will be recollected, in the reign of Charles the Second, affixed the same ensign to his top-mast, to signify that he had swept the British fleet out of the Channel; and it is probable that the Highlander merely copied the idea from that famous incident. The shouts with which the symbol was hailed on the present occasion, testified the high courage and resolution of the troops, and but too truly presaged the issue of the approaching conflict. Charles, in passing along the market-gate, bowed to the ladies who surveyed him from the windows, bending to those who were young or beautiful even till his hair mingled with the mane of his charger. To all the crowd he maintained an aspect of the most winning sweetness. There was there also many a fair young chieftain, and many a gay Angus cavalier, who imitated his polite behaviour, and rivalled his gallant carriage, though without coming in for a due share of that enviable observation which, in Milton's phrase, was "rained" upon their leader. Never again shall that old street behold a scene so animating or so grand—may it never witness one so pregnant with sorrow and with blood!

The army now passed along the ancient bridge which there crosses the Eke; a structure supposed to be of Roman origin, and over which the Scottish army had passed, two centuries before, to the field of Pinkie; a structure over which all of noble or of kingly, that had

approached Edinburgh for at least a thousand years, must certainly have passed; which has borne processions of monks, and marches of armies, and trains of kings; which has rattled under the feet of Mary's frolic steed, and thundered beneath the war-horse of Cromwell. Proceeding directly onward, the column traversed, not the town of Musselburgh, but the old *kirk-road*, as it is called, to Inveresk, and entered the street of Newbigging about the centre. It then marched along the precincts of Pinkie Clench, and sought the high grounds near Carberry; two localities memorable in Scottish history, for the disaster and the shame with which they are connected.

The reason of Charles having taken this unusual path was, that he wished to get the advantage of Cope, by occupying the high ground to the south. He went up Edge-buckling Brae, where Somerset's steel-clad bands once hovered over the Scottish army; passed by the west side of Walleyford; and ascended Fawside Hill. Here, learning that Cope was much nearer the sea than he expected, he turned a little to the left, and drew his men down the gently declining hill towards the post-road, where he knew that he would still be sufficiently above the lines of his enemy. Entering the road at Doup-histon, he marched up Birsley Brae, till, about half a mile from the west side of Tranent, coming within sight of General Cope, he halted and formed his army.

At this early stage of the campaign, the mode of forming the Highland army was extremely simple, on account of the want of horse and artillery. The column in which it always moved, was merely halted at the proper place, and then, facing about, became at once a line. Such was the evolution by which, on the present occasion, Charles brought his men to their first *tele-d-tele* with the devoted troops of his antagonist.

When the royal troops first perceived the Highlanders, they uttered a vehement and spirited shout, to which the others replied with a yell, that rolled down the hollow ground towards them like the echoes of thunder. The two armies were about a mile distant from each other, with a gentle descent and a long stripe of marshy ground between. It was a little after noon, and the weather was favourable for immediate combat. Both armies had marched the equal distance of eight miles, and were alike fresh and ardent. It was Charles's wish, as it had been his expectation, to engage his foes before night-fall; and the ground appeared perfectly favourable for the purpose. The descent towards Cope's position, though gentle, was sufficient to increase the natural speed and impetuosity of the Highlanders, who have a maxim, (used by Evan dhu Maccombich in "Waverley,") that even "the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill," and whose ancestors had been always successful in conflicts fought in that manner. But Cope had not the same eager desire of battle: and various considerations, arising from the nature of the ground, interposed to prevent an immediate attack on the part of the Highlanders.

The English general had at first arranged his troops with their front to the west, expecting the enemy to come directly from Musselburgh; but when he saw them appear on the southern heights, he altered his position accordingly, and now lay upon a plain swelling gently up from the coast, with Cockenzie and the sea behind him, the intricate little village of Preston, with its numerous parks and garden-walls on his right, Seton House at a distance on his left, and a deep ditch or drain traversing the morass before him. On all sides but the east, he was inaccessible, except perhaps by a column, which no enemy could ever have thought of directing against him. His position was very strong, but of that sort of strength which is rather calculated for a *siege* than a *battle*; and the only merit which can be allowed to him for his choice, is, that he does not seem to have calculated it for a *fight*.

By examining the country people, who, as usual, flocked about him in great numbers, the prince soon learned that to attack General Cope across the morass, was impracticable except at a frightful risk. In order to ascertain the fact still more satisfactorily, Lord George Murray despatched an officer of military experience, to survey and report upon the ground. The person selected for this service, or who volunteered to perform it, was Mr. Ker of Gradon; and the perilous duty was executed in a manner which commanded admiration from both armies. Mounted upon a little white poney, Mr. Ker descended alone from Tranent, and with the greatest deliberation approached the post of the enemy. When very near it, he rode slowly along the edge of the morass, carefully inspecting the ground on all sides, and scanning the breadth and depth of the ditch with peculiar accuracy. A few shots were fired at him by the king's troops, who were not above two hundred yards off; but he did not pay the

slightest attention to them. So great, indeed, was his coolness, that, on approaching a stone fence which he required to cross, he dismounted, pulled down a piece of the dyke, and then led his horse through the breach. When he had completely satisfied himself, he returned to the army in the same soldier-like manner, and reported his observations to the lieutenant-general. The morass, he said, could not be passed, without the troops being exposed to several unreturned fires, and was therefore not to be thought of. When Charles learned this, he moved a considerable part of his army back to Douphistone, and affected to meditate an attack upon Cope's west or right flank. The English general, observing this, resumed his first position, in order to meet the insurgents with the front of his army.

Charles, probably deterred from making an attack in this quarter by the park-dykes which so effectually screened the enemy's front, now once more shifted his ground, and returned to his first station near Tranent. The king's army faced round at the same time, so as to occasion a bystander to exclaim, in derision of these ineffectual movements, what has since become a proverbial expression, "Why, they're just where they were, wi' their faces to Tranent." The whole afternoon was occupied by these evolutions, which resembled nothing so much as the last moves of a well-contested game of draughts, where a bold player is perpetually attempting to set a wily one. When evening approached, General Cope found himself still in possession of the advantageous ground he had originally chosen; but it was feared by some unconcerned spectators that he had been perhaps over-cautious in his evolutions—that he had cooped himself up in a narrow place, while the Highlanders were at liberty to move about as they pleased—and that he had disheartened his men by keeping them so carefully on the defensive, while the Highlanders were proportionably animated by the certainty of making the attack.

Cope had not acted altogether on the defensive. He had sent off a few cannon-shots, one of which wounded a Cameron in the arm, as he stood at his post below Tranent church. This made the Highlanders remove farther back, and take up their station on some ground, then wild and covered with furze, south-west of Tranent, where there was a swell or gentle eminence intervening betwixt them and the enemy's cannon. Charles, however, posted five hundred men under Lord Nairn at Preston, to the west of Cope's position, to prevent him from stealing a march in that direction; and, by posting parties at all the roads round about, he seemed to express a determined resolution to hem in and make sure work of his cautious enemy.

A little incident, personal to the prince, occurred in the course of the afternoon, which, preserved by tradition, serves to show that he never neglected an opportunity of making himself popular. As he was passing the house of Windygowl, about a quarter of a mile south-east of Tranent, a number of ladies came out to greet him. One of the party, more enthusiastic than the rest, approached him, and desired to kiss his royal hand. He not only granted this favour, but took the girl in his arms, and gave her a kiss of his lips also; calling her, in conclusion, "a bonnie lassie." It would appear from this that, in accordance with the policy which induced him to wear the Highland habit, he had studied to learn the phrases of compliment peculiar to Scotland, wisely judging that they would be much more effective with a Scottish ear than any others. It would indeed appear that he used the endearing epithet above mentioned upon system; for we remember an ancient dame who used to tell, with an innocent air of vanity strangely in contrast with her aged face, that as she passed the prince on Glasgow Green, at a later period of his campaign, he clasped her on the head, and "called her a bonnie lassie."

At a late period of the afternoon, when all thoughts of the battle had been given up for the night, Charles went with two of his officers, one of whom was the Duke of Perth, to an inn at Tranent, and desired to have dinner. Tranent, though a large, is also a poor village; and its principal inn was then a house of no great splendour. It consisted of only two rooms, a *but* and a *ben*, Anglicé, a kitchen and parlour. Humble as it was, however, Prince Charles condescended to enter it, and accept of its meagre hospitalities. The name of the good publican, who was also the chief butcher of the village, was James Allan; his wife had previously concealed her service of pewter, and every small article of value belonging to her house, for fear of the wild Highlanders; so that she was now much less able than usual to entertain such distinguished guests. She could not present her coarse soup, or *kail*, in any better dish than a huge shallow one

turned out of wood; and she could purvey no more than two wooden spoons for her three guests. Down they sat, however, around her plain deal board; and, the prince appropriating one whole spoon, while his two officers enjoyed the other by rotation, they soon made an end of their broth. Mrs. Allan then put the meat with which her soup had been made, into the same wooden dish, and, presenting them with the knife used by her husband in his professional immolations, told them to make the best they could of what they saw before them, as she could really offer them nothing else. One of them having cut the meat into small pieces, they ate it with their fingers, using bannocks of barley-meal for bread. It would appear that Charles had afterwards provided himself with a portable knife and fork for the exigencies of his campaign; as a lady presented a set of eating utensils, attested to have been his, to the king when he visited Edinburgh. On the present occasion, he purchased five bullocks from James Allan for the use of his army, and amply paid for both his own dinner and that of his adherents.

Since the insurgents had first risen in Lochaber, the weather had been extremely fine. "Indeed," says the Caledonian Mercury, in allusion to this fact, "it has been more mild and comforting in September than it has ever been in June for the last half century." The nights, however, though calm, were chill, as generally happens in the finest autumn weather under this northern climate. The night of Friday the 20th of September, 1745, set in with a cold mist, which, without doing any particular injury to the hardy children of the north, was infinitely annoying to their opponents, less accustomed to night bivouacking, and obliged to be more upon the alert in case of a night attack. Under these disagreeable circumstances, General Cope lighted great fires all round his position, to warm and inspirit his men. He also threw off a few cothorns during the night, to let the enemy know he was, in the words of the song, "waukin yet." At an early period of the evening, he had planted pickets with great care in every direction around him, especially towards the east. He had also sent his military chest and baggage down to Cockenzie, under a strong guard.

The royal army was arranged along the front of the morass in a manner displaying considerable military skill. The centre consisted of eight companies of Lascelles's regiment, and two of Guise's. On the right were five companies of Lees's; on the left the whole of Sir John Murray's. Besides these, there were a number of recruits for different regiments at present abroad, and a few small parties of volunteers, comprising the gentlemen with their tenants already mentioned, and some persons who had been induced to join by the enthusiasm of religion. The infantry was protected, on the right flank by Gardiner's, on the left by Hamilton's dragoons; who stood each with two troops to the front, and one in the rear for a reserve. The cannon, six pieces in all, guarded by a company of Lees's regiment, commanded by Captain Cochrane, and under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Whiteford, were placed on the right of the army, near the wagon-road or railway from Tranent to Cockenzie.

The army of Cope altogether consisted of 2100 men; but a number of these did not fight in the subsequent engagement, being engaged elsewhere as videttes and guards. The artillery was by far the most hopeless of all the component parts of the army. At the time when General Cope marched to the north, there were no gunners or matrosses to be had in broad Scotland, but one old man, who had belonged to the Scots train of artillery before the Union. Him, and three old invalid soldiers, the general carried on with him to Inverness; and the hopeful band was afterwards re-inforced by a few sailors from the ship of war which escorted the troops to Dunbar. A more miserable troop was perhaps never before, or since, entrusted with so important a charge.

As soon as it became dark, the Highland army moved from the west to the east side of Tranent, where the morass seemed to be more practicable; and a council of war being called, it was resolved to attack the enemy in that quarter at break of day. The Highlanders, wrapping themselves up in their plaids, then laid themselves down to sleep upon the stubble-fields. Charles, whose pleasure it had all along been to share in the fatigues and privations of his men, rejecting the opportunity of an easier couch in the village, also made his lodging "upon the cold ground." During the night, not a light was to be seen, and not a word to be heard in his bivouack, in obedience to an order which had been issued, for the purpose of concealing their position from Sir John Cope.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

*Brav.—Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion.*

Julius Caesar.

A circumstance now occurred, in itself trivial, but upon which the fate of the subsequent day seems to have almost entirely depended. Mr. Robert Anderson (the son of Anderson of Whitbrough in East Lothian,) a gentleman who joined the insurgents at Edinburgh, had been present at the council which determined the place and mode of attack, but did not take the liberty to speak or give his opinion. After the dismissal of the council, Anderson told his friend Mr. Hepburn of Keith, that he knew the ground well, and thought there was a better way to come at the king's army than that which the council had resolved to follow. "I could undertake," he added, "to show them a place where they might easily pass the morass without being seen by the enemy, and form without being exposed to their fire." Anderson listened attentively to this information, and expressed his opinion of it in such terms, that Anderson desired he would carry him to Lord George Murray. Mr. Hepburn advised him to go alone to the lieutenant-general, with whom he was already perfectly well acquainted, and who would like best to receive any information of this sort without the presence of a third party. Anderson immediately sought Lord George, whom he found asleep in a field of cut peas, with the prince and several of the chiefs lying near him. The young gentleman immediately awoke his lordship, and proceeded to inform him of his project. To Lord George it appeared so eligible, that he hesitated not a moment to use the same freedom with the prince which Mr. Anderson had used with him. Charles sat up on his bed of peas-straw, and listened to the scheme with great attention. He then caused Lochiel and the other leaders to be called and taken into council. They all approved of the plan; and a resolution was instantly passed to take advantage of Mr. Anderson's offers of service. It was justly considered strange that a youthful country gentleman, who had never seen an army, should have thus given advice to a band of military officers, some of whom had considerable experience, and that that advice eventually proved not more excellent than successful.

Lord Nairn's party being recalled from Preston, the Highland army began to move about three o'clock in the morning (Saturday, 21st September,) when the sun was as yet three hours below the horizon. It was thought necessary, on this occasion, to reverse the order of march, by shifting the rear of the column to the van. Mr. Ke, already mentioned with applause for the deliberation with which he surveyed Cope's position on the preceding evening, managed this evolution with his characteristic skill and prudence. Passing slowly from the head to the other end of the column, desiring the men as he went along to observe the strictest silence, he turned the rear forward, making the men wheel round his own person till they were all on the march. Mr. Anderson led the way. Next to him was MacDonald of Glenaladale, Major of the Clanranald regiment, with a chosen body of sixty men, appointed to secure Cope's baggage whenever they saw the armies engaged. Close behind came the army, marching as usual in a column of three men abreast. They came down by a sort of valley, or hollow, that winds through the farm of Ringan-head. Not a whisper was heard amongst them. At first their march was concealed by darkness, and, when daylight began to appear, by the mist already mentioned. When they were near the morass, some dragoons who stood upon the other side as an advanced guard, called out, "Who's there?" The Highlanders made no answer, but marched on. The dragoons, soon perceiving who they were, fired their pieces, and rode off to give the alarm.

The ditch so often mentioned as traversing the morass, became a mill-dam at this easterly point, for the service of Seton Mill with water. The Highlanders had, therefore, not only the difficulty of wading through the bog knee-deep in mud, but also that of crossing the broad deep run of water by a narrow wooden bridge. Charles himself jumped across the dam, but fell on the other side, and got his legs and hands beslimed. The column, as it gradually cleared this impediment, moved directly onwards to the sea, till it was thought by those at the head, that all would be over the morass; and a line was then formed, in the usual manner, upon the firm and level ground.

The arrangement of the Highland army preparatory to the battle of Preston, was rather accordant with the old Scottish rules of precedence in such matters, than dictated by considerations of efficiency—was rather a

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matter of heraldry than of generalship. The great Clan Colla, or MacDonalds, formed the right wing, because Robert Bruce had assigned it that station at the battle of Bannockburn, in gratitude for the treatment he had received from its chief when in hiding in the Hebrides, and because it had assumed that station in every battle since, except that of Harlaw, on which occasion the post of honour was voluntarily resigned in favour of the MacLeods. The Camerons and Appin Stuarths composed the left wing, perhaps for some similar reason; while the Duke of Perth's regiment and the MacGregors stood in the centre. The Duke of Perth commanded the right wing, Lord George Murray the left.

Behind the first line which was thus disposed and thus commanded, a second was arranged at the distance of fifty yards, consisting of the Athole men, the Robertsons, the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and the MacLachlans, under the command of Lord Nairn. Charles took his place between the two lines. The whole army was rather superior in numbers to that of General Cope, being probably about 2400; but as the second line never came into action, the real number of combatants, as stated by the prince's authority after the battle, was only 1456.

Surprise being no part of the prince's plan, no regret was expressed at the alarm which the videttes had carried to the king's army; but it was thought necessary to form the lines as quickly as possible. When this was effected, Charles addressed his men in these words, "Follow me, gentlemen; and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people!" The Duke of Perth then sent Mr. Anderson to inform Lord George Murray that he was ready to march. Anderson met an aide-de-camp, sent by Lord George to inform the duke that the left wing was moving. Some time of course elapsed before the right wing was aware of this motion, it was a little behind the left; and the charge was thus made in an oblique manner.

It was just dawn, and the mist was fast retiring before the advance of the sun, when the Highlanders set out upon their attack. A long uninterrupted series of fields, from which the grain had recently been reaped, lay between them and General Cope's position. Morn was already on the waters of the Forth to their right, and the mist was rolling in large masses over the marsh and up the crofts to their left; but it was not yet clear enough to admit of either army seeing the other. An impervious darkness lay between, which was soon, however, to disclose to both the exciting spectacle of an armed and determined enemy. Early as was the hour, and notwithstanding the darkness, the walls of almost all the neighbouring fields around were covered by rustics and others, anxious to obtain, from a safe distance, a view of the impending conflict. On the part of the Highlanders there was perfect silence, except the rushing sound occasioned by their feet going through the stubble: on that of General Cope, only an occasional drum was to be heard, as it hoarsely pronounced some military signal.

At setting out upon the charge, the Highlanders all pulled off their bonnets, and, looking upwards, uttered a short prayer. The front-rank men, most of whom were gentlemen, and all of whom had targets, stooped as much as they could in going forward, keeping their shields in front of their heads, so as to protect almost every part of their bodies, except the limbs, from the fire which they expected. The inferior and worse-armed men behind, endeavoured to supply the want of defensive weapons by going close in rear of their companions. Every chief charged in the centre of his regiment, supported immediately on both sides by his nearest relations and principal officers; any one of whom, as of the whole clan, would have willingly substituted his person to the blow aimed at that honoured individual.

A little in advance of the second line, Charles himself went on, in the midst of a small guard. His situation was not so dangerous as it would have been if he had carried through his wish of going foremost into the enemy's lines; but, as he was only a few yards behind the front line, his position was not without peril. To prove that he had all the resolution and coolness necessary for a soldier, we may quote a circumstance incidentally mentioned in the journal of a Highland officer. This gentleman saw his royal highness, just before the meeting of the armies, leave his guard and go forward to the Duke of Perth and Clanranald, in order to give his last orders.

In returning to his guard, he passed the journalist, and said, with a smile, "Gres-ort, gres-ort,"—that is, "*Make haste, make haste!*"

Not only was the front line, as already mentioned, oblique, but it was soon further weakened from another cause. Soon after commencing the charge, it was found that the marsh retired southwards a little, and left some firm ground unoccupied by that extremity of the army, so that it would have been possible for Cope to turn their flank with a troop of dragoons. In order to obviate this disadvantage, the Camerons were desired by Lord George Murray to incline that way, and fill the open ground. When they had done so, there was an interval in the centre of the line, which was ordered to be filled up from the second line; but it could not be done in time. Some of the prince's officers afterwards acknowledged, that when they first saw the regular lines of the royal army, and the level rays of the new-risen sun reflected at a thousand points from the long extended series of muskets, they could not help expecting that the wavering unsteady clusters into which their own line was broken, would be defeated in a moment, and utterly swept from the field. The issue was destined to be far otherwise.

Sir John Cope, who had spent the night at the little village of Cockenzie, where his baggage was disposed under a guard, hastened to join his troops on first receiving intelligence that the Highlanders were moving towards the east. His first impression regarding their movement seems to have been, that, after finding it impossible to attack him either across the morass or through the defiles of Preston, they were now about to take up a position on the open fields to the east, in order to fight a fair battle when daylight should appear. It does not seem to have occurred to him that they would make the attack immediately; and, accordingly, although he thought proper to form his lines and turn them in the direction of the enemy, he was at last somewhat disconcerted, and his men were not a little surprised, when it was given out by the sentries that the Highlanders were upon them.

The circumstances which lead us to this conclusion will scarcely fail to impress the reader with the same idea. According to the journal-writer already quoted, the advancing mountaineers, on first coming within sight of Cope's army, heard them call out, "Who is there? Who is there? Cannons! Cannons! get ready the cannons, cannoners!" On the other hand, Andrew Henderson, a whig historian, has mentioned, in his account of the engagement, that the sentries, on first perceiving the Highland line through the mist, thought it a hedge which was gradually becoming apparent as the light increased. The event, however, was perhaps the best proof, that the royal army was somewhat taken by surprise.

The mode of fighting practised at this period by the Highlanders, though as simple as can well be conceived, was calculated with peculiar felicity to set at nought and defeat the tactics of a regular soldiery. It has been thus described by the Chevalier Johnstone, who was engaged in all the actions fought during this campaign. They advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within a musket-length of the object, and then, throwing down their pieces, drew their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand along with the target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they contrived to receive the thrust of that weapon on their targets; then raising their arm, and with it the enemy's point, they rushed in upon the soldier, now defenceless, killed him at one blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at once. The battle was thus decided in a moment, and all that followed was mere carnage.

Cope, informed by his retreating sentries, that the enemy was advancing, had only time to ride once along the front of his lines to encourage the men, and was just returned to his place on the right of the infantry, when he perceived, through the thin sunny mist, the dark clumps of the clans rushing swiftly and silently on towards his troops; those which were directly opposite to him being most visible, while on the left they faded away in an interminable line amongst the darkness from which they seemed gradually evolving. The indefinite and apparently innumerable clusters in which they successively

burst upon his sight—the rapidity with which they advanced—the deceptive and indefinite extent given to their appearance by the mist—all conspired to appeal the unhappy general, and had no doubt an effect still less equivocal upon his troops. Little time was given for the action of fear; for, opening up one of those frightful yells, with which we have described them as accustomed to commence their battles, the Highlanders almost immediately appeared before them in all the terror-striking and overwhelming reality of savage warfare. Five of the six cannon were discharged against their left, with such effect as to make that part of the army hover for a moment upon the advance; and one volley of musketry went along the royal lines from right to left, as the clans successively came up. But all was unavailing against the ferocious resolution of the Highlanders. One discharge of muskets—one burst of flame and smoke—one long re-echoing peal of thunder-like sound—when the lightning sword flashed out from the tartan cloud, and smote with irresistible vehemence the palsied and defenceless soldiery.

The victory began, with the battle, among the Camerons. That spirited clan, notwithstanding their exposure to the cannon, and although received with a discharge of musketry by the artillery guard, ran on with undaunted speed, and were first up to the front of the enemy. Having swept over the cannon, they found themselves opposed to a squadron of dragoons under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, which was advancing to attack them. They had only to fire a few shots, when these dastards, not yet recovered from their former fright, wheeled about, and fled over the artillery-guard, which was accordingly dispersed. The posterior squadron of dragoons, under Colonel Gardiner himself, was then ordered to advance to the attack. Their gallant old commander led them forward, encouraging them as well as he could by the way; but they had not proceeded many steps, when, receiving a few shots from the Highlanders, they reeled, turned, and followed their companions. Lochiel had ordered his men to strike at the noses of the horses, as the best means of getting the better of their masters; but they never found a single opportunity of practising this ruse, the men having chosen to retreat while they were yet some yards distant.

If Gardiner's dragoons behaved thus ill, Hamilton's, at the other extremity of the army, may be said to have behaved still worse. No sooner had they seen their fellows flying before the Camerons, than they also turned about and fled, without having fired a carbine, and while the MacDonalds were still at a little distance.

The infantry, when deserted by those from whom they were taught to expect support, gave way on all hands, without having reloaded their pieces, or flung a single bayonet with blood. The whole at once threw down their arms, either to lighten them in their flight, or to signify that they surrendered; and many fell upon their knees before the impetuous Highlanders, to beg the quarter which, in the hurry of the moment, could scarcely be given them. One small party alone out of the army, had the resolution to make any resistance. They fought for a brief space, under the command of Colonel Gardiner, who, deserted by his own troop, and observing their gallant behaviour, thought proper to put himself at their head. They only fled when they had suffered considerably, and when their noble leader was cut down by numerous wounds. Such was the rapidity with which the Highlanders, in general, bore the royal soldiers off the field, that their second line, though only fifty yards behind, and though it ran fully as fast as the first, on coming up to the place, found nothing upon the ground but the killed and wounded. The whole battle, indeed, is said to have lasted only five or six minutes.

In the panic flight which immediately ensued, the Highlanders used their dreadful weapons with unparagoned vigour, and performed many feats of individual prowess, such as might rather adorn the pages of some ancient romance, than the authentic narrative of a modern battle. A small party of MacGregors, in particular, bearing for their only arms the blades of scythes fastened end-long upon poles, clove heads to the chin, cut off the legs of horses, and even, it is said, laid the bodies of men in two distinct pieces upon the field. With the broadsword alone, strength and skill enabled them to do prodigious execution. Men's feet and hands, and also the feet of

horses, were severed from the limbs by that powerful weapon; and it is a well-authenticated fact, that "a Highland gentleman, after breaking through Murray's regiment, gave a grenadier a blow, which not only severed the arm raised to ward it off, but cut the skull an inch deep, so that the man immediately died."

The various degrees of good conduct displayed by the different clans in this singular conflict, is necessarily a very delicate subject, though one which should not be altogether neglected. The Camerons, of course, deserve the highest praise, because they were the first in action, and that although raked by artillery, which none of the rest had to endure. Yet this need not be construed as in the least degree reflecting upon, or impairing the well-won military renown of the MacDonalds, who were only prevented by a fortuitous circumstance from getting so soon up to the enemy. There never yet flowed a drop of coward blood in the veins of a MacDonald; and had the good fortune of the Camerons been theirs, it is impossible to doubt that they would have as well deserved it. Regarding the conduct of the centre of the insurgent army, we can speak less equivocally. According to MacPharig's manuscript, already quoted, the Duke of Perth's regiment, who occupied that part of the line, and most of whom had been pressed into action by their landlord, "stood stock-still like oxen," on approaching the royal troops. It was to this regiment that the scythe-armed company of MacGregors belonged. They, at least, evinced all the ardour and bravery which were so generally displayed that day by their countrymen. Disregarding the example of their immediate fellow-soldiers, they continued to rush forwards, under the command of their captain, Malcolm MacGregor, or Murray, son of Duncan Macgregor, or Murray, Craigree. A space being left betwixt them and their clan-regiment, which went on beside the Camerons, under the command of Glencairn, their chief, they edged obliquely athwart the field in that direction, in order to rank themselves beside their proper banner—an evolution which exposed them in a peculiar manner to the fire coming at that moment from the British regiments. Their captain fell before this fire, pierced with no fewer than five bullets, two of which went quite through his body. Like Marmion, however, under similar circumstances, this heroic young man, though unable to engage personally in the conflict, thought he might at least encourage his men to do so. He accordingly raised himself upon his elbow, and cried out, as loud as he could, "Look ye, my lads, I'm not dead—by G—, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!" This speech, half whimsical as it was, is said to have actually communicated an impulse to his men, and perhaps contributed, with other acts of individual heroism, to decide the fate of the day.

The general result of the battle of Preston, may be stated as having been the total overthrow and almost entire destruction of the royal army. We have already mentioned, that Cope did not seem to have calculated his position for a flight. His troops now found the fatal consequences of that oversight. Most of the infantry, falling back upon the park-walls of Preston, were there huddled together without the power of resistance into a confused drove, and had either to surrender or be cut in pieces. Many, in vainly attempting to climb over the walls, fell an easy prey to the ruthless claymores. Nearly four hundred, it is said, were thus slain, seven hundred taken, while only about an hundred and seventy in all succeeded in effecting their escape.

Their dragoons, with worse conduct, were much more fortunate. In falling back, they had the good luck to find outlets from their respective positions, by the roads which run along the various extremities of the park-wall; and they thus got clear through the village with very little slaughter; after which, as the Highlanders had no horse to pursue them, they were quite safe. Several officers, among whom were Fowkes and Lascelles, escaped down to Cockenzie, and along Seton Sands, in a direction strangely contrary to the general flight.

The unfortunate Cope,—who, though personally unscathed, may be considered the chief sufferer by this disaster,—had attempted, at the first break of Gardiner's dragoons, to stop and rally them, but was borne headlong, with the confused bands, through the narrow road to the south of the enclosures, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. On getting quite beyond the village, where he was joined by the retreating bands of the other regiment, he made one desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the day. But their lesson of retreat had taken too certain effect upon their minds to be unlearned at this juncture. They fled on in spite of him, ducking their heads along their horses' necks to escape the bullets which the pursuers occasionally sent after them; and

Sir John was at last obliged, however reluctantly, to take care of his own life, by also galloping off. He retired with his panic-struck troops, up a narrow path leading from Preston towards Birnie Brae, which the country people, in honour of him, now called *Johnnie Cope's Road*; and striking into another narrow cross-road to the south, he made with all his speed for the hills above Dalkeith. He did not draw bridle till he had reached Channellkirk, a small village at the head of Lauderdale, twenty miles from the fatal field. He there stopped to breakfast, and wrote a note to one of the officers of state, expressing, in one emphatic sentence, the fate of the day. He has been described by a person who saw him there as exhibiting in his countenance a strange and almost ludicrous mixture of dejection and perplexity. That he was still under the influence of panic, seems to be proved by his not considering himself safe with twenty miles of hilly road between himself and the Highlanders, but continuing his flight immediately to Coldstream upon Tweed, a place fully double that distance from the field of battle. Even here he did not consider himself altogether safe, but, rising early next morning, rode off towards Berwick, where the fortifications seemed to give assurance of at least temporary protection. He every where brought the first intelligence of his own defeat.

The number of dragoons who accompanied the general, was about four hundred; besides which, there were perhaps half as many who dispersed themselves in different directions. The people of Musselburgh have a picturesque tradition of a considerable party riding furiously through that town, on the way to Edinburgh, with countenances and demeanour which betrayed the utmost terror; while a long train of riderless steeds followed close after, their nostrils distended with fright, their saddles turned under their bellies, and the skins of many spotted with the blood of their masters. It is also remembered by tradition at Peebles, as a circumstance illustrative of the terror into which these wretched soldiers had been thrown, that a party of about half a dozen, who reached that remote town early in the forenoon, were in the act of surrendering to a single Jacobite, the chaplain of the Earl of Traquair, who called upon them to yield in the name of King James, when they were rescued by a zealous whig magistrate, who, sallying out of his cow-house with a dung-fork in his hand, threatened to run the daring catholic through the body, if he persisted in detaining the king's men. Of all the detached parties, that which made for the castle of Edinburgh testified perhaps the most remarkable degree of pusillanimity; for they actually permitted themselves to be pursued and galled the whole way by a single cavalier, without ever once having the courage to turn about and face him. It was Colquhoun Grant, a gentleman already mentioned, who had the hardihood to perform this feat; and assuredly the courage he displayed was fully as wonderful in its way as the cowardice of the dragoons. Grant was a man of prodigious bodily strength, which he had testified, the day before Charles entered Edinburgh, by simultaneously knocking down two of Hamilton's dragoons, as they were standing upon the High street. His athletic frame was animated by a mind, which, for high chivalric resolution, might have graced a paladin of romance, or a Clarendon cavalier. After performing some deeds of desperate valour on the field of Preston, he mounted the horse of a British officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, and rode after the fugitive dragoons with all possible speed, resolved to destroy all he could overtake. The victory just gained by his prince had elevated his political zeal to the highest pitch; and his heart, fleshed by the bloody work of the morning, was prepared to encounter every sort of danger. The party which he pursued, sunk in proportion to the lowest degree of imbecility, entered the long ancient street of Edinburgh, little more than half an hour after the battle, crying out to all they met to make way for them, and in their fright firing off their carbines at every one who seemed disposed to accost them. In the rear of their long straggling troop came the heroic Grant, so close in pursuit that he entered the Netherbow Port, ere the warders could close the gate which had been opened to admit them. Notwithstanding all his efforts, they got safe into the castle, and he was obliged to turn away disappointed. He who had so lately been the triumphant pursuer might now be considered in some measure a prisoner, for the least degree of resolution on the part of the citizens would have been sufficient to capture him, enclosed as he was within their walls, at the distance of many miles from those who could have supported or succoured him. The same dauntless courage, however, which had involved him in this dilemma, served to extricate him from it. He, in the first place, turn-

ed into the shop of a draper in the Lawnmarket, and ordered a full suit of tartan to be prepared for him against the day after next, when the prince regent, he said, along with the whole army, would return in triumph to the city. Then remounting his horse, and still brandishing his sword, he rode fearlessly down the street towards the Netherbow Port, an object of infinite wonder and consternation to the crowds which surveyed him. Before he reached the barrier, a sort of resolution had been made by the guard, to detain him as an enemy to government; but when they heard his terrific voice commanding them to open their gate and allow him a free passage,—when they looked upon his bold countenance, his bloody sword, and battle-stained habiliments, their half-collected courage melted away in a moment; the gate slowly revolved upon its hinges, apparently of itself; the guard shrunk aside, beneath the wave of his lofty brand; and Colquhoun Grant, who might have been so easily taken and slain, passed scatheless forth of the city. It is said that, after he was fairly gone, the courage of the warders revived wonderfully, and each questioned another, with angry looks and hard words, how he came to shrink from his duty at so interesting a crisis. But some time after, on being interrogated by a fellow-townsmen, as to their silliness in permitting so bloody a rebel to pass unpunished, when they might have so easily served their country, and at the same time avenged the many murders he had committed that morning, by detaining him, they had the candour to confess, that they considered their duty in this case more honoured in the breach than the observance, and that, indeed, every thing considered, it was perhaps quite as good that "they had got rid of the fellow in the way they did."

"The cowardice of the English," says the Chevalier Johnstone, in allusion to their conduct at Preston, "surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves of the only means they had of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken complete possession of their minds. I saw," he continues, "a young Highlander, scarcely formed, who was presented to the prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The prince asked if it was true? 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my broadsword!' Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the prince, whom he had made prisoners of war, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the enclosures, struck down the hindmost with a blow of his sword, calling at the same time, 'down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them; and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and his sword in the other, made them do just as he pleased."

From the eagerness of the Highlanders to secure as much plunder as possible, they did not improve their victory by a very eager or long continued pursuit. A great proportion remained upon the field, investing themselves with the spoils of the slain and wounded, while others busied themselves in ransacking the house of Colonel Gardiner, which happened to be immediately adjacent to the field. A small party, among whom were the brave MacGregors, continued the chase for a mile and a half, when, in the words of MacPharig, "the prince came up and successively took Glencairn and Major Evans in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field, and, a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairn and Major Evans to refresh himself, all the rest standing round as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." In regard to Charles's conduct after a victory so auspicious to his arms, we quote the report of another eye-witness, Andrew Henderson, author of an historical account of the campaign. "I saw the Chevalier," says Andrew, "after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids.' But his jollity seemed somewhat damped when he looked upon the seven standards which had been taken from the dragoons; at this sight he could not help observing, with a sigh, 'We have missed some of them.' After this he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure eat a slice of cold beef and drank a

glass of wine." Mr. Henderson ought to have mentioned that Charles had, before then attending to his own personal wants, spent several hours in providing for the relief of the wounded of both armies; preserving (to use the language of Mr. Home), from temper or from judgment, every appearance of moderation and humanity. It remains to be stated, that, after giving orders for the disposal of the prisoners, and for securing the spoils, which comprised the baggage, tents, cannon and a military chest containing four thousand pounds, he left the field, and rode towards Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he lodged for the night. And whence he wrote the following letter to his father:—

*Pinkie House, near Edinburgh,
Sept. 21, O.S. 1745.*

"Sir,—Since my last from Perth it has pleased God to prosper your majesty's arms under my command with a success that has surprised my wishes. On the 17th we entered Edinburgh sword in hand, and got possession of the town without shedding one drop of blood, or using any violence. And this morning I have gained a most signal victory with little or no loss. If I had had a squadron or two of horse to pursue the flying enemy, there would not one man of them have escaped. As it is, they have hardly saved any but a few dragoons, who by a most precipitate flight will I believe get into Berwick.

"If I had obtained this victory over foreigners, my joy would have been complete; but as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon it that I little imagined. The men I have defeated were your majesty's enemies it is true, but they might have become your friends and dutiful subjects, when they had got their eyes opened to see the true interest of their country, which you mean to save, not to destroy. For this reason I have discharged all public rejoicing. I don't care to enter into the particulars of the action, but choose rather that your majesty would hear it from another than myself. I send this by Stewart, to whom you may give entire confidence. He is a faithful honest fellow, and thoroughly instructed in every thing that has happened till this day. I shall have a loss in him, but I hope it will be soon made up by his speedy return with the most agreeable news I can receive—I mean, that of your majesty's and my dearest brother's health.

"I have sent two or three Gazettes filled with addresses and mandates from the bishops to the clergy. The addresses are such as I expected, and can impose on none but the weak and credulous. The mandates are of the same sort, but artfully drawn. They order their clergy to make the people sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under the present family that governs them; particularly of the strict administration of justice, of the sacred regard that is paid to the laws, and the great security of their religion, and liberty, and property. This sounds all very well, and may impose on the unthinking, but one who reads with a little care will easily see the fallacy. What occasions has a prince who has learnt the secret of corrupting the fountain of all laws, to disturb the ordinary course of justice? Would not this be to give the alarm, or amount to telling them that he was not come to protect as he pretended, but really to betray them? When they talk of the security of their religion, they take care not to mention one word of the dreadful growth of atheism and infidelity, which I am extremely sorry to hear from very sensible, sober men, have within these few years got to a flaming height, even so far that I am assured many of their most fashionable men are ashamed to own themselves Christians, and many of the lower sort act as if they were not.

"Conversing on this melancholy subject, I was led into a thing which I never understood rightly before, which is that those men who are loudest in the cry of the growth of Popery, and the danger of the Protestant religion, are not really Protestants, but a set of profligate men, of good parts with some learning, and void of all principles, but pretending to be republicans.

"I asked those who told me this, what should make these men so jealous about preserving the Protestant religion, seeing they are not Christians; and was answered, that it is in order to recommend themselves to the ministry, who (if they can write pamphlets for them, or get themselves chosen members of parliament) will be sure to provide amply for them; and the motive of this extraordinary zeal is that they thereby procure to themselves the connivance at least, if not the protection of government, while they are propagating their impiety and infidelity.

"I hope in God, Christianity is not at so low an ebb in this country as the account I have had represents it to be; yet if I compare what I have frequently seen and

heard at Rome, with some things I have observed since, I am afraid there is too much truth in it.

"The bishops are as unfair and partial in representing the security of their property as that of their religion: for when they mention it, they do not say a word of the vast load of debt that increases yearly, under which the nation is groaning, and which must be paid (if ever they intend to pay it) out of their property. 'Tis true all this debt has not been contracted under the princes of this family, but a great part of it has, and the whole of it might have been cleared by a frugal administration during these thirty years of a profound peace which the nation has enjoyed, had it not been for the immense sums that have been squandered away in corrupting parliaments, and supporting foreign interests, which can never be of any service to these kingdoms.

"I am afraid I have taken up too much of your majesty's time about these sorry mandates, but having mentioned them, I was willing to give your majesty my sense of them. I remember Dr. Wagstaff (with whom I wish I had conversed more frequently, for he always told me the truth) once said to me, that I must not judge of the clergy of the Church of England by the bishops, who were not preferred for their piety or learning, but for very different talents; for writing pamphlets, for being active at elections, and voting in parliament as the ministry directed them. After I have won another battle, they will write for me and answer their own letters.

"There is another sort of men, among whom I am inclined to believe the lowest are the honestest, as well as the clergy; I mean the army, for never was a finer body of men looked at, than those I fought this morning; yet they did not behave as I expected. I thought I could plainly see that the common men did not like the cause they were engaged in. Had they been fighting against Frenchmen, come to invade their country, I am convinced they would have made a better defence. The poor men's pay, and their low prospects, are not sufficient to corrupt their natural principles of justice and honesty; which is not the case with their officers, who, incited by their own ambition, and false notions of honour, fought most desperately. I asked one of them, who is my prisoner, (a gallant man), why he would fight against his lawful prince, and one who was come to rescue his country from a foreign yoke? He said he was a man of honour, and would be true to the prince whose bread he ate, and whose commission he bore. I told him it was a noble principle, but ill applied, and asked him if he was not a whig? He replied that he was.—Well, then, said I, how come you to look upon the commission you bear, and the bread you eat, to be the prince's and not your country's, which raised you up, and pays you to serve and defend it against foreigners, for that I have always understood to be the true principle of a whig? Have you not heard how your countrymen have been carried abroad, to be maltreated by the defenders of their Protestant religion, butchered fighting in a quarrel in which your country has little or no concern, only to aggrandize Hanover?—To this he made no answer, but looked sullen, and hung down his head.

"The truth is, there are few good officers among them. They are brave, because an Englishman cannot be otherwise; but they have generally little knowledge in their business, are corrupt in their morals and have few restraints from religion, though they would have you believe they are fighting for it. As to their honour they talk so much of, I shall soon have occasion to try it, for having no strong place to put my prisoners in, shall be obliged to release them upon parole. If they do not keep it, I wish they may not fall into my hands again, for in that case it will not be in my power to protect them from the resentment of my Highlanders, who would be apt to kill them in cold blood, which, as I take no pleasure in revenge, would be extremely shocking to me. My haughty foe thinks it beneath him, I suppose, to settle a cartel. I wish for it as much for the sake of his men as my own. I hope ere long I shall make him glad to sue for it.

"I hear there are 6000 Dutch troops arrived, and ten battalions of the English sent for. I wish they were all Dutch, that I might not have the pain of shedding English blood. I hope I shall soon oblige them to bring over the rest, which in all events will be one piece of service done to my country, in helping it out of a ruinous foreign war. 'Tis hard my victory should put me under new difficulties which I did not feel before, and yet this is the case. I am charged both with the care of my friends and enemies. Those who should bury the dead are run away, as if it were no business of theirs. My Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am determined to try, if I can get people for money to undertake it, for I

cannot bear the thought of suffering Englishmen to rot above the ground. I am in great difficulties how I shall dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church, it will be looked upon as a great profanation, and of having violated my manifesto, in which I promised to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act, they would help me out of this difficulty. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men lie in the streets, and if I can do no better, I will make a hospital of the palace, and leave it to them.

"I am so distracted with these cares, joined to those of my people, that I have only time to add, that

"I am your majesty's most dutiful son,

CHARLES."

Though the general behaviour of the king's army on this memorable battle was the reverse of soldierly, there were not wanting instances of valour on its part, less daring perhaps, but equally honourable with any displayed by the victors. The venerable Gardiner—that *beau-ideal* of an old officer of the Marlborough school, and a man who perhaps combined in his single person all the attributes which Sir Richard Steele has given to "the Christian soldier,"—afforded a noble instance of devoted bravery. On the previous afternoon, though so weak that he had to be carried forward from Haddington in a post chaise, he urged the propriety of instantly attacking the Highlanders, and even it is said, offered Cope his neighbouring mansion of Bankton in a present, provided he would consent to that measure, which he felt convinced was the only one that could ensure victory. When he found this counsel decidedly rejected, he gave all up for lost, and proceeded to prepare his mind by pious exercises for the fate which he expected to meet in the morning. In the battle, notwithstanding his gloomy anticipations, he behaved with the greatest fortitude, making more than one of the insurgents fall around him. Deserted by his dragoons, and severely wounded, he put himself at the head of a small body of foot which still refused to yield; and he only ceased to fight, when brought to the ground by severe and repeated wounds. He expired in the manse of Tranent, after having rather breathed than lived a few hours.

Another redeeming instance of self-devotion, was presented by Captain Brymer of Lee's regiment, the only officer in the army who had ever before seen the Highlanders attack regular troops. He had witnessed the wild onset of the MacDonalds at Sheriffmuir, which impressed him with a respect for the instinctive valour of the race. At Haddington, two nights before, when all the rest of the officers were talking lightly of the enemy, and anticipating an easy victory, Brymer retired to solitary meditation, assured that the danger which approached was by no means inconsiderable. When the dread moment of fight arrived, he disdained to fly like the rest, but fell at his station, "with his face to the foe."

The field of Preston, after the heat of the battle was past, presented, it is said, a spectacle more horrible than may be generally displayed upon fields where many times the number have been slain. As most of the wounds had been inflicted by the broadsword, or by still deadlier weapons, and comparatively few by gunshot, the bodies of the dead and wounded were almost all dreadfully gashed, and there was a much greater effusion of blood upon the field than could have otherwise taken place. The proper horror of the spectacle was greatly increased by discovered members—"legs, arms, hands and noses," says an eye-witness,—which were strewn about the field, in promiscuous and most bizarre confusion, so as at once to astonish and terrify the beholder. A number of women, followers of the camp, and mostly natives of England, added to the horrors of the scene, by their wild wailing cries; while seven hundred disarmed soldiers, including seventy officers, stood dejected in a herd at a corner of the field, under the charge of a few well-armed mountaineers.

The Highlanders having been generally considered a barbarous people, it will scarcely be believed of them, that they took considerable pains, after their blood had cooled from the heat of action, to administer such relief as was in their power, to the wounded of the enemy. This is attested by the tradition of the country people, as well as by the Journal of the Clanranald officer, so often quoted. "Whatever notion," says this gentleman, "our Low country people may entertain of the Highlanders, I can attest they gave many proofs this day of their humanity and mercy. Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn, or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some

of our private men after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors, to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully, and with patient kindness, support a poor wounded soldier by the arms * * * * * and afterwards carry him on his back into a house, where he left him, with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this," adds the journalist, "we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our prince, who acted in every thing as the true father of his country."

Of the Highlanders themselves, only thirty were killed, including three officers, and about seventy or eighty wounded. The greater part of the wounded of both armies were taken into Colonel Gardiner's house, where it is yet possible to see upon the oaken floors, the dark outlines or prints of the tartaned warriors, formed by their bloody garments, where they lay.

Whatever humanity may have been displayed by the Highlanders towards the wounded, it would be in vain to deny that they exhibited quite as much, if not more, general activity in despoiling the slain. Every article they conceived to be of the least value, they eagerly appropriated; often, in their ignorance of civilised life, making ludicrous mistakes in their preference of particular articles, and as often appropriating articles which were of no value at all. One who had got a watch, sold it soon afterwards to some person for a trifle, and remarked, when the bargain was concluded, with an air of great gratulation, "he was glad to be quit of ta chratur, for she leaved nae time after he caught her;" the machine having in reality stopped for want of winding up. Another exchanged a horse for a horse pistol. Rough old Highlanders were seen going with the fine shirts of the English officers over the rest of their clothes, while little boys went strutting about with vast gold laced cocked hats on their heads, bandoliers dangling down to their heels, and breeches which it required at least one of their hands to keep from tripping them. Out of the great numbers which deserted in order to carry home their spoils, more than one were seen hurrying over hill and dale, with nothing but a great military saddle upon their backs, and apparently impressed with the idea that they had secured a competency for life.

The greater part of the slain were interred at the northeast corner of the park wall, so often alluded to, where the ground is still perceptibly elevated in consequence. A considerable number were also buried round a thorn tree, which is said to have marked the centre of Cope's first line, and which still stands. The country people, of whom it might truly be said, in the words of Shakespeare, that,

"— With more dismay
They saw the fight, than those that made the fray,"

were drawn forth and employed in this disagreeable duty; which they performed, with horror and disgust, by carting quantities of earth and emptying it upon the bloody heaps. A circumstance worthy of note occurred at the inhumation of a small party of dragoons, which had been cut off at a short distance below Tranent churchyard. A hole was dug for these men, into which they were thrown as they had fallen, undivested of their clothes. A Highlander, happening to approach, and seeing a pair of excellent boots upon one of the party, desired a rustic who had been employed in digging the grave, to descend into the pit and hand them up to him. The rustic refused, and said the Highlander might go down himself, if he pleased. With some hesitation he did so, and was stooping to pull off the boots, when the indignant gravedigger gave him a blow on the back of the head, with his spade, which stretched him beside his prey; and he was immediately inhumed in the same pit.

When the search for spoil had ceased, the Highlanders began to collect provisions. They fixed their mess-room in one of the houses of Tranent, and, sending abroad through the neighbouring parks, seized such sheep as they could conveniently catch. The people of the village have a picturesque tradition of their coming straggling in, every now and then during the day, each with a sheep upon his back, which he threw down at the general depot, with the exclamation, "Tare's mhair o' Cope pagage!" When men's minds are agitated by any mirthful or triumphant emotion, they are pleased with wonderfully small jokes; and to represent the spoil which they procured among private individuals as only a further accession of plunder from the vanquished army, seems to have been the prevailing witticism of the Highlanders on this auspicious day.

In the blind eagerness of the Highlanders for spoil, it is said that they plundered many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and other neighbouring towns, who came,

during the course of the day, to see the battle ground. Thus old Skinner says—

That afternoon, when a' was done,

I gaed to see the fray, man;

But had I wist what after past,

I'd better staid away, man.

On Seton sands, wi' nimble hands,

They picked my pockets bare, man;

But I wish ne'er to dree sic fear,

For a' the sum and mair, man.

We shall here introduce a traditionary anecdote connected with the battle of Preston, which we have derived at second hand from a descendant of the person concerned. The Highlanders, in their descent upon the low countries, had taken away all the horses belonging to a Mr. Lucas, a farmer upon the estate of Tilliebody, in the west of Fife. The unlucky proprietor followed the army, in the hope of recovering his cattle; for the better accomplishment of which he was charged by his landlord, — Abercrombie, Esq. ancestor of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with an expostulatory message to Lord George Murray, with whom that gentleman happened to be intimately acquainted. Lucas made up to the lieutenant general on the very evening before the battle of Preston. When he had mentioned his business, and delivered his landlord's message, Lord George expressed great regret that he was unable to pay the respect he could have wished to Tilliebody's request. Such was the necessity, he said, of the army, and such the unruliness of the men, that he could not upon any account interfere in the case. "However," added his lordship, "I'll make free to tell you a way by which you may take justice at your own hands. The horses are all up yonder in Tranent churchyard. Do you watch your opportunity, and when you think you may do so with safety, just pick out your horses from the rest, and make the best of your way home with them." The farmer thanked Lord George for the hint, which he said he would follow, at whatever risk. He was about to take his leave, when the insurgent leader, pleased with the bold resolution he avowed, and observing him to be a very well made active looking man, stopped him, to ask if he could be prevailed upon to enter the Highland army, in which case he would make him sure of a commission. Mr. Lucas was a man of English extraction, and by no means disposed to enroll himself in a corps which had displayed such gallows-like conduct; he therefore respectfully declined Lord George's offer, observing, that he was very well content with the laws as administered by the present king, which he was afraid would not be much improved by men of such disorderly character as the Highlanders. He even took the liberty to say to Lord George, that he thought the sooner his lordship could get quit of the enterprise the better, as he could foresee no good as likely to come of it. Lord George owned, with an air of confidential candour, that his advice was perhaps a prudent one; but he laughed it off with the proverb, "In for a penny, in for a pound." Lucas then took his leave, and next morning found an opportunity, while the Highlanders were engaged in battle, to abstract his horses from the churchyard.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE CHARLES AT HOLYROOD.

What says King Bollingbroke?

Richard the Second.

The Camerons had entered Edinburgh scarcely three hours after the battle, playing their pipes with might and main, and exhibiting with many marks of triumph the colours they had taken from Cope's dragoons. But the return of the main body of the army was reserved for the succeeding day, Sunday, when an attempt was made to impress the citizens with as high an idea as possible of the victory they had achieved. The clans marched in one long extended line into the lower gate of the city, an hundred bagpipes playing at once the exulting cavalier air—"The king shall enjoy his own again." They bore, besides their own appropriate standards, those which had been taken from the royal army; and they displayed with equally ostentatious pride the vast accession of dress and personal ornament which they had derived from the vanquished. In the rear of their own body came the prisoners, at least half as numerous as themselves, and then followed the wounded in carts. At the end of all, came the baggage and cannon under a strong guard. They paraded through all the principal streets of the city, as if anxious to leave no one unimpressed with the sight of their good fortune. Charles himself did not ac-

company the procession, but came in the evening to Holyroodhouse, where, according to the Caledonian Mercury, he was "welcomed with the loudest acclamations of the people."

The news of the battle, which told the complete overthrow of all that force the government had been able to send against the insurgents, occasioned a violent revolution of public feeling in favour of the victor, and spread proportionate consternation among all who had any interest in the state. The whole of the Scottish state officers, as well as many inferior persons enjoying public trust, betook themselves in disguise to England, or to remote parts of their own country; and in all Scotland there soon did not remain a single declared friend of government, except those who kept the fortresses. Charles might be said to have completely recovered his paternal kingdom from the hands of the usurper; and as the British army still remained in Flanders, there seemed nothing wanting, but a descent upon England, in order to secure that portion of his dominions also. It has been the opinion of many, that, had he adopted this vigorous measure, considering the terror of his name, the rapidity with which he could have marched, and the general idea which at this moment prevailed, that there was nothing impossible to his arms, he might have dislodged his majesty from London, and changed, for a time at least, and probably for ever, the titles of king and pretender.

His own sentiments in the hour of victory were in favour of an immediate march into England. Those of his chief adherents and counsellors suggested a more cautious measure, and one perhaps less likely to ensure the success of his enterprise. It was represented that his army was considerably diminished by the slaughter at Preston, and by the desertion of those who had gone home to secure their booty; that to penetrate into England with less than two thousand men would discourage his English adherents; and that, by waiting a little longer, he would be sure to increase his force to a respectable amount, by the accession of those clans and other Scotsmen who had not yet declared themselves in his favour. By these objections, Charles permitted himself to be overruled, and was, in the mean time, amused with the state and circumstances of royalty which he enjoyed at Holyroodhouse.

It is difficult to describe the extravagant rejoicings with which the Jacobites hailed the news of Preston. They received the messengers and homeward bound Highlanders, who every where dispersed the intelligence, with the most unbounded hospitality; and they no longer made any scruple to disclose those sentiments in public, which they had hitherto been obliged to conceal as treasonable. The gentlemen drank fathom deep healths to the prince who, in their own language, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on peas straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five;" whilst the ladies busied themselves in procuring locks of his hair, miniature portraits of his person, and ribbons on which he was represented as "the Highland Laddie." But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of individual zeal in his behalf, was one afforded by an old episcopalian or nonjurant clergyman, who had attended his camp before Preston, as some of the violent presbyterians, on the other hand, followed that of Cope. This zealous partisan, immediately after the battle, set out on foot for his place of residence beyond Doune in Perthshire; and, having travelled considerably more than fifty miles, next morning gave out the news of the victory from his own pulpit, at the ordinary hour of worship, invoking a thousand blessings on the arms and person of the Chevalier.

The cessation of public worship in Edinburgh was not the least remarkable circumstance attending this defeat. On the evening of his victory, Charles sent messengers to the houses of the various clergymen, desiring them to preach next day as usual; but when the bells were rung at the usual hour, no clergyman appeared; and, for the first time on record, a Sunday passed in that city undistinguished by the ordinances of religion. The ministers, with a pusillanimity which was afterwards censured even by their own party, had all left their charges, and taken refuge in the country. Charles, on learning this, issued a proclamation on Monday, assuring them that he designed in no respect to disturb them in the exercise of their duties; but they persisted, notwithstanding, in their absurd terrors, and absented themselves from the city during all the time the Highlanders remained in it. A century before, their predecessors had displayed a precisely similar degree of timidity and distrust, when, having taken refuge in Edinburgh castle from the victorious arms of Cromwell, they repeatedly refused the toleration and protection offered to them by that general.

and entered into a correspondence with him, which, being printed, testifies no less to the childish imbecility and petulance of one party, than to the vigorous mind and public spirited generosity of the other. One presbyterian clergyman alone, out of all their number, on the present occasion, ventured to appear in his pulpit. His name was Hog, and his charge the inferior one of morning lecturer in the Tron church. He was himself a Jacobite, and had a near relation in the prince's army. Charles, on learning that he had performed public worship, and that in his prayers he had mentioned no names, said he would bestow a parish on the good man, should he come to his kingdom. It may be also mentioned, that the clergymen of the neighbouring parish of St. Cuthberts, having their church protected by the guns of the castle, continued to exercise their functions as usual, and also to pray for King George. One of them, a Mr. MacVicar, even went the length of saying, that, "in regard to the young man who had recently come among them in search of an earthly crown, he earnestly wished he might soon obtain, what was much better, a heavenly one." When this was reported to Charles, he is said to have laughed heartily, and to have expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the tenor of the old man's petition.

By proclaiming toleration at Edinburgh, and by expressing in his manifesto an intention of preserving the present religious establishments of Britain, Charles evidently meant to shadow forth the mild nature of his reign, in case he should succeed in his enterprise. It would be too much to say that he was altogether sincere in this profession; yet there is some probability in that conclusion, from the known indifference of his mind to forms of religion, and from his only eight years after gratuitously abjuring the catholic faith. An adherent who knew him intimately, being asked, in the expedition through England, "what religion his royal highness was of?" answered, that he believed "his religion was yet to seek;" and the Earl of Kilmarnock, when it was represented to him by a clergyman before his execution, that the tendency of the insurrection had been to restore the evils and monstrosities of popery, distinctly avowed, that he never had believed that, and that "from all the conversation he had ever had with Prince Charles, and from all he could learn of his sentiments, he was not a person who had any real concern for any outward profession of religion." This happy indifference, though perhaps disreputable in a subject, seems to be the very constitution of mind required in the British king; and it seems altogether highly probable, that had Charles obtained his object, he would have disappointed the alarmists who raised the cry of popery against him and his cause. We can relate for a certain fact, that being solicited by the Laird of Glencairnair to attend public worship, he expressed the utmost willingness to do so, but was dissuaded by the Duke of Perth, who was a zealous catholic.

While the news of the victory was elating the hearts of his father and other friends abroad, and striking alarm into the court of St. James, the people among whom it happened, unaccustomed to domestic war for so many years, thought and talked of nothing else. The zealous whigs and presbyterians in general regarded his success with consternation; but the general tone of the public mind was favourable in a high degree to Charles. Many looked upon him as a hero destined to restore his paternal country to the consequence and prosperity which it had lost at the Union; and with that national spirit which often leads men to prefer in sentiment an old tale to a present substantial good, they talked with rapture of the renewed independence of their country, and of "the Blue Bonnets" once more, as formerly, going "over the Border," and spreading terror in the rich vales of England. One of the schemes of the day made Charles king of his paternal kingdom, and the enemy of England; and they welcomed the idea of their country soon starting from its degraded condition of a province, into that of a separate monarchy, and becoming, instead of a servile appanage of England, a respectable adversary even to that powerful country. Such "devout imaginations" were inexpressibly pleasing to the public mind—pleasing though dangerous, and acceptable with all their alarming accompaniments. It is true, they were not such as could be acted upon—they could not stand the slightest inquiry on the part of reason; yet for a moment they seemed to have dazzled with a ray of romance the imagination of a commercial and peaceful people.

The Highland army was not more flattered with this emotion of the public mind, than the vanquished party

was ridiculed and condemned. General Cope, now cooped up in disgrace within the walls of Berwick, was the theme of a thousand scurrilous rhymes, which were chanted and appreciated every where, and some of which, superior to the rest in bitterness of sarcasm, are yet popular in Scotland. Of those still in repute, one of the most remarkable is a ballad to the air of "Killiecrankie," which was written by an east Lothian farmer named Skirving.

From the time that he returned victorious from Preston, Charles continued, under the style of prince regent, to exercise every act of sovereignty at Holyroodhouse, the same as if he had been a crowned monarch in undisturbed possession of his kingdom. He ordered regiments to be levied for his service, and troops of horse-guards for the defence of his person. He appointed a council to meet him every morning at ten o'clock, the members of which were, the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Secretary Murray, Quarter Master General Sullivan, Lord Pitsligo, Lord Elcho, and all the Highland chiefs. He also proposed to assemble a Scottish parliament, in order at once to gratify the vanity of the people, and to interest them in his proceedings, by appearing to act with their sanction.

His deportment during this brief interval of triumph was generally considered pensive. He seemed least of all men elated by his victory, and he had the air of one who is oppressed by business and care. This may be accounted for by the magnitude and hazard of his enterprise, or by the difficulty which he is said to have experienced in conducting himself with impartiality among his adherents. He nevertheless gave occasional balls to the numerous ladies who favoured his cause, and generally dined in public with his officers. On these occasions, if not uniformly cheerful, he at least exerted himself to appear pleased with the local and moral character of his paternal kingdom. He frequently said, when at dinner, that if his enterprise was successful, Scotland should be his *Hanover*, and Holyroodhouse his *Herenhausen*; a saying at once complimentary in the highest degree to Scotland, and exquisitely satirical upon King George. The ladies who attended his entertainments in Holyrood, took pleasure in contributing their plate, china, and linen, for his service; and many an old posset dish and snuff box, many a treasured necklace and repeater, many a jewel which had adorned its successive generations of family beauties, was at this time laid in pledge, in order to raise him pecuniary subsidies.

By giving these entertainments, Charles at once rewarded and secured the affection of his female partisans. It is well known that the ladies exercised prodigious influence over his fortunes. President Forbes complains somewhere, that he could scarcely get a man of sense to act with him, or even to consult in his emergencies, by reason of the necessity under which all laboured of pleasing their mistresses by favouring the Chevalier. Another writer—an officer in the army, who came to

* In this rude but clever composition, the honest farmer embodies almost the whole of the talk of the times, regarding the actors on both sides. He speaks of the bravadoes of General Cope before battle, and his pusillanimity after. He describes the brave Lochiel leading his Camerons on in clouds, and unleashing all his tremendous energies upon the enemy. He adverts to the dragoons flying, with all the circumstances of excessive terror, at first sight of the enemy they had threatened to cut in pieces, and without firing a gun. He then alludes to the childish terror of the poor volunteers, and in particular to the ineffectual pulpit valour of the sectarian preachers. Besides reproaching the Highlanders for their rapacity, he further animadverts in severe terms upon the conduct of the British officers, one of whom betrayed an especial degree of cowardice, and that under circumstances which also disgraced his humanity. This officer sent to the author to demand satisfaction. The farmer was busy forking his dung-hill when the friend approached, whose hostile intentions he no sooner learned, than he proceeded to put that safe barrier between his own person and that of the challenger; after which, he patiently waited till the gentleman disclosed his errand. When he had heard all, and paused a little to consider it, he at last replied with great coolness, "Gang awa back to Mr. Smith; tell him that I hae nae time to come to Haddington to gie him satisfaction; but say, if he likes to come here, I'll tak' a look o' him; and, if I think I'm fit to secht him, I'll secht him; and if no, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa'!"

Edinburgh in the subsequent January along with the Duke of Cumberland, and who published a volume of letters regarding his journey—expresses a still more painful sort of querulousness, when he gravely assures us, that it was actually impossible for a loyal soldier to win the smiles of any lady worthy of his attention; all of them being in love with the Chevalier, and not even scrupling to avow their Jacobitism, by wearing white breast-knots and ribands in their private assemblies. Charles, though said to have been at this period of his life indifferent to women, saw and seized the opportunity of advancing his interests by their means; and, accordingly, at all his balls, which he gave in the picture gallery of Holyroodhouse, he exerted himself to render them those attentions, which go so far with the female heart under any circumstances, but which must of course have been peculiarly successful coming from one of his rank. He talked—he danced—and he flattered. In his conversation, he had all the advantage of high breeding, besides that of a certain degree of talent which he possessed for witty and poignant remark. In his dancing, he had the equal advantage of a graceful person and exquisite skill, not to speak of the effect produced by the very circumstance of his dancing, at least upon the favoured individual. His flattery was of course effective precisely in proportion to the estimation in which his rank was held. In all his proceedings, he was ruled by a due regard to impartiality. As there were both Highland and Lowland ladies in the company, he called for music alternately appropriate to these various regions. Sometimes, also, he took care to appear in "a habit of fine silk tartan, (with crimson velvet breeches), and at other times in an English court dress, with the blue riband, star, and other ensigns of the Order of the Garter." We cannot easily, at this distance of time, and with the common place feelings of the modern world, conceive the effect which these scenes must have had upon all who witnessed or participated in them; but it is easy to suppose that when a prince, and one who had every external mark of princely descent,—a Stuart, moreover, and one in all respects worthy of his noble race,—moved to the sound of Scottish airs through the hall of his forefathers, an hundred of whom looked down upon him from the walls,—that effect must have been something altogether bewilderingly delightful and ecstatic.

While Charles held court in Holyrood, he revived, in one instance at least, a courtly practice which had been for some time renounced by the sovereigns of England. This was—touching for the King's evil. It is well known that not only was the superstitious belief in the efficacy of the royal touch for this disease, prevalent among the people so late as the reign of Queen Anne, but the Book of Common Prayer actually contained an office to be performed on such occasions, which has only been omitted in recent editions of that venerable manual of devotion. Queen Anne was the last monarch who condescended to perform the ceremony; on which account, it used always to be said by the Jacobites, that the usurping family *dared* not do it, lest they should betray their want of the real royal character. We have been informed by an ancient nonjurant still alive, that a gentleman of England having applied to King George the First, soon after his accession, to have his son touched, and being peevishly desired to go over to the Pretender, actually obeyed the command, and was so well pleased with the result of the experiment, that he became and continued ever after a firm believer in the *jus divinum*, and a staunch friend of the exiled family. Whether Charles believed in the supposed power of the royal touch, we cannot determine; but it is certain that he condescended to perform the ceremony at Holyroodhouse, under the following circumstances:—

When at Perth, he had been petitioned by a poor woman to touch her daughter, a child of seven years, who had been dreadfully afflicted with the disease ever since her infancy. He excused himself by pleading want of time; but directed that the girl should be brought to him at Edinburgh; to which she was accordingly despatched, under the care of a stout sick-nurse; and a day was appointed when she should be introduced to his presence in the palace. When the child was brought in, he was found in the picture gallery, which served as his ordinary audience chamber; surrounded by all his principal officers and by many ladies. He caused a circle to be cleared, within which the child was admitted, together with her attendant, and a priest in his canonicals. The patient was then stripped naked, and placed upon her knees in the centre of the circle. The clergyman having pronounced an appropriate prayer—perhaps

the office above mentioned—Charles approached the kneeling girl, and, with great apparent solemnity, touched the sores occasioned by the disease, pronouncing, at every different application, the words, "I touch, but God heal!" The ceremony was concluded by another prayer from the priest; and the patient, being again dressed, was carried round the circle, and presented with little sums of money by all present. Precisely twenty-one days from the date of her being submitted to Charles's touch, the ulcers fortunately closed and healed; and nothing remained to show that she had ever been afflicted, except the scars or marks left upon the skin! We have derived this strange tale from a non-jurant gentleman, who heard the woman herself relate it, and who had touched with his own fingers the spots upon her body which had been previously honoured by contact with those of Prince Charles. The poor woman told her story with many expressions of pride, and of veneration for him whom she considered her deliverer. She also added, that she had received many valuable presents from the Jacobites, to whom, after her recovery, she had been exhibited by her parent, and who, of course, did not entertain the slightest doubt regarding the efficacy of Charles's fingers, any more than they questioned his pretensions to the throne of Britain.

While Charles endeavoured in this manner to amuse his friends with the gaieties of a court, and by exercising the functions of royalty, he did not neglect that attention to more urgent matters which his situation and new character so essentially required. On the contrary, in issuing proclamations, and in his endeavours to increase the army, he was perhaps as thoroughly occupied as any prince who had before resided within the walls of Holyrood. His proclamations were calculated to three different purposes,—the conciliation of his enemies, the encouragement of his hitherto undeclared friends, and the strengthening of his pecuniary and other resources. He demanded an unlimited surrender of all the arms and ammunition in Edinburgh and the surrounding country. He granted protections to all persons travelling upon their lawful business. He forbade all public rejoicings for the victory of Preston. He also granted an indemnity to all his father's people for their treasons, during the exile of his family, requiring only that they should promise to his secretary to live hereafter as obedient subjects. His proclamations were headed with the words,—“Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging; To all his majesty's subjects, greeting;” and subscribed, “By his highness's command, J. Murray.”

He also found it necessary to publish edicts, for the prevention of robberies said to be committed by his soldiers. It seems that, in searching for arms, the Highlanders occasionally used a little license in regard to other matters of property; though it is also allowed that many persons, unconnected with his army, assumed the appearance of his soldiers, and were the chief perpetrators of the felonies complained of. Whole bands, indeed, of these wretches, went about the country, showing forged commissions, and affecting to sell protections in Charles's name, for which they exacted large sums of money. The Highland army were partly blameable for these misdemeanours, because they had opened the public jails wherever they came, and let loose the culprits; and because, since their arrival at Edinburgh, the sword of justice had been completely suspended. Charles, however, who was perfectly unblameable, made every possible exertion to suppress a system which tended so much to bring his cause into bad repute; and his exertions seem to have not been altogether ineffectual.

It unfortunately happened, that while he did all he could to prevent small or individual robberies, the necessities of his own exchequer compelled him to authorize others of greater magnitude upon the public bodies of the kingdom. From the city of Edinburgh, he exacted a thousand tents, six thousand pair of shoes and a vast quantity of smaller articles, for the use of his troops. He seized all the goods in the custom houses of Leith and Borrowstonness, and immediately converted them into money, by selling them back to the smugglers from whom they had been taken. He mulcted the city of Glasgow in five thousand and five hundred pounds. He sent letters, moreover, to all the chief magistrates of burghs throughout the kingdom, requiring them to contribute certain sums for his service; as also to all collectors of the land-tax, to all collectors and comptrollers of the custom and excise, and to all factors upon the estates forfeited in 1715, demanding the money which

happened to be in their hands. The penalty which he assigned to those who should neglect his summons, was military execution with fire and sword.

During this temporary paralysis of the arm of the law, the following ludicrous circumstance is said to have taken place. The landlady of a Highland sergeant, resident in the Grassmarket, one day came into his room, exclaiming loudly against a neighbour who she said owed her eight shillings, and who had taken advantage of the decrease of the laws to refuse payment. “Confound the hale pack o' ye!” she continued; “ever since ye cam here, there's been neither law nor justice in the country. Charlie may be what he likes; but he can ne'er be a gude king that prevents puir folk frae getting their ain!”—“Say ye sae?” replied the sergeant in some little indignation, “I can tell ye, though, Prince Charlie has petter law and chustice path, than ever your Chordie had a' his tays. Come along wi' me, and I'll let ye see ta cood law and chustice too!” The landlady conducted her lodger to the house of the debtor, which he entered with his drawn sword in his hand. “Mistress,” he said to the recusant dame, “do you pe awin this honest woman my landlaty ta aught shilling?”—“And what although I should?” was the answer; “what the muckle deevil bae ye to do wi't?”—“I'll show you what I have to do with it,” said the Highlander; and mounting a cutty stool, he proceeded with great nonchalance to depopulate the good woman's shelves of her shining powder plates, which he handed down one by one into his landlady's apron, saying at every successive descent of his arm, “terro's ta cood law and chustice too!” Powder plates were at that time the very *penates* of a Scottish housewife of the lower order; and when the woman saw her treasured bink thus laid waste, she relented incontinent, and, forthwith proceeding into another room to get the money, paid the landlady her debt; in return for which she demanded back her plates. The Highland J. P. replaced all the goods in their shelves, except a few, which he desired the landlady to carry home. “What!” exclaimed the proprietrix, “am I no to get a' my plates back when I've paid my debt?”—“‘Tat you are not,” quoth the sergeant, “unless you give me ta other twa shilling for laying ta law upon you.” This additional sum, the poor woman was actually obliged to pay; and the Highlander then went home, with his landlady, exclaiming all the way, “Tare now's ta cood law and chustice path—petter than ever your Chordie had a' his tays!”

CHAPTER IX.

GATHERING AT EDINBURGH.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
Ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the Usurper forced to flee:
Oh this is what maist wad wanton me.

Jacobite Song.

The Court at St. James's, thoroughly alarmed at Charles's progress and success, were now taking measures to present a force against him, which might be capable of at once putting a stop to his career. About the end of September, the king ordered a strong body of troops, consisting of several battalions of foot and some squadrons of horse, to march directly to Scotland, under the command of Marshal Wade. They were appointed to assemble at Doncaster, and Wade set out from London on the 6th of October, in order to assume the command. It was the 29th of October, however, before this army reached Newcastle, on their way to meet the Highland army; by which time, Charles was on the point of marching into England.

This force being still considered too small, the king, besides using every endeavour to enlist new men, ordered home a considerable portion of his veteran army from Flanders, along with its youthful commander, William Duke of Cumberland, his second son, who had already distinguished himself at the well fought, though unsuccessful battle of Fontenoy. Innumerable bodies of militia were also raised throughout the country, to oppose the progress of the insurgents; and his Majesty, the better to carry on the war, was favoured with a loan of 700,000*l.*, by the proprietors of two privateer vessels, which had recently taken upwards of that sum in specie from the French.

To oppose forces thus leisurely collected, and in such quantities, Charles exerted himself at Edinburgh, for six weeks after his victory, to raise the clans which had not at first declared themselves, and to organize his little army as well as time and circumstances would allow.

He despatched (September 24th) a messenger to the Isle of Skye, to assure Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod, that, not imputing their inactivity to disaffection, he was ready to receive them and their powerful clans as the most favoured of his father's loyal subjects. From Skye, this messenger (Mr. Alexander MacLeod, advocate) was commissioned to go to Castle Downie, the residence of the Lord Lovat, and to deliver the same message to that ancient, but incalculable adherent. The message met with no success at Skye, where Duncan Forbes had been exerting himself to confirm the two recusant chiefs in their loyalty. But with Lovat, the charm of a reported victory had a different effect. On hearing of the affair of Preston, he is said to have exclaimed in a transport, that neither ancient nor modern times could furnish a parallel to so brilliant a victory. At once throwing off the mask which he had so long worn, he descended to the court-yard in front of his castle, and, casting his hat upon the ground, drank in a bumper of wine, “Success to the White Rose,* and confusion to the White Horse and all its adherents!” He had previously been exerting himself to raise his clan, which he designed to put under the charge of his son, a youth of eighteen, then at the college of St. Andrews. He now resolved seriously and energetically to side with the prince, and, calling his son, commanded him to lead out the men. The young man was very unwilling to do so, but could not resist the orders of so arbitrary a father. Lovat contrived that he himself should still appear loyal to government, and, in a letter to the Lord President, threw all the blame of the insurrection of the clan upon his son, whom he did not scruple to represent as the most headstrong and disobedient of children. Forbes knew his lordship too well to believe his assertions, and immediately proceeded to apprehend him. He was enabled to do so, by means of a body of independent loyal militia, which he had been employed for some time in raising, and with whom he eventually contrived to over-crow the Clan Fraser so entirely, that they durst not make an attempt to join the Chevalier.

No two characters could present a greater contrast than those of Lord Lovat and the Lord President. The former, ferocious, cunning, and turbulent, was all that an ancient Feudal Baron could have been in wickedness; the latter, gentle, candid, and unambitious, was the very *beau ideal* of a good citizen. Lovat had spent a long life in dark political intrigues, alternately siding with each party of the state; Forbes had devoted himself, for thirty years, to the single and consistent object of advancing the pure principles of the revolution. The one was the worst of Jacobites, the other the best of whigs.

Although the president was generally successful in his negotiations, he could not prevent a certain number of the clans from marching to join the prince's standard. As he himself declares in one of his letters, rebels stalked out from families for whose royalty he could have previously staked his life; and even his own nephew, to his great astonishment and mortification, one day assumed the white cockade and joined the insurgents. It would indeed appear, that he was in some cases egregiously deceived, and that, by a policy not less finical than his own, many whom he considered his friends, had only assured him of their loyalty, in order to lead him into security, and that they might be able to circumvent him in their turn.

Edinburgh was in the mean time experiencing some of the miseries appropriate to a civil war. For a few days after the battle of Gladsmuir, the communication between the city and castle continued open. The Highlanders kept guard at the weigh-house, an old building situated in the centre of the street leading to the castle, about three hundred yards from the fortress itself; and they at first allowed all kinds of provisions to pass, particularly for the use of the officers. But the garrison soon beginning to annoy them with cohorts and cannon, orders were issued on the 29th of September, that no person should be permitted to pass. General Guest then sent a letter to the city, threatening to use his cannon against the stations of the Highland guards, unless they permitted a free communication. As that involved the safety of the town to a great extent, the inhabitants—for there were no magistrates—implored a respite for a single night, which was granted. They then waited upon Prince Charles, and showed him General Guest's letter. He immediately gave them an answer in writing, that they might show it to the governor, expressing his surprise at the barbarity of the officer who threatened to

* The house of Stuart had assumed the white rose or cockade; the white Horse is conspicuous in the arms of Brunswick.

bring distress upon the citizens, for not doing what was out of their power, and at the extravagance which demanded his renunciation of all the advantages he possessed by the fortune of war. He concluded, by threatening to retaliate upon the garrison, in reprisals upon their estates, and also upon those of "all known abettors of the Government." Upon presenting this letter to General Guest, and making earnest entreaty for a further respite, the citizens obtained a promise that no shots should be fired till his majesty's pleasure should be known upon the subject, providing that the besiegers should, during that time, offer no annoyance to the garrison.

This condition was broken next day by the levity of the Highlanders, who fired off their pieces, to frighten some people who were carrying provisions up the Castle-hill. The governor then considered himself justified in firing upon the guard. Charles, on learning what had taken place, published a proclamation, exhibiting all intercourse with the castle upon pain of death, and gave orders to strengthen the blockade, by posting additional guards at several places. The garrison retaliated for this measure, by firing at all the Highlanders they could see. On the 4th of October, they commenced a regular bombardment of the city. When it grew dark, the cannonading ceased, and a party, sallying out, threw up a trench across the Castlehill, where they planted cannon, and fired balls and cartouch shot down the street. They also set fire to one or two deserted houses at the head of the street, and, on the people running to extinguish it, destroyed some innocent lives. The people, then dreadfully alarmed, began to busy themselves in transporting their aged and infirm friends to the country, along with their most valuable effects; and the streets, on which the bullets were perpetually descending with terrific effect, were soon as completely deserted by day, as they usually were by night. In running down to Leith for shelter, a great party met the inhabitants of that town hurrying for the same purpose towards Edinburgh, because a British ship, of war, lying off in the roads, and whose intercourse with the shore had been cut off by the Highlanders, was firing into their streets with the same fatal effect. All was perplexity and dismay; and the unhappy citizens stood still, wringing their hands, and execrating the cruel necessities of war.

General Guest, who commanded in the castle at this momentous crisis, has been much lauded for the spirit with which he held out against the insurgents; and as his monumental inscription of Westminster Abbey contains an eulogium upon him in reference to that passage of his life, it may be said, that the thanks of the country have been rendered to him for his good service. It is now to be for the first time disclosed, that the public gratitude has been misdirected in regard to General Guest. The person to whom in reality government was indebted for the preservation of the fortress, was General George Preston of Valleyfield, an ancient soldier of the King William school, who had been recently superseded in the command of the garrison by Guest, but who had not retired from his post when the insurrection broke out. After the defeat of Preston, on the Highlanders returning in triumph and investing the castle, General Guest, who was not free of some suspicions of Jacobitism, called a council of war, and urged that, as the fortress could not be held out, a capitulation should immediately be entered into. All the officers present assented to his proposal, except old General Preston, who, with the spirit of all the twenty campaigns he had served glowing in his bosom, solemnly protested against the measure; adding that, if it should be determined on, he would that night send off an express to London, to lay his commission at his majesty's feet, as he would consider himself disgraced by holding it an hour longer. Guest remonstrated against the old general's resolution, which was calculated to reflect so much dishonour upon the garrison; but the veteran remained inflexible. When the governor at length found it impossible to move him, he asked if he would take the responsibility upon himself, and command the garrison in his name; to which the general consented. The government of the castle then devolved upon Preston, who immediately set about those active measures, the result of which we have just described. The venerable soldier, now eighty-six years of age, seventy of which he had spent in the army, was so feeble that he could hardly walk. Nevertheless, his vigilance was incessant. Once every two hours, he caused himself to be carried round the walls in his arm-chair, in order to visit the sentries. He also took care, whenever a party of Highlanders appeared within sight, to have a cannon loaded with grape-shot discharged at them. It is said that when Charles was informed of the annoyance thus

given to his men, he sent a message to the new governor, to the effect that, if it was not discontinued, he would immediately give orders to burn Valleyfield house, the seat of his elder brother. To this General Preston is said to have returned for answer, "he (the Chevalier) was at liberty to do exactly as he pleased with Valleyfield; for his part, he was resolved to do his duty, so long as he had the honour of holding the commission of his Sovereign. He only begged to add, that as soon as he received intelligence of the destruction of his brother's house, he would give orders that Wemyss Castle should share the same fate." Wemyss Castle was the paternal seat of Lord Elcho, one of Charles's principal adherents; and as it overhung the coast of Fife, and was exposed to the fire of the government vessels lying in the Frith of Forth, there could be no doubt that General Preston was able to retaliate in the manner threatened. Charles, therefore, saw fit to press his remonstrance no farther.

The distress, indeed, which the blockade of the castle had brought upon the city, was now found to be so unfavourable to Charles's cause, that he was obliged, for the sake of his reputation, to take it off. He did so by proclamation, on the evening of the day succeeding its commencement. The cannonade then ceased on the part of the castle, into which provisions were ever afterwards conveyed without molestation.

The prisoners taken at Gladsmair had meanwhile been sent to distant parts of the country—the officers to Perth, and the private men to Logierait in Athole. Some sergeants, corporals, and private men, were prevailed upon to enlist in the victorious army; but most of them afterwards deserted. The officers, who, besides their parole, had also taken an oath not to serve against the house of Stuart for a twelvemonth, held as little faith with their captors, many of them resuming their place in the king's army as soon as opportunity permitted. The wounded, being allowed to carry away their mutilated bodies as soon as they could, travelled into England, as beggars, showing their dreadful gashes wherever they went; by which means the curiosity of the English populace was at once gratified, and a salutary terror of the Highlanders spread throughout the country which they designed to invade.

The real accessions of force which Prince Charles received at Edinburgh, were, notwithstanding the counteracting of Forbes, fully as considerable as his circumstances could have led to expect. The first that joined him was Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airley, who arrived in town on the 3d of October with a regiment of 600 men, most of whom were of his own name, and from the county of Forfar. Next day came Gordon of Glenbucket, with 400 men from the head of Aberdeenshire, forming a regiment, of which he and his kinsmen were the officers. Lord Pitligo arrived on the 9th, with a great body of gentlemen from the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, attended by their servants, all well armed and mounted; as also a small body of infantry. These valuable recruits were from the northern part of the Lowlands of Scotland, where nonjuration might be said to have its principal citadel, and where the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic forms of worship are still vigorously flourished. Various other gentlemen from the north, along with some inferior sept of Highland families, joined the army before the end of October, when the whole amount was somewhat less than six thousand.

The Chevalier, notwithstanding the success of Preston, found few adherents at Edinburgh, or in any part of the country south of the Forth. Even when he was in complete possession of the city, only about three hundred of the inhabitants, and those not the most respectable, did him the honour of assuming the white cockade. In fact, his enterprise was looked upon by the citizens as a thing quite foreign to their feelings and ordinary pursuits; it had the charm of romance, and the merit, perhaps, of abstract justice; but was it for them to leave their profitable counters and snug firesides, in order to swagger away into England with arms in their hands, for the purpose of acquiring military glory, and asserting the visionary claims of a hot-headed foreigner? It was easy to wish the young man well, and to form the resolution of submitting tranquilly to his authority, should he succeed; but, for thousands who had indifference enough to take that neutral ground, there was not perhaps one that had sufficient courage or enthusiasm to take a personal and active part in the cause. The great mass of people, happy in their own individual concerns and prospects, contented themselves with repeating the common adage, "Whoever's king, I'll be subject."

Besides this description of supineness, the Chevalier had to contend with another feeling of a different sort, but not less inimical to his purposes. This was the stern

Presbyterian principle of dislike to his family, originating in the religious persecutions to which his ancestor had subjected a portion of the people of Scotland. It is true, that the most rigid sect of Presbyterians had, since the Revolution, expressed a strong desire to coalesce with the Jacobites, with the hope, in case the house of Stuart were restored, to obtain what they called a covenanted king; and that a thousand of this sect had assembled in Dumfriesshire, at the first intelligence of the insurrection, bearing arms and colours, and supposed to contemplate a junction with the Chevalier. But these extravagant religionists were now almost as violently distinct from the established church of Scotland, as ever they had been from those of England and Rome, and had long ceased to play the most prominent part in the national disputes about forms of worship. The established clergy, and the greater part of their congregations, were adverse to Charles upon considerations perfectly moderate, but at the same time well-grounded, and not easily to be shaken.

Some instances have reached us which show the efficacy of these sentiments against Charles's cause, and at the same time prove the disinclination of war which an age of domestic peace and increasing commerce had produced in the Lowlands. When the Earl of Kilmarnock exerted himself, in 1715, for the defence of government, he found not the slightest difficulty in raising a large regiment among his tenants and dependents, all of whom were at once willing to attend their baronial master, and hearty in the cause for which he desired their services. But on the son of that earl coming to Kilmarnock in 1745, and requesting the inhabitants to arm themselves in behalf of the house of Stuart, there was a very different result. By this time, the people were making fortunes by the manufacture of night-caps, and had got different lights regarding feudal servitude; which, added to their prejudices against the pope, the devil, and the pretender, caused them fairly to rebel against their ancient baronial master. His lordship assembled them in the town-hall, and tried them first with entreaties, and then with threats; but not one man would consent to join his standard. He then confined his demands to their arms; for, weavers as they were, they still retained the old muskets and rusty shabbles of their covenanting ancestors, and occasionally displayed them at bloodless wappinshaws. But this requisition they were equally prepared to resist; and one of them even had the hardihood to tell his lordship, that "if they presented him with their guns, it would be with the muzzle till him!" The Earl of Kilmarnock, therefore, brought none but himself and his body-servants to the prince's army.

The Earl of Kellie was equally unsuccessful in his attempt to raise his dependents. This eccentric nobleman is described in the Mercury, as going over to Fife, in order to raise a regiment for the prince's service upon his estates in that well-affected district. He never got above three men,—himself as colonel,—an old Fife laird for lieutenant-colonel, and a serving-man who had to represent all the rest of the troop by his own single person!

This indeed, was but too common a case in the Low countries; and the saying of a cautious rustic, who was asked what side he was going to take in these troubles, may be mentioned as sufficiently indicating the sentiments of almost the whole community regarding the measure of taking up arms. "For my part," said the cool Scot, "I'm clear for being on the same side wi' the hangman. I'll stay till I see what side he's to tak, and then I'll decide."

It is common to hear the Jacobites blamed, as the cavaliers had been in the preceding century, for *petulance*; but the least reflection will show, that however true this charge may be, with regard to his English friends, it is very unreasonable so far as his Scottish adherents are concerned. The Chevalier, in common with other persons in distress, had many friends who would have done any thing for him but injure their fortune. They would speak in his favour, drink in his favour, write in his favour, and even perhaps lend him a little money; but they could not risk or sacrifice all; nor could they be expected. Many of them had the much stronger and dearer than those of party; the minds of many others were not of a warlike complexion; and thousands who had formerly regarded the restoration of the Stuarts as a desirable object, were now alarmed when they saw the horrors of a civil war before their eyes. The Highlanders, owing to the peculiar constitution of their society, found it easy, in the words of the song, to

— leave their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairns sae dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier."

Compelled by their chiefs, who had high expectations from the enterprise, they could not remain at home with honour; and they were at the same time attracted by the prospects of a campaign in the wealthy territory of the Sassenach. These circumstances and considerations certainly did not attend the free and enlightened Lowlanders; none of whom found it possible so far to overcome their natural prudence, except those who had laboured under the influence of strong political and religious predilections, or who were in that condition when any change must bring profit and advantage.

Even in cases where the adherent possessed a considerable fortune, a prudential plan was generally adopted, by which it was at least secured to the family. Thus, when the proprietor himself went out, he made over the estate to his eldest son, who remained at home in possession; and, *vice versa*, when the father was averse to active partisanship, a son went out, along with all the forces, both in the way of men and money, which the house could contribute, assured that, although the youth should fall or be attained, he had still brothers to inherit the patrimonial property for the behoof of the family. Some of the Highland chiefs themselves saw fit to adopt this policy. The MacDonalds of Clanranald, and also those of Glengary, were led out by the sons of their respective chiefs. At a subsequent period of the campaign, the wife of the chief of the MacIntoshes raised the clan in behalf of Charles, while MacIntosh himself served as an officer in a militia raised for the defence of government.

It is, altogether, rather to be wondered at, that, fifty-seven years after the expulsion of the house of Stuart, when the popular feeling of loyalty might be expected to have fairly settled down in a new channel, so many honourable and prudent men should have been found to peril their lives in advocating its rights with the sword. The generation which had transacted and witnessed the revolution was completely gone; and Prince Charles was but a remote descendant of the party who suffered on that memorable occasion. If time alone could not extinguish his claims by prescription, as it does all others, the changes which had taken place upon the face of society, and upon the polity of the state, might at least be allowed to have done so. An attempt had already been made without success, and to the effusion of much blood, in the same unhappy cause; and heaven and man had long seemed to have united in affixing to it the fatality of disaster and sorrow.

One powerful cause has been assigned in recent times for the support which Charles met with in 1745,—selfishness in his adherents. Memoirs and papers lately brought to light, display the interested diplomacy of both parties, and are accepted by a portion of the public as completely subversive of the theory of romance which has gradually been reared above the simple history of this insurrection. This is by no means a liberal view of this portion of our history. From the nature of the human heart, selfish motives will mix with the purest and most generous of our emotions; and to suppose the Jacobites superior to such considerations, would be to believe them something more than mortal. After all, the chief insurgents only stipulated for prospective advantages,—for rewards which they were to win by their swords, and at the risks of their lives and fortunes. Such they would assuredly have merited, in case the enterprise had succeeded. To deny that they would not, is just as unreasonable as to say that the soldiers of the king's army were unworthy of their ordinary pay. They stood well enough as they were, without Charles; and they only proposed to better their condition, and at the same time gratify the wishes of their hearts, by endeavouring to redress his injuries.

Take it as it may, this cannot be considered the chief or even the secondary motive for insurrection. Jacobitism was a generous sentiment, arising from a natural love of abstract justice, and nourished by the disposition, equally natural, to befriend the oppressed and unfortunate. The London mob, at the revolution, however convinced of the impropriety of James's measures in the days of his power, could not behold him brought back from Rochester, a fallen and captive monarch, without tears and acclamations. No more could that part of the Scottish nation, which remained unattached to government and in possession of their ancient prejudices,—whose minds were susceptible of the more generous impressions, and who could still stand up for a friend "though his back were at the wa'"—see the youthful and gallant Charles solidifying their friendship in the way he did, without at once bestowing it. Instead of allowing the Jacobites to have been influenced by considerations of interest, it may rather be said that they were perhaps the

only part of the nation over whom such things had no power. They sacrificed fortune, and favour, and all that men hold dear on earth, for the sake of a mere emotion of their feelings, for the associations of the times that were past, or at least for principle which they believed to be right; whilst the Whigs alone were the men with whom the suggestions of prudence and expediency had any weight, who could reasonably hope for advantage, national or individual, from the issue of the contest. It is true that many persons must have been deluded by the hope of place and wealth, and also that there were many men of broken fortunes, who entered into it from more recklessness, or because they had no considerations of interest to prevent them. Yet, when we think of the many honourable gentlemen who joined the Chevalier's banner on no other account but because they considered him the rightful heir of the throne—when we think upon the many high spirited youths who rushed to it with the hope of military glory and lady's love—when we consider that the great mass acted upon principles of ancient honour, and from a feeling of the most noble and generous sympathy—and, more than all, when we recall the innumerable legends, displaying in such splendid style the disinterested and devoted loyalty of the actors, we cannot help characterising the whole affair, as public sentiment seems to have already characterised it, as a transaction unprecedentedly chivalrous, and which did honour to the nation.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

When first my brave Johnnie lad came to the town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border and gie'them a brush:
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Jacobite Song.

When Charles had spent six weeks at Edinburgh, without obtaining a third of the accessions which he expected, and when all hope of more seemed at rest for the present, he resolved, with the consent of his council, to prosecute the march to London, though his force was still miserably inadequate to the object, and the whole English nation was by this time hurried in arms to oppose him. He had procured several shipoards of arms and ammunition, along with some money and a few officers of experience, from France; and he still entertained hopes of a descent being made from the same quarter, upon some part of the English coast. He had great reliance upon the cavalier gentry of England, who had recently sent him assurances of their support in case he marched to London; and he placed the greatest confidence in the energies and hardihood of his present force. Upon these grounds the greater part of his council concurred with him in advising an immediate march, and some even went the length of trusting entirely to the troops which had already achieved so great a victory. But there was a strong minority who pleaded that he should remain and fortify himself where he was, holding out Scotland against England, and who only consented to an invasion of the latter country with the greatest reluctance.

Towards the end of October, orders were given to call in all the various parties which had been posted at different parts of the country, and the Chevalier had a grand review of his whole united force upon the beach betwixt Leith and Musselburgh, now known by the name of Portobello Sands, where, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, George IV. attended a similar ceremony in 1822.

During the last half of October the army had not lain at Duddingston, but in more comfortable lodgings within and around the city. On the 26th, the main body left Edinburgh, and pitched a camp a little to the west of Inveresk church, where they had a battery pointing to the southwest. At a still later period of the month, they removed to a strong situation above Dalkeith, having that town on their left, the South Eske in front, the North Eske in rear, and an opening on the right towards Polton.

At six o'clock in the evening of Thursday, the 31st of October, Prince Charles finally left the palace and capital of his paternal kingdom, and, accompanied by his life guards, rode to Pinkie house. Having slept there that night, he rode next day at noon to Dalkeith, where he gave orders for the march of his army. In order to deceive Marshal Wade as to the point in which he designed to invade England, he had previously sent orders for quarters to all the towns upon the road to Berwick,

and despatched little detachments of his men in various other directions. But he now determined his march towards the western border, at once with the view of eluding the army at Newcastle, and that he might gather the troops which he expected to come to his standard in that well affected part of the kingdom. He now also appointed his principal officers—the Duke of Perth to be general, Lord George Murray lieutenant general, Lord Elcho colonel of the life guards, the Earl of Kilmarnock colonel of the Hussars, and Lord Pittligo colonel of the Angus horse.

Though the invasion of England was a desperate measure, the army was now in the best possible condition, and provided with all the conveniences which could attend a deliberate campaign. The men were fresh by their long rest at Edinburgh, well clothed and well appointed; they carried with them provisions for four days; and their baggage was promptly transported, by about an hundred and fifty wains, and as many sumpter horses, carrying large baskets across their backs.

At the commencement of this singular march, the insurgents amounted in gross numbers to six thousand, five hundred of whom were cavalry, and three thousand Highlanders. Thirteen regiments, many of them very small, were composed of the Highland clans; five regiments, generally more numerous, of Lowlanders; and besides the two troops of horse guards, who wore a uniform already described, and commanded by Lords Elcho and Balmerino, there were bodies of horse under the orders of Kilmarnock and Pittligo, the first coarsely dressed and indifferently armed, and the last clothed in the ordinary fashion of country gentlemen, each armed with such weapons as he pleased to carry, or could most readily command. A small body of the lighter horse was selected to scour the country for intelligence, and to act as the *antennæ* or feelers of the marching army.

The different regiments were commanded by their chiefs, and generally officered by their kinsmen of that dignity, according to their propinquity. Each regiment had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. To adjust the claims of various persons of these ranks, the Chevalier is said to have generally found as difficult a task, as if the object contended for had been a real commission from a real government, and not a temporary place in an insurgent band, which ran the risk of utter demolition every day. The front rank of the regiments was filled by men of good birth, who in the Highlands, however poor in fortune, are constantly styled gentlemen, and who had, for pay, one shilling a day; while that of the ordinary men was only sixpence. The pay of the captains was half a crown, of the lieutenants two shillings, of the ensigns one shilling and sixpence. The gentlemen of the front rank were each completely armed, in the fashion of the Highlanders, with a musket, a broadsword, a pair of pistols, silver handled or otherwise, a dirk at the belt, to which were also attached a knife and fork; the left arm sustained a round target made of wood and leather and studded with nails; and some who chose to be armed with extraordinary care, besides the dagger at the belt, carried a smaller one stuck into the garter of the right leg, which they could use in certain situations, when the other was beyond their reach. The undistinguished warriors of the rear ranks, were in general armed in a much inferior manner, many of them wanting targets.

On the evening of Friday, the 1st of November, a considerable portion of the army, under the command of the Marquis of Tullibardine, took the road for Peebles, intending to proceed to Carlisle by Moffat. The remainder left Dalkeith on the 3d, headed by the prince, on foot, with his target over his shoulder. He had previously lodged two nights in the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch. This party took a route more directly south, affording a design of meeting and fighting Marshal Wade at Newcastle. Charles arrived, with the head of his division, on the evening of the first day's march, at Lauder, where he took up his quarters in Thirlstane castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. Next day, on account of a false report that there was a strong body of dragoons advancing in this direction to meet him, he fell back upon Channelkirk, in order to bring up the rear of his troops, who had lingered there during the night. He marched that day (the 4th) to Kelso, walking all the way on foot, in order to encourage the men. A third party assumed a middle course, by Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and Moespaul.

The western division, which marched by Peebles, and which had charge of the cannon and most of the baggage, arrived at that sequestered little town on the evening of Saturday the 2d of November. The sun was setting, as the first lines descended from the hills which

environ the place on every side, and, throwing back a thousand threatening glances from the arms of the moving band, caused inexpressible alarm among the peaceful townsmen, who had only heard enough about the insurrection and its agents to make them fear the worst from such a visit. "There's the Hielantmen! there's the Hielantmen!" burst from every mouth, and was communicated like wildfire through the town; while the careful merchant took another look of the cellar in which he had concealed his goods, and the anxious mother clasped her infant more closely to her beating bosom. The consternation which prevailed was not soothed by one of the dreaded band shooting a dog which happened to cross a field near him, as he was entering the town.

Contrary to expectation, the mountaineers neither attempted to cut the throats nor to violate the property of the inhabitants. They let it be known, wherever they went, that they required certain acts of obedience on the part of the people; and that if these were not willingly rendered, they had the will, as they possessed the power, of using force. The leader demanded payment of the cess, on pain of military execution; and little parties of individuals, calling upon various householders within and without the town, requested such supplies of provisions as could properly be spared, with the simple alternative of having their houses ransacked and indiscriminately plundered. But scarcely any incivility was ever shown in the outset. A farmer in the neighbourhood of the town, the great grandfather of the author of this narrative, having displayed a discreet desire to accommodate them, by killing two pet lambs, and causing his wife and servants to bake oat meal cakes for them all the ensuing Sunday, was treated with great politeness, and had his poultry and cattle scrupulously spared.

The people, in general hospitable from habit, were not perhaps so much grieved by the exactions thus made upon their winter stores of provisions, as they were scandalised by the necessity to which many of them were subjected, of working on the Sabbath day. They grudged the contents of their *kirms* less than the labour of *kirning*, and would far rather have given away the *girdle*, along with the bannocks, than seen it heated at such an unreasonable time. A joiner, who was compelled on that blessed day to fashion ramrods for a few muskets, which, strange to say, wanted these conveniences, would almost have as soon had the said muskets turned upon his own person, and a ball from each sent through his body; and the miller, whom they rigorously obliged to work all day long, would have willingly abjured, from that time forth, all right to break the eight commandment, could such a dire measure have spared him, for one day, the dire necessity of smashing the fourth.

This party of the insurgents, after spending a day or two at Peebles, went up Tweedsmuir to Moffat, carrying with them a horse belonging to a neighbouring farmer, who, after following them all the way to Carlisle, in the vain hope of having the animal restored, was there imprisoned for several weeks, on account of his annoying petitions for redress. Throughout the whole campaign, the insurgents were necessarily very solicitous about horses and cattle; and the people whose lands they were approaching invariably made a point of conveying away their bestial to some remote and sequestered place, so as to be either out of the probable line of march, or altogether concealed from view and inquiry. But this unfortunate farmer had neglected the precautions of his neighbours, and his horse was of course appropriated as fair prey. The Peebles party had directed their route down Annandale, and entered England near Langtown.

Charles remained at Kelso from the Monday when he arrived, till Wednesday, preserving the further direction of his march a profound secret. In order the better to perplex the army which awaited him at Newcastle, he sent orders to Wooler, a town upon the road to that city, commanding the preparation of quarters for his whole army. On Wednesday morning, however, he suddenly gave out orders for a march towards the opposite extremity of the Border.

During his brief residence at Kelso, he sent a party of about thirty men down the Tweed, to the place, not far distant, where that river becomes the boundary of the two kingdoms, with orders there to cross the water, and to proclaim his father upon English ground. The party after doing so, immediately returned to Kelso.

The column which Charles thus led in person, consisted chiefly of the Camerons and MacDonalds, who were considered the flower of his army, but who were not at this time the most willing or enthusiastic in his service. On account, probably, of their leaders having been of that party in the council which opposed the march into Eng-

land, Charles is said to have sat an hour and a half on horseback that day, before he could prevail upon the men to go forward. They at last left the town, crossed the Tweed, and took the road towards Jedburgh.

The prince lodged this night in a house near the centre of the town of Jedburgh, which is, or was lately, occupied as the *Nag's Head Inn*. The march of that day had been only ten miles; but, as he had now to traverse a considerable tract of waste country, affording no prospect of quarters for his troops, it was necessary to resolve upon a much longer stretch for that which ensued. Setting out early in the morning, and crossing the high grounds to the south-west of Jedburgh, he led his men up Rule water, famed of old for its hardy warriors, and over the *Knot o' the Gate* into Liddisdale, equally noted in former times for its predatory bands, as in more recent times for its primitive yeomen and romantic minstrelsy. After a march of at least twenty-five miles, through a land abounding more in poetical associations than in substantial *provan*, Charles slept that night at Haggiehaugh, upon Liddel water, his men lodging upon the cold ground, or in the houses, barns, and byres of the neighbouring peasantry. Before going to rest, he purchased a small flock of sheep for provisions to his men, and had a person sent for to kill and dress them. Charles Scott, a neighbouring farmer, more commonly called in the fashion of that country *Charlie o' Kirnton*, was the man employed for this purpose. He was up all night killing sheep; and the prince next morning gave him half a guinea for his trouble. Two Highlanders, who had observed Charlie receive this guerdon, followed him as he was going home, and, clapping their pistols to his breast, demanded an instant surrender of "ta hauf keenie;" a command which the yeoman was obliged to obey for fear of the pistols, though his strength and resolution, celebrated to this day as far surpassing those of modern men, would have enabled him to defy double the number of assailants unprovided with those incalculable weapons.

Next day, Friday the 8th of November, Charles proceeded down Liddel water; and the middle column, which had marched by Selkirk, Hawick, and down Ewesdale, came up to him at Grit-mill Green, upon the banks of the Esk, four miles below Langholm. He entered England that evening, and took up his quarters at a place called Reddings in Cumberland. On the succeeding day, he was joined by the western column, who brought with them the unpleasant news that they had lost thirty carts of the baggage, in consequence of a surprise by the country people at Lockerby.

During this march, the Highland army lost a great portion of its numbers by desertion. The eastern column, led by Charles himself, suffered most from this cause; the disinclination to a southward march prevailing chiefly among the Camerons and MacDonalds. The Lanarkshire and Birlingshire roads are described as having for some days absolutely swarmed with the men who thus abandoned the standard; and great quantities of arms were found lying in the fields adjacent to the line of march, which the deserters had flung away, to facilitate their progress towards the north.

On the 9th of November, Charles, having concentrated his forces, approached Carlisle, the capital of Cumberland, a city which could once boast of being the bulwark of England against the Scots in this direction, but whose fortifications were now at once antiquated and imperfect. Less pains had been taken on the present occasion to fortify the cities in the west of England, than those upon the east; and, while Newcastle and Hull had been for many weeks prepared to resist the insurgents, Carlisle was invested only four or five days after having first apprehended the possibility of an attack. It was protected by an ancient castle, in which there was a company of invalids; and the city itself was surrounded by an old and somewhat dilapidated wall, manned on the present occasion by the citizens, assisted by a considerable body of militia which had been recently raised in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

On the 9th, a party of the prince's hussars appeared on Stanwix Bank, and leisurely began to survey the city through glasses; but a few shots being fired at them from the walls, they were obliged to retire. Next day the insurgent army, having passed the river Eden by several fords, invested the city on all sides; and the prince sent a letter to the mayor, requiring him to surrender peaceably, in order to spare the effusion of blood, which must be the inevitable consequence of a refusal. The mayor only answered by a discharge of cannon at the besiegers. Intelligence soon after reaching the prince, that Marshal Wade was marching from Newcastle to relieve Carlisle, he judged it proper to advance against that general, in order to engage the royal army in the mountainous coun-

try which intervenes betwixt the two cities. Leaving a small portion of his army to annoy Carlisle, he reached Warwick Castle at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 11th, and quartered next night at Brampton and the adjacent villages. He then learned that the information regarding Wade was false, and sent back the Duke of Perth, with several regiments of foot, and some troops of horse, to prosecute the siege of Carlisle with all possible vigour.

Having prepared a quantity of ladders, fascines, and carriages, out of the wood in Corby and Warwick Parks, the besieging party reappeared in full force before the city, on the afternoon of the 13th, and broke ground for a battery within forty fathoms of the walls—the Duke of Perth and Marquis of Tullibardine working in the trenches, without their coats, in order to encourage the troops. The garrison of the city kept up a continual firing during these operations, but without doing much harm. Next day, intimidated by the formidable appearance of the enemy's works, and fatigued almost beyond their natural strength by several nights of ceaseless watching, they felt disposed to resign the city; and accordingly, on the first motion of the besiegers towards an assault, a white flag was displayed from the walls, and terms requested for the surrender of the town. A cessation of hostilities being then agreed upon, an express was sent to the prince at Brampton; but his royal highness, remembering the example of Edinburgh, would assign no terms for the city, unless the castle were included. This being reported to the garrison, Colonel Durand, the commander of that fortress, consented to surrender his charge along with the city. The gates of Carlisle were then thrown open, and many a brave man passed with a rejoicing heart beneath the arches over which his head was hereafter to be stationed in dismal sentinels. The Duke of Perth, on receiving the submission of the garrison, shook them by the hands, told them they were brave fellows, and asked them to enlist in his service. He secured all the arms of the militia and garrison, besides about a thousand stand in the castle, with two hundred good horses; and, over and above all these acquisitions, a vast quantity of valuables, which had been deposited there for safety by the neighbouring gentry.

The capture of Carlisle gave additional reputation to the prince's arms, and knelled a still more dreadful note of alarm into the astounded ear of government. Hitherto, the insurgents had not met with a single instance of bad success, but had overpowered every opposition presented to them, not so much apparently through numerical force, as by individual courage, and a fatality which seemed to work in their favour. At every successive triumph, they themselves were inspired with a higher and higher confidence in their own vigour; and the nation at large became more and more persuaded that there was nothing impossible to them. They seemed to have now nothing to do but to get to London, in order to accomplish their object.

But at this period of their career, fortune seemed at length inclined to desert the side which she had espoused. Dissentions began to distract the councils of Charles, and the insane jealousies of his adherents, to dissipate and weaken the force which had till now been powerfully concentrated upon one particular point. Lord George Murray, envious of the prominent part which the Duke of Perth had taken in the siege and capitulation of Carlisle, waited upon the prince, and resigned his commission, acquainting Charles that he would serve henceforth as a volunteer. Perth, informed of this, waited upon Charles in his turn, and resigned his commission, saying that he would serve at the head of his own regiment. Charles accepted the last resignation, and soon after appointed Lord George Murray sole Lieutenant-General, an office which Lord George saw fit to accept, and which he was certainly calculated by military experience and talents to fill with better effect than his youthful rival.

On the day after the reduction of Carlisle, Marshal Wade commenced a march from Newcastle; but, hearing of the success of the insurgents, and being unable to cross the country on account of a great fall of snow, his excellency found it necessary to return to that city on the 22d, leaving the Chevalier at liberty to prosecute his march towards London.

But more effectual means were now taken by the king to suppress what was generally styled "the unnatural rebellion." Before the Scottish army set foot on English ground, the mass of the British troops had landed at London from Flanders; and, while the prince was residing in Carlisle, an army of 10,000 troops, chiefly veteran and experienced, was rendezvoused in Staffordshire, to oppose him. It seemed to the nation scarcely possible that he should either elude or vanquish so vigilant and so strong a force; and even the Highlanders themselves,

with all their valour, real and adventitious, had little hope of doing so. In order, moreover, that the fate of the empire should not be perilled on such a chance, another army was raised for the protection of London, which the king was resolved to command in person. Charles himself was not intimidated by these magnificent preparations, which he trusted to overcome by the vigour of his measures, and by the assistance which he expected in England. But the greater part of his council viewed the king's proceedings with dismay, and, not trusting to the supplies which their leader expected, advocated an immediate retreat into Scotland.

At a council of war held a few days after the surrender of Carlisle, various movements were proposed and taken under consideration. It was proposed to march to Newcastle, and bring Wade's army to an action. It was proposed to march directly to London, by the Lancashire road, at the hazard of encountering the superior force under General Ligonier. A third proposal urged an immediate retreat to Scotland, as there seemed no appearance of either a French invasion or an English insurrection. Charles declared his adherence to the resolution taken at Edinburgh, of marching to London at all hazards, and desired Lord George Murray to give his opinion of the various proposals. Lord George spoke at some length, compared the advantages and disadvantages of each of the proposals, and concluded that, if his royal highness chose to make a trial of what could be done by a march to the southward, he was persuaded that his army, small as it was, would follow him. Charles instantly decided for the march.

Lord George Murray, who advocated this strong measure, was a man of almost chivalrous courage. Robust and brave, with as much of military knowledge and talent as fitted him to command this extraordinary host, he possessed the complete confidence of the Highlanders, so as to have been able to make them do whatever he pleased. Ever the foremost man in all their headlong charges, his usual speech to them was, that he did not ask them to go forward, but only to follow him. He slept little, and was perpetually engaged in calculations for the service and direction of the army. Even before the resignation of the Duke of Perth as Lieutenant-General, he had enjoyed almost the sole power of managing the army; and, throughout the rest of the campaign, his power was as arbitrary as it was well employed. There were few other persons in the army sufficiently versed in military affairs to be capable of even advising him; for Charles and the Duke of Perth, though both full of ardent courage, neither possessed, nor affected to possess, abilities or experience for such a purpose, and the rest of the leaders were acknowledgedly deficient in every quality as soldiers, except those of dauntless intrepidity, and the utmost affection to the cause.

Before marching from Carlisle, Charles sent MacLaughlan of MacLaughlan back to Scotland, with a letter to Lord Strathallan, whom he had left at Perth commander-in-chief of his forces in Scotland, ordering him to march with all his troops after the army into England. The forces lying at Perth now amounted to a considerable number, and were afterwards increased by a numerous body of recruits which Lord Lewis Gordon raised in Aberdeenshire. But Lord Strathallan did not find it convenient to obey his prince's order with the necessary promptitude, and only joined his standard at a period when his assistance was of less moment than it might now have been.

The army, on being mustered at Carlisle, was found to amount to about 4500, having decreased a thousand upon the march from Edinburgh. Yet Charles still hoped to augment it by the help of the English Jacobites; or what he might eventually want in force, when matters came to the push, he blindly trusted to make up in fortune. Leaving a small garrison in Carlisle, he sent forward his cavalry to Penrith upon the 20th of November, and next day followed in person at the head of the infantry—a march of eighteen miles.

On the 22d, the cavalry proceeded to Kendal, and the infantry, resting a day at Penrith, moved forward to join them next day. On the 24th, the cavalry passed the night at Lancaster, whilst the infantry rested at Kendal; and, on the 25th, the cavalry advanced to Preston, and the infantry passed the night at Lancaster. The whole army spent the 27th at Preston, where the prince again exerted himself to cheer the Highland chiefs with hopes of assistance from his English friends. To encourage them to proceed, he continued his former practice of walking beside his men, though he was now in "a country of post-chaises," and might easily have commanded all the luxuries of travelling. He was naturally athletic and active; but it is certain that he strained his bodily powers beyond

their proper pitch, in performing this strange point of generalship. In marching over the desolate tract betwixt Penrith and Shap, he was so overcome by fatigue and want of sleep, that he was obliged to take hold of one of the clan Ogilvie by the shoulder-belt, to keep himself from falling; and he walked thus for several miles half asleep.

Though the west of England was generally supposed to be well-affected to the exiled family, Charles neither procured a single recruit upon his march, nor found the proclamation of his father at the market-towns received with any symptom of joy. The Jacobite English expected their political Messiah to come in all the pomp of a real king, and not as the pedestrian and way-worn leader of a half-savage and innumerable band. They had sufficient affection for his cause, but they required to be pretty sure of his ultimate success before risking the pains of treason. Accordingly, when Charles now called upon them to fulfil the promises they had made so often to his father, they to a man feigned excuses for non-appearance, and calmly left him to work out his own fate. The common people, previously alarmed by the reported ferocity of the Highlanders, looked upon them as they passed as a banditti, with whose object they were but imperfectly acquainted; and no more thought of joining their "tartan array," than they would have thought of going upon the highway, or entering a pirate-ship, with the danger of being seized and hanged every hour. It is an attested fact, that many of them went the length of believing the Highlanders to be cannibals, and that the women generally prepared for the approach of the army, by secreting their children.*

While most regarded the Highlanders with painful alarm, and others merely gazed upon them with stupid wonder, the whole body of the people, both citizens and rustics, were exasperated against them on account of the burden which they brought upon them for food and lodging. In Scotland, where hospitality was a virtue in daily exercise, the free quarters required by the troops formed a trifling grievance, lightened in no considerable degree by greater affinity of manners between landlord and guest, and perhaps by the affection of the former to the cause of his lodgers. But the selfish southron could see nothing but disgust, and express nothing but indignation, at having his domestic comfort invaded by a troop of persons whose manners were repugnant to him, and who so seriously injured his fortune. Except at Liverpool, however, and at Chester, no attempts were seriously made to resist the "wild petticoat men," as the English people were pleased to term the insurgents, though they might have easily raised a militia of twenty times their number, and in much smaller parties could have easily impeded, if not altogether interrupted their precipitate and irregular march.

The English people were equally astonished at the temperance and endurance of fatigue displayed on this occasion by the hardy Scots. Accustomed in their sedentary modes of life to the best of cheer, and to a thousand comforts, they could not sufficiently wonder at a body of human beings, who every day began their painful journey before day-break, with no provisions but what they carried in the shape of oat-meal, in a long bag by their sides, and which they never cooked, but merely mixed before eating with a canteen full of cold water; trusting for any variety in this wretched cheer to the accident of a bullock killed for their use, or to the hard-earned hospitality of their landlords at night. They were amazed to find that men could, upon this fare, walk from twenty to thirty miles in a winter day, exposed to the bitterest cold and the most tempestuous weather, with what appeared to them imperfect clothing, or rather rags; and that, though generally housed some hours after sun-

* "The terror of the English was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr. Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, throw herself at his feet, and, with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that *everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food*. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure either her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them; and threw themselves at his feet."—*Johnstone's Memoirs*.

set, they invariably rose very early to prosecute their march, taking advantage of the moonlight, which then shone in the mornings before day-break. The English churls, wrapped up in their own selfish notions, could form no idea of the enthusiasm which animated the common mind of this hardy little band, making them endure the greatest personal sufferings, and brave the greatest dangers in the cause, promising themselves no obvious advantage, but which they supported, because they thought it just, and loved because it was national and romantic.

After one day's rest at Preston, the Highland army marched on the 28th to Wigan, and on the 29th to Manchester; thus inclining towards the centre of England, and for the first time decidedly quitting the west coast. The prince had procured a few recruits at Preston, and been farther gratified by the acclamations and ringing of bells, which there, for the first time in England, attended his proclamations. But at Manchester, he was greeted with a still more vivid gleam of transient encouragement. One Dickson, a serjeant enlisted from the prisoners taken at Preston, with a boldness which almost surpasses belief, having got a day's march ahead of the army, entered Manchester on the morning of the 29th, with his mistress and a drummer, and immediately began to beat up for recruits. The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving the whole army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, dead or alive. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him, and, by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed around him. Having continued for some time to manoeuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart, took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he had soon five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn, and putting himself at the head of his followers, proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting all who offered themselves. That evening, presenting a hundred and eighty recruits to the Highland army, it was found that his whole expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure gave rise to many a joke, at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the circumstance of its having been taken, with all its thirty thousand inhabitants, by a serjeant, a drummer, and a girl. The circumstance may serve to show the individual enterprise and courage of the Scottish army, and the general terror with which the English were seized.

Prince Charles entered Manchester, at two o'clock in the afternoon, walking in the midst of a select body of the clans; his dress a light tartan plaid, belted with a blue sash, a grey wig, and the blue velvet bonnet which seems to have been his covering throughout the whole campaign, now adorned in the centre of the top with a white rose, to distinguish him from his officers, all of whom wore their cockades on one side. By order of the Highland army, an illumination was made this evening, and a proclamation issued, that all persons in possession of public money should render it for their use. It was now expected that they would march into Wales, and all the bridges over the Mersey in that direction had been broken down to retard their motions. But they next day directed their march towards a fordable part of the river on the road to London, marching in two columns, one towards Stockport, the other towards Knottersford. Near Stockport, the prince passed the river, with the water up to his middle. The horse and artillery passed with the other detachment at Knottersford, where a sort of bridge was made by filling up the channel of the stream with the trunks of poplar-trees. On the evening of the 1st of December, the two bodies joined at Macclesfield; from whence they resumed their march next day in two columns, one of which went to Congleton, the other to Gawsorth. By this manoeuvre, and by sending an advanced party of thirty men on the road to Newcastle-under-Line, where the advanced party of the royal army was stationed, they distracted the councils of the Duke of Cumberland, now in supreme command, and, causing him to remain where he was, under the idea that they were about to meet him, got past him on the road to London, so far as Derby, which they entered on the 4th.

The approach of the Highland army to this city, was announced by the arrival at eleven in the forenoon of the thirty horse whose motion had deceived the Duke of

Cumberland. About three, Lord Elcho came in with the Life Guards and some of the principal officers on horseback; "making a very respectable appearance." The main body of the army continued during the whole afternoon to pour into the town; their bagpipes playing and colours unfurled. The prince himself arrived in the dusk of the evening, on foot, and took up his lodging in the house of the Earl of Exeter. The ordinary proclamations had been previously made in the market-place, by order of his officers.

The Highland army was now somewhat nearer the capital than that of the Duke of Cumberland, divisions of which lay at Litchfield, Coventry, Stafford, and Newcastle-under-Line, to the eastward of Derby. Only a few miles intervened between the two hosts, both of which had hopes of an immediate engagement. It was in Charles's power, either to push on to London, or to fight the superior army of his rival. The latter measure was that which his troops expected he would adopt; and the Highlanders were seen during the whole of the 5th, which they spent in Derby, besieging the shops of the cutlers, to get an edge put upon their broadswords, and quarrelling about precedence in that operation. But their adventure had now reached its crisis; and, after having penetrated England farther than any Scottish host had ever done before, or than any foreign enemy since the Norman conquest, they were at length obliged to yield to a fate which they could no longer brave.

When intelligence reached London that the Highlanders were getting past the royal army, and had reached Derby, within four days' march of the capital, a degree of consternation pervaded the public mind, of which it is impossible to convey any idea. The chevalier Johnstone, speaking from information which he procured a few months afterwards on the spot, says that all the shops were shut, and many of the inhabitants fled to the country; that the bank only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences to gain time; and that the king committed his most valuable effects to yachts at the Tower-stairs, which he ordered to be ready for sailing at a moment's notice. Fielding, in a number of the True Patriot, avers, from personal observation, that, "when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited." It was not only this army they had to fear; but a descent was hourly expected upon the coast from France, and the well-affected part of the community had to apprehend an immediate declaration in favour of the enemy from thousands of their own body, who even already were taking little pains to conceal their sentiments, but openly exulted in the prospect of a restoration. The proceedings of the Highland army had already been so wonderful, and so entirely beyond calculation, that nothing seemed impossible for them to accomplish. The very elements of heaven were favourable to their cause. The majesty of England himself, alarmed in the highest degree, had ordered his own flag to be erected upon Blackheath; thereby personally imploring assistance from his subjects, and signifying his intention of disputing the crown with his formidable rival; but it was generally supposed that, had the Highland army defeated that of the Duke of Cumberland, which it might have done, and then continued its march to London, the last reserve of the king would have melted from his side, and he would have been obliged to quit the kingdom, as King James had done before him. [Swarthstone Bridge, six miles beyond Derby, on the road to London, and ninety-four miles from that city, was, in reality, the extreme point of this singular invasion: because the insurgents posted an advanced guard there, which kept possession of the pass till the retreat was determined on. No former host from Scotland penetrated beyond the Tees, or overrun more than the frontier counties; but this last, and it may be added least of all the armies Scotland ever sent against the Southron, had thus reached the Trent, traversed five counties in succession, and insulated the very centre of England.]

CHAPTER XX.

RETREAT TO SCOTLAND.

The games are done, and Caesar is returning.—Julius Cæsar.

Providence ordered differently a case so pregnant with the fate of Britain. The councils of Charles at Derby have never been distinctly divulged; but it is scarcely necessary that they should. It is sufficient to know that the five thousand warriors who had hitherto displayed so much audacious courage, now began, like the magician, to tremble at the storm they had raised, and to see that the venture which lay before them was too much for

mortal man to dare; that retreat gave them a chance of prolonging the war to advantage; but that to advance, was staking ten chances of utter annihilation against one of doubtful success. The Chevalier here received despatches from Scotland, informing him that a regiment of royal Scots, and some picquets of the Irish brigade, had landed at Montrose, under the command of Lord John Drummond, and that, these being united to the troops of Lord Strathallan, he had now on the way to join him, a supplementary army of three thousand men. To fall back a little, and thus reinforce his host, seemed a most desirable object; and the whole council, led by Lord George Murray, after ample deliberation and much keen debate, voted unanimously for this course. Charles alone, ever the advocate of strong measures, and to whose ardour, indeed, the whole war seems to have been indebted for its chivalrous character, continued to urge the expediency of an onward march. He represented this measure in the strongest language he was master of, and, when he saw his council obstinate, is said to have condescended to use entreaties, and even tears. But nothing could move the minds of his councillors; and, before the evening of that last day of their glory, a retreat was finally and firmly determined upon.

The resolution of the council next being made known that night to the army at large, the common men, and many of the officers, on commencing their march next morning before day-break, thought they were going to fight the Duke of Cumberland, and displayed the utmost cheerfulness and alacrity. But, as soon as day-light allowed them to see the surrounding objects, and they found, from marks they had taken of the road, that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. "If we had been beaten," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "our grief could not have been greater."

The vexation of the army on this account was nothing to the bitter disappointment of its unhappy leader. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had been his motto from the beginning, and so long as he was going forward, no danger, and far less any privation or fatigue, had given him the least concern. But now, when at length compelled to turn back from the glittering prize which had almost been within his grasp, he lost all his former spirits, and, from being the leader of his hardy bands, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. In the march forward, he had always been first up in the morning, had the men in motion before break of day, and generally walked, in dress and arms similar to their own, at the head of their body; but now, all his alacrity gone, and evidently considering his case desperate, he permitted the whole army to march before him (except a rear-guard, whom he often compelled to wait for him a long time); and, on coming out of his lodgings, dejectedly mounted a horse and then rode on, without intercourse with his men, to the quarters assigned for him in the van.

The retreat of the army was concerted with so much secrecy, and conducted with so much skill, that it was two days' march a-head of the royal forces, ere the Duke of Cumberland could make himself certain of the fact, or take measures for a pursuit. When he at length ascertained that they were retiring, he changed the defensive system which he had hitherto pursued, for one of active annoyance. Putting himself at the head of his dragoons, and having mounted a thousand foot on horses provided by the gentlemen of Staffordshire, he started from Meriden Common, a place near Coventry, to which he had retired; and, passing by very bad roads through Uttoxeter and Cheadle, came to Macclesfield on the evening of the 10th, full two days after the insurgents had reached the same point. He here received intelligence that, after retreating with wonderful expedition through Ashburne, Leek, and Macclesfield, the enemy had just that morning left Manchester and set forward to Wigan.

One of the schemes of the Highland army in the advance had been, to march into Wales, where the people were well-affected to the house of Stuart, and the nature of the ground promised to be favourable to their desultory mode of warfare. It is a fact well known in Wales, that many of the gentry, in expectation of a visit from the Chevalier, had actually left their homes, and were on the way to join him; but that, when they heard of his retreat from Derby, they returned peaceably each to his own home, convinced that it was now too late to contribute their assistance. The Welsh gentry at that time had the peasantry almost as completely under their power as those of the Scottish Highlands, and their country has ever been noted for the facility with which the common people enlist; so that, it is probable, the Chevalier might here have received a prodigious accession of force. But

his retreat kept the country completely quiet; and the Jacobite squire, instead of having their estates confiscated and their blood spilt or attainted, had all their lives afterwards the cheap satisfaction of only boasting in their cups, how far each of them had gone in testimony of his valour and loyalty.

The Highlanders managed their retreat in such a manner as to unite expedition with perfect coolness, and never to allow the enemy to obtain a single advantage. Though on foot, and pursued by cavalry, they kept distinctly a-head of all danger or annoyance for twelve days, two of which they had spent in undisturbed rest at Preston and Lancaster. The troops of the duke were reinforced, on the 12th, by a body of horse which Marshal Wade, now with the army in the centre of Yorkshire, sent with all imaginable haste over Blackstone Edge to intercept the retiring host, but who only reached Preston after it had been several hours evacuated, and in time to join the pursuing force of the Duke of Cumberland. After a halt of one day, occasioned by the false alarm of an invasion on the southern coast, the pursuing army, amounting to three or four thousand horse, continued their course from Preston, through roads which had been rendered almost impassable, partly by the weather, and partly by the exertions of men. Orders had been communicated by the duke to the country people to break down bridges, destroy the roads, and attempt by all means in their power to retard the insurgent army. But, while the hardy mountaineers found little inconvenience from either storm in the air or ruts in the ground, these very circumstances served materially to impede the English dragoons, and to place the two armies upon what might be considered a more equal footing than they could otherwise have been.

The prince, with the main body of his troops, was at Penrith on the evening of the 17th; but his rear-guard, which throughout the retreat was commanded by Lord George Murray, owing to the breaking down of some ammunition waggons, was this night with great difficulty brought only the length of Shap. The delay thus occasioned, allowed the lightest of the duke's horse to overtake the rear of the retiring army. Early in the morning of the 18th, soon after it had commenced its march from Shap, some of the English chassours were seen hovering on the adjoining heights; and about mid-day, as the Highlanders were approaching the enclosures around Clifton Hall, a body of light horse seemed to be forming for attack upon an eminence a little way in front. Lord George Murray ordered the Glengary clan to go forward against these; but, without waiting for an engagement, they immediately retreated.

The rear-guard consisted of Colonel Roy Stuart's regiment of two hundred men, of the Glengary clan, and a few companies which attended the ammunition waggons; but it was reinforced on the present occasion by the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, and Cluny Macpherson's regiment. Lord George, proud of the post of honour which he held, was the last man in the line. Determined to check the pursuit, he despatched Roy Stuart forward to Penrith, requesting that a thousand men might be sent to him from the main body there stationed. With this force he intended to have gained the flank of the Duke's army, now approaching obliquely from the left, and to have attacked them under favour of the approaching night. But Charles returned Stuart with an order, requiring him to march with all speed forward to Penrith, without taking any offensive measures against the duke. Lord George desired the messenger not to mention this order to any other person; and, resolving to engage the enemy with such force as he had, drew up his troops upon a moor to the right of the road. Just as the sun was setting, the whole body of the duke's army came up and formed within the opposite enclosures; when there was only the road with its two hedges intervening between the two hosts.

Before ordering the attack, Lord George went backwards and forwards along the ranks, speaking to every individual officer, and endeavouring to animate his little host. He then placed himself at the head of the Macpherson regiment (which was on the left of the line,) with Cluny by his side. Daylight was gone, and the moon only now and then broke out from the dark clouds. By this light, Lord George saw a body of men—dismounted dragoons, or infantry who had resumed their proper mode of warfare—coming forward upon the enclosures beyond the road. He ordered the two regiments near him to advance; in doing which, they received a fire from the enemy. At this, Lord George exclaimed, "Claymore!" an ordinary war-cry among the Highlanders, and rushed on sword in hand. The whole left wing then making a direct and spirited attack,

forced the dismounted dragoons back to their main body with considerable slaughter, and shouted to let the right wing know their success. They then retired in order to their original position; while the Macdonalds, with equal intrepidity, repulsed the dragoons opposite to their body. A severe check having thus been given to the pursuing army, Lord George drew off his men towards Penrith, where they rested and refreshed themselves. He had lost only twelve men in this action, and left an hundred and fifty of the enemy slain behind him. The only prisoner he took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared that his master would have been killed, if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire. The prince had the politeness to send the man instantly back to his master.

The whole of the Highland army spent the night of the 19th December at Carlisle, where it was thought necessary, on evacuating the town next morning, to leave a garrison consisting of the Manchester regiment, some men from the Lowland regiments, and a few French and Irish, in all 300, as a sort of forlorn hope, to keep the English army in play till the insurgents should get clear into Scotland. This small garrison, animated with a greater share of courage and fidelity to the cause they had embraced, than of prudence or foresight, resolved obstinately to defend the city, and took every measure for that purpose which the time and season would allow.

Charles left Carlisle on the morning of the 20th, after having publicly thanked the garrison for their devoted loyalty, and promised to relieve them as soon as he could. The men, drawn up in order to hear his address, saw him depart with acclamations, and, gazing from the walls, soon beheld their comrades draw near the beloved land to which they were never to return. The army reached the Esk, which forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The river, usually shallow, was swollen by an incessant rain of several days to the depth of four feet. Yet it was resolved to cross immediately, lest a continuation of the rain, during the night, should render the passage totally impracticable. A skilful arrangement was made, which almost obviated the dangers of the flood. The cavalry was stationed in the river, a few paces above the ford, to break the force of the current; and the infantry having formed themselves in ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between the successive lines for the water to flow through, the whole passed over in perfect safety. Cavalry were placed farther down the river, to pick up all who might be carried away by the violence of the stream. None were lost, except a few girls, who, for love of the white cockade, had followed the army throughout the whole of its singular march, with an heroic devotion which deserved a better fate. The transit of the river occupied an hour, during which, from the close numbers of the men, it appeared to be crossed by a paved street of heads and shoulders. When they got to the other side, and began to dry themselves at the fires lighted upon the bank for that purpose, they were overjoyed at once more finding their feet upon native heath; and, for a moment, they forgot the chagrin which had attended their retreat, and lost in present transport the gloomy anticipations of the future.

An expedition was thus completed, which, for boldness and address, is entitled to rank with the most celebrated in either ancient or modern times. It lasted six weeks, and was directed through a country decidedly hostile to the adventurers; it was done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it; and the weather was such as to add a thousand personal miseries to the general evils of the campaign. Yet such was the success which will sometimes attend the most desperate case, if conducted with resolution, that, from the moment the inimical country was entered, to that in which it was abandoned, only forty men were lost out of five thousand, by sickness, marauding, or the sword of the enemy. A magnanimity was preserved even in retreat, beyond that of ordinary soldiers; and, instead of flying in wild disorder, a prey to their pursuers, these desultory bands had turned against and smitten the superior army of their enemy, with a vigour which effectually checked it. They had carried the standard of Glenfinnan a hundred and fifty miles into a country full of foes; and now they brought it back unscathed, through the accumulated dangers of storm and war.

In their descent upon England, when, in the height of their expectations, private rapine had few charms, the Highlanders conducted themselves with tolerable propriety; and, as the public money was every where raised, they had been able to pay for food with some degree of

regularity. But, in their retreat, when their pay was more precarious, and they knew they were going home to their own poor country, it must be acknowledged, that they did not abstain from making reprisals upon the proud Southron. At first they were like the torrent which carries all before it; but latterly they resembled the receding wave, which draws back a thousand little things in its voluminous bosom.

The unhappy garrison of Carlisle saw their fortifications invested by the whole force of the Duke of Cumberland, on the very day following the departure of their fellow-soldiers. They fired upon all who came within reach of their guns, and showed an intention of holding out to the last extremity. But the duke, having procured cannon from Whitehaven, erected a battery upon the 28th, and began to fire with superior effect at the crazy walls of the town and castle. On the morning of the 30th, a white flag appeared upon the walls, and the governor signified a wish to enter into a capitulation. The cannon then ceased, and a message was sent by Governor Hamilton to the duke, desiring to know what terms he would be pleased to give them. His Royal Highness replied, that the only terms he would or could grant, were, "that they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for his Majesty's pleasure." These terms were accepted, and the royal army immediately took possession of the city and castle, placing all the garrison under a strong guard in the cathedral. The fate subsequently meted out to them was such as might have been expected from an enemy smarting under the effects of recent terror, and who was incapable of appreciating generosity in others, as he was of displaying it in himself.

The Duke of Cumberland now thought it unnecessary or dangerous to pursue the insurgents any farther; and, accordingly, on the 5th of January returned to London, leaving his troops under the command of General Wade and Lieutenant-General Hawley, the last of whom was ordered to conduct a portion of the army into Scotland, while Wade remained at Newcastle.

The Chevalier meanwhile pursued his march towards the north. On crossing the Esk, he divided his army into two parties, one of which went by Ecclefechan and Moffat, with Lord George Murray, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lords Ogilvie and Nairn. He himself led the other, with the Duke of Perth, Lords Elcho and Pittsligo, Lochiel, Clanranald, Glengary, and Keppoch. He lodged the first night at Annan. Next day, Lord Elcho advanced with four or five hundred men to take possession of Dumfries. The rest went forward with himself, on the day following. Dumfries had reason, on this occasion, for the most alarming apprehensions. The thirty wagons which the insurgents left at Lockerby on their march southward, had been brought into the town by a party of fanatical dissenters, whose zeal for the Protestant succession had caused them to take up arms; and it was to be supposed that the Highlanders would, now that they had it in their power, exact most ample retribution. Besides, the whole country laboured under the reputation of disaffection to the prince—a cause at any time sufficient to excite the cupidity of the adventurers. They accordingly marched into Dumfries, as into a town where they expected resistance, or at least no kindly reception; and, on an idiot being observed with a gun in his hand behind a grave-stone in the church-yard, which they apprehended he was about to fire upon them, it was with the greatest difficulty that the poor creature's life was spared. The prince lodged in a house, now the Commercial Inn, near the centre of the market-place. He had ordered the citizens to contribute the sum of 2000*l.* for his use; some of his men adding, that they might consider it well that their town was not laid in ashes. Nearly eleven hundred pounds of the levy were paid; and two hostages, Provost Crosbie and Mr. Walter Riddel, were carried off for the remainder. On the morning of the 23d, the Highland army directed its march up Nithsdale; and the Chevalier spent the night at Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry. His reason for lodging in that mansion, was one which governed him in such matters throughout the whole of his expedition. The proprietor of Drumlanrig was strongly opposed to the views of the house of Stuart; and Charles thought proper to put him to the expense of his lodging and that of his men, as an excusable mode of vengeance. A vast number of Highlanders lay upon straw in the great gallery, and he himself occupied the state-bed. Before departing next day, it must be regretted that the Highlanders took that opportunity of expressing their love of King James, by slashing with their swords a series of portraits representing King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, which hung in the grand staircase, a present from the last of these sovereigns to

James Duke of Queensberry, in consideration of his services at the Union.

From Drumlanrig, Charles proceeded through the wild pass of Dalveen into Clydesdale, designing to march upon Glasgow, though still endeavouring to conceal his intentions from the members of government at Edinburgh. He spent the night in Douglas Castle. He next day proceeded along the uplands of Clydesdale towards the western capital, and halted at Hamilton, where he lodged in the palace of the Duke of Hamilton. He spent the next day in hunting through the princely parks attached to that house, shooting two pheasants, two partridges, and a deer. It has been recorded by tradition, that, at neither of these ducal mansions, did he follow the absurd fashion of the time, by leaving vails to the servants.

It was with great difficulty that, in this last day's march, his men were prevented from sacking and burning the sweet little village of Lesmahago. During the absence of the army in England, the people of this place, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves in resisting the house of Stuart when in power, committed an act of hostility to Charles's cause, which was calculated to excite their indignation to no common degree. The circumstances, as gathered from tradition, were as follows. The youthful and gallant Kinlochmoidart, in a journey from the Highlands, with despatches for Charles, passed through Lesmahago on his way to England, and was recognised by a young student of divinity, whose religious prepossessions led him to regard the prince's adherents with no friendly eye. As the insurgent gentleman was attended by only a single servant, this zealot conceived a design of waylaying and capturing him, which he immediately proceeded to put in execution. Taking to himself arms, and having roused the country people, he set out after the two travellers, by a path which he knew would enable him to intercept them as they proceeded along the road. He came up with them upon a waste called Brokenscross Moor, within two miles of the village, and, showing his arms, commanded them to surrender in the name of King George. Kinlochmoidart's servant, on first seeing the rabble at a distance, with their old guns and pitchforks, unslinging his piece, and proposed to arrest their progress by a well-directed brace of bullets. But the generous youth resolved rather to surrender at discretion, than thus occasion an unnecessary effusion of blood. He accordingly gave himself up to the daring probationer, who immediately conducted him, under a strong guard, to Edinburgh Castle, from which he was only removed some months afterwards to the shambles of Carlisle. So malicious an act of hostility, in the estimation of most readers, would have almost excused the vengeance which the Highlanders were with such difficulty prevented from executing upon the village.

The city of Glasgow, upon which Charles was now in full march, had much greater reason than Dumfries, or even Lesmahago, to expect severe treatment from the insurgents, while its wealth gave additional cause for alarm, without in the least degree supplying the possibility of defence. This city, newly sprung into importance, had never required nor received the means of defence, but was now lying with its wide-spread modern streets and well-stored warehouses, fully exposed to the license of the invaders. It had distinguished itself, ever since the expulsion of the house of Stuart, by its sincere and invariable attachment to the new government; and, since the Highlanders entered England, had, with gratuitous loyalty, raised no fewer than twelve hundred men for the suppression of the insurrection. Obnoxious by its principles, and affording such prospects of easy and ample plunder, it was eagerly approached by the predatory bands of the Chevalier, who viewed it with feelings somewhat akin to those of the wolf in the fable. By one of their most rapid marches, the first body entered Glasgow on Christmas day, and on the following the prince came up with the rest of the army.

The simple peasantry of Dumfriesshire and Clydesdale viewed the tartan warriors, as they passed along, with sensations different from those with which the men of Teviotdale and Tweeddale had regarded them in their descent upon England. To the latter they seemed brave men going on to a splendid fate, and were gazed at, in their deliberate transit, with a wonder allied to pity. But now, as they tramped wildly on through the quiet vales, and over the bleak uplands of the west—degraded by retreat, and desperate in their circumstances—they had acquired that formidable respectability which invests a strong animal when goaded, and were contemplated with a feeling strangely compounded of fear and awe. In the former case, people had permitted them to enter famili-

arly into their houses, and mingle in the domestic circle; but now, anxious to have as little intercourse as possible, and almost afraid even to behold them, they were fain to place all the food they could be supposed to possess out of doors upon the way-side, glad to propitiate them at any expense, and trusting, by this means, to induce them to go past without entering their dwellings.

The necessities of the army are described as having been at this time greater than at any other period of the campaign. It was now two months since they had left the land of tartan; their clothes were of course in a most dilapidated condition. The length and precipitation of their late march had destroyed their brogues; and many of them were not only bare-footed, but bare-legged. Their hair hung wildly over their eyes; their beards were grown to a fearful length; and the exposed parts of their limbs were, in the language of Dougal Graham, tanned quite red with the weather. Altogether, they had a way-worn savage appearance, and looked rather like a band of outlandish vagrants, than a body of efficient soldiery. The pressure of want compelled them to take every practicable measure for supplying themselves; and, in passing towards Glasgow, they had regularly stripped such natives as they met of their shoes and other articles of dress. After their arrival at Glasgow, a joiner, in going home from work, was required by a Highlander to throw off and deliver up his shoes. The young man, having a pair of silver buckles at his insteps, showed great reluctance to comply, when the Highlander stooped down and attempted to take them by force. As he was thus employed, the joiner, in a transport of rage, struck him a blow on the back of the head with a hammer which he held in his hand, and killed him on the spot.

Immediately upon his arrival at Glasgow, Charles took measures for the complete refitting of his army, by ordering the magistrates to provide 12,000 shirts, 6000 cloth coats, 6000 pairs of stockings, and 6000 waistcoats. He is also said to have sent for Provost (Buchanan), and sternly demanded the names of such as had subscribed for raising troops against him, threatening to hang the worthy magistrate in case of refusal. The provost is said to have answered, that he would name no person but himself, and that he was not afraid to die in such a cause. He was forced to pay a fine of 500*l*.

Charles took up his residence at what was then considered the best house in the city—one belonging to a wealthy merchant of the name of Glassford, which stood at the western extremity of the Trongate, and was afterwards taken down for the extension of that noble street. At his arrival, he is said to have caused his men to enter this house by the front gate, go out by the back door, and then, making a circuit through some by-lanes, reappear in front of the mansion, as if they had been newly arrived. But this ruse, practised in order to magnify the appearance of his army, was detected by the citizens of Glasgow, whose acute eyes recognised the botanical badges of the various clans, as they successively reappeared. The real numbers of the army, when it reached Glasgow, were only about 3600 foot and 500 horse. Of the latter, which were all much jaded, sixty were employed in carrying the sick; whilst about six hundred of the infantry neither had arms, nor seemed to be able to use them.

During his residence in Mr. Glassford's house, Charles ate twice a day, in public, though without ceremony, accompanied by a few of his officers, and waited upon by a small number of devoted Jacobite ladies. "But nothing could a charm impart," to make the whigs of Glasgow regard him with either respect or affection. Previously hostile to his cause, they were now incensed in the highest degree against him, by his severe exactions upon the public purse, and by the private depredations of his men. To such a height did this feeling arise, that an insane zealot snatched a pistol at him as he was riding along the Saltmarket. He is said to have admired the regularity and beauty of the streets of Glasgow, but to have remarked with bitterness, that nowhere had he found so few friends. During the whole week he spent in the city, he procured no more than sixty recruits—a poor compensation for the numerous desertions which now began to take place, in consequence of the near approach of his men to their own country.

After having nearly succeeded in refitting his army, he held a grand review upon the Green. "We marched out," says one of his adherents, (John Daniel, a native of Lancashire, who has left a manuscript journal of the campaign), "with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground, attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the

ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty. I am somewhat at a loss," continues this devout cavalier, "to give a description of the prince, as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable, than his at that time was; for, being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to bear a sway, above any comparison, with the heroes of the last age; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine." It may be worth while to contrast, with this flattering portraiture, the description which has been given of Charles by a sober citizen of Glasgow. "I managed," says this person, quoting his memory after an interval of seventy years, "to get so near him, as he passed homewards to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which he made upon my mind shall never fade as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon after ruined the hopes of his family for ever."

CHAPTER XXI.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

The Highlandmen cam owre the hill,
And owre the knowe, wi' richt aude will,
Now Georgie's men may brag their fill,
For woe but they were braw, man!
They had three generals o' the best,
Wi' lairds and lords, and a' the rest,
Chieftains that were bred to stand the test,
And could na rin awa, man!

Jacobite Song.

Having recruited the spirits of his men, and improved their appointments by ten days' residence in Glasgow, the prince departed on the 3d of January, and sent forward his troops in two detachments, one to Kilsyth, and the other to Cumbernauld. The inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on the return of the Highland army from England, had apprehended a second visit, and who had resolved, in such a case, to defend the city, now set seriously about preparations for a siege. After Charles had left Edinburgh in the beginning of November, the Whiggish part of the community had gradually resumed the courage which, for six weeks, they were compelled to wear in their pockets; and on the 13th of the month, when the insurgents were at the safe distance of Carlisle, the state officers had returned in a triumphant procession to their courts and chambers, saluted by a complete round of cannon from the castle, and a most valiant performance of "Up and Waur them a', Willie," upon the music bells of St. Giles. Next day Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, with Price's and Ligonier's regiment of foot, boldly took possession of the city, probably assured of the safety of the measure, by their avant couriers the judges. These men with the Glasgow regiment, after having guarded the passes of the Forth for more than a month, to prevent the southward march of the host stationed at Perth, retreated to Edinburgh on the 26th of December; when it was determined, with the assistance of a number of rustic volunteers, and the wreck of the Edinburgh regiment, to hold out the city at all hazards against the approaching insurgents. Their courage fortunately did not require to be put to so severe a proof; for, ere the Highlanders had left Glasgow, the English army, beginning to arrive, strengthened the city beyond all danger.

The command of the army, in the absence of the Duke of Cumberland, who was engaged at court, had been bestowed upon Lieutenant-general Henry Hawley, an officer of some standing, but ordinary abilities; who, having charged in the right wing of the king's army at Sheriffmuir, where the insurgents were repulsed with ease by the cavalry, entertained a confident notion that he would beat the whole of Prince Charles's army with a trifling force, and did not scruple to stigmatise the conduct of those who had hitherto been beat by the Highlanders as rank pusillanimity. It happened, in his approach to Edinburgh, that Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, coming out to meet and congratulate him on his accession to the command, encountered him near Preston, the scene of their recent disgrace; which being pointed out to him, he sharply commanded the men to sheathe their swords, and see to use them better in the campaign about to ensue than they had hitherto done. He did not anticipate that the next week was to see

himself a beaten and disgraced fugitive, even more contemptible than the objects of his insolence.

The march of the English army was facilitated by the people of the Merse, Teviotdale, and Lothian, who brought horses to transport the baggage, and provisions to entertain the men. At Dunbar, at Aberlady, and other places, they were regularly feasted by the gentlemen of East Lothian, each soldier getting a pound of beef, a pound of bread, a glass of usquebaugh, and bottle of ale. The first division, consisting of the Scots royals and Batareau's foot, reached Edinburgh on the 2d of January. Fleming's and Blakeney's regiments arrived on the 3d; Major-general Huske on the 4th; and Hawley himself came to town on the 6th, when the music bells were played in his honour, and he was permitted to lodge in the palace so recently vacated by Prince Charles. The regiments commanded by Colonels Cholmondeley and Wolfe—the last afterwards so renowned as the hero of Quebec—arrived next day: Howard's and Monro's foot on the 8th; and Barrel's and Pulteney's on the 10th. The loyal part of the inhabitants of Edinburgh beheld the assembling of this army with the highest satisfaction, and entered into an association to provide them with blankets. The city was also illuminated in honour of the occasion; when a great number of windows belonging to recusant Jacobites and to houses which happened to be unoccupied, were indiscriminately broken by the mob.

In his march from Glasgow, Prince Charles slept the first night at the mansion of Kilsyth, which belonged to a forfeited estate, and was now in the possession of Mr. Campbell of Shawfield. The steward had been previously ordered to provide for the prince's reception, and told that all his expenses would be accounted for. He had accordingly provided every thing suitable for the entertainment of his royal highness and suite, confidently believing that he would not be permitted to act the part of an innkeeper without some solid remuneration. Next morning, however, on presenting his bill, he was told that it should be allowed to him on his accounting (after the restoration) for the rents of the estate, and that in the mean time he must be contented that the balance was not immediately struck and exacted.

On the succeeding day, Charles proceeded to Bannockburn house, where he was a more welcome guest, without the promise of pecuniary remuneration, than he had been at Kilsyth with the prospect of a good reckoning; this house being, as already mentioned, the residence of Sir Hugh Paterson, one of the most zealous of his friends. His troops lay this evening in the villages of Bannockburn, Denny, and St. Ninian's, while Lord George Murray occupied the town of Falkirk with the advanced guard of the army. In order to employ the time till he should be joined by his northern allies, Charles now resolved to reduce Stirling, which, commanding the principal avenue to the Highlands, had long been felt as an annoying barrier to his proceedings, and to subjugate which would have given an additional lustre to his arms.

Stirling, then a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, was imperfectly surrounded by a wall, and quite incapable of holding out against the insurgents; yet, by the instigation of the governor of the castle, who had resolved to die before surrendering his charge, a sort of attempt was made to defend it. A small body of militia, consisting chiefly of the townsmen, was provided with arms from the castle; and the Reverend Ebenezer Erskine, founder of the sect of dissenters already mentioned, and who was a clergyman in Stirling, did all he could to inspire them with courage, and even it is said assumed an active command in their ranks. By means of these men, the wretched defences of the town, which consisted on one entire side of only garden walls, were provided with a sort of guard, which Governor Blackney endeavoured to animate by an assurance that, even in case of the worst, he would keep an open door for them in the castle.

On Sunday, the 5th of January, the town was completely invested by the insurgents, and about nine o'clock that evening a drummer approached the east gate, beating the point of war which indicates a message. The sentinels, ignorant of the forms of war, fired several shots at this messenger; upon which he found himself obliged to throw down his drum, and take to his heels. The garrison then towed the deserted instrument in over the walls, as a trophy; and it was not without considerable difficulty they could be afterwards assured that they had not gained a great victory over the besiegers.

On Monday, the insurgents having raised a battery within musket shot of the town, and sent a more unequivocal message to surrender, the magistrates implored a respite till next day at ten o'clock, which was granted. The whole of Tuesday was occupied in deliberations and

in adjusting the terms of surrender. The town, however, being stimulated that evening by the discharge of twenty-seven shots from the battery, a capitulation was concluded next morning, by which it was agreed to deliver up the town, under assurance of protection for the lives and property of the townsmen, whose arms, moreover, were permitted to be restored to the castle. The insurgents entered the town about three in the afternoon.

Charles was now joined by the troops under Lord Strathallan and Lord John Drummond, which increased his numbers to nine thousand. He also received a considerable quantity of stores, which had been landed from France upon the northeast coast of Scotland, including some battery cannon; besides some Spanish coin, which had been brought to the island of Barra, and safely transported through the Highlands by a party of recruits.

The Highland army broke ground before Stirling castle on the 10th, and summoned Governor Blackney to surrender. That officer gave for answer that he would defend his post to the last extremity, being determined to die, as he had lived, a man of honour. They first attempted to convert a large old building at the head of the town, called *Marr's Work*, into a battery; but, finding themselves to be there peculiarly exposed to the fire of the garrison, they were soon obliged to cast about for new ground. Meanwhile, they shut the gates of the town upon themselves, as if resolved to battle with their enemy to the last extremity, and not again to come forth upon the world till the conflict was decided.

On the day that Charles thus commenced the siege of Stirling, Hawley had been joined at Edinburgh by all the divisions of the army which he could immediately expect. As his force consisted of nearly eight thousand men, of whom thirteen hundred were cavalry, he considered himself fully a match for the insurgents, and now determined to offer them battle, though he knew that there were several other regiments on the march to Scotland, which would soon join him. He was perhaps induced to take this rash step, partly by observing that the Highland force was every day increasing, and partly by a wish to relieve the garrison of Stirling; but a blind confidence in the powers of the army, especially the dragoons, and an ardent desire of distinguishing himself, must certainly be allowed to have chiefly instigated him to the measure. He had often been heard to reflect upon the misconduct of Cope; (who, in his turn, had taken bets, it is said, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, that this new commander would have no better success than himself.) He therefore went on to battle under the influence of a sort of hallucination, and altogether without that considerate coolness which properly forms so conspicuous a part of modern generalship.

On the morning of the 13th, five regiments, together with the Glasgow militia, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's (late Gardiner's) dragoons, left Edinburgh, under the command of Major-general Huske, and reached Linlithgow, where, meeting with a party of Highlanders under Lord George Murray, who had advanced to lay waste the country, they induced that desultory band to retire to Falkirk, though without coming to active collision. Next day other three regiments marched westwards to Borrowstounness, to be ready to support General Huske in case of an engagement; on the following morning the remainder of the army, with the artillery, pursued the same route. Hawley himself marched on the 16th, with Cobham's dragoons, which had just come up. The army was accompanied by a North of England Squire, named Thornton, whose zealous loyalty had induced him to raise a band called the Yorkshire Blues, who were maintained and commanded by himself.

The whole of this well disciplined and well appointed force encamped to the northwest of Falkirk, upon the same field where, four centuries before, Sir John D. Graham, and Sir John Stuart of Bonkill, the friends of Wallace, had testified their patriotism in the arms of death.

On the morning of the 17th, Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll, who had been hitherto exerting himself to keep the West Highlands quiet, joined the English camp with upwards of a thousand Highlanders, forming the only force which the great Whig Clan Campbell, then supposed able to bring six thousand men into the field, thought fit on this occasion to contribute for the service of government.

On this morning General Hawley was spared the necessity of marching forward to raise the siege of Stirling, by intelligence that the Highlanders were in motion; for Prince Charles, learning the near approach of the English general, had resolved, with his usual ardour, to meet him half way; and was now drawing out his men, as for a review upon the Plean Moor, two miles to the east of

Bannockburn, and about seven from Falkirk. The English army did not, therefore, strike their camp, but judged it necessary to remain where they were till the intentions of the enemy should be revealed.

When the English lay upon the field of Falkirk, and the Highlanders were drawn up upon the Plean Moor, their respective camp lights were visible to each other over the level tract of country which intervened. The whole scenery was worthy of the events about to take place, and was calculated to give additional poignancy to that tumult of anxious and agitating feeling which must ever pervade the breasts of men before engaging in deadly strife. Upon the site of the English camp, an army of Edward I. had, in 1298, gained a bloody though not decisive victory, over the desultory troops of the Scottish Chiefs; slaying two of the most noble and disinterested warriors that ever attempted to defend their country, and compelling the indomitable Wallace to retreat. The Highlanders were, on the other hand, drawn up upon a field where the arms of England received the most decisive overthrow they ever before or since experienced, and which might be considered as opening peculiar favour to Charles, who was the representative, and not an unworthy one, of the hero of that memorable day. Betwixt the two armies lay the straggling remains of the one extensive Torwood, in whose gloomy recesses Wallace used to find a refuge suited to his dismal fortunes, and where a tree was yet shown, which had afforded immediate shelter to his person, when deserted by his associates, and closely pursued by the English. Other associations conspired to heighten the interest of the scene. Here was supposed to be the extreme limit of the Roman power in Britain; and the neighbouring country might be considered as one great battle field—a landscape on which nature had lavished all its grandeur and beauty, but which man, from the earliest times, had made the theatre of his blackest and bloodiest work.

On this occasion, as on almost all others throughout the campaign, Charles found himself able to out-general the old and experienced officers, whom the British government had sent against him. Though he had drawn out his men, and seemed ready for an immediate encounter with Hawley's army, he kept his real intentions a profound secret from even his own officers, making the main body believe that the evolutions in which they were engaged, were only those of an ordinary review; and it was not till mid-day, that, having suddenly called a council of war, he announced his determination to march in the direction of the enemy.

The conduct of Hawley displayed as much of negligence on this occasion, as that of Charles displayed calculation and alacrity. He was inspired, we have already said, with an infinite contempt for the Highlanders, or "Highland militia," as he himself was pleased to term Charles's troops. Having come to drive the wretched rabble from Stirling, he could not conceive the possibility of their coming to attack him at Falkirk. Being apprised on the 16th, by a Mr. Roger, who had passed through the Highland army, and conversed with some of the officers, that there was a proposal amongst them to march next day against him, he treated the informant with great rudeness, and contented himself with giving vent to a vain expression of defiance. On the morning of the day of battle, such was his continued security, that he obeyed an insidious invitation from the Countess of Kilmarnock, by retiring from the camp to breakfast with her at Callander house, although quite aware of that lady's relationship to an insurgent chief, and even perhaps of her own notorious attachment to the cause of Prince Charles. The *ruse* of the countess was attended with complete success. She was a woman of splendid person and manners; and Hawley, completely fascinated by her well acted blandishments, spent the whole of this important forenoon in her company, without casting a thought upon his army.

Charles, observing the wind to come from the southwest, directed the march of his men towards a piece of ground considerably to the right of Hawley's camp, in order that, in the ensuing encounter, his troops might have that powerful ally to support them in rear. He took care, at the same time, to despatch Lord John Drummond, with nearly all the horse, towards the other extremity of Hawley's lines, so as to distract and engage the attention of the enemy. In order to produce still further uncertainty among the English regarding his intentions, he caused a body to retire to Stirling, with colours displayed in their sight; and upon the Plean Moor, which was thus entirely deserted, he left his great standard flying, as if that had still been his head quarters.

Completely perplexed by the various objects which

they saw dispersed over the country, the English army remained in their camp, not altogether unapprehensive of an attack, but yet strongly disposed, like their commander, to scout the idea that the Highlanders would venture upon so daring a measure. While they were still ignorant of the insidious advance which Charles was making, a countryman, who had perceived it, came running into the camp, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what are you about? The Highlanders will be immediately upon you!" Some of the officers cried out, "Seize that rascal—he is spreading a false alarm!" But they were speedily assured of the truth of the report, by two of their number, who had mounted a tree, and, through a telescope, discovered the Highlanders in motion. The alarm was immediately communicated to a commanding officer, who, in his turn, lost no time in conveying it to Callander house. Hawley received the intelligence with the utmost coolness, and contented himself with ordering that the men might put on their accoutrements, without getting under arms. The troops obeyed the order, and proceeded to take their dinner.

It was between one and two o'clock, that several gentlemen, volunteer attendants on the camp, coming in upon the spur, gave final and decisive intelligence of the intention of the enemy. They reported that they had seen the lines of the Highland infantry evolve from behind the Tor Wood, and cross the Carron by the *Steps of Dunnipace*. The drums instantly beat to arms; an urgent message was despatched for the recreant Hawley; and the lines were formed, in front of the camp, by officers on duty. The negligence of their general was now bitterly reflected on by the men, many of whom seemed impressed with the idea that he had sold them to the enemy.

The people dwelling between the present positions of the two armies, in the dreadful expectation of being speedily involved in the horrors of a battle, were at this moment, as may easily be conceived, in a state of great alarm; and though such circumstances are generally overlooked in the narrative, as they are disregarded in the reality of warfare, this is not perhaps the least interesting matter connected with the conflict of arms. The people might be seen, as we are informed by tradition, hurrying to and fro across the country, equally uncertain where danger was to be avoided, or safety to be sought, and betraying, by their looks, how dreadful a thing the presence of war is to the generality of a peaceful people. Some were attempting to transport articles of property upon which they placed a value, and others seemed only anxious to save their children and aged relations. A number of the citizens of Falkirk stationed themselves upon the fortified bartizan of the steep which then surmounted their town house, uniting the gratification of curiosity with a desire of safety, and giving a peculiar liveliness to the general scene of flight and fear.

The family of a farmer named Muirhead, who lived about a mile to the west of Falkirk, was sent to take refuge in the house of a friend at that town; and one of the children, who survived till recent years, used to tell that in this short but dismal journey, she well remembered crossing the lines of the royal army, near the entry to Bantaskine house, where it stretched across the road, apparently extending from the low grounds on the north a good way up the park towards the south. As the men were giving way, to allow a passage for the children, a hare started up near the place, and ran through the lines; upon which, the soldiers raised a loud *viere-hollo*, and one, more ready witted than the rest, exclaimed, "Halloo, the Duke of Perth's mother!"—it being a general belief that that zealous old catholic lady was a witch, and therefore able to assume the disguise of a hare, which, in the present case, she could not be supposed to do, but for the purpose of spying the English army. The soldier's exclamation was received with shouts of laughter, as a capital joke upon the distinguished insurgent leader, against whom it was directed.

The last message which had been despatched to Callander, succeeded in bringing Hawley to a sense of the exigency of his affairs, and he now came galloping up to his troops, his head uncovered, and other marks about his person betraying the haste with which he had left the hospitable table of Lady Kilmarnock. The day, which had hitherto been calm and cloudless, became at this moment overcast with heavy clouds, and a high wind beginning to blow from the southwest, seemed about to bring on a severe winter storm. The seventeenth of January, old style, being in reality the twenty-eighth, it may be necessary to remind the reader, that the weather must have been now beginning to exhibit rather the austere character of a Scottish February, than the comparatively serene temperance of the preceding month;

and, extrinsic as the circumstance may appear, it is certainly supposable, that the dismal appearance of the western sky, and the terrors with which it seemed to be charged, must have proved no small addition to the obstacles which the English army, unused to such a climate, was about to encounter.

While they stood in the position already mentioned, Charles was eagerly leading forward his desultory bands to a wild upland, of irregular surface, called Falkirk Moor, two miles southwest of the English camp. In crossing the Carron at Dunnipace Steps, and thus making for a rising ground where he could overlook Hawley's position, he precisely acted over again the very course he had pursued four months before, in crossing the Esk at Musselburgh, and ascending the heights above Cope's station at Preston; and it may be added, that there is a remarkable resemblance in the corresponding localities. Hawley, on learning the direction Charles was taking, seems to have immediately suspected that he was in danger of becoming the victim of a similar course of measures to that which occasioned the defeat of Cope; and, having the bad effect of that general's caution before his eyes, he appears to have immediately adopted the resolution of disputing the high ground. He therefore gave a hasty command to the dragoons to march towards the top of the hill, in order, if possible, to anticipate the Highlanders; and the foot he commanded to follow at a quick pace with their bayonets inserted in the musket. To this precipitate measure, by which he placed his army on ground he had never seen, and which was the unfittest possible for the movements of regular troops, while it was proportionally advantageous for the Highlanders, the disasters of the day are altogether to be attributed.

The dragoons galloped up a narrow way called Maggie Wood's Loan, by the eastern extremity of Bantaskine Park, where a man, who only died lately, heard them swearing, as they went along, with all their proverbial fury, and venting the most ferocious threats against the men they were about to encounter. The foot followed, with a similar show of promptitude and courage; and the artillery, consisting of ten pieces, came last of all, driven by a band of Falkirk carters, who, with their horses, had been hastily pressed into King George's service that forenoon. Whether from accident, or from the design of these fellows, who were all rank Jacobites, the artillery stuck in a swampy place at the end of the Loan, beyond all power of extrication; and the drivers then cut the traces of their horses, and galloped back to Falkirk. The sudden southwest, against which the army was marching, now let forth its fury full in their faces, blinding them with rain, and rendering the ascent of the hill doubly painful. Still they struggled on, encouraged by the voice and gesture of their general, whose white uncovered head was every where conspicuous as he galloped about, and who, to do him justice, seemed ardently desirous to recover the effects of his negligence.

Before Hawley commenced this ill-starred march, Charles had entered Falkirk Moor at another side, and was already ascending the hill. His troops marched in two parallel columns, about two hundred paces asunder; that which was nearest the king's army consisting of the clans that had been in England, and the other comprising all the late accessions, with some low country regiments. The former was judiciously designed to become the front line in ranking up against the enemy.

A sort of race now commenced between the dragoons and clans, towards the top of the moor; each apparently esteeming the preoccupation of that ground as of the most essential importance to the event. The clans attained the eminence first; and the dragoons were obliged to take up somewhat lower ground, where they were prevented from coming into direct opposition with the Highlanders by a morass on their left.

The three MacDonald regiments, according to the right of the great Clan Colla to that distinguished position, marched at the head of the first column, in order to form eventually the right wing of the army in battle array; but, on the present occasion, Glencairn's minor regiment of MacGregors, exerting greater speed in the race with Hawley's dragoons, and being therefore the first to reach the top of the hill, took that post of honour, which they retained throughout the ensuing conflict. The first line of the insurgent army was therefore formed by the following regiments, reckoning from right to left: MacGregor, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glengary, Apin, Cameron, the Frasers under the Master of Lovat, and the MacPhersons under Cluny, their chief. At the right extremity, Lord George Murray had the chief command, fighting as usual on foot. On the left there was no general commander, unless it was Lord John Drummond, whose attention, however, was chiefly directed to his

French regiment in the rear. The second line was chiefly composed of low country regiments, which stood in the following order:—Athole, Ogilvie, Gordon, Farquharson, Cromarty and the French. The prince stood on an eminence behind the second line, with the horse; having been implored by the army not to hazard his person by that active collision with the enemy, for which, as at Preston, he expressed his ardent desire.

Opposite to the Highland army thus disposed, but rather inclining to the north on account of the morass and of the declivity, the English foot were drawn up also in two lines, with the horse in front, and a reserve in the rear. The first line comprised the following regiments from right to left:—Wolfe, Cholmondeley, the Scots Royal, Price, and Ligonier; the second, Blakeney, Monro, Fleining, Barrel and Batterau. The reserve was composed of the Glasgow Regiment, Howard's, and the Argyll Militia.

Falkirk Moor, an upland now covered with thriving farms, and intersected by the Union Canal, was then a tract of the most rude and savage character, irregular in its surface without rising into peaks, and bearing no vegetation but a shaggy species of heath. It was upon its broad ridge at the top, that the two armies were disposed. Charles's army, from its precedence in the race, occupied the most elevated ground, facing the east. The English stood upon ground a little lower, with their backs towards the town of Falkirk. The country was not encumbered by enclosures of any kind; but a sort of hollow, or *dean*, as it is called in Scotland, commenced nearly opposite to the centre of the Highland lines, and ran down between the two armies, gradually widening towards the plain below, and opening up at one place into a spacious basin. By this ravine, which was too deep to be easily passed over from either side, two thirds of the English were separated from about one half of the Highland army. Owing to the convexity of the ground, the wings of both armies were invisible to each other.

To conclude this account of the disposition of the English, the Argyll Highlanders and Ligonier's regiment were stationed in the hollow just mentioned: the Glasgow regiment was posted at a farm house behind the other extremity; and the horse stood a little in advance of the foot, opposite to the right wing of the Highlanders, without any portion of the ravine intervening. General Hawley commanded in the centre, Brigadier Cholmondeley on the left, and Major-general Huske on the right. The horse were immediately under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Ligonier, who, stationed on the left, with his own regiment (lately Gardiner's), had Cobham's and Hamilton's on his right, and personally stood almost opposite to Lord George Murray.

In numbers, the two armies were nearly equal, both amounting to about eight thousand; and as they were alike unsupplied by artillery (for the Highlanders had also left theirs behind), there could scarcely have been a better match, so far as strength was concerned. But the English had disadvantages of another sort, such as the unfitness of the ground for their evolutions, the interruption given to so much of their lines by the ravine, the comparative lowness of their ground, and the circumstance that they had the wind and rain full in their faces, while the Highlanders were rather impelled than retarded by that powerful auxiliary.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Up, an' rin awa, Hawley,
Up, an' rin awa, Hawley!
Tak' care, or Charlie's gude claymore
May gie's your lugs a claw, Hawley!—*Jacobite Song.*

It was near four o'clock, and the storm was rapidly bringing on premature darkness, when Hawley ordered his dragoons to advance, and commence the action. As already mentioned, he had an idea that the Highlanders would not stand against the charge of a single troop of horse; much less did he expect them to resist three regiments, amounting to thirteen hundred men. The result showed, however, that he was completely mistaken, and that there was not a greater fallacy in military science than one then prevalent throughout Europe, that cavalry were indispensable and tantamount in an army. Colonel Ligonier himself is said to have expressed his surprise at Hawley's order; and the men showed most unequivocally that they thought it the height of rashness. Advancing slowly and timidly towards the Highland lines, they no sooner received the fire of their opponents, than, without discharging a single piece, or staining a single sword with blood, they wheeled about with one consent,

and retreated. Ligonier's and Hamilton's—the cravens of Preston—rushed headlong over the left wing of their own foot, who lay upon their faces; bawling as they went along, "Dear brethren, we shall all be massacred this day!" Cobham's, with only a lesser degree of cowardice, galloped in a body down the ravine between the two armies, so as to receive the fire of the whole Highland line as they went along.

The Highlanders, according to an order from Lord George Murray, having only fired at the dragoons when they were within half pistol-shot, the volley they gave brought a considerable number to the ground, including several officers of distinction, and, in the graphic language of Dougal Graham, caused many others to swing in their saddles. It would appear also, that this sudden firing when so near the dragoons, had the good effect of staggering and turning the raw horses of at least Ligonier's and Hamilton's; an effect not extended to Cobham's, because that regiment had previously stood fire in Flanders.

From this general disgrace, there was but one small, though honourable exception, in the conduct of a portion of the troops who happened to be near Lieutenant-colonel Whitney; a brave officer, who had remained behind his retreating horse at Preston, though wounded in the sword-arm. Inspired probably by the courage of this officer, and with him at their head, this little band made the charge with great spirit. As the colonel was going forward to the attack, he recognised John Roy Stuart, a former friend, and cried out, "Ha! are you there? we shall soon be up with you." Stuart exclaimed in reply, "You shall be welcome when you come, and, by G—, you shall have a warm reception!" Almost at that moment, the unfortunate leader received a shot, which tumbled him lifeless from the saddle. His party rushed resistlessly through the front line of the Highlanders, trampling down all that opposed them. But their bravery was unavailing. The Highlanders, taught to fight in all postures and under every variety of circumstances, though thrown upon their backs beneath the feet of the cavalry, used their dirks in stabbing the horses under the belly, or, dragging down the men by their long-skirted coats, engaged with them in mortal struggles, during which they seldom failed to poniard their antagonists. The chief of Clanranald was overwhelmed by a dead horse, from which he could not extricate himself, when one of his own clan tumbled down beside him in the arms of a dismounted dragoon. From this situation he could not well make his condition known to any more distant clansman, and it almost appeared that his existence depended upon the success which this man might have with the dragoon. After a brief but dreadful interval, the Highlander contrived to stab his foe, and then sprang to relieve his prostrate chief.

The dragoons being thus disposed of, Lord George Murray, who from his situation did not see much of the English army, ordered the Keppoch regiment to keep their ranks, and sent the same command to the rest of the MacDonald corps. But nothing could restrain the impetuous bravery of these men, who, running forward, and loading their pieces by the way, were immediately ready to attack the royal infantry, now disordered by the retreat of the dragoons. Receiving one imperfect fire from the front line of the English, or rather from the confused mass into which the flank had been thrown, they rushed down hill, firing their pieces as they went along; and then fell on, sword in hand. The fury with which they made this charge was such as nothing could resist; and in a moment the whole upper or southern half of the army simultaneously gave way, having already found their pieces almost useless with the rain, and being apparently convinced that it was impossible to oppose both the Highlanders and the storm.

The individuals, who from the steeple of Falkirk beheld this extraordinary spectacle, used to describe the main event of the battle as occupying an amazingly brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the thunder-cloud in which they had been involved, and rush, in far-spread disorder, over the spacious face of the hill. From the commencement till what they picturesquely styled "the break of the battle," there did not intervene more than ten minutes;—so soon may an efficient body of men, for whose united strength no feat might seem impossible, become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble.

Immediately on ascertaining the fortune of the day,

This unaccountable pantomime astonished the prisoners, and they entreated an explanation from one of the insurgent officers who stood near. He answered, that the soldier was not in reality what he seemed, but a Cameron, who had deserted his regiment (the Scots Royals) during the conflict, to join the company of his chief; when he had been permitted to retain his dress and arms till he could be provided with the uniform of the clan. The Highlander who interposed was his brother, and the crowd, that had rushed in, his clansmen the Camerons. Lord Kilmarnock, in presuming to interfere, even through ignorance, in the affairs of a clan, had excited their high displeasure; "nor, in my opinion," continued the officer, "can any person in the Prince's army take that cockade out of the man's hat, except Lochiel himself."

During the stay of the Highlanders at Falkirk, they treated the inhabitants with extraordinary lenity, on account of their connection with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and the readiness which they displayed in serving the cause of the "yellow-haired laddie." An old woman who still lives (1827) at the age of ninety-seven, and was of course fifteen years of age at the time of the battle, informed the writer of these sheets, that the Highlanders were considered a merciful enemy compared with the dragoons. There was at that time a number of receptacles in Falkirk, called "girnals," where the meal which the various neighbouring landlords received for rent, was retained to the common people. These, during the occupation of the town by the Highlanders, were carefully locked up, so that the poor soon found it impossible to procure their ordinary food. A complaint to this effect being made by an old woman to a Highland officer, he proceeded to break open one of the sequestered stores, sold off all the meal it contained to the common people at a reduced price, and then deliberately marched off with the money. The inhabitants of Falkirk to this day cherish the memory of these brave men and of their gallant leader, with enduring fondness.

The general lenity of the Highlanders was not without numerous exceptions; many of them displaying just as much rapacity in Falkirk, as they would have done in a town of less favourable sentiments. A small party of them, on the day after the battle, laid violent hands on a flaming Jacobite named David Watt, then the principal inn-keeper of Falkirk; brought him out to the street in front of his own door, and setting him down squat upon the causey, deliberately eased his feet of a pair of new shoes with silver buckles. He protested his Jacobitism, to save them; but the spoilers, perhaps accustomed to such shallow excuses, totally disregarded his declaration; ironically observing, "Sae muckle ta better—she'll no grumble to shange a progue for the prince's guid." It is needless to add that David's principles were a good deal shaken by this unhappy incident.

It is also remembered at Falkirk that it was the general practice of the Highlanders, to enter the houses of the inhabitants about the time when meals occurred; seizing, if at breakfast time, the dishes of porridge prepared for the family, and, if at dinner time, searching the kail-pots with their dirks for what solids they might contain. Whenever they found the porridge dishes arranged on the outside of the windows to cool, they emptied them into their own canteens and went away, looking back and laughing at the owners, who might come out of doors to express their consternation at the event. To these acts of felony the people never dared to make any resistance, aware of the vengeance which it might have excited. One old woman only, out of all the inhabitants, was known on any occasion to protect her property. On their making advances to her kail-pot, this heroine courageously mounted guard upon it, seized the ladle, and threatened to scald the first that approached her, with the boiling liquid. They were staggered by her boldness, which seemed to promise them the fate awarded by Robinson Crusoe to the Cochise Chinese; and, partly from amusement at her ludicrous attitude, thought proper to retire.

The old lady already mentioned, as having, when a child, gone through the lines of the English army before the battle, also remembered that the Highlanders came next day to her mother's house, near Falkirk, in search of provisions. Colonel Campbell, of the Argyle militia, had previously taken up his abode here, and, on learning the approach of the enemy, caused his baggage to be buried in the farm-yard, leaving only a French valet behind, to take charge of it. The Highlanders seized this man, and, by pinching his body, obliged him to discover his precious charge. It was immediately appropriated; and our venerable informant had a picturesque recollec-

tion of the rude mountaineers sitting round the fire, and drinking the colonel's wine out of *parritch luggies*.

The gudewife had taken similar precautions in regard to her own valuables and provisions, burying some things in the fields, and concealing part of her meal in pillow-slips, which were inserted into the insides of as many sacks of chaff. But by pinching herself and her children, and by thrusting their dirks and swords into the sacks, they succeeded in getting possession of almost every thing that had been put out of the way. It is needless to observe that this want of gallantry was entirely occasioned by the attempt which they saw had been made to deceive them; for when people displayed a willingness to supply provisions, or trusted to their generosity, they were almost invariably kind. One favourable circumstance is recorded of them—they were never fastidious about their food. The ordinary humble fare of the cottagers of that time—meal, milk, cheese, and butter—they accepted with thankfulness. Oat-meal was what they generally demanded; and if supplied with a modicum of that, suitable to the apparent circumstances of the family, they went away contented. Nothing, moreover, seems to have ever given them so much pleasure, as to fall upon a churn in the process of butter making. Numerous instances are remembered throughout the country, of their rioting over such an article with the most extravagant expressions of satisfaction. If, in the course of their searches, they asked for bread, and were told that there was none in the house, they have been known to say, "Och, her nain sel will take a butter or cheese, till a bread be ready." It was their custom in a march, for small parties of from three to ten persons, to digress from the main body, towards the farms which lay within sight of the road, and there to satisfy their hunger. Thus, in the course of a day's march, every individual in the army procured at least one meal. They seem to have behaved very fairly, in regard to each other, throughout these transactions. On a farmer's wife in Tweedsmuir giving a cheese to a party of four, they immediately cut it with their dirks into quarters, of which each took away one.

It is perhaps unnecessary to offer any apology for the rapine which distinguished this singular campaign. The prince, though supplied with considerable sums from his father, from the French government, and from his friends in Britain, was unable to give his men a pay sufficient for their travelling expenses; and they were therefore obliged to levy contributions on the country. Charles did not openly sanction their proceedings; but, well knowing he could not ask them to starve, was under the necessity of passing them over without punishment. He perhaps justified himself in his own eyes, by the consideration that all he was doing was for the good of the country, and that, after the electors of Hanover had so long subsisted upon his father's subjects, there was comparatively little harm in his thus quartering upon them for a single winter. The same reasoning applied, with still greater force, to the levies he made upon the public tax-offices throughout the kingdom.

It cannot be denied, that, in so large a body of men, there were many, who, unable to resist the temptations presented to them, abused the power of their arms in a way which admits of no palliation. As one instance for all, we may mention the conduct of an officer of the MacGregor corps, as reported to us, at only second-hand, from one of the regiment, who survived till recent times. It often happened, in the course of the march, that the private soldiers of this corps entered the houses of the country people, and began to help themselves. The unhappy rustics would come running out, and make as pathetic an appeal as they could to the officer; and he used then to go up to the door, and roar in at the passage, "Come out this minute, you scoundrels, or I'll send a pistol-shot in amongst you." But immediately after he would add in Gaelic, "*Only, if you see any thing worth while, you may bring it along with you.*" At this period of the campaign, the mountaineers had become better acquainted than they were at first with the commodities of civilised life, and among the numerous desertions which took place for the purpose of securing their spoil, few were occasioned by the desire of depositing such things as military saddles. Money had now become an object with them; and it is really amazing what large sums some of them had amassed about their persons. At the battle of Falkirk, a private Highlander having pursued one of Barrel's regiment down the hill, and in his turn fled on the man turning about to oppose him, was shot through the head by Brigadier Cholmondeley, and left to be rifled by the soldier. To the man's astonishment, no less a sum than sixteen guineas was found in the *sporran* or purse of this miserable looking savage!

It does not, however, after all, appear, that the people

of Scotland felt much annoyed by the exactions made upon them by the Highlanders; for, although the traditions regarding their custom of demanding free quarters are innumerable, they are rarely accompanied with any very vehement expressions of indignation. The citizens of Glasgow alone, whose treatment, for reasons good, was peculiarly severe, seem to have displayed a generous feeling; incited by which, their militia behaved with singular firmness at Falkirk, and permitted a number of their body to be slain before following the prudent example of their general. Altogether, it may be said, that, either from habitual hospitality, or from affection to their cause, the Scottish people expressed far less displeasure than might have been expected at the behaviour of the mountain-warriors; and what was expressed generally proceeded from the most evil conditioned of the whigs, or from those miserable churls who would have grudged a meal to any stranger.*

Prince Charles returned to Bannockburn on the evening of the 18th, leaving Lord George Murray, with a portion of the army, at Falkirk. It was certainly to be regretted by his adherents, that he did not rather follow up the success of the preceding day, by an active pursuit of the English army, which was now so dispirited, that he might easily have had the glory of driving

* Soon after the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Midlothian, entered the farm-house of Swanston, near the Pentland Hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity, roared and cried, and even had the hardihood to invoke divine vengeance upon their heads. "Ye villain!" she cried, "ye'll ha'e to account for this yet! ye'll ha'e to account for this yet!"—"And whan will we pe account for't?" asked one of the Highlanders—"At the last day, ye blackguards!" exclaimed the woman. "Ta last tay!" replied the Highlander: "tat pe cood long chredit—we'll e'er pe tak a waistcoat too!" at the same time cutting off a few additional yards of the cloth.—*Tradition in Edinburgh.*

The Lowlanders were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries, as a good joke, that they would come into houses and ask for "a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till something petter be ready." It is remembered, in another part of the country, that some of them gave out their orders for a morning meal, to the mistress of the house, in the following language: "You'll put down a pread, matam—and a putter, matam—and a sheese, matam—and a tea, matam—shentleman's preckfast, matam—and you'll kive her a shilling, to carry her to the next town, matam!"

The Highland insurgents of 1715 seem to have taken precisely similar methods of supplying the wants of a regular commissariat. The following anecdote, which is derived from most respectable authority, the grand-niece of an eye-witness, will perhaps illustrate the fact.—A party of recruits, marching down from their native mountains to join the earl of Mar and passing through the parish of Arngask (Perthshire) on a Sunday forenoon, suddenly discovered that their shoes were in great necessity of repair, or rather of renewal; and complained to their commander, that, unless provided with a supply of these necessary articles, they did not believe they should be able to proceed. The officer felt the dilemma to be extreme, as it was at once necessary that his party should lose no time in getting to head-quarters, and impossible that they should procure the means of transporting thither; the day being one upon which the tradesmen of the Lowlands would transact no secular business. He had the shrewdness, however, or rather perhaps the good luck, to bethink himself of an expedient, by which the whole difficulty might be got over. He observed the parish church hard by; he also heard the whole assembled musical powers of the parish making it ring with psalmody. Confound them! he thought, if they will not sell us new brogues, or mend our old ones, but sit drowsing there, we'll make them put us to rights another way. He accordingly marched his men up to the church, led them in, commanded every man to help himself according to his necessities; showing the example, by seizing the shoes of the precentor. His precept and practice together had such effect, that, in less than three minutes, the shoes of the congregation were transferred to the feet of the Highlanders, and the unfortunate worshippers left to walk home barefooted as best they might.

it out of Scotland, if not that of totally annihilating it. Ignorance alone of the real extent of his victory, and of the condition to which he had reduced the enemy, must have induced him to take this retrograde movement, so dishonourable to his arms, and so favourable to the designs which were now laying for his total overthrow.

Among other articles which the prince had brought away with him from Glasgow, was a printing-press, with its accompaniments of types, workmen, &c. Sensible of the advantage which the other party had over him in their command of the public press, and no doubt incensed at the lies they had employed it in propagating against him, he had employed his first leisure at Glasgow in publishing a Journal of his march into England, which, if not free of a little gasconade, was certainly quite as faithful as the Gazette of government. He had brought the press along with him, in order to continue his publications occasionally; and he now issued, from Bannockburn, a quarto sheet, containing a well penned and not inaccurate account of his victory at Falkirk. This, however, was destined to be the last of his Gazettes, as the rapidity of his subsequent evolutions rendered it impossible to transport so large and complicated an engine without more trouble than it was worth.

He now resumed the siege of Stirling Castle, having first sent a summons of surrender to General Blakeney, which that officer answered with his former firmness. He had been advised, by an engineer of the name of Grant, who had conducted the siege of Carlisle, to open trenches in the church-yard, which lies between the castle and the town; but was induced to abandon that position by the citizens, who represented that it must ensure the destruction of their houses. There were two other points from which the castle might be stormed, though not nearly so advantageous as that pointed out by Mr. Grant—the Gowan Hill, an irregular eminence under the castle walls on the north side, and the Ladies' Hill, a small bare rock facing the south east. The prince, anxious to save the town, consulted with a French engineer, who had recently arrived in Scotland, if it would be possible to raise an effective battery upon either of these eminences. The person thus consulted was a Mr. Gordon, styling himself Monsieur Mirabelle, a chevalier of the order of St. Louis; but a man so whimsical both in his body and mind, that the Highlanders used to parody his *nom de guerre* into Mr. Admirable. It is the characteristic of ignorance never to think any thing impossible; and this wretched old Frenchified Scotsman at once undertook to open a battery upon the Gowan Hill, though there were not fifteen inches depth of earth above the rock, and the walls of the castle overlooked it by at least fifty feet.

After many days of incessant labour, a sort of battery was constructed of bags of sand and wool, and a number of cannon brought to bear upon the fortress. General Blakeney had not taken all the advantage he might have done of his position to interrupt the works, conceiving that it was best to amuse the Highland army with the prospect of taking the castle, and thus give government time to concentrate its forces against them. But when the cannon well opened against him, he thought proper to answer them in a suitable manner. Such was the eminence of his situation, that it is said he could see the very shoe-buckle of the besiegers as they stood behind their entrenchments. Their battery was of course pointed upwards, and scarcely did the least harm either to his fortifications or his men. The besieged, on the contrary, were able to destroy a great number of their opponents, including many French piqueurs, who were, perhaps, the best soldiers in their army. The works were demolished at leisure; and the siege was then abandoned as a matter of course, after a considerable loss of men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on my like a flood—
The princesses in number five—
Duke William, sweetest prince alive!—

Swift.

When the news of Hawley's manœuvres at Falkirk reached the court of St. James's, where a drawing-room happened to be held on that particular day, every countenance is said to have been marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those only of the king himself, the earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope. It was now thought necessary to send a general against the insurgents, the best and most popular of whom the country

could boast, and who, by one decisive effort, might at length be certain of success. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after tracking their course to Carlisle, had thought them only fair game for an inferior hand, was now requested to resume the command which he then abandoned, and immediately to set out for the north. He lost no time in obeying his father's orders: and was so expeditious as to arrive unexpectedly at Edinburgh early in the morning of the 30th of January, after a journey performed in the short space of four days.

This young general, whose name is still so much exalted in Scotland, and of whom it must be confessed that he never was victorious any where else, was a man of great personal intrepidity, firmness, and enthusiasm in his profession, though almost entirely destitute of talent, and a stranger, as it afterwards appeared, to the more praiseworthy qualification of humanity. He had a good humoured jolly face, which procured him the epithet of "Bluff Bill;" but, although it was hoped that his presence in Scotland might counteract the charm which Prince Charles had exercised over the public mind, his personal graces could never bear any comparison with those of his cousin and rival; and while his rank perhaps dazzled the people a little, he failed entirely in exciting the high interest and deep affection which had been bestowed so liberally upon that equivocal son of royalty. He was, however, entirely beloved by the troops, who wished nothing so ardently as to have him at their head instead of Hawley, and, notwithstanding their late disgrace, are said to have been inspired with the utmost confidence when they learned that he was to take the command.

On his arriving at Holyroodhouse, he immediately went to bed—occupying the same couch of state which Charles had used four months before. After reposing two hours, he rose, and proceeded to the great business of his mission. Before eight o'clock, and before he had taken breakfast, he is said to have been busy with General Hawley and Huske, and other principal officers, whom he summoned so hastily that they appeared in their boots. During the course of the forenoon, he received visits from the State-officers, the Professors of the University, and the principal citizens, all of whom had the honour of kissing his hand. Meanwhile, the music-bells were rung in his honour, and the magistrates prepared to present him with the freedom of the city. His royal highness, in the midst of matters of state, did not neglect those of war. He descended to the large court in front of the palace, where a train of artillery had been collected, and made a careful and deliberate inspection of all the pieces. In the afternoon, according to appointment, a number of ladies, chiefly belonging to whig families of distinction, paid their respects to him in the same hall where Charles had so lately entertained his fair adherents. They were dressed in the most splendid style; and one of them, Miss Ker, did him the peculiar honour to appear with a *busk*, at the top of which was a crown, done in bugles, surrounded by the words, "William Duke of Cumberland, Britain's Hero." He kissed the ladies all round, made a short speech expressive of his satisfaction, and then retired to hold a council of war.

The army had received various reinforcements since its retreat from Falkirk, and been prepared to march for some days before the duke's arrival. The council, therefore, determined that it should set forward next morning towards the position of the insurgents, with his Royal Highness at its head. So prompt a resolution gave new courage to the troops, and raised the hopes of the friends of government, hitherto very much depressed. In the same degree it damped the spirits of the insurgents, who had already determined to retire to the Highlands, but whose resolution was materially accelerated by so vigorous a measure on the part of their enemies.

The duke set out from Holyroodhouse, at nine o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 31st of January, after having been only thirty hours in Edinburgh. An immense crowd had collected in the court-yard and around the exterior porch of the palace, brought together to see a prince of the blood, and that they might compare his person and apparent fitness for war with their recollections of his rival. A whig historian has recorded that, as he stepped into his coach, an old man exclaimed "God bless him—he is far bounier than the Pretender;" and there are said to have been some others, who, borne away by the enthusiasm of the moment, attempted to greet him with a huzza. But his looks elicited no expressions of admiration from the softer sex; and the general feeling rather was one of pity for the gallant youth against whom he was bending what appeared so

powerful and irresistible a force. They saw him depart with sensations acutely painful and agitating; for it was the general impression that this singular struggle for the empire was soon to be determined, and that, as it were, by a personal conflict between two persons immediately representing the great parties concerned.

The army had departed early this morning in two columns; one by Borrowstounness, led by General Huske, the other by Linlithgow, of which the duke was to take command in person. Ligonier's and Hamilton's dragoons, patrolled the roads in advance, to prevent intelligence reaching the insurgents. The army comprised altogether fourteen battalions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, the Argyle militia, and a train of artillery. The whole might amount to ten thousand men.

The Duke of Cumberland had been presented by the Earl of Hopetoun with a coach and twelve horses; and, thinking it necessary to make his departure from Edinburgh with as much parade as possible, he used this splendid equipage in passing through the town. As he passed up the Cannongate and the High Street, he is said to have expressed great surprise at the number of broken windows which he saw; but, when informed that this was the result of a recent illumination, and that a shattered casement only indicated the residence of a Jacobite, he laughed heartily, remarking, that he was better content with this explanation, ill as it seemed to himself and his family, than he could have been with his first impression, which ascribed the circumstance to national poverty or negligence. His coach was followed by a great number of persons of distinction, and by a vast mob. He went through the Grass-market, and left the city by the West Port. When he got to a place called Castlebarrow, he left the coach, and mounted his horse. The state-officers and others then crowded about him to take leave, and the mob could no longer abstain from raising a hearty huzza. He took off his hat, and, turning round, thanked the people for this pleasing expression of their regard; adding, that he had had but little time to cultivate their friendship, but would be well pleased when fortune gave him opportunity of doing so. "I am in a great haste, my friends," he cried, "but I believe I shall soon be back to you with good news. Till then adieu." So saying, he shook hands with those nearest to him; paused a moment; and then exclaiming, "Come, let us have a song before parting," began to sing a ditty which had been composed in his own honour:

"Will ye play me fair?
Highland Laddie, Highland Laddie."

Then stretching forth his hand, as if addressing the object of his hostility, he set forward at a gallop, to put himself at the head of the army.

He lodged this evening at Linlithgow, and it was the general expectation that he would engage the Highlanders next day. Straggling parties had been seen hovering on the hills between Falkirk and Linlithgow, which, on the morning of the 1st of February, had fallen back to the Torwood, giving out that they would there await the royal army. But as he proceeded towards Falkirk, stray Highlanders were brought before him, who reported that they were in reality conveying their baggage over the Forth, with the intention of retreating to the Highlands; and the intelligence was soon confirmed by the noise of a distant explosion, occasioned by the blowing up of their powder magazine in the church of St. Ninian's. The duke walked all the way from Linlithgow to Falkirk on foot, at the head of the Scots Royals, to encourage the men after the manner of his rival; but he now thought it unnecessary to pursue the march with extraordinary speed, and therefore rested this evening at Falkirk, where he found the soldiers who had been wounded in the late engagement, deserted by their captors.

When his royal highness arrived in Falkirk, and it was debated what lodging he should choose, he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had occupied," being sure, he said, that *that* would not only be the most comfortable in the town, but also the best provisioned. He accordingly passed the night in the same house and the same bed, which have been already described as accommodating Charles on the evening of the battle. He next morning marched to Stirling, which he found evacuated by the insurgents, and where General Blakeney informed him, that, but for his seasonable relief, he must have speedily surrendered the fortress for want of ammunition and provisions. A considerable number of straggling adherents of the Chevalier were here taken prisoners, including a lady whom popular re-

port assigned to Charles as a mistress—the celebrated *Jeanie Cameron*. The prisoners were all sent to Edinburgh Castle.

Charles had not in reality fled to the Highlands from fear of the duke. This motion was the result of a determination entered into before his royal highness arrived in Scotland. So lately as the 20th, it had been Charles's intention to engage the royal army, and, in that resolution, he held a review on the field of Bannockburn, when it was found, from the losses sustained in the siege, and the numerous desertions which had taken place since the battle of Falkirk, that the number of the army was reduced to five thousand. Lord George Murray and the principal chiefs, therefore, framed an address to their leader on the 29th, representing the impossibility of meeting the royal army on fair terms at present, and counselling a retreat to the north, which, while it disconcerted the enemy, would enable them to recruit their diminished bands. With great reluctance Charles assented to this measure, so much in opposition to his general wishes, which always ran in favour of active warfare at whatever hazard. On the same day, therefore, that the Duke of Cumberland marched from Linlithgow, the Highlanders having spiked their heavy cannon, and blown up their magazine, left Stirling for the Firth, where they crossed the river that evening, carrying all their prisoners along with them.

The explosion of the prince's magazine at St. Ninian's has been already mentioned. This circumstance afforded his now triumphant enemies an excellent opportunity of traducing him. About ten of the country people had been killed by the accident; and it was studiously represented by the Whigs, that the destruction of these innocent persons had been an object with the prince—that, indeed, the whole affair was a conspiracy against the natives. Notwithstanding that nearly as many of the insurgents had perished, this absurd calumny was made the subject of serious discussion, not only in conversation, but in pamphlets and magazines; and as Charles did not remain to vindicate himself, it gained universal credit among his enemies. The religious alarmists of that day even affected to believe it a piece of sacrilege, representing the case as a sort of plea—the church of Rome *versus* the church of St. Ninian's. The people of a succeeding age are often astonished at the absurd beliefs which have obtained among parties during an agitating crisis; and there are few of a domestic nature, in the history of our country, which could astonish a modern more than that which asseverated Prince Charles to have spent six thousand pounds weight of powder in blowing up a country parish church, for the purpose of destroying a few unoffending individuals.

But while Charles is so easily exculpated from the charge of inhumanity and sacrilege, the cowardly ruffians who formed the host of his adversary, and who helped to propagate this calumny against him, are not to be so easily acquitted of one far more savage and fiendish—the conflagration of the palace of Linlithgow. The spacious halls of this beautiful old pile, where many a noble and many a royal heart formerly reposed—where the chivalrous James projected his terrible though hapless inroad upon England, and where his beauteous descendant drew her first breath—these venerable apartments, consecrated to every bosom in Scotland by national feeling and historical association, were on this occasion spread with straw to receive the vile persons of a brutal foreign soldiery; and the hallowed echoes were awakened to rude profanity and laughter, which had slept since the lamentations of Flodden and the love-strains of Mary. When the inglorious crew arose to depart, they resolved to show their contempt of the country which they invaded, by desecrating this favourite shrine of national feeling; and they accordingly, with the greatest deliberation, raked the live embers of their fires into their straw pallets, so as immediately to involve the apartments in flames. They then left the building to its fate, and it soon became, what it now is, a desolate and blackened ruin.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Now great Hawley leads on, with great Huske at his tail,
And the duke in the centre—this sure cannot fail.

Jacobite Song.

The last meal which Prince Charles partook upon the Lowland territory, which he had now kept possession of for five months, was at Boquhan, on the 1st of February, immediately before crossing the Forth. He arrived here a little after mid-day, along with his principal officers,

and sat down to a dinner which had been prepared for him. His march across the river was attended by a circumstance, which seems to prove that the peasantry of Scotland were not uniformly adverse or indifferent to his cause. On the preceding evening, Captain Campbell, of the king's service, had come, with a party of soldiers, to the farm of West Frew, upon the north side of the river, and asked for a person who might show him the fords. The farmer was a staunch Jacobite, and, suspecting no good to his prince from the captain's enquiries, directed him, not to the regular and accustomed ford, but to one which was seldom used, a little farther up the river. Campbell then took from a cart several sacks full of caltrops, which he threw into the stream. Having thus prepared, as he thought, for the annoyance of the insurgent army, he and his party withdrew. The farmer, secretly rejoicing at the service he had done to the prince, crossed the water next day, along with his sons and servants, and remained near his royal highness all the time he was at dinner. When their meal was finished, the party took the proper ford, all except Charles, who, not thinking any information necessary regarding fords which he had used, rode through by one different from either of the above-mentioned, and in which the farmer had seen one of Campbell's men deposit a single caltrop. By ill luck, the prince's horse picked up this, and was of course wounded. This information was derived from one of the farmer's sons, who survived till recent times, and who never could speak of the circumstance without great emotion. He used to say, that he had at first entertained a boyish apprehension, lest he should find no body to point out the prince at Boquhan house, and that he should thus be unable in after life to say that he had beheld so interesting a person. "But," he would continue, with the fervour of a true Jacobite, "my anxiety on this point was quite unnecessary;—there was *something* in the air of that noble young man, which would have pointed him out to me, as the son of a king, among ten thousand!"

The army spent the evening of that day (February 1st), at Dumbane, while the prince rode forward a few miles and lodged at Drummond Castle, the princely seat of his friend the Duke of Perth. The roads were now found so bad, that they were obliged to leave some of their baggage behind. They persisted, however, in a resolution which had been made, to take all their prisoners along with them to the north. These persons, after the battle, had been confined in the Castle of Doon, near Dumbane, a strong old fortress, of which the Laird of Glegyle had been made governor; and they now joined the army in its retreat. Many of them took the earliest opportunity of making their escape, notwithstanding that they were treated with all possible civility, and had pledged their honour not to take advantage of any indulgences which might be shown to them.

The Highland army reached Crieff next day, and the prince slept at a place called Fairnton. A council of war was there held on the 3d; when it was determined that, for the sake of subsistence, the march to the north should be performed in two parties; one of which, consisting of the clans, under Charles's command, should take the ordinary military road which General Cope had assumed in his northern expedition; while the low country regiments and horse should be conducted by Lord George Murray, along the roads by the coast of Angus and Aberdeenshire. Inverness was to be the rendezvous. At the time this resolution was taken, the Duke of Cumberland was busy, thirty miles behind, in repairing the bridge of Stirling for the passage of his troops; one arch of that ancient and important structure having been destroyed, at an early period of the campaign, by Governor Blakeney, to prevent the transmission of supplies to Charles from the Highlands.

Nothing could more distinctly prove the individual superiority of the insurgent army over the king's troops, or rather perhaps the superiority of their desultory system over the formal and foolish rules of regular warfare, than the way in which they performed their retreat to the north. While the Duke of Cumberland had to wait a day for the repair of a bridge, and then could only drag his lumbering strength over the post-roads at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles in as many hours, Charles forded rivers, crossed over moors, and dared the winter dangers of a hilly country with the utmost alacrity and promptitude. The present generation has seen the same system revived with effect by the great modern soldier of the continent; and it is impossible to give a better idea of the surprise with which the duke, on the present occasion, beheld the incalculable movements of his antagonist, than by recalling the perplexity of the old Austrian generals on observing the first movements of Bonaparte in Italy.

At the commencement of the pursuit, the duke had been little more than a single day's march behind the retreating host. But, on the sixth day, he found this interval to have increased threefold. The Highland army had been passing through Perth, in straggling parties, during the whole of the 2d and 3d of February; he did not arrive there till the 6th; when he learned that one party had passed Blair in Athole on the direct road to Inverness, while the other was just evacuating Montrose, on the route to Aberdeen. He then saw fit to discontinue the chase for the present; the weather being the most unfit possible for the movements of his army, and the Highland hills which now rose to his view, presenting but few inducements for an advance. He contented himself with fishing up, from the bottom of the Tay, about fourteen guns which the insurgents had spiked and thrown into the bed of that river, and with sending out parties to lay waste the lands and seize the unprotected relations of the Perthshire insurgents.

Before he had been many days in Perth, intelligence was brought to him, that his brother-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, had entered the Frith of Forth, with those auxiliary troops which, as already mentioned, his majesty had called over from the continent, to assist him in suppressing the insurrection. This armament cast anchor in Leith Roads on the 8th of February. The prince landed that night at Leith harbour, and was immediately conducted to Holyroodhouse, where apartments had been prepared for his reception. He was attended by the Earl of Crawford, so famous in the wars of George the Second, by a son of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, and by various other distinguished persons. The castle greeted his serene highness with a round of great guns; and next day, notwithstanding that it was the Sabbath, the people flocked in great numbers to see and congratulate him. His troops, which amounted to five thousand in number, landed on that and the succeeding day, and were cantoned in the city.

The Duke of Cumberland judged it necessary, on the 15th, to leave his camp at Perth, and pay a hurried visit to the prince at Edinburgh. On his arrival in that city, he was hailed with the loudest acclamations of the loyal inhabitants, as having already cleared the country of its disturbers, and restored peace where he had lately found civil war. It was at this time the general impression, that the insurgents, dismayed at his approach, had retired into the north only to disperse themselves, as Mar and his army had done in 1716, on the advance of the Duke of Argyle, and that, in imitation of his father's conduct at that time, Charles had left the country by one of the ports on the east coast. The whig writers of the time, at a loss to flatter the royal soldier sufficiently, assured the public that his face had acted like the rising sun, and fairly dispersed the clouds of rebellion which lately hovered over their country;—a somewhat unlucky comparison, however, as a Jacobite afterwards remarked, in so far as his royal highness's countenance bore an unfortunate resemblance to the round unmeaning visage usually given to that luminary on a sign-post.

On the evening of his arrival at Edinburgh, the duke and the prince held a council of war in Milton Lodge, the house of the lord justice clerk, to determine their future operations. The generals who attended this meeting, imposed upon by the popular report, and disposed to flatter the duke, gave it unanimously as their opinion that the war was now at an end, and that his royal highness had nothing to do but send a few parties into the Highlands, as soon as the season would permit, who should exterminate all that remained of the insurgent force. When these persons had delivered their sentiments, the duke turned to Lord Milton, and desired to hear his opinion upon the present state of affairs. The worthy man begged to be excused from speaking in an assembly where his profession did not qualify him; but his royal highness insisted that he should speak, as he knew the Highlands and Highlanders better than any man present. His lordship then declared it as his opinion, that the war was *not* at an end, but that the insurgents would again unite their scattered forces, and hazard a battle before abandoning the enterprise. The duke, who had already seen the bad results of giving up the chase too soon, and of decommitting the suppression of the insurrection to inferior hands, adopted this opinion; and immediately set out to rejoin his army, having previously given orders that the Hessian troops should follow him with all convenient speed.

The propriety of Lord Milton's opinion was proved by what followed. Notwithstanding the weather, and the desolation of the country, Charles succeeded in leading his force, without diminution, over the Grampians, to the shore of the Moray Frith; and Lord George Murray

easily reached the same point, by the more circuitous route which he had adopted through Angus and Aberdeenshire. In his march through Badenoch, the prince reduced the small government fort of Ruthven; and Lord George, in passing Peterhead, was reinforced by a troop of dismounted French picquets, which had just been landed at that port. The duke pursued Lord George's route at a leisurely pace, leaving the Hessians to guard the passes at Perth, and having sent on a body of troops under Sir Andrew Agnew to garrison the castle of Blair.

It was perhaps unfortunate for Scotland that the commander of the royal army should have marched to Culoden through Angus and Aberdeenshire; because the symptoms of disaffection which he saw in these districts, must have given him an extremely unfavourable impression of the kingdom in general, and had a strong effect in disposing him to treat it, after his victory, as a conquered country. All the gentlemen throughout Angus, at least, he found absent with the insurgent army; others paid him so little respect as to recruit almost before his eyes. In the town of Forfar, a small party of Charles's forces beat up for new adherents on the day before he entered the town; and, being concealed by the inhabitants till he had gone past, continued to do the same immediately on his back being turned. When he lodged at the Castle of Glamis, another incident occurred, which must have not a little exasperated his temper. On his troop preparing to depart in the morning, it was found that all the girths of his horses had been cut during the night, in order to retard his march. But a more unequivocal proof of the hatred in which he was held by the Anguscians, occurred at the ancient, episcopal, and truly Jacobite city of Brechin, which was his first stage beyond Forfar. As he was slowly parading through the principal street, hemmed closely in, and retarded by an immense crowd which had collected to see him, he observed a singularly pretty girl standing on a *stair-head*, gazing, among many others of her sex, at the unusual spectacle; and it pleased his royal highness to honour this damsel with a low bow and an elevation of the hat. To his great mortification, and to the no less delight of the spectators, the object of his admiration returned the compliment by a contemptuous gesture which does not admit of description. The duke might have laid little stress upon the trick of a stable-boy, or upon the daring of a country gentleman; but when he found the principles of rebellion revolutionising the female heart so far as to render it impervious to flattery, he was certainly justifiable in considering the case desperate.

Having resolved, on reaching Aberdeen, to await the return of spring before proceeding farther, he marked his sense of the disaffection of this part of the country, by subjecting part of it to the terrors of military law. A man of the name of Ferrier had raised about two hundred men for the service of the Chevalier throughout the Braes of Angus, where, establishing a sort of camp, he laid the country under contribution even to the very ports of Brechin. The duke despatched a party, which, not satisfied with expelling Ferrier, treated the country with excessive severity, mulcting all whom they could convict of Jacobitism, and burning the whole of the episcopal meeting-houses. "It cost many pains," observes the Scots Magazine very gravely, "to save Glenesk from being burnt from end to end, being a nest of Jacobites."

Charles reached Moy Castle, about ten miles from Inverness, on Sunday the 16th of February. Inverness was at this time possessed by the Earl of Loudoun, a lieutenant-general in the royal service, who had early in the campaign raised several independent companies in the north, and had now a force of about two thousand men. The prince intended to await the arrival of Lord George Murray with the other column of his army, before making any attempt upon that formidable body; and he now repented, after his fatiguing march over the Grampians, a welcome and honoured guest, in the house of an adherent. Moy was the principal seat of the Laird of MacIntosh, whose clan had been led out by his wife, while he himself remained in a command under Lord Loudoun. The laird was at this time upon duty with the royal forces, and Lady MacIntosh alone remained at Moy, to dispense the duties of hospitality. Charles, apprehending no danger from his vicinity to Lord Loudoun, allowed his men to straggle about the country, and had only a few with him at the time when a remarkable incident took place.

Lord Loudoun, learning the security in which Charles was reposing, formed a project of seizing his person by surprise. At three in the afternoon, he planted guards and a chain of sentinels completely round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext what-

ever, however high the rank of the person might be. At the same time he ordered fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and, having assembled this body of troops without alarming the inhabitants, he set off at their head, as soon as it was dark, planning his march so as to arrive at the Castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

How his lordship's well-laid scheme came to be discovered by the enemy, is not very well known. There are at least two accounts. One avers, that Fraser of Gorthleck despatched a letter to Lady MacIntosh, warning her of the design; and that another epistle to the same effect was communicated by her ladyship's mother, who, though a whig, was unwilling that the prince should be taken in her daughter's house. The other account is most consistent with probability. Some English officers being overheard in a tavern discussing the project, the daughter of the landlady, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, found means to escape from the town, and, running as fast as she could to Moy, without shoes or stockings, which she had taken off to accelerate her progress, gave Lady MacIntosh a breathless narrative of the plot. Charles immediately left the house, and took refuge among the hills. The high-spirited lady at the same time despatched five or six of her people, under the command of a country blacksmith, to watch the approach of Loudoun's troops.

The man intrusted with this duty was one of singularly intrepid and enterprising spirit. Guessing the probable effects of a counter surprise, he resolved to check Loudoun's march to Moy; and though his little party seemed so ill adapted to such a purpose, he carried through his design with all the vigour which might have been expected from a better matched commander. Having planted his men at considerable intervals along the road, with the orders which he considered necessary, he no sooner heard the noise of the approaching troops, than he fired his piece in that direction, his men doing the same at brief intervals. The party then made as much noise as they could, calling upon the Camerons and MacDonalds to advance, and shouting out orders that no quarter should be given to the villains who designed to murder their prince. His *ruse* had all the effect that could have been expected. Without waiting for a second fire, the army turned tail *en masse*, convinced that the whole of the Highland army was upon them; and a scene of confusion ensued which it would be difficult to describe. Those who had been first in the advance were also the first to retreat; but the rear, not so quickly apprehending the matter, did not fly exactly at the same time, and many were therefore thrown down and trode upon, to the imminent danger of their lives. The panic, fear, and flight continued till they got near Inverness, where it was found, that, though none of the army were slain, except a sifer by the blacksmith's shot, the whole were in a state of the utmost distress, with bruises, wounds, and mortification. The Master of Ross, one of the unhappy band who survived until recent times, used to say, that he had been in many situations of peril throughout his life, but had never found himself in a condition so grievous as that in which he was at the route of Moy.

Charles assembled his men next morning, and advanced upon Inverness, to take revenge for the alarm into which he had been thrown; but Lord Loudoun, wisely judging himself no match for two or three thousand men after he had been discomfited by half a dozen, retired across the Moray Frith into Ross; by which motion he was prevented, during the whole campaign, from ever forming a junction with the royal army, and his whole force, indeed, from which so much had been expected by government, rendered completely *hors de combat*.

Inverness, now a flourishing town of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, where all the refinements, and many of the elegances of city life are to be met with, appears, from a publication of the period, to have been then only such a town as could be expected in the vicinity of a Highland and half civilised territory—a royal burgh, yet not emancipated from feudal domination; a sea port, but possessing only a slight local commerce; confined in its dimensions, limited in population, and poor in its resources. While the town bore every external mark of wretchedness, in people—even its shopkeepers—wore the Highland dress in all its squalor and scantitude, and generally spoke Gaelic. A coach had never, at this time, been seen at Inverness; nor was there a turnpike road within forty miles of its walls. The only advancement which it could be said to have made in civilisation, was occasioned by the English garrison maintained in its fort by government, and by a certain degree of intercourse which its disaffected neighbours maintained through its port with France. A few indeed of the

Highland gentry resided in it during the winter, shedding a feeble and partial gleam of intelligence over the minds of the kilted burghers; and it was in the town house of one of these, Lady Drummair, mother to the Lady MacIntosh,—which, as appears, was then the only house at Inverness that had a room ungraced by a bed,—that the Young Chevalier took up his residence.

Though Charles thus easily obtained possession of Inverness, his triumph could not be called complete so long as the fort held out against him. Fort George, for such was its name, had been established at the revolution, upon the site of the ancient castle of Inverness, which we need not remind the reader, has been rendered classical by Shakspeare. A tall massive tower, reared upon an eminence, the sides of which were protected by bastions,—commanding the town on one hand, and the bridge over the Ness on another,—formed the whole of this trifling place of strength, which had cost government altogether about fifty thousand pounds, in its construction and maintenance. On the present occasion, it was garrisoned by a company of Grants under Rothiemurchus,* a company of MacLeods, and eighty regular troops; and had sufficient store of ammunition and provisions.

The Highlanders, who held the chain of forts which government had planted throughout their country in very small respect, received a gratification of the highest order, when, after a siege of two days, this fortress fell into their hands. Their joy was of such a nature, as to receive little addition from the sixteen pieces of cannon, or even the hundred barrels of beef, which accompanied the rendition. But it was sensibly increased, when they learned that the prince had resolved to destroy the hated fortress. This was done immediately after it surrendered, though not without the loss of life. The French engineer, who was charged with the duty of blowing it up, thinking the match was extinguished, approached to examine it, when the explosion took place, and carried him up into the air, along with the stones of the bastion. He was thrown quite over the river, and fell upon a green at least three hundred yards from the castle. It is said, that though he himself was found dead, his dog, a little French poodle, which went up into the air along with him, fell unhurt by his side, and was able immediately to run away.

Before the capture of Fort George, which took place on the 20th of February, the column led by Lord George Murray joined the prince, and rendered the army once more complete. The whole of the Lowland territory on the shore of the Moray Frith, besides all the adjacent Highlands, to the distance of an hundred miles from Inverness, was now in the hands of the insurgents; but the duke interposed on one side, and the Hessians on another, to prevent all communication with the south; and Lord

* The Grants are always instanced as a Whig clan, and one of their chieftains is here seen in the command of a fortress belonging to the government. There could not be a better instance of the political duplicity which has ever so strongly prevailed since the termination of the legitimate line of British monarchy; both the clan and this chieftain were in reality rank Jacobites. The following anecdote illustrative of Rothiemurchus's personal Jacobitism, is derived from an excellent source, the Scottish bishop so often referred to.

When General Wade first came into the Highlands, upon his road making expeditions, he frequently took up his abode with Rothiemurchus, under the idea that he, as an officer of government, could not confer a greater honour upon a gentleman who was understood to be so well affected. This species of patronage he carried to such a length, as sometimes to stay whole weeks and even months at a time. Rothie, for such was Mr. Grant's most popular name, only detested the general and all his tribe, and, though obliged to treat the emissary of his monarch with civility, could have seen him any where rather than at his dining table. The plan which he took to get rid of the annoyance, was desperate, but ingenious. One day, after dinner, when all the rest of the company had retired, he rose, went to the door, cautiously locked it, and then coming back to the table, with all the slyness and emphasis of a true Jacobite, addressed his guest in these words:—"General, it's needless for you and me to play fause to one another any longer. We baith ken very weel what one another is in reality, whatever he may see fit to pretend. I propose that we now drink the health of King James the Eighth on our bended knees!" Thunderstruck at such a discovery, the general took an early opportunity of leaving the hospitable table of Rothiemurchus, which from that day forward he patronised no more.

Loudoun, banging with his native troops still nearer upon the north, their position was by no means an agreeable one. Money and provisions were in danger of exhaustion in the mean time; and the return of spring seemed only necessary to permit the three armies to narrow their circle, and crush the insurgents by an overpowering force.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE NORTH.

The North!—What do they in the North!

Richard the Third.

Whatever were the advantages or disadvantages of a position which had only been chosen as the best that could be obtained, the Highland army displayed no symptom of depression under their unfortunate circumstances, but on the contrary, maintained all that show of energetic courage and alacrity which had so strikingly distinguished the more brilliant era of the campaign. They projected a number of expeditions, sieges, and surprises, almost all of which they executed with promptitude and success, notwithstanding the season was uncommonly severe, and the Highlands a country as ill suited as might be for the evolutions of a winter campaign. Lord Loudoun having annoyed them a good deal by invasions upon their side of the Frith, a party under the Duke of Perth at last succeeded in surprising and dispersing his army, taking several hundred prisoners, without the exchange of a shot. Another party reduced Fort Augustus with equal ease; while Lochiel laid siege to Fort William, which, during his absence, had proved a grievous annoyance to the country of his clan. Lord John Drummond was despatched with a considerable body, to fortify the passage of the Spey against the advance of the Duke of Cumberland; and several minor adventurers even went so far as to skirmish with the advanced parties of the royal army, some of whom were surprised and taken prisoners with a dexterity and ease which struck terror into the main body, and confirmed them in their previous impression of the activity and vigour of the Highland warriors.

The most remarkable of all these expeditions was one projected by Lord George Murray upon his native district of Athole. It has already been said that the Duke of Cumberland subjected Angus to military execution; it remains to be stated, that his detachments in the upper part of Perthshire treated that country with even greater severity. The mother of the Duke of Perth and the wife of Viscount Strathallan, for the crime of having relations in the insurgent army, were seized in their own houses, and hurried to Edinburgh castle, where they remained prisoners for a twelvemonth in a small and unhealthy room. All the houses whose proprietors had gone with Prince Charles, were burnt, or retained for quarters to the military; the unhappy tenants being in either case expelled to starve upon the snowy heath. When Lord George heard this at Inverness, he resolved to succour his country from its oppressors. Having taken care to secure all the passes, so as to prevent his intentions from becoming known to the enemy, he set out about the middle of March, with seven hundred men, none of whom knew the precise object of the expedition. On the evening of the 10th, having reached a place called Dalnaspidal, upon the confines of Athole, a halt was called, and the whole body divided into a number of small parties. Lord George then informed them, that he wished to surprise all the different posts of the royal troops before daylight, and as nearly as possible at the same time; for which purpose, each party should select a post for whose strength it might be proportioned; and the general rendezvous, after all was done, was to be the bridge of Bruar, two miles from Blair. The chief posts to be attacked were Bun-Rannoch, the house of Keyn-nachin, the house of Blairfettie, the house of Lude, the house of Faskally, and the inn of Blair; besides which, there were a great number of less strength and importance.

The parties set out immediately, each taking the shortest way to its respective post; and most of them reached the point of attack before daybreak. At Bun-Rannoch, where there happened to be a late wake that night, the garrison (a party of Argyllshire men) were surprised in the midst of their festivity, and made prisoners without exchange of shot. The sentinel of Keyn-nachin being more vigilant, and having alarmed the party within, that house was not taken till after a short resistance, and the slaughter of one man. At Blairfettie, the whole party was surprised, inclusive of the sentinel, and made prisoners after a brief but ineffectual

resistance. The garrisons of Lude and Faskally were taken in the same manner; and only at the inn of Blair, did the party attacked baffle the Highlanders, or succeed in making their escape.

This last party taking refuge in the castle of Blair, Sir Andrew Agnew immediately got his men under arms, and marched out to see who they were that had attacked his posts. It was now nearly daybreak, and Lord George Murray stood at the place of rendezvous, with only four and twenty men, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the various parties. Fortunately he received intelligence by a countryman, of the approach of Sir Andrew; otherwise he must have been cut off, to the irreparable loss of the insurgent army. He hastily consulted with his attendants, as to the best course they could pursue in such a dilemma; and some advised an immediate retreat along the road to Dalwhinnie, while others were for crossing over the hills, and gaining a place of safety by paths where they could not be pursued. The genius of this excellent soldier suggested a mode of procedure, not only safer than either of these, (by which all the parties, as they successively reached the place of rendezvous, must have been sacrificed,) but which was calculated to disconcert and perhaps to disarm the approaching enemy. Observing a long turf wall in a field near the bridge, he ordered his men to ensconce themselves behind it, lying at a considerable distance from each other, and displaying the colours of the whole party at still greater intervals. Fortunately, he had with him all the pipers of the corps; these he ordered, as soon as they saw Sir Andrew's men appear, to strike up their most boisterous pibroch. All the rest, he commanded to brandish their swords over the wall.

The Blair garrison happened to appear just as the sun rose above the horizon; and Lord George's orders being properly obeyed, the men stood still, seriously alarmed at the preparations which seemed to have been made for their reception. After listening half a minute to the tumult of bagpipes, and casting one equally brief glance at the glittering broadswords, they turned back, (by order of their commander, however,) and hastily sought shelter within the walls of their castle. The Highland leader, delighted with the success of his manœuvre, kept post at the bridge till about the half of his men had arrived, and then proceeded to invest Blair.

When rejoined by all his men, Lord George found that no fewer than thirty different posts had been surprised that morning between the hours of three and five, without the loss of a single man. The same success, however, did not attend his deliberate siege; which he was obliged to raise on the 31st of March, after having only reduced the garrison to great distress for want of provisions.

One of the principal reasons for the retreat into the north, had been the hope of their procuring uninterrupted supplies from France; by which means Charles expected to prolong the war at his pleasure, and not to fight till he knew his advantage. But it soon appeared that this hope was grievously fallacious. Out of all the supplies which were despatched to him from France—and, to do Louis justice, they were neither few nor far between—very few ever reached their destination: being generally picked up by the English war vessels, which cruised in great numbers round the coast. One vessel of supply, containing about £13,000, besides other valuable matters, was taken under circumstances peculiarly distressing.

During Charles's march into England, the Highland party stationed at Montrose were grievously annoyed by the Hazard sloop of war of eighteen guns, which lying near the shore, never permitted any of them to appear without firing. They were incensed beyond measure at this annoyance, and the more so that their peculiar mode of warfare was such as to prevent the possibility of reprisal. At last an intrepid and ingenious officer, whose name has unfortunately been forgotten, formed a project of seizing this vessel, which he carried into effect in the following manner. One day, when a heavy fog favoured his purpose, he prevailed upon his men to accompany him in a few fishing boats towards the sloop, under the pretext of examining it. Before they were aware, he had approached very near, so as to be espied by the men on board. But there was no occasion to retire, or even to fear. The sailors, at sight of the Highlanders fell down upon their knees, and, with uplifted hands, implored the quarter which they might have so easily caused the enemy to beg from them. The Highlanders immediately got on board, and compelled the sailors, with pistols at their breasts, to steer the vessel into port.

This vessel was afterwards despatched to France as a snow, under the name of "the Prince Charles," and was

returning to Scotland with the valuable cargo above mentioned, when she was taken up and chased by the Sheerness man of war. The place where the rencontre happened was near the northern extremity of Scotland, where a dangerous sea perpetually boils round a bold high coast, affording no port or place of shelter. The crew, unwilling to hazard their cargo by an action, made all sail to escape the guns of the Sheerness, which, however, kept so close as to kill thirty-six of the men. After a day's chase, the Prince Charles ran in upon Tongue Bay, where she was safe from the Sheerness, but not, as it soon appeared, from a more deadly enemy.

After the Duke of Perth had surprised and dispersed Lord Loudoun's troops, some of them retired to what is called Lord Reay's country, a wild district, but recently emerged from the condition of a forest, at the very northern extremity of Scotland. They were there residing with Lord Reay, when the crew of the Prince Charles landed with their treasure near that nobleman's house. Lord Reay, on learning the fact of the disembarkment, sent a person with a boat to ascertain their numbers; and finding them not above his strength, drew out his men early next morning, and went in pursuit. He came up with them about two hours after daybreak (March 26th), and, after they had given a few fires, succeeded in capturing the whole party, which consisted of twenty officers, and a hundred and twenty soldiers and sailors. His factor disposed of the treasure in a very remarkable way. Having persuaded those about him that the boxes in which it was stowed contained only shot, he appropriated it to himself, and founded, by its means, what is now a very wealthy and respectable family.

But this mishap was only a presage of the darker woes which now closed fast around the fortunes of the Chevalier. The last act of this dreadful drama was approaching, when heroism, generosity and devotion, were all to meet one common fate of death and sorrow; sad hearts, which had hitherto beat high with the noblest sentiments, were either to be stilled in despair, or utterly quieted upon the bloody heath. It is painful to approach this part of our narrative; but, as the Highland bard somewhere expresses it, nature demands the night as well as the day, and so must the pibroch of triumph occasionally give way to the coronach of lament.

The failure of supplies from France soon reduced the insurgent army to a condition of great distress. Charles himself had not above five hundred louis, nor could his officers procure any subsidies from their tenants in the south, by reason of the strict blockade under which the Highlands were lying. What was worst of all, the country under their command, though extensive, and comprising a considerable proportion of Lowland territory, was soon exhausted of provisions; inasmuch, as a fugitive prisoner reported to his own army, the best officers among them were glad when they could procure a few blades of raw cabbage from the farmers' gardens. Charles endeavoured to remedy this evil by dissipating the army, as much as he considered prudent, over the face of the country; but this had only the additional evil effect of weakening his force numerically while the day of conflict arrived.

While Charles lay at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland had his head quarters at Aberdeen, which is upwards of one hundred miles distant from that town. The weather continued, till the beginning of April, to be unfavourable for the march of regular troops. But, about that time, a few days of dry cold wind, sweeping away the snow from the hills, and drying the rivers, rendered it possible to proceed without much difficulty; and the duke accordingly ordered a march upon the 8th. He had been by this time supplied with a fleet of victualling ships, which were to sail along the coast, and send provisions on shore as required by the army. His host comprising fifteen foot regiments, two of dragoons, with Kingston's horse, a body of Argyllshire Highlanders, and a detachment of Lord Loudoun's regiment, which had been shipped over from Ross, amounted altogether to about nine thousand men.

His Royal Highness reached Banff upon the 10th, encamping in the neighbourhood of the town. Two Highland spies were here seized, one of them in the act of notching the numbers of the army upon a stick, according to a fashion which also obtains among the primitive Indians of America. They were both hanged. On the 11th, the army moved forward to Cullen, where the Earl of Findlater testified his loyalty by distributing two hundred guineas among the troops. Strict orders were here issued to them not to stir out of the camp upon pain of death. During this day's march, the army, keeping constantly upon the shore, were

closely accompanied by the fleet. The weather was also good, and the men were cheered by the prospect of crossing the Spey without difficulty.

This great mountain-stream, so remarkable for its depth and rapidity, had hitherto been esteemed by Charles's army as almost a sufficient barrier between them and the Duke of Cumberland, and as indeed completely protecting their country upon the east. Charles had, several weeks before, despatched Lord John Drummond with a strong party to defend the fords; and some batteries were raised, which it was expected might accomplish that object. But, on the duke approaching, with a quantity of cannon sufficient to force the passage, Lord John very properly judged it wise to abandon a position which he had not the power to maintain; and he accordingly fell back upon Inverness, where his appearance did not fail to excite considerable alarm.

The royal army forded the Spey, upon the afternoon of Saturday the 12th of April. For this purpose the troops were divided into three bodies, one of which crossed at Gormach, another near Gordon Castle, and a third close by the church of Belly. The men had the water up to their waists; but such was the ease with which the operation was conducted, that only one dragon and four women were swept away by the stream. In the earlier ages of Scottish history, the Spey had occasionally proved a better defence, and more deadly destroyer, to the various hostile parties which it happened to separate.

The duke encamped this evening upon the banks of the river, opposite to Fochabers, himself lodging in the manse of Belly. He marched next day (Sunday) through Elgin to the muir of Alves, where he was little more than thirty miles from Inverness. The march of next day brought him to Nairn, which was only sixteen miles from the position of the insurgents. On arriving at the bridge which gives entrance to this town from the east, the vanguard found it not yet evacuated by the rear-guard of the party which had attempted to defend the Spey. Some firing took place from both ends of the bridge; but at last the insurgents retired without much harm having been done on either side. The advancing party gave chase for several miles; but the prince coming up unexpectedly with a reinforcement, the other in its turn retreated.

During the 15th, which was the duke's birth-day, the army lay inactive in their camp at Nairn; and, as each man had an allowance of brandy, cheese, and biscuit, at the duke's expense, the day was spent with appropriate festivity. This circumstance gave rise to a motion on the part of Prince Charles, which is allowed to have had a strong effect in deciding the fate of his enterprise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The day approached, when Fortune should decide
The important enterprise. *Dryden.*

On Monday, the 14th, when intelligence reached Inverness of the royal army having crossed the Spey, Charles rode out, towards Nairn, to support his retiring party; but returned to Inverness before the evening. He then commanded the drums to be beat, and the pipes to be played through the town, in order to collect his men. When they had assembled in the streets, he walked backwards and forwards through their lines, and endeavoured to animate them for the action which seemed impending.

They hailed his appearance, and received his addresses with all their usual enthusiasm; and, in the midst of the huzza which ensued, many voices exclaimed, "We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!" He then mounted his horse, and, with colours flying and pipes playing, led them out to the parks around Culloden House, three or four miles from the town, where they prepared to bivouac for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the army was led forward to Drumossie Muir, (about a mile still farther from Inverness, in an easterly direction,) and there drawn up in battle order to receive the Duke of Cumberland, who was expected to march this day from Nairn. Charles's force, at this time, was much smaller than it had been at Falkirk, amounting to only about six thousand men. He had issued orders, some time before, to the parties dispersed throughout the country, commanding them immediately to join; but the Frasers, the Keppoch MacDonalds, Cluny's MacPhersons, Glengyle's MacGregors, some recruits of Glengary, and a large body of MacKenzies, which had been raised by the Earl of Cromarty, were still absent. Under these cir-

cumstances, it was with some satisfaction that Charles learned the delay made by the enemy at Nairn, which seemed to promise time for the augmentation of his host.

The scarcity of provisions had now become so great, that the men were, on this important day, reduced to the miserable allowance of only one small loaf, and that of the worst kind. Strange as the averment may appear, we have beheld and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion to the unfortunate heroes of the Forty-Five; being the remains of a loaf or *bannock*, which having, in all probability, been found at first upon the person of one of the slain, has been carefully preserved ever since—a period of eighty-one years—by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impossible to imagine a composition of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could impress the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery, as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appear to be merely the husks of corn, and a coarse unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill.

During the afternoon of this day, many of the troops, unable to subsist upon provisions at once so small in quantity, and so wretched in quality, left their position, and either retired to Inverness, or roamed abroad through the country in search of more substantial food. Before the evening, those who remained had the mortification of seeing the victual-ships of the enemy enter the narrow arm of the sea which skirted their position, as if to tantalize them with the sight of a feast which it was not in their power to taste.

Drumossie Muir is a vast heathy flat, two miles inland from the south shore of the Moray Frith, five miles distant from Inverness, and ten or twelve from Nairn. When the insurgents stood with their faces towards the Duke of Cumberland's camp at Nairn, they had Inverness behind them, a barrier of mountains, with the river Nairn intervening, on the right hand, and the sea, with the parks of Culloden, on the left. There is a remarkable similarity between the ground and that on which the battle of Preston took place; each being an elevated flat parallel with, and adjacent to, an arm of the sea. But the comparative positions of the armies were reversed in the present case, in so far as the Highlanders awaited the shock of battle upon ground corresponding to the station of Sir John Cope, and the enemy approached, as they had done in the former case from the east. It was more unfortunate for the Highlanders that they should have thus stood upon the defensive, than it had been for the army of Sir John Cope, because the advantage of their peculiar mode of warfare lay solely in the wild onset which they could make upon a passive body, while the regular troops were better fitted to sustain an attack with the necessary fortitude; and Charles may thus be said to have virtually renounced the chances which had hitherto won him so many victories, and put a corresponding advantage in possession of the enemy.

Many things, however, which appear imprudent to a superficial observer, or upon which that stigma has been fixed by an unfortunate event, would, if strictly inquired into, and judged without regard to the issue, be found to have been in reality either the result of necessity, or the most prudent course of action, which under the circumstances could be pursued. This applies, we are persuaded, to the deeds of individuals as well as of public bodies, and ought to be constantly kept in mind, as a reason why we should judge leniently and with caution of what appear to be the failings of our fellow-creatures. But it applies with particular force to the actions of a military leader, whom we are perhaps too apt to consider prudent when successful, and who is, on the other hand, scarcely ever called in question but when unfortunate.

The leader of the insurgent army has hitherto been censured with unsparring rigour for meeting his enemy upon ground so favourable to the action of cavalry and artillery, and where he himself could bring so little of his own peculiar strength into play. It has appeared unaccountable to every observer of the ground, that he did not rather pursue a measure which was suggested to him, of retiring into the hills to the right, and there either harassing the royal forces by a protracted mountain warfare, or at once cutting him off by one of those wild attacks, which, upon such ground, the Highlanders could so easily have executed. He has been blamed for listening to the councils of his Irish tutor Sheridan, and to the wishes of his foreign and Low-country adherents,

who avowed themselves unable to bear the fatigues of a hill campaign.

The historians and others who urge this charge of imprudence against the prince, do not seem to have taken into consideration the condition of the Highland army at this interesting crisis; nor do they allow for the weight of the motives which actuated Charles in determining upon the course he did. The men, it must be remembered, were on the point of starving. There was no reason to suppose that delay would improve their circumstances. Had they retired to the hills, and permitted the Duke to advance to Inverness, they must have perished before reaching any place where provisions or shelter could be obtained. Even Lord George Murray, who is said to have chiefly advocated a retreat into the hills, allows, in a letter written after the battle, that the army were reduced to such a condition by famine, as only to have the alternatives of fighting or dispersing. The reasons which remained for their meeting the royal army on the moor, were in reality very strong. It seemed to be essentially necessary that Inverness should be protected, as a defensible position, and as it contained their magazine and baggage. It was also obvious, that the men would fight better under the privations they were enduring, than when their misery had become aggravated by the fatigue of a mountain warfare. To have adopted, moreover, any expedient by which battle was to be avoided, was justly esteemed by his royal highness as calculated to dispirit the men—as likely to diminish that high confidence in their superiority to the king's troops, and unnerve them for that extravagant exertion of courage, in which hitherto their chance of victory seemed altogether to lie.

Besides the prudential considerations which determined his conduct, there was probably another, arising from his feelings, which, if not holding a primary place in his mental councils, may at least be allowed to have seconded and confirmed them. The victories hitherto achieved by his Highlanders, had been so astonishing in their nature, and had been so uninterrupted by the least share of bad success, that he began to join the nation at large in believing nothing impossible to them. He had seen them already successful over a body of troops as great as that of the Duke of Cumberland; and he was certainly justifiable in expecting them to do again what they had done before. He, moreover, seems to have entertained a wish—more worthy perhaps of an ancient than a modern leader—to fight a battle with his enemies upon what they would consider fair grounds, and where they should not have it afterwards to say that he had been favoured by adventitious and extraneous circumstances. He was ambitious of displaying the capabilities of his adherents, and perhaps his own also, in a pitched battle. Such an emotion was not, we confess, consistent with the duties of true generalship; but it ought to be recollected, that the campaign had hitherto been conducted upon principles which set modern tactics at defiance. The most chivalrous of those knightly kings from whom Charles drew his descent, had once given way to a similar impulse, and expiated it with his life. While we yield to James the admiration naturally excited by his romantic disinterestedness, let us not visit with too severe reprehension an hereditary ardour for glory in his descendant. Better, Charles would think, and it is not easy to condemn the sentiment, stake the whole fortune of the enterprise upon one fair and honourable battle, with the chance of a more brilliant triumph than any yet achieved, than skulk away to escape immediate danger, and after all die unsoldierly deaths in a prison of our own choosing.

There yet remained, however, before playing the great stake of a pitched battle, one chance of success, by the irregular mode of warfare to which his army was accustomed; and Charles, however actuated by the motives we speak of, had the good sense to put it to trial. This was a night attack upon the camp of the Duke of Cumberland. He rightly argued, that if his men could approach without being discovered, and make a simultaneous attack in more than one place, the royal forces, then probably either engaged in drinking their commander's health, or sleeping off the effects of the debauch, must be completely surprised and cut to pieces, or at least effectually routed. On the proposal being agitated among the chiefs and officers, it was agreed to, without much demur, though some could not help pointing out the extreme hazard of the attempt, and the evil effects which must result from it in case of failure. The time appointed for setting out upon the march, was eight in the evening, when daylight should have completely disappeared; and in the mean time, great pains were taken to conceal the secret from the army.

This resolution was entered into at three in the afternoon, and orders were immediately given to collect the men who had gone off in search of provisions. The officers dispersed themselves to Inverness and other places, and beseeched the stragglers to repair to the muir. But, under the influence of hunger, they told their commanders to shoot them if they pleased, rather than compel them to starve any longer. When the time came, therefore, little more than half of the army could be assembled. Charles had previously declared, with his characteristic fervour, that though only a thousand of his men would accompany him, he would lead them on to the attack; and he was not now intimidated, when he saw twice that number ready to assist in the enterprise; though some of his officers would willingly have made this deficiency of troops an excuse for abandoning what they esteemed at best a hazardous expedition. Having giving out, for watchword, the emphatic phrase, *King James the Eighth*, he embraced Lord George Murray, who was to command the foremost column, and putting himself at the head of that which followed, gave the orders to march.

The greatest care had been taken to conceal the object of this expedition from the mass of the army, lest, being communicated by them to the country people, it might reach the ears of the enemy. But the Duke of Cumberland, like a prudent general, taken measures, ever since he approached the Highlanders, to watch their slightest motions, was by no means ignorant of their march towards his position, though he did not apprehend a nocturnal attack. He had commissioned various country people, and some of his own Highland militia men, to mingle with their columns, and inform him from time to time of the progress they were making; and though he permitted his men to sleep, they were instructed to have their arms beside them. He did not suppose that the insurgents would be daring enough to fall upon his camp; but he had taken measures to give them battle in its vicinity, as soon as ever they should demand it.

Among the instructions issued to the officers of Charles's army, to be communicated in proper time to the troops, one was, that no fire-arms should be used, but only sword, dirk, and bayonet. It was also enjoined, that, on entering the camp, they should immediately set about cutting down or overturning the tents, and wherever a swelling or bulge was observed in the fallen canopy, "there to strike and push vigorously." As the camp was only nine miles distant from their position, it was expected that they would reach it soon after midnight, and thus have sufficient time to execute the whole of their project before daylight.

The night of the 15th of April was as dark as if Providence had designed to favour their daring purpose. But this circumstance, so advantageous in one respect, was unfortunate in another, in so far as it impeded their progress. Their march lay, not in the public road, where their motion would have been so easily detected, but through waste and generally wet ground, considerably removed from both roads and houses, and where want of light was peculiarly disadvantageous. On this account their progress was very slow, and attended with much fatigue; and, while many of the men dropped aside altogether, the rear column fell considerably behind the front. Lord George Murray, vexed at the slowness of the march, sent repeated requests, expressed in the most urgent terms, for the rear to join the van; but they were either disregarded, or could not be executed.

It was two in the morning before the head of the first column had passed Kilravock, or Kilrauk, an ancient residence three miles from the duke's camp; and Lord George then halted and called a council of officers, in which he declared it impossible for the army to reach the point of attack before daylight should expose them to the observation and fire of the enemy. Many officers, among whom was Mr. Hepburn of Keith, so remarkable for the way in which he joined Prince Charles at Holyroodhouse, spoke violently in favour of the original design; even asserting that the Highland broadsword would not be the worse of a little daylight to direct its operations. But Lord George, with more prudence, insisted upon the evils which must result to the whole army, and of course to the general cause, should their approach be observed and prepared for, as in all probability it would; and, hearing a drum beat in the distant camp, he expressed his conviction that the enemy were already alarmed. The urgency of the case demanding immediate determination he took it upon his responsibility as general, to turn back the men, Charles being so far in the rear that it would have required some time to procure his orders. As they were marching back, Charles, apprised of the resolution by his secretary, came galloping up, and had

the mortification to find the army, from which he expected so much, in full retreat. He is said, upon very slight authority, to have been incensed in a high degree at Lord George. It is more probable, that, if he gave way to any expressions of regret, he must have been immediately made sensible of the necessity of the measure.

That the measure was indeed necessary, in opposition to those who afterwards continued to assert the contrary, seems to be put beyond dispute, by the circumstance, that the day was fully dawned before the Highland army had proceeded two miles in the retreat, and that although they now marched by the straightest and best paths.

The Highlanders returned, fatigued and disconsolate, to their former position, about seven o'clock in the morning: when they immediately addressed themselves to sleep, or went away in search of provisions. So scarce was food at this critical juncture, that the prince himself, on retiring to Culloden House, could obtain no better refreshment than a little bread and whisky. He felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men, among whom the pangs of hunger, upon bodies exhausted by fatigue, must have been working effects the most unpromising to his success; and he gave orders, before seeking any repose, that the whole country should now be mercilessly expiated for the means of refreshment. His orders were not without effect. Considerable supplies were procured, and subjected to culinary processes at Inverness; but the poor famished wretches were destined never to taste these provisions—the hour of battle arriving before they were prepared.

The Moor of Culloden stretches away so far to the east, with so little irregularity and so few incumbent objects, that its termination escapes the eyesight, and the horizon in that direction resembles that of a shoreless sea. It was about eleven in the forenoon, when the Highland guards first observed the dim level outline of the plain to blacken with the marching troops of the Duke of Cumberland; which seemed gradually to rise above and occupy the horizon, like the darkness of a coming storm dawning in the mariner's eye upon the distant waters. Notice of their approach being carried to the prince, he instantly rose, and descended to put himself at the head of his troops. As he was quitting the house, the steward made up to him, with information that a dinner, consisting of a roasted side of lamb and two fowls, was about to be laid upon the table. But he asked the man if he would have him to sit down to eat, when the troops so immediately required his presence, and, hungry though he must have been, hurried out to the field. He there exerted himself to collect his men from the various places to which they had straggled, ordering a cannon to be fired as a signal for their immediate assemblage. MacDonald of Keppoch and the Master of Lovat had joined that morning with their men, to the great joy of the army; and it was in something like good spirits that they now prepared for battle.

When all had been collected that seemed within call, the prince found he had an army of about five thousand men, and these in very poor condition for fighting, to oppose to a force reputed as numerous again, supported by superior horse and artillery, and whose strength was unimpaired either by hunger or fatigue. It seemed scarcely possible that he should overcome a host in every respect so much superior to his own; and various measures were proposed to him by his officers, for shunning battle in the mean time, and retiring to some position where their peculiar mode of warfare would avail against a regular army. But Charles, for reasons already stated, insisted upon immediate battle; pointing out that the groes of the army seemed in the highest degree anxious to come to blows, and that they would probably fall off in arduous—perhaps altogether disperse—if the present opportunity were not seized.

Active preparations were now, therefore, made for that desperate and important conflict, upon which the issue of this singular national contest was finally to depend. The insurgents were drawn up by Sullivan (at once their adjutant and quarter-master-general) in two lines; the right protected by the turf-enclosures around a rude farmstead, and their left extending towards a sort of morass in the direction of Culloden House. The front line consisted of the following clan regiments, reckoned from right to left:—Athole, Cameron, Appin, Fraser, MacIntosh, MacLauchlan and MacLean (forming one), John Roy Stuart, Farquharson, Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengary. The second, for which it was with difficulty that enough of men were found, comprised the Low Country and foreign regiments, according to the following order:—Lord Ogilvie, Lord Lewis Gordon, Glenbucket, the Duke of Perth, the Irish, the French. Four

pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of the front, and as many in the centre. Lord George Murray commanded the right wing, Lord John Drummond the left, General Stapleton the second line. Charles himself stood, with a small body of guards, upon a slight eminence in the rear.

While the insurgent army laboured under every kind of disadvantage, and were actuated by impulses of the most distracting and harassing nature, that of the Duke of Cumberland moved with all the deliberation and security proper to a superior and more confident force. They had struck their tents at five in the morning, when, the commanders of the various regiments having received their instructions in writing, the general orders of the day were read at the head of every company in the line. These bore, in allusion to the misbehaviour of Falkirk, that if any persons intrusted with the care of the train or baggage absconded or left their charge, they should be punished with immediate and certain death, and that if any officer or soldier failed in his duty during the action, he should be *sentenced*. Another and more important order was then given to the army. The superiority of the broadsword over the bayonet at Preston and Falkirk had given rise to much discussion among military men; and, during this winter, the magazines and newspapers had teemed with projects and hypotheses, by which it was proposed to put the weapons of the regular troops upon a par with those of the insurgents. It was reserved for the Duke of Cumberland effectually to obviate the supposed superiority of the claymore and target. He had perceived that the greatest danger which the regular troops ran in a charge with the Highlanders, arose from the circumstance, that the latter received his antagonist's point in his target, swayed it aside, and then had the defenceless body of the soldier completely exposed to his own weapon. The duke conceived, that if each man, on coming within the proper distance of the enemy, should direct his thrust, not at the man directly opposite to him, but against the one who fronted his right hand comrade, the target would be rendered useless, and the Highlander wounded in the right side, under the sword arm, ere he could ward off the thrust. Accordingly, he had instructed the men, during the spring in this new exercise. When they had taken their morning meal, they were marched forward from the camp; arranged in three parallel divisions of four regiments each, headed by Huske, Sempill, and Mordaunt; having a column of artillery and baggage upon one hand, and a fifth of horse upon the other.

After a march of eight miles, through ground which appeared to the English soldiers very boggy and difficult, they came within sight of the insurgents, who were posted about a mile and a half in advance. The duke then commanded his lines to form; having learned that the Highlanders seemed inclined to make the attack. Soon after, on its being ascertained that no motion was perceptible in the Highland army, he ordered the lines to be restored to the form of columns, and to proceed in their march. Calling out, at the same time, to know if any man in the army was acquainted with the ground, he commanded the individual who presented himself, to go a little way in advance, along with some officers of rank, to conduct the army, and especially the artillery, over the safest paths. When he had got within a mile of the enemy, he ordered the army once more and finally to be formed in battle array.

The royal army was disposed in three lines; the first containing from left to right, the regiments of Burrell, and Munro, the Scots Fusiliers, Price's, Cholmondeley's, and the Scots Royals, under the command of the Earl Albemarle; the second, in the same order, Walsby's, Sempill's, Bligh's, Ligonier's, and Fleming's, commanded by General Huske; the third, Blakeney's, Battersea's, Pulteney's, and Howard's, led by Brigadier Mordaunt. The centres of all the regiments of the second line being behind the terminations of those of the first, and those of the third line occupying a similar position in regard to the second, the various bodies of which the army consisted were in a manner indented into each other. Between every two regiments of the first line were placed two cannon. The left flank was protected by Kerr's Dragoons, under Colonel Lord Ancrum; the right by a bog; and Cobham's Dragoons stood in two detachments beside the third line. The Argyll Highlanders guarded the baggage.

* The loyalty of the Clan Campbell, or, more properly speaking, their attachment to Revolution principles, has been externally conspicuous since the time of the great Civil War, and may in some measure be considered a settled matter in history. It is, however, to be now sub-

The disposition thus made was allowed by the best military men of the period to have been altogether admirable; because it was impossible for the Highlanders to break one regiment without finding two ready to supply its place. The arrangement of the insurgent army was also allowed to be very good, upon a supposition that they were to be attacked.

Duke William, full of anxiety for the event of the day, took the opportunity afforded by the halt, to make a short speech to his soldiers. The tenor of his harangue, which has been preserved in the note-book of an English officer, shows, in the most unequivocal manner, how apprehensive his royal highness was regarding the behaviour of his troops. Without directly adverting to Preston or Falkirk, but evidently having those disgraceful events in his eye, he implored them to be firm and collected—to dismiss all remembrance of former failures from their minds—to consider the great object for which they were here, no less than to save the liberties of their country, and the rights of their master. Having read a letter to them, which he said he had found upon the person of a straggler, and in which sentiments of the most truculent nature were breathed against the English soldiery, he represented to them, that, in their present circumstances, with marshy ways behind them, and surrounded by an enemy's country, their best, indeed their only chance of personal safety, lay in hard fighting. He was grieved, he said, to make the supposition that there could be a person reluctant to fight in the British army. But, if there were any here who would prefer to retire, whether from disinclination to the cause, or because they had relations in the rebel army, he begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back, than have ten thousand with a tythe who were lukewarm. Catching enthusiasm from the language of the ardent young soldier, and shouting "Flanders! Flanders!" the men found their courage screwed to the proper point, and impatiently desired to be led forward to battle.

It was suggested to the duke at this juncture, that he should permit the men to dine, as it was now nearly one o'clock, then the usual time for that meal, and as they would not probably have another opportunity of satisfying their hunger for several hours. But he decidedly rejected the proposal. "The men," he said "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a desert they got to their dinner at Falkirk."

The army now marched forward in complete battle array, their fixed bayonets glittering in the sun, their colours flying, and the sound of a hundred drums rolling forward in defiance of the insurgents. Lord Kilmarnock is said to have remarked, on seeing the army approach, that he felt a presentiment of defeat, from the cool, orderly, determined manner in which they marched. When within six hundred yards of the Highland lines, they found the ground so marshy as to take most of the regiments up to the ankles in water; and the artillery horses then sinking in a bog, some of the soldiers along their carabines, and dragged the carriages on to their proper position. Soon after, the bog was found to terminate upon the right, so as to leave that flank uncovered; which being perceived by the all-vigilant duke, he ordered Pulteney's regiment to take its place beside the Scots Royals, and a body of horse to cover the whole wing in the same manner with the left. The army finally halted at the distance of five hundred paces from the Highlanders.

The day, which had hitherto been fair and sunny,

jected to some doubt. By information, derived through a channel of the most unquestionable nature, from Campbell of Dunstaffnage, one of the inferior chiefs in command on this occasion, we are enabled to state a fact, which at least shows they were not altogether free of the mania which had seized so many of their countrymen. On the night before the battle of Culloden, the heads of the clan held a meeting, unknown to the rest of the army, for the purpose of deliberating upon the line of conduct which it was eligible for them to pursue in the action which seemed pending. The resolution was, that the clan should give the royal army one chance more of suppressing the insurrection—that is to say, should continue faithful for one other battle; but that, if the Highlanders beat them again, as they had so often done before, then should the clan declare for Prince Charles. We anticipate the astonishment and incredulity with which this statement will be received; but can only aver, that, from the way in which the information has reached us, we are induced to give it implicit credit.

was now partially overcast, and a shower of snowy rain began to beat with considerable violence from the north-east. The Highlanders, who had found the weather so favourable to them at Falkirk, were somewhat disconcerted on finding it against them at Culloden; and the spirits of the regulars were proportionally raised by the circumstance. Charles saw and felt the disadvantage, and made some attempts, by manœuvring, to get to windward of the royal army; but Duke William, equally vigilant, contrived to counteract all his movements; so that, after half an hour spent in mutual endeavours to outflank each other, the two armies at last occupied nearly their original ground.

Whilst these vain manœuvres were going on, an incident took place, which serves to show the exalted heroism and devoted loyalty of the Highlanders. A poor mountaineer, under whose ragged exterior a baughty Southron would have deemed that nothing but the meanest sentiments could dwell, resolving to sacrifice his life for the good of his prince and clan, approached the lines of the English, demanded quarter, and was sent to the rear. As he lounged backwards and forwards through the lines, apparently very indifferent to what was going on, and even paying no attention to the ridicule with which the soldiers greeted his uncouth appearance, Lord Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, and aid-de-camp to the Duke, happened to pass in the discharge of his duties, when all at once the Highlander seized one of the soldiers' muskets, and discharged it at that officer; receiving, next moment, with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which another soldier immediately terminated his own existence. He had intended to shoot the Duke of Cumberland, but fired prematurely, and without effect, at an inferior officer whose gaudy apparel seemed, in his simple eyes, to indicate the highest rank. The incident somewhat resembles one which occurred at the battle of Bannockburn; when Henry de Bohun attempted to slay King Robert Bruce. But the daring of the English knight was not equal to that of the Highlander; his chance of success having been great, and of his escape still greater, while the Highlander was, in either event, certain of destruction.

There is an interesting historical print, in which the beginning, middle, and end of the battle of Culloden are simultaneously represented, and which therefore conveys a remarkably distinct idea of the whole scene. This draught is calculated to be of material service in portraying the various successive events of the action, and also in enabling a writer to give a picturesque idea of the ground, and of the positions and appearance of the armies. The spectator is supposed to stand within the enclosures so often mentioned, and to look northward along the lines towards Culloden House and the Moray Frith. In the fore ground, rather for the sake of giving a portrait of the hero of the day, than because this was his position, the artist has represented the duke on horseback, with a walking-stick extended in his hand, a star upon the breast of his long gold-laced coat, and his large good-humoured head, with its close curls and tri-cocked hat, inclined towards an aide-de-camp, to whom he is giving orders. The long compact lines of the British regiments, each three men deep, extend along the plain, with narrow intervals between; the two flags of each regiment rising from the centre; the officers standing at the extremities, their spontoons in their hands; and the drummers a little in advance, beating the proper points of war. The men have all tri-cocked hats, long coats resembling the modern surcoat, sash-belts from which a sword depends, and long white gaiters buttoned up the sides. The character of the whole dress is one of voluminous sufficiency, strongly contrasting with the trim and concise outline of the present military costume, which has almost reduced a soldier to the primitive "forked animal" of King Lear. The dragoons exhibit, if possible, still more cumbersome superfluity of attire; their long loose skirts flying behind them as they ride, whilst their vast trunk square-toed boots, their prodigious stirrup-leathers, their huge holster-pistols and carabines, give altogether an idea of dignity and strength, fully as much in contrast with the light fantastic huzzar uniforms of modern times.

The Highlanders, on the other hand, stand in lines equally compact, and, like the regular regiments, each three men deep. The only peculiarity in their dress, which is so well known as to require no general description, seems to be, that the philabeg, or kilt, is pulled through betwixt the legs, in such a way as to show more of the front of the thigh than is exhibited by the modern specimens of that peculiar garment. They have muskets over their left shoulders, basket-hilted broadswords by their left sides, pistols stuck into their girdles, and a small pouch hanging down upon the right loin, perhaps

for holding their ammunition. By the right side of every piece of ordnance, there is a cylindrical piece of wickerwork, for the protection of the artillerymen, all of whom appear to wear kilts like the rest.

The ground upon which the armies stand, is the plain swelling moor already described, out of which Culloden House raises its erect form, without any of the plantations which now surround it. The spires of Inverness are seen upon the left, close to the sea-shore. Upon the Moray Frith, which stretches along the back ground of the picture, the victualling ships ride at anchor, like witnesses of the dreadful scene about to ensue; and the magnificent hills of Ross raise their lofty forms in the remoter distance, as if also taking an interest in the impending fate of the day.

Such were the aspect and circumstances of the two armies, upon whose conduct, during the next little hour, the eternal interests of Britain might in some measure be considered to depend. The hopes and fears of both parties may be supposed to have been, on such an occasion, truly agitating—quite as much so, indeed, as if each individual had staked his own life and fortune upon the issue. The soldiery on both sides, aware of the danger, as well as dishonour, which would attend a defeat, and deriving confidence from the merits of their respective causes, must have been wrought up to a pitch of the highest resolution—it may almost be said, of desperation. Never, perhaps, was there a battle commenced before, with so high a stake depending upon its issue, and in which a greater struggle was therefore to be expected.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

Fair lady, mourn the memory
Of all our Scottish fame;
Fair lady, mourn the memory
Even of the Scottish name!
How proud were we of our young Prince,
And of his native swag,
But all our hopes are past,
Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of blood,
No spare of blood or bone,
For, one to two, our force
For freedom or for home,
The bitterness of grief
Of terror and dismay—
The die was risk'd and fought,
Upon Culloden day.

Jacobite Song.

The action was commenced by the Highlanders, who fired their cannon for a few minutes without being answered by the Royal Artillery. They had brought them to bear upon a point where, by means of glasses, they thought they could perceive the duke. But the shot went clear over the heads of the king's troops, and for a long time did no other mischief than carrying off a leg from one of Blyth's regiment.

A few minutes after one o'clock, soon after the Highlanders had opened up their battery, Colonel Belford got orders to commence a cannonade, chiefly with a view to provoke the enemy to advance. The colonel, who was an excellent engineer, performed his duty with such effect, as to make whole lanes through the ranks of the insurgents, besides tearing up the ground at their feet, and stripping the roofs of the neighbouring cottages, in a manner almost as terrific. He also fired two pieces at a body of horse amongst whom it was believed the prince was stationed; and with such precision did he take his aim, that that personage was bespattered with dirt raised by the balls, and a man holding a led horse by his side was killed.

Meanwhile, the duke rode about, calling upon his men to be firm in their ranks—to permit the Highlanders to mingle with them—to let them feel the force of the bayonet—to "make them know what men they had to do with." He also ordered Wolfe's regiment to form en potence at the extremity of the left wing—that is, to take a position perpendicular to the general line, so as to be ready to fall in upon and enclose the Highlanders, as soon as they should attack that division of his army. He also ordered two regiments of the rear line, or reserve, to advance to the second. Finally, he himself took his position between the first and second lines, opposite to the centre of Howard's regiment, and of course a little nearer the left than the right wing.

Prince Charles, before the commencement of the battle, had rode along the lines of his little army, endeavouring, by the animation of his gestures, countenance, and language, to excite the Highlanders to their highest pitch of courage. They answered him with cheers, and with many an expression of devotion, which he could

only understand by the look with which it was uttered. He then again retired to the eminence which he originally occupied, and prepared with an anxious mind to await the fortune of the day.

The great object of both parties at the battle of Culloden seems to have been, which should force the other to leave its position and make the attack. Charles for a long time expected that the duke would do this, because he was favoured with the wind and weather. But the duke, finding his cannon rapidly thinning the Highland ranks, without experiencing any loss in return, had no occasion whatever to make such a motion; and it therefore became incumbent upon Charles to take that course himself.

The victory of Preston, where the Highlanders felt little or no annoyance from cannon, had done away with a great deal of the fear in which they originally held these engines of destruction; and it seems to have been a capital error on Charles's part, to have restrained them, on the present occasion, to a position, where that terror got full reason and leisure to return. He ought to have, on the contrary, rushed up, at the very first, to the lines of his enemy, and endeavoured to silence their artillery, as he had done at Preston, by a *coup de main*. Had he done so, a great number of lives might have been saved, and the attack would have been made with lines less broken, and a more uniform and simultaneous impulse.

It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aide-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the lieutenant-general—a youth of the name of MacLauchlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want; and that general took it upon him to order an attack, without Charles's permission having been communicated.

Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the MacIntoshes,—a brave and devoted clan, though never before engaged in action,—unable any longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholmen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and MacLeans, then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery for which he was so remarkable. Thus, in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line; except at the left extremity, where the MacDonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to ensure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage, which glowed on every face and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of mighty and all-engrossing passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

The action and onset of the battle were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstand-

ing the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment,—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy, which, indeed, they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. All that courage—all that despair could do—was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance—the scream of the onset—the thunders of the musketry, and the din of the trumpets and drums—confounded one sense; while the flash of the firearms, and the glitter of the brandished broadswords, dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonising suspense—but only a moment; for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier, almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path. Not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.

When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die and thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on—but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.

The persevering and desperate valour displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion, is proved by the circumstance that, at one part of the plain, where a very vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found in *layers three and four deep*; so many, it would appear, having in succession mounted over a prostrate friend, to share in the same inevitable fate. The slaughter was particularly great among the brave MacIntoshes; inasmuch, that the heroic lady who sent them to the field, afterwards told the party by which she was taken prisoner, that only three of her officers had escaped.

While the rest of the clans were performing this glorious though fatal charge, the MacDonalds, as already stated, withheld themselves on account of their removal to the left wing. According to the report of one of their officers, the clan not only resented this indignity, but considered it as menacing evil fortune to the day; their clan never having fought elsewhere than on the right wing, since the auspicious battle of Bannockburn. The Duke of Perth, who was stationed amongst them, endeavoured to appease their anger by telling them, that, if they fought with their characteristic bravery, they would make the left wing a right, in which case he would assume for ever after the honorable surname of MacDonald. But the insult was not to be expiated by this appeal to the spirit of clanship. Though induced to discharge their muskets, and even to advance a good way, they never made an onset. They endured the fire of the English regiments without flinching; only expressing their rage by hewing up the heather with their swords; but they at last fled when they saw the other clans give way. Out of the whole three regiments, only one man is commemorated as having displayed conduct worthy of the gallant name which he bore. This was the Chieftain of Keppoch, a man of chivalrous character, and noted for great private worth. When the rest of his clan retreated, Keppoch advanced, with a pistol in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, resolved apparently to sacrifice his life to the offended genius of his name. He had got but a little way from his regiment, when a musket-shot brought him to the ground. A clansman of more than ordinary devotedness, who followed him; and with tears and prayers conjured him not to throw his life away, raised him with the cheering assurance that his wound was not mortal, and that he might still quit the field with life. Keppoch desired his faithful follower to take care of himself, and, again rushing forward, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

When the whole front line of Charles's host had been thus repulsed, there only remained to him the hope that his Lowland and foreign troops, upon whom the wreck of the clans had fallen back, might yet make head against the English infantry; and he eagerly sought to put himself at their head, in order to make one last de-

perate effort at success. But, though a troop of the Irish piquets, by a spirited fire, checked the pursuit which a body of dragoons commenced after the MacDonalds, and one of Lord Lewis Gordon's regiments did similar service in regard to another troop which now began to break through the inclosures on the right, the whole body gave way at once, on observing the English regiments advancing to charge them. Their hearts were broken, with despair rather than with terror; and they could only reply to his animating exclamations, "Prince—ochon! ochon!"—the ejaculation by which Highlanders express the bitterest grief. As they said this they fled; nor could all his entreaties nor those of his officers, prevail upon them to stand.

It was indeed a complete rout. The mountaineers had done all that their system of warfare taught them, and all that their natural strength had enabled them to perform; they had found this vain; and all that then remained was to withdraw. Charles saw the condition of his troops with the despair of a ruined gambler. He could scarcely be persuaded that God had struck him with so severe an infliction. He lingered on the field, in the fond hope that all was not yet lost. He even moved to charge the enemy, as if his own single person could have availed against so big a destiny. Confounded, bewildered, and in tears, it required the utmost efforts of his attendants to make him forego his once splendid hopes by a retreat; and he at last only left the field when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the many brave men who had already spilt their heart's blood in his cause.*

The pursuit of the royal forces did not immediately follow the retreat of the insurgents. After the latter had withdrawn their shattered strength, the English regiments, upon many of which they had produced a dreadful impression, were ordered to resume the ground where they had stood, and to dress their ranks. The dragoon regiments, with which the duke had calculated to enclose the charging Highlanders as in a trap, were checked, as already stated, by the flanks of the Prince's second line; and they had altogether been so severely handled by the insurgents, that it was some time before they recovered breath or courage sufficient to commence or sustain a general pursuit.

The English dragoons at length *did* break forward, and join, as intended, in the centre of the field, so as to make a vigorous and united charge upon the rear of the fugitives. Charles's army then broke into two grand bodies of unequal magnitude; one of which took the open road for Inverness, while the other turned off towards the southwest, crossed the water of Nairn, and found refuge among the hills.

The fate of the first of these divisions was the most disastrous, their route admitting of the easiest pursuit. It lay along an open moor, which the light horse of the enemy could bound over with the utmost speed. A dreadful slaughter took place; involving many of the inhabitants of Inverness, who had approached the battle ground from curiosity, and whose dress subjected them to the indiscriminating vengeance of the soldiers. Some of the French, who had the sense to fly first, reached Inverness in safety; but scarcely any who wore the Highland dress escaped with their lives. A broad pavement of carnage marked four out of the five miles intervening betwixt the battle field and that city; the head of the slain being found at a place called Milburn, about a mile from the extremity of the suburbs.

It is remarkable as characteristic of the Highlanders, that in their retreat some of them displayed a degree of coolness and bravery, which would have done credit to the best army in an advance. The right wing retreated, as already stated, almost without any assistance. In their way to cross the river Nairn, they met a large party of English dragoons which had been despatched to intercept them. Such was the desperate fury of their appearance, that the troopers opened their ranks in respectful silence, to permit them to pass. Only one man attempted to annoy the wretched fugitives. He was an officer, and dearly did he pay for his cruel temerity. Advancing to seize a Highlander, the man cut him down with one blow of his claymore. Not content with this, the savage stooped down, and, with the greatest deliberation, possessed himself of his victim's gold watch. He then joined the retreat, whilst

* It required all the eloquence, and indeed all the active exertions of Sullivan, to make Charles quit the field. A cornet in his service, when questioned upon this subject at the point of death, declared he saw Sullivan, after using entreaties in vain, turn the head of the prince's horse, and drag him away.

* One of this corps, though not of the clan named old John Grant, long keeper of the inn at Aviemore—used to tell, that the first thing he saw of the enemy, was the long line of white gaiters belonging to an English regiment, which was suddenly revealed, when about twenty yards from him, by a blast of wind which blew aside the smoke. According to the report of this veteran, the mode of drilling used by his leader, upon Culloden Moor, was very simple—being directed by the following string of orders, expressed in Gaelic. "Come, my lads—fall in, with your faces to Fortrose, and your backs to the Green of Muirtown—load your firelocks—good—make ready—present—now take good aim—fire—be sure to do execution—that's the point."—*Information by the editor of the Culloden papers.*

the commander of the party could only look on in silence, astonished at the coolness of the mountaineer, if not secretly applauding him for so brave a deed.

Another Highlander signalled himself in a still more remarkable manner. He was a man of prodigious bodily strength; his name Golice Macbane. When all his companions had fled, Golice, singled out and wounded, set his back against a wall, and, with his target and claymore, bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of some officers. Poor Macbane was cut to pieces, though not till thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.

When Charles retreated, it was with such precipitation, that his bonnet and wig flew off his head before he cleared the battle ground. The peruke being fortunately entangled in falling by some part of his horse's furniture, he easily recovered it; but his bonnet reached the ground, and was necessarily left behind. A Highland seer would have seen, in this loss of his gold-encircled and coronet-like head-piece, an ominous emblem of the departure of the crown from him and his family. He happened fortunately to retreat along with the right wing, and reached the hills in safety.

The battle of Culloden is said to have lasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the royal army, but a still more disastrous defeat on that of the Highlanders. Less praise is due, however, to the victors than to the vanquished. Their force and condition for fighting were so superior, their artillery did so much to their hands, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favour, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehaviour utterly inconceivable of any soldiery, while to gain was only the natural result of incidental circumstances. Great praise was awarded afterwards by the voice of fame to Barrell's, Monro's, and some other regiments, for their fortitude in bearing the attack of the Highlanders, and for their killing so many; but these battalions were in reality completely beat aside, and the whole front line shaken so much, that, had the MacDonald regiments made a simultaneous charge along with the other clans, the day might have had a different issue. Such was the opinion of the Chevalier Johnstone, whose experience in warfare must have enabled him to judge correctly. But the circumstances altogether go to prove, that, at this period, the fortune of the day was very doubtful, and that indeed the tide of courage, which had hitherto sustained the hearts of the duke's soldiers, was just beginning to turn and ebb, when the Highlanders relieved them by retreating. They had, it will be observed, swept over and destroyed a great portion of the first line; their friends behind had done much to obviate the trap-stratagem of the enclosures; and, above all, when the clans retired from the struggle, some time was spent before the victors became sufficiently confident of their success to commence a pursuit. Had not much been done to appal the duke—had not the Highlanders performed such prodigies of valour as to make them be feared even in flight—had it not, indeed, been a question in the minds of the British soldiery, whether they had really won a battle after what they had seen and felt—the chase would have been more instantaneous and energetic, and the fight less easy and secure.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

Jacobsite Song.

The very cruelty which the victors exercised after they were certain of their good fortune, is a proof that they did not achieve their victory without great pains; as bad temper is the sure result of a difficult argument. Not content with the slaughter they had made by means of their muskets and bayonets, they unsheathed their swords after the action, and, with the gestures of savages, ran loose over the field, cutting down all who ex-

hibited any symptoms of life, and even taking a malignant pleasure in inflicting fresh stabs upon the bosoms of the slain. They did this as much in sport as in rage; and it is said that, at last, they sought amusement by splashing one another with the horrid liquid which overflowed the field. According to the report of one of themselves, they finally "looked like so many butchers, rather than an army of Christian soldiers."

It was afterwards attempted to palliate this dreadful scene, by forging an order with the signature of Lord George Murray, to the effect that no quarter was to be given to the king's troops. Though such had really been the case, would it have excused a butchery which took place before it was discovered?

The true cause of the cruelty so much complained of on this disastrous occasion, and which has so effectually tarnished the renown of the Duke of Cumberland, is to be found in the several defeats which the victors had before sustained from the Highlanders, of which the last was not the least. When they at length overpowered an enemy from whom they had experienced so much annoyance, they did not well know how to use their good fortune; but, in the heat of the moment, went to the extreme of cruelty, as the measure at once consistent with their own desire of vengeance, and best calculated to serve the purposes of government. The letter which the duke read to them before the battle, breathing such cruel threats against them, in bracing their nerves to the attack, must have also whetted their appetite for the carnage. A great deal, moreover, is to be attributed to the contempt in which the poor mountaineers were held by their *soi-disant* civilised countrymen. The English actually looked upon them as beasts in human shape—beasts, with the additional disqualification of being more pestilent and dangerous than the most of the brute creation. The simple honour, the generous devotion, the poetical language and manners of the unhappy clansmen, were totally unknown to, or at least unappreciated by the dissolute and inconsiderate soldiery; who, in stabbing their still living but unresisting bodies, probably felt no more compunction, than if they had been only trampling upon so many noxious vermin, which it was necessary to annihilate utterly, lest they should still have the power of stinging.

It is a trite remark, but one which applies well to the present case, that civil contests are ever attended with circumstances of greater violence and cruelty than any other species of warfare. In the battle of Culloden, such was the virulence of both parties, that no quarter was given or taken on either side. It was but natural for the Highlanders to fight with desperation, and rather to die than be taken; for the fate with which the Carlisle prisoners were menaced, assured them that they had no mercy to expect from government. But the same excuse does not hold with the regular forces, who must have been aware that the insurgents had all along been as kind as circumstances would permit to their prisoners, and in general allowed them to go at large upon parole. The king's troops ought therefore to have treated the Highlanders with less rigour than what the Highlanders could be expected to show to the king's troops. The reverse was the case.

The barbarities which followed the victory of Culloden, when the fervour of battle must have been cooled, and the victors completely assured of receiving no farther annoyance from the enemy, were such as to be scarcely credible by the present age; and the writer who now undertakes to display them in their real colours, may perhaps incur the charge of exaggeration or prejudice. Neither this imputation, however, nor any sentiment of delicacy shall be allowed here to stifle the statements which so many former historians have, for these or for worse reasons, withheld.

The most obvious charge of barbarity which can be brought against the Duke of Cumberland, in reference to this period of the campaign, is that he did not take the pains which is usually taken by victors in civilised warfare, of attending to the wounded of the enemy in common with those of his own army. Charles, who, notwithstanding all the attempts which have been made to show him up as a monster, cannot be denied to have used his victories with moderation and humanity, had all along treated the wounded of his prisoners with the most anxious and considerate kindness; even encumbering himself, at various periods of the campaign, in order to provide for their comfort. But with the Duke of Cumberland, whose opportunities of displaying humanity were so much better, the case was very different. Not only did he permit the bloody scene already described, where the wounded insurgents were indiscriminately massacred, but he actually took a personal interest in

the completion of the dreadful work. Soon after the battle, he was riding over the field, accompanied by Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, when he observed a wounded Highlander sit up on his elbow, and look at him with what appeared to his eyes a smile of defiance. "Wolfe," he cried, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare."—"My commission," said the gentle and excellent Wolfe, "is at your royal highness's disposal; but I can never consent to become an executioner." The Highlander, in all probability, was soon despatched by some less scrupulous hand; but it was remarked that, from that day, the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander.

It is a fact equally authentic with the preceding, that, on the day after the action, when it was discovered that some of the wounded had survived both the weapons of the enemy and the dreadful rains which fell in the interval, he sent out detachments from Inverness, to put these unfortunates out of pain. The savage executioners of his barbarous commands performed their duty with awful accuracy and deliberation; carrying all they could find to different pieces of rising ground throughout the field, where, having first ranged them in due order, they despatched them by shot of musketry. On the following day (Friday,) other parties were sent out to search the houses of the neighbouring peasantry, in which, it was understood, many of the mutilated Highlanders had taken refuge. They found so great a number as almost to render the office revolting to its bearers; but, with the exception of a few who received mercy at the hands of the officers, all were conscientiously murdered. An unconcerned eye witness afterwards reported to the writer just quoted, that on this day he saw no fewer than seventy-two individuals "killed in cold blood!" Dreadful, however, as this scene must have been, it was surpassed in fiendish wickedness by a sort of supererogatory cruelty which was acted by the soldiers in the course of their other operations. At a little distance from the field of battle, there was a wretched hut, used for shelter of sheep in stormy weather, into which a considerable number of the wounded had crawled. The soldiers, on discovering them, actually proceeded to set the hut on fire, and set the house in flames; so that all who were in it, including many persons who were mere spectators attending the wounded. In the rubbish and devastation, between thirty and forty scorched and mangled bodies were found by the country people, and the monsters had departed from the scene of their ravages.

But by far the most horrible instance of cruelty which occurred in the course of these unhappy times, was one which took place in the immediate vicinity of Culloden House. Nineteen wounded officers of the Highland army had been carried, immediately after the battle, from a wood in which they had found their first shelter, to the court-yard of that residence, where they remained two days in the open air, with their wounds undressed, and only receiving such acts of kindness from the steward of the house, as that official chose to render at the risk of his own life. Upon the third day, when the search was made throughout the neighbouring cottages, three miserable men were seized by the ruthless soldiers, tied with ropes, tossed into a cart, and taken out to the side of a park wall, where, being ranged up in order, they were commanded to prepare for immediate death. Such as retained the use of their limbs, or whose spirits, formerly so daring, could not sustain them through this trying scene, fell upon their knees, and, with piteous cries and many invocations to heaven, implored mercy. But they petitioned in vain. Before they had been ranged up for the space of a single minute—before they could utter one brief prayer to heaven, the platoon, which stood at the distance of only two or three yards, received orders to fire. Almost every individual in the unhappy company fell prostrate upon the ground, and expired instantly. But, to make sure work, the men were ordered to club their muskets, and dash out the brains of all who seemed to show any symptoms of life. This order was obeyed literally. One individual alone survived—a gentleman of the clan Fraser. He had received a ball, but yet showed the appearance of life. The butt of a soldier's musket was accordingly applied to his head to despatch him; nevertheless, though his nose and cheek were dashed in, and one of his eyes dashed out, he did not expire. He lay for some time in a state of agony not to be described, when Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, happening to pass, perceived his body move, and ordered him to be conveyed to a secure place, when he recovered in the course of three months. The unfortunate man lived many years

afterwards to tell the dreadful tale; and the writer already alluded to appears to have derived his information from this excellent source.

The Duke of Cumberland has been characterised by his friend Earl Waldegrave, as one whose judgment would have been equal to his parts, had it not been too much guided by his passions, which were often violent and ungovernable. The cruelties, however, which distinguished his Scottish campaign, rather argue the cool malignant fiend than the violent man of anger. His courage was that of the bull-dog; but he had not the generosity of that animal, to turn away from his victim when it could no longer oppose him. After fairly overthrowing his antagonist, his savage disposition demanded that he should throttle, and gore, and exorcise it, as a revenge for the trouble to which it had put him in the combat. He had that persevering and insatiable appetite for prey, that, not contented with sucking the blood and devouring the flesh of his victims, he could enjoy himself in mauling the bones; and even when these were exhausted of sap and taste, he would gnash on for sport, and was only to be finally withdrawn from the horrid feast, when putridity had rendered it disgusting to his senses.

The number of Highlanders slain upon the field of Culloden was never well ascertained; but it could not be much less than a thousand, that is, a fifth of their army. The dreadful list comprised many important men; for in this, as in all the former battles, the chiefs and gentlemen, as the best armed, and to show an example of bravery, went foremost into the strife, and were of course most exposed. Out of the five regiments which charged the English—the Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, MacIntoshes, and MacLeans—almost all the leaders and front rank men were killed. MacLachlan, colonel of the regiment last mentioned, which included a body of that name, was killed in the onset. His lieutenant-colonel, MacLean of Drimmin, who then assumed the command, was bringing off his shattered forces, when he observed two of his sons, who had fought by his side, severely wounded, and heard that a third had been left dead on the field. Exclaiming, "It shall not be for nought," this brave old gentleman, without either bonnet or wig, rushed back into the fight, attacked two dragoons, killed one and wounded another, but was at last cut down by other three, who came up to the assistance of their comrades. MacGillivray of Drumnaglass, colonel of the MacIntosh regiment, was killed in the attack, with the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and all the other officers of the regiment, with the exception, as already stated, of three. Charles Fraser, younger of Inveralachie, who was lieutenant-colonel of the Fraser regiment, and commanded it on this occasion, was also killed. Seventeen officers and gentlemen of the Appin regiment were slain, and ten wounded; but Stuart of Ardsheil, who commanded it, escaped; as did Lochiel, the chief and leader of the Camerons. No distinguished persons fell among the Lowland regiments, except the Viscount Strathallan.

The field of Culloden yet bears witness to the carnage of which it was the scene. In the midst of its black and blasted heath, various little eminences are to be seen, displaying a lively verdure but too unequivocally expressive of the dreadful tale. These are so distinct and well defined, that the eye may almost, by their means, trace the position of the armies, or at least discover where the fight was most warmly contested. The way towards Inverness, otherwise an unimproved secondary road, is fringed with many such doleful memorials of the dead: and there the daisy and blue bell of Scotland have selected their abode, as if resolved to sentinel for ever the last resting place of their country's heroes. Modern curiosity has, in some cases, violated these sanctuaries, for the purpose of procuring some relic of the ill-fated warriors, to show as a wonder in the halls of the Sasenach; and the Gael, with nobler sentiment, have been till lately, in the habit of pilgrimizing to the spot, in order to translate the bones of their friends to consecrated ground, afar in their own dear glens of the west. But enough, and more than enough, yet remains, to show where Scotland fought her last battle, and the latest examples of her ancient chivalry fell to feed the eagle and redeem the desert.

As already stated, the English dragoons pursued the chase till within a mile of Inverness. The duke, leaving his infantry to dine upon the battle ground, soon after marched forward to take possession of the town. As he proceeded, a drummer came out with a letter from General Stapleton, soliciting quarter from his royal highness, in the name of himself and the French and Irish regiments under his charge. The duke commanded

an officer—Sir Joseph Yorke—to alight from his horse, and with his pencil write a note to the general, assuring him of fair quarter and honourable treatment. He then sent forward Captain Campbell of Sempill's regiment, with his company of grenadiers, to take possession of the town.

As the duke entered Inverness, he learnt that the people were about to honour him by ringing their bells. But he commanded them to desist, upon pain of his displeasure. The first thing he did, was to ask for the keys of the Tolbooth, in which the English prisoners were confined. These being with some difficulty procured and brought to him, he went immediately to the prison, and released the men. As they descended the stairs he patted them on the back with an expression of kindness; and he immediately ordered them new clothes, food, and payment of their arrears, of all which they stood in the greatest need.

Several of the Jacobite ladies, who had attended their husbands during the campaign with so much fortitude, were found and made prisoners at Inverness. It is reported in one of the vulgar party productions of the time, that they had just drunk tea, and were preparing for a ball, at which the prince and his officers were to be entertained, after his expected victory, when the entrance of the fugitives informed them of the fatal reverse their friends had met with. The duke's soldiers found a considerable quantity of provision, which had been preparing for the poor Highlanders.

As at Holyroodhouse, Falkirk, and various other places, the duke took up his lodgings in the same house, the same room, and the same bed, which his precursor Charles had just vacated. It may be safely conjectured, that Lady Drummair, whose daughter, Lady MacIntosh, had here acted as the presiding divinity of Charles's household for two months before, would by no means relish the presence of her new tenant, but that *he*, on the contrary, would be esteemed as little better than a *sonner*,* where his predecessor had been a welcome and honoured guest. How the venerable gentleman endured his presence, or in what manner she entertained him, has not been recorded; but the comment which she afterwards passed upon this eventful period in the history of her household, is still a tradition in her family. "I've ha'en two kings' bairns living wi' me, in my time," she used to say; "and, to tell you the truth, *I wish I may never ha'e another*."

The royal army marched in the evening to Inverness, and there formed a camp. One of the duke's first duties at head quarters was, to select from the prisoners those who had deserted from the royal army, to subject them to a brief military trial, and then to consign them to the death of traitors. No fewer than thirty-six suffered this punishment, including a fellow named Dunbar, who was found dressed in a suit of laced clothes he had taken from Major Lockhart at the battle of Falkirk, and who, on that account, was exposed upon the gibbet for forty-eight hours.† This melancholy list is said to have

* A *sonner*, in Scottish phraseology, is one who exacts free quarters. Sorning was a practice formerly so prevalent in Scotland, that it was placed by the legislature (in the reign of James III.) upon the same scale of capital offences with open robbery, murder, &c.

† The prisoners taken after the battle of Culloden were enclosed, like sheep in a pen, within a square of soldiers. There they stood, bloody, ragged, and miserable, compelled to endure, without the possibility of resort, the insults of their captors, most of whom they had more than once caused to fly with terror, but who could not now help expressing their wonder that such a naked, famished looking crew should ever have had the assurance to face the king's army. Colonel Campbell, of the Argyll militia, overheard what was going on, and unable to bear the insult which seemed to be thrown upon his countrymen in general, came up and offered to bet with one of the officers of the guard, that he would find, among these despised mountaineers, one who, for the sake of his liberty, should beat at sword play any of the royal soldiers who chose to encounter him. The bet was accepted, and one accomplished swordsman selected for the combat. Colonel Campbell then intimated to the prisoners in Gaelic, that any one who should foil this fellow would have his liberty. A tall raw boned Highlander immediately offered himself, and, being provided with a sword, was brought out to confront the English soldier. On the word being given to commence the combat, he rushed against his opponent, and, without any preliminary play, at once cut him down. The English soldiers beheld the action with astonishment, and

also included a youthful cadet of the noble family of Forbes, whose zeal in behalf of the house of Stuart, overcoming his sense of the military oath, had caused him to desert an English regiment, in which he was a cadet, for the purpose of joining Charles's standard. The death of this unfortunate person was attended by a circumstance, which, though horrible in the last degree, deserves to be recorded, as evincing the state of moral and political feeling in the British army of that time. While poor Forbes was yet suspended upon the gibbet, an English officer, unable to restrain his virtuous indignation at the delinquency of the culprit, and the better perhaps to show the loyal horror in which he held this "unnatural rebellion," ran up to the scarce inanimate corpse, and stabbed it with his sword; exclaiming at the same time, with an oath as profane as the act was inhuman, that "all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself!" A Scottish officer, who happened to be near the spot, immediately drew his sword, to revenge the insult thus thrown upon his country; and, a combat instantly commencing, all the other officers who knew the cause of the quarrel, joined in taking sides according to their respective countries. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, beat to arms, and joined the ranks assumed by their respective officers. The Duke of Cumberland, learning how matters stood, hurried to the place, and arrived just as the two contending parties were about to make a general charge. His presence, of course, quelled the disturbance; but it was not till he had used considerable eloquence in soothing the injured feelings of the Scots, that they withdrew from a conflict to which they had been so ungenerously provoked.

The duke employed the few days immediately following the battle in securing and disposing of the spoil, which was very considerable. He had taken thirty pieces of cannon, two thousand three hundred and twenty firelocks, a hundred and ninety broadswords, thirty-seven barrels of powder, and twenty-two carts of ammunition. The soldiers were allowed a half crown for every musket, and a shilling for every broadsword, which they could bring into quarters; it being the anxious wish of government to keep as many arms as possible out of the hands of the natives. In order, moreover, to put a great public indignity upon the honour of the insurgents, the sum of sixteen guineas was allowed for each stand of their colours; and, fourteen of these melancholy emblems of departed glory being thus procured, they were, on the fourth of June, carried by a procession of chimney sweeps from the castle to the cross of Edinburgh, and there burnt by the hands of the common hangman, with many suitable marks of contempt.

The victory of Culloden was, indeed, very cheaply acquired by the British army. The whole amount of killed, wounded, and missing, was three hundred and ten, including few officers and but one man of any distinction. This last was Lord Robert Kerr, second son of the Marquis of Lothian, a captain of grenadiers in Barrell's regiment, a young man remarkable for his handsome person and great promise. Standing at the head of his company, when the Highlanders made the charge, he received the first man upon his spearhead, but was instantly slain with many wounds. Although the victory was mainly attributable to the cannon and musketry, some portions of the royal army behaved with a degree of courage highly honorable to them. There was scarcely an officer or soldier in Barrell's regiment, and that part of Monro's which was engaged, who did not kill one or two Highlanders with his spontoon or bayonet, before giving way to their irresistible violence. It cannot be mentioned with the same degree of applause, that some of Kingston's dragoons were known to have each cut down ten or twelve fugitives in the pursuit.

The intelligence of the battle of Culloden, so important in its nature and results, produced different effects upon the public mind, according to the sentiments of those by whom it was heard. The Jacobites received it as a total overthrow to their fond and long cherished hopes; while it excited in the partisans of government a transport of joy, too overpowering to admit of a thought upon the misery in which it involved so many of their countrymen. The news reaching Edinburgh during the night between Saturday and Sunday, and being announced to the ears of the slumbering inhabitants by discharges of cannon, many of the unhappy Jacobites were found next morning stretched upon their couches in a state of in-

Colonel Campbell, patting the victor kindly on the back, told him to make the best of his way home, and there "thank his mother for having given him such good milk."

sensibility. Some of the ancient gentlewomen whose daily prayers for fifty years had included the restoration of the Stuarts, and whose wishes had been wound up during the progress of the insurrection to a state bordering upon insanity, never afterwards rose from the beds upon which the afflicting intelligence had found them, but continued, so long as they lived, shrouded from the light of day, and inaccessible to consolation. The misery of those who had friends, or kinsmen, or lovers, concerned in the dreadful event, was far more poignant; distracted as they were betwixt the fear that they were slain, or what was still more dreadful, that they survived as captives. To add to their grief, the loyal part of the community and the zealous presbyterians, now triumphant in their turn, took every opportunity of lacerating their feelings. They even dared not to inquire regarding the fate of those most dear to them, from the dread of persecution to themselves, or proscription—perhaps death to the ill-starred objects of their affection.

It appears from the well affected newspapers of the time, that there were public rejoicings for the victory, both in the capital and most of the burghs of Scotland. Even in the remote and sequestered town of Wigton, where the news was only received a week after, there was a very loyal bonfire, and a zealous church and state ringing of bells, together with a most cordial drinking of strong ale at the cross, in honour of the auspicious and never-enough-to-be-congratulated occasion. Addresses there were, moreover, devoting as much life and fortune to the service of government, as if produced six months before, would have been enough, and more than enough, to suppress twenty such rebellions.

The satisfaction which the king and the members of government felt in the "glorious event," though expressed with as much coolness as might be, was nevertheless excessively great. The defeat of Preston had roused them like a very rattling peal of thunder, and they had lived for the last six or eight months in a state of the utmost agitation and anxiety. On the morning that the news reached London, Mr. Pelham, the first lord of the treasury, was met by a Forfarshire member of parliament, exhibiting every mark of excessive joy. "His majesty's arms," cried the minister, "have been blessed with a complete victory over the rebels at a place called Culloden;" accentuating the last syllable. "I'm very sorry to hear you say so," was the Scotsman's reply. "How! Mr. —, do you say this to me?" "Yes, Mr. Pelham," was the Caledonian's cool reply. "It maunna be true—there's no sic a place in a' Scotland."

The estimation in which they held the duke's victory, was in some measure proved by the way they took to reward it. His income had hitherto been fifteen thousand a year, paid out of the civil list; but the house of commons now voted him an addition of twenty-five thousand, to arise out of the duties and revenues composing the Aggregate Fund.

Without detracting from the merits of the Duke of Cumberland, as a general, it is impossible to contemplate, without some degree of disgust, the fulsome adulation which was now poured out upon him by all persons in authority. He himself, notwithstanding the emotions of vanity, must have worn his extravagant honours with something like loathing; for it is said, that, when afterwards loaded with public odium on account of his rendition of the British army at Closterseven, he bitterly remarked, that he had formerly got praise where he did not deserve it, and now was blamed where he was not guilty. Such is ever the caprice of the public in regard to its servants, invariably deified if successful, and condemned without a hearing if unfortunate.

From all that can be gathered in the fugitive publications of the time, Duke William received fully as much public gratitude for ridding Britain of the poor Chevalier, as the great general of modern times received for overthrowing the mighty usurper of the continent. He was thanked by all the public bodies in the kingdom, from the houses of parliament down to the general assembly. He had twenty-five thousand a year added to his income; and, lest that should ever fail him, he got the privilege of citizenship from almost all the burghs in the kingdom of Scotland. Pieces of dress were also called after him, and his bluff visage was blazoned over innumerable public houses. Sermons were preached, orations made, and poems written in his praise: and he was universally hailed as the Heroic Deliverer of Britain. Perhaps the most ludicrous circumstance that arose from the spirit of the time, was, that the foundation-stone of the Duke of Argyle's house at Inverary, the laying of which had been postponed on account of the troubles, was now at last deposited, with the grateful inscription, intended no doubt

for the instruction of the remotest posterity!—"Gulielmus, Cumbriae Dux, nobis haec otia fecit!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

FINAL SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathies verse shall flow;
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.

Smollett.

In the meantime, while the victorious party was enjoying the praise, and the honour, and all the other good things with which the world is so apt to load the prosperous man, Charles's hapless adherents retired, like the stricken deer, unpitied by the unhurt members of the herd, to mourn in the desert over their perished hopes and gloomy prospects. The flight was chiefly directed to the western parts of Inverness-shire, the native country of most of the insurgent clans; where the war had taken its earliest rise, and where it was destined to be finally quenched. This region is one of the most wild and inhospitable character, being little else than a tract of stupendous mountains, intersected by narrow valleys, lakes, and arms of the sea. To add to the distress of the fugitives, it had been in a great measure exhausted of provisions for some time before the battle; nor were its boundaries of such a nature as to permit the possibility of supplies from without. There now, therefore, seemed nothing wanting to complete the destruction of the insurgents, but that their retreat should be enclosed within a circle of soldiers, which, gradually narrowing, according to an ancient hunting practice, might at last concentrate them for one easy and decisive blow.

The fate of those who perished in the fight was preferable by far to that of the survivors—doomed as they were to every species of privation, agonised by the bitterness of reflections, and every day suffering, in the fear of death, more pain than the parting pang itself could have occasioned. The misery of the wounded was peculiarly great, though perhaps of shorter endurance. Many were afterwards found dead among the hills, at the distance of ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles from the field of battle; having apparently dragged their mutilated bodies so far towards their homes, over hill and dale, in the hope of procuring relief, but expired of hunger and pain long before reaching the object of their melancholy journey.

Among all the instances of misery which followed the defeat of Culloden, perhaps none was so truly great as that of Charles himself, who now entered upon a life of hazard and wretchedness, the details of which are hardly credible. When at last forced off the field, he fled with a large party of horse, comprising his chief counsellors and friends. His retreat was protected by the foot, who fled behind him. Having crossed the Nairn at the ford of Falie, about four miles from the battle-ground, he held a hurried council, at which it was determined that the men should rendezvous at Ruthven in Badenoch, and there await his orders, while he should in the mean time make a circuit through the country. Here, also, he is said to have sent off various gentlemen of his party upon different routes, in order to distract the enemy in case of a pursuit. Proceeding towards Gortuleg, the seat of a gentleman of the Fraser clan, and where he understood that Lord Lovat was now residing, he reached that place about sunset, along with Sheridan, Sullivan, O'Neal, Secretary Hay, and a few others whom he had chosen to retain about his person.

A girl who was then residing at Gortuleg, and who afterwards lived to a good old age, used to describe the unexpected appearance of Charles and his flying attendants. The wild and desolate vale on which she happened to gaze at the time with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the house, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to the code of Highland superstition, were only visible between one twinkling of the eyelid and another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat, who had staked so much upon the Chevalier's success, it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons; telling him of proscription, death, and the ruin of his house and name. As Charles, whom he had never before seen, entered the door, the old man is said to have quite forgot the duty he owed to his prince, and to have gone distractedly about, calling

upon those who were present to chop off his head, or otherwise anticipate the miserable fate to which he saw himself destined. Charles endeavoured to recall him to his senses, by many cheering expressions; saying, among other things, that "they had had two days of the elector's troops, and he did not doubt to have yet a third." Lovat was at length somewhat appeased, and began to enter into serious conversation with the fugitives, during which the prince's next motions were amply discussed. It was generally agreed that Gortuleg was too near the position of the king's troops to be a safe retreat; and Charles, therefore, having changed his dress, set out that night at ten o'clock for Invergarry, the seat of McDonnell of Glengarry.

Charles and his little party were seen, at two o'clock in the morning, riding rapidly past the ruins of Fort Augustus; and they arrived at Invergarry about two hours before daybreak. This ancient seat, which, now a blackened and fire-scathed ruin, stands upon the bank of one of the lochs forming the Caledonian Canal, was, on the present occasion, deserted of its tenants, and in a condition very ill calculated to support the hospitable character of a Highland mansion. Destitute at once of furniture and provisions, and attended by only a single domestic, however easily a party of natives might have accommodated themselves within its walls, it was particularly unfit to entertain a prince and an alien. This was the first day of Charles's wanderings; and its privations but too truly omened those of the succeeding five months.

The prince and his party were so much fatigued with their ride, which was one of little less than forty miles, that they gladly stretched themselves upon the floor in their clothes. They slept till mid-day, when Edward Burke, servant to Alexander MacLeod, having fortunately caught two salmon in the water of Gary, they had a better dinner than they expected, though the only drink they could procure was the pure element from which their meat had been taken. All the company here took leave of Charles, except Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke, who was left to be the prince's guide, and whose clothes his royal highness now assumed. This small party set out at two o'clock for Loch Arkraig, where they arrived about nine at night, and lodged in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. Charles was so excessively fatigued, that he fell asleep as Edward Burke was unbuckling his spatterdash. Next morning, Friday the 18th, they held their route still farther westward, to Mewboil, a small village near the extremity of Lochiel's country, where they were well entertained. A considerable part of the following day was spent in waiting for intelligence of their friends, which not arriving, they at last set out, for fear of being discovered and taken. There being no longer any road, they were obliged to abandon their horses, and begin to walk on foot. They crossed over a range of lofty mountains, and came in the evening to a place called Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, one of the numerous arms of the sea which penetrate the west coast. Here they took up their lodging in a wretched little *shieling* or hovel, used for shearing sheep, near the corner of a wood.

Next day, Sunday the 20th of April, Charles and his three attendants crossed, with inconceivable pain and difficulty, another of those ranges of lofty and rugged hills, which, alternately with the lochs or arms of the sea, penetrate the country so regularly at this part of the West Highlands. Their lodging-place, this evening, was at Glenboisdale, in Arassig, a small village near the place where Charles had first landed. Here several fugitives joined the dejected little party.

After the route of the army at Culloden, the clans chiefly sought their own glens, or *countries*, as they were called, where they had property and relations to be protected; while the foreign troops surrendered as prisoners of war to the duke at Inverness, and the Lowlanders either rendezvoused at Badenoch, or wandered far and wide over the Highlands.* Thus the army was completely

* During the heat of the battle of Culloden, a Highlander, having got his hand shot off by a cannon bullet, ran to the rear, and entered a cottage, where he expected to find the means of staunching the blood. The poor woman who dwelt in the cottage, was employed at the moment in baking bannocks upon a hot smooth stone, according to a practice then common in the Highlands. Without a moment's hesitation, he dashed his bleeding stump against the stone, and seared it all round, so as to stop the hemorrhage. When he had done, he seized a bannock with his remaining hand, and ran back to rejoin the ranks.—*Information, at second-hand, from the old woman.*

broken up; and there remained no hope, in the estimation of men of sense, that it would ever again unite in such force as successfully to make head against the enemy. The prince, under this conviction, despatched a message to the Badenoch party, within two days after the battle, thanking them for their zeal in his service, but desiring them to do what they thought was best for their own preservation, till a more favourable opportunity for action presented itself. The party, which amounted to little above a thousand men, accordingly dispersed; and there was not then, any where, three hundred men together in arms against the state.

The prince received, at Glenboisdale, a message from Lord George Murray, entreating that he would not leave the country, as Lord George had heard that he intended. Clanranald, who here joined the party, along with Mr. Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, Mr. Aeneas MacDonald the banker, and some others, offered to fit up a few summer sheelings in various parts of his country, for his accommodation and shift of quarters, as occasion should require, till he (Clanranald), and some other chosen persons, should take a trip to the Isles, and look out for a vessel to convey his royal highness to France. But Charles was overpersuaded by his fears, and by the advice of Sullivan; and firmly announced his resolution to seek a securer shelter in the Isles.

The prince spent four days in Arasaig, awaiting the arrival of one Donald MacLeod, who had been required to come from the Isle of Skye, in order to act as his guide to the Isles. Before Donald arrived, an alarm was one day given that some of the enemy were at hand, and the whole party immediately dispersed, each to seek shelter where best he might, among the neighbouring hills and woods. Charles was wandering alone through a forest, pondering his altered fortunes and his present distress, when, in the midst of his care, he observed an aged Highlander approaching. He asked the man if he were Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, in the Isle of Skye. The Highlander answered in the affirmative; when the prince rejoined, "Then I am he who sent for you; you see the distress I am in; I throw myself into your bosom; do with me what you like; your prince resigns himself entirely into your hands." The old man never could repeat this moving address without shedding a flood of tears.

In the evening of the 24th, Charles, along with Sullivan, O'Neal, Burke, and other seven persons, set sail in an open eight-oared boat, from Lechnanuaigh, the bay where he first landed. Donald MacLeod, acting as pilot, sat at the stern, with Charles betwixt his knees. This aged person, being an experienced mariner, was certain, from the appearance of the sky, that a storm was about to ensue, and entreated the prince to defer his voyage till next day. But Charles insisted upon immediately leaving the continent where he apprehended so much danger. In the boat there were four pecks of oatmeal, and a pot in which they could boil meat when they landed.

As old MacLeod had foretold, they had scarcely got fairly out to sea when a storm arose. The wind blew a tempest; the waves of the Atlantic rose with tumultuous fury; and it was altogether a night surpassing in danger all that MacLeod, an experienced boatman, had ever before seen upon that wild sea. To add to their distress, the rain poured down in torrents, and they had neither pump nor compass. In the darkness of the night, none of the crew knew where they were, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest the boat should either founder, or be driven upon Skye, where the person of the prince

Mr. Carnegie of Balnamoon, an Angus gentleman, who had been engaged on the prince's side at the battle of Culloden, used to tell in after life, that, although he made considerable haste in returning home from the battle field, he was thirty-six hours later than a fellow insurgent and countryman, of the name of Peter Logie, who, to retard his motions, had a club foot, and moreover was a very little and weak looking man. This body, as Balnamoon used to call him, was afterwards taken up and questioned by the king's soldiers, regarding his share in the Rebellion. Peter was so conscientious a Jacobite, that he would not prevaricate even to save his life; and he thought proper to give a candid affirmation to all the three successive questions, which demanded, if he had been at Preston—at Falkirk—and at Culloden. But, when at length asked, what station he held in the rebel army—the question being accompanied by a glance at his club-foot—he gave an answer very far from the truth, though sufficiently expressive of wounded vanity. "I had the honour," said Peter, "to be his royal highness's dancing master."

would at once become a prey to the militia, who were roaming about that island in great numbers. At length, a period was put at once to their danger from the sea, and their apprehensions from the militia, by the approach of daylight, which showed them to be upon the coast of that remote archipelago, already mentioned by the descriptive epithet of Long Island, the storm having carried the boat upwards of an hundred miles in nine or ten hours. They landed at Rossinish Point, the north-east corner of the Island of Benbecula, and, having hauled their boat upon dry land, prepared a humble entertainment with meal and the flesh of a cow, which they had seized and killed.

In order to give the reader a proper idea of the danger which the prince now ran, it is necessary to remind him, that the reward of thirty thousand pounds, which had been offered by the British government for his apprehension, at the beginning of the campaign, still hung over his head, and indeed was now more ostentatiously offered than ever. The magnitude of the sum was such as seemed calculated to overcome every scruple on the part of his friends; and it was daily expected, throughout the whole country, that he would be given up by one or other of those to whom he intrusted his person. That no means for the accomplishment of such an end might be omitted, parties of soldiers were sent out in every direction, each more eager than another to secure the splendid prize. The duke's instruction to those blood-hounds were invariably expressed in the simple words, "No prisoners, gentlemen—you understand me." Among all who were employed in this duty, no man seems to have been so eager as the leader of the Campbells, now raised to the rank of general. On a report arising that the Chevalier had taken refuge in St. Kilda, that active person instantly repaired to the island with a large fleet. St. Kilda, "placed far amidst the melancholy main," is the remotest of all the Western Islands, and is peopled by only a few aboriginal families, who subsist chiefly on fish and sea-fowl, paying a rent to the Laird of MacLeod, whose factor, sent once a year to collect the same, was then the only visitor whom the lonely St. Kildans ever saw. On Campbell's fleet coming within sight, the people fled in terror to caves and the tops of mountains; and it was not without considerable difficulty that the general could procure a hearing amongst them. His men asked those whom they found, "what had become of the Pretender?" expecting to discover their guilt by the confusion of their manners, or perhaps to get a candid confession. But the only answer they could get from the simple islanders, was "that they had never heard of such a person." All that they could tell about the late troubles, was, that they heard a report, probably communicated by some stray fishermen, that their laird (MacLeod) had been at war with a woman a great way abroad, and that he had got the better of her. The general returned on board, to retrace his long disagreeable voyage, with feelings which need not be described, but in which few of our readers will be disposed to sympathise with him.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Cumberland took measures for disarming the insurgent clans, and for inflicting that vengeance upon their country, which the atrocity of their late "wicked and unnatural attempt" seemed to demand. The Earl of Loudoun, the Laird of MacLeod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald, with seventeen hundred militia, and General Campbell, with his eight hundred Argyle men, were marched into Lochabar; six hundred Grants were sent into the Fraser's country; and the Monroes, Mackays, and Sutherlands were despatched to Ross-shire: to effect these desirable objects. Lord Fortrose, son of the Earl of Seaforth, raised the Mackenzies, to guard the passages to the Isles; orders were given along the coast to prevent any suspicious persons from making their escape by sea; Cobham's and Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons were planted to guard the east coast; bodies of local militia were placed at all the passes out of the Highlands, and even at the fords of the Frew and the ferries across the Frith of Forth; in order to insure the ultimate and leisurely capture of all the unfortunate insurgents.

About a month after the battle of Culloden, when every preparation had been made, the duke set out from Inverness upon a tour of vengeance. He had previously issued a proclamation, requiring the rebels to deliver up their arms, and submit to the king's mercy, and was somewhat exasperated to find that very few availed themselves of so generous a proposal. Those, therefore, who would not take the chance of civil, he now determined to visit, if possible, with the certainty of military execution. He went to Fort Augustus, with Kingston's horse and eleven battalions on foot, for whose accommodation a summer camp was established. A house was erected

of turf, and provided with windows and furniture, for his own use. There, in the midst of the rebel country, with all his troops extending in parties around him, he might be compared to a huge blue-bottle spider, rising in the centre of his wide-spread meshes.

Several of the clans had, in the meantime, entered into a bond of mutual defence, for the desperate purpose of resisting the power which they saw was about to close upon and destroy them. At the head of this association, were the chiefs of Lochiel, Glengary, Clanranald, Stewarts of Appin, Keppoch, Barisdale and MacInnon, each of whom was to assemble his men, and bring as many other leaders as he could advertise or persuade into the measure, on the 15th of May. When the day of meeting came, few were found at the place of rendezvous, on account of the paramount necessity, under which each clan lay, of defending its own country. They expected assistance from France, but none arrived in time. The duke therefore found them still in open rebellion, and yet incapable of resistance.

A period of rapine and massacre now ensued, upon whose details we would willingly shut our eyes, but which the duty of an historian compels us, however reluctantly, to record. The general outline of the devastation, as given in the heartless publications of the day, was simply, that strong parties of soldiers, being despatched into the countries of the various insurgent chiefs, burnt all the houses, carried off all the cattle, and *every male inhabitant who fled at their approach.* But the filling up of this dreadful picture comprises a thousand horrors. By the conflagration of the houses, innumerable innocent persons, including the young, the sickly, and the aged, were rendered homeless; by the abstraction of the cattle, the same persons were deprived of their daily food; by the massacre of the fugitives, many of whom were innocent of even the imaginary crime imputed to them, the whole population was left to lament over the bloody corpses of their kindred. Under circumstances of such unparalleled distress, the widows and orphans of the slain had either to resign themselves to a slow and lingering death, or to anticipate it by perishing of fatigue, among the pathless hills, in wandering towards the distant countries which the brand of the destroyer had not reached. Some followed the parties which drove their cattle towards Fort Augustus, with the miserable hope of getting back a few for their subsistence by working upon the pity of the oppressors. But they had only the mortification of seeing their property sold, generally at trifling prices, to the mercenary drovers of the south. It might have been expected that at this place, where there was a sort of public market for the time, the wretched victims would have been able to subsist at least upon charity. Instead of that mitigated fate, they were reduced to such extremities of hunger, as often to approach the *shambles*, where the soldiers killed cattle for their own use, and with the humblest air and many entreaties, beg permission to lick up the blood and soil of the slaughtered *beeves!*

Before the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of *Lowland* shire; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland, by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century, was at length so entirely fulfilled in this *wretched* region, that it would have been literally possible to travel for days through the depopulated glens, *without seeing a chimney smoke, or hearing a rock crow.*

It is generally allowed that the duke himself, though the instigator of these cruelties, did not show so much open or active cruelty as some of the more immediate instruments of the royal vengeance. General Hawley was one of the most remorseless of all the commanding officers; apparently thinking no extent of cruelty a sufficient compensation for his loss of honour at Falkirk. The names of Lieutenant-colonel Howard, Captain Canline Scott, and Major Lockhart, are also to be handed down to everlasting execration, as among the blood-thirstiest of all these human wolves. The last, in particular, did not even respect the protections which Lord Loudoun had extended (by virtue of a commission from the duke), to those who had taken an early opportunity of submitting to him; but used only to observe to the unhappy individuals who expected to be saved on that account, as he ordered them to execution and their *houses* to the flames, that, *though they were to show him a protection from Heaven, it should not prevent him from doing his duty!*

It reflects great credit upon the Highlanders, that, in the midst of all these calamities, they displayed no disposition to take mean or insidious modes of avenging themselves, though, with arms in their hands, and acquainted as the

were with the country, they might have often done so both easily and securely. Only one soldier is said to have perished by the hand of an assassin, during the whole of the frightful campaign. The circumstance was to the triumphant party a matter of great gratulation, affording them a sort of excuse for further cruelties; while, by the thinking part of the Jacobites, it was regarded with horror and bitterness of spirit. A domestic belonging to the house of Glengary, on reaching his home after a short expedition, found that, during his absence, his property had been destroyed, his wife violated, and his home rendered desolate. In the bitterness of the moment, he vowed deadly revenge. Learning that the officer who had commanded the spoliators, and who had been the ravisher of his wife, rode upon a white horse, he rushed abroad with his musket, determined never to rest till he had accomplished his vow. After wandering several weeks, without discovering the villain, he one day observed an officer approaching at the head of a party, mounted upon the white horse he had heard described. This was not the real perpetrator of his wrongs, but a very worthy man, Major Monro of Culcairn, a younger brother of the late Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, who had, unfortunately for himself, borrowed the animal on which he rode. The infuriated Highlander took aim from behind some craggy banks which overlooked the road, and shot the major dead. He then fled through the rugged country, and was soon beyond pursuit. On afterwards learning that he had killed an innocent man, he burst into tears, and renounced the vow which had bound him to vengeance. Doddridge and various other writers narrate the circumstance of Culcairn's assassination, but it is only now for the first time justified, by a full disclosure of the facts which led to it.

Whilst the natives and the fugitive princes were enjoying every species of hardship, Duke William and his minions at Fort Augustus spent their time in a ceaseless round of festivity. Enriched by the sale of their spoils, the soldiers could purchase all the luxuries which the Lowlands could supply, or which could be conveniently transported over the Grampians; and for several weeks their camp exhibited all the coarse and obstreperous revelries of an English fair. It was common, while thousands were starving around them, to hear these miscreants talking, over their feasts, of the languor and tedium of their campaign—looking with affected horror on the sublime scenery around them—and execrating the rebels for bringing them into such a wilderness. In order to amuse them, the duke instituted races, which were run by the trulls of the camp, with circumstances of indecency which forbid description. General Hawley also ran a race with the infamous Howard, and probably rendered a proficient in that exercise by his practice at Falkirk, gained it by four inches.

"At this time," says the volunteer Ray, "most of the soldiers had horses, which they bought and sold with me another at a low price, and on which they were constantly riding about, to the neglect of their duty, which made it necessary to publish an order, that, unless immediately parted with, the animals should be shot. I saw a soldier riding on one of these horses, when a comrade passing by asked him, 'Tom, what hast thou given for the gallop?' 'Tom answered, 'Half a crown.' 'Too dear by half,' replied the other; 'I saw a better bought for eighteen pence.' Notwithstanding this lowness of price," continues Ray, "the vast quantities of cattle, such as oxen, horses, sheep, and goats, taken from the rebels, and bought up, in the hump, by the jockies and men of Yorkshire, and Galloway, came to a great deal of money—all of which was divided as booty among the men who had brought them in. These, being sent out in search of the pretender, frequently came to the aid of rebels that had left them, refusing to be reduced to obedience, which our soldiers commonly plundered and burnt, so that many of them grew rich by their share of spoil."

The manners of the British soldiery at this time have been already described as extremely dissolute; but to immorality there was now added a degree of savage ferocity, which would have actually disgraced the brigands of Italy. Not content with laying waste the country of the active insurgents, they extended their ravages, before the end of the season, over peaceful districts, to the very gates of the capital; and for some time Scotland might be said to have been treated throughout its whole bounds as a conquered country, subjected to the domination of military law. The voice of Lord Viscount Forbes was occasionally heard amidst these ravages, like that of Pity described in the allegory as reproaching in some barbarous scene; but, on this amiable old man remonstrating with the duke, by a repre-

sentation that his soldiers were breaking the laws of the land, his royal highness is said to have answered with scorn, "The laws, my lord! By G—, I'll make a brigade give laws." No form of trial was adopted with the insurgents, even within a few miles of the seat of the Court of Session; nor did the soldiers ever appeal to the neighbouring justices for warrants, when about to plunder their houses. The lawful creditors of unfortunate individuals were, in innumerable instances, mortified at seeing a lawless band seize the property to which they looked for payment, and unceremoniously expose it to public rous for their own behalf. Such transactions often took place on Sundays, to the general scandal of the nation.

The license of the soldiery extended to the most tranquil districts of the country, and was often exercised upon people of unquestionable innocence. A party of dragoons, hurrying through Nithsdale in search of some wandering insurgents, drew up, hungry and fatigued, at the door of a lonely widow, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up some homely dish, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived—"Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and the garden, wi' God's blessing, is a' my mailen (farm)." He rose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed the garden. The poor woman, thus rendered destitute, soon died of a broken heart; and her disconsolate son wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. Afterwards, in the Seven-years' War, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits, when a dragoon cried out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live, for all that, on her God, as she said." "And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up, "don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said the miscreant, "rue aught like that!" "Then, by h—," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother—draw, you brutal villain, draw!" They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body; and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "Had you rued it, you should have been only punished by your God!"

At length, a public outrage of a peculiarly heinous nature became the means of terminating this reign of terror. A citizen of Stirling, having given offence to an officer in the garrison by some uncivil expression uttered in the course of business, was seized by the ruffians, stripped naked on the public street, bound upon a lamp-post, and there flogged in military fashion, notwithstanding the interference of the civil authorities, and the general horror of the people. The news of this transaction, which happened six months after the total suppression of "the rebellion," spread over all Scotland, and had nearly occasioned a new insurrection. The state-officers of the country, who had hitherto meekly submitted to the domination of the soldiery, then at last saw it necessary to remonstrate against a system which promised so much mischief; and on their representation, farther violence was prohibited by the express command of government.

Besides the measures already described as having been taken for the capture of the Chevalier and his friends, others were adopted of a nature which showed the resolution of government to attain that object. The general assembly of the church, about the end of May, was required to command all the placod clergymen throughout the country, to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which the duke ordered every minister and every loyal subject to exert themselves in discovering and seizing the rebels; and the general assembly complied with the requisition, contrary to the republican independence affected by the Scottish church, than to the dictates of the gospel which they professed to preach. Many of the individual clergymen, with a better spirit, refused to read this paper, or left it to be read by their preceptors; in consequence of which the duke sent another order to the church, commanding every minister to give in a list of the rebels belonging to his parish. With this last still fewer complied; the clergymen of Edinburgh ranking among the recusants; and the duke, having then used individual applications and even personal entreaties in vain, troubled them with no more.

It is not observable, in any authentic documents, that those who gave food or shelter to the fugitives, were punished with death; but it is at least certain, that a proclamation was read in the churches of Perth and its vicinity, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, threatening with that punishment all who concealed them, or even their arms. Rewards were also offered in Ireland and

the Isle of Man, for the apprehension of any who might land in those territories; and the British ministers at foreign courts in alliance with his majesty, were ordered to secure all who might take refuge there. No means, in short, were omitted, which might tend to the grand object of exterminating these unhappy victims of state resentment.

The consequence was, that, besides the numbers who perished in the course of what the soldiers termed *rebel-hunting*, hundreds were immured in the jails of the south and the holds of the British cruisers. The chief men of distinction who fell into the hands of government, besides the Earl of Croharty and Lord MacLeod, who had been taken before Culloden, were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lords Lovat and Balmerino, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Secretary Murray. Lord Kilmarnock's capture was attended by circumstances peculiarly affecting. During the confusion of the flight from Culloden, being half-blinded by smoke and snow, he mistook a party of dragoons for FitzJames's horses, and was accordingly taken. He was soon after led along the lines of the British infantry, in which his son, then a very young man, held the commission of an ensign. The earl had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines, beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the rest stood Lord Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviating, the humiliation of his father. When the earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should be exposed to the storm, stepped out of the ranks, without regard to discipline, and, taking off his hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place, without having uttered a word, while scarcely an eye that saw his filial affection, but what confessed its merit by a tear.

Lord Lovat, after parting with Charles, had sought refuge in the wildest parts of Inverness-shire, along with a considerable number of attendants, who carried him upon a sort of litter, with all the devotion of clansmen to their chief. His lordship was at length taken, about the beginning of June. He was found wrapped in a blanket, and deposited in the hollow of an old tree which grew upon a little isle in the centre of a lake; to which place of concealment he had retired for shelter. On the search becoming very close, Balmerino voluntarily resigned himself, after having only endured the life of a fugitive for two days. Tullibardine fell into the hands of a private gentleman, the commander of a troop of native militia, at one of the passes out of Dunbartonshire; and Secretary Murray, after escaping from the Highlands, was taken in the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hunter of Polmood, Peeblesshire. They were all despatched, under safe custody, to London.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—THE LONG ISLAND.

He might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape. *Shakespeare.*

Charles was left in the remote and desolate island of Benbecula, where he had arrived after a night voyage of no ordinary danger. His accommodations in this place were of the humblest description. A cow-house, destitute of a door, was his palace; his couch of state was formed of filthy straw and a sail-cloth; and the regal banquet, composed of oat-meal and boiled flesh, was served up in the homely pot in which it had been prepared. The storm continued for fourteen hours; and it was not till the third day after, (Tuesday, the 29th of April,) that he could leave the island. They set sail for Stornoway, the chief port in the Isle of Lewis, where Donald MacLeod entertained hopes of procuring a vessel to convey the prince to France. A storm, however, coming on, as on the former occasion, their little vessel was driven in upon the small Isle of Glass, about forty miles northward of Benbecula, and fully as far distant from Stornoway. They disembarked about two hours before daybreak, and, finding the inhabitants engaged in the hostile interest under the Laird of MacLeod, were obliged to assume the character of merchantmen who had been shipwrecked in a voyage to Orkney; Sullivan and the prince calling themselves Sinclair, as father and son; the rest of the crew taking other names. They were entertained here by Donald Campbell, a farmer; who was so kind as to lend his own boat to Donald MacLeod, that he might go to Stornoway, in order to hire a vessel for the prince's service. Donald set out next day, leaving the prince in Campbell's house.

A message came from the faithful MacLeod on the 3d

of May, intimating his having succeeded in his object, and requesting the prince immediately to set forward. Another boat, therefore, being manned, Charles set sail next day for Stornoway. The wind proving contrary, he was obliged to land in Loch Seaforth, at the distance of thirty miles from Stornoway. All this way he had to walk on foot over a pathless moor, which, in addition to all other disadvantages, was extremely wet. It was fortunate, however, that he did not immediately reach his destined port, as the people there, apprised of his approach by a zealous presbyterian clergyman of the Isle of Uist, had risen in arms against him, their imaginations possessed by an idea, that he would burn their town, carry off their cattle, and force a vessel into his service. Being misled by the ignorance of their guide, the disconsolate little party did not get near Stornoway till the 5th at noon; when, stopping at the Point of Arinish, about half a mile from town, they sent forward their guide to Donald MacLeod, imploring him to bring them out some refreshment. Donald soon came with provisions, and took them to the house of Mrs. MacKenzie of Kildun, where the prince went to sleep. Returning to Stornoway, Donald was confounded to observe the people all rising in the commotion alluded to. He exerted his eloquence, to show them the absurdity of their fears, representing the inability of the prince with so small a band to do them the least injury, and finally threatening that, if they should hurt but a hair of his head, it would be amply and fearfully revenged upon them, in this their lonely situation, by his royal highness's foreign friends. By working upon their pity, alternately, and their fears, he succeeded in pacifying them; and all they at last desired was, that he should leave their country. Donald requested to have a pilot; but nobody could be persuaded to perform that service. He then returned to the house in which the prince was reposing, and informed him of the disagreeable aspect of his affairs. Some proposed to fly instantly to the moors; but Charles resolved to stand his ground, lest such a measure should encourage his enemies to pursue. They soon after learned, that the boat, in which they came to Lewis, had been taken out to sea by two of the crew, while the other two had fled to the country, from fear of the people of Stornoway. They were, therefore, obliged to spend the afternoon, in a state of painful alarm, at Mrs. MacKenzie's house.

The prince, Sullivan, and O'Neal, had at this time only six shirts amongst them. They killed a cow during their residence at Kildun; for which the lady refused to take payment, till compelled by his royal highness. They also procured two pecks of meal, with plenty of brandy and sugar. Edward Burke acted as cook, though the prince occasionally interfered with his duties, and, on the present occasion, prepared with his own hands a cake of oat-meal, mixed with the brains of the cow. With these provisions, the whole party set sail next morning in the boat, which had returned ashore during the night. The prince wished to go to Bollein in Kintail; but the men refused, on account of the length of the voyage. Soon after, four large vessels appearing at a distance, they put into the small desert Isle of Eilurn or Ifurt, near Harris, a little way north of Glass, where they had been a few days before.

The island was inhabited by only a few fishermen, all of whom fled to the interior at the approach of the boat, which they believed to be sent with a press-gang from the vessels within sight. They left their fish in large quantities drying upon the shore, to the great satisfaction of the wanderers, who made a hearty meal upon it. The prince was going to lay down money upon the place where they got the fish, but the ingenious Donald prevented him, by representing the necessity of acting up to their supposed character of a press-gang; adding, according to the report of Dugald Graham—

"Is it not the man of war's men's way,
To take all things, but nought to pay?"

Charles yielded to the suggestions of his sagacious counsellor, though not without violence to his conscience. His lodging here was a miserable hovel, the roof of which was so imperfect, that it had to be covered with a sail-cloth. They lay upon the floor, keeping watch by turns.

After a residence of four days upon this little island, the party once more set sail, and, cruising along the shores of the Long Island, touched at Glass (where they had been before,) with the intention of paying Donald Campbell for the hire of his boat. Before they had got time to land, four men came up, and it was thought necessary to send Edward Burke ashore to confer with them, before the prince should hazard his person on the

island. These fellows manifesting a desire of seizing the boat, Burke, to escape their clutches, was under the necessity of hastily jumping back into it, and pushing off from the shore. On account of the calm, they had to row all night, although excessively faint for want of food. About daybreak, they hoisted their sail to catch the wind, which then began to rise.

Not having any fresh water, they were obliged, during this miserable day, to subsist on meal stirred into brine. Charles himself is said to have partaken this nauseous food with some degree of satisfaction, observing that, if ever he mounted a throne, he should not fail to remember "those who dined with him to-day." It ought to be mentioned, that they fortunately were able to qualify the *salt water dramnock*, as it was called, with a dram of brandy.

Charles's route having been discovered by his enemies, the Long Island was now invested by a great number of English war-vessels, whilst the land was traversed by nearly two thousand militia; so that it seemed scarcely possible he should escape. He was actually chased for three leagues by an English ship, under the command of a Captain Fergusson; but escaped among the rocks at the Point of Roundil, in the Harris. Soon after, on stealing out to pursue his course, the boat was espied and pursued by another ship; and it was with the greatest difficulty the crew got ashore upon Benbecula. But Providence seemed to guard him in all dangers; for scarcely had he landed, when a storm arose, and blew his pursuers off the coast. Charles, elated at the double escape he had made, could not help exclaiming to his companions, that he believed he was not designed to die by either weapon or water.

Soon after landing upon Benbecula, one of the boatmen began to search among the rocks for shell-fish, and had the good fortune to catch a crab, which he held up to the prince with a joyful exclamation. Charles instantly took a pail or bucket, which they carried with them, and ran to receive the fish from the man's hands. They were fortunately soon able to fill this vessel with crabs; and they then directed their steps to a hut about two miles inland, Charles insisting upon carrying the bucket. On reaching the hotel, it was found to be one of the very meanest and most primitive description; the door being so low, that they were obliged to enter upon their hands and knees. Resolving here to remain for some time, Charles ordered his faithful servant Burke to improve the hovel by lowering the threshold. He also sent a message to the old Laird of Clanranald, the father of his youthful adherent, acquainting him of his arrival, and of his present hapless condition.

Clanranald, who had lived in the Long Island during the whole progress of the war, came immediately, bringing with him some Spanish wines, provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the youth who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and a thousand times more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dishcloth. He procured him six good shirts from Lady Clanranald, with a supply of every other convenience which was attainable; and after spending a day or two in the hut, it was determined that he should remove to a more sequestered and secure place of hiding, near the centre of South Uist.

Before removing, the prince despatched Donald MacLeod to the Mainland, with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, desiring to know the state of affairs in the country, and requesting from the secretary a supply of cash for the purchase of provisions. On making application to Murray, whom he found with Lochiel near the head of Loch Arkai, Donald was informed that "he had only sixty louis-d'ors for the supply of his own necessities, and could not spare any for the use of his royal highness." The faithful messenger, having received letters from both gentlemen, and purchased two ankers of brandy at a guinea each, returned to the Long Island, where he arrived after an absence of eighteen days.

When Donald returned, he found the prince in a better hut than that in which he had left him; having two cow-hides stretched out upon four sticks, as an awning to cover him when asleep. His habitation was called the Forest-house of Glencoradale, being situated in a lonely and secluded vale, with a convenient access either to the hills or the sea, in case of a visit from the enemy. South Uist is remarkable above all the Hebrides for abundance of game, and Charles had here amused himself with field sports. He showed himself remarkably expert in shoot-

ing fowl upon the wing.* Sometimes he also went out in a boat upon the creek near his residence; and, with hand-lines, caught a species of fish called Lythr. Most of his faithful boatmen still remained with him, and he was provided by Clanranald with a dozen of stout gillies to act as watchmen and couriers. The old gentleman, as well as his brother Boisdale, often attended him, to cheer his solitude and administer to his comfort.

After having spent several weeks in this fashion at Glencoradale, Charles was at last obliged to resume his former skulking mode of life, on learning that the myrmidons of government, whose vessels cruised every where around, had now resolved to sweep over the whole of the Long Island from end to end, for the purpose of enclosing him in their toils. "It is impossible," says one who attended him, "to express the consternation which this intelligence occasioned among the prince's attendants. The island invested by war-vessels, traversed by hundreds of soldiers, every ferry guarded, and no person permitted to leave the coast without a passport—escape seemed to be altogether impracticable. His usual good fortune, however, attended him; and, by the activity and vigilance of the people of the island, all of whom knew who and what he was, and took every means to assist him, he at length evaded all the perils that environed him.

It was when thus hard pressed in South Uist, that Charles became indebted for his immediate preservation to Miss Flora MacDonald, to whom which, according to the prediction of Dr. Johnson, *will live in history*, and which no historian, it may be added, will ever mention without profound respect. This lady, the daughter of MacDonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist, and therefore a gentlewoman by birth, was then in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable accomplishments of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. Her father having died during her infancy, her mother was married to MacDonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, who was at the head of one of the corps of militia now patrolling South Uist. She was generally an inmate in the family of her brother, the proprietor of Milton; but, at present, she resided, on a visit, at Ormaclade, the house of Clanranald, to whose family she was nearly related. O'Neal being employed to ask her good services for the prince, she expressed an earnest desire at least to see that celebrated personage; and was accordingly brought to an interview with his royal highness. She found him emaciated with bad health, though possessed of a wonderful degree of good humour and cheerfulness; and, unable to resist the influence of his presence, she at once agreed to do every thing in her power for his service.

When the project for his escape had been settled, Miss MacDonald repaired to her step-father, and demanded a passport for herself, a man-servant, and her maid, which she entitled Betty Burke; professing to be bound to Skye, on a visit to her mother. Captain MacDonald, unsuspecting of his step-daughter's design, granted the passport without demur, and even, at Miss Flora's suggestion, recommended Betty Burke to his wife as an excellent spinner of flax, and a good servant. She returned to the prince, who now lay by himself in a hut upon the shore, about a mile from the house of Ormaclade. She was accompanied by the Lady Clanranald and some other attendants, who carried a female dog for the prince.

On entering the hut, they found his royal highness engaged in roasting the heart and liver of a sheep upon a wooden spit; a sight at which some of the party could not help shedding tears. Charles, always the least concerned at his distressing circumstances, though even in his lowest humiliation, compromising the aim of his lofty pretensions, jocularly observed, that it would be well, perhaps, for all kings if they had to come through such a fiery ordeal as he was now enduring. They sat after sat down to dinner, Miss MacDonald on his right hand and Lady Clanranald on his left. A small study

* During his residence at this place, he one day shot a deer, which Edward Burke carried home. "While some collops of the venison were preparing, a beggar came in, and, without question or ceremony, thrust his hand amongst the meat. E. B., being very angry, gave him a smart stroke with the back of his hand; at which the prince said, 'Oh, man, thou don't remember the scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe. See that you put clothes on him—for which I shall pay.' This was presently done, and the prince added, 'I would not bear to see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to assist them.'"

had been previously made ready, and was now floating near the shore.

The party was soon after informed by a messenger, that General Campbell, with a great party of soldiers, had arrived at Orinacade, in quest of Charles. Lady Clanranald judged it proper to go home, to amuse them. The commanding officer examined her very strictly; but she readily excused herself, by the pretext that she had been visiting a sick child. She was afterwards taken into custody, along with her husband; and both paid for their kindness to the prince by a long confinement at London.

Soon after she had left the prince, he and his company were dreadfully alarmed by seeing four wherries, full of armed men, sailing along close by the shore. They instantly extinguished a fire of heath and sticks which they had lighted to warm themselves, and sought concealment behind the rocks of the beach. The boats sailed past within musket-shot, without the sailors having perceived them.

In was on the evening of Friday, the 28th of June, that Charles set sail from the Long Island, where, during the last two months, he had encountered so many risks. He was dressed in attire suitable to his character as an Irish serving-girl—namely, a coarse printed gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun samblet, made in the Irish fashion, with a hood. His circumstances had rendered it necessary, some time before, that he should part with his faithful friends, Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and Donald MacLeod; and, when he now embarked for Skye, he was only accompanied by Miss MacDonald, and a person named Neil MacEachan, neither of whom he had ever seen a week before. It is worthy of remark, that the last-mentioned person, who passed for Miss MacDonald's servant, but who was in reality a sort of preceptor in the family of Clanranald, was the father of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, so much distinguished for military achievement and honourable bearing during the wars of Bonaparte.

Burke, after being nearly starved to death in the course of a long concealment in a cave in South Uist, finally escaped all his troubles, and spent the rest of his life at Edinburgh in the humble situation of a street porter or chairman. Good old Donald MacLeod was seized soon after parting with the prince, and taken on board a ship of war, where he was questioned by General Campbell. The conversation is worthy of record, as exemplifying the pure and exalted honour of the old man. The general asked if he had been along with the Chevalier. "Yes," said Donald, "I winna deny't."—"And do you know," enquired the general, "what money was upon that gentleman's head?"—no less than thirty thousand pounds sterling—a sum which would have made you and your family happy for ever!"—"What, then?" replied MacLeod, "what though I had gotten't? I could not have enjoyed it for two days. Conscience would have got the better of me. But, although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not, after his throwing himself upon my care, have allowed a hair of his head to be touched!" Sullivan made his escape, soon after parting with his master, in a French war-ship which came to South Uist for the purpose of taking away the prince; and O'Neal surrendered as a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—SKYE.

Far over you hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The lovely young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave like a bird of the main,
And, as eye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
"Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and good,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!"

Jacobite Song.

The weather continued fair till they had got several leagues from shore, when it became somewhat tempestuous. Exposed in an open boat to the cold night air, at the mercy of a raging sea, and at the same time haunted by the fear of man's more deadly hostility—the sensations of the little party cannot be supposed to have been very agreeable. Charles could not help perceiving the meanness of his attendants; and, anxious to compensate,

by all the means in his power, for the pain which he occasioned to them, he endeavoured to sustain their spirits by singing and talking. He sung the lively old song, entitled "The Restoration;" and told some playful stories, which yielded them considerable amusement.

When day dawned, they found themselves surrounded by a shoreless sea, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way farther, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon found themselves off Watnash, the western point of the island. Here an adventure occurred which had nearly proved the destruction of the prince, and which ran nigh to involve the whole party in one dreadful fate. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived it become covered with a body of armed men, all of them clad in the sanguine garments which betoken such deadly danger to the princely fugitive. The boat was within shot of these men, before they were observed. When the boatmen at length perceived them, they lost no time in changing the direction of their oars. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution, by discharging a volley, the balls of which struck the water in every direction around, though fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. The whole of the party, not excepting either the royal or the female individual, displayed a high degree of fortitude on this trying occasion. Charles at first called upon the boatmen "not to mind the villains," for so he termed the soldiers; and they assured him, that, if they cared at all, it was only for him; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, "Oh, no fear of me!" He then entreated Miss MacDonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets; as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. The truly noble woman whom he addressed, instead of obeying his wishes, declared that she was here with a purpose to save his life, and not to take care of her own—that she would consider herself degraded if she were to use any measure for her own safety, while the person of her prince was exposed;—and she entreated that he would take care of a life which was so much more valuable than hers, by occupying the place of security which he had pointed out to her. Charles was astonished at the extravagant heroism of his conductress, and proceeded to use still more urgent entreaties, as the bullets were every moment coming in great numbers from the shore. But she gave a decided negative to all that he could urge; and he only at last prevailed upon her to take the measure of safety which he suggested, by agreeing to lie down along with her. The matter thus comprised, they ensconced themselves together in the bottom of the boat; and the rowers soon pulled them out of all further danger.

When once more fairly out to sea, and in some measure recovered from this alarm, Miss MacDonald, overcome with the watchfulness and anxiety of the night, fell asleep upon the bottom of the boat. Charles had previously rendered the kindest attentions to his amiable preserver, refusing to partake of a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had brought to him before embarking, upon the plea that it should be reserved for her, both on account of her sex, and the extraordinary hardships she was undergoing. He now sat down beside her, and watched with tender and anxious regard, lest the boatmen should happen to disturb her in the course of their awkward evolutions.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles upon the Long Island, were they had certain information he was, Skye, on which the prince was now about to land, and which is at least sixty miles distant from that remote cluster of isles, was left comparatively unwatched. It is true, the MacDonalds and MacLeods, who chiefly possessed Skye, had remained well-affected to government, and now formed a sort of militia for the ostensible purpose of capturing the great public enemy. But Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod, chiefs of the two clans, were in secret friendly to the Chevalier, having only refrained from joining him for prudential reasons, and would have been now very

unwilling to injure him. The whole clans of course took their cue from the chiefs, and were equally inclined to be passive. There were only several troops of regular infantry upon the island, from whom any harm could be apprehended; and they, fortunately, were not very vigilant.

Proceeding to Kilbride, near the northern extremity of the island, the little party landed at a short distance from Moydshat, or Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander MacDonald. Sir Alexander himself was known to be absent, in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland; but Flora had taken care, before leaving Uist, to apprise his lady, by means of a friend named Mrs. MacDonald, of her visit and its purpose. She, now, therefore, went forward to the house, along with Charles and Mr. MacEachan, in full hope of meeting with a favourable reception.*

Lady Margaret MacDonald, to whose honour the prince's life was now to be intrusted, was the daughter of Alexander Earl of Eglintoun, an unwavering Jacobite, and of Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzau, who had ranked among the most violent cavaliers of the preceding age. Descended from friends of the exiled family, and married to a chieftain who was every thing but an active partisan; educated in High Church principles, and possessed of an honourable and exalted mind; she could not fail to befriend the unfortunate wanderer who had now come to her shores. It was fortunate that her ladyship possessed talent and presence of mind sufficient to second her predilections and benevolence.

Leaving Charles alone at a safe place in the neighbourhood of Moydshat, his heroic conductress went forward to the house, with MacEachan, to reconnoitre, and apprise Lady Margaret of his arrival. This precaution proved to have been absolutely necessary, for there were several British officers in the house with her ladyship, belonging to the parties left to patrol the island. Miss MacDonald, with an exertion of presence of mind which reflects the highest credit upon her, went into the room where these officers were sitting, and conversed with them about the news of the day, and the professed object of her journey. She had previously consulted with Lady Margaret, regarding the disposal of the prince; and her ladyship had determined upon sending him to the neighbouring isle of Raasay, the laird of which was there in hiding with some select friends, in whose company the prince would be quite safe.

Lady Margaret, being obliged to remain at home for the entertainment of her military guests, was obliged to depute Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's

* There still lives (July 1827) an ancient adherent of this family, who happened to be tending cattle near the house, at the same time that Flora MacDonald passed towards it from the shore, attended by her supposed servant. He was born in the same year with the prince; was then, of course, twenty-six years of age; and is now an hundred and seven. He remembers, he says, with as much distinctness as if the circumstance happened yesterday, seeing two women, one of them meanly, and the other finely dressed, approach him as he was sitting upon the hill-side. She who was finest in appearance, and also shortest in stature, asked him in Gaelic, if there was not a well in that neighbourhood. He answered that there was; and he immediately conducted the strangers to a spring, which, from its dedication to the Virgin, was called St. Mary's Well. Here the tallest lady put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a thing which looked at first like a little purse, but afterwards assumed the shape of a cup. This she dipped into the well, and taking up a draught, presented it, with an obeisance, to the shortest and finest lady. That lady having satisfied her thirst, the tallest received back the cup, and proceeded to take a draught for herself. When she had also satisfied her thirst, she returned the cup to her pocket in its collapsed form; and, taking out a shilling, presented it to the islander, who looked with wonder upon this mysterious and unusual scene, during the whole of which the tall lady never spoke. "I had never before," concludes the old man, "been master of silver money, and I did not think the less of it because it was given to me by our dear prince."

factor, who happened to be in the house, to receive and take charge of the prince. Kingsburgh, who, like all the factors of great Highland families, was a gentleman, and one of the best of the clan, displayed the greatest anxiety to render his services in so good a cause, and promised to conduct Charles to his own house of Kingsburgh, which is about a dozen miles from Moydhatat. He therefore went out to the hill where Charles had been lost, carrying some wine and provisions for his refreshment. Though he had been apprised by Miss MacDonald of the exact place where the adventurer was lost, he could not find him for a considerable time, and began to fear that some unhappy accident had befallen him. At length, perceiving some sheep make a sudden start at a particular part of the shore, and rightly judging the cause, he made towards that place, and on approaching it gave a cough, which caused the object of his search to start out of his concealment. On perceiving the old gentleman, Charles rushed forward, with a large knotted stick in his hand, as if ready to knock him down; but, on learning who the intruder was, and for what purpose he had been sent, his royal highness at once changed his threatening attitude for one of the blindest friendship. Kingsburgh then produced his provisions, of which Charles partook with great avidity, having ate nothing for many hours. They soon after set forward together towards Kingsburgh.

After having dined with Lady Margaret and the officers, and when the prince and Kingsburgh could be supposed to have got a considerable distance from the house, Miss MacDonald rose to depart. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and entreated that she would prolong it at least till next day; reminding her that, when last at Moydhatat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora on the other hand pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of entreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss MacDonald and Mr. MacEachan were accompanied in their journey by the lady (Mrs. MacDonald) whom she had despatched as an avant-courier to Moydhatat, and by the male and female servant of that gentleman. All the five rode on horseback. They soon came up with Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the Prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs. MacDonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she "had never seen such a tall impudent like jaud in her life! See," she continued, addressing Flora, "what lang strides she takes, and how her coats wamble about her! I daur say she's an Irish woman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers.

Kingsburgh and the Prince, in walking along the road, were at first a good deal annoyed by the number of country people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the preternatural height and awkwardness of the apparent female. In crossing a stream which traversed the road, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high, to save them from being wet. Kingsburgh pointed out, that, by doing so, he must excite strange suspicions among those who should happen to see him; and his royal highness promised to take better care on the next occasion. Accordingly, in crossing another stream he permitted his skirts to hang down and float upon the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the other to attract disagreeable observation; and the prince could not help laughing at the difficulty of adjusting this trifling, and yet important matter. His conductor further observed that, instead of returning the obeisance which the country made to them in passing, by a courtesy, his royal highness made a bow, and also that, in some other posture and attitudes of person, he completely forgot the lady, and assumed the man. "Your enemies," remarked Kingsburgh, "call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you, you are the worst at your trade I ever saw." "Why," replied Charles laughing, "I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important

particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worst dissimular in the world." The whole party, Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss MacDonald, arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House, about eleven at night.

The House of Kingsburgh was not at this time in the best possible case for entertaining guests of distinction; and, to add to the distress of the occasion, all the inmates had long been gone to bed. The old gentleman, however, lost no time in putting matters in proper trim for the production of a supper to the party. He introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up stairs to rouse his lady. Lady Kingsburgh, on being informed of her husband's arrival, with guests, did not choose to rise, but contented herself with sending down an apology for her non-appearance, and a request that they would help themselves to whatever was in the house. She had scarcely despatched the servant, when her daughter, a girl of seven years, came running up to her bed-side, and informed her, with many expressions of childish surprise, that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen,—and brought her into the hall too!" Kingsburgh himself immediately came up, and desired her to lose no time in rising, as her presence was absolutely necessary for the entertainment of his fellow-travellers. She was now truly roused, and even alarmed; the mysterious sententiousness of her husband suggesting to her that he had taken under his protection some of the proscribed fugitives who were then known to be skulking in the country.

As she was putting on her clothes, she sent her daughter down stairs for her keys, which she remembered to have left in the hall. The girl, however, came back immediately, declaring, with marks of the greatest alarm, that she could not go into the hall for fear of the tall woman, who was walking backwards and forwards through it, in a manner, she said, perfectly frightful. Lady Kingsburgh then went down herself, but could not help hesitating, when she came to the door, at sight of this mysterious stranger. Kingsburgh coming up, she desired him to go in for the keys; but he bade her go in herself; and, after some further demur, in at last she went.

On her ladyship entering, Charles rose up from a seat which he had taken at the end of the hall, and advanced to salute her. Her apprehensions were now confirmed beyond a doubt; for, in performing the ceremony which was then so indispensable at the introduction of gentlemen to ladies, she felt the roughness of a male cheek; and such were her feelings at the discovery, that she almost fainted away. Not a word passed between her and the unfortunate stranger. When she got out of the hall, she eagerly made up to Kingsburgh, and disclosed to him all her suspicions. She did not upbraid her husband for having been so imprudent, but, on the contrary, asked if he thought the stranger would know any thing regarding the prince. Kingsburgh then took his wife's hands into his own, and said seriously, "My dear, this is the prince himself!" She could not restrain her alarm when he pronounced these emphatic words, but exclaimed, "The prince!—then we'll be a hanged noo!" Kingsburgh replied, "Hout tout, we can die but once—could we over die in a better cause? We are only doing an act of humanity, which any body might do. Go," he added, "and make haste with supper for his royal highness. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else you can quickly make ready." "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" repeated Mrs. MacDonald, alarmed upon a new but not less interesting score—the honour of her housewifery; "what a supper is that for a prince—he'll never look at it!" "Ah, my good wife," replied Kingsburgh, "you little know how this poor prince has fared of late! Our supper will be a treat to him. Besides, to make a formal supper, would cause the servants to suspect something. Make haste, and come to supper yourself." Lady Kingsburgh was almost as much alarmed at her husband's last expression as she had been about her provisions. "Me come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething about how to behave before Majesty!" "But you must come," Kingsburgh replied; "the Prince would not eat a bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him—he is so easy and obliging in conversation."

Supper being accordingly soon after prepared, and Miss Flora MacDonald introduced, Charles, who had always paid the most respectful attention to that young lady—rising up whenever she entered the room, and giving her the *pas* in all matters of precedence—placed

her upon his right hand and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He ate very heartily, and afterwards drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of his landlord. When his repast was finished, and the ladies had retired, he took out a little black stunted tobacco-pipe which he carried about with him, and which, among his companions, went by the name of "the cutty;" and proceeded to take a smoke; informing Kingsburgh that he had been obliged to have recourse to that exercise, during his wanderings, on account of a toothache which occasionally afflicted him. Kingsburgh then produced a small china punch-bowl, and, in Scottish fashion, made up, with usquebaugh, hot water, and sugar, the celebrated composition called toddy; dealing it out to Charles and himself in glasses. His royal highness was pleased to express himself perfectly delighted with this beverage, and soon, with Kingsburgh's assistance, emptied the little bowl; after which it was again filled. The two friends, unequal in rank, but united in common feelings, talked over their drink in a style so familiar, so kindly, and so much to the satisfaction of each other, that they did not observe the lapse of time; and it was an hour at the earliest in the morning ere either talked of retiring. It might have been expected that Charles, from fatigue, and from a wish to enjoy once more the comforts of a good bed, to which he had been so long a stranger, would have been the first to propose this measure. On the contrary, Kingsburgh had to perform the disagreeable duty of breaking up the company. After they had emptied the bowl several times, and when he himself was become anxious for repose, he thought it necessary to hint to the prince, that, as he would require to be up and away as soon as possible to-morrow, he had better now go to bed, in order that he might enjoy a proper quantity of sleep. To his surprise, Charles was by no means anxious for rest. On the contrary, he insisted upon "another bowl," that they might, as he said, finish their conversation. Kingsburgh vailed his feelings as a host, so far as to refuse this request, urging that it was absolutely necessary that his royal highness should retire, for the reason he had stated. Charles as eagerly pressed the necessity of more drink; and, after some good humoured altercation, when Kingsburgh took away the bowl, to put it by, his royal highness rose to detain it; and a struggle ensued, in which the little vessel broke into two pieces, Charles retaining one in his hands, and Kingsburgh holding the other. The *pas* was thus put at an end; and the prince no longer objected to go to bed.

After having retired from the supper table, Lady Kingsburgh desired Miss Flora to relate the adventure in which she had been concerned with his royal highness. At the termination of the recital, her ladyship enquired what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss MacDonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with evil consequences, determined Flora to change the prince's clothes next day.

So much did Charles enjoy the novel pleasure of a good bed, that, though he seldom during his distress slept above four hours, he on this occasion slept about ten, not awaking till roused, at one o'clock next day, by his kind landlord. Kingsburgh enquiring, like a good host, how he had reposed, the prince answered that he had never enjoyed a more agreeable, or a longer sleep, in his life. He had almost forgot, he said, what a good bed was. Kingsburgh begged leave to tell his royal highness, that it was full time to think of another march. It would be proper, he continued, for him to go away in the same dress which he wore when he entered the house, in order to avoid raising suspicions among the servants; but, as the rumour of his disguise might have taken air, it would be advisable to assume another garb by the earliest convenience. The only reformation he thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present, was a change of shoes, those which the prince had brought with him being worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and those he provided for the accommodation of his royal highness. When Charles had shifted the old for the new, Kingsburgh took up in a corner of his house, observing, that they might yet stand him in good stead. Charles asked him what he meant

by that; and the old man replied, "Why, when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment, and protection under my roof." Charles smiled at the conceit of the good old gentleman, and bade him be as good as his word. Kingsburgh accordingly kept these strange relics of his royal visitor as long as he lived. After his death, and when all prospect of Charles's restoration to St. James's was gone, his family permitted them to be cut to pieces, and dispersed among their friends. It is the recollection of his great granddaughter, that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got, in their bosoms.

When the prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies went into his chamber, to put on his apron, and pin his gown and cap. Before Flora put on the cap, Lady Kingsburgh requested her in Gaelic to ask for a lock of his royal highness's hair. Flora from bashfulness, desired her ladyship in the same language to prefer the petition herself. Charles observed their debate, and enquired its object, which was no sooner explained to him than he laid down his head upon the lap of his young conductress, and told her to cut off as much as she chose. Flora severed a lock, the half of which she gave to Lady Kingsburgh, and the other half retained for herself.

The prince being now dressed, and having taken his breakfast, addressed himself to his departure. He had observed that Lady Kingsburgh, like most ladies of birth and fashion of her time, took snuff; and, on approaching her to take his leave, he asked to have "a pinch from her snuff." The good lady took that opportunity of presenting the box to his royal highness, as "a keepsake." He accepted it with many thanks, rendering at the same time his warmest acknowledgments of the kindness with which he had been treated under her ladyship's roof. After he had taken a tender farewell, she went up stairs to his bedroom, and folded the sheets in which he had lain, declaring that they should never again be washed or used, till her death, when they should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial of her distinguished guest, with the amiable Flora, who, it may be mentioned, many years afterwards, carried her moiety of it to America. In the course of her strangely adventurous life, and, though often reduced to situations of the greatest distress by the republican insurgents, she never parted with it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave.

Charles had already debated with Kingsburgh what course it would be advisable for him next to pursue; and a resolution had been made, that he should endeavour to get over to the adjacent Isle of Raasay, in order to throw himself upon the protection of the proprietor, who was understood to be skulking there for his concern in the insurrection. The Laird of Raasay was one of the few gentlemen of the name of MacLeod who had joined Charles; and as he was, moreover, a man of the purest honour, the course proposed seemed extremely eligible. Kingsburgh had already taken measures to get his guest conveyed across the narrow sound which divides Skye from Raasay. Early in the forenoon, he had despatched a faithful servant named Donald Roy, or MacDonald, to a place not far distant, where lived the young Laird of Raasay, a gentleman who, having remained at home in possession of the estate, was not subject to the unhappy proscription which had overtaken his father. Donald Roy was empowered to disclose the prince's secret to young Raasay, and beg his assistance in getting his royal highness transported over to his father's hiding-place.

Charles therefore set out from Kingsburgh, with the intention of walking to Portree, a little town opposite Raasay, about ten or twelve miles distant, where he had the cheerful prospect of finding a boat ready to convey him to that island. He was accompanied by his faithful friends, Flora and Kingsburgh; the last carrying under his arm a suit of male Highland attire for his royal highness's use. When they had got to a considerable distance from the house, Kingsburgh conducted the prince into a wood, and assisted him in changing his clothes. The suit which he now put on, consisted, as usual, of a short coat and waistcoat, a phibeg and short hose, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet. Kingsburgh hid his cast-off garments in a bush, designing to call for them in returning from Portree. That they might not tell against him, in case of a call from the military, he afterwards conveyed them to his house, and burnt the whole, except the gown. The preservation of the gown was owing to his daughter, who insisted upon keeping

it as a relic of their prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. It was a stamped linen or cotton gown, with a purple flower upon a white ground. A Jacobite manufacturer of the name of Carmichael, at Leith, afterwards got a pattern made from it, and sold an immense quantity of cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland.

When Donald Roy made application to young Raasay, he was mortified by the information, that old Raasay had left his hiding place upon the island, and gone to Knoydart, a part of Glengary's estate, upon the Mainland. The young gentleman, however, though he had been reserved from the insurrection for the purpose of saving the estate, was as well affected to the Chevalier as either his father or his younger brothers, who led out the clan, and instantly proposed to conduct the wanderer to Raasay, where he could at least remain concealed till the old gentleman's advice might be obtained for further procedure. Donald approved of the plan; but the difficulty was, how to get a boat. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Raasay boats had been destroyed or carried off by the military, except two, belonging to Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of young Raasay, which he had somewhere concealed.

There was at that time in the same house with young Raasay, a younger brother, named Murdoch MacLeod, who had been wounded at the battle of Culloden, and was here slowly recovering. Murdoch, being informed of the business in hand, said he would once more risk his life for Prince Charles; and, it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood, he, with his brother, and some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice. The gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed this to Raasay, where they hoped to find Malcolm MacLeod, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree and receive the wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Malcolm MacLeod, who was soon to act a conspicuous part in the deliverance of the prince, had been a captain in his service, and fought at the battle of Culloden. Being easily found by his cousins, he lost no time in producing one of his boats, which he succeeded in manning with two stout boatmen, named John MacKenzie and Donald MacFriar. Malcolm, being the oldest and most cautious man of the party, suggested that, as young Raasay was hitherto a clear man, he should not on the present occasion run any risk; but that he himself and Murdoch, who were already as black as they could be, should alone conduct the expedition. Young Raasay answered, with an oath, that he would go at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name, then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, and refused to move, till they should be informed of their destination. They were sworn to secrecy, and made acquainted with not only the extent of their voyage, but also its object; after which, they expressed the utmost eagerness to proceed.

The boat soon crossed the narrow sound which divides Raasay from Skye, and, being landed about half a mile from the harbour of Portree, Malcolm and MacFriar were despatched to look for Prince Charles, who had by this time advanced, with Kingsburgh and Miss Flora MacDonald, to the little inn at Portree. Donald Roy effected a meeting between the two parties; and it was resolved that Charles should immediately embark. Before leaving the inn to do so, Charles asked the landlord to have silver for a guinea; and, on it appearing that there was only thirteen shillings of silver to be found in all Portree, his royal highness was about to accept that sum in exchange for his gold; when Donald judiciously prevented him, on the plea that such an extraordinary symptom of indifference to money would point him out as a great man, and perhaps occasion his destruction. Nothing, therefore, now remained to be done in Skye, but to take leave of the two faithful friends to whom he had been so much indebted during his stay upon the island. Kingsburgh professed his resolution to accompany him to the boat, but it was thought proper that he should part with Miss Flora MacDonald at the inn. He could not, without much agitation, bid farewell to that young lady, whose whole conduct, during the three days of their acquaintance, had been marked with so much heroism and generous affection, and who, indeed, must have not only made the strongest impression upon his heart, but exalted his opinion of her sex, and of human nature. He embraced her in the tenderest manner, thanked her for her extraordinary

services, and concluded by presenting to her a miniature of himself, which he desired that she would ever keep for his sake.

He was then conducted towards the boat, in which young Raasay and his brother were at this time waiting with the greatest anxiety. Before going on board, he turned to take leave of his remaining friend, the generous Kingsburgh. He threw his arms round the neck of this excellent old gentleman, thanked him warmly for his valuable services, and, reminding him of the pleasantry about the shoes, expressed a hope that they should yet meet to drink a festive cup in the palace of the Kings of England. Tears fell from the eyes of both, as they closed in a parting embrace; and the prince was so much affected, that his nose gushed with blood. Kingsburgh expressed alarm at so singular a mark of sensibility, but Charles assured him it never failed to happen when he parted with dear friends. In expressing his thanks to the old gentleman, he said that he only wished he could have a MacDonald to go through with him all the way; it being impossible for him to find greater kindness, or more fidelity, among any other clan in the wide world.

When he entered the boat, and the names of all the individuals composing the crew, including young Raasay, were announced to him, he would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals. It was evening when Charles left Portree; a haven which derives its name from having been touched at by King James the Fifth, during his celebrated tour through the Western Isles; and it may be supposed that the contrast between his great great great grandfather's pomp on that occasion, and his own present humble state, must have afforded the unfortunate prince matter for the most painful reflections. He slept a little on the passage to Raasay, and, after a voyage of ten miles, landed, about daybreak on the 1st of July, at a place called Glam. As almost all the houses in Raasay had been burnt by the soldiery, and as some were not eligible as places of concealment, it was not without difficulty that the prince was accommodated. A resolution was at length made, that the whole company should lodge in a little hovel which some shepherds had lately built, though it could afford them absolutely nothing but shelter from the open air. Bundles and beds of heath being strewed upon the ground, they sat down to a meal composed of provisions which had been sent along with the prince from Kingsburgh. It was observed, with delight, by the Highlanders, that Charles would not eat wheaten bread or drink brandy, so long as there remained any oat-bread or whisky, which he enraptured them by terming "his own country bread and drink."

Though there were no parties of military upon Raasay, and although all the inhabitants were well affected, it was thought proper by Charles's attendants to use the utmost caution. Watches were established upon the tops of all the neighbouring heights, and no one of the party appeared in public except young Raasay, who was, as already mentioned, a clear man. Donald Roy being stationed upon Skye, to give intelligence in case of any annoyance from that quarter, the Prince might have almost considered himself secure upon this wild and secluded island. Laying the wretchedness of his lodging out of the question, he might also be esteemed as by no means in the worst possible predicament as to living. Young Raasay was in the midst of his own flocks, and had only to use insidious means, to procure his royal highness, and the whole party, plenty of fresh provisions.

The prince's bed of state was here one made, in the primitive Highland fashion, of heather, with the stalks upright, and the bloom uppermost. He enjoyed long, but not unbroken slumbers; often starting, and giving unconscious expression to the feelings and imagery of his dreams. Malcolm MacLeod, who watched him on these occasions, informed Mr. Boswell, that his half suppressed exclamations were sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and occasionally in English; though the ingenious tourist could not help questioning Malcolm's ability to distinguish at least two of these tongues. One of his expressions in English was, "Oh God, poor Scotland!" his mind having probably been then engaged in lamenting the military tyranny, by which, in consequence of his unfortunate enterprise, a great part of the nation was then so bitterly agonised.

The only stranger, besides the prince, then known to be upon the island of Raasay, and of course the only person from whom they apprehended particular danger, was a man who had come about a fortnight before for the ostensible purpose of selling a roll of tobacco. The tobacco had been long sold, and yet the man wandered about, ap-

parently reluctant to quit the island. Nobody knew any thing about him, and he was suspected to be a spy.

One day, John MacKenzie came running down from the place where he had been watching, with the alarming intelligence that this mysterious individual was approaching the hut. The three gentlemen who attended the prince, young Raasay, Murdoch MacLeod and Malcolm, immediately held a council of war upon the subject, the result of which was, that the man should be put to death without ceremony. The mind of Charles shrunk with horror from a proposal, which, though involving no violation of humanity according to the ancient Highland code, seemed cruel in the extreme to a person who had been educated in a climate where life was held in greater estimation. Assuming a grave, and even severe countenance, he said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. In the midst of the debate, John MacKenzie the watchman, who sat at the door of the hut, said in Erse, "He must be shot:—you are the king: but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Charles, seeing his friends smile, asked what the man had said; which being reported to him in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation he was in, laughed loud and heartily. Fortunately, the unknown person walked past without perceiving that there were people in the hut. Malcolm MacLeod afterwards declared that had he stopped or come forward, they were resolved to despatch him; that he would have done so himself, although the victim had been his own brother! Douglas Graham, indeed, reports that young Raasay had his pistol ready cocked for the purpose.

After a residence of two days and a half upon the island of Raasay, informing his friends that he did not think it advisable ever to remain long in one place, and that he had hopes of finding a French ship at Skye, he desired to be conveyed back to that island. The whole party accordingly set sail, on the evening of the 3d of July, in the same open boat which had brought them over to Raasay. Before they had proceeded far, the wind began to blow hard, and to drive so much sea water into their vessel, that they begged to return, and wait a more favourable opportunity. But the prince insisted upon proceeding, in spite of every danger; exclaiming that Providence had not brought him through so many perilous chances to end his life in this simple manner at last. To encourage them, he sung a lively Erse song; being now pretty well acquainted with that language. They continued their voyage, notwithstanding the water came into the boat in such quantities, as to require the utmost exertions of Malcolm to keep it from sinking them. After a rough voyage of about fifteen miles, they landed safe, about eleven o'clock at night, at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock near Scorbreck in Trotternish, Isle of Skye. There being no convenient landing place, the party had to jump out into the surf, and haul the boat ashore; Charles, who was already drenched to the skin, and encumbered with a large great coat, was the third man to fling himself into the sea for this purpose.

After disembarking on this difficult and inhospitable coast, the only lodging which the party could find to sojourn in for all the fatigues and discomforts of their voyage, was a lonely cowhouse belonging to Mr. Nicholson of Scorbreck, a mansion about two miles distant. Here, without either fire to dry them, or food wherewith to satisfy their hunger, they passed a most wretched night. In the morning, young Raasay was despatched to see Donald Roy, and procure intelligence; and his younger brother was desired by the prince, with much earnestness, to take the boat, and keep it ready at a place about seven miles off, till he himself should come up, as he intended it should carry him upon a business of great consequence. He also presented the young gentleman with a case containing a silver spoon, knife and fork, which he desired him to keep till they next met. These orders were given in order to get rid of the two MacLeods; whom, according to his constant custom during his wanderings, he did not wish to apprise of his future motions, as he generally took care to conceal the place whence he had come from all the people into whose hands he successively intrusted himself. As soon as he was fairly left alone with Malcolm, he left the cottage, desiring that faithful retainer to follow him.

When they walked about a mile, Malcolm made bold to ask his royal highness where he intended to go. "Malcolm," answered the prince, impressively, "I commit myself entirely to you; carry me to MacKinnon's bounds in Skye;" meaning that portion of the island

which belonged to the Chief of MacKinnon, the only one of the three great proprietors of Skye who had been concerned in his late enterprise. Malcolm objected, that such a journey would be dangerous, on account of the soldiers who patrolled the island; but Charles answered, that there was nothing now to be done without danger. "You, Malcolm," he continued, "must now act the master, and I the man." Accordingly, taking the bag which contained his linen, and strapping it over his shoulders; and having changed his vest, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, for Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he desired his faithful companion to go in advance as a gentleman, while he trudged behind in the character of a humble gilly or servant. Malcolm acquiesced in the plan; and they set forward in this fashion towards MacKinnon's country, which was distant a long day's journey, and could only be reached from this point by traversing a very wild and mountainous tract.

Malcolm, though himself an excellent pedestrian, as most of his countrymen then were, used afterwards to own that, in this long and painful journey, he found himself far excelled by Prince Charles, whose rapidity of motion was such, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be restrained to his proper station in the rear. His royal highness informed Malcolm, that, trusting to his speed of foot, he felt little apprehension on the score of being chased by a party of English soldiers, provided he got out of musket-shot, though he owned he was not just so confident of escaping any of the Highland militia who might fall in with him. Malcolm asked him what they should do, if surprised before getting to the proper distance. "Fight, to be sure," was the prince's reply. "I think," rejoined Malcolm, "if there were no more than four of them, I would engage to manage two." "And I," added Charles, "would engage to do for the other two."

In walking over the mountains, they kept as much as possible out of sight of houses; but they occasionally met a few country people wandering about. On these occasions, Charles took care to display the demeanour of a servant; touching his bonnet when spoken to by his apparent master, and also when addressing him. Having asked Malcolm, if he thought he should be known in his present disguise, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder." "That," said Malcolm, "would discover you at once." "Then," said he, "I must be put into the greatest dishabille possible." He therefore put his wig into his pocket, tied a dirty napkin over his head, with his bonnet above it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, and took the buckles out of his shoes, making his friend fasten them with strings. Malcolm, saying that he still thought he might be recognised, he remarked, that "he had so odd a face, that he believed no man ever saw it but he would know it again." Malcolm's own remark on the circumstance (made in after life) went to the same effect, that "nothing could disguise the majestic mien and carriage of the true prince."

The only nourishment which the two pedestrians had during their long walk, was derived from a bottle of brandy carried by Malcolm, with the assistance of the wayside springs. This source of comfort becoming exhausted before the end of their journey, all except a single glass, the prince insisted that his companion should drink the same, protesting that he could better endure to wait it. When he had fairly drained the bottle, Malcolm hid it in the ground, where he afterwards found, and resumed possession of it in quiet times.

After a journey of more than thirty English miles, they arrived in the evening at Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in the country of MacKinnon, where they happened to meet two of that clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. The men stared at the prince for a little, and, soon recognising him, fairly lifted up their hands and wept. Malcolm immediately put them upon their guard, lest such an expression of sympathy, though honourable to them, should discover their prince to his enemies. He also swore them to secrecy upon his naked dirk, after the fashion of the Highlanders, and requested them to go away, without taking further notice of his royal highness. It is needless to say that they kept their word.

Being now near MacKinnon's house, Malcolm asked the prince if he wished to see the Laird. Charles answered that, with the highest respect for the worth and fidelity of MacKinnon, he did not think him the person precisely fitted for his present purpose; and he wished rather to be conducted to the house of some other gentleman. Malcolm then determined that he should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. John MacKinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the Mainland, where he wished to claim the assistance of MacDonald of Scot-

house. They accordingly proceeded to this house, which they reached at an early hour in the morning.

Leaving Charles at a little distance, till he should reconnoitre the premises, Malcolm entered the house himself, and saw his sister, who informed him that her husband had gone out, but was expected back every minute. He intended, he said, to spend a day or two in her house, provided there were no soldiers in the neighbourhood. She assured him he would be perfectly safe. Then he informed her that he had brought a brother-in-distress along with him, one Lewis Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff, whom he had engaged, from pity, as his servant, and who had unfortunately fallen sick during their journey. Mrs. MacKinnon, with all the hospitality of a Highlander, and all the benevolence of a woman, desired he might be instantly brought in and entertained.

Charles being immediately introduced, the lady of the house could not help observing, as he entered, "Poor man! I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to me of his appearance." She provided the two with a plentiful Highland breakfast, during which Charles sat at a respectful distance from the table with his bonnet off, partaking only of the inferior articles. Malcolm, moved by the prince's humility, requested him to draw near the table and eat along with him, as there was no company in the house. But Charles answered, he knew better what became a servant; and it was only after an earnest entreaty, that, making a profound bow, he at length permitted himself to take advantage of so kind an offer. When their meal was concluded, an old woman came in, with warm water, after the mode of ancient Highland hospitality, to wash Malcolm's feet. When she had done, that gentleman desired her also to wash those of the poor man who attended him. She refused; saying with much warmth, in the periphrastic language of the Gael, "Though I have washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" This woman was only a servant, but, with true Highland pride, she considered it a degradation to perform a menial office to a person of her own rank. Malcolm, however, by working on her feelings of pity, at length prevailed upon her to undertake the office as a matter of charity. Still, though complying, she had a certain degree of indignation at the service, and could not help treating Charles's legs a little more roughly than she had done those of her mistress's brother. She indeed rubbed so hard, that his royal highness at last made a violent remonstrance on the subject. He had been some time on his legs a good way up, in a bog which he had the misfortune to fall into; and on the old woman scrubbing the soft skin above his knees, he could not refrain from an exclamation expressive of pain. "Filthy fellow," said the beldame, who, like Pistol eating his leek, had sworn and washed, and washed and sworn, "it will set the like of you to take offence at any thing my father's daughter could do to you."

The two travellers afterwards went to sleep, while Mrs. MacKinnon took her station on the top of a neighbouring hill, to watch the approach of the least danger. Charles slept two hours, but Malcolm having suffered more from fatigue, continued in bed a good while longer. On rising, he was astonished to find his indefatigable companion dandling and singing to Mrs. MacKinnon's infant with an appearance of as much cheerfulness and alertness as if he had endured neither danger nor fatigue. The old woman sat near him, sullenly looking on. Malcolm could not help expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a sight, when the prince exclaimed with light gaiety, and half forgetting his assumed character, "Who knows but this little fellow may be a captain in my service yet." "Or you rather an old sergeant in his company," said the beldame, disgusted at once at the extravagant ambition implied by the "filthy fellow's" remark, and provoked at the slight promotion which it promised to her charges, for whom, like all other nurses, she of course thought no lot in life too good.

Malcolm, now hearing that his brother-in-law was approaching the house, went out to meet him, in order to sound his disposition in regard to Prince Charles. After the usual salutations, pointing to some ships of war which lay at a distance, he said, "What, MacKinnon, if the prince be on board one of those?" "God forbid," was MacKinnon's devout answer. Malcolm, then assured that he might be trusted, asked, "What if he were here, John? Do you think he would be safe?" "That he would," answered MacKinnon; "we should take care of him." "Then, John," said Malcolm, "he is in your house." MacKinnon, in a transport, was for running in immediately and paying his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, till he should compose himself, and be tutored to preserve his royal highness's incognito. When he was fairly instructed as to his behaviour, Malcolm

permitted him to enter; but no sooner had the warm-hearted Highlander set his eyes upon the unfortunate prince, than he burst into tears, and had to leave the room.

During the course of the day, a consultation being held as to the best means of transporting Charles to the Mainland, it was agreed that John MacKinnon should go to his chief and hire a boat for that purpose. He was enjoined to conceal the fact of the prince's being in his house from that old gentleman, and to pretend that the boat was intended for the use of his brother-in-law alone. He went accordingly; but the force of clanship proved too much for his discretion; and he disclosed the secret. The chief, delighted with the intelligence, at once got ready his own boat, and, with his lady, set out to pay his respects to the wanderer. On John returning to the house, and confessing what he had done, Charles felt somewhat uneasy, but resolved to make the best of the circumstances. He went out and received the old chief; and the whole party then partook of an entertainment of cold meat and wine, which Lady MacKinnon laid in a neighbouring cave upon the shore.

It was now determined that Charles should be conducted by the old laird and John MacKinnon to the Mainland, while Malcolm should remain in Skye, to interrupt or distract the pursuit which would probably be made after him. It was about eight o'clock at night, when the party repaired to the water's edge, where the boat was lying ready to sail. At that moment, two English men of war were in sight, apparently bearing towards them; and Malcolm, in high alarm, counselled the prince to delay his voyage till next morning, more especially as the wind was favourable to the enemy, which it would not be to his boat. Charles, however, would not listen to his suggestions; urging, with enthusiastic vehemence, the result of former good fortune, and that he felt confident the wind would change in his favour the moment that he required its good services. He then wrote a short note to Murdoch MacLeod, apologising for his non-appearance at the place he had appointed, and informing him, that he had now got safe off the island at another place. He next took out his purse, and desired Malcolm's acceptance of ten guineas, along with a silver stock-buckle. The generous Highlander positively refused to take the money, which he saw from the slenderness of the prince's purse could ill be spared; but Charles at length prevailed upon him to do so, asserting that he would not have need of it in the skulking life he was now leading, and at the same time expressing a confidence that he would get his own exchequer supplied on reaching the Mainland. "Malcolm," he then said, "let us smoke a pipe together before we part." A light was instantly procured from the flint of Malcolm's musket, and the two fond, though unequal companions, took a last parting smoke from "the cutty." When they had finished, Charles presented the stump which had done him so much good service, to Malcolm, as a sort of token of affectionate comradeship, desiring him to think of the giver whenever he should use it. Malcolm gratefully accepted the gift, which Charles could the better spare that he had got a newer and more commodious pipe at Mr. MacKinnon's house.

After a tender and long-protracted adieu, the prince went into the boat, which, with the chief and Mr. John MacKinnon, immediately put out to sea, under the management of a few stout rowers. The affectionate Malcolm sat down upon the side of a hill, partly to watch the proceedings of the two tenders, and partly that he might see his dearly beloved prince as long as distance and eye-sight would permit. He afterwards used to tell, with the true superstitious reverence of a stickler for the *jus divinum*, that, precisely as the prince predicted, he had not gone far out to sea, when the wind shifted in such a manner as to part him effectually from the inimical vessels; a fact by which he acknowledged himself to have been convinced of the truth of what his royal highness had only said in sport, or by way of a gay bravado—that Providence made a point of favouring him.

Malcolm returned home next day by the way of Kingsburgh; where he related the prince's late adventures to a grateful and admiring audience. He had to inform Lady Kingsburgh of one circumstance, which must have given her unqualified pleasure. During his travels with the prince, his royal highness had expressed a high sense of the value of her ladyship's present—the snuff-box already mentioned. He had asked the meaning of the device which adorned the lid, a pair of clasped hands, with the words "Rob Gib;" which Malcolm explained as emblematic of sincere friendship, and as alluding to a circumstance in which an ancestor of the prince was concerned. Rob Gib was the court-fool of Scotland in the reign of James the Fifth, and, with that sarcastic wit for which

some of his profession have been so remarkable, used to observe, that all the official courtiers served his majesty for selfish ends, except himself, who, for his part, had no other contract with the king than "stark love and kindness." The prince expressed himself an ardent admirer of the principle symbolised by the device, and declared he would endeavour to keep the box as long as he lived.

Malcolm, being asked his opinion of the prince, as one who had seen him in the extremes of both prosperous and adverse fortune, replied, that "he was the most cautious man he ever saw, not to be a coward, and the bravest, not to be rash." Amidst all the conflicting opinions regarding Charles's courage, this is perhaps the most satisfactory and nearest the truth which has been uttered, and, granting it to have been appropriate to his royal highness, he must be acknowledged to have possessed the character of a perfect soldier.

About ten days after he had parted with the prince, Malcolm was apprehended, put aboard a ship, and conveyed to London. Kingsburgh was also made prisoner, and conveyed first to Fort Augustus, and afterwards to Edinburgh Castle, where he lay a year and a day. The same party of soldiers (which had come to Skye in consequence of information forced from the boatmen on their return to South Uist) captured the gallant Flora MacDonald. All these three persons, at a time when the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland was not suspended, were detained a twelvemonth without trial, and then discharged without being asked any questions; a violation of the liberty of the subject which seems to have been passed over unnoticed, in the terror with which the recent bloody triumphs of government had inspired the people, or which was perhaps rather owing to the maxim then apparently paramount in the public mind of England, that all the natives of Scotland had forfeited their rights as British subjects, and were now slaves subjected to military law. On being discharged from jail, Miss MacDonald was provided with a post-chaise, to convey her back to Scotland, by a Jacobite lady of quality resident in London; and, being desired to choose a person who might accompany her, named her fellow-sufferer, Malcolm. "And so," Malcolm used afterwards to observe, triumphantly; "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a brow post-chaise with Miss Flora MacDonald!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—MAINLAND.

"The muir cock that crows o'er the brow of Ben-Connal,
He ken's o' his bed in a sweet mossy ham;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clanranald,
Unaw'd and undunted, his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;
The corncock roost on his rock of the sea;
But, oh! there is nae whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha, nor haue in the country hae he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and me."
Flora MacDonald's Lament.

Charles, after having spent upwards of two months in the isles, was now returning to the Mainland, where dangers as great awaited him. The country opposite Skye, upon which he intended to land, was that wild district where he had first reared the standard of his enterprise, and whose population was so entirely and so zealously devoted to him. In every respect it was well calculated to afford him shelter, except that it was in a great measure laid waste, and that the soldiery had subjected it to a peculiarly sharp system of surveillance. Hunted, however, as he had been, out of the Hebrides, and relying upon the fidelity of the people, which he had previously experienced on so many different occasions, he hesitated not to throw himself once more upon its protection. It eventually appeared that he could not have adopted a wiser course.

This district, as already mentioned, is indented in a remarkable manner by lochs or arms of the sea, which, stretching into the land from ten to twenty miles, form a series of mountainous promontories, from five to ten miles in length. For want of a better illustration, it may be compared to the fingers of the hand, stretched out and separated. Let the reader place his hand in this manner on a table, and, imagining the spaces betwixt his fingers to represent the sea, while the digits themselves rise eminently up like the hills between, he will have a tolerably good idea of the territory. Let him further conceive the space between his thumb and fore-finger to be Loch Houru, that betwixt his fore and third finger to be Loch Nevish, and that betwixt his mid and fourth to be Loch Morer, and that betwixt the fourth and the fifth to be Lochnanouagh, while the exterior of that digit represents Loch Sheil; and he will be better able to understand the

nature of the dangerous circumstances in which Prince Charles was soon to be involved.

After a rough night voyage of thirty miles, during which they passed and were hailed by a boat containing armed militia, but which could not stop to inspect their company on account of the storm, Charles landed safe, with the boat's crew, about four in the morning of July 5th, at a place called Little Mallag, on the south side of Loch Nevish. Here the whole party slept three nights in the open fields. The old laird and one of the boatmen at length went in search of a cave for a lodging, and Charles, along with John MacKinnon and the other three men, took to the boat, and rowed up the Loch. In doubling a point, they had the misfortune to be espied and pursued by a boat's party of militia. In the chase which ensued, Charles was mainly indebted for his preservation to the zeal of his honest friend, MacKinnon, who, by voice and example, so animated the rowers, that they speedily outstripped the enemy. When they had got to some distance, and escaped observation by doubling another point, the boat was put to shore, and Charles, with John and one other companion, nimbly ascended the hill, while the rest remained to treat with the pursuers in case of being followed to their landing-place. On arriving at the summit of the hill, they had the satisfaction to see the boat which occasioned the alarm, returning from its fruitless pursuit.

The prince slept three hours on this eminence, and then returning to the boat, was rowed first across the loch to a little island near the seat of MacDonald of Scotchhouse, and afterwards back to Mallag, where he rejoined the old laird. The whole party then set out for the seat of MacDonald of Morer, which was situated at the distance of seven or eight miles across the promontory, betwixt Loch Nevish and Loch Morer. This journey, according to the familiar but not unapt illustration of the spread hand, was simply a movement across the terminating joint of the mid finger. Passing a shieling, in the course of the journey, and being espied by some people, the prince, apprehensive of recognition, desired John MacKinnon to fold his plaid for him in the correct Highland fashion, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it. Then, tying a handkerchief about his head, and assuming a menial air, he declared himself once more a servant. At this shieling the party was refreshed by a draught of milk from the hand of a grandson of MacDonald of Scotchhouse. Pursuing their journey, they came to another shieling, where they procured a guide to conduct them to Morer House, the object of their journey. On arriving there, the house was found to be burnt, and its master reduced to the necessity of living in a bothy or hut hard by. Nevertheless, Morer, who had been an officer in the prince's army, received his guests with all the kindness of a loyal-hearted Highlander, and, when he had given them such entertainment as his situation would permit, conducted them to a cave, where they might be assured of concealment. Here they slept ten hours, during which their kind landlord went in quest of young Clanranald, whom, however, he did not find. At his return, Charles expressed a resolution to part with the venerable Laird of MacKinnon, whose health and strength were inadequate to the fatigues of the journey, and to go with only John MacKinnon to Borodale, where he conceived himself sure of good entertainment. Morer having added his son, a boy, to the party, and provided a guide, Charles left the cave in the evening, crossed Loch Morer into Arasaig, and reached Borodale early in the morning.

The reader must now conceive Charles to have crossed over another finger, and to be established, as it were, on the lower or south side of the external joint of the third from the thumb. He must also now suppose the roots of the fingers to be all closed up, and traversed by a line of soldiers, so as to complete the insulation of the promontories, and enclose the unhappy wanderer within a circle of danger, from which it seemed impossible that he should escape alive. In more plain language, intelligence of his arrival at Loch Nevish having by this time reached the royal army, and they being assured that he must be skulking upon one or other of the promontories parallel with that arm of the sea, they had drawn a strong and well appointed chain of posts betwixt the head of Loch Houru and the head of Loch Sheil, certain of either capturing him in an attempt to pass through them, or driving him again back to sea, where he was equally liable to be taken up by the British cruisers. This chain consisted of single sentinels, planted within sight of each other. By day, these men were perpetually on the look-out for travellers, none of whom were permitted to pass without examination; and, by night, large fires being lighted at all the posts, they crossed continually from one to another,

so as to leave no piece of ground within a space of twenty miles for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited. This system has an appearance of such excessive vigilance, that, at first sight, wonder is excited how the prince should have been able to baffle it. Yet it had one fault; and by taking advantage of it, an escape was achieved. The sentinels, it will be observed, crossed each other at the points exactly between the fires, each man going forward to his comrade's fire, and then returning to his own. Of course, after passing each other, their backs were mutually turned towards each other, and the space between them for a certain time left unobserved.

Charles, on being brought to Borodale, found the master of that house residing, like Morer, in a bothy, near the blackened ruins of his mansion. John MacKinnon, in handing the prince over to Borodale, said expressively, "I have done my duty, do you yours." "I am glad of the opportunity," was Borodale's answer, "and shall not fail to take care of his royal highness." John then returned home, and was captured just as he landed at his own house in Skye. Being conveyed to Kilvory, along with two of his rowers, who were taken with him, he was there examined, or rather required to disclose the place of the prince's concealment. On his refusing to do this, one of the men was seized, stripped naked, tied to a tree, and scourged with a cat-o'-nine-tails, till the blood gushed out of both his sides, in order to make him confess; and MacKinnon himself was threatened with similar treatment. However, he resisted all the cruel importunities of his captors, who were at length obliged to send him on board a transport, which conveyed him to London, where he remained in confinement till July 1747.

From Borodale Charles despatched one of his host's sons for MacDonald of Glenaladale, a gentleman of the Clanranald sept, who had accompanied him in his expedition as the major of that regiment. Soon after, learning that his aged friend, the Laird of MacKinnon, had been taken in his neighbourhood, he thought it necessary to shift his quarters; and accordingly, Borodale conducted him to a cave four miles to the eastward, which, being almost inaccessible, and known only to a few persons in the country, seemed to promise the most effectual possible concealment. He was accompanied to this place by Borodale and his son Ronald, who had been a lieutenant in Clanranald's own company.

Glenaladale, receiving the Prince's letter from the hands of its youthful bearer, on the 20th of July, lost no time in obeying its behest. Borodale next day received a letter from a gentleman of the district of Morer, his son-in-law, informing him that the fact of the prince's concealment on his lands was beginning to be whispered about, and representing that, as it would evidently be dangerous for him to remain any longer where he was, the writer of the letter had prepared a more eligible place of concealment in Morer, to which his royal highness ought immediately to repair. Ronald MacDonald was sent to reconnoitre this place, the prince resolving to remain where he was till assured by that young gentleman of its superiority to his present hiding-place. Next day, however, an alarm arising that a tender was hovering upon or approaching the coast, his royal highness thought proper to anticipate the report of his new quarter-master, by leaving the cave, and setting out towards Morer. Accompanied by Glenaladale, Borodale, and John, the younger son of the latter, he travelled till he came to a place called Corriebeine Cabir, where he was met by Borodale's son-in-law, who told him that Clanranald had come to a place not many miles off, in order to conduct his royal highness to a safe place, which he had prepared for that purpose. Charles was extremely anxious to throw himself upon the protection of this kind and faithful adherent; but the lateness of the evening, and his comparative proximity to the place prepared for him in Glen Morer, determined him to prefer that lodging for the night. Accordingly, he proceeded on his original route, intending to effect a junction with Clanranald next day.

Borodale, who had gone on before as an advanced guard, learning through the course of the night that General Campbell, with several men of war and a considerable body of troops, had anchored in Loch Nevis, while Captain Scot had brought another party into the lower part of Arisaig, waited upon the prince next morning (the 23d) with that alarming intelligence, which obliged him to decamp immediately, without attempting to join Clanranald. Being now completely surrounded with his enemies, and they being aware that they had environed him, it was necessary that he should take the most cautious measures. Leaving Borodale and another of his train behind, and only accompanied by Glenaladale

and other two MacDonalds, so that the party might be as little conspicuous as possible, he set out early in the forenoon, and by mid-day reached the top of a hill called Scoorveig, at the eastern extremity of Arisaig, where he stopped to take some refreshment, while one of his attendants (John MacDonald, brother to Glenaladale), went to Glenfinnin for intelligence, and to appoint two men stationed there to join the prince that evening on the top of a hill called Sworninck Corrichan, above Locharkaig, in Lochiel's country. The prince soon afterwards set out, with his two remaining friends, and about two o'clock came to the top of a hill called Frughvain. Here observing some men driving cattle, Glenaladale walked forward to enquire the reason, and soon after returned with intelligence that they were his tenants flying before the approach of a strong body of troops, who had come to the head of Locharkaig, to prevent the prince from escaping in that direction. It was of course impossible to pursue that route, and the wanderers immediately despatched a messenger to Glenfinnin, which was only about a mile off, to recall Glenaladale's brother and the two men who were to have gone to Locharkaig. Glenaladale likewise sent a man to a neighbouring hill, for Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had removed hither with his effects on the approach of the soldiers, and from his acquaintance with the country, promised to be an excellent guide. While they waited the return of these messengers, one of the tenants' wives, pitying the condition of her landlord, came up the hill with some new milk, for his refreshment. The prince, perceiving her approach, covered his head with a handkerchief, and assumed the appearance of a servant who had got a headache. The day was excessively warm, and the milk, of course, grateful to the palate of a way-worn traveller; but Glenaladale used afterwards to confess, that he could as well have spared the officious kindness of the good woman. It was with some difficulty, moreover, that he could get her dismissed without the pail in which she had brought the milk, so as to enable him with safety to give the prince a share more suitable to his real than his supposed rank.

The messenger who had been sent to Glenfinnin soon after returned, without having found Glenaladale's brother or the two men, (they having run off towards the place where they expected to find the party,) but brought intelligence that an hundred of the Argyll militia were approaching the very hill on which the prince was stationed. On this alarming news, the terrified party dislodged without waiting for Glenpean, and set forward on their perilous journey. About eleven at night, as they were passing through a hollow way between two hills, they observed a man coming down one of the hills towards them; upon which Charles and young MacDonald stepped aside, while Glenaladale advanced to discover whether he was friend or foe. This person turned out to be the very man they were most anxious to see, Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had made all haste to overtake them after receiving their message. Glenaladale immediately brought him to the prince, who had lodged one night in his house soon after the battle of Culloden, and to whom he now recounted all he knew regarding the position of the king's troops. Then assuming the character of their guide, he set forward with them through a road so wild and rugged as to be almost impervious even in daylight.

Travelling all night with untiring diligence, they arrived next morning (July 24th,) at the top of a hill in the Braes of Locharkaig called Mamnyn-Callum, from whence they could perceive their enemy's camp, distant about a mile. Cameron knew that this hill had been searched the day before, and, therefore, conjecturing that it would not be again searched that day, counselled that they should take up their abode there till the evening, and endeavour in the meantime to procure the refreshment of sleep. They reposed for two hours, after which the whole party except the prince got up to keep sentry. They had not been long awake when they were alarmed by the appearance of a man at a little distance. Cameron, on account of his acquaintance with the country and its people, was selected to approach and accost this person, who, to the great joy of the whole party, turned out to be no other than Glenaladale's brother. This gentleman had no sooner discovered, on the preceding day, that the prince did not keep his appointment, than he began to wander in a state of extreme alarm through the country, in search of either of his royal highness, or of intelligence regarding his fate. The same apprehensions which he had entertained regarding the party, they had entertained regarding him; and it was now with sensations of the utmost pleasure that these unfortunate gen-

lemen mutually congratulated each other upon a meeting which they had so little reason to expect.

Charles remained, with his trusty little band, upon the hill Mamnyn-Callum, all that day, without experiencing any disturbance from the soldiers. They set out about nine in the evening towards the south, and at one in the morning (July 25th,) came to Corrinangaul, on the confines of Knoidart and Locharkaig. Here Cameron hoped to fall in with, and procure provisions from, some of the people who had fled before the face of the encroaching soldiery. The party had been but poorly fed during their harassing and perilous march, and they now possessed only a little butter and some oatmeal, which they could not prepare for want of fire.

For two days the prince had now been skirting along the interior of that chain of sentries, which has been described as extending from Loch Houra to Loch Sheil. In his dreary and stealthy night journeys, he could distinctly see the fires which marked the posts of the enemy, and even hear the stated cries of the sentinels, as they slowly crossed backwards and forwards. These fires were placed at brief intervals, and every quarter of an hour, a patrolling party passed along to see that the sentinels were upon the alert. It seemed scarcely possible that this forlorn little party should evade or break from a toil whose meshes were at once so strong and so closely set. Yet the want of provisions, and the fear of being soon inextricably environed, rendered it unavoidably necessary that they should make the attempt, though it were only to anticipate their fate.

This desperate enterprise being fixed for the succeeding night, Glenaladale and Glenpean ventured down to some shielings, in search of provisions, while the prince and the other two MacDonalds remained upon the hill. The shielings were found to have been abandoned, and the two commissaries returned without their errand. It was then judged safe to shift from their present situation to a secret place upon the brow of a hill, at the head of Lochnaigh, which was about a mile from the position of the troops, and where they might expect to spend the intervening day in greater security. Here they slept for some time. After awaking, Glenpean and Glenaladale's brother were sent off to the hill above them, in quest of food, while Glenaladale and the younger MacDonald watched over the prince, who still remained asleep. The commissaries did not return till the afternoon, when two small cheeses proved all that they had been able to procure throughout the country. This was very dry food; and, as they did not know when they might get more, they were obliged to use it very sparingly. To increase the mortification of the unhappy prince, the commissaries reported that a troop of a hundred men were coming up the opposite side of the hill, in search of the fugitive country people, and that they possibly might light upon their place of concealment.

Under these distressing circumstances, it was his royal highness's wisest, or rather his only policy, to remain as closely concealed as possible. Notwithstanding, therefore, that the soldiers searched very narrowly, and all round him, he kept perfectly close, with his company, till eight in the evening, when, the search being done, they set out at a quick pace towards the steep hill called Drumachosi. On reaching the top of this eminence, they discerned the fires of a camp directly in their front, which they thought they could scarcely shun. Resolved, however, to make the attempt at all hazards, they approached the dreaded object till they could actually hear the soldiers talking to each other. Then creeping up the next hill, they spied the fires of another camp, which also seemed to lie directly in their path. Here they at last determined to make the attempt.

Cameron, at this juncture, with the true generosity of a Highlander, proposed to go forward himself, and, as it were, prove the possibility of escape, before permitting the prince to hazard his more precious person. "If I get safe through," he remarked, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to conduct you." Be it remarked, he made this courageous proposal in the face of an owner which, though ridiculous enough, was perhaps sufficient to have unmanned a person who, with equal superstition, had not so noble or so exciting a cause to brace his nerves. He began to complain that his nose was itchy—a clear sign, he averred, that they had great dangers to go through. Charles, notwithstanding his perilous circumstances, could not help laughing at his fantastic alarm, though he must have been, at the same time, deeply impressed with admiration of the devotedness and real bravery of the Highlander.

Glenpean having put the passage to the proof, and, to the great joy of the company, returned in safety, the

whole set forward, headed by him as guide. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the brilliancy of the fires was beginning to fade before the advancing lights of day. Betwixt the two posts which they intended to cross, there was a small mountain-stream, whose winter torrents had, in the course of ages, worn a deep channel among the rocks. Up this deep and narrow defile, at the moment when the sentinels were returning to the fires, and had their backs turned towards the place, the party crept, upon all fours, with the stealthy caution and quiet of a party of Indian savages. A few minutes sufficed to carry them to a place where they were completely screened from the observation of the enemy.

Having thus escaped from one of the greatest dangers which had yet environed him, Charles, whose spirits always displayed the elasticity characteristic of his country, gaily addressed Glenelg with an enquiry after the welfare of his nose. The good gentleman confessed it was a great deal better since they had passed the sentries, but that it was still "a wee yeuky." The prince accepted the reservation as a hint that they were not yet altogether out of danger.

After walking about two miles, they came to a place on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch Hour, where, finding what they considered a well-concealed spot, they called a halt and partook of some refreshments. As already mentioned, the commissariat was in a truly miserable state. Animal spirits, however, compensated every privation to Charles. Cutting a slice of cheese, which he covered with oatmeal, and seasoning that dry fare with a drink from the neighbouring spring, he contentedly stretched the form upon the cold ground, whose home, in the words of the old song, "should have been a palace." He passed the whole of the succeeding day in this place, without any improvement in his food.

It was now resolved, as the West Highlands had become so unsafe a place of residence, to repair northwards to a portion of the Mackenzies' country, which, on account of the loyalty of the inhabitants, had not been subjected to a military police. They decamped for this purpose about eight o'clock at night, when, to their indistinguishable alarm, they discovered that they had spent the day within cannon-shot of two of the enemy's posts, and that at this moment a company of soldiers were employed in their immediate neighbourhood in driving some sheep into a hut for slaughter. This, however, only hastened their march; and about three o'clock in the morning (July 27th,) they reached Glenshiel, a wild vale in the estate of the Earl of Seaforth. The little provision they had had, being now entirely exhausted, Glenaladale and Lieutenant MacDonald (Borodale's son,) were sent out upon the commissariat department, while Charles remained behind, with Cameron and the elder Lieutenant MacDonald, Glenaladale's brother. While Glenaladale was enquiring among some country people about a guide to conduct them to Pollew, where he learned that some French vessels had lately been seen, a Glengary man came running up, having been chased by soldiers out of his own country, where they had killed his father the day before. Glenaladale knew this man at first sight, and being aware that he had served in the prince's army, and was a man of honour, resolved to keep him in reserve as a guide to Glengary's country, in case he should not succeed in his present quest. Having then furnished himself with some provisions, he returned to the prince; and as soon as they had refreshed themselves, the whole party retired to a secure place on the face of an adjacent hill, in order to sleep. Getting up about four in the afternoon, they dismissed their faithful guide, Cameron, who could no longer be of any service. Soon after, Glenaladale, observing the Glengary fugitive passing in his way back to his own country, slipped out of his den, and, without disclosing his purpose, used arguments with the man to induce him to remain in a by place till such times as he could be sure of a guide to Pollew. He then returned to the prince, who approved of his precaution. About seven o'clock, the man whom he had employed to procure a guide to Pollew, brought intelligence, that the only French vessel which had been there was gone, and that a guide could not have been procured, even though that had not been the case. Glenaladale immediately dismissed the messenger, and brought this intelligence to the prince, whose course it was now resolved to change in the way proposed. Accordingly, the Glengary man being introduced to his royal highness, and having undertaken the high office, the whole party set out late at night towards the south, designing to form a junction, if possible, with Lochiel and some other chiefs, who, it was understood, still remained secure even in the vicinity of the enemy's forts.

Charles experienced at this juncture one of those providential deliverances, which induced so many of his adherents to believe that his life was under the immediate and constant care of Heaven, and which may at least be allowed to render the narrative of his wanderings one of the most remarkable ever penned. Before proceeding very far on this night's journey, Glenaladale, clapping his hand upon his side, declared he had lost his purse. As this contained forty guineas, which the prince had confided to him for the purchase of provisions, and which was the sole stock of the company, Glenaladale was extremely perplexed at the loss, and proposed to return to the place from whence they had just set out, in order to search for it. Charles opposed this measure, and used many entreaties to prevent it; but Glenaladale insisted upon the necessity of recovering a commodity so indispensable to them, and accordingly went back along with the younger lieutenant, while the prince, with Glenaladale's brother and the guide, remained behind to await their return. While Glenaladale was absent, Charles spied an officer and two private soldiers advancing under arms along the path which they had just left. Trembling with joy at so signal a deliverance, he and his friends retired behind a rock, where they could see the motions of the soldiers, without being seen by them. The men passed by, unconscious of the prize which had so nearly fallen into their hands. Though rejoicing in their own preservation, Charles and his two companions remained in a state of great anxiety for the safety of Glenaladale and his companion, who might chance to meet the enemy in their turn. On coming to their last resting place, these two gentlemen found the purse, but, upon opening it, discovered, to their mortification, that the gold was gone. "Reflecting," continues Glenaladale's Journal, "that it might have been taken away by a little boy whom their landlord had sent with a present of milk to Glenaladale, and whom they had left at the place where the purse was forgotten, they went back a mile farther to their landlord's house, whose name was Gilchrist MacRath, and through his means got the boy to restore all back, which he did to a trifle." Fortunately, in returning to the prince, they took a different route, and thus escaped the little party of soldiers, who must otherwise have met them. When the company was thus once more reunited in safety, they could not help returning thanks to Providence, which had first provided them with a good guide, and then ordered an accident which saved all their lives. Charles was now so thoroughly impressed with a belief of his immunity from danger, that he said he believed he "should not be taken though he had a mind to it."

They travelled all the remainder of the night, till they came to a hill side above Stratheluanie, where, choosing a secret place, they rested till three o'clock in the succeeding afternoon, (July 28.) Then setting out again, they had not walked above a mile along the hill side, till their feelings were agonised by hearing several shots fired on the top of the hill, which they rightly judged to be occasioned by the soldiers chasing and murdering the poor people who had fled thither with their cattle! They now steered their course northward, and late at night reached the top of a high hill betwixt the Braes of Glenmorriston and Strathglass, where they lodged all night, the prince reposing in an open cave, so narrow as not to permit him to stretch himself. This was one of the most uncomfortable nights Charles had ever spent. The rain had fallen heavily and incessantly, during the whole of the preceding day, and he was of course wet to the skin. There was no possibility of a fire to dry him. Without food, and deprived of sleep by the narrowness and hardness of his bed, the only comfort he could obtain was the miserable one of smoking a pipe. Thus was the man, whose birth, according to the general laws of nations, entitled him to the possession of a throne and a palace—who, indeed, according to the feudal system, upon which the country was originally constituted, had just as unalienable a right to its sovereignty as any landed proprietor within its bounds had to his peculiar inheritance—reduced to be, in all probability, the most wretched and destitute person who that night rested within the four seas of Britain.

Charles next morning reached the retreat which had been pointed out to him upon the hill of Corambiam, after having been for eight and forty hours without food. Seven men occupied this place, being neither more nor less than robbers. They had no house or hut to reside in, but sheltered themselves in a rocky cave upon the side of a hill, from whence they sallied occasionally to provide themselves with necessaries. Such men as these were common at that time in the Highlands, and for some years afterwards, being generally persons who

had been proscribed for their concern in the insurrection, and who had therefore no other means of livelihood than by depredation. It affords a lively proof of the desperation of Charles's circumstances, that he should have been compelled to trust his life to men of such disorderly habits.

On approaching their den, Glenaladale and the guide went forward, leaving Charles and the other two MacDonalds. Six out of the seven men were present, and having killed a sheep that day, were just sitting down to dinner. Glenaladale said he was glad to see them so well provided, and they gave him a hearty welcome to share in their good cheer. Glenaladale said he had a friend with him, for whom he must ask the same favour. They enquired who this friend was, and he answered that it was his chief, young Clanranald. Nobody, they said, could be more welcome to them than young Clanranald, for whom they were willing to purchase food at the point of their swords. Glenaladale, assured of their fidelity, then went back for Charles, who immediately drew near. No sooner did they see the unfortunate prince, than they recognised him under his disguise, and fell down on their knees to do him homage. On being introduced to their cave, he lost no time in satisfying his hunger, which had by this time become almost intolerable.

The condition in which Charles was at this period, has been commemorated by Mr. Home, from the report of Hugh Chisholm, one of the robbers, who was in Edinburgh a good many years afterwards. Upon his head he had a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet. His neck was cinched by a dirty clotted handkerchief. His coat was of coarse dark coloured cloth; his vest of Stirling tartan, much worn. A belted plaid was his best garment. He had tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he had not another, was of the colour of saffron. His good landlords soon provided him with a change of attire. Learning that a detachment of the king's troops, commanded by Lord George Sackville, was ordered from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, and knowing that they must pass at no great distance from their habitation, they lay in wait for it, at a part of the road suitable for their purpose, permitted the soldiers to pass and get out of sight, and then, attacking the servants with the baggage, seized some portmanteaus, in which they found every thing which the prince required.

Charles remained in his cave three days, when they thought proper (August 2d,) to remove to another about two miles off. He remained altogether about three weeks in the company of these men, during which they made several movements, but none of material importance. They sometimes went to Fort Augustus, which was never many miles from their place of residence, and, procuring what intelligence they could among the inhabitants, occasionally brought the newspapers of the day for Charles's perusal. About this time a circumstance occurred which tended to slacken the search which had hitherto been made for his royal highness. A young gentleman of Edinburgh, by name Roderick MacKenzie, who had been engaged in the prince's service, was skulking in the Braes of Glenmorriston, when he was surprised by a party of soldiers. Being a tall genteel youth, and somewhat resembling the prince in features, he might have passed for that personage with people not accustomed to see them together. He endeavoured to make his escape; but, being defeated in the attempt, he assumed a noble and undaunted air, and met his fate with the exclamation, "You have killed your prince!" The soldiers, overjoyed at their good fortune, and convinced that this was the object of their search, cut off his head, and brought it to Fort Augustus. Being there shown to various persons who had seen Charles, it was universally affirmed to be the head for which so much money had been offered. The Duke of Cumberland is said to have then set off to London, with the ghastly but valuable object stowed in his chaise; certain that he had at length accomplished the great object of his campaign, and extinguished for ever the most formidable rival of his family. It was not till he reached London, that the head was proved to be supposititious. By that time, many of the troops had been withdrawn from the Highlands, and Charles was in a great measure safe from those that remained.

On the 18th of August, Charles despatched Peter Grant, the most active of his seven attendants, from Glenmorriston where he then was, to Lochaber, with a message to any of the gentlemen of the name of Cameron whom he might meet, informing them that he wished to put himself under their protection. Grant went to Lochaber, and found Cameron of Clunes, who agreed to meet his royal

highness on a particular day at a place near the head of Glencoch, where he had a little hut in a secret place for his own security. Charles set out with all his attendants, in number amounting to ten, on a very stormy night, and travelling along the tops of the mountains, reached Drumadial, a high mountain on the side of Loch Lochie which commands an extensive view of the country. There they rested all day, and Grant was despatched again, to see if Clunes had come to the place appointed. Charles and his attendants remained upon the hill, and as they had no provisions, and durst not stir to search for any, they were in great distress for want of food. Grant at length returned, with intelligence that Clunes not having found Charles at the time appointed, had gone away. In his return he had shot a buck, and secured it in a concealed place. At night they all set out for the place where the buck lay hid, and made a delicious meal of it, without bread or salt. Next morning, having despatched another messenger to search for Clunes, that gentleman came with his three sons. The faithful robbers then committed his royal highness to the care of his new protectors, and took their leave of him, all except Hugh Chisholm and Peter Grant, who remained with him some time longer.

Charles was now informed by Clunes, that all the ferries of the rivers and lakes were so strictly guarded, that it was impossible for him at present to reach the countries of Rannoch and Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were: and that it was absolutely necessary he should remain where he was, till the vigilance of the guards abated. Clunes had a hut in a wood hard by, at the bottom of Locharkaig, to which he conducted the prince. Charles and Clunes skulked securely about this place for several days. When the weather was rough, and there were no troops apparent in the neighbourhood, they lodged in the hut; when otherwise, they remained upon the hill.

About this period, Lochiel and Cluny, who had hitherto remained concealed in the country south of the Chain, judging that the prince must be north of that tract of country, despatched MacDonald of Lochgary and Dr. Cameron (Lochiel's brother) to learn what they could concerning him. These messengers, well acquainted with the passes, made their way in safety to the north of the lakes, and very soon met Clunes, who told them he would conduct them to the object of their search.

Charles was at this moment sleeping on the hill, with one of Clunes's sons, while Peter Grant held watch. Grant happened to nod upon his post, and did not perceive the approaching party till they were very near. He instantly flew to awaken the sleepers. The party had a formidable appearance; for, besides Clunes, Lochgary, and Dr. Cameron, there were two servants; and at a little distance they looked like armed militia. Grant and young Cameron counselled an immediate flight to the top of the hill in the face of the enemy; but Charles resolved rather to keep close behind the loose stones amidst which they were skulking, and to fight the enemy in ambuscade. He represented that, in case of a flight, the militia would soon get within gun shot, and bring them down without resistance. "I am a good marksman," he said, "and can charge quick. I am therefore sure to do some execution." With Grant's assistance, he thought he might reduce the enemy to a level in point of numbers before coming to close quarters. Then he took out a brace of pistols which he had not previously shown, and expressed a hope to make these serviceable in the close struggle. Every thing considered, he hoped that they would repulse the advancing party, or at least die like brave men with arms in their hands. Grant acceded to a resolution so much in unison with his own dauntless spirit, and they had presented their muskets along the stones, and were almost on the point of firing, when fortunately the peculiar form of Clunes was distinguished in the party, which assured them they had nothing to fear.

Joy immediately took the place of desperation, and Charles could not help returning thanks to Heaven for having prevented him from destroying so many dear friends. His satisfaction was increased by receiving a message from his beloved friend Lochiel, for whose recovery, of which the doctor informed him, he thrice audibly thanked the Deity. At this period he has been described as wearing a shirt extremely soiled, an old black tartan coat, a plaid, and a philabeg. He was barefooted, and had a long beard. In his hand he carried a musket, and he had a dirk and pistol by his side. Notwithstanding the fatigues he had gone through, and though he had not enjoyed the luxury of a bed for several months, but had slept continually in the open air, he was both healthy and cheerful. His attendants had killed a

cow the day before, and were preparing a portion of it when Dr. Cameron approached. At dinner he ate very heartily of this fare, and enjoyed himself over the novel luxury of some bread, which had been procured for his use from Fort Augustus.

Charles now expressed a wish to cross the Chain and join Lochiel; but this measure was considered premature by his attendants, on account of a statement having recently appeared in the newspapers, that he had gone over Corryarrack with Lochiel and thirty men, which would undoubtedly occasion a vigilant search in those parts. He was advised to remain where he was, as in all probability the attention of the troops would be withdrawn from the north of the Chain, while it was directed with proportionate closeness to the south. In the mean time, Dr. Cameron ventured into Lochaber to procure intelligence, and Lochgary posted himself upon the isthmus, betwixt the east end of Loch Lochy and the west end of Loch Linnhe, to watch the motions of the troops. The prince, at the same time, despatched his faithful attendant Glenaladale, who had shared every privation with him for a month past, to await the arrival of the French vessels which he now expected at Loch-nanuah in Arisaig, and to apprise him of that event whenever it should take place.

A few days after this dispersion of his friends, while Charles was sleeping upon the mountain side, with his few remaining attendants, he was roused at eight o'clock in the morning by a child, who exclaimed she saw a body of red coats. Looking down into the vale, the prince accordingly saw a troop of soldiers demolishing the hut, and searching the adjacent woods. This occurred in consequence of information which had been communicated to Fort Augustus. The party, in great alarm, ascended the face of the mountain, along the deep channel of a winter torrent, which prevented them from being seen. They then travelled to another hill called Mullantagart, which is prodigiously steep, high, and craggy. On the top of that eminence they remained all day without a morsel of food. In the evening, one of Clunes's sons came, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place in the hills somewhat distant, with provisions. Charles set out for this spot, which was only to be reached by the most inaccessible paths. Toiling along amongst rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs, they at length proposed to halt and rest all night. But Charles, though the most exhausted of all the party, insisted upon keeping their appointment with Clunes. After proceeding some way farther, Charles had to acknowledge himself utterly incapable of further exertion; when the generous Highlanders took hold of his arms and supported him along, though themselves tottering under the influence of this unparalleled fatigue. Almost perishing with hunger, and sinking under the dreadful exertions of the night, they at last reached their destination; where, to their great relief, they found Clunes and his son, with a cow which they had killed and partly dressed. Here they remained for a few days, till Lochgary and Dr. Cameron arrived with the welcome intelligence, that the passes were not now so strictly guarded, and that he might safely venture at least a stage nearer to Lochiel.

The prince now crossed Locharkaig, and was conducted to a fastness in the firwood of Auchnacary, belonging to Lochiel. Here he received a message from that chieftain and MacPherson of Cluny, informing him that they were in Badenoch, and that the latter gentleman would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends, he resolved not to wait for Cluny's coming, but to set out with such guides as he had. Accordingly, he decamped on the 28th of August, and, travelling all night, came next day to a place called Corineuir. He crossed the Chain or great Glen of Albyn in safety, and joined Lochiel at a place called Mallanauir, in that part of Badenoch which adjoins to the Braes of Rannoch.

Lochiel had resided in this part of the country for several months, accompanied by Cluny, the proprietor of the ground, and Dr. Stuart Thriepland, a gentleman of Perthshire. By this time he was almost recovered from the wounds received in his ankles at the battle of Culloden, but was still unable to walk without assistance. When Charles came to see him, he was residing in a miserable little hut, with MacPherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron, his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny. On seeing the prince approach with his party of four persons under arms, he had nearly fallen into the same mistake which Charles and Peter Grant had lately escaped so narrowly—he took them for a party of militia,

of whom he knew there was a troop stationed only four or five miles off. Under that apprehension, he had prepared his firearms, of which he possessed a considerable quantity, and was on the point of firing off a volley, when he recognised some of the persons composing the dreaded little band. On perceiving that the prince was among the number, he hobbled out as fast as he could to greet and welcome him. The meeting of these two friends is said to have been extremely affecting—so much did they love and admire each other, and so glad were they mutually to meet, after having been so long parted. Lochiel attempted to kneel before his beloved prince; but Charles, touching him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Oh no, my dear Lochiel; we do not know who may be looking at us from yonder hills; and, if they see any such motions, they will immediately conclude that I am here." Lochiel then conducted him into the hut, where he found a better larder than he had had any experience of ever since the battle of Culloden. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whiskey containing twenty Scots pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, plenty of butter and cheese, and a large well-cured bacon ham. The first thing he called for was a dram, which he drank to the health of all present. Some minced collops were then dressed for him with butter, in a large sauce pan which Lochiel and Cluny always carried about with them, and which was the only fire-vessel they had. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince," cried Charles, as he devoured the collops out of the pan with a silver spoon. He seemed quite elevated with the pleasures of the day—with meeting Lochiel, and finding food so superior to any he had lately eaten.

Two days after, Cluny, having gone to Auchnacary and found his royal highness gone, returned to Mallanauir. Upon his entering the hut, he would have knelt to Charles; but the prince prevented him, by taking him in his arms and kissing him. "I am sorry, Cluny," he said, "you and your regiment were not at the battle of Culloden; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day."

The day after Cluny arrived, thinking it time to remove from Mallanauir, he conducted the prince and his attendants to a little shieling termed Uiskichibra, which, though dreadfully snaky and uncomfortable, was more eligible in other respects as a place of concealment. Charles expressed no ill-humour at the desiguement of this miserable abode, in which they remained two days and nights. They then removed to a habitation the most remarkable in which Charles had yet been—a curious half-aerial house called the Cage, situated in the wild recesses of the great mountain of Benalder, and which seemed to promise the most effectual protection that could be desired.

Cluny's own description of "the Cage" has fortunately been preserved. "It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain called Letternelick, a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The house was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to knock a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, he raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and those trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were between the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or oval shape; and the whole thatched or covered over with fog-moss. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which inclined from the one end, all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage. By chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and the other firing bread and cooking."

Charles resided in this romantic retreat from the 2d till the 13th of September; and it was destined to be his last place of concealment in Scotland. Two French vessels, despatched on purpose to bring him off, early this month anchored in Lochnanuah; and Glenaladale, according to appointment, set off for the place where he had left the prince, to inform him of the joyful event. The good gentleman found Charles away, nor was Clunes at hand to give him notice of his new place of

retreat. Fortunately, as he was wandering about, a poor woman accidentally met him, and gave him a direction to Clunes's place of concealment. On finding that gentleman, a message was instantly despatched to Benaider; and Glenaladale then returned to Lochnaugh, to inform the ships' crews that Charles would be with them as soon as possible.

Charles, on receiving this delightful intelligence, immediately left the Cage, with Lochiel, Lochgary, John Roy Stuart, and several other friends; and, travelling only by night, reached Moidart upon the 19th. As care had been taken to inform as many brethren in distress as were within reach, of the opportunity of escape which now presented itself, a considerable company soon assembled upon the shore opposite to the vessels. Charles was destined, like the hare which returns after a hard chase to the original form from which it set out, to leave Scotland, where he had undergone so long and so deadly a chase, precisely at the point where he had first set his foot upon its territory. Under what different auspices did he first see the wild hills around Lochnaugh fourteen months before! He was then in the hey-day of hope—a kingdom lying open before him ready to be reaped by his sword—friends thronging around him with hopes as high as his own—and the country, by its tranquillity, apparently inviting him to proceed. Now, ragged and forlorn—his person shattered by the inclemencies of nature, and his mind agonised by the dejection of his fortunes—he stood amidst a troop of half-starved and half-naked fugitives, of whose misfortunes he was in one sense the cause—the country all round him teeming to his alarmed imagination with fiends thirsting for his life—and every thing seeming to inform him that the brilliant hopes he had so long entertained were now for ever extinguished. With a judicious affectation of resolution, he proclaimed to the friends whom he left, that he would soon be back from France, with a force which should set his pretensions at rest; he also hoped to fight yet one other glorious battle by the side of his brave Highlanders, and then to reward them for the valour, the fidelity, and the kindness, which they had so devotedly displayed in his behalf. But the wretchedness of his present appearance was strangely inconsistent with the magnificence of his professed hopes. The many noble spirits who had already perished in his behalf, and the unutterable misery which his enterprise had occasioned to a wide tract of country, returned to his remembrance, and, looking round him, he saw the tear starting into many a brave man's eye, as it cast a farewell look back upon the country which it was never again to behold. To have maintained a show of resolution, under circumstances so affecting, was impossible. He had drawn his sword in the energy of his harangue; but he now sheathed it, with a force which spoke his agitated feelings; he gazed a minute in silent agony, and finally burst into a flood of tears. Upwards of an hundred unfortunate gentlemen accompanied him on board; when the anchor being immediately raised, and the sails set, the last of the Stuarts was quickly borne away from the country of his fathers.

Thus did Charles end a series of adventures, such as few princes had ever encountered before him. His career was distinguished at first by extravagant daring and miraculous success. The sun of his fortune afterwards declined amidst a shower of blood. Then, a proscribed fugitive, with a price set upon his head, he spent five months in a state of perpetual alarm, enduring fatigues, hunger, and exposure to the elements, enough to have killed most men. The dangers which he escaped during that period were manifold. His preservation is in a great measure to be ascribed to his own sagacity and fortitude; but it could never have been achieved without the concurrence of the generous people amongst whom he was cast. The constancy displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion was beyond all praise. They showed that a rude state of society is not without its virtues, and that poverty can sometimes be incorruptible. Charles's life was intrusted to several hundred individuals, many of them in the lowest grade of humble life; and some of them even belonging to what modern civilization would term the vicious. Yet not one seems to have ever so much as entertained the idea of giving him up, but all endeavoured, to the utmost of their power, to further his escape, even at the risk of their own lives. The generosity of their behaviour is said to have recommended them, for the first time, to the respect of the English people; who saw from this, that unswerving principle, and pure and lofty feeling, might reside under the tartan and blue bonnet of Scotland, as well as beneath the silk and fine linen of the South.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS.

Tit. O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse this doom of death,
And let me say, who never wept before,
My tears have been prevailing orators.
Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Titus Andronicus.

Long before Charles's escape, a multitude of his followers, less fortunate than him, had met a cruel and bloody death upon the scaffolds of England. The vengeance of government, after their final victory, had been precisely apportioned to their previous panic and pusillanimity; and, in the emphatic language used by Johnson on the occasion, it was now necessary that statutes should reap the refuse of the sword. We are never so apt to commit an act of inhumanity as during the surprise and agitation which follows personal danger; and even the annoyance of a harmless fly will sometimes provoke us to an act at which, in cooler moments, we would shudder. On the same principle, the rulers of this time, though perhaps not naturally cruel, displayed a blood-thirstiness and immitigable desire of vengeance, which no doubt appeared justified by the occasion, but of which they must have afterwards repented.

The officers of the English regiment taken at Carlisle were the first victims of this sanguinary calature. Eighteen of these unfortunate gentlemen, at the head of whom was Townly their colonel, were tried before a grand jury, at the Court-house on St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, on the 15th of July, and four following days. All were condemned to death except one; and, on the 29th of the month, an order came to their place of confinement, ordering the execution, on the succeeding day, of nine who were judged to be most guilty, namely, Francis Townly, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Syddal, and David Morgan; the other eight being reprieved for three weeks.

These ill-fated persons were roused from sleep at six o'clock in the morning of July 30th, to prepare for their execution. On coming down into the courtyard of their prison, they ordered coffee to be got ready for their breakfast. The firmness which they displayed throughout the whole scene was very remarkable. Only Syddal, of all the rest, was observed to tremble when the halter was put about his neck; and he, to conceal his agitation from the spectators, took a pinch of snuff. When their irons had been knocked off, their arms pinioned, and the ropes adjusted about their necks, they were put into three sledges, to each of which three horses were attached. In the first sledge, along with Townly, Blood, and Berwick, the executioner sat with a drawn scimitar. The procession was accompanied by a party of footguards.

Kennington Common was the place appointed for their execution; and as the spectacle was expected to be attended with all those circumstances of barbarity awarded by the English law of treason, the London mob had assembled in extraordinary numbers to witness it. A pile of faggots and a block were placed near the gallows; and while the prisoners were removing from their sledges into the cart from which they were to be turned off, the faggots were set on fire, and the guards formed a circle round the place of execution. The prisoners were not attended by clergymen of any persuasion; but Morgan, who had been a barrister-at-law, read prayers and other pious meditations from a book of devotion; to which the rest seemed very attentive, joining in all the responses and ejaculations with great fervour. Half an hour was spent in these exercises, during which they betrayed no symptoms of irresolution; though their deportment was said to be perfectly suitable, at the same time, to their unhappy circumstances. On concluding prayers, they took some written papers from their books, and threw them among the spectators. These were found to contain declarations, to the effect that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be avenged, together with some expressions which were considered treasonable. They likewise delivered papers severally to the sheriff, and then threw away their hats, some of which were gold-laced—for they were all dressed like gentlemen; and it is said that these pieces of dress were found to contain other treasonable papers. Immediately after, the executioner pulled their caps out of their pockets, put them on, and drew them over their eyes; and then they were turned off. When they had been suspended three minutes, the soldiers went in under the bodies, drew off their shoes, white stockings,

and breeches; and the executioner pulled off the rest of their clothes. When they had been stripped perfectly naked, the last mentioned official cut down Mr. Townly, and laid him on the block. Observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it several violent blows upon the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it totally insensible to what remained. These not having the desired effect, he cut the throat. The *verenda* were first cut off, and thrown into the fire. Then cutting open the body, he took out the bowels and heart, which he also threw into the fire, and finally, with a cleaver, separated the head from the body, and put both into a coffin. Mr. Morgan was next cut down, and after him the rest, the executioner unbewailing and beheading them one by one, as he had done Mr. Townly. On throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of James Dawson, he cried with a loud voice, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout. When this barbarous ceremony was concluded, the mutilated bodies were conveyed back to prison on the sledges; and the heads of Townly and Fletcher were three days after affixed upon Temple-Bar, while those of Deacon, Berwick, Chadwick, and Syddal, were preserved in spirits, in order to be disposed in the same way at Carlisle and Manchester. Townly's body was buried at Pancras; but those of the others were interred in the burying-ground near the Foundling Hospital.

The mob of London had hooted these ill-fated gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials; but at the execution they looked on with faces betokening at least pity for their misfortunes, if not also admiration of their courage. A circumstance, observed at the time, excited a good deal of commiseration amongst the crowd. This was the appearance at the place of execution of Charles Deacon, a very youthful brother of one of the culprits, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime, but who had been permitted to attend the last scene of his brother's life in a coach, along with a guard. Another circumstance still more affecting came afterwards to the knowledge of the public. James Dawson, the son of a gentleman of Lancashire, and who had not completed his studies at St. John's College, Cambridge, was attached to a young lady, of good family and fortune, at the time when some youthful excesses induced him to run away from college and join the insurgents. Had he been acquitted, or if he could have obtained the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was fixed by the parents of both parties to have been that of their marriage. When it was ascertained that he was to suffer the cruel death which has just been described, the inconsolable young lady determined, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, to witness the execution; and she accordingly followed the sledges, in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire which was to consume her lover's heart, besides all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. She also succeeded in restraining her feelings during the progress of the bloody tragedy. But when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rung her lover's death-peal in her ears, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying, "My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

Previous to this period, bills of indictment having been found, by the Grand Jury of Surrey, against the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino, these three noblemen were tried by the House of Peers, on Monday the 28th of July. This high solemnity was conducted with great state. A hundred and thirty-five peers were present. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke acted on the occasion, as lord high steward, or president of the assembly. Westminster Hall was fitted up in a most magnificent manner for the purpose. Mr. George Ross was appointed solicitor for Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Mr. Adam Gordon for Cromarty, at their own request.

The three rebel lords, as they were styled, proceeded from the Tower, early in the forenoon, towards Westminster Hall; Kilmarnock in Lord Cornwallis's coach, attended by General Williamson, deputy-governor of the Tower; Cromarty in General Williamson's coach, attended by Captain Marshall; and Balmerino in another coach, accompanied by Mr. Fowler, gentleman jailer, who had the axe covered by him. A strong guard of soldiers paraded along side of the coaches. The Court, who had likewise moved in a procession from the House of Peers to the Hall, being duly met, and proclamation having been made for the appearance of the prisoners,

they were brought to the bar, preceded by the gentleman jailer, who carried the axe with its edge turned away from them. When reciprocal compliments had passed between the prisoners and their peers, the indictments were read; to which Kilmarnock and Cromarty successively pleaded "Guilty," recommending themselves to the king's mercy. Balmerino, before pleading to his indictment—that is to say, before avowing himself guilty or not guilty,—asked the lord high steward if it would avail him any thing to prove that he was not at the siege of Carlisle, as specified in the indictment, but ten miles distant. His grace answered, that it might or might not be of service, according to the circumstances; but he begged to remind his lordship that it was contrary to form to allow the prisoner to ask any questions before pleading; and he therefore desired his lordship to plead. "Plead!" cried Balmerino, who knew nothing of the technicalities of an English court, and whose bold blunt mind stood in no awe of this august assembly; "why, I am pleading as fast as I can." The steward explained what was meant by pleading, and his lordship then pleaded, "Not guilty." The court immediately proceeded to his trial, which was soon despatched. King's counsel were heard in the first place, and five or six witnesses were then examined in succession; by whom it was proved, that his lordship entered Carlisle, though not on the day specified, at the head of a cavalry regiment, called from his name Elphinstone's Horse, with his sword drawn. The prisoners had no counsel; but Balmerino himself made an exception which was overruled. The lord high steward then asked if he had any thing further to offer in his defence; to which his lordship answered, that he was sorry he had given the court so much trouble, and had nothing more to say. On this, the lords retired to the house of peers; and the opinion of the Judges being asked touching the overt act, they declared that it was not material, as other facts were proved beyond contradiction. They then returned to the hall; where the steward, according to ancient usage, asking them one by one, (beginning with the youngest baron,) "My Lord of —, is Arthur Lord Balmerino guilty of high treason?" each answered, clapping his right hand upon his left breast, "Guilty, upon my honour, my lord." The prisoners were afterwards recalled to the bar, informed of the verdict of the court, and remanded to the Tower till the day after next, when they were again to appear, in order to receive sentence. The House immediately broke up, and the prisoners were conveyed back to prison, with the edge of the axe turned towards them.

When the court met again, on the 30th, the lord high steward made a speech to the prisoners, and asked each of them, "If he had any thing to offer why judgment of death should not pass against him?" To this question, Kilmarnock replied in a speech expressive of the deepest contrition for his conduct, and imploring the court to intercede with the king in his behalf. He represented, that he had been educated in revolution principles, and even appeared in arms in behalf of the present royal family; that, having joined the insurgents in a rash moment, he had immediately repented the step, and resolved to take the first opportunity of putting himself into the hands of government; for this purpose, he had separated himself from his corps at the battle of Culloden, and surrendered himself a prisoner, though he might easily have escaped. He, moreover, endeavoured to make merit with the court, for having employed himself solicitously during the progress of the insurrection, in softening the horrors which the war had occasioned in his country, and in protecting the royalist prisoners from the abuse of their captors. Finally, he made a declaration of affection for the reigning family, not more incredible from his past actions than it was humiliating in his present condition; and concluded with an asseveration, that, even if condemned to death, he would employ his last moments in "praying for the preservation of the illustrious house of Hanover." The Earl of Cromarty pronounced a speech of nearly the same complexion, but concluding with a more eloquent appeal to the clemency of his majesty. "Nothing remains, my lords," he said, "but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your lordship's compassion. But of these, my lords, as to myself, is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion; I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my lords, be pledges to his majesty; let them be pledges to your lordships; let them be pledges to my country, for mercy; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears; let the powerful lan-

guage of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to efface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his majesty, through the medium of your lordships, let the remorse of my guilt as a subject—let the sorrow of my heart as a husband—let the anguish of my mind as a father—speak the rest of my misery. As your lordships are men, feel as men; but may none of you ever suffer the smallest part of my anguish. But if, after all, my lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune, and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me; not mine, but thy will, O God, be done."

The mind of Balmerino was superior to such humiliation as this. When the question was put to him, he pleaded, that an indictment could not be found in the county of Surrey, for a crime laid to be committed at Carlisle in December last, in regard that the act ordaining the rebels to be tried in such counties as the king should appoint, which was not passed till March, could not have a retrospective effect; and he desired to be allowed counsel. On this, the Earl of Bath asked if the noble lord at the bar had any counsel allowed him, and was answered that he had never desired any. Balmerino replied, that all the defences which had occurred to him or his solicitor having been laid before a counsellor, and by him judged to be trifling, he had not chosen to give the court needless trouble; and that the above objection had only been hinted to him an hour or two before he was brought into court. After some altercation, the court assigned Messrs. Wilbraham and Forrester, as counsel to his lordship, and adjourned till the 1st of August.

Being again brought to the bar on that day, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty were again asked if they had any thing to propose why judgment of death should not pass upon them, and answered in the negative. The lord high steward informed Balmerino that, having started an objection, desired counsel, and had their assistance, he was now to make use of it, if he thought fit. His lordship answered that his counsel having satisfied him there was nothing in the objection that could do him service, he declined having them heard; that he would not have made the objection, if he had not been persuaded there was ground for it; and that he was sorry for the trouble he had given his grace and the peers. All the prisoners having thus submitted to the court, the lord high steward made a long and pathetic speech, which he concluded by pronouncing sentence in these words: "The judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck; but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies; and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!" After sentence was passed, the prisoners were withdrawn from the bar, and the lord high steward, standing up uncovered, broke his staff, and announced that his commission was dissolved.

The Earl of Kilmarnock, who was only in his forty-second year, and extremely anxious for life, immediately presented a petition for mercy to the king, together with others to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, entreating them to intercede in his behalf with their royal father. The tenor of these petitions was much the same with that of his speech, equally penitential and humble, and equally unworthy of his birth, rank, and former character. That to the duke contained a vindication of himself from some aspersions which had reached his royal highness, and which he understood had prejudiced that personage against him. It had been whispered that the earl was concerned in the order said to have been found in the pocket of a prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and that, moreover, he had exercised sundry other cruelties upon the prisoners in the hands of the insurgents. Both of these charges he distinctly denied—and probably with truth; though the assertion that he had voluntarily surrendered himself to government, contained in his speech, and in the petition to the king, was afterwards confessed by himself to have been made only with the view of moving his majesty to mercy.

The Earl of Cromarty, whose share in the insurrection

had been much less conspicuous, and who had not, like Kilmarnock, added ingratitude to his other misdemeanours, made similar efforts to obtain the royal grace. The countess went about, after the sentence had been pronounced, delivering petitions in person to all the lords of the cabinet-council; and on the following Sunday, she went in mourning to Kensington Palace, to petition majesty itself. When the interesting condition of this lady is considered, it must be allowed that a more powerful mode of intercession could not have been adopted. She way-laid the king as he was going to chapel, fell upon her knees before him, seized the hem of his coat, and, presenting a petition, fainted away at his feet. His majesty raised her up with his own hand, received her petition, and gave it to the Duke of Grafton, who was in attendance; desiring Lady Stair, who accompanied Lady Cromarty, to conduct her to an apartment where care might be taken of her. A day or two after, the Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair, and several other courtiers, interceded with his majesty in the unfortunate earl's behalf.

Balmerino made no effort to save his life, but behaved after this period as one who had resigned himself to death, and who despises those who are to inflict it. On learning that his two brothers in affliction had made their applications for mercy, he said, with a sneer, that, as they had such great interest at court, they might have suggested his name in with their own. On a gentleman calling upon him a week after his sentence, and apologizing for intruding upon the few hours which his lordship had to live, he replied, "Oh, sir, no intrusion at all—I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted; for I think no man it is live, who is not fit to die; nor am I any ways concerned at what I have done."

The Earl of Cromarty received a pardon on the 5th of August, and on the 11th an order was signed in council for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Cromarty and Kilmarnock had both alike hoped for pardon, and most people expected that Balmerino would be the only victim. But the resentment of the king at Kilmarnock's ingratitude, and the unfavourable impression which the Duke of Cumberland had received of his character, together with the gross prevarications upon which he had grounded his claims for mercy, determined it was supposed, that he should also perish. Two writs therefore, passed the great seal on the 12th, empowering the Lord Cornwallis, constable of the tower, to draw the bodies of the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino to the sheriffs of London, for execution, on the 18th.

Nothing could mark more strongly the different characters of these two unfortunate noblemen, than the way in which each respectively received intelligence of the final order. It was communicated to Kilmarnock by Mr. Foster, a dissenting or presbyterian clergyman, who had spent some time before with his lordship in religious exercises, and in some measure prepared his mind for the dreadful announcement. When the words of doom fell upon the ear of the culprit, their force was softened by the religious consolations with which they were accompanied; and Kilmarnock received them with tranquillity and resignation of a true Christian. Balmerino, on the contrary, heard the news with all the weakness and levity with which he might have some months before received an order for some military movement. He was sitting at dinner, with his lady, when the warrant arrived; and, on her starting up distractedly and swearing away, he coolly proceeded to recover her by the usual means, and then, remarking that it should not make him lose his dinner, sat down again to table as if nothing had happened. He could even scarcely help chiding her for the concern she had displayed in his behalf, requesting her to resume her seat at table, and absolutely begging when she declared her inability to eat. The gentle pity and resignation of Kilmarnock excited universal admiration and pity among the whigs, while the indifference of Balmerino was hailed, by his own party, as the trait of a martyr.

The day appointed for the execution was Monday the 18th of August. On the Saturday preceding, General Williamson thought proper to give Kilmarnock an account of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it. He informed his lordship that, about ten in the morning, the sheriffs would come to demand the prisoners, who would be delivered to them at the gate of the tower; that from thence, if their lordships thought proper, they should walk on foot to the house appointed on Tower-hill for their reception, where the rooms would be hung with black, to make the more decent and solemn appearance, and that the scaffold would also be covered with black cloth; that his lordship

might repose and prepare himself, in the room fitted up for him, as long as he thought convenient, remembering only that the warrant for execution was limited to one o'clock; that, because of a complaint made by Lord Kilmarnock in 1716, that the block was too low, it was raised to the height of two feet; that, to fix it the more firmly, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty or decency of the execution might not be obstructed by any concussion or sudden jerk of the body. In all this Lord Kilmarnock expressed his satisfaction. But, when informed that two mourning-hearse would be placed close by the scaffold, so that, when the heads were struck off, the coffins might soon be taken out to receive the bodies, he said it would be better to have the coffins upon the scaffold, for by that means the bodies would be sooner removed out of sight. Being further informed, that an executioner was provided, who, besides being expert, was a very good sort of man, he exclaimed, "General, this is one of the worst circumstances that you have mentioned. I cannot thoroughly like, for a work of this kind, your good sort of men. One of that character must be tender-hearted and compassionate; and a rougher and less sensible person would be much more fit for the office. He then requested that four persons might be appointed to receive the head, when it was severed from the body, in a red cloth, in order that it might not, as he had been informed, was the case in some former executions, roll about the scaffold, and be thereby mangled and disfigured; adding, that this was a small circumstance in comparison, but he was not willing that his body should be exposed to any unnecessary indecency after the just sentence of the law had been executed. Throughout this trying conversation, his lordship is said to have maintained as much composure as the least compassionate reader can do in perusing mere report of it. General Williamson advised him, in conclusion, to think frequently on the circumstances of his death-scene, in order that they might make the less impression when presented to his senses.

At six o'clock in the morning of the day of execution, a troop of life-guards, a troop of horse grenadier guards, and about a thousand foot guards, drew themselves up on Tower Hill, in the form of a battledore—the round part enclosing the scaffold, and the handle, formed by two lines, extending to the lower gate, with a proper space between for the procession to pass. At eight o'clock, the sheriffs of London, their under-sheriffs, and their officers, namely, six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Mitre Tavern, in Fenchurch street, where they breakfasted. They then went to the house hired by them for the reception of the prisoners, which was about thirty yards distant, and in front of which the scaffold had been erected. At nine o'clock, the block was fixed, covered with black cloth, and several sacks of saw-dust were provided, to be thrown upon the scaffold. Soon after, the two coffins were brought upon the scaffold. These were covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, and upon that of Lord Kilmarnock was a plate with this inscription, "Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decolatus 18^o Augusti 1746, ætatis sue 42," with an earl's coronet over it; while Balmerino's bore, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decolatus 18^o Augusti 1746. Ætatis sue 58," surmounted by the coronet of a baron.

These preparations over, the officers to whom the management of the execution was by law assigned, went in procession to the Tower, and knocked at the gate, when the warder within asked, "Who's there?" and was answered by an officer, "The sheriffs of London and Middlesex." According to ancient usage, the warder asked, "What do they want?" and the officer answered, "The sheriffs of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino." The warder said, "I will go and inform the lieutenant of the tower." When General Williamson subsequently informed the Earl of Kilmarnock that the sheriffs were waiting for the prisoners, his lordship, having completely prepared himself for the terrible announcement, was not in the least degree agitated, but said, calmly, "General, I am ready, and will follow you." In going down stairs, he met Balmerino at the first landing-place, who embraced him affectionately, and said, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." The two unfortunate noblemen were then conducted to the Tower gate, and delivered over to the sheriffs, who gave receipts to the deputy-lieutenants for their persons. As they were leaving the Tower, the deputy-lieutenant, according to custom, cried, "God bless King George!" to which Kilmarnock made a bow, while the inflexible Balmerino exclaimed, "God bless King James!" The procession moved in a slow and solemn manner towards the house prepared for the reception of the lords; Kilmarnock, attended by Mr. Sheriff Blackford, with Messrs.

Foster and Home, two presbyterian clergymen, and Balmerino, supported by Mr. Sheriff Cockayne, accompanied by the chaplain of the Tower and another minister of the episcopalian persuasion. As they were moving along, some person was heard to exclaim from the surrounding crowd, "Which is Balmerino?" when that nobleman instantly turned half round, and politely said, "I am Balmerino." Two hearses and a mourning coach followed the procession, adding an inexpressible solemnity and gloom to a scene already as melancholy as can be conceived.

On arriving within the area around the scaffold, the two lords were conducted into separate apartments in the house fitted up for their reception, where their friends were admitted to see them. The walls of this house were hung with black, as well as the passage leading from it to the scaffold, and the scaffold itself, at the expense of the sheriffs. When the pageant had come to the scaffold, the troops which lined the road from the Tower closed in behind the rest, and the scaffold was thus surrounded by soldiers six deep.

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock received a message from Lord Balmerino, requesting an interview; which being consented to, Balmerino was introduced into Kilmarnock's apartment. The conversation which took place, is reported by Mr. Foster to have been precisely as follows:—BALMERINO. "My lord, I beg leave to ask your lordship one question."—KILMARNOCK. "To any question, my lord, that you shall think it proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer."—B. "Why, then, my lord, did you ever see or know of any order, signed by the prince, to give no quarter at Culloden?"—K. "No, my lord."—B. "Nor I, neither; and therefore, it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders."—K. "No, my lord, I do not think that inference can be drawn from it; because, while I was at Inverness, I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed 'George Murray'; and that it was in the duke's custody."—B. "Lord George Murray! Why, then, they should not charge it upon the prince." His lordship then took his leave, embracing his fellow prisoner with great tenderness, and saying to him, "My dear lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone. Once more, farewell for ever!"

Lord Kilmarnock spent nearly an hour after this conversation, in devotion with Mr. Foster and the gentleman attending him, and in making declarations that he sincerely repented of his crime, and had resumed at this last hour his former attachment to the reigning family. His rank giving him a dreadful precedence in what was to ensue, he was led first to the scaffold. Before leaving the room, he took a tender farewell of all the friends who attended him. When he stepped upon the scaffold, notwithstanding all his previous attempts to familiarise his mind with the idea of the scene, he could not help being somewhat appalled at the sight of so many dreadful objects; and he muttered in the ear of one of the attendant clergymen, "Home, this is terrible!" He was habited in dolful black, and bore a countenance which, though quite composed, wore the deepest hue of melancholy. The sight of his care-worn but still handsome figure, and of his pale resigned countenance, produced a great impression upon the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The executioner himself was so much affected, that he was obliged to drink several glasses of spirits, to brace his nerves for the work of death.

From a rare contemporary print of the execution of Lord Kilmarnock, it appears that the scaffold was very small, and that there were not above six or seven persons altogether upon it at the time his lordship submitted to the block. The block is a piece of wood, considerably higher than may be generally supposed; the culprit only requiring to kneel and bend a little forward in order to bring his neck over it. The cloth which originally covered the surrounding rail, is turned up in such a manner as to give the spectators below an uninterrupted view of the dreadful circumstances of the scene. The culprit appears kneeling at the block, without his coat and waistcoat, and the frill of his shirt hanging down. The figures upon the scaffold, all except one of awfully important character, are dressed in those full dark suits of the fashion of King George the Second's reign, which our grandfathers used to call by the dignified appellation, "a stand of mournings;" and most of them have white handkerchiefs at their eyes, and express, by their attitudes, the most violent grief.

It was a little after mid-day when the unhappy Kilmarnock approached the scene of his last sufferings. After mounting the scaffold, and taking leave of Mr. Foster, who chose to retire, he stripped off his upper

clothes, turned down his shirt, and arranged his long dressed hair, (previously in a bag,) under a large napkin of damask cloth, which he had brought for the purpose of forming it into a cap. He also informed the executioner, to whom he gave a purse containing five guineas, that he would give the signal for the descent of the axe, about two minutes after he should lay his neck upon the block, by dropping a handkerchief. Then he went forward and knelt upon a black cushion, which was placed for the purpose before the block. Whether to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay his hands upon the surface of the block, along with his neck; and the executioner was obliged to desire him to let them fall down, lest they should be mangled or break the blow. Being informed that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, he rose once more upon his feet and with the help of one of his friends, (Mr. Walkingshaw of Scotstoun,) had that garment taken off. This done, and the neck being made completely bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down as before. Mr. Home's servant, who held a corner of the cloth to receive his head, heard him at this moment remind the executioner that he would give the signal in about two minutes. That interval he spent in fervent devotion, as appeared by the motion of his hands, and now and then of his head. Having then fixed his neck down close upon the block, he gave the signal; his body remained without the least motion till the descent of the axe; which went so far through the neck at the first blow, that only a little piece of skin remained to be severed by the second.

The head, which immediately dropped into the cloth, was not exposed in the usual manner by the executioner, in consequence of the prisoner's express request, but deposited with his body in the coffin, which was then delivered to his friends, and deposited in the hearse. The scaffold was then cleaned, and strewn with fresh saw dust, so that no appearance of a former execution might remain to offend the feelings of Lord Balmerino; and the executioner, who was dressed in white, changed such of his clothes as were bloody.

The under-sheriff then went to the apartment of Balmerino, who, upon his entrance, said that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more, and asked how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed upon this point, he remarked that it was well done. He had previously maintained before his friends a show of resolution and indifference which perfectly astonished them; twice taking wine, with a little bread, and desiring them to drink him "a degree to heaven." He now said, "Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life," saluted them with an air of cheerfulness which drew tears from every eye but his own; and hastened to the scaffold.

The appearance of Balmerino upon this fatal stage produced a very different sensation among the spectators from that occasioned by Kilmarnock. His firm step, his bold bluff figure, but above all his dress, the same regimental suit of blue turned up with red, which he had worn throughout the late campaign, excited breathless admiration, rather than any emotion of pity, and made the crowd regard him as a being of a superior nature. So far from expressing any concern about his approaching death, he even reproved the tenderness of such of his friends as were about him. Walking round the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and inspected the inscription upon his coffin, which he declared to be correct. He also asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near. Then looking with an air of satisfaction at the block, which he designated as his "pillow of rest," he took out a paper, and, putting on his spectacles, read it to the few about him. It contained a declaration of his unshaken adherence to the house of Stuart, and of his regret for ever having served in the armies of their enemies, Queen Anne and George the First, which he considered the only faults of his life deserving his present fate.

Finally, he called for the executioner, who immediately appeared, and was about to ask his forgiveness, when Balmerino stopped him, by saying, "Friend, you need not ask forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." Presenting the fellow with three guineas, he added, "Friend, I never had much money; this is all I now have; I wish it was more for your sake; and am sorry I can add nothing to it, but my coat and waistcoat." He took off these garments, and laid them upon his coffin for the executioner.

In his immediate preparations for death, this singular man displayed the same wonderful degree of coolness and intrepidity. Having put on a flannel vest which had been made on purpose, together with a cap of tartan, to

they were brought to the bar, preceded by the gentleman jailer, who carried the axe with its edge turned away from them. When reciprocal compliments had passed between the prisoners and their peers, the indictments were read; to which Kilmarnock and Cromarty successively pleaded "Guilty," recommending themselves to the king's mercy. Balmerino, before pleading to his indictment—that is to say, before avowing himself guilty or not guilty,—asked the lord high steward if it would avail him any thing to prove that he was not at the siege of Carlisle, as specified in the indictment, but ten miles distant. His grace answered, that it might or might not be of service, according to the circumstances; but he begged to remind his lordship that it was contrary to form to allow the prisoner to ask any questions before pleading; and he therefore desired his lordship to plead. "Plead!" cried Balmerino, who knew nothing of the technicalities of an English court, and whose bold blunt mind stood in no awe of this august assembly; "why, I am pleading as fast as I can." The steward explained what was meant by pleading, and his lordship then pleaded, "Not guilty." The court immediately proceeded to his trial, which was soon despatched. King's counsel were heard in the first place, and five or six witnesses were then examined in succession; by whom it was proved, that his lordship entered Carlisle, though not on the day specified, at the head of a cavalry regiment, called from his name Elphinstone's Horse, with his sword drawn. The prisoners had no counsel; but Balmerino himself made an exception which was overruled. The lord high steward then asked if he had any thing further to offer in his defence; to which his lordship answered, that he was sorry he had given the court so much trouble, and had nothing more to say. On this, the lords retired to the house of peers; and, the opinion of the Judges being asked touching the overt act, they declared that it was not material, as other facts were proved beyond contradiction. They then returned to the hall; where the steward, according to ancient usage, asking them one by one, (beginning with the youngest baron,) "My Lord of —, is Arthur Lord Balmerino guilty of high treason?" each answered, clapping his right hand upon his left breast, "Guilty, upon my honour, my lord." The prisoners were afterwards recalled to the bar, informed of the verdict of the court, and remanded to the Tower till the day after next, when they were again to appear, in order to receive sentence. The House immediately broke up, and the prisoners were conveyed back to prison, with the edge of the axe turned towards them.

When the court met again, on the 30th, the lord high steward made a speech to the prisoners, and asked each of them, "If he had any thing to offer why judgment of death should not pass against him?" To this question, Kilmarnock replied in a speech expressive of the deepest contrition for his conduct, and imploring the court to intercede with the king in his behalf. He represented, that he had been educated in revolution principles, and even appeared in arms in behalf of the present royal family; that, having joined the insurgents in a rash moment, he had immediately repented the step, and resolved to take the first opportunity of putting himself into the hands of government; for this purpose, he had separated himself from his corps at the battle of Culloden, and surrendered himself a prisoner, though he might easily have escaped. He, moreover, endeavoured to make merit with the court, for having employed himself solicitously during the progress of the insurrection, in softening the horrors which the war had occasioned in his country, and in protecting the royalist prisoners from the abuse of their captors. Finally, he made a declaration of affection for the reigning family, not more incredible from his past actions than it was humiliating in his present condition; and concluded with an asseveration, that, even if condemned to death, he would employ his last moments in "praying for the preservation of the illustrious house of Hanover." The Earl of Cromarty pronounced a speech of nearly the same complexion, but concluding with a more eloquent appeal to the clemency of his majesty. "Nothing remains, my lords," he said, "but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your lordship's compassion. But of these, my lords, as to myself, is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion; I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my lords, be pledges to his majesty; let them be pledges to your lordships; let them be pledges to my country, for mercy; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears; let the powerful lan-

guage of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to efface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his majesty, through the medium of your lordships, let the remorse of my guilt as a subject—let the sorrow of my heart as a husband—let the anguish of my mind as a father—speak the rest of my misery. As your lordships are men, feel as men; but may none of you ever suffer the smallest part of my anguish. But if, after all, my lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune, and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me; not mine, but thy will, O God, be done."

The mind of Balmerino was superior to such humiliation as this. When the question was put to him, he pleaded, that an indictment could not be found in the county of Surrey, for a crime laid to be committed at Carlisle in December last, in regard that the act ordaining the rebels to be tried in such counties as the king should appoint, which was not passed till March, could not have a retrospective effect; and he desired to be allowed counsel. On this, the Earl of Bath asked if the noble lord at the bar had any counsel allowed him, and was answered that he had never desired any. Balmerino replied, that, all the defences which had occurred to him or his solicitor having been laid before a counsellor, and by him judged to be trifling, he had not chosen to give the court needless trouble; and that the above objection had only been hinted to him an hour or two before he was brought into court. After some altercation, the court assigned Messrs. Wilbraham and Forrester, as counsel to his lordship, and adjourned till the 1st of August.

Being again brought to the bar on that day, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty were again asked if they had any thing to propose why judgment of death should not pass upon them, and answered in the negative. The lord high steward informed Balmerino that, having started an objection, desired counsel, and had their assistance, he was now to make use of it, if he thought fit. His lordship answered that his counsel having satisfied him there was nothing in the objection that could do him service, he declined having them heard; that he would not have made the objection, if he had not been persuaded there was ground for it; and that he was sorry for the trouble he had given his grace and the peers. All the prisoners having thus submitted to the court, the lord high steward made a long and pathetic speech, which he concluded by pronouncing sentence in these words: "The judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck; but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies; and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!" After sentence was passed, the prisoners were withdrawn from the bar, and the lord high steward, standing up uncovered, broke his staff, and announced that his commission was dissolved.

The Earl of Kilmarnock, who was only in his forty-second year, and extremely anxious for life, immediately presented a petition for mercy to the king, together with others to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, entreating them to intercede in his behalf with their royal father. The tenor of these petitions was much the same with that of his speech, equally penitential and humble, and equally unworthy of his birth, rank, and former character. That to the duke contained a vindication of himself from some aspersions which had reached his royal highness, and which he understood had prejudiced that personage against him. It had been whispered that the earl was concerned in the order said to have been found in the pocket of a prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and that, moreover, he had exercised sundry other cruelties upon the prisoners in the hands of the insurgents. Both of these charges he distinctly denied—and probably with truth; though the assertion that he had voluntarily surrendered himself to government, contained in his speech, and in the petition to the king, was afterwards confessed by himself to have been made only with the view of moving his majesty to mercy.

The Earl of Cromarty, whose share in the insurrection

had been much less conspicuous, and who had not, like Kilmarnock, added ingratitude to his other misdeeds, made similar efforts to obtain the royal grace. The countess went about, after the sentence had been pronounced, delivering petitions in person to all the lords of the cabinet-council; and on the following Sunday, she went in mourning to Kensington Palace, to petition majesty itself. When the interesting condition of this lady is considered, it must be allowed that a more powerful mode of intercession could not have been adopted. She way-laid the king as he was going to chapel, fell upon her knees before him, seized the hem of his coat, and, presenting a petition, fainted away at his feet. His majesty raised her up with his own hand, received her petition, and gave it to the Duke of Grafton, who was in attendance; desiring Lady Stair, who accompanied Lady Cromarty, to conduct her to an apartment where she might be taken of her. A day or two after, the Duke of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair, and several other courtiers, interceded with his majesty in the unfortunate earl's behalf.

Balmerino made no effort to save his life, but beheld after this period as one who had resigned himself to death, and who despises those who are to inflict it. On learning that his two brothers in affliction had made their applications for mercy, he said, with a sneer, that, as they had such great interest at court, they might have requested his name in with their own. On a gentleman calling upon him a week after his sentence, and apologizing for intruding upon the few hours which his lordship had to live, he replied, "Oh, sir, no intrusion at all—I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted; for I think no man fit to live, who is not fit to die; nor am I any ways concerned at what I have done."

The Earl of Cromarty received a pardon on the 31st of August, and on the 11th an order was signed in council for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Cromarty and Kilmarnock had both alike hoped for pardon, and most people expected that Balmerino would be the only victim. But the resentment of the king at Kilmarnock's ingratitude, and the unfavourable impression which the Duke of Cumberland had received of his character, together with the gross prevarications upon which he had grounded his claims for mercy, determined it was supposed, that he should also perish. Two weeks therefore, passed the great seal on the 12th, empowering the Lord Cornwallis, constable of the tower, to deliver the bodies of the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino to the sheriffs of London, for execution, on the 18th.

Nothing could mark more strongly the different characters of these two unfortunate noblemen, than the way in which each respectively received intelligence of his final order. It was communicated to Kilmarnock by Mr. Foster, a dissenting or presbyterian clergyman, who had spent some time before with his lordship in religious exercises, and in some measure prepared his mind for the dreadful announcement. When the words of doom fell upon the ear of the culprit, their force was softened by the religious consolations with which they were accompanied; and Kilmarnock received them with tranquillity and resignation of a true Christian. Balmerino, on the contrary, heard the news with all the weakness and levity with which he might have some months before received an order for some military movement. He was sitting at dinner, with his lady, when the warrant arrived; and, on her starting up distractedly and swooning away, he coolly proceeded to recover her by the usual means, and then, remarking that it should not make him lose his dinner, sat down again to table as if nothing had happened. He could even scarcely help chiding her for the concern she had displayed in his behalf, requesting her to resume her seat at table, and absolutely laughing when she declared her inability to eat. The great pity and resignation of Kilmarnock excited universal admiration and pity among the whigs, while the indifference of Balmerino was hailed, by his own party, as the harbinger of a martyr.

The day appointed for the execution was Monday the 18th of August. On the Saturday preceding, General Williamson thought proper to give Kilmarnock an account of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it. He informed his lordship that, about ten in the morning, the sheriffs would come to demand the prisoners, who would be delivered to them at the gate of the tower; that from thence, if the lordships thought proper, they should walk on foot to the house appointed on Tower-hill for their reception, where the rooms would be hung with black, to make the more decent and solemn appearance, and that the scaffold would also be covered with black cloth; that his lordship

might repose and prepare himself, in the room fitted up for him, as long as he thought convenient, remembering only that the warrant for execution was limited to one o'clock; that, because of a complaint made by Lord Kilmarnock in 1716, that the block was too low, it was raised to the height of two feet; that, to fix it the more firmly, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty or decency of the execution might not be obstructed by any concussion or sudden jerk of the body. In all this Lord Kilmarnock expressed his satisfaction. But, when informed that two mourning-hearsees would be placed close by the scaffold, so that, when the heads were struck off, the coffins might soon be taken out to receive the bodies, he said it would be better to have the coffins upon the scaffold, for by that means the bodies would be sooner removed out of sight. Being further informed, that an executioner was provided, who, besides being expert, was a very good sort of man, he exclaimed, "General, this is one of the worst circumstances that you have mentioned. I cannot thoroughly like, for a work of this kind, your good sort of men. One of that character must be tender-hearted and compassionate; and a rougher and less sensible person would be much more fit for the office. He then requested that four persons might be appointed to receive the head, when it was severed from the body, in a red cloth, in order that it might not, as he had been informed was the case in some former executions, roll about the scaffold, and be thereby mangled and disfigured; adding, that this was a small circumstance in comparison, but he was not willing that his body should be exposed to any unnecessary indecency after the just sentence of the law had been executed. Throughout this trying conversation, his lordship is said to have maintained as much composure as the least compassionate reader can do in perusing a mere report of it. General Williamson advised him, in conclusion, to think frequently on the circumstances of his death-scene, in order that they might make the less impression when presented to his senses.

At six o'clock in the morning of the day of execution, a troop of life-guards, a troop of horse grenadier guards, and about a thousand foot guards, drew themselves up on Tower Hill, in the form of a battledore—the round part enclosing the scaffold, and the handle, formed by two lines, extending to the lower gate, with a proper space between for the procession to pass. About eight o'clock, the sheriffs of London, their undersheriffs, and their officers, namely, six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Mitre Tavern, in Fenchurch street, where they breakfasted. They soon after went to the house hired by them for the reception of the prisoners, which was about thirty yards distant, and in front of which the scaffold had been erected. At ten o'clock, the block was fixed, covered with black cloth, and several sacks of saw-dust were provided, to be strewn upon the scaffold. Soon after, the two coffins were brought upon the scaffold. These were covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, and upon that of Kilmarnock was a plate with this inscription, "Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18^o Augusti 1746, Ætatis sue 42," with an earl's coronet over it; while Balmerino's bore, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18^o Augusti 1746. Ætatis sue 58," surmounted by the coronet of a baron.

These preparations over, the officers to whom the management of the execution was by law assigned, went in procession to the Tower, and knocked at the gate, when the warder within asked, "Who's there?" and was answered by an officer, "The sheriffs of London and Middlesex." According to ancient usage, the warder asked, "What do they want?" and the officer answered, "The bodies of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino." The warder said, "I will go and inform the lieutenant of the tower." When General Williamson consequently informed the Earl of Kilmarnock that the sheriffs were waiting for the prisoners, his lordship, having completely prepared himself for the terrible announcement, was not in the least degree agitated, but said, calmly, "General, I am ready, and will follow you." In going down stairs, he met Balmerino at the first landing-place, who embraced him affectionately, and said, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." The two unfortunate noblemen were then conducted to the Tower gate, and delivered over to the sheriffs, who gave receipts to the deputy-lieutenants for their persons. As they were leaving the Tower, the deputy-lieutenant, according to custom, cried, "God bless King George!" to which Kilmarnock made a bow, while the inflexible Balmerino exclaimed, "God bless King James!" The procession moved in a slow and solemn manner towards the house prepared for the reception of the lords; Kilmarnock, attended by Mr. Sheriff Blackford, with Messrs.

Foster and Home, two presbyterian clergymen, and Balmerino, supported by Mr. Sheriff Cockayne, accompanied by the chaplain of the Tower and another minister of the episcopalian persuasion. As they were moving along, some person was heard to exclaim from the surrounding crowd, "Which is Balmerino?" when that nobleman instantly turned half round, and politely said, "I am Balmerino." Two hearsees and a mourning coach followed the procession, adding an inexpressible solemnity and gloom to a scene already as melancholy as can be conceived.

On arriving within the area around the scaffold, the two lords were conducted into separate apartments in the house fitted up for their reception, where their friends were admitted to see them. The walls of this house were hung with black, as well as the passage leading from it to the scaffold, and the scaffold itself, at the expense of the sheriffs. When the pageant had come to the scaffold, the troops which lined the road from the Tower closed in behind the rest, and the scaffold was thus surrounded by soldiers six deep.

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock received a message from Lord Balmerino, requesting an interview; which being consented to, Balmerino was introduced into Kilmarnock's apartment. The conversation which took place, is reported by Mr. Foster to have been precisely as follows:—BALMERINO. "My lord, I beg leave to ask your lordship one question."—KILMARNOCK. "To any question, my lord, that you shall think it proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer."—B. "Why, then, my lord, did you ever see or know of any order, signed by the prince, to give no quarter at Culloden?"—K. "No, my lord."—B. "Nor I, neither; and therefore, it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders."—K. "No, my lord, I do not think that inference can be drawn from it; because, while I was at Inverness, I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed 'George Murray,' and that it was in the duke's custody."—B. "Lord George Murray! Why, then, they should not charge it upon the prince." His lordship then took his leave, embracing his fellow prisoner with great tenderness, and saying to him, "My dear lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone. Once more, farewell for ever!"

Lord Kilmarnock spent nearly an hour after this conversation, in devotion with Mr. Foster and the gentleman attending him, and in making declarations that he sincerely repented of his crime, and had resumed at this last hour his former attachment to the reigning family. His rank giving him a dreadful precedence in what was to ensue, he was led first to the scaffold. Before leaving the room, he took a tender farewell of all the friends who attended him. When he stepped upon the scaffold, notwithstanding all his previous attempts to familiarise his mind with the idea of the scene, he could not help being somewhat appalled at the sight of so many dreadful objects; and he muttered in the ear of one of the attendant clergymen, "Home, this is terrible!" He was habited in doleful black, and bore a countenance which, though quite composed, wore the deepest hue of melancholy. The sight of his care-worn but still handsome figure, and of his pale resigned countenance, produced a great impression upon the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The executioner himself was so much affected, that he was obliged to drink several glasses of spirits, to brace his nerves for the work of death.

From a rare contemporary print of the execution of Lord Kilmarnock, it appears that the scaffold was very small, and that there were not above six or seven persons altogether upon it at the time his lordship submitted to the block. The block is a piece of wood, considerably higher than may be generally supposed; the culprit only requiring to kneel and bend a little forward in order to bring his neck over it. The cloth which originally covered the surrounding rails, is turned up in such a manner as to give the spectators below an uninterrupted view of the dreadful circumstances of the scene. The culprit appears kneeling at the block, without his coat and waistcoat, and the frill of his shirt hanging down. The figures upon the scaffold, all except one of awfully important character, are dressed in those full dark suits of the fashion of King George the Second's reign, which our grandfathers used to call by the dignified appellation, "a stand of mournings;" and most of them have white handkerchiefs at their eyes, and express, by their attitudes, the most violent grief.

It was a little after mid-day when the unhappy Kilmarnock approached the scene of his last sufferings. After mounting the scaffold, and taking leave of Mr. Foster, who chose to retire, he stripped off his upper

clothes, turned down his shirt, and arranged his long dressed hair, (previously in a bag,) under a large napkin of damask cloth, which he had brought for the purpose of forming it into a cap. He also informed the executioner, to whom he gave a purse containing five guineas, that he would give the signal for the descent of the axe, about two minutes after he should lay his neck upon the block, by dropping a handkerchief. Then he went forward and knelt upon a black cushion, which was placed for the purpose before the block. Whether to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay his hands upon the surface of the block, along with his neck; and the executioner was obliged to desire him to let them fall down, lest they should be mangled or break the blow. Being informed that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, he rose once more upon his feet and with the help of one of his friends, (Mr. Walkingshaw of Scotstoun,) had that garment taken off. This done, and the neck being made completely bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down as before. Mr. Home's servant, who held a corner of the cloth to receive his head, heard him at this moment remind the executioner that he would give the signal in about two minutes. That interval he spent in fervent devotion, as appeared by the motion of his hands, and now and then of his head. Having then fixed his neck down close upon the block, he gave the signal; his body remained without the least motion till the descent of the axe; which went so far through the neck at the first blow, that only a little piece of skin remained to be severed by the second.

The head, which immediately dropped into the cloth, was not exposed in the usual manner by the executioner, in consequence of the prisoner's express request, but deposited with his body in the coffin, which was then delivered to his friends, and deposited in the hearse. The scaffold was then cleaned, and strewn with fresh saw dust, so that no appearance of a former execution might remain to offend the feelings of Lord Balmerino; and the executioner, who was dressed in white, changed such of his clothes as were bloody.

The under-sheriff then went to the apartment of Balmerino, who, upon his entrance, said that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more, and asked how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed upon this point, he remarked that it was well done. He had previously maintained before his friends a show of resolution and indifference which perfectly astonished them; twice taking wine, with a little bread, and desiring them to drink him "a degree to heaven." He now said, "Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life;" saluted them with an air of cheerfulness which drew tears from every eye but his own; and hastened to the scaffold.

The appearance of Balmerino upon this fatal stage produced a very different sensation among the spectators from that occasioned by Kilmarnock. His firm step, his bold bluff figure, but above all his dress, the same regimental suit of blue turned up with red, which he had worn throughout the late campaign, excited breathless admiration, rather than any emotion of pity, and made the crowd regard him as a being of a superior nature. So far from expressing any concern about his approaching death, he even reproved the tenderness of such of his friends as were about him. Walking round the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and inspected the inscription upon his coffin, which he declared to be correct. He also asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near. Then looking with an air of satisfaction at the block, which he designated as his "pillow of rest," he took out a paper, and, putting on his spectacles, read it to the few about him. It contained a declaration of his unshaken adherence to the house of Stuart, and of his regret for ever having served in the armies of their enemies, Queen Anne and George the First, which he considered the only faults of his life deserving his present fate.

Finally, he called for the executioner; who immediately appeared, and was about to ask his forgiveness, when Balmerino stopped him, by saying, "Friend, you need not ask forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." Presenting the fellow with three guineas, he added, "Friend, I never had much money; this is all I now have; I wish it was more for your sake; and am sorry I can add nothing to it, but my coat and waistcoat." He took off these garments, and laid them upon his coffin for the executioner.

In his immediate preparations for death, this singular man displayed the same wonderful degree of coolness and intrepidity. Having put on a flannel vest which had been made on purpose, together with a cap of tartan, to

denote, he said, that he died a Scotsman, he went to the block and, kneeling down, went through a sort of rehearsal of the execution, for the instruction of the executioner; showing him how he should give the signal for the blow by dropping his arms. He then returned to his friends, took a tender farewell of them, and, looking round upon the crowd, said, "I am afraid there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but, (addressing a gentleman near him,) remember, sir, what I tell you; it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience."

At this moment, he observed the executioner standing with the axe, and, going up to him, took the fatal weapon into his own hand and felt its edge. On returning it, he showed the man where to strike his neck, and animated him to do it with vigour and resolution; adding, "for in that, friend, will consist your mercy." With a countenance of the utmost cheerfulness, he then knelt down at the block, and, uttering the following words:—"O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless the prince and the duke, and receive my soul,"—dropped his arms for the blow. The executioner, recollecting the deliberation of Lord Kilmarnock, was thrown out by the suddenness with which the signal was given in the present case, and gave his blow without taking accurate aim at the proper place. He hit the unfortunate nobleman between the shoulders; depriving him in a great measure, it was supposed, of sensation, but by no means producing death. It has been said by some who witnessed this dreadful scene, that the unfortunate man turned his head half round, and gnashed his teeth either with rage or pain, while his eyeballs glared dreadfully, in the face of the executioner. If this was the case, it fortunately did not prevent the man from recovering his presence of mind; for he immediately brought down another blow, which went through two thirds of the neck. Death immediately followed this stroke, and the body fell away from the block. It was presently replaced by some of the by-standers; and a third blow completed the work.

The fate of those unfortunate noblemen excited more public interest than perhaps any other thing connected with the insurrection. The Jacobites, together with all such as were of a bold temperament, applauded the behaviour of Balmerino; while the Whigs, and all persons of a pious disposition, admired the placid and devout resignation of Kilmarnock. Every member of the state seemed to have chosen his favourite nobleman, in whose behalf he was prepared to talk, dispute, and even to fight. Innumerable publications appeared, regarding them, informing the public of their history, and discussing their respective and very opposite characters. Among these it is remarkable, that no one did justice, either to the profound humility and sorrow-struck contrition of Kilmarnock, or to the dauntless magnanimity and serenity of Balmerino. One set cants about Kilmarnock's long prayers and death-wrung petitions to King George: the other talks with indignation of Balmerino's continued rebellion and his soldier-like levity. It is still more remarkable, perhaps, that no publication of the time advocated the propriety of showing mercy to these or to any other of the rebels. All the fugitive writers seem to have been impressed, on this occasion, with a terrible idea of the power of government, and to have thought that the only way in which they could make sure of their own lives was to permit the law to be gorged with other victims. Almost the only remonstrance which appears to have been made, was the simple insertion in one or two of the Jacobite journals, of the well known passage in Measure for Measure:

"No ceremony that to the great belongs,
Not to the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. — Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might th' advantage once have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like men new made.—
To-morrow? Oh! that's sudden; spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death."

James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald MacDonald, forming a selection from the Scottish officers taken at Carlisle, were the next victims of the offended state. They were condemned at St. Margaret's Hill, on the 2d of August (along with Alexander MacGowrie, who was afterwards reprieved,) and executed at Kennington Common on the 22d. Nicholson had kept a

coffee-house at Leith, and was a man in middle life; but MacDonald and Ogilvie were both young men of good families, the first a cadet of the family of Keppoch, and the other a native of the county of Banff. They were conducted to the place of execution in a sledge, guarded by a party of horse grenadiers and a detachment of the foot-guards. MacDonald and Nicholson appeared at the last solemn scene in their Highland dress. They spent an hour in devotion upon the scaffold, and were then executed in precisely the same manner with Francis Townley and his companions, except that they were permitted to hang fifteen minutes before being dismembered; the horrid circumstances of the former execution having been found too much, even for the feelings of the unsensitive crowd, which usually assembles on such occasions.

During the course of the two ensuing months, many trials took place at St. Margaret's Hill, without any of the prisoners receiving sentence of death. But, on the 15th of November, judgment was at length pronounced upon no fewer than twenty-two persons, who had been convicted singly at different times; and out of these five were ordered for execution on the 28th of November. The names of the unfortunate persons were John Hamilton, Alexander Leith, Sir John Wedderburn, Andrew Wood, and James Bradshaw. Hamilton had been governor of Carlisle, and signed its capitulation; Leith was an aged and infirm man, who had distinguished himself by his activity as a captain in the Duke of Perth's regiment; Sir John Wedderburn had acted as receiver of the excise duties and cess raised by the insurgents; Andrew Wood was a youth of little more than two-and-twenty, who had displayed great courage and zeal in the regiment of John Roy Stewart; and Bradshaw was a respectable and wealthy merchant of Manchester, who had abandoned his business, and spent his fortune in the cause for which he was now to lay down his life.

The execution of these gentlemen, which took place on the 28th of November, was attended with some affecting circumstances. Before nine o'clock in the morning, the servants of the keeper unlocked the rooms in which Sir John Wedderburn, Mr. Hamilton, and James Bradshaw were confined, and, uttering the awful announcement that they were to die, desired them to prepare themselves for the sheriff, who would immediately come to demand their persons. Although this was the first certain intelligence they had of their fate, they received it with calmness, and said they would soon be ready to obey the sheriff's request. They then took a melancholy farewell of a fellow-officer of the name of Farquharson, who had been respited, and was confined on the same side of the prison. The keeper's servants proceeded to rouse the rest of the doomed men, besides one of the name of Lindsay, who was as yet expected to share their fate. When they were told to prepare for the sheriff, Wood enquired if Governor Hamilton had been finally consigned to execution; and being answered in the affirmative, remarked, "that he was sorry for that poor old gentleman." They were led into the fore part of the prison, and provided with a slight refreshment. On account of the policy of government in granting reprieves at the last hour, Bradshaw still hoped to be pardoned, and endeavoured, on this occasion, to display a confident cheerfulness of manner. Wood, entertaining no such expectations, called for wine, and drank the health of his political idols, boldly assigning to each his treasonable title. Lindsay's reprieve arrived at the moment when he was submitting to have his hands tied, and produced such an effect upon his feelings as almost to deprive him of the life which it was designed to save. The sanguine Bradshaw, whose halter was just then thrown over his head, eagerly enquired "if there was any news for him."—"The sheriff is come, and waits for you!" was the awful answer knelled upon the poor man's ear.

They were drawn to the place of execution in two sledges, Bradshaw shedding tears of disappointment and wretchedness. They arrived at the foot of the fatal tree a little after noon, and the execution immediately took place, in the midst of a vast crowd of spectators. Bradshaw, and also Sir John Wedderburn, were observed to look earnestly at the gallows as they drew near to it. The whole prayed for King James, and declared they did not fear death. Bradshaw was tied up first, and the rest as they were taken out of the sledges. The wagon was drawn away from beneath them, while they were yet imploring the Almighty to receive their souls. On being cut down, their bowels were taken out and thrown into a fire which blazed near the gallows. Their bodies were afterwards surrendered to their friends.

In the meantime, this bloody work had been proceeding with still greater energy at Carlisle and York, where

it was thought necessary to try the most of the insurgents who had been taken at Culloden, by the forms of an English court of Oyer and Terminer, instead of placing them at the mercy of their countrymen, who were now too generally suspected of disaffection to be intrusted with a commission so important. Carlisle, the principal scene of their misdeeds in England, was selected for the trial of most of the prisoners, as a place more likely than any other to produce a jury of the stamp required by government. The result proved that, however much the Scottish people might labour under the imputation of humanity, their Cumbrian neighbours were not in the least degree tinged with that disloyal vice.

About the beginning of August, a herd—for such it might be termed—of these ill-starred persons was impelled, like one of their own droves of black cattle, from the Highlands towards Carlisle, where, on being imprisoned, they were found to amount to no less than three hundred and eighty-five. To try so many individuals, with the certainty of finding almost all of them guilty, would have looked something like premeditated massacre; and might have had an effect upon the nation very different from what was intended. It was therefore determined that, while all the officers, and others who had distinguished themselves by zeal in the insurrection, should be tried, the great mass should be permitted to cast lots, one in twenty to be tried, and the rest to be transported. Several individuals refused this extrajudicial proffer of grace, and chose rather to take their chance upon a fair trial. The evidences were chiefly drawn from the ranks of the king's army. Bills of indictment were found against a hundred and nineteen individuals; and the 9th of September was appointed the day of trial.

The time which intervened between the indictment and trial of the Carlisle prisoners, was occupied by the judges, at York, where the grand jury found bills of indictment against seventy-five insurgents there confined, whom the judges appointed to be tried on the 2d of October. Notice has already been taken of the countenance which was given to the bloody proceedings of government by a party in the nation, and the publications by private individuals, in which severity to the vanquished Jacobites was not only inculcated, but assisted on. The reader will learn, with equal surprise and horror, that even the pulpit was occasionally made a vehicle for such inhuman sentiments. A dreadful instance occurred here, on the 21st of August, when the chaplain of the high sheriff of York profaned the Christian faith and that glorious minister by preaching, before the judges, a sermon, the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by its text—[Numbers, xxv. 5.] "And the Lord said unto the judges of Israel, Slay ye every male man that were joined unto Baal-peor!"

The judges again sat down at Carlisle on the 23d September; on which, and the two following days, all of the hundred and nineteen prisoners were arraigned. On the 12th, the grand jury sat again, and found against fifteen more. Out of the hundred and thirty-three persons in all, thus brought to the bar at Carlisle, one obtained delay, on account of an allegation that he was a peer, eleven pled guilty when arraigned, thirty-one pled guilty when brought to trial, thirty-seven were found guilty, eleven found guilty but recommended to mercy, thirty-six acquitted, and five remanded to prison to wait for further evidence.

The trials at York commenced on the 2d of October, and ended on the 7th, when, out of the seventy-five persons indicted, two pled guilty when arraigned, and fifty-two when brought to trial; twelve were found guilty, four found guilty but recommended to mercy, and five acquitted. Seventy in all received sentence of death. The process of all these trials appears to have been extremely simple. Most of the prisoners endeavoured to take advantage of the notorious slavery in which the clans were held by their chiefs, by pleading that they had been forced into the insurgent army against their will; but their defence was in every case easily repelled.

Before the middle of October, an order was sent to Carlisle for the execution of thirty, out of the ninety-one persons then imprisoned under sentence; ten at Carlisle on the 18th October, ten at Brampton on the 21st, and ten at Penrith on the 28th. But of the first ten, one afterwards reprieved. The names of the remaining nine were Thomas Cockpock, Edward Roper, Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, Donald MacDonald of Kinkaidart, Donald MacDonald of Tyendrich, John Henderson, John MacNaughton, James Brand, and Hugh Cameron. They were executed, according to order, with all those circumstances of barbarity which had already attended the former executions. Out of the ten

who were appointed to die at Bampton, only six eventually suffered; James Innes, Patrick Lindsey, Ronald MacDonald, Thomas Park, Peter Taylor, and Michael Delard; one having died in prison, and the remaining three having been reprieved. Mercy was also extended to three of the ten who were designed for execution at Penrith. The names of those who suffered at the latter place, were Robert Lyon, David Home, Andrew Swan, James Harvie, John Robottom, Philip Hunt, and Valentine Holt.

In addition to the twenty-two persons thus executed in the west of England, other twenty-two suffered at the city of York; namely, on the 1st of October, Captain George Hamilton, Daniel Frazer, Edward Clavering, Charles Gordon, Benjamin Mason, James Main, William Colony, William Dempsey, Angus MacDonald, and James Sparks; on the 8th of the same month, David Roe, William Hunter, John Endsworth, John MacLean, John MacGregor, Simon Mackenzie, Alexander Parker, Thomas Macginnies, Archibald Kennedy, James Thomson, and Michael Brady; and on the 15th, James Reid. Eleven more were executed at Carlisle on the 15th of November; namely, Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunnipace, Charles Gordon of Dalpersy, Patrick Murray, goldsmith in Stirling, Patrick Keir, Alexander Stevenson, Robert Reid, John Wallace, James Michell, Molineux Eaton, Thomas Hays, and Barnaby Matthews.

All these unhappy individuals are said to have behaved, throughout the last trying scene, with a degree of decent firmness which perfectly astonished the beholders. Every one of them continued, till his last moment, to justify the cause which had brought him to the scaffold; and some even declared that, if set at liberty, they would act in the same manner as they had done. They all prayed in their last moments for the exiled royal family, particularly for Prince Charles, whom they concurred in representing as a pattern of all manly excellence, and as a person calculated to render the nation happy, should it ever have the good fortune to see him restored.

The lives of nearly eighty persons had now been destroyed, in atonement of the terror into which the state had been thrown by the insurrection; and the appetite of the common people for bloody spectacles had been satiated almost to loathing. There yet remained, however, a few individuals, who, having excited the displeasure of government in a peculiar degree, were marked as unfit for pardon. The first of these was Charles Ratcliffe, younger brother to the Earl of Derwentwater who had been executed in 1716, and who had himself only evaded the same fate by making his escape from Newgate. This gentleman, taking upon himself the title of Earl of Derwentwater, was made prisoner, in November 1745, on board a French vessel on its way to Scotland with supplies for Prince Charles. After lying a year in confinement, he was brought up to the bar of the king's bench (November 21, 1746,) when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before, was again read to him. He endeavoured to perplex the court regarding his identity; but it was established satisfactorily, and he was condemned to be executed on the 6th of December. That day he came upon the scaffold in a suit of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with gold, a gold laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a white feather in his hat; and conducted himself, throughout the dreadful scene, with a manly courage and proud bearing, which seemed to indicate, that he held the malice of his enemies and the stroke of death in equal scorn.

The last of all the martyrs, as they were styled by their own party, was Lord Lovat. This singular old man was impeached by the house of commons on the 11th of December; his trial took place before the house of peers on the 9th of March 1747, and several successive days. On this momentous occasion, he seems to have exerted all the talents for dissimulation and chicanery which had carried him through life with so much distinction. But the evidence produced against him was of that kind which no artifice could invalidate. He was confronted with a prodigious number of letters, which he had written to the exiled family, and in particular to the Young Chevalier, promising them his assistance, and negotiating the proposed elevation of his family to a dukedom. These had been procured from Murray of Broughton, who preferring to live the life of a dog to dying the death of a man, had engaged with government to make all the discoveries in his power for his own pardon. Lovat could make no effective stand against such documents, and although he uttered an exculpatory and palliative speech some eloquence, he was condemned to die.

During the space of a week which intervened between

his sentence and his execution, he maintained, without the least interruption, that flow of animal spirits and lively conversation for which he had been so remarkable throughout his life. He talked to the people about him of his approaching death, as he would have talked of a journey which he designed to take; and he made the circumstances which were to attend it the subject of innumerable witticisms and playful remarks. When informed, in the forenoon before he left the prison, that a scaffold had fallen near the place of execution, by which many persons were killed and maimed, he only remarked, "The mair mischief, the better sport." He was so weak as to require the assistance of two persons in mounting the scaffold. Here he maintained the same show of indifference to death. He felt the edge of the axe, and expressed himself satisfied with its sharpness. He called the executioner, gave him ten guineas, and told him to do his duty with firmness and accuracy; adding that he would be very angry with him, if he should hack and mangle his shoulders. He professed to die in the Roman catholic faith, and spent some time in devotion. One of his last expressions was the "*Dulce et decorum*" of Horace. With the same cool resignation, he submitted to the executioner, who fortunately performed the work by one blow.

It remains to be stated that an act of indemnity was passed in June 1747, granting the king's pardon to all who had committed acts of treason previous to the year 1745, except about eighty persons, whose names were specified.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PRINCE CHARLES IN FRANCE.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Julius Caesar.

Prince Charles terminated his voyage at the small port of Roscort, near Morlaix, after having sailed in a fog through the midst of the British fleet, then cruising on the coast of Bretagne. Immediately on stepping ashore, he is said to have sunk down upon his knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved his life through so many dangers. He and his company were still dressed in the miserable attire which they had worn in Scotland; but they were speedily refitted by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Intelligence no sooner reached the French court that he was landed, than the castle of St. Anthoine was fitted up for his reception, and his brother, attended by a great number of young noblemen, set out from Paris, to meet and congratulate him. On arriving at that capital, he did not stop for any refreshment, but drove on to Versailles. The king was at that time engaged in council upon affairs of importance; but when he heard that the prince was come, he immediately rose and came out to give him welcome. The fame of Charles's proceedings in Scotland had made a strong impression upon the breast of this monarch, as upon the nation in general, ever so strongly disposed to admire deeds of extravagant heroism; and in now meeting the gallant youth who had braved and suffered so much, he could not help embracing him with emotions of the tenderest nature. "My dearest prince," he exclaimed, "I thank Heaven for the great pleasure of seeing you returned in safety, after so many fatigues and dangers; you have proved yourself possessed of all the qualities of the heroes and philosophers of antiquity, and I hope you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." After spending a quarter of an hour in conversation with the king, Charles passed to the apartment of the queen, who received him with the same demonstrations of respect and affection. As he was withdrawing from the palace, the whole court crowded around him, to express the admiration which they entertained for his exploits, and the satisfaction with which they saw him once more safe in France. Scarce could they have testified greater joy, was the observation of an eye witness, or expressed themselves in terms more warm, had the dauphin himself been engaged in the same dangerous expedition, and returned from it in safety.

Subsequent events gave rise to a supposition that Louis XV. was but little sincere in his expressions of welcome. It would appear, however, that the monarch really entertained a strong personal regard for Charles, and that to previous friendship was now added a feeling of a still warmer nature, a generous admiration of the constancy and fortitude which he had displayed in his late campaign. If his most Christian majesty afterwards consented to sacrifice Charles to a necessity in state policy, it must be held to have been only one of those

unfortunate circumstances in which monarchs are obliged to violate their own feelings for the sake of their country. There was still less reason for supposing the kindness of the queen to be equivocal. Her majesty was prepossessed in favour of Charles, on account of his resemblance to his mother, who had been her early and most intimate friend. She is thus said to have regarded him rather with the fondness of a mother than the favour of a queen. This affection for him was heightened by her interest in his fate. She beheld him with all that indefinable mixture of love and respect with which it seems so strikingly the characteristic of the female heart to treat those who acquire a name for "the dangers they have passed." She is said to have often detained him in her chamber for hours together, relating to her and her attendant ladies the strange and varied adventures he had met in Scotland; and with so lively a feeling of pity were these recitals usually attended, that he seldom failed to leave the fair assemblage drowned in tears.

The attentions which he received at court, and even the applause which his appearance every where excited amongst the public, agreeable as both must have been to a youthful mind, were entirely neutralised by the intelligence which was every day arriving, of the cruelties exercised by the British government upon his unfortunate adherents. In the language which a poet afterwards put into his mouth, "nought could seem pleasant, and nought could seem fair," so long as his mind was occupied with the gloomy sensations which naturally arose from that cause. He was nevertheless obliged, soon after his arrival, to pay a public and ceremonious visit to the French king, in the character with which his father had invested him, that of Regent of Scotland, England, and Ireland, the interview which he had already had being only private and *incognito*. On this occasion he moved in procession from his castle of St. Anthoine, with the Scottish gentlemen who had come over with him; Lords Ogilvie and Elcho, together with the venerable Glenbucket, and Kelly his secretary, in one coach; he himself in the next, along with Lord Lewis Gordon and the elder Lochiel; the third contained four gentlemen of his bed chamber; and young Lochiel and some other gentlemen followed on horseback. The whole made a very respectable appearance, especially Charles himself, who wore a dress as remarkable for its costliness and splendour as his late attire was shabby and wretched. His coat was of rose coloured velvet, embroidered with silver tissue. His waistcoat was of rich gold brocade, with a spangled fringe set on in scallops. The cockade in his hat and the buckles in his shoes were diamonds. The George at his bosom, and the order of St. Andrew, which he wore at one of the button holes of his waistcoat, were illustrated with large brilliants. "In fine," says the good Jacobite who records his appearance, "he glittered all over like the star which appeared at his nativity." He supped with the royal family; and all his friends and attendants were entertained at various tables, which had been appointed for them, according to their rank.

Whatever was the extent of friendship which the French king entertained for Charles, it was destined soon to give way before the more powerful influence of politics. The only motive which he had ever had for urging the claims of the house of Stuart against the reigning family, or for entertaining Charles at his court, lay in his wish to annoy, by this means, a powerful enemy, and in a certainty that, by resigning him at some period, he might make a peace, when such could not otherwise be well obtained. It has been already seen that, after he had succeeded in fairly embroiling Britain in a civil war, he left Charles in a great measure to work out his own fate; contented with having achieved the object of the moment, and as indifferent to the fate of the tool as the archer is to that of the arrow which he drives through the mail of his foe. Now that Charles was returned, although he felt personally an affection for the gallant young man, he had no scruple in seeking to employ him once more in the same heartless policy. He embodied several regiments of the exiled cavaliers, at the head of which he placed Lochiel, Lord Ogilvy, and others who had distinguished themselves in the late insurrection. He removed the minister who was chiefly blamed for having withheld the supplies promised to Charles when in Scotland, and put another in his place, whose attachment to the Stuart family was unquestionable. He posted the new regiments at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais; and caused the report of a new invasion to be loudly proclaimed.

Charles, however willing in his turn to veil his better feelings to the dictates of policy, had too much good sense not to comprehend the true motive and object of

these preparations, and too much pride not to resent them. He told the French ministry in plain terms that the force provided was quite insufficient, and that he would neither hazard his own person nor those of his friends in so romantic an expedition. He also took care to declare in public, that he would never again set his foot within the British territories, unless called by the people, or with a force sufficient to overawe all opposition, and save the effusion of blood, too much of which, he added, had already been shed. Louis, however, achieved in some measure the object of his policy; for, in consequence of the preparations which seemed to be making on the French coast for an invasion, the British troops were prevented from embarking for Flanders so early in the year as they were required.

It may here be mentioned, that Charles never was heard to express any satisfaction on account of the numerous victories which France gained over Britain and her allies, during this unfortunate war. He either affected, or did feel as a Briton, and considering the honour of that country as his own, regretted every incident which tended to degrade her in the eyes of Europe. He even expressed himself in this manner to the royal family and the ministers; and never permitted any Frenchman to follow the bent of his nature in his presence by depreciating the English, without retorting some reflection upon the French which at once silenced him.

Though thus unajcoiled by the French, he did not think it necessary altogether to reject the slender assistance they offered him, but, on their representing that they could give no more at present, declared he would wait their time, and in the meanwhile proposed to apply to some other friendly courts for additions to his armament. He proposed Spain; and the French ministers had no hesitation in sanctioning the measure, because they knew that that country was then even more unable than themselves to increase his force. He was aware of this himself; but thought it advisable to sound his most catholic majesty regarding his affection to the interests of the House of Stuart.

Accordingly he visited Madrid, where he was most kindly received by the king, queen, and queen-dowager. That he procured no levies, was abundantly plain from the event; but the king is said nevertheless to have treated him with great attention. Besides contributing fifty thousand pistoles towards the object of his enterprise, he presented him with a fine gold hilted sword, set with brilliants. The queen, moreover, gave him a small box adorned with her picture, and a ring valued at fifteen hundred pistoles.

Charles remained only five or six days in Madrid, but was absent from Paris four months; a space which it was supposed he had employed in visiting two other courts friendly to his interests. Before his return, an incident had taken place which is said to have occasioned him the greatest uneasiness. His younger brother, Henry Benedict, had been induced, during this interval, to accept of a cardinalate, which was offered to him by the Pope. The diminished prospect which now remained of the restoration of his family, and the desire of enjoying an independent revenue, were the urgent and sufficient motives which sanctioned this step. But Charles rightly judged that nothing could have been contrived better calculated to increase the dislike of the English people to his dynasty, and was accordingly so much incensed at his brother, that for some time he forbade his name to be mentioned in his company.

It would have perhaps been better for Charles if he had imitated the prudent conduct of his brother, and at once renounced the pretensions which were destined to occasion him so much pain and calamity. He might have now retired with a good grace into the shades of private life, and spent many respectable years in the enjoyment of that fame, which he had certainly acquired by his Scottish campaign. Nothing, in that case, would have been remembered of him, but the glory of that enterprise alone, and, like a child who dies before its character, good or bad, has been developed, he would have been esteemed for expected good, more than for known evil. Unfortunately, his ambitious and restless spirit caused him to persist in his claims, till they had become in a great measure ridiculous, and finally occasioned an incident which degraded him in the eyes of all Europe.

It would appear, that so long as he was upheld by the admiration of the public, and whilst the prospects of his cause were still not altogether clouded, his spirit maintained its full tide of pride, and seemed as incapable as ever of stooping beneath the character he affected. A scheme was conceived by Cardinal Tencin, the French minister, for restoring his family through the intervention of France, on condition that Ireland was to be yield-

ed as an appanage of that kingdom; and the cardinal, who had been raised to his present distinguished situation entirely by the influence of the House of Stuart, had an interview with Charles, to disclose the project. Scarcely had he concluded the proposal, when the fiery Chevalier started from his seat in the greatest rage, and repeatedly exclaiming, "*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal! tout ou rien! point de partage!*"—(No, no, Lord Cardinal! all or nothing! no partitions!)—strode through the room with the air of a man who has been insulted on the keenest point. The cardinal, alarmed at his demeanour, entreated him not to mention the project to the king or ministry, as it was entirely an idea of his own, which he had conceived out of his great affection for the exiled family. Charles assured him he should not so much as think of it.

But the period at length arrived when this spirit was to be effectually controlled, and the unhappy Stuart was to fall the victim of that heartless policy whose tool he had already so conspicuously been. Towards the end of the year 1747, France began to be heartily tired of a war, which, though attended with innumerable victories, was leading to no result, except the impoverishment of her purse, and the stagnation of her commerce; and some overtures of peace were made to the British government. The latter incidents of the war had been decidedly favourable to this state, inasmuch that many who previously looked upon it as absurd, were now willing that it should be continued; but the enormous expense which it cost, and the danger in which it had involved the very government itself, determined the ministry to enter into the terms proposed by France. A treaty was accordingly signed at Aix-la-Chapelle (October 18, 1748,) by which, upon the simple grounds that each state should resign all its conquests, it was resolved to conclude the war. By one article it was stipulated, that France should finally acknowledge the right of the House of Hanover to the crown of Great Britain, and that, in terms of a treaty entered into in 1718, she should utterly renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and not permit the residence of these persons upon her dominions.

During the twelvemonth which intervened between the proposal and final settlement of this treaty, all Charles's friends expected that he would anticipate the necessity of his fate, by retiring from a kingdom where he had met with so little faith. The world was even prepared in some measure to treat him with the pity which his circumstances seemed to demand; and in France, at least, where he was in the highest degree beloved, his motions were watched with intense interest. To the astonishment of all, he never himself expressed the least chagrin regarding his fate, or even seemed to entertain a supposition that he was to be sacrificed. According to a custom followed by his grandfather and father at all treaties in which Great Britain was concerned, he had presented a protest against the proceedings of Aix-la-Chapelle; but he took no notice of the particular stipulation which promised so much distress to himself. He even took measures to prove his indifference to that pacification. He hired a splendid hotel upon the *Quai de Theatin*, in order, he said, to be near the play, opera, and other diversions of Paris; and he threw into his air a still higher strain of gaiety than he had ever formerly displayed. Whenever the agitating question of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was mentioned, he affected to feel no personal interest in its objects, but either fell a singing, or took an opportunity to change the conversation.

Thus apparently resolved to brave his fate, he did not even refrain from paying his customary visits to the court; though, it was remarked, he now sought to avoid personal rencontres with the king. At this time he adopted a measure, which seemed not only to avow his sentiments negatively, but to urge them positively, and that in a style which, though pardonable and perhaps even laudable, was to the last degree imprudent. He caused a medal to be struck, on the obverse of which was delineated the emblematical figure Britannia, with a busy seaport, and a fleet of war-vessels by her side, and the emphatic legend, "*Amor et Spes Britannie*," [the Love and Hope of Britain.] By this he evidently meant a compliment to Britain and her navy, at the expense of France, whose bad successes at sea had been the chief reason of her suing for peace. But that the insult was effective in the proper quarter, was proved by the ministers complaining of it to the king, and demanding that some notice should be taken of it. Louis, probably conscience-struck at the bad faith he had kept with Charles, is said to have answered, without warmth, that no doubt the prince had reasons for his conduct, and could not well be called to account for them.

This affair made a considerable noise in Britain as

well as in France, as the medals were extensively dispersed, and the implied satire every where understood. Although it was of such a nature as to forbid the French court from resenting it in a public manner, it did not pass altogether without reproof. The Prince of Conti, who was accounted the proudest man of his day in all France, and who felt it with peculiar keenness, one day met Charles in the Luxembourg Gardens, and immediately made allusion to the device of his famous medal. Assuming an air of pleasantry, but at the same time speaking with a sneer, this noble personage remarked that the device was perhaps scarcely so applicable as had been generally thought, in as much as the British navy had not proved the best possible friends to his royal highness. Charles instantly replied to this taunt, in a manner which silenced the prince. "*C'est en vain, Prince!*" he said, "*mais je suis nonobstant l'ami de la flotte, contre tous ses ennemis; comme je regretterai toujours la gloire d'Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dans la flotte.*" (True, Prince! but I am nevertheless a friend to the navy against all its enemies; as I shall always look upon the glory of England as my own, and her glory is in her navy.)

When the king perceived that Charles made no motion to leave his dominions, he despatched the Cardinal de Tencin, with instructions to hint to him, in as delicate a manner as possible, the necessity of his taking that step. The cardinal performed his office with the greatest discretion, and endeavoured with all his eloquence to palliate the conduct of his master. The Charles treated him only with evasive answers, and he was obliged to withdraw without having obtained any satisfactory account of his royal highness's intention. The king waited for some days, in the hope that Charles would depart; but was then obliged to despatch another messenger, with still more urgent entreaties. The person selected for this purpose was the Duke de Gesvres, Governor of Paris, who, besides instructions to urge his departure, carried a *carte blanche*, which the prince was requested to fill up with any sum he might please to demand as a pension, in consideration of his obeying the king's wishes. When this ambassador disclosed his proposals to Charles, he is said to have treated them with unequivocal marks of contempt, crying that "*peux-je être quitte out of the question in the present case, and that he only wished the king to keep his word.*" The cardinal pointed out the necessity of the negotiations which required his departure from France; but Charles, on the other hand, insisted upon the previous treaty between his most Christian majesty and himself, by which they had become mutual allies. The Duke de Gesvres being the unsuccessful, the Count de Maurepas and the Papal nuncio were one after another sent upon the same errand, and the king even wrote a letter to him with his own hand, but all without effect.

As no attempt was made by either party to end these strange proceedings, they soon became known to all Europe. In Paris they excited a degree of interest such as no public event was ever before known to occasion. For a person in such peculiar circumstances, to thwart the intentions and disregard the power of the grand monarch, was esteemed in that region a most extraordinary instance of daring, and almost caused Charles to be regarded as something superior to his kind. His exploits in Scotland, and the fascinating graces of his person, had previously disposed the Parisians to this extravagant degree of admiration; and it was completed when, to these charms, was added that arising from his unmerited distresses. He now became an object of even more attraction than the king himself, to this generous and romantic people. Whenever he appeared upon the public walks, the whole company followed him. When he entered the theatre, he became the sole spectacle of the place. On all occasions he seemed the only person who was insensible to the sorrows of his fate; and, while he talked with his usual gaiety to the young noblemen who surrounded him, no one could speak of him without admiration, and few beheld him without tears.

The public feeling so liberally excited in his favour was by no means agreeable to the king, and far less to the ministry, who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing the prince into this distressing predicament. There were other personages whom it yet further offended. Those were, the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, two British noblemen, then residing in Paris, as hostages to guarantee the restoration of Cape Breton to its original proprietors the French, in terms of the late treaty. Charles was known to have commented with bitterness upon the meanness of the British Government in giving hostages to France; and the two noblemen could not help, moreover, feeling personally piqued at the respect which

was every where shown to the public enemy of their country, while they themselves were treated with ill-suppressed contempt. They therefore complained to the French monarch, that he had not executed one important article of the treaty. His majesty gave them for answer, that he only awaited the return of a messenger from Rome, with an answer to a letter which he had written to the old pretender, demanding that Charles should be withdrawn by paternal authority from the kingdom, before taking active measures to that effect.

The messenger mentioned by the king, returned on the 9th of December (1748), with a letter from the old Chevalier, enclosing another under a flying seal, addressed to his son, in which he commanded the prince to obey the king's wishes. His majesty, after having read the last epistle, sent it to Charles, by way of giving him a last chance of declaring his submission to the royal authority; but the inflexible prince, though always said to have entertained the utmost respect for his father, thought proper to hold out even against his commands. He declared openly that no pensions, promises or advantages whatever, should induce him to renounce his just rights; that, on the contrary, he was resolved to consecrate the last moments of his life to their recovery. The king no sooner learned that he was still unwilling to depart, than he called a council of state, where it was determined to arrest him, and carry him out of the kingdom by force. Louis was still so averse to treat his unfortunately with disrespect, and still entertained so warm an affection for him, that when the order for his arrest was presented for his signature, he exclaimed, with unaffected sorrow, "Ah, pauvre prince! qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un véritable ami!"—(Ah, poor prince! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend!)—The order was signed at three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was blazoned all over Paris before the evening. A person of the prince's retinue heard, and carried him the intelligence; but he affected not to believe it. Next day, as he was walking in the Tuilleries, a person of condition informed him that he would certainly be seized that very day, if he did not prevent it by an immediate departure; but, resolved to brave the very extremity of his fate, he treated the intelligence as chimerical, and, turning to one of his followers, ordered a box to be hired for him that night at the opera.

The preparations made for his arrest were upon a scale proportioned to the importance of his character, or rather were dictated by the extent of public favour which he was supposed to enjoy. No fewer than twelve hundred of the Guards were drawn out and posted in the court of the Palais-Royal; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers armed in cuirasses and helmets, filled the passage of the Opera-house; the Guet, or city police, were stationed in the streets to stop all carriages. The sergeants of the grenadiers, as the most intrepid, were selected to seize the prince. Two companies of grenadiers took post in the court yard of the kitchens, where the Duke de Biron, commander of the French Guards, and who was commissioned to superintend, waited in a coach, disguised, to see the issue of the enterprise. The Mousquetaires had orders to be ready to mount on horseback; troops were posted upon the road from the Palais-Royal to the state-prison of Vincennes, in which the prince was to be disposed. Hatchets and scaling-ladders were prepared, and locksmiths directed to attend, in order to take his royal highness by escalade, in case he should throw himself into some house, and there attempt to stand out a siege. A physician and three surgeons, moreover, were ordered to be in readiness to dress whoever might be wounded.

Into this well prepared and formidable trap, Charles entered with all the unthinking boldness of a desperate man. Scorning the repeated warnings he had received, and disregarding a friendly voice which told him, as he passed along in his carriage, that the Opera-house was beset, he drove up as usual to that place; where he no sooner alighted on the ground, than he was surrounded by six sergeants dressed in plain clothes, who seized his person; one taking care of each limb, while other two crossed their arms, and bore him off the street into the court-yard of the Palais-Royal; the soldiers in the mean time keeping off the crowd with fixed bayonets, and seizing the few persons who attended him. When he was brought into the court-yard, Major de Vaudrouil, who had been deputed to act by the Duke de Biron, approached his royal highness, and said, "Prince, your arms; I arrest you in the name of the king." Charles immediately presented his sword; but, that not satisfying his captors, they searched his person, and found a pair of pistols and a poniard, together with a penknife and a book, all of which they removed. They then bound him with silk cord, of which the Duke had provided ten ells on

purpose, and hurried him into a hired coach, which was immediately driven off, attended by a strong guard. Another party in the mean time entered his palace, and arrested all his followers and servants, who were immediately conveyed to the Bastille, though soon afterwards liberated. Charles was conveyed to the castle of Vincennes, and thrust into an upper room of narrow dimensions, where he was left to seek repose, attended by only a single friend—the faithful Neil MacEachan, who, with Flora MacDonald, had accompanied him in his journey through Skye. So long as he was in the presence of the soldiers or any officers of the French government, he had maintained a lofty air, and spoken in a haughty tone, as if to show that he was superior to his misfortunes; but, when finally left in this desolate chamber, with only a friend to observe him, he gave way to a tumult of painful feeling which agitated his breast. Throwing himself upon a chair, according to the report of MacEachan, as afterwards communicated to a family in Skye, he clasped his hands together, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would never have treated me thus: would I were still with you!"—his mind apparently reverting, at this moment of peculiar distress, to the transient glories of his late brilliant, though unhappy enterprise.

The ill-fated prince was soon after conveyed out of the French dominions, which he never again entered. He spent the remainder of his life chiefly at Avignon, a city in Provence, but belonging to the pope. He did not immediately resign all hope of a restoration to the throne of his ancestors, but on the contrary, entered into at least one conspiracy, which was set on foot for that purpose by his English adherents in the year 1753. On that occasion he even ventured to visit London, in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. The king knew of his arrival in the capital, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest him. The conspiracy, though said to have involved many of the most honourable names in England, did not arrive at any head; being probably repressed by a well-timed act on the part of government—the execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron. Charles is affirmed to have taken the opportunity of his visit to London, to make open renunciation of the Catholic faith, for the satisfaction of his friends. It is also said—for these facts hang but on vague authority—that he was once more in the metropolis at the period of the coronation of George the Third, and that he caused the challenge of the king's knight on that occasion, to be answered by a female adherent, who threw her glove down into the arena, after the champion had deposited his gauntlet. Perhaps nothing could have better emblematised the weakness of his pretensions or prospects, in opposition to the monarch then crowned, than the light trifle which he charged with them, as contrasted with the mailed and ponderous strength of the object which represented the claims of his rival.

Charles, in his latter years, was degraded by the vices of a disappointed and aimless man. After his transactions in Scotland, during which he displayed so much moderation and humanity, and after the numerous testimonies of his dying adherents, which paint him with so many excellences, it is impossible to doubt that he originally possessed both a noble mind and a good heart. If, after miseries such as it is the lot of few men to bear, and haunted by a fate than which none can be considered more deplorable, he sunk from the gallant and generous prince into the domestic tyrant and the sot, he is not perhaps to be either wondered at or condemned. In ordinary life, instances are seen every day of men who entered into life with good prospects, and principles equally good, but whom some unlucky accident has "spited at the world," and finally precipitated down the long descent of folly and crime. If pity and pardon are to be allowed to such errors—and they are not easily withheld, the same may surely be extended to the feelings of a man whose misfortunes were not only many times greater in degree, but took their rise in his birth, and continued with his existence.

CONCLUSION.

The insurrection of 1745 was no sooner suppressed by the stern course of policy which has been described, than the members of the legislature began to take into consideration a number of measures, by which it was proposed not only to prevent any such revolt for the future, but to annihilate, if possible, the spirit which excited it. These measures were in a general sense salutary, and, in the estimation of at least one party of the nation, absolutely indispensable. But it is to be regretted,

by every one who can appreciate the mild government of the Brunswick dynasty, or the security which it has given to the national liberties, that they were also tyrannical in spirit, and severe in execution. The old remark, that a suppressed rebellion strengthens the hands of a government, held good in this instance; and perhaps the best apology which can be offered for both the military and civil cruelties of this period, is that no man, or body of men, can well manage a sudden accession of arbitrary power.

The first act of the legislature, as a matter of course, related to the Scottish mountaineers, whose share in the war had been so pre-eminently conspicuous. It was denominated the Disarming Act, and proceeded upon two acts of George the First, which had aimed at the same object, without, as it but too obviously appeared, having produced the desired effect. In order that this enactment might not be defeated like its predecessors, penalties of a peculiarly severe nature were imposed upon all who should directly or indirectly endeavour to evade it. If any man, residing within the Highland line, should fail to deliver up his arms before the 1st of August 1747, or if any man should attempt to conceal arms either in his house, or in the fields, he was to be, for the first offence, fined in fifteen pounds, and imprisoned without bail till payment. If payment was not made within one month, he was to be transported to America as a common soldier, if able to serve; if not able to serve, he was to be imprisoned for six months, and then only liberated on finding security for his good behaviour during the next ten years. If the offender was a woman, she was to be fined in the same sum, imprisoned till payment, and afterwards confined for six months. A second offence against this ungracious law, was to be visited with no less a punishment than transportation for seven years.

Not only were the Highlanders deprived of their arms, but their very dress was proscribed, and by still severer penalties. The same act ordained that, after the 1st of August 1747, if any person, whether man or boy, within the same tract of country, were found wearing the clothes commonly called "the Highland clothes," that is, the plaid, philabeg, trows, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of the Highland garb, or if any person were found to wear a dress composed of tartan or party-coloured cloth, he should be imprisoned six months without bail, for the first offence, and, on its repetition, be transported for seven years.

It was thus hoped, that not only would the Highlanders be incapable of again levying war against the state, but that, their distinction as a nation being destroyed, they would with all haste become obedient servants to government, like the rest of the community. As might have been expected, the result was very different. The clans were, it is true, effectually prevented from ever again plotting against the house of Hanover. But they were not induced to regard that family, or their government, with any additional degree of favour. On the contrary, their previous disaffection was exasperated by these harsh measures into absolute hatred. "Even the loyal clans," says Dr. Johnson, "murmured, with an appearance of justice, that, after having defended the king, they were forbidden for the future to defend themselves, and that the sword should be forfeited which had been legally employed." But, if the loss of their arms occasioned discontent, the change of their dress produced feelings still less favourable to the existing government. Had the whole race been decimated, as their lively historian General Stuart remarks, more violent grief, indignation, and shame, could not have been excited among them, than by this encroachment upon their dearest national prejudices. It may be said, in conclusion, that, if the Highlanders have eventually become good servants to the state, and undistinguishable in dress and demeanour from the rest of the population, no part of the blessing is to be ascribed to either of these most ungenerous and unjust enactments.

The next act of the legislature also regarded the Highlanders, though, for the sake of uniformity, it was extended to the whole of Scotland. This was the celebrated act for abolishing heritable jurisdictions. It was supposed that, by putting an end to the power which all landed proprietors had hitherto possessed, of judging in civil and criminal cases among their dependents, the spirit of clanship would receive a mortal blow. Accordingly, it was resolved to buy up all these petty jurisdictions from the proprietors, and to vest them in sheriffs, who should be appointed by the king. It was also resolved, that the hereditary justiciarship of Scotland, vested in the family of Argyle, should be purchased, and transferred to the high court and circuit court of judicature, and that all constabularies should be abolished, ex-

cept the office of high constable. This act was not carried into effect, without considerable remonstrance on the part of the country. It was by some represented, that the affections of the Highlanders to their chiefs was independent of local jurisdictions; in proof of which it required only to be stated, that some of the insurgent leaders in the late war were not in possession of lands, but exerted only a claim of kindred over their troops. There was injustice, moreover, in extending to all Scotland a severe law, which was only aimed at a small portion of the country. But the strongest argument against the measure, lay in the power which it was calculated to throw into the hands of government.

The two acts already mentioned were accompanied by another, which, while it had no such noble end in view as was proposed for the rest, could only be understood as dictated by the spirit of revenge. The act alluded to was one for the suppression of such Episcopalian ministers in Scotland, as did not mark their allegiance to the existing government, by taking the oaths and praying for the king by name. It continued, however, to be the faith by far the greater part of the wealth, rank, and intelligence of the country, down to the year 1745, when, its chapels sent forth not a few enthusiasts to join the standard of Prince Charles, and of course attracted the determined hostility of the existing government.

It was now resolved to subject it to a system of persecution which might have the colour of law. An act was accordingly passed, less than three months after the conclusion of the war, by which it was ordained, that an Episcopalian clergyman, officiating after the 1st of September 1746, without having taken the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and assurance, or without praying once, during the performance of worship, for the king, his heirs and successors, and for the royal family, should, for the first offence, suffer six months' imprisonment, for the second (upon conviction before the high court of judicatory) be transported to the American plantations for life, and, in case of returning from banishment, be subject to perpetual imprisonment.

Cruel as this persecution was, it might not eventually have injured the church so much, if it had not also extended to the laity. The act declared, that if, after the 1st of September 1746, any person should resort to an illegal Episcopalian meeting house, and not give notice within five days of such illegal meeting to some proper magistrate, he should be subjected to fine or imprisonment. It declared further, that no peer of Scotland should be capable of being elected one of the sixteen peers of parliament, or of voting at such election; and that no person should be capable of being elected a member of parliament for any shire or borough, who should, within the compass of any future year, be twice present at divine service in an Episcopalian meeting in Scotland not held according to law.

That those statutes were not mere matters of form, but that the penalties were rigorously put in execution, could be proved by numerous instances. One clergyman, not more distinguished by his well-known poetical genius than by his piety and private worth—the Reverend John Skinner of Longmay in Aberdeenshire—was imprisoned, in terms of the second act, for six months, in the public jail of the county-town, although he had previously taken all the loyal oaths, and for two years prayed for the king by name. Other clergymen, who did not pray for the king by name, suffered similar imprisonments, and a few were obliged to take refuge in England and elsewhere, from the penalties with which they were threatened.

The general result of the two statutes was, simply, to annihilate utterly the conscientious portion of the church. It was now impossible for a clergyman of that sort to have a congregation, and, consequently, to maintain himself by his profession. It was equally impossible for a lay member of the church to continue in the faith of his forefathers and that of his own youth, without incurring disqualifications of the most grievous sort. Altogether, the persecutions to which the church was subjected, were of a nature even more severe than those with which the presbyterian church was visited in the reign of Charles II. In what are considered the hottest periods of that persecution, the clergymen were permitted to retain parish churches, upon the simple condition of yielding verbal obedience to the government, and not one individual suffered punishment who was not also a rebel against the state. But, in this persecution of a later and milder time, the whole clergy were deprived of even the privileges of dissenters, and exposed to the severest punishment, except death, for simply withholding their allegiance. The presbyterians could at any time have saved themselves by pronouncing the scriptural phrase, "God save the king." But the episcopalians could not escape, without actually perjurying themselves—

without swearing (by the oath of abjuration) that they believed, what no man in his senses could believe, that the pretender was a supposititious child.

However much the historian of this period may be disposed to condemn the cruelty displayed in these statutes, he must certainly acknowledge that they were attended eventually with the desired effect of disabling the malcontent part of the community. By the first, the Highlanders were deprived of the means of carrying on an active warfare; and put in a fair way of becoming amalgamated with the rest of the community. By the second, the whole people of Scotland were emancipated from their obligations to the aristocracy, and enabled to prosecute commercial and agricultural enterprise with increased effect. By the third, a religious community, which had formerly cherished unflinching affection for the house of Stuart, was completely broken up, and in a manner compelled to transfer their allegiance to the existing government.

It is true that these good effects did not immediately result from the statutes; that, on the contrary, something quite the reverse was for some time observable; and that it was only when a new and more liberal sovereign had assumed the throne, that the affections of the persecuted could be prevailed upon to run in the proper channel. But it is at the same time certain—and it is enough that such facts are certain—that from this time forward, the Highlanders began to employ their energies in the defence, instead of the annoyance of the State; that the people turned their attention more generally towards the true sources of national greatness, trade, manufacture, and the cultivation of the soil; and that the unfortunate Episcopalian Jacobites, persecuted out of all countenance, at last saw fit to become equally perjured and peaceable with the rest of the British nation.

The spirit of Jacobitism, during its period of decay, was something very different from what it had been in the year 1745. It had, till that period, been the spirit of young as well as old people, and possessed sufficient strength to excite its votaries into active warfare. But, as the Stuarts then ceased to acquire fresh adherents, and their claims became daily more and more obsolete, it was now left entirely to the generation which had witnessed its glories; in other words, became dependent upon the existence of a few old enthusiasts, more generally of the female than the male sex. After this period, indeed, Jacobitism, become identified with the weakness of old age, was supposed incapable of moving any heart, except one which might have throbbed with love for Prince Charles, or heaved to the stern music of Glads-muir and Culloden.

Malcolm MacLeod—See conclusion of Chapter 31.

In Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, a vivid portraiture has been preserved of this excellent specimen of the Highland gentleman, as he appeared in 1773. "He was now," says Mr. Boswell, "sixty-two years of age, hale, and well proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues—tartan hose which came up only near to his knees—a purple camblet kilt—a black waistcoat—a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord—a yellowish wig—a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank, and polite, in the true sense of the word." Mr. Boswell afterwards describes Flora MacDonald, then the wife of Kingsburgh, and advanced in life, as "a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." When Kingsburgh, Dr. Johnson slept in the bed which had been occupied, eight-and-twenty years before, by the unfortunate prince.

"The curious reader" may desire some further notice of a lady so celebrated as Flora MacDonald. It may be mentioned, from the tradition of her family, that she was indebted for her liberation to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father to his late majesty, King George III. His royal highness had the curiosity to visit "the Pretender's deliverer," as she was called, in prison. He asked her how she came to do a thing so contrary to the commands of her sovereign, and so inimical to the interests of her country; to which she answered, in a firm but modest style, that she conceived herself to have only obeyed the dictates of humanity in doing what she had done, and that, if it ever were his royal highness's fate, or that of any of his family, to apply to her under circumstances equally distressing with those of the Chevalier, she would,

with God's blessing, act again precisely in the same manner. Frederick was so much pleased with this reply, that he exerted himself to get her out of prison.

After she had been set at large, she was taken into the house of a distinguished female Jacobite, named Lady Primrose, and there exhibited to all the friends of the good cause who could make interest to get admission. The presents which she got at this period were perfectly overwhelming; and the flattering attention which was paid to her, might have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred such young ladies. Instances have been known, according to the report of her descendants, of eighteen carriages belonging to persons of quality, ranking up before the house in which she was spending the evening. Throughout the whole of these scenes, she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which, she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world.

After retiring to her native island, which she did with a mind totally unaffected by her residence in London, she married Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh, the son and successor of the venerable gentleman to whose house she had accompanied Prince Charles. When past the middle of life, she went with her husband to America, and met with many strange mischances in the course of the colonial war. Before the conclusion of that unfortunate contest, she returned with her family to Skye. It would appear that, at this advanced period of her life, she retained all the heroic courage which so remarkably distinguished her early years. It was told by her venerable daughter, Mrs. Major MacLeod, who accompanied her on the occasion, that a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, she alone could not be restrained, but came upon deck, and endeavoured by her voice and example to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which caused her afterwards to observe, in something like the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now risked her life in behalf of both the house of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She lived to a good old age, continuing to the last a firm Jacobite. Such is said to have been the virulence of this spirit in her composition, that she would have struck any man with her fist, who presumed, in her hearing, to call Charles by his ordinary epithet "the Pretender."

A SUBALTERN'S FURLOUGH.

The ensuing number of the "Library" will commence a remarkably pleasant book just received from London, entitled "A Subaltern's Furlough: descriptive of scenes in various parts of the United States, Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia during the summer and autumn of 1832. By E. T. Coke, Sergeant of the 45th regiment." We are much mistaken if it does not prove one of the most popular works on the subject of America which has appeared. The London Metropolitan for July says of it:—

"Mr. Coke is an author of much merit and little pretension. 'He only speaks right on, and tells you what he himself hath seen,' and truly he has seen a great deal, and tells it pleasantly." Mrs. Trollope's book appeared under the impression of one writhing through neglect and mortified feelings; Captain Basil Hall under the bias of tory prejudices. Both turned instinctively to the absurd and the ridiculous of the manners of those whose hospitality they were sharing; they described the dirt that was gathered at the base of the columns, or the soiled and green weather-marks on the shaft without regarding its height or contemplating its magnificence. Mr. Coke, without being guilty of any thing like adulation, has praised where praise was due, and not goaded by a dissimilarity of manners into the assumption of contempt, has been able fully to appreciate the bright surface as well as the dusky spots of the American character. Our transatlantic brethren must for some considerable time look at essentials; refinements are the polish of old countries, and are always concomitant with a great degree of vice among the higher, and misery among the lower orders of society."

Great Britain in 1833.

BY BARON D'HAUSSEZ,

EX-MINISTER OF MARINE UNDER KING CHARLES X.

INTRODUCTION.

After the last number of the "Library" went to press, we received from London the new work of Baron D'Haussez, and concluded to make it supersede the "Subaltern's Furlough" for the present. This production of an exiled minister will be found to possess uncommon interest, and it is now published in America, probably in a shorter time after its appearance in London, than has ever been the case with a foreign work. The London Literary Gazette of the 27th of July, says of it:—"The volumes are not yet published. We believe they will be ready next week." Thus the work is prepared for distribution over our whole country, in six weeks from the date of its issue in Great Britain, and may be read from Louisiana to Canada in the shortest possible period, realising completely the advantages of the "Library" mode of circulation. We mention this incidentally, not that we think the rapidity of its issue adds to the intrinsic merits of the book. The London Journal above quoted remarks:—

"To the production of Baron D'Haussez we would particularly invite attention. We enjoyed the gratification of his acquaintance, and can vouch for his partaking in character more of what we would call strong English sense and sterling ability, than of French vivacity and imagination. His remarks, therefore, even where not profound, are not superficial, and the errors into which he has fallen, though they amuse us, ought not to warp our minds from the consideration due to his more accurate and original remarks, or the conclusion to which they lead him. Having premised so much, we shall not detain our readers from the worthy baron, who has thus profitably occupied his time, which his more unfortunate associates, De Polignac, Peyronnet, and Montbel, have spent so painfully within the fortress of Ham."

The reader will naturally be prepared to find a Bourbon ex-minister favourably disposed to their cause; but this very adherence to an exiled benefactor, evinces a fidelity of principle that does credit to the Baron.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the English reader some account of the author of this work cannot fail to be interesting. It is but fitting that he should know who and what the individual is who so freely criticises his country. With this view, we have thought it necessary to give the following sketch of the life of the author.

Descended from an ancient family of the Parliament of Normandy, the Baron D'Haussez was still young at the epoch of the first revolution. Devoted, like his ancestors, to the royal cause, he entered the ranks of the army of Brittany. He formed part of the division of M. de Proté, when that general surrendered and was assassinated in the contempt of the terms of capitulation.

M. D'Haussez was arrested upon that occasion; and afterwards, when being restored to liberty, was subjected to a strict surveillance. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to take an active part in the conspiracy against the consular government, being one of those concerned, in 1804, in the abortive attempt of Pichegru and Cadoudal. Although arrested upon the discovery of the plot, M. D'Haussez escaped trial; but was subjected to a stricter and more rigorous surveillance than he had hitherto undergone.

From this period he took no part in public life, nor do we hear more of him till the period of the restoration.

He was returned to the chamber of deputies in 1815, and prominently opposed the majority of that chamber.

An official career now opened to M. D'Haussez. Being called to fill successively some important prefectures, he distinguished himself by his talents, and still more by an activity and political energy which were crowned with marked success. His labours, together with the various projects which he had in contemplation, are recorded in the works he has published concerning the departments under his control. These departments are indebted to him for excellent roads, handsome and useful public buildings, bridges, &c. Nor was he inattentive to agriculture: in his *Etudes Administratives sur les Landes*, published in 1826, he proves what well directed efforts may accomplish, even on the most sterile soils; indeed the country between the Garonne and the Adour attests the advantages derived from his able superintendence.

The reader who may wish for a further account of the agricultural improvements effected by M. D'Haussez, and of the efforts made by him in favour of the poor of the different departments over which he presided, is referred to the *Etudes sur les Landes*.

It may not be irrelevant to observe in this place that while M. D'Haussez was prefect at Bordeaux, he was distinguished by kindness and hospitality towards our countrymen; and men of the most varied and opposite political sentiments allow him to have been an active and enlightened prefect.

In 1829 M. D'Haussez was appointed to the ministry of the marine. Some idea may be formed of his activity while holding this important office, when it is stated that he was charged with the whole of the preparations for the expedition to Algiers. In a few months he assembled, in the roads of Toulon, a fleet of more than a hundred ships of war, and six or seven hundred transports. It is generally known in France that to the unaided energy of the minister of marine the conquest of Algiers was mainly owing: the French navy did not very willingly enter on the task.

The events of July, on which it is not necessary to dwell at length, compelled M. D'Haussez to fly his native country. Thanks to his presence of mind, and to the courage of a friend, he escaped the fortress of Ham.

Upon his arrival in England, Baron D'Haussez sought to divert the tedium of exile by literary composition, which had been always familiar to him; and these pages, as well as certain memoirs, relating to events in which he has borne a part, are the results of his labours.

These sketches of England were composed after an experience of three years' residence. They are certainly written in a *free*—it is for the public to say whether in a *fair*, spirit. The object of Baron D'Haussez appears to be to speak the truth honestly as regards the institutions, customs, and manners of England; to avoid servility on the one hand, and on the other to steer clear of intemperate abuse.

London, June, 1833.

PREFACE.

Brought to the shores of England by the force of circumstances to which my will was subservient, it became my anxious care to profit from the time I should have to reside in that country, by studying its manners, its customs, and its institutions. Thanks to the benevolent disposition which the English are wont to display towards foreigners, to that innate and exclusive curiosity which rivets itself to every object, living or inanimate, out of the common sphere, their eagerness to become acquainted with those who have played a conspicuous part in human affairs, I have to record to their praise, the testimonies of interest which I received at their hands, and which have converted my esteem into a feeling of attachment. My exile has thus assumed the appearance of a visit, and my proscription gave me a title to the confidence and marked attentions.

An alternate state of frequent intercourse with a numerous and distinguished society, apparently not unwilling to yield a free range to my remarks, and of absolute retirement, tended alike to give me the command of the most valuable materials, and of the leisure and solitude so indispensable for arranging and acquiring a thorough

knowledge of them. To this varied occupation I devoted all my time. Availing myself of the advantageous position in which I was placed, in order to form a correct judgment of a people who have been in France the theme of exaggerated blame or censure, according to the dictates of pure caprice, I hope to have steered a course altogether free from both extremes. To those who, in their ignorance of England, or in their appreciation of it through the perverted medium of a conventional enthusiasm, affect to speak of that country in a language of ecstasy and admiration which no argument can shake,—to such the opinions I have uttered will doubtless appear fanciful or too rigorous. Others again will condemn them as too favourable, who, tenaciously adhering to prejudices which should long since have been banished, and encouraging these prejudices by their insatuated blindness and hostility, disdain to acknowledge that there can exist any thing noble, honourable, or of value, out of their own country, and beyond the sphere of those customs in the midst of which they have been reared. Such is the fate reserved to impartiality; and I submit to it without complaint. If my observations are tinged with criticism, I may venture to declare that they never can assume a character of personality or of calumny.

It will be gratifying to me to bestow praise on what may appear deserving of it. If occasionally called upon to use the language of censure, I shall never give utterance to expressions which might call in question the attachment I so unfeignedly entertain for the English nation, in return for the noble and generous hospitality of which I have been the object during my residence in England.

LONDON.

Few foreigners land in England without being impressed with the conviction that a difference, manifested almost at every instant, exists between her manners and customs and those of other countries, and, above all, those of France—a difference which should be the subject of surprise and study; and that one is met at every instant by a sentiment of national superiority to which one is obliged to yield. After a little this opinion disappears: one sees that the costumes of all classes of society differ in nothing from those of the Continent—that the mode of address is the same, though in a certain degree less courteous; and that there exists not much more difference in the hotels, or in the prices which they demand. The comparison between England and the Continent ceases when one examines the roads and carriages: in this respect all is admirable, in reference to appearance or convenience, and it must unhesitatingly be admitted that in these matters England enjoys an immense superiority.

The country from the sea-coast to London has the aspect of the greater part of the maritime provinces of France; meadows, fields surrounded by ditches surmounted by hedges. The farm houses and dependent buildings have nothing which distinguishes them from buildings of a like nature on the continent; the only difference one perceives is, that in England there prevail more neatness and order: the cottages, which are dwellings inhabited by people of very small means, are numerous and of an agreeable aspect; their fantastical architecture is covered over, if one may so say, with a fringe of flowers or of ivy, which the English employ with much taste. You occasionally obtain a faint view of mansions situated in the midst of extensive parks and plantations of trees.

The small towns that you pass through, from the irregularity with which they are planned, and from the fact of the houses being situated on the very borders of the road, or some few feet from it, with gardens or a patch of green before the door, have, in truth, the appearance of large villages. No public promenade, nothing, in a word, which on the continent gives to a collection of houses the character of a town, presents itself to the eye of a traveller. Something vague and confused, which one cannot account for—a species of foggy envelope of vast extent, across which you think you can distinguish objects of a conical form, then an imposing mass which crowns the whole of this vaporous picture, fixes the attention of the stranger—it is London, with its sombre and smoky sky, its numerous steeples, and its majestic St. Paul's. None of the long avenues, the imposing luxury of the approaches to conti-

mental towns—none of those magnificent, yet often impracticable roads which conduct you to them: the only indications of a rich metropolis are handsome houses separated from each other by gardens, diminishing in extent as you approach, and disappearing to make way for the houses which form the suburbs of London;—winding roads of unequal breadth, but bounded on either side by commodious *trottoirs* kept in admirable order, and filled with carriages of all kinds and fashions, circulating with inconceivable rapidity. At last you have reached London.

Here are new subjects of wonder, for every thing is presented under a different aspect from any thing in France which could form a subject of comparison. In London there is a crowd without confusion—a bustle without noise—immensity with an absence of grandeur. One sees large streets ornamented with *trottoirs*, paved with slabs of stone. These are separated by iron railings from brick houses two stories high, devoid of style, symmetry, or ought that resembles architecture. Some compensation is afforded for all that is wanting in art by the existence of squares whose centre presents a garden embellished by statues, flowers, and green sward, with the additional ornament of fine trees.

Here, also, are numerous bridges, two of which rival the most magnificent works of the kind; docks in which are sheltered thousands of vessels with the rich freights they are to transport; churches with colonnaded porticoes, and steeples more remarkable by their fantastic form and the boldness of their elevation than by their elegance. Few of the public buildings are distinguished from private habitations; but every thing partakes of the animation imparted by the movement of a numerous, active, and busy population.

In the evening, the scene changes: disengaged from the crowd of actors, it is illuminated by a row of gas-lamps ranged on either side of the streets. The beholder, in following their astonishing development, which throws into the shade the dark façades of the houses that line them, might fancy himself in the midst of the vast avenues of a palace lighted up on the occasion of some great event.

The parks are within the limits of this great city, or of its suburbs; their chief attractions are a copious supply of water, and trees the growth of centuries; they offer the additional advantages of a road for carriages and horses, and of walks on the green turf for pedestrians. The prospect from them is varied by the number and diversity of the surrounding houses, and by the picturesque disposal of massy clumps of trees scattered here and there by chance, rather than by design.

In the more recently built parts of London there is nothing imposing but the breadth and handsome proportions of its streets; and in the city, nothing but its immense population and the impress of life which commerce imparts to it. With the exception of the churches, whose style, whether Greek or Gothic, is tolerably pure, few buildings fix the attention of a stranger; but a great number may surprise him into admiration by the profusion or the singularity of their ornaments, or by the beauty of their site. To this cause, and the irregularity in the line of buildings, is chiefly owing the effect produced by the houses in Pall-Mall, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, and Regent's Park. So much pains have been taken to reproduce the ancient style of architecture, that one might fancy oneself in an ancient Greek or Roman city: there is not a house which has not a monumental character. The slightest examination reveals the numerous imperfections, the glaring faults of imitation without taste, without reason, and at variance with the commonest rules of art. The only object in studying such an architecture would be to record its defects and endeavour to avoid them. It is more pleasing to consider and enjoy it in its general effect, without minutely examining the impression it produces.

Among the public buildings to be excepted from this rigorous censure are Somerset House, the New Post Office, the Orphan Asylum, Newgate, the Mansion House, the Bank, and, in a less elevated order, some Club-houses, such as the Union, the United Service, the Athenæum, and the Travellers'. Three of the theatres, the Opera, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, are deserving of notice rather for their vast proportions than for their architecture. The Colosseum, which contains a panorama of London, is a noble edifice: it has the appearance of being transported from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Thames.

St. James's can only be mentioned as a collection of brick houses piled together, without symmetry, without plan, and without effect; it is conventionally called a

palace, because it is the dwelling of kings. Buckingham Palace, which is intended to be substituted to St. James's, appears to have been specially constructed to prove how many millions an architect may expend on a work of such extravagantly bad taste.

Westminster Hall, the seat of both houses of parliament, is an edifice in the semi-Gothic style, in which have been heaped together all the inconveniences of this kind of architecture, without any of its redeeming beauties.

There only remains of White-Hall that beautiful part forming the ante-chamber and hall through which Charles I. passed to the scaffold, to lay down the first kingly head which a tribunal of blood presented as a sacrifice to the delirium of a rebellious people.

It should appear, that inspired by the sight and study of Westminster and St. Paul's the English architects have drawn from the sensations inspired by these sublime compositions the courage to repudiate the bad taste which is apparent in the other classes of building. Their churches offer in general much more matter for praise than for blame. Beauty of proportions, purity of style, situation, effect, all are here united. There are few churches which do not present, either in their ensemble or in their details useful subjects of study; and there are many of them which may be cited as perfect models.

Not less remarkable for a character of graceful solidity and a justness of proportions than by the granite exclusively used in their construction, Waterloo and London bridges are among the most stupendous and the most beautiful monuments of hydraulic architecture of which a nation can boast. And if the bold enterprise of an under-water communication, destined to unite the eastern extremities of Southwark and of the city, can be completed, London will be in possession of the most surprising work of its kind which art has ever produced.

The vast basins known by the name of Docks, wherein are classed, according to their destination, those vessels which carry on the commerce of the universe, together with their cargoes, prove what a combination of wealth and talent may effect. Nothing is more calculated to convey a just idea of the commercial prosperity of England than these establishments.

Many of the squares are decorated with bronze statues, whose feeble effect is impaired, and whose merit it would be difficult to appreciate, incrustated over as they are with thick coats of black smoke, which not only obliterates the sculptural details, but spoils every thing else in London. But, to judge them as they are, these productions do not give a favourable opinion of the talent of English sculptors. St. Paul's and Westminster contain several works of better execution; but there are few even of these which can be classed among the *chef d'œuvres* of the art.

The hospitals of London are numerous; two among them, Bedlam and the London hospital, are alone remarkable for their architecture; the rest are but large private houses applied to this service.

Among the prisons, the Penitentiary (the costly experiment of system-mongers and benevolent theorists who seek the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the prisoners.) deserves an attentive examination, from which one may draw useful results. Here, in observing all that has been done, we may study all that should be avoided.

The aspect of the Thames claims in its turn the observer's attention. No river ever bore on its bosom a greater number of vessels, or lent its aid to a more active navigation. It presents the most animated *coup d'œil*; it is a water city, with its streets, its lines, its quarters, its hospitals, its churches, its population, its manners, its customs, its laws. Nothing but a sight of the Thames can give one an idea of it. But where is this view to be obtained? Commerce has seized on both banks; she has even encroached on the very bed of the river to build her establishments, reserving to herself but winding and narrow ways to transport thither all sorts of merchandise. It is only through the balustrades forming the parapets of the bridges, or from the gliding barks that plough the waters, that one can seize the ensemble of a perspective which is unique in the world, holding admiration in continual exertion without exhausting it.

One is often tempted to ask, not if there is a police in London, (its agents clad in a blue uniform with numbered collars, scattered every where night and day, would render that question superfluous,) but what the police does, so little attention is paid to its details—so great is its seeming negligence, in order not to appear

over-moddling: certain it is, however, that the interference of the police is not visible in the cleanliness of the streets, nor in the indication of their names (for the names are wanting at the ends of most streets,) nor in the passing to and fro of carriages, which are drawn up *pile à pile* at the entrance of all public places, according to the irresponsible caprice of their drivers. It often happens, in consequence of this confusion, that vehicles of all sorts become locked together; this gives rise to a reciprocation of abuse and blows; nor is the interference of the police here apparent as regards animals, which, in being driven on market-days from one end of the town to the other, occasion frequent obstructions and often serious accidents. A certain class of women too, in spite of English modesty, exercise their shameless calling in a most brazen manner, unchecked by the police; neither do they abate those nuisances of stalls, dangerous to the health and safety of the public; nor bestow their attention on an infinity of objects which in other countries claim and deserve the attention of this part of the municipal administration. In England, trifles like these are disregarded, and interference is limited to matters of more importance. On the other hand, there are few capitals where robberies are more infrequent, where robbers are so soon discovered and punished, or where popular movements (brought about generally, it is true, by a populace without courage, and unaccustomed to the use of fire-arms) are more repressed; where there are fewer disastrous occurrences; fewer collisions between the different classes of society; or where all these results are obtained with so little constraint, vexation, and noise.

In this rapid summary I do not pretend to make the traveller acquainted with London; I describe it such as it presents itself to his examination on first passing through its streets. I limit myself to explain the first impressions which it produced on my own mind. It is, in fine, a bird's-eye-view, the details of which will be developed as we go along.

The environs of London afford at every step the clearest indications of prosperity. The number and outward appearance of the country-houses, the wealth and extent of the villages, and the activity of the population, answer to the idea that one has formed of the importance of this capital. Windsor, with its Gothic castle, its parks, and its beautiful site—Kew, with its garden—Hampton Court, with its parks, its fine trees, and a valuable collection of pictures—Richmond, with its picturesque sites and abundant vegetation, present to the indolent native, as well as to strangers, objects and prospects for highly interesting excursions. Chelsea, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Chatham, on the other hand, have attractions for those whose graver thoughts seek useful instruction in the study of monuments and establishments destined to create and maintain the power of nations.

DINNER.

To judge of the English by the simplicity of their *cuisine*, one might be disposed to think that they pay to the taste those gratifications which they accord to the other senses. I know not whence arises that strange delicacy which prevents people from avowing that they find a pleasure in tasting well-cooked dishes, while at the same time they vaunt their capability of being able to appreciate a pleasing melody, a handsome object, sweet perfumes, and the numerous enjoyments tributary to the sense of feeling.

Without taste, the organisation of man would be imperfect. To refuse to this sense the means of accomplishing its full gratification would be to counteract the will of Nature, which in her infinite foresight has attached a pleasure to the gratification of each want. Such, however, is the dominion of a false susceptibility, that many people hesitate to admit that they attach any importance to the enjoyments of the table. For a long time the French language wanted an expression to render the idea of a man exercising with discernment the exquisite faculty of taste, and until the word *gourmet* was invented, one was obliged to brand with the noble name of *gourmand* any one who sought more at his meals than to appease his hunger, or satisfy the cravings of his appetite.

To enjoy oneself at table is, in France, an axiom of good sense and good company. In England, on the contrary, to eat to live, seems to be the sole object; there the refinements of cookery are unknown. It is not, in a word, a science; neither does the succession in which dishes should be served up appear to be studied. To cover a table with immense pieces, boiled or roasted, and to demolish them, in the confusion in which chance has

placed them, appears to be the whole gastronomic science of the country. The most ordinary seasoning of the English *cuisine* is a profusion of spices unsparingly thrown into the sauces. To correct the effect of this, recourse is had to the insipid simplicity of plain-boiled vegetables, which continually circulate round the table, and with which the host would fain load the guest's plate. The meat is either boiled or roasted. The fish is always boiled, and is served invariably with melted butter. The numerous transformations which the natives of the deep undergo before appearing on a French table are altogether unknown in England. Eggs are excluded from English dinner tables, and even when produced at other meals, they are served in the shell: for the talent of making an omelette enters not into the education of an English cook. English fowls are of an indifferent quality; and game is subjected to a process of roasting which deprives it of all its flavour. The confectionary is badly made and without variety. The vegetables, condemned only to figure as correctives of a too exciting *cuisine*, do not appear upon the table. The *extremes* are limited to a very scanty supply of creams and insipid jellies.

The following is the order in which an English dinner is served. The first course comprises two soups of different kinds; one highly peppery, in which float morsels of meat; the other a soup *à la Française*. They are placed at either extremity of the table, and helped by the master and mistress of the house. They are succeeded by a dish of fish, and by roast beef, of which the toughest part is served round. Where there is no *plat-deu*, a salad occupies the middle of the table. This course being removed, regular *entrées* are brought in, and the servants hand round dishes with divisions, containing vegetables. The course which follows is equivalent to the second course in France; but, prepared without taste, it is served confusedly. Each guest attacks (without offering to his neighbour) the dish before him.

The creams have often disappeared before the roast is thought of; which, ill carved, always comes cold to him who is to partake of it. The English carve on the dinner table, and as, before proceeding to this operation, each person is asked whether he wishes to taste of the dish or not, a considerable time is lost in fetching the plate of the person who accepts. A dinner never lasts less than two hours and a half or three hours, without including the time the gentlemen sit at table, after the departure of the ladies. The salad appears again before the desert, flanked by some plates of cheese. After the cloth is removed, dried and green fruit with biscuit are placed on the table. These compose the not very brilliant dessert. The serving up of the dinner, however, is the part about which the English give themselves the least trouble. Their table only presents an agreeable *coup d'œil* before dinner. It is then covered with the whitest linen, and a service of plate of greater variety, richer, and more resplendent than is to be seen in any other country.

The dessert served, conversation commences. The gentlemen lean their elbows on the table to converse more familiarly with their neighbours. The ladies draw on their gloves, and, in order not to soil them, eat the dessert with their forks. Now drinking commences to some purpose. Up to this period, the guests have only, as it were, slaked their thirst with a few glasses of wine taken with each other.

It is a civility in England for one to take a glass of wine with you. On this occasion, you are begged to name what wine you choose. This proposition, which is not to be declined, imposes on you the necessity of drinking when others are thirsty. It is often renewed, without much real inconvenience, however, for those who do not wish to drink; for custom allows you merely to sip a little from the glass, which you seem to fill on each fresh challenge. Sometimes, between these frequent libations, but not commonly, a glass of beer is swallowed. This is not wonderful, for the strength of the English wines is more calculated to excite than allay thirst. The same want of regularity and system which is observable in the service of the dinner, exists in the distribution of the wine. The different species of wine succeed each other without regard to their respective qualities. To empty bottles and wine-season (*aviner*) the conversation, appears to be the only object of the guests. England, accordingly, is as deficient in *gourmets* as in *gastronomes*.

At a signal given by the mistress of the house, the company rises, but only the ladies retire. The master of the house takes his plate and his glass, and places himself near the person he wishes to honour. The other guests draw near to each other, and then commences

without interruption the circulation of four glass decanters, which each man, after helping himself, passes to his neighbour. Sometimes idle conversation springs up on this occasion; sometimes interesting political discussions, which, from the warmth of manner and the force of argument exhibited, are not unlike those parliamentary discussions, of which they may be often considered as the rehearsals. Local interests are sometimes talked of, and above all hunting and coursing, which are in England important affairs. Presently the conversation becomes more animated, is carried on across the table, and grows confused and noisy. After three quarters of an hour or an hour, they are interrupted by the announcement of coffee; but instantly after this announcement, the conversation is resumed; nor does it cease till all the subjects under discussion are exhausted.

At length, the gentlemen quit the dinner table, and go to join the ladies, who are found round the tea-table, or occupied in turning over a collection of caricatures. Coffee, which has been poured out since the moment of its announcement, and consequently cold, awaits the guests, who in general take but a little, preferring two or three cups of very strong tea. The party is prolonged till twelve or one o'clock.

There are many exceptions to the state of things I have been describing. In many houses there are French cooks; but the dinners which they send up are neither appreciated nor remarked. In order that the arts may spring up in a country, something more than artists is necessary; it is essential also to have connoisseurs; and if England, in cookery as in music, borrows her professors from foreign lands, she will never obtain either a national *cuisine* or a national music.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Ten o'clock has already struck: the ladies, who have been more than an hour in the drawing-room, await round the tea table, the end of the conversation which is still prolonged in the dining-room. Some strangers arrive; shake the hand of the mistress of the house, and exhibit a like politeness to such of the ladies present as they are acquainted with. They group themselves afterwards round the fire-place, to chat together if they are intimate, or if they have been introduced; that is to say, if their names have been interchanged by the friendly agency of a third person. Without this formality, custom does not sanction any intercourse between strangers. The dinner-guests enter the drawing-room one after another; they approach the ladies; they take coffee or tea, and sometimes *liqueurs*; they then form groups, and return to the eternal subject of politics, always, it must be admitted, discussed without violence or warmth, and with much forbearance towards opposite opinions. Some form parties to play at cards. Others approach the piano to hear a *sonata* coldly executed; or romances sung by voices often agreeable, but rarely animated: for in England music is not a passion nor even a taste. It is but an affair of *ton* and *convenance*, a means of killing time. Some of the ladies range themselves round a table covered with knick-knacks, which are passed from hand to hand with a lazy curiosity, and have no other merit than their exorbitant cost. How much better had the money squandered on them been applied to the purchase of clocks, wanting in all the English apartments, or to a more elegant species of furniture than that covered with printed calico, which one sees in the greater part of the best furnished *salons* of the capital.

Albums, chiefly composed of engravings and coloured lithographs, as well as caricatures, are turned over, till the moment when the sated appetite is again stimulated by the display of cold meats, confectionary, and fruits in an adjoining room. Sometimes the sound of the piano provokes a country-dance, wherein figure those pretty persons who have at last borrowed from France the graces which have always distinguished her dancers.

The dress of English women differs very little from that of the French. Some additions of finery, some jewels of an equivocal taste, alone protest against the invasion of our fashions; but these exceptions cause the elegant *recherche* of the toilet, which distinguishes the ladies of the higher ranks of society to be more highly appreciated.

An English saloon presents in its *ensemble* and arrangement a *coup d'œil* quite different from a French one and without partiality it may be averred that the comparison is quite in favour of the latter. The cause of this is owing to the grouping and incongruity of the English furniture; you seldom see the furniture of an English room uniform, rarer still is it to find it ranged in order. Among a dozen chairs and *fauteuils* there are not two alike in height, size, and destination. The greater part

of them are so low, that one falls down rather than sits; and a disagreeable effort is necessary to rise from this position. The posture of the body is accordingly ungainful, and it provokes a negligence of manner which extends into the usages of society. A disuse of those immense and heavy *fauteuils*, which appear calculated to produce sleep rather than conversation, and the substitution of furniture better adapted to elegant society, would be a step made towards a nobler carriage. The distinctions heretofore established by the hierarchy of ranks are now hardly remarked. It is only in set parties that pretensions of this kind can be gratified; in the ordinary intercourse of English life they are not remarked.

French is spoken with much grace, and with evident complaisance towards foreigners, in almost all distinguished families. The English ladies, above all, speak it as their maternal language.

There is one English custom which makes a disagreeable impression upon a stranger on his admission to English society. He is not conducted down stairs; the master of the house, who scarcely comes forward to receive him when he enters, dispenses with the ceremony of accompanying him when he withdraws. English politeness confines its duties on this occasion to a pull of the bell, as a notice to the servant who is intrusted with the duty of doing the honours of the ante-chamber. In a word, if the saloons of London present less gaiety, noise, and bustle, than those of Paris, they exhibit a higher degree of courtesy towards social superiors, and particularly towards foreigners, who are received with cordiality and treated with distinction.

A BALL.

Great importance is attached to a ball in England; a long time before it takes place the newspapers announce it, and they entertain their readers with it after it is over. No detail escapes them, and the most pompous terms are employed to describe the most uninteresting circumstances—"Lady N." say they, "gave on such a day, at her magnificent mansion in Berkeley square, one of the most brilliant balls we remember to have witnessed. Her ladyship's long suite of superbly furnished apartments were thrown open on this occasion. In one of the rooms, the choicest refreshments were served with a profusion which did honour to the generosity and good taste of the noble hostess. The guests began to arrive at ten o'clock; at eleven o'clock the saloons were full. An hour elapsed ere the curiosity of the assembly had sated itself in admiring the splendour of the decorations. At length Collinet's band was heard, and a great part of the company flocked towards the ball room."

"The seductive Miss —, wearing in her hair a garland of roses, and dressed in white satin; the graceful Miss Helen —, in a robe of scarlet crape; the exquisitely shaped Miss Adelaide —, in a robe of black satin, and the lofty Lady —, in a robe *lamée*, in silver and gold, opened the ball with Lord —, Lord —, Sir William —, and Sir —."

"A splendid supper, consisting of every delicacy of the season, succeeded the refreshments served during the country dances. At four o'clock in the morning the company separated, deeply impressed with the graceful reception and refined politeness of the lady of the mansion, and the hospitality of her noble husband."

To this account of a ball, at which I was present, extracted from the principal London newspapers to which it had been officially sent, I will append a faithful recital of what I witnessed.

The house in which the *fête* was given, though handsome enough for an English mansion, was, nevertheless, of moderate size: by comparing its extent with the number of persons invited, it was obvious that (as at most of the London *fêtes*) space was really wanting.

The receiving room was divided by a sliding partition, which was removed for the occasion. Two lustres, lighted with about fifty wax candles, and reflected by handsome mirrors, contrasted disadvantageously with the deep red drapery of the saloon. Some vases of flowers lined the foot and angle of a staircase, which two people could scarcely ascend abreast.

Having made my appearance at half past ten o'clock, I found the master and mistress of the house alone, seated near the principal door of the *salon* awaiting the company, which did not arrive till eleven. Twenty large *fauteuils* and two sofas placed perpendicularly to the chimney, and in a very inconvenient position, were soon occupied. Two hundred ladies, detained at home by the tyranny of *bon ton* in all the *ennui* of a domestic fire side till twelve o'clock, now filled the two *salons*. Beyond, was a small room, whose originally narrow

dimensions were still further reduced by a table covered with caricatures, albums, and knick-knacks. This room communicated with a small ante-chamber, and led into a gallery crowning the staircase, on the steps of which the last comers ranged themselves in couples.

At twelve o'clock the ball room was thrown open. For a few minutes the other rooms were freed of the unpleasant crowd; but the respite was of short duration, for the carriages which every moment continued to set down fresh company in a ratio disproportioned to the extent of the apartments, obliged, at length, a part of the assembly to take refuge in the hall, which was quietly abandoned by the servants, these latter establishing their head quarters on the steps outside the door. To move was now impossible for those who had not the strength to use their elbows, or the courage to leave a portion of their dress in the midst of the crowd.

The supper room was thronged with people who could not make their way out: they who, dying with thirst, in vain attempted to enter this apartment, accused those within of immoderate appetite.

In the ball room there was the same crowding, the same suffocation, with this additional difference, that the male dancers opposed to the approach of the crowd effective *coup de pieds*, and the ladies a certain portion of their person which shall be nameless. The orchestra was composed of a piano, a harp, violins, a violoncello, a trombone, and a key organ, which mingled its sharp tones with those of the other instruments, and sometimes executed solos.

At three o'clock, such of the party as suffered most from suffocation, proceeded home. Two hours were consumed in getting up the equipages, owing to the confusion which reigned among them: at length, however, the owners entered their carriages, their dresses which three or four hours before were so smart, now all discomposed; but there was the next day the consolation of reading in their morning papers of the pleasures one was supposed to have had at the ball, and those details of it which one could not have observed there.

A PRIVATE CONCERT.

"Were I not obliged to have recourse to my talents in order to exist," said L. B—— to me, "I should prefer ten thousand francs earned at Paris to fifty thousand in London. In France the arts are understood, and there they know how to class artists in the order of their respective talents: in England, however, they understand music as little as they know how to compose it. Noise, plenty of noise, is all that is necessary to ears which are content to hear, provided they are not obliged to listen."

L. B—— was chagrined when he thus addressed me; he had been singing: they had heard him, but they had not listened.

A few days after this conversation, I was invited to another concert. There were about sixty ladies present, promiscuously seated. Their conversation, carried on in a loud voice, did not announce much inclination to listen to the music. A handsome person, rather strangely dressed, entered without being announced; four or five very young men followed her: they all placed themselves near the piano-forte. At the instant when conversation was most animated, the sound of a voice was heard, which, aided by the thumping on the instrument of the person who accompanied it, tried to raise itself above the tumult. People now began to talk louder. A concerted piece was not better received. This medley of voices talking, crying, singing, joined to the sounds of a discordant instrument and the clinking of tea-cups, produced the effects of the best organised *charivari*. Occasionally the singing ceased; then it commenced again, without these interruptions being at all remarked.

I was told that the *artistes* were pupils of the Royal School of Music; a species of forlorn hope, who are put forward on these occasions, to encounter the first effects of the little sympathy felt by the English for music, and who would soon make way for *virtuosi* likely to claim more attention. Presently a thick-set man, with a counter-tenor voice, sat down to the piano; then another large man, with a faint treble; then a tall woman, who, opening her mouth with an unpleasant grimace, afforded a wide passage for a voice really well suited to an inattentive auditory.

Some pretended amateurs approached the musicians; but it was only for the purpose of talking more at their ease than in the more crowded part of the room, where the noise was too deafening. These people seemed to think that their presence alone (for attention they bestowed none) exhibited an unequivocal desire to be thought *amateurs* and courteous towards the *artistes*.

The performers, after executing some few more pieces,

the merit of which was altogether lost, retired, recompensed by the money they received for the cold reception given to their musical efforts. Their exit appeared to cause as little sensation as their singing, and the merit of the concert will have been appreciated only in exact proportion to its cost.

AN EVENING AT VAUXHALL.

The English people have yet to complete their education in respect to public amusements. They seem to think that it is enough to be spectators at public places. All other species of participation, all that enthusiasm which communicates its pleasure from one to another, must not be looked for. The real lovers of art are necessarily few in a crowd, composed chiefly of people who go to theatres and public places, for the purpose of occasionally breaking in on the monotony of their habits. John Bull shows himself silent, grave, heavy, on these occasions; he does not dance: he is quite satisfied with appearing at places to which his curiosity is attracted.

Vauxhall is the most celebrated garden in England for evening amusements, yet the *divertissements* exhibit little variety. A noisy orchestra, musicians in grotesque dresses, grimace-makers, optical illusions; porter, fowl, and salad; brilliant illuminations, and sometimes ingenious fire-works; these are the attractions which Vauxhall holds forth. When one has walked here till one is completely tired, eaten to perfect satiety, and drank in proportion, one returns home with the gravity of demeanour of monks quitting their chapels to repair to their cells.

The two classes of society which, in Paris, give *éclat* and *piquancy* to these meetings are wanting in London. The "*beau monde*," disdains them, and the *bourgeoisie* cannot frequent them on account of the expense. Add to this, that Sunday in England not being devoted to those diversions to which a part of that day is devoted in other countries, the English *bourgeoisie* would be obliged to give to Vauxhall the time required either for labour or repose. Besides, it would be necessary to dress better on these occasions than the English tradesmen are accustomed to do on a week day.

Nothing, therefore, is more *triste* than the long corridors of Vauxhall, notwithstanding the thousands of small lamps with which they are lighted, and the hundreds of tables, on each of which a cold fowl is placed to tempt the ever ready appetite of the visitors. Neither the singers, who make themselves hoarse by dint of bawling, from the balustrade of a Chinese temple, for a public which hears them not; nor the ventriloquists; nor the imitators of birds and beasts; nor mills turned by a cascade in this corner, nor a transparency in that, can give to these gardens a passing interest. In leaving them, one asks, why one went thither? And one is surprised that nothing has been reaped from the journey, but a lighter pocket and heavier limbs, together with a plentiful crop of *ennui* and yawns, the heralds of a needed sleep to which the visitant is about to surrender himself.

FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

English families are too numerous to be long knit together. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, if the affection of parents and relatives should spread itself over the numerous progeny of each house connected with them, and display that delicate care, that affectionate kindness, which is remarked in other countries. If these attentions are bestowed in infancy, they relax in a precise ratio with the development of bodily and mental faculties. As soon as an education fitting for the future career of a young man is given him, so that he may be enabled to provide for himself, he is trained to do without those parental cares. This is one of the reasons why a too numerous family causes so little anxiety to the parent, his paternal fortune being insufficient to secure to each of them an appropriate establishment. The family increases without the father giving himself any uneasiness as to what shall become of them. The eldest son will inherit the greater part, sometimes the whole of the fortune, and will be charged with the duty, often faithfully fulfilled, of protecting the family. The other brothers follow a profession or some employment. An Englishman has all the world before him: independently of the lucrative employments at home—independently of the numberless sinecures which the government offices, the army, and above all the church, offer to the ambition and cupidity of powerful families, India presents assured fortunes not only to these, but to families of middle condition. The young men sent thither make their fortune or die, and thus the relations have nothing more to trouble themselves about. As to girls, all being by law excluded from the inheritance of the real estate, all have an equal chance of forming establishments. Happy they

whom nature has endowed with personal charms,* or who belong to respectable families! (*d des maisons en crédit.*)

The second generation little engages the solicitude of relatives, who often are unacquainted with all the members of it. In support of this assertion, I will cite the following anecdotes, however improbable they may appear to French readers.

I arrived at a country mansion at the same time as one of the sons of my host. We found in the saloon a family composed of the father, the mother, two young persons, and a child ten years old. We bowed to these strangers, and after some moments of silence, we opened the conversation by some common-place remarks. A few moments afterwards, the host and hostess entered, embraced in an affectionate manner the lady who preceded us, shook hands with the husband, asked the names of the children, and were astonished to find them so tall and handsome. They then presented their son to the members of the strange family, telling him that these were his sister, his brother-in-law, two nieces and a nephew. An almost incredible story, yet a fact! The brother had never seen his sister, who was much older than himself, and he was totally unacquainted with his family. If he was even of the name of his brother-in-law, it was as much as he knew. After this, let those sympathies produced by ties of blood be vaunted if you will.

"I should like to dance," said a young lady dressed in black, on hearing the violin of a village fiddler. "I should like to dance, but I dare not."

"For whom are you in mourning?" said I.

"For my eldest brother."

"Is he long dead?"

"A fortnight."

"That is very recent."

"Oh, but I had no great reason to love him; we did not know each other."

"He did not live in England, then?"

"Oh yes; but on his estate, far from London, where he hardly ever came, and where I very rarely go. From my earliest infancy I have been brought up by an uncle, whom I never left, not even to visit my father's house. Thus it has happened that I have never once seen my brother, and I learn his death through the newspapers."

"If he returned, then, to this earth, he would not love you?"

"Impossible."

"In that case, then, you may dance. That is just what I mean to do;—give me your hand,"—and in a moment we were on the floor of the ball-room.

A kind of social position, unknown in other countries, and the singularity of which is not even remarked here, is created in England by separations and divorces, and the second marriages entered into after those conjugal partings. The children, whose birth has preceded the divorce, maintain their social relations with their parents. Do they go to their father's house? They meet a step-mother. Does duty draw them towards their mother? They pay their respects to a father-in-law. They are well received every where—they put up with every thing—nothing astonishes or afflicts them. One would be tempted, indeed, to believe that they rejoice in an event which has doubled the objects of their affection, owing to the friendly intercourse and kindness interchanged between them and those new relatives given to them by the disunion of their families.

MARRIAGE.

"Marriage," says Figaro, "is the drollest of all serious matters." A witticism which was not without its truth in Paris at the epoch at which Beaumarchais wrote is without point in London. There are few things which are allied to drollery in an English marriage, and nothing which gives rise to gaiety. Elsewhere, marriage is a tie which joins, if it does not completely unite, two beings who have agreed to pass their lives together. In England it is a chain which binds one's movements, one's wishes, even one's thoughts. There is no country in the world where more attention is bestowed on the subject of marriage, with more satisfactory results.

Youth is already passed before people in England think of entering into this state. Few men think of marrying before thirty, and few women before twenty.

* Beauty in England is most frequently preferred to fortune. The consideration of fortune, which in other countries balances the choice of men, and too often influences it, is avoided by the nature of the English laws as regards the rights of women. It is not impossible that this may have an effect on the physical perfection of the English race.

two or twenty-four. This is the most suitable age, because the heyday of the passions is over, and the character is formed, without the habits having become fixed. Marriage is not, as in France, an affair of convenience, of condition and fortune, of love and *etourderie*. The parties study each other's character, and scrutinise each other's tastes. Should this first scrutiny prove favourable, an intimacy commences, and it is after this only that formal overtures are made. These overtures once accepted by the family, the intended is already considered as united to the person whom he is to marry. He sees her on all occasions, and alone; he goes out with her, while she presides over the arrangement of their projected household, and occupies herself with a future which is not yet guaranteed by any irrevocable engagement.

This state of things, which permits no shade of character, no quality, no defect, to escape the observation of either party, lasts several months, and the engagement is only rendered binding when the certainty of a reciprocal good understanding is no longer a matter of doubt.

The happiest experience of its effects attests the advantages of a proceeding chalked out by the plainest reason and good sense. English marriages, notwithstanding the restrictions they carry along with them, the privations they impose, the rigorous duties which they exact as a law, are in general productive of happiness. Husbands may dispense with the necessity of exhibiting themselves as jealous, tyrannical or exacting, in all that relates to their honour and dignity. Custom has in this case provided against every contingency; and custom exhibits a greater severity than husbands themselves could decently do. As the men command without tyranny, the women obey without reluctance. On the part of the one and the other, it is an affair of custom and manners. The rule is uniform; that which happens in one house happens in all others. In none is therefore found any lively pleasure; but as the parties did not count on this, it is not a matter of *chagrin*. They live without emotions, it is true, but this very calm is in itself a happiness.

When the question has been well examined, it may be asserted, thanks to the influence of custom and manners in England, that the marriage state is a happier one in that country than it is in any other.

All marriages are not, however, made with that maturity of reflection, and those wise precautions, which so much contribute to the happiness of the conjugal state. Sometimes a hasty and impetuous passion, in opposition to the wishes of relations and the usages of society, terminates in a runaway marriage. In order to get rid of difficulties, the parties, in this case, proceed to *Gretna Green*. What is *Gretna Green*? It is a village on the frontiers of Scotland, where, in virtue of I know not what custom, a family of blacksmiths have had, for a series of generations, the privilege of legally marrying people in that locality, who wish not to be subjected to the marriage-laws prevailing in their own country. At *Gretna Green* no preparatory acts, no consent of parents, is necessary. No enquiries are made; no obstacles present themselves.

You appear before the blacksmith; you declare your wish to unite yourself with such a person, and straightway you are married. All that is necessary, is to reach the spot called *Gretna Green*. But herein lies all the difficulty; the road from London to *Gretna Green* is a species of race-course, on which the lovers, who fly the pursuit of father and brothers, put to the test the speed of post-horses. The first-named have in general the start by some hours; but when one is in love, one cannot always fly. One must stop to speak more at leisure concerning one's happiness, one's projects, one's dreams; one thinks not of pressing the paces of the horses; and the father, who is pre-occupied with nothing but the matter in hand, who pays the postilions handsomely, gains ground on the fugitives, at length overtakes them, despatches after the lover a police-officer (with one of which fraternity it is usual on such occasions to be accompanied, were it only to beguile the tediousness of the road,) seizes his daughter, and, without paying the least attention to her tears and cries, forces her into his carriage, and drives off, whilst his travelling companion (the police officer) goes fifty-cuffs with the abductor. The parties in the end return home, each to his respective domicile, and it ordinarily happens, and for the best reasons, that a marriage on the point of being contracted in the shop of a blacksmith is celebrated with pomp in the parish church.

It is by no means an uncommon occurrence, to see men of the very first rank seeking wives behind the scenes of a theatre, and, under the protection of their titles, introducing them from the stage into the presence of royalty. The rigidity of English manners is at first startled; but, in the end, people yield on these points. A

few years of staid and regular conduct cause less favourable antecedents to be forgotten; and the ex-actress, having now become a marchioness or duchess, soon numbers in her salons all that patrician pride accounts most stately and high-bred, and all that morality reckons as most rigidly severe.

Now and then it happens, that a man seduces the wife of his friend. The friend is angry thereat, as is natural. In France, in such a case, there would be a duel; here there is a law suit. Instead of a ball through the body or a sword-thrust, the husband obtains an award of some thousands of pounds sterling, as a compensation for the loss of his wife. By the same judgment he is rid of his guilty partner,* and she becomes the wife of her seducer; often exhibiting, in her new position, a rigour of principles and a regularity of conduct, of which her past life gave no promise. Morality is thus made to harmonise with private feelings.

It is now observed, that abductions, which were very frequent some years ago, become each year of rarer occurrence. Shall we seek the cause of this in improved manners, or ascribe it to a progress in immorality? Opinions are very much divided on this subject, and I shall not declare mine.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

One of the most commonly vaunted pretensions of English society is that of thoroughly knowing the interests and the people of other countries. From this to absolute judgments there is but a step, and that step is so rapidly taken that reflection has not time to intervene. It is to be regretted, that the gravity which the English carry to the consideration of other subjects, on which they exercise their good sense, abandons them on these occasions; more especially, when one hears them put forth such fallacious opinions regarding men and things, mistake facts so strangely, give implicit belief to such contemptible authorities, and exhibit so little discernment and spirit of enquiry when examining the considerations on which they form their judgment. Cautious and sensible in all that touches the interests of their own country, they are rash and inconsiderate in all that concerns other nations. And nevertheless, they are in a better position than any other people to avoid these freaks of judgment. They travel much, visit every thing, question on all occasions, write copious notes. One is tempted to ask, why take so much trouble and fatigue to carry back incorrect accounts? Why observe so much, and after all see so ill? Hasty as they are in their opinions and judgments on the political affairs of other nations; prejudiced as they are towards those who figure therein; disposed to interfere, as they must be admitted to be, not only with their purse, but their persons, in quarrels with which they have no concern; the English nevertheless allow a stranger, with manifest reluctance, to form an opinion of what passes in England. Among the politest Englishmen, an unequivocal impatience is exhibited; and those who are less courteous, take no pains to dissemble their feelings. Nobody could find fault with the English, if they exhibited towards other nations the reserve which they exact from strangers in speaking of their own.

The English proclaim themselves the friends of liberty and the enemies of despotism: in England, love of country is a worship. Enter their houses, you shall every where see the bust or portrait of *Napoleon*. Do they perceive in the character of this extraordinary man a favourable leaning towards liberal ideas, hatred of despotism, some faint inclination to prefer the interests of Great Britain to those of France? This is hardly possible. Should not one rather seek the cause of this infatuation in a leaning towards opinions and things which are out of the common line? In this case one must either sacrifice the patriotism or the good sense of the English; and I do not hesitate to pronounce in favour of their patriotism.

There is this peculiarity in the English character, that the defects of individuals and classes, far from militating against the general interest, operate rather in its favour.

Thus, from the want of courage in the common people results the maintenance of order; from the pride of the better classes, national pride; from the thirst after riches, public wealth; from the sluggishness of imagination, the hatred of change and consequent stability of institutions; from the mania to distinguish oneself strange

* The author mistakes a point of our law. Damages afford a ground for proceeding to obtain a divorce; but damages had in an action for criminal conversation, unless ulterior proceedings be taken, in no degree dissolve a marriage.—TRANSLATOR.

but useful institutions; from the severity of the religion, a severity of manners; from a spirit of propagandism, the extension of English commerce in all quarters of the globe; from the distress of the parent state, the establishment of useful colonies; from the sale of public places, even of seats in the national representation, more aptitude and stronger guarantees on the part of those who devote their fortune to the pursuit of such objects; from the revolting inequality in the division of property, a hierarchy which connects the state and private individuals in a common bond of union.

This disposition of the social order, taken in its general sense, re-acts upon all the minor details; and the effect of it is that, notwithstanding the inconsistencies discoverable in its institutions, and the real and obvious defectiveness of its organisation, England holds a very distinguished rank amongst the best governed and the most flourishing nations of the present day; and that, so far as they go back, all its historical recollections must, on a comparison with other countries, redound to its advantage.

Duels are of rare occurrence in England. The calm tone in which the English carry on their discussions—their habitual coldness of disposition—the absence of susceptibility, even as respects certain words, which, however offensive in other languages, have no meaning in theirs—the extreme severity of the law, which, when a duel has been attended with death, subjects the victor to the fate of the vanquished—the stigma which attaches alike to duelling and duellists, these circumstances limit to a very few cases the necessity of seeking redress for injuries by an appeal to personal courage or skill. Instead of fighting, recourse is had to law, and this mode of settling differences is sanctioned by public opinion as the only natural one. Are we, then, to infer that the English are deficient in bravery because they sue for an award of pecuniary damages instead of giving a sword thrust or firing a shot in return for a box in the ear? Assuredly not. British valour is admitted on all hands, and the praises universally bestowed upon them are borne out by their glorious deeds. The courage we speak of is less common than it is in France: it displays itself in a manner and according to rules peculiarly English; but it is quite as solid, and may prove quite as beneficial to the state, as the courage of any other nation.

The English have a custom of showing every thing: when they undertake the task of gratifying a stranger's curiosity, they overwhelm it, and are unsparing of the most minute and insignificant details. In a town, no part of it, however repulsive to the sight—no building, however wretched, escapes their zeal as ciceroni. In a house, they take you from the cellar to the garret, and draw your attention to every thing it contains: there is no getting out of a library, a museum, or a collection of works of art; they make you open every book in succession, examine the most insignificant painting, admire the object least worthy of attention. There is in this habit nothing open to serious criticism, and I mention it only as conveying to the mind the idea of a species of national tic.

There is a great difference between an Englishman on the continent, and an Englishman in London. Hence originates the erroneous opinion formed of the English on the other side of the straits—an opinion founded on the defects as well as the virtues of their character. The fault of this error lies not in the judges, but in the judged: the former pronounce an opinion on what they see; the latter exhibit themselves in an assumed character, and this fictitious character is not so estimable as their natural one.

An Englishman abroad advertises, in a manner, his desire to preserve the customs of his country; he even exaggerates these, lest any of the details should escape: he pushes his prejudices even to this extent, that he wishes to bend the customs of every country he visits to those of England; he evinces susceptibility, disdain, pride; he requires attention without making any effort to deserve it, and is every where at his ease. Does he enter a *salon*, he hardly bows to you—awaits an introduction (a usage foreign to every country except England) before he commences a conversation, and is offended at the least neglect of those observances of which he fancies he should be the object. The crowd should, in his idea, pack itself tighter in order to give a free passage to himself, his wife, and three or four daughters, who hang upon him, and would not for the world be separated. He is inexorable on the point of conceding the smallest English custom, lest it should tend to impeach that nationality of which he is so proud.

An Englishman at home is quite a different being: prejudiced in favour of strangers, he lays himself out to

please them by adopting their manners and their language, and exaggerating the advantages of both. On these occasions he divests himself altogether of his national habits, to sympathise more fully with strangers, and exhibits a politeness, a courtesy, and a readiness to oblige, which the persons who had seen him out of his own country could form no idea of.

There is some radical vice either in the character, domestic organisation, or customs of the English, for they are contented no where: they appear tormented by a rage of locomotion which drives them from town to country, from their native land to other countries—from their estates to the sea side. It is a matter of little moment to them whether they shall be happier at this place than at that; their great object is, not to be tomorrow where they are to-day. The variety and amusement which other people seek in the exercise of their imagination, the English look for in a change of place: when they have exhausted land-journeys, they shut themselves up within the narrow wooden walls of a yacht—behold them exposed to the inconveniences and dangers of the sea, sailing about without definite end or purpose, unlimited as to time, without prospect of present or future enjoyment, and already looking forward to the end of that pleasure they are about to indulge in.

This mania is not confined to individuals; it is common to a great number of families of all classes and ranks, and of various fortunes. Without speaking of Brighton, where, in subservience to fashion, some of the winter months should be passed, (fatiguingly enough it must be admitted,) one sees on all the public roads numbers of families who quit commodious habitations, and all the *agrémens* attached to actual ownership, in order to establish themselves as lodgers in other countries, there to undergo all the miseries which result from non-possession. Customs, affections, habits, love of soil, every thing is sacrificed, before an English family are informed what they shall find at their new abode; for their preference is not determined on any ground of reason, but suggested by the whim of the moment: people travel to Italy, to Saxony, to France, to Scotland, from one county to another, without any precise object in view.

On leaving England, families let their houses: and if the term is not expired on their return, they hire another house for a month, for a week, or for a year, as the case may be. When they find it inconvenient to travel to any distance, they remove from one quarter of the town to another, rather than remain stationary.

A foreigner is tempted to ask whether that *comfort*, which is the Englishman's boast, is so general that he finds it wherever an unreflecting caprice may conduct him; and if, supposing it to exist in England, the English carry it with them to the continent? Compelled to answer negatively, he asks if this "comfort" is, after all, so real and so extensive a blessing as the English pretend?—and, from question to question, he proceeds to doubt whether this *summum bonum* is really so valuable and necessary, sacrificed as it is so very lightly by the English themselves.

LIFE OF A FOREIGNER.

There are two indispensable conditions necessary to the foreigner who wishes to pass his time agreeably in London: plenty of money, and a distinguished social position, a celebrity, or a name which stands in the place of it. He should prepare himself to pay very dearly for the hospitality which he is obliged to seek in furnished apartments, as well as for every article with which he has not had the prudence to provide himself. The comparatively dear price at which all consumable and other articles are sold, is still further enhanced to foreigners, by the established custom of charging them double for every thing. This is a custom observed in all countries, but in none is it so religiously followed as in England.

A foreigner should be pleased in English society, so much is he the object of delicate and unwearied kindness; so great are the efforts made to obtain his good opinion, in return for the services heaped upon him. The pleasure which he finds in society ought above all to be attributed to the English ladies, who, with a grace free from coquetry, a kindness without affectation, occupy themselves in doing the honours of the house. Almost all Englishwomen speak French with fluency, and they employ this language exclusively in conversations in which strangers take a part. They know how to show their learning without pedantry, and they have the talent to keep up a conversation, whatever be the turn it takes.

The men are colder, more reserved, more penetrated

with their national dignity. Their politeness is neither apparent, nor engaging. One may say of it, indeed, that it consists in desiring to be asked for that which they ought to offer.

To the two conditions already mentioned, as indispensable towards an agreeable existence in London, a third must be joined. It is a title; a qualification which precedes your name. You are then sought for, preached up, lionised. You become an object of curiosity, that is looked at, studied, and sometimes questioned to importunity. On a foreigner's complaisance in lending himself to this national habit depends the sort of reception he meets with. If you are in a condition to gratify it, you should not hesitate in complying, the more especially as, in consequence of the delicacy of the questioner, you can do so without any sacrifice of personal dignity. The English ladies are grateful for this obligingness and for the polite manners of strangers; their endeavours to justify these marks of attention prove that they are not insensible to them.

Possessed of the advantages we have laid down, one is sure to enjoy in England all the *agrémens* which can grace the life of a man of the world. But, if those advantages are wanting, you must fly a country where you are only considered in relation to the part you can play in it, or to that which you have played elsewhere; however severe, however multiplied the privations which you impose upon yourself, they are unable to contend against the enormity of the prices and the continual demands upon your purse.

ENGLISH FORTUNES.

The extreme inequality in the distribution of all sorts of property in England can alone explain the marvellous wealth of some individuals. The effect of the law of primogeniture (securing, as it does, the greater part of the fortune to the eldest son) is to throw after a few generations the whole fee of the soil into a very small number of hands. The equality that might be produced by dissipation, on the one hand; on the other, the chances of commercial speculation and the different circumstances which change the social position; can have no influence on the greater part of noble families, on account of the system of *majorate* and entails, which constitute the bases of real property, and ensure the maintenance of large fortunes.

This system of inequality must have advantages compensating for those disadvantages which common sense appears to point out; for here competency is general. The exceptions are not at all so numerous as those which afflict the observer in a country governed upon the system of an equal distribution of property.

Whilst the younger children, excluded from the division of the paternal property, obtain an advantageous position by the resources which a varied industry presents, the eldest maintain the splendour and augment the wealth of their house. They often employ their fortunes less according to the suggestions of their own will, than according to public opinion and irresistible custom. In truth they are but the stewards and dispensers of their revenues. The tendency to accumulation is prevented by their expensive pleasures, by the luxury and elegant style of their houses, by the necessity they labour under of keeping up their grounds, by the attention they are obliged to give to agriculture. The circulation of their capital is also promoted by the golden suffrages they buy of electors, who send them or their relatives to parliament, thus perpetuating an influence which they are very eager to uphold. The sums expended on these occasions not only exhaust whatever savings may have been made, but often trench upon anticipated resources. Be this, however, as it may, this expenditure has a very remarkable effect, and in the actual state of society in Europe, one should consider the sway exercised by a large fortune and an illustrious name over interested or grateful dependents as a phenomenon worthy of remark.

For the middle classes, commerce and places in the colonies offer sure asylums; military and naval rank, and church preferment, with the rich emoluments thereto attached, offer to the elder branches of great families the means of nursing, or improving, their private fortune. Honours obtained in these professions repair in some sort the unequal distribution of real property, and often raise up to eminence those of lowly fortune. Thus a brilliant lot awaits the elder branches, while an advantageous position is assured to the younger. The general aspect of the country presents an orderly and satisfactory air which announces a real prosperity.

Viewed under the relative well-being of classes and

individuals, England bears off the palm from the most favoured countries of the universe. In no kingdom does such a wide spread competency prevail. To what are we to attribute this result, if not to the distribution of property?

If one took only into account the immensity of certain large fortunes, whose overgrown magnitude would seem to depend on the absolute poverty of a vast number of individuals, one would have some difficulty in discovering the secondary causes of this general prosperity. Of how many small fortunes are composed the colossal incomes of a Duke of Bedford, a Duke of Buccleuch, of a Marquis of Worcester, of a Marquis of Stafford, whose rent-rolls vary from four to eight millions of francs? and those of a number of private individuals, who would consider themselves poor if their income did not amount to six or eight thousand pounds a year, (one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand francs!) London, the city alone excepted, is the property of a dozen persons, upon whose ground the houses and squares are built. The ground-rent amounts to several times the revenue of the soil, and after a certain number of years, the houses revert to the ground landlord. There are some individuals who possess two or three thousand, other five or six thousand houses. This kind of proprietorship exists in almost all towns which have increased of late.* It is an inexhaustible source of wealth for the proprietors.

The fortunes of corporate bodies are not less remarkable than those of private individuals. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford have property in land, which produces to each an annual income of many millions of francs.

The corporations of London, and those of the principal towns, possess in houses, lands, and public funds, immense properties. These are sufficiently well managed with a view to productiveness, but very ill managed, if one considers the application which is made of their produce. This may or may not increase the sum of general wealth. Every thing depends on the caprice of those who happen for the time to be the managers, and on the conditions which they impose on the distribution and arrangement of the property.

Governed by a spirit of prudence, or by the routine of unreflecting habit, the English people have been content with this state of things. It is now wished to persuade John Bull, that he ought to consult common sense, or rather sound reason, and allow himself to be carried away by theories and changes, which would establish a more equal distribution of wealth. The last is attractive. The mind must be powerfully seduced by all the considerations which present themselves in support of the new system, and above all, a system *à la* this, which interests so many people. It is difficult to refrain from trying a remedy which offers so many spoils. Let, however, the machinery of such a system be once put in action, and its consequences are irresistible. That social order which exists at present will disappear, and who can say what shall occupy its place? Who can tell the extent of the sacrifices at the price of which it will be necessary to purchase the change?

The administration and expenditure of those fortunes of which I have been speaking would appear to require vast combinations, and a machinery not in harmony with the manners of the age. Were the possessor of an income of 160,000*l.* sterling to keep forty men-servants in his ante-chambers, one hundred horses in his stables, a sumptuous table, and a sporting establishment, he would appear to have attained the limits assigned to luxury, by the habits of our social state.

An inconsiderable part of such a fortune would suffice for these expenses, excessive as they appear; but the taste for improvements demands another portion of it. Roads and canals are made, palaces and châteaux are constructed, the proprietor gives himself up to the expensive mania of innovations and improvements; he wishes to become a member of parliament, and to bring in along with him, his relations and dependents, and forty or fifty thousand pounds a year are devoted to these purposes. But this is not all; his estates must be looked to; and forty men are perhaps paid for the purpose of protecting his game. In order to avoid the inconvenience of being constantly attended by a numerous suite of domestics, a complete set remains at each establishment, although it sometimes happens that the proprietor only resides there for a few days in each year. An extravagance commanded by *bon ton*, and a prodigality

* Devonport, which contains a population of forty thousand inhabitants, belongs to a single proprietor.

to which ideas of grandeur and dignity are attached, dispose of the rest of his wealth. Such are the means adopted by the people of large fortune in England in the disbursement of their wealth, which has the effect of producing a competence in all classes of society.

COUNTRY LIFE.

It is in their vast and magnificent chateaux in the country that the English display all their luxury. Here it is that the appointments of their servants, the profusion of their table, the beauty of their equipages, are in the highest degree remarkable. In the month of July, London is abandoned by that portion of society which piques itself on governing the fashion and giving the *ton*. The portion of London society which cannot afford to leave town assumes a species of *incognito*, goes out rarely, and receives no visits. In addition, they cause the front windows of their houses to be closed, so that nobody may suspect that they are still in London.

The first two months of sojourn at their country-seats the English consecrate to business: they invite few strangers, and limit their visits to a few near neighbours. In the month of October visiting commences: a numerous host of visitors, with a numerous suite of servants and horses, fill the chateaux of the high nobility. Whilst affecting perfect freedom, and proclaiming absolute liberty, these country *réunions* are, nevertheless, remarkable for the minute observance of a rigorous etiquette. Each house is but a fraction of the court, with its customs, its laws, its pretensions.

An English day is much cut up by the frequency of meals. Tea is served up at nine o'clock: and at this meal nobody is waited for, hardly even the master of the house. When the clock strikes, the first comers place themselves round the table, make the tea, and help themselves unceremoniously to bread, butter, and eggs, of which the breakfast is composed. On a side-board are placed cold meats: those who wish for a slice of meat, stand up, cut off a suitable portion, and return to their places. Neither wine, beer, nor water are served at this meal—one has only tea or coffee to quench one's thirst, for which one must frequently ask the person officiating at the tea-table. Custom excludes the presence of servants; and the persons composing the company, generally occupied in reading the newspapers, or with their letters, do not think of supplying the want of servants by transmitting from hand to hand such things as others have need of.

Another meal unites the greater part of the company between one and two o'clock. Lunch is better managed than the breakfast, and is served as the *dejeuners à la fourchette* in France.

At six o'clock the company assembles in the drawing-room. The toilet of the men is expected to be made with great care: the ladies, dressed as for the most brilliant *soirées* of the capital, make a display of their diamonds, and of those dresses which they have received from London or Paris. In the ante-room, the servants are ranged in straight lines on either side. The master and mistress of the house occupy arm-chairs at either extremity of the table: the guests place themselves without affectation according to their respective ranks.

About twelve o'clock, a fourth and last repast, served on trays, is placed at the disposal of those whose stomachs are not contented with the repasts of the day. This last meal is composed of cold meat and broiled fowls, covered with a layer of cloves, pepper, capsicum, and salt. A few glasses of hot wine, or of Sherry or Madeira, facilitate the digestion of this last repast.

The intervals between meals are devoted to riding, hunting, coursing, or shooting, to visits in the neighbourhood, or to reading, ample materials for which are presented by the immense newspapers of the capital and the well-stored library of the mansion.

There are occasions on which all superiority of rank disappears, and when all classes are confounded together. Such are a marriage, a birth, or a recovery from ill health. Every one in the house from the lord to the lowest groom, is admitted on these occasions.

After dinner the company (on this day more numerous by invitations addressed to neighbours not generally visited,) passes into the largest apartment of the mansion, where the tenants and servants are already assembled. The principal personage walks through the crowd, and speaks to every body. He then sits down at one of the extremities of the hall with his private friends, who are ranged in files on either side of him. At the other end, and in the same order, are ranged the ser-

vants, not even excepting the lowest. The men are in their liveries, the women in their best dresses; a dance now commences, and a general *mélange* soon takes place. Ranks are confounded, and the glove of the mistress of the house, and of the most disdainful lady, is soiled in the hand of a gamekeeper or a kitchen boy. At twelve o'clock the company retires, and leaves the scene to the servants, who prolong the ball and their momentary equality, till the hour when it is necessary for them to resume their accustomed avocations and return to their inferiority.

To sum up, this kind of country-life does not present all the pleasures which so considerable an expense, and the apparent liberty enjoyed, ought to procure. One does not always escape the prevailing *ennui*, resulting from morning meals without order, or from the solitary walks which follow them. Nor does the etiquette practised on these occasions add to ease or good fellowship; for it is not generally the custom to meet or acknowledge each other's acquaintance, unless in the evening. The interminable dinners which wind up the day do not tend much to enliven it. At country-seats in England, there is certainly much display of fortune, and all the *éclat* and pomp which vanity can desire; but there is wanting the freedom, the pleasure, the ease, which one finds in a French chateau. After a sojourn of some months, we discover that we have spent our time and our money, and obtained in return a change of scene and place and little pleasure—noise without gaiety, much society and little true affection; in a word, a great deal of luxury and little enjoyment.

ENGLISHWOMEN.

Notwithstanding the efforts made to persuade them to the contrary, Englishwomen play in society a very unimportant part. Their education would appear to prepare them for a very different future from that which is reserved for them. But the national manners impose a yoke upon them; and one sees the most decided characters prostrated before custom, assuming that apparent uniformity which distinguishes the exterior of the English people. Happy effect of the empire of custom, amongst a grave and reflecting nation, which has had the wisdom, up to the present time, neither to examine nor discuss its manners and constitution, which has consequently preserved both from change.

English female education proposes not to itself to create special beings—a species of idols, destined to be placed on a pedestal to attract the attention, command the admiration, and receive the homage of mankind. It is in general rather private than public; masters attend to teach history, music, and drawing. A Swiss governess (for Switzerland generally supplies governesses to Great Britain) familiarises the pupils with the principles and practice of the French language. Habits of order and subordination result from the nature of the intercourse between parents and their children. Maternal affection is seldom accompanied with that officiousness so prevalent in France. Instead of an interchange of caresses, it is limited to attentions on the one part and respect on the other; and the admirable subordination which distinguishes the political arrangement takes its origin from the bosom of domestic life. The direction given to their infancy and youth indisposes Englishwomen to display. Their education leaves something to desire, it is true, on trivial points; but these imperfections may in some sort be considered as advantages. Englishwomen do not hesitate to make a sacrifice of talents, of which a too complaisant flattery might render them vain, to their duties as wives and mothers. Reason applauds such sacrifices. The piano is no longer opened unless it be to supply the place of the violin at an off-hand ball; and the albums, for which the pencils and crayons of a whole society had been laid under contribution, are only turned over by the idle. The greater number of English ladies are thoroughly conversant with French and Italian literature; they know how to avail themselves of these advantages without either pedantry or affectation.

The freedom which girls enjoy in the interval between the completion of their education and their marriage appears to be a singular initiation into the seriousness and reserve of the conjugal state: you see them shopping or making visits, followed by a servant, talking with men of their acquaintance whom they meet, as well as riding out on horseback. They keep up a correspondence without giving the least account of it; and often appear at balls without their mothers, attended by a friend, who accompanies them thither and brings them home, without concerning herself about them while at the ball.

This state of freedom presents either rare or trivial

inconveniences, since it prevails without influencing, in any degree, the habits or duties which women contract in marrying. Subject, thenceforward, to the most trifling wishes of their husbands, they renounce, in order to please him, almost all the enjoyments of youth; above all, dancing, which is forbidden to English wives by the greater part of English husbands. They ride out less frequently, and only when it suits the husband's pleasure to accompany them. Never interfering with the government of the household, their sterile prerogative is limited to do the honours of their table, and their drawing-rooms—those enjoyments of self-love which custom reserves to them. These serious habits are rendered necessary by the rapid increase of their families.

A sort of presentment of the privation attendant upon married life renders Englishwomen less forward to enter into this state. They rarely marry earlier than between twenty-two and twenty-four. The ten first years of wedded life are generally spent in giving effect to the command of "increase and multiply;" the ten years which follow are bestowed upon the education of their children, over whom they exercise the most constant and praiseworthy superintendence. Their youth has already passed; their tastes have now disappeared. Without effort, without regrets, almost without reflection, they begin to grow old in the practice of a kind of life rendered the more supportable, because no contrast or comparison is placed before their eyes to make them feel its *désagrément*.

In observing English ladies occupied in their houses, one might be led to suppose that they were exclusively engaged in the regulation of them. Here would be a great mistake; they hardly know the names of the guests invited by their husbands. In all that relates to household economy they are not better informed; the husbands order every thing. But the ladies recompense themselves for their passive nullity by spending largely on their toilet. Their equipages are brilliant. From time to time, they display their diamonds in their salons, and their plumes of feathers in an opera-box, or at the queen's drawing-room.

Twice or three times a year they do the honours of balls or routs to a company invited in their names. Their happiness is complete, when they see a long article in the newspapers, composed by themselves or by an officious friend, and paid for as an advertisement, informing all London and all England of the most minute details of the *fêtes* they have given.

English ladies owe to their education, if not to their character, a great deal of their internal happiness. The ill humour of a husband is never sharpened by a reply on the part of the wife. The *brusquerie* is blunted by the patience of a wife; and an observation, however sharp, never provokes a quarrel on her part.

Englishwomen employ, moreover, an officiousness and an active care, which attach and fix their husbands. They never make the state of their health the pretext for complaint or opposition. An extreme neatness, a *recherche* even, in their dress, habitual to Englishwomen, and not neglected at any hour of the day, indicates to the husband (who cannot fail to remark it) the desire to be agreeable. Kindness and attentions of all kinds coerce the husband into a reciprocity of good offices; and love, at first a duty, becomes at length a habit, a sort of second nature.

Englishwomen thus attain (after having passed through a life without variety, without lively pleasure, without great chagrins) an honoured old age, preserving the attire, the neatness, and many of the tastes of youth.

The Englishwomen want that vocation to which France has been indebted for the excellent *ton* which is so much admired in the world. They do not seek to reign over society; to regulate and maintain its usages; to call before their tribunal the young men who permit themselves to violate these usages: they do not, in a word, exercise that sort of censorship which anticipates invasion, and represses the errors of the *mauvais ton*. It is to their neglect of this, one of the most precious of their prerogatives, that is attributable the *laissez-aller* observable in many of the salons of London, but which abound nevertheless in the elements of a first-rate society. Here would be a part to play for those ladies who had lost the empire of youth; a part which would surround them with much consideration and a respect accompanied with fear. It would create in England that which was in France (when a society really existed there;—namely a council of venerable ladies, whose censure all feared to whose judgments all bowed acquiescence.

English literature is indebted to the female pen for a great many works of distinguished merit, chiefly in the walk of romance. The social habits of their country

render the occasions rare indeed when Englishwomen can shine in society. They are, therefore, necessitated to write, and they do so with a grace and refinement of observation, which give a very piquant character to their productions.

To some of these literary ladies is given, I know not why, the name of blue-stockings. They cultivate the sciences, and do not, any more than in France, escape the ridicule which overtakes the claim to *bel esprit*.

It may be asked what are religion and manners in the midst of this contrast of an uncontradicted youth, and a riper age enjoying so little liberty?

Religion and manners are just what they are elsewhere.

Religion? With some women religion is an ardent piety, eager to know and prone to discuss theology, and not exempt from intolerance. But among the greater part of women, it is a neglected Bible lying on a bedroom table; it is the rigorous observance of the Sunday; precision in going to church, a grave demeanour, and a solemn look within the house of God, an apparent zeal in the external practices of religion, and a great indifference at the bottom of all.

Manners? With prudent women it is an affectation of doubt of the virtue of women of other countries, and of susceptibility regarding those of their own nation; it is a prudery of language pushed to the most laughable affectation; a life passed in the society of husbands; the continual presence of a growing family; it is, in a word, a prudent demeanour on the part of women, and an extreme reserve on the part of men.

With those women who form the exceptions, and on whom the malignity of the public has seized to produce scandal, it is sometimes a mixture of passion and love, of *amour propre*, and of those sudden and violent bursts of feeling which no consideration can restrain; sometimes it is guilt produced by surprise, by inability to guard against the lures of the seducer; an opportunity neither sought for nor shunned—sometimes it is crime without love, *éclat* without happiness, faults without remorse, perhaps even without recollections, as they have been without foresight or calculation.

It has pleased some people to institute comparisons between the women of England and those of other countries; but they have not shown themselves just in their judgments on the subject. The protection afforded to the one by the social system has not been sufficiently taken into account; nor has the abandonment in which the others are left by the usages, the manners, the prejudices, nay, the very laws of their nation, been considered in the estimate.

In conclusion, it must be admitted that the English are among the most remarkable women in Europe. They combine in their persons not only beauty, but all that renders beauty valuable, devotion to their duties, varied accomplishments, cultivated minds; the union, in a word, of all that constitutes the happiness of their domestic circle and the charm of society.

WATERING PLACES.

The busiest and the poorest among the better classes of England have always a certain portion of time and money on their hands, the employment of which embarrasses them. This arises at once from the importance and infrequency of the business requiring their attention, and from the order and economy which preside over their expenses. Be this as it may, after having passed the winter in the country and the spring in town, it is proper they should devise the means to while away the idle time of summer. Rich people travel; poor people go to the continent, to seek a place where they can live economically, cheating themselves into the belief that they make a tour. The middle classes fix themselves (under the pretext of bathing) upon the sea-side, at some place to which a short vogue has been given by the caprice and casual presence of some fashionable families. Such has been the mania for sea-bathing in England, that towns on the sea-coast have sprung into existence from the effect of this prevailing passion. Far removed from the capital, destitute of safe or sheltering harbours, without industry or commerce, these creations would, under other circumstances, never have been called into being.

Among these towns Brighton may be cited as a proof of the power of whim among a people, who do not pique themselves upon excluding singularity from their habits and their conduct. On an arid soil, unfavourable to vegetation, without a single tree, there existed a few years ago, at Brighton, a few huts of fishermen and smugglers, which have on a sudden been metamorphosed into an extensive and magnificent town. A fixed population of thirty thousand souls (which is doubled during certain

months of the year) dwells in superb houses, constructed round the palace built by George the Fourth; a sovereign who secluded himself from the public view, and who, in the latter years of his life, exhibited a dislike of the society of those whom he ought to have admitted to his intimacy. The nobility went to pass some days, and afterwards some weeks, in the town which was his favourite residence. Many persons of distinction built houses at Brighton; others rented them. At length it became fashionable to have a residence there. It soon, however, appeared that too many houses were built for the wants of the nobility. Another class of visitors which came afterwards occupied them; and in a few years this town became one of the richest and most frequented in England, its rapid progress being almost unaccountable. What would become of it, if that fashion, which has favoured its development, should take it into her head to bestow her capricious favours elsewhere, and create another city? or, if the population which comes there to dissipate its *ennui*, should discover that a country without trees, a sea without ships, a shore without a harbour, a town without public institutions, without public walks, without any other means of diversion than perpetual motion—in a word, a place created God knows why,—what, I say, if the population which comes thither, should at length discover that Brighton offers few resources for killing time, and that there are a host of other towns where the hours would hang less heavily? A complete desertion of Brighton might then be predicted. Its houses, unsustained by trade or industry, would fall into their ancient poverty; the momentary interruption of which would be evidenced by ruins of brick, and by the grass which would spring up among the stones in its deserted streets.

Margate and Ramsgate, by their position at the mouth of the Thames, as well as by their pleasant site, had, before Brighton arrived at its palmy state, drawn to themselves the crowd of rich who had nothing better to do. In these places, deserted for Brighton, the brilliant equipages of former days have not re-appeared. A few job-carrriages, drawn by one horse, and chairs on three wheels, drawn by a man down the sloping streets, are at the service of the city of London, who wish to ape people of consequence. The value of the houses at Margate and Ramsgate, as well as their trade, decreases or increases in the ratio of the number or the rarity of the birds of passage who come to visit them.

Other towns, such as Hastings, Eastbourne, Weymouth, have sought to invite the neighbouring gentry, and to tempt some illustrious whim or royal prodigality in imitating the older watering-places. In one part of this speculative attempt, these towns have at least succeeded. They contain a moving population, not so numerous, so titled, or so wealthy as Brighton, but as much tormented by idleness, and as little capable of creating amusement for themselves, as the inhabitants of the rival towns. You may there see families pacing silently up and down the same walks, without accosting, without even saluting other families quite as *ennuyées* as themselves. There also you may perceive ladies seated in the balconies with book in hand, while their husbands behind them raise above their heads their telescopes, with which they follow the vessels that pass within view of the shore. There also may be perceived nurses and governesses superintending the children committed to their care, but in the countenances of all and each is imprinted an air of lassitude and weariness which no one seeks to dissemble. Those gay *réunions* to be seen in France are not known in England. In France the very sound of a violin is sufficient, at places of summer resort, to get up a ball in the middle of a wood or the corner of a meadow; and the flagging interest is in turn excited by cards, by readings, by shows, scenes of plays, walks in picturesque sites, or by conversation, for which food is found in the most frivolous anecdote, as well as in the knottiest political discussion. At Dieppe, at Plombières, in the Alps, in the Pyrenees, people amuse themselves; at the English watering-places people bathe, eat and drink, walk and sleep, and when *ennui* becomes insufferably heavy, go elsewhere in the hope of dissipating their disorder on the road; but it nevertheless generally happens, that they carry their distemper home with them.

Some exceptions should undoubtedly be made to this unattractive but true picture of the customs of these occasional resorts of the richer classes of English. Some towns are pointed out by them, where it is fashionable to amuse oneself. Leamington, Cheltenham, Brighton, are among the number. But in escaping one excess, one falls into another. At one place, people know neither how to form parties nor to divert themselves; at

another place all is noise, crowd, and bustle; pleasure becomes a business, and seizes upon every moment; but pleasures are solemn and *exigeant*. It is necessary to be always under a species of constraint to taste of them, and to allow oneself to be carried unresistingly away by the whole current, without a single exception. Unless one wishes to be read out of society, one must take a ride out on horseback or in a carriage, or walk—one must hunt and pic-nic in the morning, and in the evening accept one dinner engagement, and appear at two balls. Among so many amusements and enjoyments, it ends in the fashionable victim having only one desire left, and that is to see the end of the watering season.

COMFORT.

The English are very proud of that which they call comfort. This word serves to define their real, as well as their fancied enjoyments. It is employed also to extol that superiority of fortune to which they affect a great pretension as a contrast with other nations. The English have now recovered from the prejudice that they eat in France the legs of frogs, instead of rounds of beef, they have not yet persuaded themselves that the enjoyments and pleasures of life are known on the other side of the channel.

For strangers who do not take the trouble to observe, *comfort* is a conventional word, a sort of common-place, by means of which they analyze and recapitulate the sum of their enjoyments in England.

Among the wealthy English *comfort* means great luxury and an expensive establishment. In the middle classes, *comfort* means a heavy, well-stuffed arm-chair, in which the master of the house goes to sleep after dinner. You think I jest: no, verily! it is the exact truth. Independently of this chair, there is nothing which justifies the idea of general comfort which the word would seem to indicate. A dinner of boiled fish, and of plain vegetables destined to be mixed by way of sauce with all one eats—a piece of roast beef cut from the hardest and most tasteless part of the carcass; in place of napkins, a corner of the table-cloth; in lieu of dessert, nuts, chestnuts, raisins; chairs with rush bottoms, sometimes covered with a cushion, which the least movement causes to fall to the ground; immense four-post beds, with feather bed, beneath which is a pailasse so arranged as to produce the effect of an ill-jointed table—no clocks—and in each room a coal-fire, whose dust and smoke soil every thing—grooved window-shutters, windows with running Venetian blinds, and sometimes ill-draped calico curtains of a dark pattern: these are some of the English comforts, of which the natives of Albion are so boastful. But on the other hand it must be admitted, that great neatness and cleanliness are observable as well in the apartments as in the furniture. Amongst the lower classes the word *comfort* is never uttered.

SOCIAL RELATIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The position which the princes of the blood royal occupy, is one of those customs of high society which most confounds the ideas of Frenchmen. You see there is a drawing-room unattended with any greater mark of respect than that which is bestowed on other persons of elevated rank. They are invited to dinners and *soirées* like private gentlemen. They mix, talk, and discuss with every individual in the room without exception. The dignity which should be inseparable from their rank, never interposes a barrier between them and any individual who is carried too far by the heat of argument. In these conflicts they are victorious or vanquished, as they are right or wrong, or have more or less talent of address. The politeness of their adversary spares them none of the chagrin of a defeat. There are great advantages, and as notable disadvantages, attached to this state of things. By this continual contact, the princes acquire a more profound knowledge of the wants, of the resources, of the manners of society, of the character and capacity of its members; but this knowledge is reciprocal, and exposes them to rigorous judgments; and it can only be obtained by sacrificing the *prestige* so necessarily attached to the situation and person of princes, but which, nevertheless, so suddenly disappears when they have to undergo the sort of ordeal to which the scions of the blood royal expose themselves in England. It is not only in the salons of the higher classes that the princes are to be met with. You meet them in clubs, to the customs of which they conform without the least exception. They are also to be seen at political meetings, where they accept the president's chair, or the less elevated functions accorded to them by the capricious suffrages of the members. At charitable meetings, or those having for object some

question of public utility, they rival in philanthropy those who lay claim to that species of reputation, without any increase of esteem, affection, or popularity as their reward for such a departure from the *convenances* of royalty. Nor do they preserve that dignity which might, to a certain degree, be mingled with such habits. They live, think, and act, in a manner which does not permit them to sustain it. They embrace political opinions with the zeal of partizans, and, in place of directing and controlling the opinions they profess, they follow in the train, and are almost at the command of those leaders who are the *Coryphees* of the party, and are only distinguished by their extreme opinions.

The English princes display little ostentation in their habits of life, or in their domestic economy. Their general mode of paying a compliment to those they like, is to ask a dinner of them, a species of civility which causes no more expense to those who are the objects of it than if it proceeded from one of their equals; it is but a dish or two added to the family dinner. The political discussion which follows the repast partakes of its usual frankness and absence from restraint. The opinion of the prince is often unceremoniously contested, nor does his royal highness take offence at this freedom of debate. In the sporting season the male members of the royal family are accustomed to visit some of the principal nobility or rich gentry, whose houses become on such occasions the rendezvous of the nobility of the neighbourhood.

Does England or her princes reap any substantial benefit from the mode and manner of life which the latter have adopted? Assuredly not. If one were to judge by the reign of George the Fourth and by that of his successor, kings so brought up, have no greater stores of acquired knowledge, no better natural abilities, than sovereigns entrenched behind the etiquette of their courts or the dignity of their position. One is accustomed to see them perpetually, and they are therefore searchingly watched. People wish to find them on the throne such as they have observed them in the *salons*. They regard their faults more than their good qualities. They look more to the prejudices they have inspired than to the qualities they possess. They are, in a word, kings, such as other kings are, shorn however of that respect which they cannot obtain in an equal degree. It is well then that other people should not envy England the education or citizen habits of her princes. It is well that continental nations should preserve for those destined to govern them that severe and rational etiquette, which renders their princes impervious to an almost always unfavourable, because rarely kind and well-disposed, investigation.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

In England, more than in any other country, the administration of justice must be understood to mean the interpretation, capricious in its form, and strange in its effects, of laws of every date, without any homogeneity of spirit, and at variance with the actual condition of society. Co-ordinate with tribunals of exception for facts, there exist other tribunals of the same kind for certain classes, and even for certain individuals, having each their code, their rules, their jurisprudence. Justice, which is in certain cases very expeditious, is very slow in others. Her manner of proceeding is prompt, her motions are quick enough when it is a question to imprison a man, to send him to Botany Bay, or to hang him outright. She moves heavily, slowly, she temporises when the subject is a disputed succession, or the possession of a single field. Can it be, that in the first case the haste is gratuitous on the part of the judge, while in the second each of his delays is an immense profit to the court, its officers, and the bar! There are many people who think so, and there appears ground enough for this opinion, when each cause supplies exorbitant fees not only to the magistrates before whom it is brought, but also to other magistrates who are never likely to hear of it. These fees are renewed in the event of the most insignificant motion being made to the court. It often happens that years elapse before judgment is given in the simplest case, and law suits are bequeathed from generation to generation, till an heir more favoured by fortune than his fellows finds himself rich enough to seek to revive the suit, or his opponent too poor to sustain it.

In this boasted land of freedom, individual liberty can hourly be compromised. Let a man go before a magistrate—let him declare on oath that another is indebted to him a certain sum; and, without being held to proof of the debt—without the exhibition of any document or acknowledgement—without the privilege for the adverse party to contest his right, the creditor obtains a warrant of arrest, which is executed by bailiffs undistinguished by any exterior badge of office. Behold the pretended

debtor imprisoned, and obliged, if he wishes to obtain his liberty, to find two persons who are to give bail for his appearance, under penalty of paying the sum which he is supposed to owe. Failing to obtain bail, he is locked up in prison till it may suit the creditor (and in this there is generally a considerable delay) to justify his action or to drop the suit. There is certainly a remedy provided against the creditor, but he often takes precautions to escape the action which may be commenced against him by the adverse party. Often, too, looking to the enormity of the expense and the glorious uncertainty of the law, the latter hesitates to place his money in jeopardy, and puts up with the momentary sacrifice of his liberty.

A magistrate in England never hesitates to pronounce in a case of affiliation, when the woman declares, on oath, that a person whom she names is the father of her child. Moral proof; rebutting testimony; nothing is admitted in favour of the man in a case like this, and a sum, large in proportion to the defendant's worldly means, is awarded to the complainant.

It is not long since the killing of a hare or a pheasant was punished by the transportation of the poacher. The robbery of a few shillings renders the thief obnoxious to capital punishments, and one can hardly foresee what might be the consequences if a zealous protestant magistrate took it into his head to bring into operation the un repealed laws of Elizabeth against the catholics.

The dispensation of criminal and civil justice is confided to judges of assize. In criminal cases, the judge pronounces sentence on the verdict of the jury. A frightful list of condemnations appears on one and the same day. The effect of these is mitigated by the thought that the royal clemency will lighten the excessive severity of the sentences. But nevertheless, the number and severity of the penalties amply vindicate society, the only end which the English criminal law completely attains; for, if we take our data from the continually increasing proportion of crimes, it must be admitted that the English system does not attain the end of prevention.

MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION.

People in France are astonished that a country can subsist where private interests are so regulated as to concur towards the public interest without any interference on the part of government—where births, marriages, and deaths reach the knowledge of all, notwithstanding the almost total absence of registers of the *état civil*—where there is no risk of being murdered at every corner of a street in a country where there are no *gens d'armes*: it is a mystery to them how one can be found out in a land where there are no passports—how the safety of the state can be assured without the employment of spies—how there can be good roads without either a school of *ponts et chaussées* or engineers, and how the march of government should be progressive in a community where these and such like anomalies are so obviously discoverable. "Who and what," says the Frenchman, "supplies the place of functions and functionaries which appear indispensable in a well-organised society? Who and what supplies their place? In truth, nothing; or, if you will, *peu de chose*—reasonable beings, good sense, custom, imitation, instinct, patriotism, self-love, property applied to the public interests—these are the indefinable somethings which stand instead of the complex machinery of government boards and controlling committees, and which, varying in form in each locality, serve as the substitutes for the uniform codes of other countries, very sensible and very rational, no doubt, in their functional organisation, but, nevertheless, producing mischief the moment they are put into action.

Some explanation is necessary to support this theory: it would embarrass me much to give any other than that supplied by facts. The English ministry govern without attempting to meddle or control: it leaves this last care to county and municipal institutions. The English government is tenacious of that unity of ideas, that uniformity of plan and action, which, at first sight, should seem indispensable to good order and useful to society: the wheels of government are put in motion by an impulsion and force often resulting from different and opposite interests; nevertheless, every thing which contributes to the simultaneous movement of the machine, operates as though it had been the effect of a united power directed to a common object. A Frenchman would wonder, if he were told that in the English counties there is no special administrator, no corporate or official body charged with the direction of the general interests, having fixed functions and coercive means of

carrying into execution those detailed measures which they deem necessary. There are sheriffs and lord-lieutenants in the English counties; but they have no really permanent authority: they are but a species of supervisors chosen from the superior class, who substitute their personal influence for the power which the law has not thought proper to give them.*

Below the sheriffs are the justices of the peace, chosen unlimitedly among the country gentlemen. At fixed epochs they assemble together at the quarter sessions to administer justice. In the interval between the sessions of the peace, those among the justices who happen to be assembled at the principal county town, regulate affairs of local interest, without any other guide than their knowledge of the suitability of such and such measures to the condition of the particular county in which they reside. The justices are listened to rather than obeyed by the parish officers—a body of men not appointed in a more regular manner, who, in virtue of their offices, have the conduct of parish affairs. Is a road to be made? The whole parish machinery is at work. The large landed proprietor points out the direction of this road, the surveyor traces its outline, the mason constructs the bridges, and every one, according to the nature of his employment, without the intervention of any fixed rules or administrative forms, contributes to accomplish the matter in hand. Commenced by one parish, the road is continued by another, and thus extends across the county, perhaps across the kingdom. Who first thought of this road?—Who superintended the making of it? Nobody and every body; the road, however, exists—you travel on it, and society is benefited.

Should the expense of making a road exceed the local means, the parish, by its organs—the county, by its representatives, demand the establishment of a toll. The Parliament accedes to the demand, after instituting an inquiry distinguished by the simplicity of forms as those of the justices in the first instance. A company, an individual speculator, the county itself, or the particular parish, undertakes, as the case may be, the completion of the work on being guaranteed the receipts of the toll. Thus is the road finished, and its constant repair assured.

All local interests are governed by a system as little complicated as the foregoing. The functionaries (if one can give this appellation to the individuals of whom I have been speaking, whose personal position, rather than election, places them at the head of parochial affairs) prosecute crimes and pursue the culpable: they enquire, they order the seizure of malefactors by any by-stander, if necessary. Nor does their power end here; for they can place these malefactors in the stocks, in order to prevent their escape, until the constables (a species of *gardes champêtres* in the country, and of sergeants in the town) arrive on the spot. These take them to the county prison; and at the quarter sessions, a jury composed of land owners, rich farmers, and manufacturers, under the presidency of a justice of the peace, tries for such offences as are within its jurisdiction. The cognizance of crimes is reserved for a court of a higher order.

However numerous the taxes, however varied in their forms, however exorbitant in their amount, they are laid on and paid with an equal simplicity. The king's taxes are voted by the house of commons; the parish taxes are agreed to in vestry; both are collected by a species of overseers or attendants, whose conduct is guaranteed by securities. The functions of these collectors are not indicated by any external badge, or by any particular costume.

The disinterestedness of the English administration of public matters is loudly extolled: in reality, the members of the local administration have no fixed salaries; but, on certain occasions, they obtain certain allowances, and are prodigal of them towards their inferior officers. The great vice of the English system is the want of that control necessary to restrain disorder and the *laissez aller* system. Despite the eulogiums bestowed on the economy of the English government, it is much more expensive than that of other countries. Such a state of things would appear, and would be in effect, the cause of disorganisation every where else. If it did not already exist in England, the idea of creating it would never suggest itself; it would break down, on the mere attempt to modify it. Yet it is the fashion in France to cite

*It is not to be expected that a foreigner should be very intimately acquainted with English law, which, according to Lord Coke, required the "*viginti annorum lucubraciones*:" it is, therefore, not wonderful that the Baron should here make a mistake. The English sheriff has much personal influence, no doubt, but more legal power.—Translator.

this system, and to invoke its application. In order to the success of it on our soil, there should be ten centuries of antecedents and of practice. It should have for its basis an influential and respected aristocracy rooted in popular affection and in the institutions of the country, as in the feudal times, and impart to the people that habit of confidence in the superior classes which disposes their minds to a complete submission. These conditions fulfilled, it might be possible to introduce the English system of administration into France; but without these necessary adjuncts, the French people should be content to abide by their own institutions, and profit by those gleams of wisdom and of calm which appear at long intervals, in order to strengthen institutions which have not yet taken deep root, whatever strength may be erroneously ascribed to them. Since the chief requisites are wanting in France for such a system of government—since the people wish neither aristocracies nor social distinctions—since they do not even admit of intellectual superiority, they stand in need of energetic laws, magistrates invested with extraordinary powers, *gens d'armes*, and spies, to control them. This is a sad but indispensable condition of existence; it is the consequence of the systems adopted; it is the counterpoise, however inadequate, of an independence which has exceeded all bounds.

NAVY AND ARMY.

THE NAVY.

The navy of Great Britain is composed of 380 ships, of which there are ninety-four of the line, manned by a force of 29,000 officers and sailors, and *employés* of various grades. This immense force is distributed in magnificent harbours, and sustained by arsenals, the extent and organisation of which correspond with the importance of the service.

The cost of the navy amounts to 4,500,000*l.* sterling, or 112,500,000 francs.

Though this sum may, at the first blush, appear large, yet it really is not so when the vast national uses of the English navy are taken into consideration. A hundred and fifty ships, spread over the surface of the seas, maintain the relations between the colonies and the parent state. A hundred and eighty ships are always in commission, ready for immediate service: the remainder are on the stocks.

A stranger, however, would be led to conclude that some vice of organisation or of administration exists in this department of the public service, were he to judge of the facility afforded for an immediate demonstration by the isolated fact of the admitted tardiness with which even a small armament could lately be brought to co-operate with a French fleet in interposing between Holland and Belgium.

England is now, without doubt, and probably will long continue to be, the first naval power in the world. Her institutions, her tastes, her affections, her very prejudices, are directed to the means of preserving a supremacy placed beyond all doubt by the war of the revolution. The possibility, nay, the very thought of resisting her naval power, has vanished since the period when the ill success of her enemies, and her own assured triumphs, have demonstrated the vainness of the hope. The destruction of 156 ships of the line, 382 frigates, 662 corvettes and other vessels, forming altogether a total of 2505 ships of war—fatally for her enemies, fortunately for herself—at test an undoubted superiority.

Since the proud period of her triumphs, the English navy has maintained its numerical superiority; whilst the navies of Holland and Spain, which, in 1792 and 1793, measured their strength with her, have made no efforts to repair these defeats, or to increase their maritime power. It is no doubt true that the governments of France, Russia, and the United States of America have bestowed on their respective navies much care and attention, which, in the long run, will certainly not be without their results; but, nevertheless, without a firm alliance, and a concurrence of circumstances difficult to combine, it would be doubtful if these states could struggle, with any hope of success, against the power of the English navy.

There are not wanting those who assert, that in the vast number of vessels of war which we have enumerated, there are many very old and nearly unfit for service; and an inspection of the dock-yards of Great Britain would lead to the belief that it would require not only time, but also a considerable outlay, to give to the English navy that real strength of which it now undoubtedly presents the semblance. It is very difficult for a foreigner to appraise the degree of confidence which is due to these disparaging assertions, for it is no easy matter to obtain access either to the docks or arsenals; and, in truth, every

means are adopted to deprive the public of all correct data on which to form an opinion. Supposing, however, these assertions to be well founded, there can be no doubt that the navy would start into efficiency on the very first appearance of danger; the promptings of national pride, the suggestions of self-interest, would alike induce the British nation to submit to every sacrifice necessary to the maintenance and increase of her naval force. In this, common sense and national self-love would agree, and every sentiment and feeling of the public mind would contribute to sustain a power no less indispensable to the prosperity and safety of the country, than to the glory of England.

THE ARMY.

If we are to estimate the army of Great Britain by the glorious and very profitable part which she has played in late wars, it will fall short of a standard of such magnitude. The number of men at this moment in actual service does not exceed 117,000, distributed as follows:—

England and Scotland	30,000
Ireland	24,000
The colonies	37,000
East Indies	26,000

Grand total 117,000

England has in reality, therefore, a disposable force of only 54,000 men. The expense of the service amounts to 13,400,000*l.* sterling.

In this estimate, the military pensions and half-pay amount to nearly 5,000,000*l.* sterling; and the artillery to 450,000*l.* sterling.

If the opinion of certain economists were admitted, a very considerable diminution in this enormous expense could be effected by the correction of many abuses which have crept into the administration of the army. The reduction of the numerical force of the service; the suppression of certain sinecures connected with it; the consolidation of some offices with others; a complete revision of superannuation pensions; the revision also of the system of half-pay—these are the means proposed for adapting the war-budget to the exigencies of the service. Some of these reasonings are, no doubt, specious, and calculated to demonstrate that the military system of England is susceptible of much improvement under the head of economy.

Whether one considers their mode of manœuvring, their excellent discipline, or their general appearance, it must certainly be admitted that it would be difficult to find in any country a finer body of troops than the English. The corps of cavalry, the three regiments of infantry, and the division of artillery, which form together the royal guard, are in truth admirable. Nor would the army of the line suffer in the comparison with any other army in the world.

English military discipline does not reject the aid of the severest corporal punishment: a hundred, two hundred, nay, even three hundred lashes, are in England the constant punishment for faults which, in the French army, would be atoned for by one or two months' imprisonment.

With very few exceptions, the advancement of a private is limited to the grade of a non-commissioned officer. Commissions, from the rank of ensign to that of lieutenant-colonel, are purchasable. In the guards an ensign's commission costs 1200*l.*; a lieutenant's 1600*l.*; a lieutenant-colonel's 7000*l.* Commissions are cheaper in the regiments of the line. A little fortune is necessary in England to run the race of glory. Wo to the soldier in England who is without money, for, in the road of promotion, he must come to a dead halt. The length of his purse, and not of his services, is the limit of his career. However brilliant his achievements, his sword will do nothing for him unless sustained by his purse. This custom of purchasing every step of promotion is as old as the army itself. The system has hitherto worked marvellously; and what is stranger still, has given rise to few complaints. In this age of change, however, it is not difficult to foresee that some alteration must take place. The most remarkable effect of the system is the rendering the army almost exclusively accessible to rich officers, or, what is nearly the same, to those whose families are so. These officers bring to their profession gentlemanly manners and cultivated minds; no substitutes for bravery, certainly, but adding fresh lustre to it where it already exists.

The military school of Woolwich furnishes the necessary complement of officers to the artillery and engineers. In these corps promotion is on a different footing; it is not the effect of purchase.

In time of war, independently of the regular army, regiments of militia are raised for the defence of the coun-

try. In time of peace a force exists under the name of yeomanry: it is a corps of cavalry, and in the nature of its service; as well as in its composition, it bears much analogy to the national guard of France. The yeomanry force is commanded by the nobility and gentry in the different counties: they are mustered and exercised during about twelve days in every year. The appearance of this yeomanry troop is admirable. In a time of profound peace, no positive utility results from these musters, unless the giving of dinners and *fêtes*; and horse-races, are found to have their advantages.

Such is the actual condition of the English army; hardly sufficient to furnish troops for indispensable garrisons, it no longer possesses the *matériel* for those gigantic enterprises in which England has been at different epochs engaged, and more particularly at the period of the war of the first revolution. In a combination of circumstances similar to those of the first revolutionary war, it would be necessary to have recourse to similar means: to levée levies in England, subsidies to foreign troops, loans, and the augmentation of a debt sufficiently exorbitant already.

Those circumstances must indeed be of a grave and serious nature which could induce any minister to adopt such a course as this—a course which would with difficulty obtain the assent of public opinion. It is probable that the English government will for the future seek to sustain its influence over continental politics by negotiation, by pretensions of superiority carefully kept up, and derived from the custom of other nations (rather the result of habit than of reflection) to acknowledge that superiority. Perhaps, also, her diplomacy may avail itself of the threat of the ruin which the hostile intervention of a formidable navy would bring down on European commerce in general.

In the actual position of affairs, the military power of England is diminished by her situation in reference to Ireland, rendered disaffected and almost inimical by the exercise of a dominion which has taken the character and complexion of a conquest, and, by an exceptional system of administration, little calculated to unite together in bonds of affection two people still more divided in national character and religion than they are by the arm of the sea which separates them from each other. Without doubt, however, an accommodation will take place between the two countries: such an arrangement, desirable with reference to the real interests of both, is of the first necessity to England, as respects the recruiting of her army, and the distribution of her disposable force. Till this object shall have been accomplished, the English ministry will no doubt exhibit a commendable reserve, seeking to avoid any intervention in the affairs of the continent, and, least of all, that intervention which would be likely to terminate in open hostilities.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion may be considered one of the pillars of England. It cannot be better described than by likening it to a cement, which works its way every where, and connects together the heterogeneous materials, out of which has arisen, none can say how or when, the stupendous and stately edifice of the British constitution. In some of its uniformity receives a character of consistency from public opinion, which masks its defects and prevents it from falling. The whole fabric appears to have sprung from the workings of one mind, though all its component parts result from remote circumstances—from the spirit of party—the caprice of the governing power—the reflecting, and occasionally, all-powerful will of the governed.

The English people think themselves free, because, though subject to a shapeless mass of tyrannical and absurd laws, they see the king pass by them and are not obliged to make him a reverence. They think themselves well governed, because parliament has the power to throw out the ministry, when the interests of the stronger party require it. They do not complain of the enormity of the taxes, because they are voted by the house of commons, whose influential members contrive to take much more from the national treasury than they contribute to it. They resign themselves without a murmur, nay, without thought, to all the vexations and inconveniences of an indirect taxation (of which the greater part of the revenue is composed), because habit has long familiarised them with the discomfort of this harassing mode of proceeding. They think themselves rich, because they buy and sell dearly. They consider the public wealth proof against every shock, because it rests upon a system of credit, the inconceivable abuse of which has not caused it to give way. They think the nation powerful, because there was a time when, multiplying loans without troubling themselves about the means of reimbursement, the English

government bought the blood of continental nations, created armies, opposed people to people, and by these means exercised supreme control over European politics. They fancy, with wonted pride, that British supremacy must hold perpetual sway, because their ambassadors maintain in certain courts the lofty language which they affected thirty years ago; and because garrisons, factories, military and commercial settlements, are established at places the immense distance of which from each other is in some sort concealed by the ubiquitous power of the English fleets. In a word, the most inconceivable illusion converts into a species of national pride that which should be a subject of painful reflection and real disquietude.

Who can tell what would happen, if, for example, the people, seriously intent upon examining their position, should say to each other, "Where is our so much vaunted constitution? In Magna Charta? In that compact wrested by the violence of some ignorant feudal lords of the middle age from the hands of John Lackland? Public opinion, and a more advanced civilisation, now justly appreciates that charter. Such a constitution could only suit us if we fell back to the barbarism of the thirteenth century. Does our constitution exist in the Act of Settlement signed by William III. in 1688? The spirit of that act is hardly respected. The act of settlement is no longer fitted for us. Does it exist, then, in the multiplicity of laws, acts, and regulations,—that shapeless code which no man has had the courage to wade through? Who could there find the spirit of our constitution? who could have the patience or the power to adapt or apply them to a state of society so unlike that of the period when those laws were framed, which, being the offspring of an immediate necessity, attest the movement and progressive advances of society? There is, then, no constitution. I must have one; but to make it, I must proceed to work my own way. I shall lay hold of the elements of society, and scatter them about at random. In adjusting themselves, these elements shall remain as chance shall have placed them. From their very confusion a new order shall arise. This first germ of order, all-imperfect though it be, will bring about other combinations, of which I know as little as I can foresee them, but which will assuredly be different from what at present exists. In a word, I shall accomplish a revolution; I cannot lose by the change, for I have nothing that I can call my own, either in fixed property or in imaginary rights. Shall I have less liberty, according to my meaning of the word? That were difficult indeed. Without doubt the right of administering justice shall no longer belong exclusively to those who, possessing every thing, carry to the most revolting excess the care of self-preservation; I shall no longer be sent to Australia, be exposed to the fury of the savages of its deserts, condemned to endless and unpaid labour, in an unwholesome country, for having sinned some hares, which nearly ruined my crop, in a field for which I paid too much rent. These stocks—prisons without even the advantage of walls—in which my limbs are sure to be confined on the first fault that I commit, shall for ever disappear from those public roads, where, in utter defiance of common prudence, they expose me to shame and insults. Directly or indirectly, immediately, or by delegates of my own choosing, I shall participate in the functions of legislation. I shall reform abuses, or, if some should still arise, I know how to turn them to my profit. The taxes shall not be collected without my deducting, by some means or other, the portion which I shall have to contribute to them. I shall not suffer the amount of taxation to enter into the price of any article that I consume. The land is there to defray the taxes, unless by the workings of the revolution it shall have passed into other hands than those which have too long possessed it. Meanwhile, no more taxes on beer, leather, candles, or tobacco,—on the pavement we tread, on the air we breathe. As to those taxes levied upon luxuries, I shall support them until I become rich myself. As to the finances, I shall know quite as much as the statesmen of the present day. I shall follow their example; my finances shall be the money of others; my strength shall be my credit and my mint. Politics, which a stony diplomacy has hitherto confined to the cabinet of kings, shall be remoulded in the propagation of my principles,—in an appeal to the popular passions of every country. Come what may, my business is to destroy every existing institution, and subvert every part of our social organisation. I shall take counsel from the state of things which may spring out of the change. Forward!"

The imaginary case which I have just laid down may not be far removed from a fatal reality. Up to the present time, discontent has been, in a measure, isolated, and confined to individuals: it has been as devoid of dan-

ger as of inconvenience. But now, a revolutionary spirit has infused that discontent into all classes, and, at no distant period, we shall witness its formidable progress. For a long time, the word *reform* had been familiarised to the people's ears. Innovators prepared them to desire it as a want which brooked no delay, and which was equally felt by those who clamoured for it, and those whose interests it would affect. This latter class has not seen that the sacrifices they would be called upon to make, far from putting off the evil day, has only rendered more inevitable the death-struggle which must now be fought between indigence and property. Violence will now wrest that which a tardy prudence would recommend to withhold. The battle will not be long contested, if the weaker party are the first to aid in the overthrow of institutions which have hitherto protected them.

Public opinion, it will be said, is too enlightened to pass beyond the limits prescribed by wisdom. This sentiment, an instinct without proper direction among other nations, is a sixth faculty among the English; with them all error is impossible. See the wonders which have sprung from it; examine the ascendancy it exercises over men and customs, from the king to the sailor, from the regulation of the chancellor's budget, to the expenditure of the poor's rates in the smallest parish.

I am not, I must own, completely convinced of the wonderful results that are to flow from the workings of public opinion. I see certain matters of detail proceeding with regularity—without violence, without effort, without any interference on the part of the government, which, in other countries, introduces itself every where with the view of directing or fettering every thing. I agree that England is the country where each man knows his own business best. Thus the king folds his arms across and looks on, always assuming that he has a taste for observation; for, in general, an English king only attends to the affairs of government by way of gratifying his curiosity. The ministers govern; the parliament overturns them at its pleasure, but by the most legal process in the world; the people pay, but now and then arrogate to themselves the right to knock down the tax-collectors and the constables who protect them. But, as they are tenacious of forms, and as one or two pounds of lead at the end of the constable's staff in no degree alters its form, the people do not take offence at the blows levelled at their heads. The awards of the lord mayor are submitted to with as much respect by the hackney-coachmen, amerced in a smart fine, as are the judgments of the lord chancellor by the first noblemen in the kingdom. Every artisan reads the newspaper at breakfast, but works not the less on that account. All this is wonderful, no doubt; but are these wonders the effect of public opinion? Are they not to be ascribed to a kind of subordination to authority, converted not only into custom, but into law? and is there a law more respected or more binding than this very habit? On the other hand, does not private interest (artfully introduced into every thing in England) exercise also a great influence over this so much admired progress of public opinion; for, destroy the basis of it, compel private interest, as will eventually be the case, to modify its combinations, which it is, perhaps, at no pains to calculate, but receives as it finds them, and we shall see what remains of that public opinion which inspires so much confidence.

Another cause will, in season, be superadded to that which I have just mentioned, and cannot fail to unnerve that public opinion, so long the surest conservative guarantee, as it has been the greatest glory of Great Britain. Isolated by her insular position, England was still more so by the pride and austerity of her national character. A certain something (I hardly know what to call it) resembling unsociability of character, had saved her from that friction which had worn out the more prominent features of other nations. England had felt a pride in preserving her ideas, her forms, her prejudices, wholly regardless of what militated against them. Thus protected, public opinion maintained its force and its influence. But this barrier is now broken down. The English, who heretofore only travelled in individual instances, now travel in masses. They lay aside the inconvenient burden of that haughtiness which preserved around them a truly British atmosphere, and made them breathe a British air wherever they bent their steps. Their first endeavour, when they land on a foreign soil, is to efface all impression of their distinctive nationality. This, which at first is only with them a sort of convenient arrangement, becomes at length a settled habit, which they adhere to themselves, and on their return communicate to others. The travelled English do not fail to institute a comparison between what they have seen abroad, and what they find established at home, and this comparison

does not always redound to the advantage of their country. True, they have not lost their love of country; but it is not that fervid and exclusive love which obtained formerly. The need of those luxuries which they have seen elsewhere manifests itself, and the contagion of foreign customs is now making a daily inroad in England: how would it be if with this fusion of manners a fusion of political interests mingled? How would it be if the English government relaxed that rigidity—that unmanageable, unbending egotism, which has hitherto distinguished its principles from those of the governments of other countries? In such a combination of circumstances, public opinion would consign to the dictionary of by-gone usages certain exploded national customs and manners, laid aside like obsolete words, only applied to express ideas which have ceased to exist.

After having thus examined what is really useful and effective in public opinion in England, it will be a matter of some interest now to consider the influence which this opinion exercises on individual minds, the modifications it imprints, the force it communicates to them. The observations I have been making lead us to a comparison between a country where public opinion is so powerful, so active, so profoundly felt among all classes, and a country in which public opinion is only to be found in the intemperate discourses of the orators of the dominant party. It had long been the fashion on the continent to attach that elevation and general superiority to the English mind and character which superseded the necessity of closer enquiry. Ideas such as these were adopted on trust, and hence it has arisen that men the most disposed to question the basis on which this opinion rested, have not found in their minds the power of doubting on a question on which there existed a conventional accord. So long as France and England were only observers of each other in the distance, so long as the relations only of nation to nation subsisted between them, numerous general facts presented themselves to accredit the idea of the superiority of one people over the other. But these nations have since had constant intercourse together; they have approximated more closely. Individuals of both countries have come into contact; they have had the opportunity of studying and appreciating each other, and opinion has changed. Such, at least, are the observations which a prolonged sojourn in England, and an intimate intercourse with the most distinguished classes of society have enabled me to make, and which are at variance with what had hitherto been taken for granted.

AN ELECTION.

It is indeed an imposing spectacle to behold a people exercising their share in the sovereignty, choosing their delegates, and pointing out in their assemblies, and by their acclamations, and their suffrages, the men whom they think worthy to be selected for the defence of their rights and the maintenance of their liberties. Yes, it is indeed an imposing spectacle; but if you only seek to preserve an illusion which seduces you, if you fear to abate any portion of the enthusiasm which you feel for representative governments in general, and for the English government in particular, beware of attending at any of the English elections. Remain at home during their progress, otherwise those opinions to which you would have yielded, without seeking to base them on any solid foundation, will entirely disappear.

One fine morning we learn that it has suited the ministers to make the king, by his will and pleasure, dissolve the parliament. Behold the people fancying themselves something; ambitious hopes excited or alarmed, and ambitious men flying in all directions, London a desert, and the provinces visited by their richest inhabitants. Behold aristocratic haughtiness humbling itself before plebeian pride. Neither men nor opinions are now in their proper places. The social scale is reversed, and all its established rules and conventional gradations participate in this movement. Hauteur, disdain, refusals, all are hurled back from him who had been the object of them upon the original dispenser. He who was heretofore lowest is now highest. He who was wont to command is now obliged to supplicate. Hence, a train of justifications, of offers, of services, and of pledges from the candidate. It is pleasant to see a noble lord ungloving his hand to place it in the coarse and filthy fist of his butcher or his tenant; promising to the one the continuance of his custom, to the other the renewal of his lease, enquiring into the health and welfare of their families, and mingling these enquiries with the canvass of a vote and a protestation of attachment to the people, pretty much in the following fashion:—"The honourable canvasser admits that he caused to be trans-

ported to Botany Bay a poacher who had snared some of his pheasants. He laments the fate of the poor devil—arraigns the severity of the laws, and damns all game. He will kill all his hares, and solicit the pardon of the poacher, who has had after all but a pleasant and entertaining trip to New South Wales, and will be the better enabled to value a system of reform which will effectually save him from the risk of a second trip. He laments the lot of the farmer who has to yield him the tithe of his crops. He will be the first, as he is the most anxious, to put an end to the system of tithes, which, though it has added, and continues to add, to his fortune, is nevertheless a real heart-sore to him. In seeking to protect machinery, which abridges human labour, he will not be neglectful of modes of employment for the indigent classes. He will vote for the abolition of all taxes, without at all impairing the regularity of the public service. There shall be perfect liberty to do, or say, or write what people list, and a consequent increase of order and tranquillity. It shall be the golden age, if he is returned to parliament, and England shall become another El Dorado!

The advent, however, of this era of prosperity and universal contentment must depend on the success of the pretensions of him who can alone procure so many felicities, who will sacrifice for the public good his simple and modest tastes, his retired habits, his aversion to a life of display and agitation, his domestic happiness, and his private fortune.

Some simpletons are taken with these fine speeches; they promise their votes. Others more circumspect require theirs to be bought, and stipulate for the immediate fulfilment of the promises personally made to them. As to those promises which are only general, they leave them to the good faith of the candidate. There are some who refuse him their votes because they do not hold his opinions, and expect more from his rival, or have already secured better conditions from the latter.

Every candidate is obliged to canvass; in other words, to make a personal journey through town and country, stopping at the house of each elector, even of those whom he knows to be most opposed to him, and whose votes he despairs of obtaining on any condition. He must shake hands with every one, listen to all observations, hear the directions and the sharp reproaches sometimes addressed to him, promise all that he is asked, thus humbling himself before popular arrogance, and compromising the dignity of the rank to which he aspires. The efforts of the candidate, no matter how great his ardour and activity, cannot extend to all those whom it is important to gain over. He selects among a certain class of men addicted to this peculiar pursuit, an election agent, who, on being paid a certain sum, or after entering into a regular stipulation, as between attorney and client, engages to procure him votes. He also provides himself with a barrister, who for a few hundred pounds contests, whether right or wrong, the validity of his opponent's votes, and defends on the same principle the votes given in favour of his client. Letters, journeys, dinners, nothing is neglected to influence a voter. Accounts are opened with all persons licensed to keep horses; with all innkeepers, so that the electors may be defrayed their travelling expenses; and they on their parts certainly avail themselves largely of this privilege. The roads are covered with carriages and four containing voters, who on other occasions travel on the outside of the common stage; refreshments await the contented electors at each relay, and this happy life lasts till they return home.

In the midst of these preliminaries, nothing is neglected to create a cloud of opinion favourable to the candidate. The newspapers in his interest register his promises, vaunt his talents, quote fragments of his speeches; should he not have made speeches, they are manufactured for him on these occasions; they pour forth their eulogies on generations of his ancestors which have long passed away. You see in the streets of London men carrying before and behind them, in order to attract notice, printed bills in large letters announcing the name of the candidate, and the course of conduct he pledges himself to pursue. When the candidate is unknown to fame, the public is informed of what he will say and do. Should his political character be well known, the object he will have in view is indicated by a phrase or a word; an exclamation of "N— for ever!" answering to our "Vive N—!" is attached to his name. The handbills and the ribands which adorn these placards are of the colour adopted by the candidate; his partisans decorate themselves with similar ribands, and the horses and carriages are decked out in like manner.

On the appointed day both parties appear on the hustings. These are erected in a public square, for the ac-

commodation of the candidates, who arrive on horseback or in carriages, each party preceded by musicians, and followed by their friends and that portion of the mob which has declared for them. Flags bearing appropriate mottoes rally this motley group, which advances amidst the mingled applause and hisses of the spectators.

Each person having taken his place, the sheriff or returning officer appointed to preside at the election, and who is neither distinguished by a particular costume, nor even a seat (for he is usually standing like the assistants,) opens the proceedings, and swears the candidates on the gospels that they have not resorted to unlawful means, or to any species of bribing.* This oath taken under the eyes of the populace, who know all that has been going on beforehand, should not seem calculated to inspire them with much confidence in the respect which the sworn party will entertain for his solemn engagements. This ceremony being gone through, a friend of each of the candidates proposes him in a short but impassioned speech. Another friend seconds the proposal. The candidate himself now appears, and expatiates with self-satisfaction on the praises which have been given him. His discourse to be effective, should be prolix, full of declamatory matter, and pronounced with every violence of gesture and emphasis.

This formality is renewed for each candidate. Should there be no opposition—should the election be uncontested, the returning officer informs the electors that he will proceed immediately to the nomination,† and he invites the electors to hold up their hands in token of assent. If the number of raised hands predominates, the new member is proclaimed and the assembly dissolved.

This latter occurrence is rare, and only takes place in towns where the well known current of opinion, and the menacing attitude of a turbulent population, lead to apprehend acts of violence, for which no chance of success could compensate. Such are the elections of Westminster, Southwark, and of the great manufacturing towns generally. Well disposed people, even among the friends of the candidates, do not take part in these turbulent assemblies, which are composed of the lowest class of electors, and of a populace always ready to swell their numbers, as affording a hope of disturbances and a pretext for them.

When there is a contested election, the sheriff proceeds to take a poll. Each elector mounts on the hustings and inscribes, or causes to be inscribed, his name in the poll book of the candidate he wishes to be returned. A contested election may last fourteen days.‡ So long a period is devoted by the candidates to the muster of their friends, and of individuals whose votes are promised to them. Couriers are sent from one extremity of England to another; agents run about in all quarters, and electors travel, all at the expense of the candidate, who is not deterred by the enormity of the cost from the pursuit of his enterprise. Each party unites his means of defence and attack, manœuvres with dexterity, and exhibits considerable talent in wielding the resources at command. All means are lawful for the attainment of the end in view. Scandal, calumny, reproaches and menaces, are unsparingly used. The hustings are the tribunals from whence proceed the most vehement speeches, the grossest insults. Often matters do not end here, and missiles are resorted to. Oranges, apples, potatoes, are flung at the heads of antagonist parties. When these are exhausted, they next come to blows. The strongest party remaining in possession of the field of battle, excludes the vanquished, puts an end to the election, and completes the sport by attacking the houses of the chiefs of the opposite party. During this expedition, the successful candidates are placed in chairs adorned with party coloured ribands, and carried in triumph through the town by a dozen of the stoutest and least drunken of their supporters. The procession halts occasionally, the victorious candidate makes a speech, they again move on, and meet at an election dinner, which closes with songs in favour of the

* The author is mistaken. No such oath as here spoken of is taken, though the institution of such an oath should seem to be a most desirable reform. The only oath which can be put to the candidates is one touching their qualification in land, and even that must be tendered on the demand of a candidate or elector.—*Transl.*

† This is not called "nomination," but show of hands. The "nomination" is the naming or proposing of the candidate by two electors, as alluded to by the author in a preceding part of this chapter.—*Translator.*

‡ Not under the Reform Bill. Under the old system an election might last fifteen days.—*Translator.*

new member, toasts, harangues, and general drunkenness.

The ceremony of chairing is that which flatters most the vanity of an Englishman. Those who have been the heroes on such occasions, speak of the matter with great self-satisfaction, and let no opportunity escape of relating the most minute details. It might be concluded that a complete state of social disorganisation would be the result of all this. It is quite otherwise, and the reason may be gathered in the predominance of the aristocratic principle in the midst of this democratic effervescence. These elections are not made by the people, but sold by them to the better classes of society, who buy them so dearly that they can only fall to the lot of those whose rank gives them a deeper interest in maintaining order and upholding the institutions of the country. Strip the English elections of their venality, and you will have popular returns and pure democracy. The thirst of wealthy people for this kind of parliamentary distinction, which, a compensation for their ruin, affords them only the barren honour of having a well stuffed seat in the house, on which they may stretch themselves to sleep every night, is indeed extraordinary. It cannot be that they hope to obtain lucrative office, for this in general is reserved to merit; and it is difficult to believe that the privilege of making two or three speeches during the session, which are lost amidst the noise of conversations, can afford any satisfaction to a sensible mind.

That which is elsewhere called consideration, possesses little weight in such a country as England.

Thanks to the influence exercised over the elections by men remarkable by their fortune and their social position, a powerful and truly patriotic aristocracy, which has taken deep root in the soil, maintains its influence, and affords support to the government of the country. The expenses incurred at elections bring in their train other advantages: they prevent accumulation, and fix a limit to wealth, which under other circumstances, might become boundless. Thanks to the combination of these two principles, however proved they may be by liberal theories, the national representation of England is based on the superiority of rank and fortune.

It would be difficult to give the people of France an adequate idea of the enormous expenses of certain of the English elections; there are some among them which cost 50,000, 80,000, or even 100,000*l.* sterling, (1,200,000*fr.* to 2,400,000*fr.*) When these expenses are not defrayed by the family or friends of the candidate, heavy debts, and sometimes complete ruin, are the deplorable consequences: the embarrassed candidate then resigns himself to the fate of living penuriously in some obscure corner of the continent, and of travelling all his life on the tops of diligences. This is the retribution for the expensive pleasure of having posted down to the hustings some few hundreds of electors whose votes proved of no use to him. The body politic, however, is here the gainer; it preserves its form and strength—it prospers, and that is the chief consideration.

Wo to England the day when her electors become too honest to sell themselves, and her senators too wise to buy her voters—a revolution will then be near at hand; and the elements which England contains within her bosom, and which a disorganising faction rears for the terrible work, are not less formidable than those which for forty years have agitated France.

DINNER AT **** COLLEGE.

It was an election day, but it was a gentlemanly election, at which no votes, or at least very few, were sold; at which neither insults nor blows were exchanged between the parties; at which no windows were broken; when the proceeding was limited to insignificant cabals, or a calculation of votes, the number of which was known beforehand. The fellows* entertained the electors who had been of the college. Though I was a stranger, thanks to the polite efforts of two of my friends, one a Whig the other a Tory, I found myself seated between them at dinner, on which occasion I had the opportunity of exercising that complaisance which I have imposed on myself as a law in all that relates to the political interests of Great Britain.

* The fellows are a species of secular canons, who receive, as the reward of studies more or less successful, allowances of 400*l.* 600*l.* and even 1000*l.* a year, from the surplus of the revenues of the college to which they belong, without any other conditions than to remain bachelors, after seven years to take orders, and to exercise hospitality during their noviciate.—*Note of the Author.*

There are law and travelling fellows of both Universities, who are laymen.—*Note of the Translator.*

We were received in an immense room, of very pure Gothic architecture, decorated with the portraits of illustrious men who had been educated within these walls. The windows, adorned with beautiful stained glass, are for the most part due to the liberality of the pupils of the college. The tables retain the forms of those common in the refectories of Catholic monasteries. They are of sufficient length to give ample space to four hundred guests. We were about three hundred. The dinner was quite à l'Anglaise, that is to say, soups strongly peppered, enormous joints of meat, magnificent dishes of fish, and all varieties of puddings. The whole was washed down with Spanish, Portuguese, and French wines, seasoned by political conversation.

"The dinner is good, but it is not cheerful," said my left hand neighbour, who belonged to the losing party; "every one laments the results of the election."

"It appears to me," said I, "that the successful and numerous majority have reason enough to rejoice."

"Your friend makes wry faces," said my right hand neighbour, with a smile. "To the health of our king and of our members—long live the old constitution and good fellowship!" so saying, he emptied his glass, and, as each man followed his example, the company were already very animated when they prepared to pass into the room specially devoted to drinking. In this apartment decanters and glasses, laid out on mahogany tables, awaited the guests; but, as these immense supplies did not suffice for stomachs of such marvellous capacity, and as the occasion was one of those rare occurrences which revived in all their integrity the force of old English customs, the sideboards were still farther covered with bottles, while the servants, cork-screws in hand, rivalled the activity of the bibbers who put their services in requisition. The company soon began to speak and drink together. Toasts and discussions followed. At length heads began to wax warm, brains became disturbed, and limbs refused to do their office, to such a point as to render the aid of waiters necessary for some of the guests, who were removed in this condition to their inns, and afterward to their beds, by this convenient aid. On such occasions as these, innkeepers in England never fail to bestow on their guests every mark of attention and interest.

A PUBLIC MEETING.

The most important occurrence in the minds of the English people, next to an election, is a public meeting. Here they deliberate on the laws, blame the acts of the ministers, authoritatively pronounce an opinion upon every thing, and return home, convinced that they have done the finest things in the world. At a public meeting, John Bull thinks his will supreme; because his thoughts respond to the words of the orator, he fancies the inspiration of the latter comes from himself, his brother shopkeepers, and the rabble. Therefore it is that the mob affect an air of importance, while their orators, dressed in black, with white gloves, proceed in pairs with a grave step through the crowds of the lowest classes, (barely covered by their filthy rags,) who follow them with vociferations to the place of meeting. The object of this meeting is announced some days before by placards printed in large letters, which cover the walls, or are carried on the tops of poles through the streets.

The meeting generally takes place in the open air. Mounted on a scaffolding erected in the most conspicuous place, or on a wagon procured for the occasion, stand forth the principal performers who intend to speak. From such a locality, in a style quite worthy of the auditory, they submit their propositions, supporting them by the most extravagant speeches, the falsest assertions, and all manner of abusive language. "Do you know what reform is?" said one of those furious talkers; "if you do not, I will tell you. It is bread for the poor at a penny a pound, beer at two pence a pot, meat at four pence, plenty of work, double wages, warm clothing, shoes and stockings, and comfortable habitations. We shall have no more customs and excise, no more taxes, no more policemen. (Thunders of applause.) No, we shall have no more of these idle vagabonds, dressed up in blue, who knock you down with their loaded staves on the first show of resistance; every one henceforth will be rich, happy, free. All these advantages had been ours long ago if the oligarchy, the aristocracy, the house of peers, the boroughmongers, the clergy, and, above all, the bishops, had not opposed themselves to the accomplishment of the wishes of our friends—of those friends who know and defend our interests." The remainder of this speech, which lasted two hours, (English orators are very prolix,) was of this complexion. Other tribunes of the people succeeded, repeated the same phrases, coupling their

promises with threats and abusive language, until the period arrived for the reading of a petition, written beforehand, containing an expression of the wants and wishes of the meeting. The proceeding terminated with its unanimous adoption.

The speakers at English popular meetings are not applauded for their matter or their argument, (either of which, by the by, few of their auditory would understand,) but for their intemperate declamation. They swing about from side to side, stamp their feet and clench their fists; their eyes appear ready to start from the sockets, their mouths foam,—they have, in a word, the air of people possessed. The enthusiasm of the crowd is then at its height; cries of "Hear, hear!" proceed from all sides; the flags are lowered, and the petition is signed on tables, on hogsheds, on knees, on bent backs, which serve as writing-desks. In order to accelerate this operation, sheets of paper are distributed, and when they are covered with signatures, they are joined together and united to the petition. Of the ten, twenty, or thirty thousand individuals who contributed to swell the meeting, two or three hundred, at most, had an interest in the objects of the petition, or the faculties necessary to the comprehension of it, or the right to deliberate at all, for in general the respectable classes do not appear at these meetings. The rest of the assembly could not have heard the orators, whose voices, however powerful they may be on ordinary occasions, are drowned by the noise, which repels the sounds back on the speaker, and prevents those nearest to him from collecting their purport.

This picture is not overcharged; public meetings are composed of the lowest and the most inflammable classes least susceptible of being guided by reason, or of appreciating a measure in its relative adjuncts of good and evil. They are, in general, subservient to the will of a turbulent, unquiet, and dangerous party, and are wielded to maintain the popularity of demagogues. Nevertheless, this manner of consulting the opinions of the people finds apologists among well-intentioned, enlightened, and, in other respects, sensible men. These men would blush to figure in the crowd of auditors, and would be still more ashamed to appear on the hustings by the side of fire-brands who seek to inflame the popular passions; but they proclaim the wisdom of deliberations proceeding from a sink in which the mire and mud of the nation ferment together. This is one of the numerous errors—one of the many follies of otherwise sensible people.

A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE.

I longed to be present at a parliamentary debate, and to have an opportunity of establishing a comparison between the manner in which our neighbours (who are represented as our masters in matters of representative government) manage their affairs, and the form which we give to our parliamentary debates. A small ticket, without a signature,* but on which a member of the house declared that he was authorised by the speaker to introduce me, procured my admission to the benches raised in amphitheatre on either side of the entrance under the gallery.

The house is of an oblong form. The speaker's chair stands in front of the principal door. Its abrupt projection allows a space sufficient for several benches behind it. Before the chair is a table covered with books, registers, boxes for papers, and an enormous gilt mace. Three clerks in bar gowns and wigs are seated at the table with their backs to the speaker.

The latter enveloped in a species of gown, (his countenance muffled in a gray wig, extending under his chin and descending below his breast,) converses almost without interruption with members who approach, and appear to address him with much deference. Occasionally, when the noise of conversation is too audibly heard, he cries out with a loud voice, "Order, order," after which he appears to relapse into his habitual inattention.

The members are seated on cushions of black leather, which line every side of a room badly lighted by chandeliers filled with wax candles. The brown oak, with which the house is panelled, contributes to render the effect more sombre. The vacant benches serve as beds to such members as spread themselves out to sleep. A projecting gallery, with a cornice supported by iron pillars, is raised on either side over the floor, and in crowded houses supplies, in some sort, the insufficient

space of the body of the house. It is here* that the public (without the speaker's order) are admitted for half a crown a head, together with the newspaper reporters.

On comparing the extent of the house with the number of its members, the question naturally arises how they can find room, to the number of six hundred and forty-six, within so small a space.

The members are dressed in the most careless fashion, in frock coats, in boots, with their hats on, or with an umbrella under the arm. They listen to few of the speeches. They but repeat the cry of "Hear, hear," with intonations which give to the words, alternately, a meaning of approbation or disapprobation, as they perceive their friends, who have heard the speaker, cheering ironically or in earnest. They talk, move about, cross the room, without attention to him who speaks, or to those who listen. It is the custom not to leave the house without turning towards the speaker, and bowing to him with becoming respect.

Strangers do not fail to enquire the names of the most prominent members. It is a consequence of the indefinable inclination which one feels to give credit to those who offer resistance to power, as though such resistance always had its principle in honourable sentiments, that one generally begins by asking for the opposition members. Mr. O'C— is pointed out, an individual whom one would not easily discover under his brown wig, his portly figure, and calm air; any more than Mr. H—, who sits beside him, with a respectable carriage and that grave physiognomy which would become a gentleman.

After being made acquainted with the countenances of the most renowned members of each party, curiosity is directed towards the ministers, who are neither distinguished by any peculiarity of costume, nor by any other seats than those which usage has assigned to them on the right of the speaker, and near the table. Their supporters are grouped behind them.

After having seen the interior of the house of commons, one easily accounts for there being, if not so many distinguished orators, at least so many speakers who express their ideas with tolerable facility. The cause is partly owing to the kindness and indulgence of the house, and partly to its inattention. These double causes render the speakers more careless in the choice of their expressions, and indifferent to the effect they produce. The worst that can happen to them is, not to be listened to. In consequence of this, they speak in the commencement of their career with great boldness, and presently custom supplies them with the oratorical forms and with self-confidence; finally they acquire talents and a reputation. Should it turn out otherwise, they remain in their mediocrity; but they can always sustain a discussion, and, in contending with their opponents, they are no longer under the restraint of a timidity which would paralyse their intellectual energy.

English orators speak extempore, many of them from notes; but these should seldom be consulted, if they wish to avoid unceremonious interruptions. They are not very graceful in their declamation; the greater part of them speak leaning on their umbrellas,† with their hats in their hands, or playing with a whip or a cane. Some, however, are distinguished by a noble and animated gesture. Each person speaks without quitting his place. It is only when a member proposes to take an active part in the discussion that he places himself on the lower benches, near the speaker, to whom the members are always supposed to address themselves.

In England, as well as in France, the laws would lose much of their imposing character, if one were to consider all the trivial and minute circumstances that mingle in their composition. In France, the members of the chamber have the air of men possessed: the place where they meet is in the form of a theatre, and from the cries that one hears on all sides, one would think they were about to cut each other's throats. In England, the smoky chamber called the house of commons is in perfect harmony with the slovenly dress and still more slovenly manners of members sent there by the strangest, the most irrational, and, according to report, the most venal elections. In the one country, people profess dangerous

* To neither of these galleries are the public admitted. They are reserved exclusively for members. The public are admitted only to the back gallery over the bar of the house.—Translator.

† Though we have been very constant attendants at St. Stephen's, yet we have never witnessed this practice.—Translator.

* The author is mistaken. These slips of paper contain the initials of the speaker under the name of the stranger, which is written by a member.—Translator.

principles and subversive doctrines, giving expression to them in eloquent phrases, and without the least consideration of the consequences; in the other, business is transacted with good sense and simplicity. No impediments of self-love are suffered to mingle with considerations of public duty. On which side of the strait is the public weal best understood? I hesitate not to pronounce, and facts justify my opinion, in favour of the English system.

CLUBS.

Every national mania, every endemic taste is represented by a club. Thus there is the Travellers' Club, where you can only be admitted on proving that you are a foreigner, or that you have travelled five hundred miles on the continent; the Beef-steak Club, where you only partake of the dish giving its name to the club; the Navy Club, and the Military, where sailors and soldiers are alone admitted; the Athenæum Club, consecrated to scientific people; the Catch Club,* which takes its name from certain national airs sung by several voices, without accompaniment, during dinner. At Edinburgh there is the Six Feet Club, to be a member of which it is an essential condition that you be six feet high, (about five feet six inches of France;) then there is the Jockey Club, and the Greyhound Club, for the lovers of horses and hounds, and a number of establishments of a similar kind.

*The following account furnishes some interesting details relative to the habits and rules of the Catch Club.

Admitted to one of the meetings of this club, I remarked, in the middle of the room, a tall man of slender figure, whose tone and air indicated a habit of superiority. He was discussing, in a very animated manner, the relative merits of two composers, with a fat man with a hollow voice and common-place manners: I learned that the first was the Duke of —, and that the other sang the counter-tenor parts at Covent Garden Theatre. The dinner being announced, the duke, to whom I was presented, made me sit near him, and deigned to inform me that to fulfil, without inconvenience to the members of the club, the condition which prescribes that there should be singing after dinner, a certain number of professional people was invited, to whom the title of honorary members, and a dinner free of expense, were given each time they were invited. These *artistes*, said the duke, enjoy all the privileges of members, and one of these privileges being the right of discussion, they use this privilege with the same freedom towards a nobleman as they would towards one of their brother actors. The dinner, which commenced at half past four, lasted about two hours, including the dessert, which consisted of various cheeses and dry and green fruits. Boxes containing small music-desks and sheets of music were then placed on the table. I was about to lay hold of one of these sheets, when the duke stopped me, saying, that the placing of this music on the table was a mere matter of form, but that it was forbidden to touch it under penalty of a fine. The singing commenced by a prayer, which was chanted standing, and with a gravity of demeanour which was an indispensable part of the performance. One is obliged to join in the chaunt, or to appear to do so.

After four decanters had made the round of the table from left to right, and from guest to guest, they are returned to the president, who asks of the first guest the name of a lady as a toast. This name, which is never distinctly pronounced, is generally that of an actress or a dancer. Drinking is resumed, and the singers commence a catch or a glee. When a member wishes to take part in a catch or glee, the singers place themselves near him. The same ceremony is repeated to each guest. The number not being less than thirty, one can form an idea of the number of glasses of wine and of songs which are despatched on these occasions.

For some instants this music is insupportable. To the fatigue produced by its monotony is soon joined the inconvenience of an increase of discordance and of singing out of tune. As a guest, however, you must submit to be saturated with this music from six till nine o'clock. To leave the room before nine o'clock would be an unpardonable rudeness. Some intrepid amateurs prolong these sittings till midnight; they then order grills strongly spiced and peppered, together with oysters, which they wash down with Madeira and Sherry. Between two and three o'clock in the morning they regain their homes, some of them ill supported on their reeling limbs, others in hackney-coaches, the drivers of which lie in wait for this sort of customers, to whom they are ever forward in offering their indispensable services.

Each club has its particular usages, conformably to the end of its institution; but there are rules which are common to all: such are, the mode of admission, a minute observance of the rules and regulations, reciprocal politeness of the members, a tariff of prices, &c.

The clubs in general are large and well situated houses; the furniture is adapted to the uses to which it is destined. Newspapers are spread on the tables in great numbers, and libraries (which are attached) offer a never-failing resource. Baths and dressing-rooms are also at the service of the members, and it is common enough to see the *habitués* of the clubs arriving in the morning, and passing there the rest of the day, thus making the club their house, and its members their family.

Clubs are, for the greater part of the members, but a species of *Restaurants*, where they dine, read the newspapers, or spend their useless time in idle conversation, play, or sleep. You enter the rooms wearing your hat, approach the table to read a newspaper, (often content to read the title only,) or you give yourself the appearance of running over the matter, in presenting your hand to this person with a distracted air, and nodding to that. Then you throw yourself into a large arm-chair, with a thoughtless vacant air; after a time you write a few letters, and when you wish to fall quietly asleep, you pass into the library, a room generally devoted to this species of enjoyment.

The dining-rooms of the English clubs only differ from those of the *Restaurants* of Paris in the amplitude of their proportions, and the *recherche* of their furniture. The cookery is simple, in bad taste, and extremely dear. Fried or boiled fish, enormous joints served every half hour, and conveyed from table to table that each person may cut his portion off, ragouts, puddings, potatoes, cauliflowers, spinach without sauce, and which is added to the load you have on your plate—these form the ingredients of your dinner. For dessert you have two or three kinds of cheese, and, to wash down all, you may be supplied with porter, ale, beer, French, Spanish, and Portuguese wines.

Well appointed servants in livery are always at your orders. It is expressly forbidden to give them money.

The considerable expense of these establishments is covered by a fixed sum which each member pays for admission, by an annual payment of smaller amount made by each member, and by the profit had on the articles consumed.

Club habits have necessarily a very considerable influence on the national manners. They are a sort of initiation to political life, less by means of discussions, which are rarely entered on within their walls, than by conversations, in which the most important affairs, relating to the general interests of the country, are treated with depth and justness of view. In clubs, too, you learn the character and talents of the most remarkable public men.

Nor is their effect less sensible on the manners of English women. It accustoms them to a solitary life, to the almost constant absence of their husbands, and thus forces them to seek occupation in the cares which they bestow on their families.

NEWSPAPERS.

Who is there from the peer to the hackney-coachman, who does not read the newspapers? Who is there who is not influenced by them? The man of birth fears them; to the shopkeeper and tradesman they are a necessity, for he finds in their columns an opinion which he would not know how to form for himself: their number is therefore considerable. From London, as from the heart, proceed these grand arteries of the body politic. On reaching the provinces, they divide themselves, and spread through the smaller arteries the opinions they circulate. These opinions are brought back from the extremities to the centre, by a mechanism resembling that which maintains the pulsation of the human heart. But in the organisation of society, as in the organisation of living beings, the parts destined to elaborate the principles of life do not always perform their functions with an equal success. A vicious or acrid flood often causes the limbs into which it penetrates to gangrene: oftener still the false doctrines of newspapers induce disorder in the social body, and bring on its dissolution.

For a long time, the English newspapers limited their functions to the studying of popular opinion. To follow in its wake seemed to have been their object. But in proposing to themselves this end, each person gave to the shade of opinion he had adopted, a colouring, darker or lighter, in proportion to the vehemence or moderation of the principles which he wished to see prevail. The English press, following the example of that of France,

has bounded from the extremity to the head of popular opinion. Newspapers now pretend to trace the line which this opinion should follow, and aspire to direct it. They find fault with, denounce, menace one party, while they stimulate another. Rarely is the energy of the English press employed in the service of order. An incontestable "estate" in the nation, it puts itself in constant opposition to power, saps the bases on which it reposes, and prepares its ruin—a ruin which it will be ready to accomplish altogether, whenever it shall suit the factions, of whom this press is the formidable auxiliary, to dispense with social order. That which the press has already done in France, the press, with a little more time, will do in England. The plan is already matured for a decisive aggression. In the means employed for this subject, the English press has not the merit of invention. To attack all that the people were habitually taught to respect,—religion, the monarchy, the government,—has been, of late, its constant object, and, in order to direct its shafts with surer aim against the persons of priests, of kings, of governors, this press has not hesitated to attack the fundamental institutions of society, and to attempt to overthrow the hierarchy of ranks, the disposition of property, even respect for the constitution itself. Its next aim has been to excite the popular passions, to whet the appetite of the mass against social superiorities, in presenting to their longing desire a detail of the advantages of which the higher classes are in possession. Nor has it stopped here. It has told the lower classes the course of proceeding they should adopt, revealed to them that which they should demand, advertised them of that which they may easily obtain. It has disclosed to the people their formidable power, broken down the barriers which protected the national organisation, and the restraints which kept the multitude in check. Such is the perseverance with which (modified according to locality and the classes upon whom it has to act,) this instrument of evil has proceeded to create the elements of chaos and confusion, without once reflecting what is to be the ultimate result. In France, where they appeal to political passions, the journals declare themselves openly for such or such a faction. In England, where parties are acted upon either by modesty or fear, the newspapers feign to attach themselves only to national interests. Fiery, *piquant*, and condensed with talent in one country, they are in the other representative, heavy, and insolent. Every where they present inconvenience and a future danger, but nevertheless a necessity of the existing epoch.

The English newspapers present, in their numerous and interminable columns, every thing which can speed to the interests or stimulate the curiosity of their readers. Joined to the advertisements, which generally fill half the paper (and sometimes make the addition of a supplement necessary,) are detailed reports of the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Then follow extracts from foreign journals—then a correspondence on all that is passing in all quarters of the globe—then a summary, or leading article, on those points on which the editor wishes to draw attention or deceive the public. A minute account of the causes before the courts of justice—of the murders, executions, and strange events, real or invented; some bad puns, the refuse of the *salon* complete the motley composition of an English newspaper.

He who seeks to find in the English newspapers good taste, a spirit of observant criticism, an exact and well-digested knowledge of the politics of Europe, will be disappointed, for the greater part of the English journals are devoid of these qualities. Those articles which appear in the French papers of all political opinions, and exhibit a union of profound thought and eloquent expression, are seldom imitated in the English. Praise or blame are duly dispensed from these oracles. Insult or praise is administered without reserve or delicacy. But that which most surprises in the press of England, is the absolute ignorance of the position, the interests, the habits, the public characters of other countries, and, above all, of France. The judgments pronounced on these points in English newspapers are founded on articles in some French journal of the same complexion; while for a history of persons recourse is had to the *Mémoires de la Contemporaine*, or some production equally worthy of confidence.* These opinions are always a subject

* The translator feels bound to dissent from this sweeping censure. The articles on Foreign Affairs in the *Times*, though they disclose no profound views or systematized combinations, are nevertheless written in a pure and classical style, while they often display much research and always a lucid arrangement.—Translator.

astonishment to foreigners, even to those most familiar with the ignorance of the writer and the credulity of the reader. Nevertheless, it is from factious newspapers or despicable pamphlets that France is judged by Great Britain.

The severe judgment just pronounced (to which there are honourable exceptions) is applicable only to the daily press. Under the name of Reviews, Magazines, Encyclopedias, outlets are opened to sound criticism, to good taste, and to the higher literature, through which the most distinguished writers give vent to the flow of their genius and the current of their reflections. No country excels England in this kind of production, in which she has as manifest a superiority over France, as France has over England in the composition of her daily journals. The explanation of this will be found in the different character of the two people; with our neighbours, the necessity of labour and reflection; with us, that vivacity, that impulse of the moment, which is natural to us; these sufficiently explain the causes of pre-eminence in the literature of each nation, and in that species of composition which brings their respective writers into closer resemblance.

In point of truth and impartiality, the daily journals of both countries are on a par. Public opinion does justice to the claims of both, yet public opinion is no less the slave of journalism in London than at Paris. There are so many people who wish to speak on every subject, and yet so few who, owing to sloth or incapacity, can reason on any one! Hence it is that they are obliged to surrender their judgments to reasonings ready prepared for them, and in the end they persuade themselves that their opinions had not been different, had they been the result of their own reflection. Thus it is that folly favours malevolence, and that states maintain within their bosoms elements which have already destroyed some among them, and which menace others with an approaching ruin!

EDUCATION.

The varied and well-directed instruction given to the English youth is an idea of very general prevalence; but it will not altogether stand the test of an impartial examination, the result of which will at least prove to us that we should not give so absolute a meaning to the word instruction.

The English are in general cold and sententious: it is hence assumed that they are profound and reflective. They are, perhaps, neither one nor the other. Their lives and habits are too incongruous, their time is too broken in upon, to allow of their giving themselves up to laborious and continued studies. Their early youth is passed in schools and universities: in the former, three or four—in the latter, five months of vacation, interfere to break the course of studies, to distract the attention, and to favour that taste for dissipation already fostered by the light and ill directed discipline which prevails in these institutions. There are few young gentlemen of good families who have not horses at command from their infancy, and who do not keep them in the neighbourhood of the establishments in which their education is in course of completion. A part of the time which should be devoted to regular study is thus lost in a species of recreation, which gives to the mind as well as the body a tone little in unison with the professed object of a seminary.

There are not in England, as in France, those supplemental helps to the insufficiency of a primary education, which are presented in public gratuitous courses, open to all ages and conditions, and which take their range through all the paths of science and literature. Neither medicine nor law, in England, have special schools devoted to their cultivation; and the pursuit of the higher mathematics is reserved for those who have the power of expending a large sum to avail themselves of the isolated means afforded to attain proficiency.

It is sought to compensate for the inconveniences of this mode of education, by prolonging its duration. By remaining a couple of years longer in the schools, the students lose time without gaining on the side of knowledge, and they thus contract habits and notions wholly inapplicable to their future worldly pursuits. The English, nevertheless, discuss well a vast number of questions, and with a sort of superiority those which relate to their own country. This may be accounted for in their exclusive habit of occupying themselves with such questions, and in their treating them, even to satiety, at their private meetings. Every day, after dinner, a prolonged conversation of several hours affords occasion for expressing your own and hearing other people's opinions on all matters which engage the public attention. Young

men thus rectify and perfect their ideas, and supply what they want by the substitution of materials which have been communicated to them by others. Thus a species of jargon is created, which passes for eloquence in public meetings; and even in both houses of parliament, in which latter assemblies people have the good sense to speak without looking to effect, and limit themselves to the expression of what they ought to say, just as though they were discussing a point round a table or in a drawing-room.

An essential defect in English education is their unwillingness to move out of the narrow circle within which their ideas have been confined, to go in search of new ones, and above all to obtain more extensive and accurate ideas. There are only two ways in England of seeing and judging of things. One of these is taken up and defended by the daily repeated common-place expressions;—the English go no farther. They do not attempt to rectify their judgments by that of others. On political matters, they disdain to draw from sources where they would find suitable information. While on the continent, they must certainly shut their eyes, and render themselves inaccessible to evidence; so many erroneous notions, so many false ideas on the situation of countries, on the interests of the people, on the character of public men, do they bring back; so much do they deceive themselves on the commonest and most incontestable facts! They travel with opinions already formed, and a firm resolution to admit only into their minds notions in harmony with those preconceived opinions. Faithful to this plan, they cherish their very errors, in support of which they cite all that the spirit of party has said or done in confirmation of them during their travels. It may be predicated that the English have not a critical spirit, and that their general education unfits them to acquire it. This charge may appear severe, yet it must be well-founded, for it is in the mouths of all foreigners who have had the best opportunities of seeing and appreciating Great Britain.

The political meetings, frequent as they are, furnish the occasion and foster the habit of public speaking, not only in the necessary discussions which they continually originate, but also in the custom of toast-drinking so prevalent at their periodical dinners. It may be said, in a word, that all domestic customs are an initiation to political customs; and it is to the former the English are indebted for their political education.

Travelling also contributes to give them a variety of information, though perhaps it cannot be said to be very profound. The English see so much that they have much to relate, and it often follows, that the heads of those who have no natural ideas become furnished with recollections of what they have seen. Their education is completed rather in travelling carriages, and round the festive board, than in the academic groves. One might easily conceive this, if the time which the English devote to completing their education were deducted from the three or four meals which cut up the entire day; from the hunting and shooting parties at which you are surprised to see such a crowd of young people, nay, of children, who ought to be at college instead of in the field. But the evil does not end here, for these youths have their horse-racings, their clubs, to which they hold it indispensable to belong, and they moreover spend hours in interminable promenades up and down the streets. With the best will possible—with the most cheerful and happy dispositions—they cannot bring to serious studies that permanent and abiding attention, that steadiness and concentration of thought, which such studies require.

The liberal arts are not better understood in England than the exact sciences. Painting and music often appear imperfect attempts, indicating an aptitude which has not the power of developing itself. The study of these arts does not in the least qualify the scholar to pronounce a sound judgment on productions which so few are capable of appreciating. Money is thrown to an artist from ostentation rather than taste, as though one had a desire to be rid of it, or wished to acquire the reputation and title of protector of the arts. Accordingly, it is not by specialties or isolated facts that we should judge the merits of the system of education followed in England, because, when compared with particular departments and branches in other countries, it would present an incontestable inferiority. But it is by its general results—by the influence which this system exercises upon the manners—by the habits of order and subordination which it establishes and supports—by the actual condition of England itself, that such a system should be appreciated. If it does not produce savans who overturn the institutions of their country, to get themselves talked of, and to find

employment for their dangerous talents, it forms useful citizens, familiarised with the interests of their country, and seeking to preserve them in the perpetuation of existing institutions.

All considerations taken into account, it must be admitted that a student of Oxford is to be preferred to a student of the Polytechnic School.

FINE ARTS.

Prepossessed as we may be towards England, we are bound to admit that in respect to the fine arts she is inferior to the least favoured nations. Perfection in them is hopeless without that natural tact, that impulse of taste, that yielding to rules of general assent, which are incompatible with the education and independent opinions of Englishmen. If true to nature, and faithfully portraying it, theirs is a literal copy, which discards its nobler features. They never attempt an interpretation of it distinguished by its more dignified character, and free from those incidents which degrade without giving it a greater impress of truth. The national taste favours and encourages this slothfulness of imagination, which confines artists to the description of mere facts, divested of every suggestion of fancy. Their efforts, when they endeavour to shake off the trammels of habit, tend exclusively to exaggerate the defects of the objects they desire to represent. Thus it is that their imagination, instead of soaring above the common level, falls powerless at every attempt; accordingly their drawing produces a caricature, their theatre a tragedy or comedy alike at variance with all rules, their music a mere sound, their architecture a Buckingham house or the Brighton pavilion.

PAINTING.

How can a different result be expected, when the talents of artists could only be chastened and improved by that public taste which is not to be found in England? Connoisseurs in objects of art are few among the English. Fashion or caprice guides them in the purchase of a picture. The pretended connoisseurs, the purchaser himself, set a value upon it in proportion to its cost; and the circumstances which usually determine its price, are a sombre colour disguising every other object, the name of the supposed artist, the gallery understood to have contained it, if an old painting,—if a modern one, the thickness of the colours, their heavy coating upon the canvass, the incorrectness of the lines (a defect which is graced with the name of freedom,) a capricious composition, laying claim to originality, and especially to national character. A dearly purchased picture, however glaring its faults, is classed amongst the most valuable in a collection. The cicerone who points it out is careful to name the author; he is answered by an admiring exclamation; he tells the sum of money it has cost; the picture is forthwith examined in the smallest details; the beholder takes a distant view, then a nearer one; he closes an eye, places one hand before the other in the form of a spy glass, and after spending a quarter of an hour in silent ecstacy, he retires with the utmost gravity, exclaiming, "Sublime! prodigious!" avoiding, however, that analysis which would belie the conventional praise thus bestowed upon certain productions.

The approbation of English connoisseurs is only to be obtained by launching into an exaggerated style even in those subjects to which it is least adapted. Chasteness of form and figure is deemed affectation, correctness of design is qualified as stiffness, delicate colouring as an obstacle to the general effect. An adherence to truth in the adaptation of the colours would unquestionably find as little favour with judges so difficult to please, since the greater part of their paintings are wholly devoid of it.

The correctness of these observations is remarkably illustrated by the public expositions. Out of a thousand paintings which decorate the walls of many spacious and well lighted apartments, there are to be found six or seven hundred portraits of all kinds, whose attitudes and drapery indicate an extraordinary pretension to originality on the part of the painters, as well as of the individuals whose portraits they have drawn. The resemblance, rather understood to exist than admitted as accurate, is chiefly owing to an evident exaggeration, to the very contortion of the features of the persons who sat for their portraits.

Historical paintings, in the composition of which are introduced, as bearing a closer affinity to truth, the most minute details and the most insignificant episodes; scenes of domestic life—a few landscapes relieved by representations of hunts or races—allegorical subjects, sea or land fights,—such are the paintings which complete a

collection unblushingly exposed to the conventional enthusiasm, rather than to the sober judgment of the public. If the English have made up their minds to consider the talents of their painters as affording specimens of all that is correct, perfect and sublime in the art, they should exclude foreigners from admission to their museums. They would then spare their artists the mortification of exciting the pity of the connoisseurs of every other country, and escape the reproach of suffering themselves to be blinded by a prejudice which paralyses their judgment, so correct on many other subjects.

There are a few signal exceptions to this censure. A connoisseur has a wide field wherein to gratify his admiration; he cannot fail to contemplate with delight certain paintings displaying a distinguished talent in composition, drawing, and colouring, and standing as the protests of a few artists who have the courage to resist the torrent of bad taste, and to establish themselves in some sort as landmarks, to point out the road leading to all that constitutes beauty and correctness in their art.

The English have obtained a well merited fame in water colour painting. Whether it be owing to the circumstance that this order of painting does not admit of a high degree of perfection, and that, being less attended to in other countries, there exists no means of instituting a comparison, or that the defects inherent to it have some analogy with those usually imputed to the English style, such as a harshness of colouring, a vagueness in the details, an incorrectness of design, a want of accuracy in the contours,—these are points which it is difficult to decide; certain it is that, in England, this species of composition approaches much nearer to that of nations the most distinguished by their patronage of the fine arts than she can lay claim to in respect to oil painting.

ENGRAVINGS.

There is so much in England to find fault with, in all that relates to the fine arts, that it is a pleasure to have the opportunity of giving unqualified praise to one of their most important branches. Copper-plate engraving, and more particularly that style known under the appellation of "the English manner," may be said to rival the most perfect productions of other nations, as it may claim a marked superiority over the general run of their productions. A labour of patience and manual dexterity, this profession agrees with the national habits. It receives many and numerous encouragements in the facilities afforded by speculations of a secondary order, but of assured success, which reconcile the interests of the artists with their reputation. The tool which has worked on the material of a great composition, reposes from the fatigues of its labour in tracing on a plate of small dimensions a landscape destined to adorn a keepsake, or illustrations of the edition of an author already in vogue. These admirable productions, distinguished by the combination of grace, finish, and taste, have an assured sale. Ordered beforehand, and paid for at a high price, they afford the artist the means of waiting, without anxiety for the present, the price reserved at some distant date for a long and painful labour; and if they do not establish his reputation, they at least contribute to his comfort, and allow him to bestow greater care on the finish of those *chef-d'œuvres*, which recommend his name to his own age and to posterity.

Engraving on precious stones has also attained a perfection not sufficiently noticed, because it only exercises itself on objects of trifling value and of common use; but if, in place of limiting its exercise to the carving of coats of arms on seals, this branch of the art elevated its views to the historical style, it would attain a perfection equal to the most approved models which antiquity has handed down to us.

SCULPTURE.

Sculpture, encouraged by a more positive patronage, and the demands for the numerous public edifices, and confined within a narrower range than painting, is cultivated in England with tolerable success. Criticism, which has had to find fault with the vicious composition of many of its works, may speak with more indulgence on the expression of the heads, on the truth of the attitudes, on the boldness with which the national costume has been employed, and the nobleness which has been given to it in spite of the little development of the draperies. Westminster, St. Paul's, Trinity college at Cambridge, and the chapel royal at Windsor, present grand, vast, and sublime compositions. Antique sculpture has left no more beautiful conception than the statue of Newton at Cambridge, by Roubillac. Nor would it disavow the tombs of the Duke of Argyle and of Mrs. Nightingale at Westminster, by the same artist. Those

of Nelson and Chatham, and many monuments of the same kind at St. Paul's, and the admirable mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte at Windsor, are works of rare merit, of which countries having the best founded pretensions to superiority might well be proud. Bronze is, or appears to be, less favourable than marble to the display of the talent of English statuary. The public squares are furnished, rather than ornamented, with statues of ordinary merit, some of which have even a ridiculous effect. The appearance of these statues is soon rendered disagreeable by a cloud of black dust, (the deposit of coal smoke,) which defaces the details. From the obliteration of the parts, as well as from the colour, you would mistake the material for cast iron instead of bronze. It may be added, that the general effect of statues, almost always out of proportion with the places where they are exposed to view, little disposes the connoisseur to pronounce an opinion in favour of the artist.

ARCHITECTURE.

In classifying the relative degree of imperfection of the fine arts in England, architecture should be placed still lower than painting. It is almost reduced to the routine of heaping brick upon brick, without farther order or symmetry than that necessary to create openings for doors and windows. If a house should be too small, another is built at the side of it, out of harmony with the first. English architects do not hesitate to place a beam on an arch, a small window by the side of a wide door, or a chimney at the angle of a building. Do they wish for ornaments? they can only find columns; they do not trouble themselves either with their proportions or their props. Their height is determined by the elevation of the edifice. They are placed on a cornice or on a balcony, with as little motive as there would be for placing them underneath: they are indifferently employed in ornamenting a shop, a palace, or a cottage.

Nor can even the praise of imitation be accorded to English architecture. Witness the triumphal arch of the Green Park, and that of the palace destined to become the royal residence—a bold defiance of bad taste. One is tempted to ask, where the English can have conceived the idea of St. Paul's, when one sees so many ridiculous edifices heaped round this *chef-d'œuvre*.

The internal arrangement of the houses is in keeping with the poverty of their external decoration. The system is exactly the same for the house of a lord as for that of a tradesman; the difference exists only in the proportions. The taste of the architect goes for nothing in the ornamental portion. When he has built four walls so fragile that the roll of a carriage produces a general creptation, placed horizontally, as well as perpendicularly, separations which form ceilings and partition walls, and added to these a narrow staircase of difficult ascent, which communicates with the three stories of this wretched house, his occupation is at an end.

In order to rival the architect's good taste, an upholsterer generally covers these walls with a paper of a red ground. He furnishes two or three of the rooms in the same colour, places four-post beds in the sleeping-rooms, carpets in all the apartments, and behold an English house ready to receive its inmates! As to looking-glasses, they are rarely met with, and are generally of small dimensions. If the English wished for clocks, they would find it difficult to place them in apartments without brackets, whose elevated chimney-pieces (four or five feet high) are without shelves.

Instead of being composed of folding shutters, the windows are formed of grooved panels, sliding into one another, and cut out about four feet from the ground. Hence it is necessary to stoop the head to look out; and one is also obliged to bend oneself if one wishes to walk in the narrow balcony before the house.

In looking over the numerous heaps of habitations which have risen around the capital during the last half century, on the sea-coast, and in every place in which there has been a pretext to build, and in examining the architecture employed, it must be acknowledged that, if the English know how to build towns, they do not know how to build houses. This arises from an abundance of capital and a penury of taste.

The propensity for all that is *bizarre* has induced them to adopt with a sort of passion the Gothic architecture. They employ this style in the building of chateaux and of the most insignificant houses, but they know not how to divest it of its numerous imperfections.

They preserve, in the staircases, the original cramped and narrow dimensions and high steps; in the corridors, the antique darkness and want of breadth; in the façades, the irregularity; and in the whole distribution and arrangement, those inconveniences which may have been

overlooked by the unrefined habits of the twelfth century. As objects of perspective, these Gothic structures have a pleasing effect; but as houses are more intended for habitation than to gratify the sight, common sense should point out the propriety of adapting a mansion to the wants and exigencies of existing civilisation.

English architects do not succeed any better in the construction of palaces than in the building of plainer dwellings. London and Brighton, as well as other parts of the three kingdoms, offer proofs enough in support of the severe judgment which has been here pronounced.

There is, however, a style in which it would be unjust to refuse to English architects the praise of very distinguished talent: I mean religious edifices. Far inferior, no doubt, to St. Paul's, but still in an honourable rank, may be placed a crowd of modern churches; some in the Grecian style; others, more especially, in the Gothic. These constructions would do honour to a nation more advanced in the arts than the English. Elegance and justness of proportions—elaborate execution—a design in harmony with the sacred character of the edifice—beauty of situation, are all united in these modern edifices. In the squares of London, as in the picturesque sites of Essex, or amongst the stately trees of Yorkshire, the traveller halts with pleasure before those noble edifices, which he is surprised to meet in a country having so little to boast of in the way of architecture. He is tempted to ask himself if these structures and the surrounding houses have been the work of the same architects, and if recourse has not been had to foreigners to raise temples to the Divinity.

Although English buildings are *bizarre*, deprived of taste, and at variance with the most simple rules and combinations of art, they produce, nevertheless, a great effect to the eye which views them as a whole.

This effect is principally owing to the happy idea of building a certain number of houses seemingly connected together, and having the appearance of one vast building, whose symmetrical architecture, affords the illusion of a palace; to the position of the building, and an occasional irregularity, which permits the most imposing parts to be thrown into projection. This monumental aspect produces astonishment, and might surprise one into admiration, if common sense did not come to the aid of the understanding, and enable it to assign to things their just and proper value.

MUSIC.

The art of music, like that of painting, is appreciated more by the expense which it involves, than by the real enjoyments it affords. Cultivated with little success by the English, it is scarcely followed as a profession, unless by foreigners, the more dearly paid because they seek to find in the money which they gain, not only a recompense for their talent, but a compensation for the little interest which it inspires.

If English voices afford little gratification, English ears are not over-nice: the one is made for the other; and if, which never happens, the sounds of a sharp race should distinctly strike the tympanum of an attentive auditory, it would not be affected in a disagreeable manner. By a habit of which people are not aware, and which can only originate in the little pleasures of music too often unworthy of attention, people do not listen; and hence it is that an English concert is but a noise of instruments which mingles itself with the noise of conversations, rendered more deafening by the necessity which the talkers lie under of making their voices prevail over those of the singers.

When this *charivari* has lasted the prescribed time, an end is put to it; the artists are dismissed after having been well paid.

If professional music is thus rewarded, one may imagine that amateurs are little encouraged to make this sort of talent available. They limit themselves to the feeble execution of pieces on the harp or piano, generally accompanied by a flute or the song of romances. Foreigners alone lend a willing attention. As for the English, they continue their conversations quite as much before amateurs as before artists.

English musical compositions are happily rare, and are undistinguished by any nationality of character. Music and musicians, the country-dances, and the orchestras which play them, the very hand-organs in the streets, and the miserable wretches who turn them, all are drawn from the continent to London. It is, in reality, the wisest plan.

THEATRES.

An examination of the state of the theatres will conclude the subject of the fine arts. The taste or sentiment

which imprints a particular direction to talents, although it exercises an influence on the histrionic art, does not, however, operate so injuriously upon it as on the other branches of the fine arts. England possesses a considerable number of comedians, and is specially distinguished by tragedians of note. Declamation is not, as in France, reduced to a system; it is based on the actor's observation of nature, and would leave little to desire, if it did not frequently descend to too minute details. The *tour-nure* of male as well as female actors is not sufficiently natural. Their gait is awkward and embarrassed; their address is deficient in suppleness and grace. The actors group themselves with difficulty, and cross the stage with awkwardness. Nothing in their demeanour indicates the study, the idea even of the habits and manners of good society. As a counterbalance to these defects, it must be admitted that they often hit on the just expression of physiognomy and tone. Mediocre in the higher and lighter comedy, they excel in tragedy, which lends itself to a marked declamation, and in low comedy, which permits its votaries to descend to overcharged caricature.

Exceedingly rich in tragic authors of the first order, England is deficient in comic authors of an elevated style, and borrows from France the greater part of the subjects of the small pieces which are played on her theatres. These lose much of their merit in the mutilation they undergo for the purpose of adapting them to the English taste. Nor are they less deteriorated by translation, and by the manner in which they are played. They want the local application which they had at Paris, but which they cannot preserve in London.

It is in operas, where the poetry as well as the music has been borrowed from French authors, that the difference between the two countries is more sensibly felt. A Vandal, incapable of appreciating a musical idea, draws his pen over a bar of Rossini, of Boyeldieu, of Anber; cuts out whole pieces, and what is still worse, parts of a piece; and when he has reduced it to a convenient size, distributes it to the other Vandals, the singers and orchestra, who execute it in the most barbarous manner before a public who, less intent upon the quality than the quantity, are well satisfied, provided they find occupation from seven in the evening till twelve or one o'clock in the morning.

There is an English Opera in London, but so bad, that even an English public (the least difficult to please) have pronounced condemnation upon it. Confined to a small theatre, at a season when all the world is out of town, the English opera serves only as theatrical food to a class not over dainty. When the great houses open, which offer more attractive entertainment, the English opera disappears.

A French theatre draws a constant influx of visitors during four or five months of each year. Its stock-pieces are strengthened by a supply from the vaudevilles of Paris; which city also lends the aid of her most remarkable actors, thus rendering supportable the mediocrity of the ordinary troop.

The Opera, or King's Theatre, presents an almost exclusive company of foreign artists. The *prima donnas* and *primo tenores* of Italy, and the *corps de ballet* of France, furnish their most distinguished members. These are a species of commodity which the English custom-house laws do not pronounce contraband. Fashion, rather than musical taste, draws crowds to this theatre. The high price of the seats does not permit those who pique themselves on belonging to the fashionable classes to be absent. The opera is the best attended theatre in London, not because it is the best, but because it is the dearest.

The interior and extent of the two great English theatres are more remarkable than their architecture or arrangement. The boxes are found fault with for being too deep; the corridors and *sorties*, for being too confined and narrow; and the staircases, because of their steepness and want of development. The decorations, which vary with almost every scene, have a fine effect, although they do not generally produce the illusion of those of our opera. The costumes are rich, but not correct, and are moreover too loaded with tinsel. The abuse of fire-works introduced to illuminate, what in technical language are called "the pictures," has this double inconvenience. In the first place it accustoms the eye to a light which is not in nature; and, secondly,

it spreads through the theatre a stink and smoke which remain during the whole representation.

The smaller theatres have, in a relative proportion, the same species of merit and defects which are observed in the larger houses. Their representations are confined to melodrama, vaudeville, and pieces of trifling comedy. Many of them possess very good actors, and draw that species of audience whose laughter and tears are only to be excited by exaggeration.

What are we to conclude from this severe but strict examination of the fine arts in England, but that they are exotic plants, cultivated by national luxury, by the fancy of the moment, by the very expense at which they are produced, and which, up to the present day, it has been found impossible to acclimatise? Children of the imagination, they cannot flourish in a country where that principle of creation, that condition of existence necessary to the production of what is beautiful, grand, and true, is not in existence. England, it will therefore be inferred, is condemned to remain tributary to Italy and France for the fine arts. What she has to regret on this head is too amply compensated for, in other respects, to cause her to lament a deficiency of which one need not fear to remind her.

PHYSICIANS.

The incredulots in the abilities of the professors of the healing art, could find in a comparison of the science as practised in England and in other countries, powerful arguments in favour of their scepticism. In France, for instance, physicians are men of profound attainments in every thing that relates directly or indirectly to their art. Long and painful studies, pursued in schools directed by the most enlightened professors, and possessed of the necessary means to extend the domain of science, initiate them into the mysteries of the art. There is no country in which one should live longer than in France, if the talent of the physician could prolong existence.

In England opportunities of study are rare, precarious, and costly. There are no other schools than hospitals, no other mode of teaching than the unreasoning observation of practice.* Anatomy supplies the English schools by means as imperfect for science as they are revolting to humanity. The anatomical study of peculiar and organic diseases can be but rarely pursued, in consequence of the prejudices which are opposed to the investigations of science. Hence it results that all is imperfect, as well in the teaching as in the practice of medicine. The duration of human life is nevertheless as long as in France. What conclusion are we to draw from this, but that the science of the physician only contributes in a very feeble degree to the preservation of human life, if his ignorance does not abridge it in a more sensible proportion? In either hypothesis, it is apparent that medicine exercises no very determined influence on the increase or diminution of the human race. The only positive effect is that produced by the habits, manners, and diet, and the greater or less care taken to combat the inconveniences of climate, of local situation, or of personal position.

If the state of medicine should exhibit a sinister influence as relates to the prolongation of human life, most assuredly it would do so in England. The different causes just indicated are all attended with their effects. The absence of long and continuous study limits medical knowledge to vague and very superficial speculations. Violent remedies derived at random from the pharmacy, and empiricism, are the means resorted to. The result of all is, that a guinea is placed without delicacy in the hands of the doctor, and received without shame, at each visit. The patient is cured in more or less time, according as his constitution is good or bad. It is his affair, not that of the physician.

There exists, under the name of surgeons, a class of men exercising the healing art, or at least that of having patients under cure. In England, remedies are ordered and sold as candles, sugar, or cloth. Surgeons differ

* It is for this very reason that English physicians are the first in the world. Were they to pursue the French system, they might attain "the bad pre-eminence" of French physicians, who are among the worst of the tribe.—*Translator.*

from physicians in this, that they cannot receive fees. They remunerate themselves by a profit on their drugs. Five or six phials, dearly charged for, and filled with remedies of all colours, boxes of pills, ointments, &c. pass from the shop of the apothecary into the chamber, sometimes into the stomach, but oftener out of the window, of the patient. This is a matter of small moment, provided the apothecary receives the remuneration for his visit and medical advice.

Energetic remedies form the substratum of the prescriptions of English practitioners. Alcohol enters into the greater part of the preparations, and always in the least rational manner. I have seen it administered in larger doses, to a patient hastening to the tomb through a confirmed consumption. It is a part of the treatment prescribed when the patient is convalescent. The abuse of this drug is carried to inconceivable lengths. I know a lady who drinks a pint of brandy a day by the advice of her physician; and wonderful to tell, this regimen has already lasted for six years. No where is the healing art exercised with a more sovereign contempt of the most common rules, with a more absolute disregard of reasoning and common sense, than in England.

It is said that surgery has attained a high degree of perfection, and in support of this assertion, the names of two very rich surgeons are cited. It would be impossible to deny these individuals the possession of rare talents, if we estimate the latter by the immense fortunes they have acquired.

ENGLISH CLERGY.

No comparison can be instituted between dissimilar objects. It would be folly to institute a comparison between the clergy of France and that of England.

"What is a priest in France?" said a very religious deputy, when delivering himself at the tribune, and whose word may be believed in this matter.—"A priest in France is a simple man, without family, without credit, of little influence, poorly clad in black, who supplies by an inward piety, a great disinterestedness, and a fervent charity, those exterior advantages which are wanting to him. He is not to be met in the salons, because there his qualities are not necessary, and he would find himself misplaced; too often sprung from the lower classes of society, he opposes, at times, an indiscreet pride to the lowness of his origin. The mediocrity of his fortune leaves him no other resource for doing good, than to importune those who have wealth to succour those who have nothing."

If one wished to adopt the form employed by this deputy, to give an account of the English clergy, the reply to the question—What is a clergyman in England?—would be as follows. An English clergyman is a man of distinguished birth, surrounded by a numerous family, provided with a rich benefice, living in luxury, participating in every pleasure, in all the enjoyments of the world, playing, hunting, dancing, attending the theatres, neither grave nor serious, unless nature has made him so; he is one who hoards his emoluments in order to settle his children; who spends his fortune in waging, in horses, in dogs, sometimes (when he is thoughtless and devoid of foresight) with a mistress; in any event, giving little to the poor, and leaving their case, and the fulfilment of duties which he disdains, to some unfortunate curate, who for a miserable stipend is obliged to exhibit the virtues and to fulfil the duties which the incumbent despises and neglects.

This double portrait of the English and French clergy is perfectly true. The neglect and indigence of which (in consequence of the spread of revolutionary principles and laws) the French clergy have been the victims, have operated to turn from that career those members of honourable families who heretofore recruited the clerical ranks. At present, the zeal of the bishops beats up for recruits among young men of the humblest birth, who, comparing their primitive state of abject and miserable poverty with the prospect of a life less laborious, to which they have been prepared by a semblance of education,

* It is evident from what follows, that the author speaks of apothecaries, sometimes called surgeon apothecaries. But here is the danger of a foreigner writing on English customs. A surgeon can not only receive fees, but recover them in a court of law; while a physician has no legal remedy.—*Translator.*

and which raises them to a social position less degraded, are led to prefer the cassock of the priest to the smock-frock of the wagoner. After having consecrated some years to the acquisition of indispensable attainments, they leave the seminaries without novitiate, without a study of the world or the spirit of their calling, to oppose, with a sort of brutal awkwardness, the absolutism of their religious principles to the reasoning independence of their parishioners. Destitute of experience, deprived of that tact which the habits of living in the bosom of a respectable family might have given them, if the lowliness of their condition did not put this advantage out of their reach, they commence a struggle with those they are called on to direct, and a reciprocal malevolence ensues, rendering the interchange of good feeling or good offices alike impossible. Henceforth, it is only by sermons, which are turned into ridicule, or by alms subtracted from clerical to administer to still more wretched and more ungrateful poverty, that the presence of the village curate becomes known, and his life is destined to flow on amidst storms, fatigues, and overwhelming privations. Yet is he pursued by envy, as though he were happy and honoured!

Such is not the life of the English ecclesiastic. His career is marked out beforehand: its close is as apparent to him as its commencement. He knows whether his hopes should centre in the possession of a benefice of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds sterling, or whether his ambition may aspire to a mitre. He knows also that, in the least favourable hypothesis, his education and studies, which are never closely scrutinised, will suffice to secure for him an honourable position. His family or friends hold a rich curacy in reserve for him, on which he will reside if he have the desire and the hope of further elevation. If he be anxious to sacrifice future prospects to present pleasures, he will cause the duties of his cure to be performed by a paid curate. A grave and sober course of life, vast theological learning, above all, pulpit eloquence, are indispensable conditions to the attainment of a bishopric; but though these qualities are the result of some sacrifices, still the advantages preponderate; each step in the ladder of preferment is accompanied with an increase of wealth, of honour, and consideration, and the courage and perseverance of the aspirant are sustained by the perspective of the honours, the influence, and the large fortune reserved to him who reaches the fortunate eminence.

The Bench of Bishops numbers individuals as distinguished by their talents as by their morals; too much engaged, however, by their interference in politics as spiritual peers,—too much carried away by their taste for preaching, they do not devote themselves sufficiently to the superintendence of the subordinate clergy, who live in a sort of independence of spiritual authority, and who are only made to feel the existence of discipline when some outrageous scandal has rendered an act of severity indispensable.

The staid manners of the bishops do not preserve them from habits of luxury and expense; besides an episcopal palace appertaining to the see, and a mansion in one of the most beautiful sites of their dioceses, they have houses in London, where sessions of parliament afford them a pretext for residence.

A black dress, but not distinguished in its cut from that of the rest of society, is worn by clergymen of *bon ton*,—by those younger sons of noble families who only belong to the church in consequence of the fortune it provides for them. These are the priests who are oftener seen at Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket, at the sporting-parties of Norfolk and Yorkshire, than in the pulpit. The clerical costume interferes in England with none of the enjoyments of the world; those who wear it do not hesitate to appear at balls and routs, or in opera stalls; and they have no scruples at being seen in a box at the Adelphi or the Olympic.

The parish priests, or clergymen on whom the care of souls devolves, find compensation for the fatigues of their profession in an appropriate endowment, and in the pleasures of a less boisterous society. There are few even of those who do not mingle, with their numerous families, and with apparent pleasure, in the mazes of a quadrille or of a country dance.

I have vainly endeavoured to reconcile the severity, with which protestant clergymen enforce the observance of the Sunday, with the passion of many for the dance. This passion exposes them to the familiarity, often to the railleries of those to whom they should afford serious example,—to the reproaches of that class to whom they interdict enjoyments which they themselves follow with

a sort of delight. It would be better, however, to allow the peasantry to dance on the Sunday, than to expose them to the dangerous temptation of expending their time in idleness or drinking.

The country clergy of England are distinguished by severe and irreplicable manners; but their functions, limited to the celebration of the service, do not extend to the distribution of alms. There are very few clergymen who know the number, the names, or the wants of the poor of their parish; these matters they consider as being out of the pale of their obligations. They are not even leaving their commodious dwellings to sit by the bed of the sick, or to carry to the chamber of death the consolations of religion. These charitable offices might render them subject to the attacks of some contagious disorder; and in the event of their illness or death, they would not be the only victims, since the lot of all that is dear to them is inseparable from their own.

These are considerations which influence not the catholic priest. He is poor and isolated. Without perceiving that he changes habitation, he passes from the humble dwelling of his ministry to the wretched cabin of the indigent. From poverty to misery the transition is hardly perceptible. The catholic priest tastes of the woes he comes to succour. If he is carried off in the midst of his duties, he has little to regret at leaving a world where his lot has been none of the happiest. No one weeps over his tomb, no one suffers from his untimely exit. The idea of the past troubles him not; his thoughts are fixed on the future, and that future is eternity. He faces therefore without fear, almost without reflection, dangers which would be more formidable, if he participated in the enjoyments of life—if he had a wife, children, and all that constitutes worldly happiness.

The fecundity of clerical marriages has become proverbial. When habits of order are conjoined with a high preferment, the fortune of the children of these marriages is almost assured. But it is not always thus. The inconveniences of the contrast between a certain rank in the social scale, joined to a finished education, and the privations of a precarious existence, are sometimes felt. Clergymen's widows commonly obtain asylums in institutions established for this purpose; their sons turn their education to account; while the daughters seek in the employment of their talents resources which they do not always find. Sometimes they have not the courage to resist proposals too equivocal to be honourable.

I have no doubt that if the question of the celibacy or marriage of the clergy were to be determined on the comparison of what is observed in England, and in France, an impartial judge would pronounce in favour of the latter system. He would not hesitate to acknowledge, that with an equal regularity of manners, there results, from a life of celibacy, greater abnegation of the good things of this world, more disinterestedness, and more real charity; whilst greater attachment to this life, more anxious attention to family concerns, less affection for the duties of his calling, less disposition to exercise charity and benevolence, and less means of satisfying these calls, fall to the lot of the married clergy. With every allowance, therefore, for exaggerated opinions, an isolated priest is better for society than a clergyman attached to all its interests, participating in all its influences, and subjected to all the conditions which it imposes.

If a comparison were instituted between the French and English clergy; if the austere forms of the one—their self-sacrifices—their abnegation of family affection—their inexhaustible charity—if the privations which they impose on themselves to satisfy such claims—if their unfurnished houses, their humble costume, their rigid practice of the severities of religion, were to be contrasted with the easy and comfortable lives of the English clergy—with their anxiety for the present and future happiness of their families and friends—their expenditure in matters not in harmony with their sacred functions—the *recherche* of their furniture, of their dress, and of their equipages—Reason, which would pronounce an impartial decree, and range on the one side a true virtue regardless of sacrifices, and which errs only by a want of tact in the use of means; and on the other a sort of mundane virtue, which has found an easy way to reconcile a grave calling with manners neither grave nor serious enough for the clerical state, would declare a preference of the humble clergy of the Catholic church, over the rich and sumptuous pastors of the Protestant establishment.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

In England, in that country which the French philosophers of the last century represented to us as a people of *esprits forts*, of unbelievers, caring little for religion; the most profound respect is nevertheless professed for its acts, as well as its most inconvenient practices. Religion is never made a subject of declamation, of pleasantry, or of doubt. Her well-paid ministers exercise a great influence in the country parts of England. Good or bad, the two sermons which they preach every Sunday draw a numerous and attentive congregation. Meals are commenced and terminated by blessings and grace. The bishops sit in the house of lords by a sort of national deference, for no law gives them title to a seat.* A religious spirit then exists in England.

What is the celebration of the Sabbath in catholic countries—in those countries which are accused of a blind intolerance? A means of repose, of pleasure even for the lower classes of society; a leisure-time for the better classes; for the one and the other, an opportunity of procuring that relaxation which cannot often be obtained on days dedicated to business or labour. Provided that one or two members of each family appear at the parish church for a quarter of an hour, whether stimulated to do so by real devotion, or out of respect for outward appearances, a duty is performed towards society, which, though not considered indispensable, is applauded as a profession of religious faith. People think they have thus fulfilled their duty towards God, whose ministers require no more.

The Sabbath produces in England an absolute suspension of business, labour, and pleasure. Unless at those hours when the monotonous and prolonged jangling of bells call the faithful to prayer, all is sad, motionless, silent. It rarely happens that the rolling of a carriage comes to interrupt the meditations of those who pray, or to distract the *ennui* of those whose custom confines at home. The approach of carriages to church is forbidden during the progress of divine service. All places of public amusement are closed—the most innocent domestic recreations are banished in the day. If the sounds of a piano are heard, it is as an accompaniment to psalms. In many houses, the inmates dine on cold meats, prepared the day before, so that the servants may be relieved from all labour. The reading of a sermon is the only recreation allowed. Will it then be said that a religious spirit does not exist in England?

Hear an Englishman speak of the customs of the catholic religion, and he will denounce the slavery of the people, and even of kings, to the papal yoke. According to him, the prisons are always open to receive the victims of a worship which allows neither opposition nor the exercise of reason. If he permits the existence of the Inquisition, or of the *auto-da-fés*, it is as much as he will do. These are religious and national prejudices, which he will transmit intact to his descendants, as he has received them from his ancestors. He treats these as he does the institutions, of his own country, respecting without examining them. Although his frequent visits to the continent should have taught him to appreciate the credit due to such opinions, yet they remain unmodified; and the name of papist is still repugnant in his mind, to intolerant and superstition. In his own country, nevertheless, those sanguinary laws of Elizabeth, which condemn to death the priest found celebrating mass, which confiscate the goods of those who give them asylum, and subject to banishment those who pray with them—these laws, although fallen into disuse, are found still to subsist.† England pulsates resound with furious diatribes against the catholics. The least infraction of the laws for the observance of holy days is severely punished.‡ It was not without great effort that some of the penal laws were repealed; and as if to maintain against catholics a stigma inflicted upon them by a religion which reproaches other creeds with their intolerance, there are certain employments to which even now catholics are ineligible. England is therefore religious indeed.

* This is a mistake. By *Magna Charta* the clergy were to be summoned as well as the nobility and commons. The spiritual peers are lords of parliament in virtue of certain ancient baronies held under the king.—Translator.

† This is a mistake, these laws are now happily repealed.—Translator.

‡ There are no holy days in England but Christmas day and Good-Friday.—*Id.*

On certain serious occasions, when the country is menaced or struck with some great calamity, the parliament originates, and the king ordains, a fast. No one omits to abstain on this day, or ventures to turn the measure into ridicule. What would the liberals and unbelievers of France have said if, in consequence of an epidemic, Charles X. had ordered his subjects to abstain from dinner? There would have resounded cries of jesuitism, the denomination of priests, superstition, &c. The journals could not have found space enough in the limits of their columns, nor caricaturists ridicule enough to shower down on the head of the king and his government. William IV. orders a fast to allay the cholera, and every one actually fasts, goes to church, and gives abundant alms. Is it from obedience to the laws, from respect for power? Yes, but it is also from a spirit of religion.

Cold, reasoning, positive, those Englishmen who might not be religious from conviction, are so from a sense of the utility of religion, and from a respect for appearances. Religion enters into all public acts; the want of it is so much felt, that if a town is built, or a part of a town, a church is immediately raised. In truth, the town is commenced by the building of a church.

It may be said that the building of the church is a business of speculation, and that the builder will draw an ample interest from his capital. That may be; but, because the speculation is productive, it may be inferred that the church is frequented by a large congregation. A religious spirit, then, prevails in England.

There are few, even among those most indifferent to religion, who would dispense with the hearing of a sermon, though it dwell upon the most unpalatable truths, which can be rendered neither less repugnant nor more attractive by the talents of the preacher, or with being present at the service that immediately follows, if some friend proposed it to them. The reason of this is to be found in the dread of making a parade of irreligion. Every one appears collected during the sermon—pious during the service. People listen, keep their eyes on their book, join in the hymn, kneel with the congregation, put their head in their hands, and appear quite absorbed in pious thoughts; no one complains, on leaving church, of the length of the service. For the profane, nevertheless, there is no compensation to be found in the common place eloquence of the preacher, nor in the harmony of a choir of children of twelve years of age, mingled with the sharp voices of men of fifty, the whole accompanied by the favourite instrument of England—an organ. The English behave themselves decorously in church; they demean themselves as they ought in the house of God. They may be either *ennuyé* or impatient while there; that is very possible; but at least they do not show that they are so. Would it be thus, if the religious principle were not deeply rooted in the national mind?

Every thing, therefore, belies that character of irreligion which it has been sought to affix to the English nation. In a country in which so many churches are built and supported—where the excessive endowment of the clergy has only excited murmurs since the question has been made a political one—where religion is never turned into ridicule—where the dogmas of religion are never discussed but with respect—where religion is made to enter as much into the acts of government as into the habits of private life—where people fast on the occasion of a public calamity,—in such a country there is really a religious spirit as well as a religion; mean hypocrisy, a calculating vice, profitable, at most, to individuals only, cannot be laid to the charge of a whole nation.

EMIGRATION.

If facts were needed to convince one of the misery of the mass of the population in England, they would be afforded by referring to the statistical accounts of the numbers which emigrate every year from the British shores. Many thousands of the population are thus carried off. This emigration is the more prejudicial, inasmuch as it takes place on principles opposed to those which should govern colonisation. An over-peopled country generally sends such of her inhabitants as want of work, or a turbulent disposition, renders dangerous members of society, to some of her possessions beyond the seas: thus, colonies of great utility to the mother country are created, not only by the employment which they give to unoccupied hands, but also by the springing up of a commercial intercourse, which opens an outlet to the agricultural and manufacturing produce of the

mother country. Such colonisation is but a removal, which occasions a better distribution of a people. At present nothing of this kind takes place.

Most of the emigrants direct their steps towards the United States, and it is to her own, not to England's profit, that America peoples herself. It is not the most indigent class that is tormented with the desire to fly the natal soil—not the mechanics, whom the increase and improvement of machinery draws away; nor the day labourer whom the destruction of the cottage system leaves wholly without support, who go to another land in search of the means of subsistence which are denied them at home. No; the emigrants are families threatened with a misery which has not yet overtaken them; they are laborious and long-sighted citizens, who fly from a future charged with evils which their forethought has palpably shadowed out, and from whose influence not even their industry or love of labour could preserve them. The class which thus carries to a foreign soil, to a hostile, or at least a rival country, those "thews and sinews" which, at home, would soon fail to support them, is a class to which it should be the endeavour of an enlightened government to raise the poorer classes, but which ceases to produce and to consume for England, and whose emigration renders the lot of the remaining population still more miserable.

These families export not alone that physical force which their hands supply, but small capitals in money, which a wise foresight had stored 'up for their establishment in distant lands: they carry with them to the land of their adoption an industry superfluous in their own country, but which, employed with advantage on another soil, develops itself rapidly, and which in its consequence will free the country of their adoption of the tribute paid to the country of their birth.

A systematic emigration is doing for England that which the revocation of the edict of Nantes did for France. A drain of thirty thousand individuals who annually leave the shores of England, occasions a void in the social organisation, which the increase of another class of people cannot fill up. Useful citizens depart; they are replaced by dangerous subjects. The fields no longer swarm with husbandmen, there is no labour for them: these are banished by a system of concentration, which creates, out of half a dozen farms, one unwieldy one. The towns thus become superabundantly filled with a set of miserable wretches, who, born in indigence and brought up in poverty, contract at their birth, and develop as they grow older, habits of turbulence and disorder, the only legacy they receive from the degraded beings who gave them birth. Should this class spread itself over the country, it would only bring with it the burden of its vices, but nothing of that spirit of order, the distinguishing characteristic of those who emigrate.

The end which some philanthropic individuals proposed to themselves has not yet been attained by the English system of emigration; for, instead of weeding their native soil of a worthless and degraded population, they have afforded still greater facilities to the departure of those best calculated, by their manners and conduct, to give an example to the remaining population; and, nevertheless, it would have been easier to find employment for this latter class than for the others. All the land in England which is capable of culture is not cultivated; the introduction of a better system of cultivation would give employment to a number of hands; instead, therefore, of seeking for emigrants among the agricultural labourers and small farmers, the English government should have afforded facilities of removal to the already too numerous and unemployed mechanics, who can neither obtain employment for themselves, and have still less chance of obtaining it for the generations which are growing up about them. These are the men who should be induced, at any price, to people the wilds of America and the banks of the Swan river. Separated from the parent state by a wide extent of ocean—removed by an imperious necessity to another hemisphere, they would no longer find excitement for their turbulent spirit; and the factions which trouble the repose of their native land, and menace its tranquillity, would lose, in such men, powerful auxiliaries. These reflections, which might be indefinitely extended, seem worthy of fixing the attention of statesmen and philosophers—of those who are engaged in the government and interested in the happiness of the people.

THE POOR.

Poverty wears a different form in England than in other countries, but it is accompanied by adjuncts which render it more overwhelming for those who suffer, and more afflicting for those who observe those sufferings,

than in any other part of Europe. Subject to a methodical order, the succour destined for the English poor is tardy in passing from the hands which distribute to those open to receive it. A spirit of charity is more needed in England in the distribution of the rates, than a spirit of philanthropy. In many of the parishes, the poor are the objects of a singular speculation. For the receipt of a much larger sum than would suffice for an intelligent and well directed charity, a sort of contractor or overseer undertakes, if not to provide for the wants, at least to stop the complaints of the indigent. It is of little moment whether they are properly relieved, provided they are kept from complaining; and the poor are obliged to submit to this discipline, lest they should find a redoubled severity and harshness on the part of the speculator, into whose hands the relief of their condition has fallen by contract, with little hope of adequate redress from the neighbouring magistrate, to whom they might prefer their complaints. In those parts of England where the poor rates are administered without the aid of a contractor, they are very much diminished in amount, as well as in efficacy, by the deductions in the form of salaries to parish officers, as well as by the inherent vice of their distribution. Idleness is relieved in as great a degree as industry, and simple distress in the same manner as complete destitution. An enquiry is made as to how many individuals compose the family, and the money is thrown to them, without ascertaining whether there is one of the number who can contribute to his own subsistence and to that of his parents. It is not considered a matter of reproach, that a tradesman should cause the name of his infirm father to be placed on the list of those relieved by the parish, when he himself has the means of supporting him. Hence it follows, that double the number relieved in any other country are supported by the English parishes. In France, the proportion of those to whom continued or temporary support is necessary, is as one to fifteen in the country, and as one to ten in the towns. In England, the proportion in the country is as one to nine, and as one to six in the towns. In France, the yearly cost of a pauper's subsistence amounts to twenty-four francs.* In England it amounts to one hundred francs, or four pounds sterling. In France, an assessment of one franc fifty centimes on each individual not participating in the relief, would suffice for the maintenance of the poor. In England, this assessment would amount to twelve francs or ten shillings a head. Nevertheless, the condition of the poor is not so wretched in the country in which the smaller sum is given, as in that in which the larger sum is levied. Poverty is less intolerable in France than in England, because it is clothed in a peculiar livery, distributed by those who have a care of the poor; this dress, moreover, is always kept in repair by the authorities, and presents nothing revolting to the eye. In England, on the contrary, poverty traverses the streets in silken rags. The rents of an old Indian shawl disclose a nakedness which the garment was destined to conceal; and the ermine formerly appended to an elegant pelisse, is now trailed through the mud by an unfortunate creature without shoes or stockings, supporting on her shrivelled arm a child which sucks her skinny breast, whilst with the other hand she holds out to the passenger a bundle of matches, which she feigns to offer in exchange for alms. This is one of the means adopted to evade the letter of the laws enacted against mendicity, the pauper thus placing herself under the protection of those which encourage trade. This contrast of a clothing, once worn by opulence, and now borne on the backs of those in the last degree of lowliness and misery, causes afflicting thoughts and melancholy reflections to spring up in the mind.

Poverty is rendered more overwhelming in England, in consequence of the privations superinduced by the excessive price of certain objects which in other countries are within the means of the most limited fortune. The poor man finds it impossible to supply himself with meat, beer, and coals, too happy if the wages obtained for his labour, and the relief received from the parish to supply the insufficiency of those wages, furnish him wherewith to buy bread for himself and potatoes for his family. As to commodious habitations, as for that which may be called the "comfortable" in a state of misery, it is no where to be found in England; neither in the cabin of the country labourer, nor in the cellars or garrets of the towns, where families who, perhaps, have never seen each other before, herd together for a night, mingling their nakedness and tears, or, what is still more probable,

* In this calculation the expense of hospitals is not taken into account.

their imprecations and menaces against their more fortunate fellow creatures.

Excessive misery sometimes compels a family to seek in another parish those means of industry and existence which are denied it by its own. But they meet with immediate repulse—the sojourn of a single day is not allowed, nor are the wretches permitted to take the necessary repose. Back they must go to those privations from which they had in vain attempted to escape, and return to those sufferings which Providence, in creating and uniting society, seems to have pronounced against them. Thus rich and happy England—England of the 19th century—has, like, Albion of the feudal times, her slavery, and her serfs attached to the glebe, with barely an uncertain prospect of tardy enfranchisement.

The sum levied for the relief of the poor exceeds the enormous amount of eight millions of pounds sterling. As this weight falls only on landed property,* it becomes an overwhelming burthen on the soil. Yet no efforts have been made to diminish the amount of the rates, by a more economical and more rational distribution of them.

Notwithstanding the immense expenditure for the poor, mendicity is not wholly extinguished. It is less remarkable than in other countries; but it nevertheless exists every where and among all ages. Upon the frequented roads in the country, as well as in London, one meets with robust paupers, seeking to excite pity by the display of their misery or their infirmities; asking charity either in dull and monotonous tones, or in a sharp and loud treble; they also busy themselves in sweeping the crossings; and exhibit an importunity, which, as it is perhaps to them the easiest, so it is the most successful talent.

Country paupers are generally employed in the making or repairing of roads. The condition of this class of poor would be greatly improved if some portion of the waste lands of each parish were delivered over to their industrious cultivation.

It cannot be contested that the very considerable sum which is devoted in England to the support of the poor, and to the extinction of mendicity, does not produce the desired effect; whilst in France, at a less expense, and with a less methodical system, more good is effected, and in a better manner than in England.

THE ENGLISH CANAILLE.

The lower classes in England are distinguished by a grossness of manners which places them lower in the social scale than any other nation. They are at once ferocious and depraved; their instincts dispose them to a state of permanent aggression against the rest of society. When there are no more direct means of offence, the English *canaille* insult the street passengers, knock against and dispute the wall with them. Their dress is disgustingly filthy, their language vile, their gait heavy and awkward. Their domestic manners are in keeping with those they display in the streets. Among this class, the husband exercises his superiority by blows, and the wife hers in the education of her children. The conduct of both is often followed by the most disastrous results. The daily newspapers teem with details of domestic murders arising from unbridled violence, and unmitigated in their atrocity by a tardy repentance.

No efforts are made, by the inculcation of the principles or the exterior practices of religion, to correct the vicious inclinations of the people. The only education which they receive is the elements of reading and writing. The effect produced by such a training is to make sharpers and robbers of those who, without it, would be stupefied by misery and debauch.

The lower classes rarely enjoy pleasure; their games prove that they know not how to amuse themselves. Their dances are monotonous, and last until the dancers fall down exhausted with fatigue. They drink to inebriety; they eat even to gluttony, without taste, without order, in a word, to excess. What is called love among them completes the measure of their brutality.

Taken collectively, the populace of England is remarkable for its cowardice. Its turbulent disposition, which it is always prompt to manifest, is easily suppressed by the staff, often by the presence, of a few policemen. The character of individuals must be studied, in order to find among them some indications of courage. The fights in which the lower classes indulge prove that they are capable of violent anger, have a strong tendency to revenge, great contempt for the consequences of the

* This is a mistake; it falls very heavily on householders, though it does not in any wise touch funded property.—Translator.

struggle in which they engage, and much generosity during the progress of the combat. Behold two porters preparing to box: they strip in silence, hand their clothes to the spectators, tuck up the sleeves of their shirts, place themselves at two paces from each other, and exhibit a menacing attitude, but a cool and collected demeanour. Blows are quickly given and parried; they are exchanged with a rapidity which in no degree diminishes their force, and rarely, when they *tell*, do they fail to knock down the most vigorous. When one of the parties is down, his adversary can no longer strike him. The fight is suspended, the conqueror assumes his place and his attitude, whilst, raised from the ground, with his head reposing on the knee of a spectator, the apparently vanquished is encouraged by his friends, and by the stimulus of a glass of porter. The watches of the timekeeper and of the anxious spectators indicate the moment assigned by the laws of the ring for the recommencement of hostilities. This time expired, the battle recommences, and is pursued until the weakness caused by the effusion of blood, as well as by the violence of the blows, and by a total prostration of force, determines the defeat, and puts an end to the combat.

The phlegmatic indifference so remarkable during the preparations for battle, is not affected by the struggle just terminated. Each of the parties leisurely washes his face, and officious by-standers proceed to stanch the wounds of their favourites. The combatants at length put on their clothes and return home, after having wastefully expended in this ignoble boxing match ten times more courage than well-bred duellists have need of to cross their swords, or to exchange shots which never harm them.

Less removed beyond the pale of their immediate superiors, the agricultural population occupies a less abject position in the social scale than the inhabitants of towns. The country population is less idle and more looked after; its existence is less precarious; it receives more religious instruction; it sees fewer examples and incentives to vice; it is distinguished by more domestic virtues, and a greater respect for rank. Accordingly, crime is less prevalent in the country districts than in the towns. The populace, or *canaille*, of England have made no approach to the body of people immediately placed above them. The lowest class of tradesmen is no longer amalgamated with this *canaille*. The very humblest amongst them is distinguished from this mob by marked habits of order and propriety. These qualities improve in exact proportion with the improvement in their condition: nevertheless, this progress has in no degree disturbed the various shades which distinguish ranks and conditions, and assign to each person his place in the social hierarchy.

HOSPITALS.

The institution, support, and management of hospitals are differently regulated in England from such establishments in other countries. Government takes no part in their administration. Hospitals in general owe their existence to the generosity of individuals, or the liberality of private associations. They have commonly a special destination, either as respects the class of poor admitted within their walls, or the class of complaints to the cure of which they are devoted. Philanthropy in England is ever on the watch that compassion be not extended beyond proper limits. Hence each hospital has its rules and registers. It is, therefore, with extreme difficulty that an unfortunate stranger, overtaken by illness, at a distance from his native land, or the victim of a sudden accident, happening to him out of his parish—it is with difficulty, I say, that such an unfortunate being finds in these asylums, reserved to the mitigation of certain specified evils, the kind of help which his peculiar case demands. Carried from hospital to hospital, the patient, if he obtains admission at any, owes his good fortune to the kind offices of some one affected by his misfortune. Protestant benevolence does not, like catholic charity, keep an open table; she does not, like the latter, throw open the doors of her charitable establishments to all maladies alike, without enquiring what they are, or whence they originated. No—she proceeds with order, with caution, without being carried away by indiscreet pity. So much the worse for sufferers who are not ill according to these combinations; for if they present themselves at one establishment of this nature to get cured, they are told that such diseases are not treated here, and that they must go to another.

Each English hospital has its peculiar regulations, varying often according to the opinions and caprices of

the founders, the varieties of which may be imagined from the fact that a right is acquired in the deliberations, by the share which has been contributed to the funds necessary for the support of the establishment. Some of them are supported by ample endowments, many others by voluntary contributions, generally abundant, but often misapplied. It would be curious to institute a comparison between the hospitals of England and France, and to see the results obtained in both countries,—in the one by the system of philanthropy, in the other by the routine of charity.

I am far from blaming the whole system of English hospitals, or refusing praise to what I have observed deserving of it. The attentions bestowed on the sick are unremitting; there is great attention paid to cleanliness; the regimen is good; but there prevail, nevertheless, a coldness, a methodical system, a repugnance, a want of consolation, which are truly afflicting to the beholder. It is easy to perceive that religion has not entered their gates.

What does the so much vaunted Bedlam present—what the greater part of the establishments for diseases of the mind? Prisons more or less spacious, in which the unfortunate inmates to whom freedom is denied, are governed with a greater or less degree of severity. A uniform treatment is applied to all mental diseases, no matter how different in origin and progress. With few exceptions, recourse is not had to that moral treatment appropriate to the origin and various symptoms of each malady: families and society are deprived of a being who tormented them; he is transferred to a sort of provisional tomb, until the real one opens to receive him. It rarely happens that the patient escapes this anticipatory death, for the treatment he undergoes is little calculated to restore his reason.

It is different in France. Mad-houses, in that country, (and these are the best kept of all our hospitals) are confided to pious women, who consecrate all that nature has bestowed on them of strength and sensibility—all that the hope of another life suggests to them of perseverance, and all that religion has imposed on them is the name of duty, to the service of the unfortunate leaved. Night and day they remain by the side of the patients, humouring the capricious irregularity of their tempers, studying the character of their disease, seeking to discover the point in which they are accessible to reason, meditating on the means to restore them to their senses, and keeping out of view all that can tend to the irritation of those faculties which are out of order, and the seat of their complaint. Often do these admirable women attain their object, and this is certainly the sweetest recompense which this world can afford them.

As I one day walked through one of those asylums devoted to the treatment of mental diseases, I was in the act of passing a room, when I heard proceeding from within the screams of a maniac; and presently after the sounds of a gentle voice speaking the language of consolation. I questioned the nun who accompanied me as to the cause of this strange contrast. You shall see, said she, and opening a wicket out of the door, she pointed out to me a woman in a paroxysm of fury, and close to her a young person of an angelic form. These were the only actors in this sad scene.

"That poor woman (said the superior to me) was brought to us yesterday in the state in which you now see her. According to our custom, we have placed near her one of our community, whose business it is to catch any glimmering of that reason which has not wholly deserted the patient. An intercourse of some days will lay all open to her. Until she shall have attained this knowledge, our sister must remain shut up with the patient." "But she runs some danger," said I; "the patient is in a paroxysm of fury." "But we are always on the spot," said my conductor; "and moreover, is no risk to be run for a suffering fellow-creature?"

Some little time afterwards I visited anew this house of grief and pity. On this occasion I was accompanied by the young nun, whom I had seen shut up with the poor demented creature of whom I have spoken. A woman who was walking in the garden, and who appeared to amuse herself in the cultivation of flowers, ran towards us. She was well dressed; yet a certain disordered air was apparent in her demeanour, in her manner, and still more in her discourse. She embraced the nun, and commenced an incoherent conversation; the good sister took her hand, looked steadfastly at her, and prevailed upon her to be silent. The conversation was soon resumed, and proved to me that all hope of recovery was not lost. "You now see," said the worthy nun, dismissing the patient, "the unfortunate being with whom

you saw me on the occasion of your first visit. She obeys, and understands me, because she has become attached to me. The glimmering of reason which you have remarked is only restored to her in my presence, and even now I should be careful not to fatigue her weak intellects. In a little time she will be to the whole convent what she is to me, and I do not despair that at a later moment she may converse with every body, and be restored to her family.

This system is pursued towards all the unhappy patients confided to the care of these pious women. All do not recover their reason, but all are brought to a state of calm which moderates their sufferings, and enables them to await their recovery with comparative relief from pain.

Vainly would such a system be sought in the English hospitals. The consolations of religion are not there held out with the same discreet zeal as in the French hospitals. In England, the ministers of religion alone distribute this comfort. With us no sister of charity approaches the bed of the patient without dwelling upon all that can interest him in this world and in the next. Often, I know, their compassionate kindness assumes an importunate air. They knock at the door of a resisting conscience, until it opens for the introduction of that species of consolation which has supported them in their own labours. But for one sick person tormented by the excess of an indiscreet zeal how many are comforted? How many find that hope which had so long forsaken them, at the very moment when, if they had delivered themselves up to their own thoughts, they would have cast off all hope and consolation, seeing that none existed for them?

The administration of English foundling hospitals is still more defective than that of others. Viewed under a certain aspect, it may be even pronounced immoral. Though supported by the parishes, and by voluntary subscriptions, it is impossible to obtain admission for a child until the impossibility of discovering the parent is plainly demonstrated. The mother is generally the first discovered, by means of the enquiries set on foot. She is pressed and menaced by turns, till she discloses the accomplice in her crime. She often names some rich man she has never seen. This declaration made on oath is sufficient to obtain for her an indemnity, and a sum adequate to the maintenance of her infant, unless the reputed father can furnish proof (always difficult to establish) of the falsity of the accusation. The English tribunals daily pronounce judgments in matters of this nature, and verily their decisions appear grounded on a strange system of jurisprudence.

Notwithstanding the great inferiority of the English hospitals to the French in point of organisation, one cannot be unmindful of the immense advantages they procure for suffering humanity. But in looking to the sums devoted to the support of these institutions, as well as of the poor, one cannot but admit that much more desirable results might be obtained.

PRISONS.

The English, who are much inclined to ostentation, above all in matters relating to humanity, have not failed to display it in the arrangement of their prisons. Here again they exhibit the systematic spirit which is peculiar to them in practising essays of benevolence at the expense of the unfortunate beings who crowd their prisons. Occupation and weariness (*ennui*) appear to be the bases of their system, the combinations of which tend to this double object. They proceed in this manner.

The new prisons are in general large and well arranged, as respects the buildings, but inconmodious as respects the exercise-ground. They consist of a rotunda, around which are ranged rooms for the habitation of the prisoners. The interval between these buildings forms triangular courts. The ground-floor of the rotunda is appropriated to the keepers of the prison. On the first floor there is a chapel, in which the corridors of each division meet. Those imprisoned in these divisions are separated by partitions. They cannot communicate with, nor even see each other.

The ground-floor forms the workshop. The other stories are distributed into rooms with several beds and cells. The openings in the walls and doors render the prisoners subject to the constant inspection of the jailers. The court-yards (a part of which is sheltered by roofs) are rather workshops than places of exercise. They are paved, and are watered by fountains.

The prisoners inhabit dormitories, where they sleep to the number of twelve to fifteen, or smaller chambers, furnished with three or four beds, or cells, where they are isolated. In all, they lie on camp-beds, or on small

iron bedsteads, covered with paillasse in white, frequently washed, and one or two blankets. During the day, the bed furniture is raised in a uniform manner. The boards and irons of the bed are kept clean by being rubbed every morning. The partitions of the walls, the slabs of the chambers and corridors, and the stair steps, are whitewashed. All is distinguished by great neatness, which is perceptible in the most minute details.

English prisons are remarkably free from the bad smells which add so much to the insalubrity of the French prisons. This is owing to the excellent supply and distribution of the water. The inmates of prisons are subject to almost continual labour. In some cases, this labour is productive; in others, it is not. Every where it has a peculiar character, an overwhelming monotony well calculated to drown thought. The men are employed in putting machines in motion, which are kept out of sight. They therefore reason neither on the cause nor the effect. They work with their feet, their faces turned towards the wall. Having laid their hands on a horizontal bar, they place their feet upon a plank which yields to their weight, and is replaced by another plank. No song relieves the monotony of this fatiguing exercise, the duration of which, determined by a certain number of revolutions of the wheel, is calculated to give a result of twelve thousand steps a day.*

Neither hilarity nor conversation is allowed. The mere act of turning round to look behind is forbidden. During the period of relaxation from labour, the prisoners are marched round the court-yard four abreast. The measured fall of their feet is the only sound which breaks the general silence.

At each extremity of the court-yard is a post furnished with iron rings, through which are passed the arms of those destined to receive corporal punishment. This is inflicted by one of the keepers with a cat-o'-nine-tails, composed of nine leather thongs, upon an order from the council of the prison, in punishment of the infraction of internal discipline. Punishment of this kind is likewise inflicted either weekly, or at their entrance or departure, on children convicted of theft.

Women are subject to the same rules and regulations, and to the same labour as men, due regard being had to the relative difference in their physical strength.

The prison diet is composed of vegetable soup, boiled meat, cheese and bread. It is good and sufficiently abundant. Spirituous and fermented liquors are rigorously forbidden.

The prison dress for men consists of a shirt, trowsers, waistcoat, a jacket, shoes, and stockings. That of the women, composed of two petticoats, a sort of under waistcoat or bed-gown, and linen bonnet, is ill assorted, and far from contributing to their good appearance. These dresses are of woollen stuff in winter and linen in summer.†

The moral results anticipated by English economists, appear not to have been attained by the modifications introduced into the penitentiary system. The number of crimes and punishments, far from diminishing, appear to increase each year in a fearful progression. They are incomparably more numerous than in France. The proportion of old offenders brought up again for judgment is also much greater. The effects of instruction lavished upon prisoners are neutralised by the dogmatic form of that instruction, and by the state of mental abasement to which the jail discipline reduces the inmates.

On comparing the situation of the convicts, with the so highly vaunted results of the discipline to which they are subjected, it may be doubted whether society, and the members whom she has cast from her bosom, have gained much by these so called ameliorations. I should be tempted to answer in the negative, and the result of my enquiries into the English prison system, would be to confine my praise to that part of it which is productive of the order and neatness every where prevalent. As

* Each step may be estimated at one and a half foot; therefore the daily walk of each individual may be three miles and three quarters. This would be only a moderate exercise calculated to preserve health, if the mode of movement did not considerably add to the fatigue by the muscular force which the prisoner is obliged to add to his weight, and the exercise forced upon him of feigning to ascend a staircase. There results from these efforts a general lassitude, which extends from the limbs to the lungs, and occasions great pain to them.

† The expense of prisons is incomparably greater in England than in France. In the Penitentiary it amounts to 55*l.* or 1400 francs a head; in the other prisons, to 38*l.* or 950 francs a head. In France this expense is 450 francs for Paris, and 350 francs for the departments.

for the rest, they are but the expensive dreams of minds thirsting for innovations, no matter from what quarter they come, or on what subject, provided only they be novelties. I do not hesitate to declare that the administration of prisons in France, promoted as it is by the superintendence of the directing councils, the care and attention of charitable associations, and the instruction of the chaplains, is milder for the criminal, more advantageous to society, and much more economical than the system pursued in English prisons.

CHURCH YARDS.

The English government has certainly nothing to boast of in the system of its administrative police: placed by law under the control of local corporations, this force shares the caprices, the interests, nay, even the passions of the bodies on whom they depend. One of the most frequent complaints of foreigners is directed against the English custom of converting the small open space about the churches into cemeteries. In the London church-yards, the dead are heaped up without the least regard to the disproportion between the number of corpses and the small spot of earth reserved for them. Nor is this all: graves are opened long before the bodies are decomposed, for the purpose of letting down fresh coffins; and an infected *miasma* escapes from them. As though this disgusting custom were not sufficiently dangerous, the English bury their dead even within the precincts of their churches, thus converting them into charnel-houses.

It does not appear that the government has given any attention to this subject; for cemeteries grow up in and around churches, which in England appear to increase in number, in a direct proportion to the religious indifference of other countries.

The custom of burying the dead in the midst of a dense population, appears to arraign the judgment rather than sensibility of the living. No one's health suffers from it; for those epidemics which in France perpetually threaten to devour the whole population, and are only averted because an enlightened police is careful to remove the germ of contagion, have no terrors for an English population: nothing indicates a painful sensibility caused by the presence of death, on the English side of the Straits; neither the funerals constantly passing through the streets, nor the melancholy activity of the church-yards, where the remains of the dead cannot find the rest necessary to decomposition, produce any permanent impression on the English mind.

England is, perhaps, the only civilised country in which the tomb affords no protection to the remains of the dead. Wretches, known under the name of resurrectionists, snatch from their parent earth recently buried bodies, and make them the object of a horrible traffic, by selling them for purposes of dissection to theatres of anatomy, which have no other means of providing themselves: the tears of a desolate family are therefore, owing to the practices of the resurrectionists, often shed over an empty coffin.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Immensity, universality, are the only expressions which can characterise the commercial greatness of Britain. There is not a port or creek in the world into which her vessels do not penetrate. All the national and manufactured productions are, to the English, a means of barter. No amount of expense deadens the activity of the speculator, nor does any extent of danger appal the navigator. Both the one and the other are carried away by a thirst of gain, dignified by a kind of national glory which attaches to it. Patriotism insinuates itself even into the passion for acquiring riches, and throws an honourable veil over proceedings which honour would frequently disavow. An unheard-of state of prosperity is the result of the combination of these two powerful guiding principles. To represent and add to this prosperity, a fictitious paper money has been created, in default of an adequate monetary currency. A national bank, whose immense operations extend over England—private banks destined for the supply of local wants—a national debt offering employment to capital which might not otherwise be employed; establishments in all seas—merchants in the character of sovereigns—for colonies, dominions more populous than the parent state—for outlets to commerce, other states placed by treaty in an absolute dependence on Great Britain,—in a word, an industry which not only anticipates so many wants, but also over-supplies them—these are the general bases on which the operations of English commerce are found to repose.

Having the power to dictate the law to the rest of the commercial world, England has wantonly abused her

omnipotence, and thereby stimulated the self-love as well as the interests of all other nations. Means have every where been sought to escape a dominion and ascendancy which have become past endurance. Rivals have started up, favoured by national jealousies and the policy of governments. The effect of this competition, imperceptible at first, was after a time most serious in its immediate results, and still more menacing in its ulterior consequences. English commerce has now ceased to be indispensable, nations having learned to do without it. Its place is already sought to be supplied by native industry and enterprise, and in a few years success will crown these efforts. The resources of countries are now becoming tributary to their wants. In many points, and for a variety of objects, this end has been already attained. It has become for foreign nations a question of self-love, and a principle of political economy as well as a necessity. Every thing tends towards a complete revolution in the commercial system of the world. Each step made in this onward career will throw England back. She already manifests many symptoms of decay. Her American colonies are forced, by the excess of their sufferings, to turn towards the United States, with which they have more affinity of interests and affections, as well as an easier and prompter intercourse. The East Indies no longer present a field for the profitable outlay of capital. The consciousness of their own strength may one day induce these colonies to separate from a mother country which only protects them within the limit, and according to the conformity of her own interests with theirs. In the event of a war, which sooner or later must take place, this sentiment would develop itself with greater force, more particularly if Russia, whose boundaries are not far removed from the frontiers of the English dominions in Asia, should threaten to force her way, and offer her support to a neighbouring and ill-disposed people.* What would England then do with those commercial settlements, factories, and fortresses, which she has planted around the globe in the track of her thousand vessels? Would she then find outlets for her commerce? Outlets enough she would find for her money in the expensive keep and repair of these establishments, but not for the produce created by her industry, without any enquiry as to whether consumers could be found for it.

English commerce is, in its present state, one of the most astonishing miracles of a civilisation arrived at the highest point which it can attain. Her establishments by sea and land, the importance and activity of her transactions, the number of arms she employs, the circulation she gives to capital, the discoveries she originates in every branch of human knowledge, her achievements, in fine, in every thing she has undertaken, have no parallel in past or present times. And even though she should be reduced to less gigantic proportions, the recollection of what she was will dwell in the memory of nations, and her efforts and successes will be ranged among the most powerful levers which have ever been wielded to create a revolution in the ideas and in the actual position of society.

English industry is on a par with her commerce. In no other country has industry been so developed: in none has it attained an equal degree of prosperity. No where is it more economical in the employment of its means—more adroit in its contrivances—happier in its results. There is not a want, not a caprice for which it has not ever-ready resources. It bends to every thing, and adapts itself to every thing, but has unfortunately proved too eager to substitute machinery for hand-labour. Thus while the nation is enriched, whole classes are impoverished, and individuals are deprived by thousands of the means of subsistence. In the midst of all this manufacturing pre-eminence created by machinery, whole families die of hunger, and fall to the charge, not of the manufacturer, who turns

* This is a common opinion entertained by foreigners, yet it is a most fallacious one. The sway of the English dominions in India is mild and gentle, and the people are contented with their governors and government. In comparing their lot with the subjects of native princes, they are enlightened enough to perceive that the advantage is all on their side. As to invasion of India by Russia, the idea is chimerical. It would be easier for Russia to march to London than to advance one-eighth of the way towards the nearest of our presidencies. But should they attempt this, (which they never will in our day,) they will be met and repulsed by as brave and disciplined a force as any in the world—no mean the native Anglo-Indian army.—Translator.

to his own profit the greater part of the sum economised by the extinction of their labour, but of the community at large, which does not, like the manufacturer, reap any advantage from the sufferings entailed by the adoption of machinery.

English industry is proud of its success, and claims great credit to itself for the low prices at which it disposes of its produce. It must be admitted that, in appearance, prices are not so high as they formerly were, but they would cease to appear reasonable if augmented as they ought to be, by the addition of the sum which the consumer is obliged to pay for the support of those whose labour has become valueless, owing to the introduction of machinery. The reduction in the price of manufactured articles is, therefore, only felt by foreigners, who pay less, inasmuch as they are not called upon to support those living beings who have ceased to be put in motion, and have, accordingly, been thrown out of bread.

Laying this consideration aside, one cannot too much laud the prodigies of English industry. Its most extraordinary creations, admirable though these may be, are not its productions, but the means employed in bringing them forth; the simplicity, and at the same time the power of the processes which create our wonder. When one contemplates the ingenious, one might say the intelligent mechanism of the machineries, to which is transferred all the dexterity that Providence has conferred on the fingers of man, and all the strength of his muscles, without any of that inaptitude or indisposition to labour, by which human beings are fettered, or any of that false judgment inseparable from man's imperfect faculties, one is lost in admiration at that tendency, to one and the same end, of interests apparently dissimilar, at that combination of capital and talents unknown in the ancient world, and irrealisable in modern times.

The spirit of association or partnership introduces itself more in England than in any other country. It is as apparent in the domestic arrangement of families, as in the details of the public service. It governs every thing; the public interest as well as the private. It makes conquests, covers with colonies an immense extent of the Asiatic coasts. It protects its acquired territories by large armies. It treats the native sovereigns as tributary. It has its fleets, its troops, its laws, its caprices; in a word, all the attributes of supreme power. It has its establishments, its ports, its basins, its arsenals, in Europe. It combats and overcomes the rivalry which individual interest would oppose to it. It enters into politics. It refuses or grants to the government the pecuniary means to execute its projects. It is the right arm of commerce and industry. It exercises over the one and the other, and by the means of both, an equal influence. But the good which it produces is confined to the surface of society, and enters but slowly and imperfectly into its details. Arrogant in its proud career, it is regardless of the misery which it creates, and disdainfully overlooks it where its speculations are not interested in its removal. If it prepares a splendid harvest for future kingdoms and generations, it is almost always at the expense of individuals and of the existing race.

Every thing in England, from the by-path leading to a small village to the docks which admit the vessels of all nations, from the lighting of the streets to the building of towns, is the result of this spirit of association.

It will readily be imagined that in the distribution of its favours, commercial industry, of whatever nature may be its pursuits, is not forgotten. All enterprises are undertaken by shares. The eagerness for profits induces people to become shareholders. The chances of loss are overlooked; the probabilities of gain dazzle and blind the public, too often leading them thus astray, but still setting the enterprise in motion. The first shareholders suffer; others follow, who, profiting by an experience which has cost them nothing, and regardless of the imprudent advances of their predecessors, produce and sell at a cheaper rate.

There is a rock which causes many commercial shipwrecks; it is the excess of production. The English cannot follow the example set by the Dutch, in regard to their spice colonies. They cannot limit the number and produce of their machinery, as the latter did those of their spice-trees. Production increases in a greater ratio than consumption. This plethora causes frequent and terrible catastrophes. But these are useless warnings, lessons lost upon those who blindly follow the road they have chalked out.

English commerce and manufactures are, therefore, threatened, though from different causes, with important modifications. Both have long had the whole globe as a theatre for their united operations. The world was for them a vast colony, over which they exercised an absolute monopoly. But other people have learned to produce and to manufacture, and have insisted upon paying, not in specie, but by an interchange of commodities. At the present day, they only receive from abroad that with which their own country cannot supply them. These imports are, moreover, reduced to objects of indispensable necessity. Hence, English labour will, for the future, be forced to limit itself to the supply of the parent country and of its colonies, a consumption which, notwithstanding its extent, cannot absorb an unlimited production. This disproportion between the present and former demands is already a source of heavy calamity for Great Britain.

English commerce and industry are admirable in their proportions and in their results; but if a stranger wishes to see them in their greatest development, he has no time to lose in instituting his enquiries; for they may not long remain what they formerly were.

SYSTEM OF MANUFACTURES.

Much clamour has been raised within the last twenty years against the feudal system—a system which has been abolished for three centuries. Frightful pictures have been drawn of its power, and of the abuse of that power towards kings, people, and individuals. One would imagine that in France the *chateaux* of the middle ages had risen up again, with their towers, their great fortifications, their executions, and above all, their dungeons. People fancied they perceived behind their portcullises, knights barbed with iron, ready to take the road, robbing travellers, knocking down the peasant, and carrying off their wives and daughters. Every one trembled, every one became exasperated at the mere apprehension of such an order of things, the return of which, nevertheless, appeared to be surrounded here and there by a few obstacles sufficiently calculated to banish such idle fears.

But though the world exhibited so much disgust at the approach of these unreal dangers, none appeared alarmed at the existence of a feudal system of a different character, which enslaves thousands of individuals, condemns them to incessant toil, lays hold of women and children, exposes them to all sorts of demoralisation, requires of them services not only disproportioned to their strength, but to the wretched salary granted to them; deprives them of all education, and exercising supreme control over their lives and limbs, devotes them to endless privations, contrary to all laws, to all government, to all well-defined rights of property.

This feudality is the manufacturing power. In the looms are the workshops, where thousands of unfortunate beings find a precocious death, long preceded by diseases and infirmities, which are owing to the mephitic air they breathe, and to the excessive labour and ill-treatment they undergo. The barons are the manufacturers, who, to gratify their cupidity, make themselves dependent upon them to the most oppressive and most deplorable slavery.

What was the *corvée* to the peasantry of the middle ages, compared with the toil exacted from the labourers of the present day? This labour, it is said, enables the people to live. No doubt it does; but in like manner, the *corvée* of our old barons enabled their vassals to live also. The latter too, avowing their tyranny, did not affect to feel, for the victims of their despotism, that boastful humanity which falsely pretends to sacrifice itself for the happiness of the oppressed.

These reflections have been suggested to me by an authentic enquiry into the internal arrangements of the English factories, in regard to those children whose poverty obliges them to seek therein a precarious mode of existence.

Their hard lot has awakened the sensibility of many philanthropists, who, after having addressed their complaints, in vain, to the heads of these establishments, have at length laid them before the house of commons. An enquiry was ordered, and the following is the result of it.

From the age of eight years, children are capable of certain labour in factories, more especially in those establishments where cotton-spinning is carried on. They are subjected to a constant labour of from eight to twelve hours, which is resumed after an interruption of two or three, and so continued daily during the week.

In consequence of insufficient rest, sleep becomes so

imperious a want, that it overtakes the poor children in the midst of their labour. In order to keep them awake, they are beaten with cords, with whips, often with sticks, upon the back, and even the head. Many of them were brought before the commissioners charged with the enquiry, with eyes bursting from their sockets, and broken limbs, the effects of the horrible treatment which had been inflicted on them. Others were found mutilated by the play of the machines near which they were employed. It was uniformly deposed that the necessity of remaining in one habitual position (occasioned by an unvarying labour) led to accidents which had been followed by physical deformities as their natural consequence. It was also uniformly in evidence, that the fatal consequences entailed upon children from such accidents produced no pecuniary indemnity on the part of the masters, who refused to the parents the momentary relief necessary to obtain a cure. The greater part were maimed in consequence of not having the means to procure medical assistance.

The commissioners further stated, that the system of manufactures had the most pernicious influence on those engaged in such occupations; that death puts an end to the sufferings of a great number of the children before they attain a riper age; that such as are spared in this first stage of existence, bear in their livid and emaciated features the symptoms of premature decay; that their hank forms and sickly constitution alike attest the unhealthful labour imposed upon them.

Should the excess of fatigue render a suspension of labour necessary, the parish refuses to the parents the small relief requisite for the subsistence of the children, and it is only by retrenching from each member of the family some portion of their already insufficient nourishment that the father can procure for the sick child the means of recovering a portion of his strength.

The two sexes, which are not kept separated in these factories, are led astray by a corruption of morals which is much more precocious than is manifested in other walks of life, and no means are adopted to obviate or retard these effects. It does not appear that any regulations have been instituted to stop the progress of this immorality, or that the thought of applying a remedy has found a place in heads in which none but considerations of sordid interest can find admittance.

The moral and religious education of the factory children is confined to a slight instruction given on the *Sun-days*, during the hours stolen from that recreation and repose necessary to miserable creatures grown stupid through excess of labour, and reduced almost to the mournful feeling that they have no better existence than the machines of which they are the forced propellers.

These, however, are not the only oppressions exercised thus shamelessly, and without pity, towards this famished multitude. Political passions intervene. They whisper to those who have money, that they ought to have power also. In order to obtain it, the master manufacturers arm the unfortunate beings whose lot is in their hands. Under the threat of letting them die of hunger, they embody them into regiments, marshal them against the government, and turn them into engines of disorder and subversion. They are made to march in the name of liberty, as if political liberty could be important to him who is deprived of his personal freedom. But this is a matter of little consequence. The orders of superiors are executed by men who have as little means of understanding their spirit as they have of opposing resistance. And when they imagine they have obtained this fancied liberty, they resume those habits of wretchedness and slavery in which they vegetate; provided always that the blows received in the struggle do not incapacitate them to continue those painful toils which a barbarous avarice in order to square the wants with the wages of the labourer renders still more overwhelming and insupportable.

These very task-masters, so hard, so pitiless towards their own species, towards men born in the same land, of the same race, united by the same language, and by a common religion, these very men find tears and eloquent phrases for the West India negroes! The money they refuse to a misery on the excess of which they speculate, they lavish on a cause which affords them an opportunity of making a parade of their philanthropic sentiments, without damaging their personal interests. Their ears, deaf to the cries of the unfortunate beings kept awake by the stick of the overseer, are open to the sound produced on their imagination by the fancied cracking of the Jamaica whip.

Let us enquire whether these negroes, whose condition inspires such pity, are as wretchedly off on the colonial plantations, as the whites shut up in the filthy workshops

of Manchester and Birmingham? Are the blacks made to labour twenty-eight hours out of thirty-six? Are their children snatched from them to be subjected to fatigue beyond their strength? Have they not some hours each day, and two days in the week, to give to a species of labour which is profitable to them, to a repose which refreshes them, to an idleness which indemnifies them for their excessive toil? Let the proprietors of English factories procure similar advantages for their workmen, and people may then be inclined to believe in the sincerity of their hypocritical pity for the condition of beings, whose lot is without doubt not to be envied, but whose position is not so wretched as that of the classes they oppress.

Those classes are free, it will be said. By no means; their lot differs from that of the negroes in this only, that they are not sold. The negroes are purchased outright; the whites receive a small fractional share of the capital which they create. The one are dependent on masters interested in their life and health; the others might die, unless humanity stepped in to their relief; for self-interest stifles all appeal in their favour. All are equally slaves, equally rivoted to the soil which bears them. The blacks work in the open air; the whites in a corrupted atmosphere. The one are bought in villanage, the others are let out to hire. This is the only difference which can be found between them.

The voluminous evidence of the inquiry, the facts produced, by thousands, in proof of the tyranny and oppression complained of, could not induce the reformed parliament of England to adopt those wise measures which an enlightened humanity had proposed for putting an end to so desolating a condition, without sacrificing the interests of the manufacturers. The latter carried the day; and it was decided by a majority of eleven voices, that they might still continue to crush, with toil and punishment, human beings whose very weakness should form their protection. Behold humanity such as radicalism has made her.

AGRICULTURE.

One general idea predominates in the English agricultural system. It is the suppression of small farms. This idea has its origin no less in the spirit of aristocracy with which all classes are imbued, than in considerations of economy. Large husbandry, such as it is understood and practised in England, employs almost as many hands as the smaller husbandry, but those hands are at the command of the farmers, who exercise over the individuals whom they employ, an authority which extends itself much beyond the limits which the nature of the relation between labourer and master would appear to trace out. The latter seem to assemble as many labourers as possible at a given point. Hence that perfect cultivation which might be thought incompatible with very large farming operations, but hence also the extreme misery and inconceivable servitude of the peasantry.

Man is said to be free in England! Without doubt he is so in the eye of the law, but there are circumstances and occasions, above all in the remote parts of the country, in which he is any thing but free. The poor man lives, literally speaking, attached to the glebe. The farmers combine, not to raise the rate of labour, and if the labourer wishes to escape a league so adverse to his interests, he is repulsed by all the parishes, where he attempts to seek for an asylum and labour, under the pretext that, not being able to give security that he shall not be obliged to have recourse to public charity, he cannot therefore be allowed to increase the charges which weigh upon the community. Poverty thus fixes to the soil which produces it her unfortunate victim, and he and the generations condemned to come after him, have, and shall have for the future, nothing better than an indefinite prospect of slavery and privations.

The small class of farmers has disappeared in consequence of a system to which the great proprietors have lent themselves, because it flattered their indolence. It would now be difficult to find any trace of this class in the midst of the general suffering, and in the broken remnants and wreck of its former fortunes. To recur to the system of small farms, must be a work of care, of time, and of a conviction of its utility. Meanwhile there exists the indispensable necessity to follow the system of large farms, and to submit to all its consequences.

The division of fields is a part of this system. The estate is cut up into large masses, the centre is devoted to pasturage, to which are generally applied the grounds surrounding the mansion, or residence of the squire. In other words, the grazing ground forms the park. The limits and bounds, as well as the principal divisions of the property, are marked by belts of trees, of about

one hundred feet in breadth, divided length-ways by a path, which serves for the common purposes of felling and removing the timber, for exercise, and for sporting. The trees are generally of the fir and alpine species, and are planted young, and very near each other. They are guarded from the cattle by shallow ditches, on the opposite side of which are hawthorn hedges, protected by light paling. This mode of plantation, adopted, moreover, in spots not devoted to a more profitable husbandry, especially in the small ends and angles where the plough cannot penetrate, presents numerous advantages. It is economical, offers vast reserves at a small expense, affords shelter to corn and cattle against the inclemency of the seasons; serves as an asylum to game, favours the breed and renders shooting less toilsome. It cannot be sufficiently recommended, and might be very profitably introduced into France. Perhaps the substitution of seed plots would answer just as well for plantation, as the always more expensive process of obtaining young trees from nurseries.

Generally, in England (but there are nevertheless numerous exceptions,) the farms are well cultivated. It is usual to make a division of the fields every four years.

The English system does not readily lend itself to the system of permanent artificial meadows. You only see trefail and sainfoin on lands which would bear nothing else.

Farming systems infinitely vary; in truth, cultivation is carried on more by local custom than by systems; and one may say that English agriculture is the result of a reasoned and perfected routine. In employing this expression I wish to be complimentary, persuaded as I am that the English farming is a compilation of observations not digested in the mind of any one, a code resulting from an order of things existing no longer, or which has only become vicious, because the required modifications had worked too slowly. I therefore think that custom should serve as the starting point, and that by consulting her with wisdom and discernment, she will be found to offer useful rules of conduct, far preferable to those ambitious theories which in agriculture especially, eventuate in the ruin of those who insanely allow themselves to be carried into the adoption of them.

A settled routine is then, in England, the basis of the greater part of agricultural operations. People are the less disposed to abandon the ancient practice, knowing the extensive empire which it exercises over the working classes, and the inconvenience of resorting to coercion in procuring a departure from it. But in England, I repeat it, an enlightened experience is the handmaid of that routine; for the latter lends herself to ameliorations, and impresses them with the seal of her approbation. Thus the plough, in partaking of the improvements which it receives in different countries, preserves, nevertheless, its primitive form, and the adjuncts required either by the nature of the soil, or the habits of the labourer. The same observation applies to all agricultural implements.

In many provinces, and more particularly in lands adjacent to an abundant supply of game, corn is sown in trenches made with the hand, and covered over with the rake. It is insisted that the economy of the seed obtained by this process, joined to the augmented produce, compensates for the increased expense of a system which is undoubtedly advantageous in proportion to the amount of labour it procures for hands which would otherwise remain unemployed.

English agriculture is very worthy of notice in its endeavours to improve the breed of cattle. Horses, cows, and sheep, are the special object of the farmer's attention, and the basis of his speculations and profits. Each county has its peculiar breed, which is never crossed with others.

Horses are bred in meadows, in the middle of which they find shelter in open stables. Cows and oxen pass the summer in the fields, and the winter in inclosed court yards, in which they are fed with hay and turnips. Sheep are turned, the whole year round, into fields sown with turnips and trefail. They are prevented from straying away, by wickets and moveable paling or hurdles.

The custom of irrigation does not prevail, indeed it is not properly understood in English agriculture. There are few countries in which this useful practice is followed, though the abundance of water should make it obtain every where. In general, the English are either indifferent to, or they misdirect the labour that should be bestowed on natural meadows. In this branch of agriculture, one sees nothing, in England, which can bear a comparison with the practice that obtains in France.

Oxen are rarely used, and always ill-employed in

agricultural labour. Six are yoked to a plough, which could be easily drawn by two. These animals are almost bred to do no service. At four years old, they are fattened, and delivered over to the knife of the butcher.

The rarity of land carriage may be ranked among the number, and indeed as one of the main causes, of English agricultural prosperity. Neither the men, nor the animals employed in cultivating the earth, participate in this branch of industry. It is not so in France. Whatever prejudice may be the result to husbandry, the hope of a profit suffices to induce the farmer to postpone the cultivation which the land requires. Hence arise delays, inconveniences, and what is worse, the loss of agricultural habits. In England, on the contrary, the husbandman is never turned from the business in hand, and the sedentary life which he leads, fosters the taste for the species of labour which agriculture requires.

The appearance of the rural habitations is the same as in France; but though the number and extent of the dependent buildings be much less in England, when compared with those of the former country, still there is a greater intelligence displayed in the orderly disposal and arrangement of each object, and a more obvious cleanliness than on the other side of the Straits. Farm houses are often built of planks, painted white, or pitched and tarred over; sometimes in brick or stone, with roofs thatched, tiled, or slated. Compact earth, prepared as it is in France, is little used in England.

Owing to the agricultural habits of England, many buildings are not required. With the exception of horses, all animals are kept in the open air, in summer as well as in winter. The harvest, of whatever nature, are stacked. The corn is not carried into the barn till the operation of threshing is to be commenced. If this mode of preserving it saves the expense of the necessary outlay for the building and repair of barns, it nevertheless superinduces a much greater annual expense than the interest of the money required for such a building fund, when the cost of hand labour, which the stacking and unstacking of the corn, the loss and deterioration of the grain, and the facility afforded to incendiaries, are taken into account.

Farming offices are generally built round a square court, in which the cattle are inclosed for the very short time during which they are prevented from grazing.

No fixed system, dependent on the locality of particular parts of a farm, and influencing the mode of agricultural operation, prevails in England. In many counties, the house is in the centre of the farm; in others, and the greater number, it forms part of a village, and thus not only renders slow and expensive the transport of the manure and the crop, but has the additional disadvantage of clogging the speculation of the cultivators.

Foreigners, who only speak of English agriculture on the faith of others, or of what they have read or might have seen on the great London roads, are in ecstasy in relating its wonders. They are deceived and deceive in turn. Without doubt, agriculture, in some respects, is in a very perfect state; but there is still much left undone. I do not hesitate to say, that, as a whole, English agriculture is inferior to that of Brabant, of Flanders, of the provinces of Artois and Normandy; and, in particular instances, it does not bear away the palm from the relative specialties of France and Belgium. It presents, here and there, beautiful masses of cultivation, owing to the consolidation of fortunes, the peculiar taste of certain proprietors, and the union of large capitals, all which advantages are incidental to England in a greater degree than to France; but a well cultivated field is, after all, pretty much the same in both countries. Nor does the produce of a given piece of agricultural land, all conditions of value being similar, differ very much in either country. Certain systems of husbandry, in the one country, balance the advantages or the disadvantages of an analogous system adopted in the other.

I shall cite, in support of this assertion, the custom of dividing the fields, as pastures and paddocks, by double ditches, the tops of which are surmounted by a hedge. The English pretend to find a notable economy in this custom. It saves the expense of shepherds. I have examined this point with intelligent farmers; and the extent and value of the ground devoted to these enclosures, and the cost of erecting them being taken into account, I have arrived at the conviction myself, and have also convinced others, that these protections of hedges and ditches cost three or four times more than the employment of shepherds. Hence results not only a diminution of produce, but an absence of labour no less prejudicial to society than to individuals.

The agricultural population has degenerated, from an easy condition, to a state of suffering, contemporaneously

with the abolition of small farms, and their union with large ones. The first step towards a more rational order of things, is the gradual, well-considered return towards the system best adapted to the genius of the people—I mean the system of small farms. The landed proprietor will be a gainer by it, for there will be a greater competition for the letting of small farms than for that of large ones, and his income will be augmented in the ratio of the little value which the farmer generally attaches to the labour of the members of his family. The small tenant will herein also find his account; for, in giving a higher rate of rent for a certain extent of land than the larger farmer, (who would join that portion to ten others of the same value,) he would obtain by his own and his children's labour, and by the effects of a minute and careful cultivation, an abundant equivalent for the increase of his rent. Social order is no less interested in this question; for, if once solved, there would be an end of that subaltern aristocracy—always dangerous, always disposed to be jealous of those above it, and to turn its irreflective masses against power, in no matter what hands authority is placed.

Another resource presents itself; but how many prejudices, how many ill-understood and obstinate interests raise themselves up against its adoption! Who in England would venture to call for the enclosure of waste commons? Who would have the courage to assume such a responsibility? And, yet what advantages would follow in its train! What an increase of labour and of produce! What a means to fix upon the soil, to reconcile with society, a population uncertain of its future condition, unquiet, and always ready to place itself in hostility against the property of the country.

This course would afford a remedy to the progressive misery of the agricultural labourers, and to the evils which menace society; a remedy which is in the hands of the great proprietors. Its adoption would neither require expensive sacrifices nor difficult combinations, directed as it would be by personal interest, the best guide to consult in such an emergency.

PARKS.

An immense space, surrounded by walls or a wooden paling, in the centre of which stands a house placed in the lowest part of the grounds, so as not to be seen from without, is, in England, denominated a park. The enclosure is disguised by a zone of larch, of pine, and other resinous trees. Within it is a pathway. The arrangement of these plantations is such, that the view, whether from within or from without, is interrupted by them, and an uniform, sad, and monotonous aspect is thus given to all parks.

The most is made of inequalities of ground, as well as of the existence of springs, to create sheets of water, not by digging out the bed they should occupy, but by raising a dike at the interior extremity of the valley: an excellent means, which diminishes the expense, and gives a natural and graceful form to those vast reservoirs the sides of which are adorned with fine trees. Out offices, which are too profuse in French gardens, are rarely seen in English parks; still more rarely is one invited to take exercise in them, for in general there are no walks. Extent of ground, trees, and water, alone meet the eye. But to what purpose is this extent of ground turned? It is a vast pasturage, interrupted by masses of underwood, where horses, cows, sheep, and deer peacefully graze without restraint. Groups of ten, twenty, a hundred trees, adorned with all the luxury of vegetation, and the growth of which has never been checked by the edge of the hatchet, are thrown here and there, according to the caprice which presided, a century ago, at their distribution. For combination in the effect, seek no more than what I have stated. A gravelled walk conducts you from the gate to the house. This is nearly the only one in the grounds. If you wish to walk, you tread on the green turf, upon which, in the best-kept parks, walks are traced out by the scythe.

It should nevertheless be acknowledged, that from this want of order, from this *laissez faire*, there results something grand and imposing, but also little that is graceful, and something that is supremely inconvenient. The designers of gardens might find useful subjects to study in the system of English parks. Between the laboured pretensions of a French landscape painter, and the complete absence of plan on the part of the English gardener; between that multiplicity of roads, buildings, and scenes, which the first abuses, and the affectation, on the part of the second, of making no use of these means, there is a middle course to steer. I should therefore borrow from the one the combination of effect produced by trees relatively to their form, the shading

of their foliage, their arrangement; I should not, like the French, cut up into so many walks those immense spaces with which the English system of landscape gardening does not meddle; I would profit by the aspects presented to me by interior and exterior objects; would borrow from the English system that extent wherein consists its principal beauty, the distribution of the waters, the clumps of trees and evergreen shrubs grouped around buildings, and which so well serve to conceal from view all that is wished should be concealed. I would have those belts of trees which mark the limits of the park; the out offices full of taste and originality, which form the dwellings of porters and keepers; the copse and underwood, fruitful resources for the sportsman; and those alternations of light and shade, of open perspective and limited view; which give variety to the walks, and excitement to the imagination. I would adopt from the English system the means it employs to keep the lawn in order, and those moveable iron gates, which have the double advantage of preventing the cattle from straying, and of not interrupting the view.

I should not also fail to borrow from the English taste those small plats of ground wherein flowers are cultivated, and kept separate from the rest of the park by a line of majestic trees, or a current of limpid water. On a well shorn lawn, strewn over with handsome evergreens, patches are cut out in the shape of baskets of flowers, varying in form and arrangement.

Architectural views, the trunk of an old tree, detached fragments of rocks, vases held suspended by double chains from two elm trees, all these are put under contribution to receive flowers, and diversify the effect which they produce. Sometimes, at the whistle of a keeper, hundreds of guinea hens, of gold or silver pheasants, of peacocks, of pigeons of the rarest species, come to display the brilliant tints of their colours with those of the flowers, which embellish these favourite retreats, and impart to them a life and motion, the charms of which it would be difficult to define.

From the combination of these different processes, there should result something more natural than we see in our French gardens, something more cheerful than the parks of England present, and a more rational whole than one could obtain from the exclusive use of either system.

FORESTS.

That which is now called a forest, in England, is but an extensive tract of land formerly covered with trees, but at present filled with thickets very distant from each other, and old trunks of oaks, whose robust nature resist a treatment calculated to destroy them.

Men and animals appear to combine for the purpose of accelerating the destruction of woods, and they are almost every where attained this object. The numerous flocks of cows and sheep, spread over the forests, and the young shrubs, and the hatchet of the woodsman put no greater respect to the few trees which chance has kept from the teeth of the cattle.

The system of property in waste commons, and with its modifications, the ill-regulated exercise of the communal and private rights and usages, are the causes of this disorder. In the state of waste in which the forests are at present, it would be better utterly to destroy them; agriculture would, by this means, recover lands actually destitute of value, without inflicting any loss on the public interest; for wood, in England, is not used for fire; and in the state in which the forests now are, it would be difficult to find a tree fit for the purposes of building. The population, whose greatest misery is a want of labour, would thus obtain the means of existence, and these advantages would be counterbalanced by none of those inconveniences which are almost always mixed up with improvements.

MANNER OF TRAVELLING.

England recommends herself more to the investigations of the economist than to the pencil of the artist. Rich in the fertility of her soil, and in all that can be procured by an enlightened system of husbandry, by extensive property, immense commerce, and manufactures without limit, she every where appears clad with an exuberance of wealth, manifested in the multiplicity and sumptuousness of her mansions, in the richness and variety of her harvests, and in the active circulation of the excellent means which she employs to attain these objects; but all this does not constitute a picturesque country. There are few great rivers: beautiful spots of country are still rarer, except in Wales, Scotland, and some northern counties. Unless one is placed on an elevation, whence one can look down on the whole

country, and flit, as it were, above the hedges which cut it up into small parts, the view is arrested at no great distance by trees, thickets, and enclosures of all sorts. The traveller should not expect to meet those vast vistas—those smiling landscapes—that romantic scenery which so often afford the advantage of variety to his journey through certain parts of France.*

Vainly will he seek for peasants, in his journey through England. The English peasants do not present themselves to his notice. The reaper, the gleaner, the ploughman afford the striking incongruity of a town dress and a rural occupation. With the exception of Wales and Scotland, the dress in the villages and the large towns is exactly the same. You proceed from province to province, without being reminded, as in France, Spain and Switzerland, by the varied forms of costume, that you are passing from one country into another, and have to expect other manners, and another language, or at least a change of customs.

The taste for travelling, an expensive taste in any country, is truly a ruinous one in England. If the means of satisfying it are numerous, and accompanied with all that can promote pleasure, one is steered against this seductive consolation by the perpetual warning of a speedily drained purse.

Posting, placed on a totally different footing from that service in the rest of Europe, is not the object of an exclusive privilege. By means of a license which cannot be refused, relays of post-horses are established according to the caprice or the will of those who possess them. The rivalry arising from this practice does not lower the price of posting, which, London excepted, is nearly the same on all roads, and differs but little from the price of relays in France. The number of horses is always fixed at two or four, without regard to the number of travellers, or to the form or weight of the carriages. When you desire a post chaise, the innkeeper is obliged to furnish it, without your paying an additional price. These chaises, in the shape of our *coupés*, are well hung, and very clean and commodious.

England has not, as we find in France, a breed of horses specially appropriated to posting. The greater part of the post horses in England are hunters, or carriage horses, which, having become unfit for either of these purposes, wear out the remnant of their strength in post chaises, before they are transferred to hackney coaches or wagons. Their speed answers, in a great degree, to what one would expect from their breed. You travel at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour (about three and a half leagues,) which includes the time of changing horses.

The height of the postilions (always chosen among the smallest men,) and their dress, consisting of a jacket, short breeches, and half boots, are calculated with a view to reduce to the smallest possible compass the burden of the horses. There is no difference between the town harness and that which is kept for posting. They are both in excellent condition.

The mail coaches destined for the transport of letters, are carriages, with four inside and six outside places. Behind the coach the guard is seated, with a blunderbuss and a pair of pistols before him. These coaches travel at the rate of ten miles or four leagues an hour; but their small size (for the English, in general tall and thick, appear to have little regard to their personal proportions in the size of their carriages)—and the short time they stop to refresh, render them very unpleasant modes of conveyance.

Stage coaches are very elegant carriages, built to carry fifteen or eighteen travellers, and a considerable weight in packets, but on admirable roads. This is an indispensable condition. Without it, the height of the carriages, the arrangement of the whole of the luggage on the imperial, and the lightness of the body and the axle-tree, would give rise to frequent accidents.

The inside of the coach contains only four places. The seat of the coachman, and another seat placed immediately behind it, admit of six persons, and two seats facing each other at the hind wheels, afford places for six or eight more. These seats are fixed over boots or boxes

for stowing away the luggage. Such parcels as these cannot contain are placed on the imperial.

The desire to breathe the fresh air, rather than economical considerations, induce even the richest English to give a preference to outside places. They only go inside when compelled by bad weather. The place most in request—one knows not wherefore—is to the left of the coachman; it is considered as the place of honour, and is reserved for fashionables, and even for lords, who do not disdain to travel thus. The sole advantages which such a station appeared to me to present, were the being placed near a well-dressed coachman, and the escaping the chance of travelling by the side of a butcher, a shoemaker, or some other individual of that class. Each time the coachman descends from his box, his neighbour has the advantage of being made the forced depository of his reins and whip. These are placed in your hands, as they are taken out of them again without the least ceremony.

It has been remarked that the horses used for the stage coaches in England go more quickly than those devoted to the same service in France, and that, nevertheless, our carriages take no more time in performing a given distance. This anomaly is explained by the difference in the respective arrangements. In England, whether it be to satisfy the taste for frequent meals, or to favour the longing of coachmen and guards for beer and strong liquors, the relays are more frequent.

The appointments of an English coach are no less elegant than its form. A portly good-looking coachman, seated on a very high coach-box, well dressed, wearing white gloves, a nosogay in his button-hole, and his chin enveloped in an enormous cravat, drives four horses perfectly matched and harnessed, and as carefully groomed as when they excited admiration in the carriages of Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares. Such is the manner in which English horses are managed, such also is their docility, the effect either of temperament or training, that you do not remark the least restiveness in them. Four-horse coaches are to be seen rapidly traversing the most populous streets of London, without occasioning the least accident, without being at all inconvenienced in the midst of the numerous carriages, which hardly leave the necessary space to pass. The swearing of ostlers is never heard at the relays, any more than the neighing of horses; nor are you interrupted on the road by the voice of the coachman, or the sound of his whip, which differs only from a cabriolet whip in the length of the thong, and serves more as a sort of appendage, than a means of correction in the hand which carries it. In England, where every thing is so well arranged, where each person knows so well how to confine himself to the exigencies of his proper position, the horses do better what they have to do, than the horses of other countries, and that too without the need of a brutal correction. One may travel from one end of England to the other without hearing the sound of a whip, or the hallooing of conductors, which in France fall so disagreeably on the ears of travellers.

Among the wonders of English civilisation, the inns should be mentioned. In many of the larger towns they are magnificent, and they are good and well supplied in the smallest. In the greater part of them the servants are in livery, and in all, their attendance is prompt and respectful. On their arrival, travellers are received by the master of the house, whose decent dress indicates a respectful feeling towards strangers. Introduced into a well-heated, well-furnished room, they have never to wait for a meal, the simplicity of which, in the way of cookery, is atoned for by the elegance, often the richness of the plate and ware, and the superior quality of the meat. A sleeping-room, as comfortable as this kind of apartment (so neglected in England) can be, completes the *agrément* of your sojourn. Your discontent does not commence till the exorbitant bill proves that such attentions, far from being disinterested, are dearly charged for. Seldom do you separate from your host with a reciprocation of politeness. Yet, notwithstanding the coldness with which his attentions are received, the landlord does not cease to remain by the side of the traveller till his carriage is in motion.

That which a foreigner appreciates most in England is the facility of seeing every thing. Thanks to the admirable internal communication, he can strike off from the great roads, without the fear of being stopped by the impassable state of the by ones. Does he wish to see a castle or country-mansion? He indicates his wish, and the postilions, who are adepts at this kind of *lionising*, conduct him thither, and suffer nothing which could gratify, to escape his curiosity. Shillings and half-crowns, with which it is always necessary to be abundantly pro-

vided, cause all gates to open, and facilitate even the most inconsiderate investigations. Under this head, France offers no subject of comparison.

To the advantages which I have been enumerating, I should add another, which never fails to strike the foreigner, and induces him to establish a comparison between the official customs of the continental governments and those of England; a comparison which is not favourable to the first. The indispensable examination which his baggage undergoes on his landing, alone wears his patience: he may travel over the three kingdoms without meeting a government functionary, who, under pretext of the safety of the state or the interest of a city, requires the exhibition of a passport, or the opening of his trunks. The police and the revenue appear to vie with each other in carelessness; yet, though a *surveillance* in these matters is not neglected, one should be grateful at escaping forms which every where else are repugnant, if not vexatious.

Vanity, a species of universal coin, is current as much and more in England than in any other part of the world. The traveller must take care to put his titles on his passport, and his arms on his carriage. People who have neither titles nor armorial bearings, furnish themselves with both, and find their account in so doing: they pay no dearer at the inns, and are much better treated in drawing-rooms.

BREEDING, FOOD, AND EMPLOYMENT OF HORSES.

The breeding of horses in England purely a matter of private speculation. The choice of one is always made with minute and reasonable heedfulness; their genealogy, transferred to special registers, is stated with as much, and often with more exactness than that of their owners.

The attention bestowed on the training of horses contributes to modify their character, their temper, and even their shape, according to the nature of the labour to which they are destined.

The English do not await the period of a complete development of strength, before they employ the horse. Horses intended for racing are subjected, from the age of eighteen months, to violent and frequent exercise. The diet to which they are limited contains the greatest quantity of nutriment in the smallest possible space, and is chosen with a view to prevent the enlargement of the abdomen, and the relaxation of the muscular system. Brown bread, biscuit, oats, and beans, with a small quantity of straw and hay cut and mixed up together, form the basis of their food.

Hunters are kept in the same manner, but their food is composed of a greater quantity of aliment. Care is taken not to allow them to drink before they leave the stable.

The food of horses otherwise employed varies according to the greater or less speed required of them. But, no matter how worked, the smallest possible quantity of water is given them. In order not to overload the stomach of the animals at the moment they are about to work, no food is given to them for an hour at least before their departure from the stables. On the road, they are only baited with a handful of wet hay, afterwards a bucket of water is offered them; but instead of allowing them to drink, it is raised up so as merely to wet the head. When the heat is great, and the roads are covered with dust, the nostrils and legs are carefully sponged.

Horses are daily exercised. Every morning, after being groomed, they are ridden out at different paces for about an hour. When they stop at any place, instead of allowing them to remain stationary, they are slowly walked about in the neighbourhood.

The repeated groomings and currying to which these animals are subjected, the minute attention bestowed upon them, do not appear to increase their strength or health. With less trouble, with infinitely less expense, the horses of other countries go through as much work (laying aside the consideration of fleetness), are as well fed, and in general attain a greater degree of longevity. Those useless and fatiguing details practised in the English stables may be therefore dispensed with.

The English understand better than any other people in the world, the employment of the horse. They use him in the saddle for riding and hunting, rarely for travelling. They travel in comfortable coaches, the progress of which is facilitated by the finest roads in the world, when the distance would occasion fatigue to a horse. All ages and sexes are in the habit of riding. From the infant of six years old, who gallops on an Isle-of-Man pony, to the old gentleman who trusts himself to the steady and sure paces of his favourite horse—from the

* The readers of all nations, excepting the French, will not agree in this opinion. With two or three insignificant exceptions within her own soil, "la belle France" may be pronounced the ugliest country in Europe, always excepting Holland. It is not for us to enumerate the beauties of England; but the author seems not to have visited Derbyshire, Herefordshire, the Wye, the Isle of Wight, nor the Lakes of Cumberland.

dandy of Hyde Park, who wishes the boldness of his horsemanship and the swiftness of his horse to be admired, to the city shopkeeper who hires a nag to enjoy the Sunday with his family in the country,—all the world rides, and appears to be the better for it. For if longevity is not greater in England than in the most healthful parts of Europe, it is certainly attained with less of accidental and premature infirmities.

The English have the rare talent of applying horses to all uses, without for a moment considering whether nature has intended them for such employments. They harness the smallest ponies, and make no account of riding the heaviest carriage horses. The hunter on whose back they gained the brush the evening before, carries them forty miles the next day in a tilbury. Such is the perfection of the English breed, that horses are never unsuited for the service required of them, no matter what their shape and habits.

As relates to speed, the labour imposed on them is generally a forced one. Though the constant training to which they are kept up enables them temporarily to bear these great exertions, still it does not prevent those precocious disorders, which, limiting their strength to a few years, cause them rapidly to pass from the stable of a peer, where they have been successively employed in saddle or harness, to that of a licensed hackneyman, or a proprietor of stage coaches, whence they again descend to terminate painfully their short career in the humble mews of a hackney-coachman.

If English horses do more, under certain circumstances, than the horses of other countries, it is not because they are more vigorous, but because they are made to follow a peculiar and better understood regimen, and that the English are less apprehensive of exhausting them.

Thus, as I have said, from the age of eighteen months, race-horses are subjected to violent exercise. A great number sink under this treatment; others preserve their strength for a very limited number of years.

Light draught horses and hunters are not brought into so early use, and, accordingly, last longer; but they seldom pass the age of ten or twelve years without being injured by precocious disorders.

The patience and docility of the English horse are owing to the gentler treatment and continual care he receives. Nothing is rarer than a restive or wicked animal; nothing, also, is more uncommon than the infliction of brutal treatment on any of them. The breed is also distinguished by an intelligence, which manifests itself, whatever be the employments to which you may turn them.

Their colours are extremely various. The handsomest horses are generally found among the dark sorrel, the grey, and bright bay.

Owing to her admirable roads, England can dispense with the necessity of having particular breeds of horses, for every kind of service. With the exception of racing, hunting, and the carriage of beer and coals in the cities, all sorts of horses are employed indiscriminately, without regard to their strength or sinew. If they perform the work required, the merit is less due to them than to the admirable state of the streets and roads. Besides, land carriage is so unimportant in England, that it is confined to articles of small weight.

France is better off in this respect. Each kind of labour is performed by the horse most fitted for that labour, and each breed unites the peculiar aptitudes most suited to the work in which it is engaged. From the enormous horses reared in Flanders for the transport of quarry-stones, and the lighter but taller horses furnished by the banks of the Rhone for the towage of that river, to the breed of Orleans and Picton destined for the service of the post and the diligences; from the magnificent carriage horses of Normandy to the slight and elegant breed of Limousin, each species of labour finds the animal most suited to perform it. And the shocking state of the French roads renders those labours much more numerous and indispensable in France than in England.

If the merit of the respective breeds were to be judged by the celerity of posting and of public coaches, the advantage would most incontestably lie on the side of England. This, however, would be an erroneous mode of comparison. It is not because her horses go more quickly than those of France that England has the superiority in this respect. It is because they are better harnessed and better driven; because they travel over more level and even roads, and draw lighter carriages. Give to France similar advantages, and the results will be similar, with even fewer horses. All doubt would cease on this head, if people considered that the *malle-poste* from Paris to Bordeaux takes no longer to perform the jour-

ney than the English mail to travel from London to Edinburgh, (the distance between these four points is the same,) and that the French horses have, nevertheless, to surmount greater difficulties, owing to the bad state of the roads, the shape and weight of the carriages, and the mode of harnessing.

In a word, if the race-horses and hunters of England have a superior fleetness, their strength exceeds not that of the best horses of this kind in France, while it must be admitted that the English horses are sooner worn out. English draught horses last longer than racers and hunters, but not so long as the French draught horses. The average age of animals still capable of doing their work well, is from ten to eleven years in England, and from fourteen to fifteen in France.

HORSE-RACING.

England, with a degree of pride, places horse-racing among the first of her national tastes. The richer classes devote the superfluity of their wealth, a part even of what luxury might require, to the indulgence of these sports. An enormous expenditure is apparently made for the pleasure of seeing horses run, which are unfit for any other kind of labour, and which their owners would not venture to mount to ride the shortest distance, and still less to follow the foxhounds. At bottom, (though perhaps those who thus spend their money do not reflect upon the important result,) the end and object is to produce in the English breed of horses, that improvement which brings them to the highest degree of perfection.

NEWMARKET.

Newmarket is one of the most renowned race-courses in England. If it be not filled with a crowd of fashionable, if the small extent of the town, and the difficulty of finding lodgings, if the monotony of the surrounding country, and the rarity of large mansions, drive away from it that portion of society which does not wish to purchase enjoyment at the expense of comfort—it is there at least that the amateurs of spotting send those horses of their stud whose fame they are anxious to establish. It is there too that the largest bets are made. It is there, moreover, that, in the interval not devoted to racing, the most immoderate gambling takes place.

In the middle of a vast plain, terminating in a gentle slope, is discovered a range of decent houses, built on both sides of a broad road. The signs hanging from the greater part of these houses, and the bills placed at the windows of others, plainly indicate that the town is the resort of a population brought thither by adventitious circumstances. This town is Newmarket, which, like all English towns, is without any public walks.

The race-course is very near the town, which, hidden by the sinuosities of the ground, breaks not the uniformity of a landscape uninterrupted by either houses or trees. In this species of desert, which ill repays the labour bestowed upon its cultivation, and at the extremity of an entrenchment dug by the Romans, a piece of ground unfolds itself, of three or four miles in extent, and kept in the best order. This is the course of Newmarket. Moveable posts, placed at a considerable distance from each other, point out the line which the horses are to take; other posts, more elevated, serve as rendezvous to the betters, who group around them during the interval between the races, in order to make bets, or to complete those not already concluded. To a spectator unaccustomed to such scenes, these assemblages have the aspect of an auction. Each person cries out the name of the horse on which he bets, the conditions of the bet, and the sum which he risks. Another better accepts the bet, a note of which is taken down in the betting-book held by each of the interested parties.

These bets are in general very complicated, and great experience is necessary readily to understand them in all their details. According to the idea people form of the relative strength of such or such a horse, they bet ten, twenty, sometimes thirty to one. When horses have run for the first time, the betters study the paces of the animals, and determine to bet according to the idea they have formed from so casual an observation. Gamblers call this "inspiration."

The bets being made, each person takes his stand as near as possible to a species of turret or sentry box, placed on wheels, which is occupied by the two judges of the races. Posts, with a rope running through them, trace out the line which the spectators should not transgress, while men on foot and on horseback carrying large hunting-whips constitute a sort of police, and exercise their duties, without regard for ranks, towards all whom an indiscreet curiosity draws beyond the prescribed limits. A line of carriages of all shapes, and a few

wagons on which moveable huts are erected, destined for ladies who have no wish to mix in a crowd little disposed to courtesy, complete the picture.

After a delay of some minutes, you perceive, on the ridge of a hill, the quickest horses stimulated by the spurs of the jockeys. In a few seconds they reach the spot where the course terminates. It is here that the passions not only of those who have stakes, but of the spectators, who have, moreover, some interest in the result, owing to more or less heavy bets, express, by action and cries, either joy or grief, irony or reproach. At length, the winner is proclaimed, and horses and jockeys retire to a building, where the former are wrapped up in horse-cloths, and the latter are weighed, in order to see whether such as have not the necessary weight, have rid themselves, during the race, of the lead which it is customary to attach to the waists of those who are deficient in the regulated weight.

Each race lasts but a few seconds. You only perceive the horses when they have attained the ridge of a piece of ground whose declivity inclines towards the spectators; so that the moment of their passing before you with the rapidity of lightning, is the only opportunity afforded you of judging of the race. The sum of pleasure and interest which a race thus procures may be recapitulated in the following exclamations of the bystanders: "Here they are!" "How they fly!" "How rapidly they went!" "You owe me a thousand guineas." This last interruption never fails to crown the enthusiasm, and, with many, to allay it.

The sight of the crowd of visitors and lookers-on affords little interest. It is quite the fashion to leave Newmarket the fine horses and magnificent equipages which you arrive, and to change them, before you reach the ground, for hired horses and carriages.

Thus the lord who runs horses of a value amounting to some thousands of guineas, and who makes bet a still larger amount, appears on the course mounted on a pony, and riding beside the post-chariot occupied by his family. People, then, do not go to Newmarket, to behold an imposing spectacle, or a scene that strikes the imagination: the observer, however, will not have come in vain, if it be his wish to study the episodes of a race.

It is curious to notice the accidental intercourse which takes place between two extremes of English society—between the lords and their jockeys: we may see a duke, or a peer of the united kingdom, who hesitates not to exhibit himself with his arm passed under that of the jockey who is to ride his favourite horse, and animating him by his counsel and encouragement. Nor do others scruple to shake the hand of an ex-boxer enriched by its blows he has given or received, and who wishes, not that he is rich, to engage in the pursuit of betting for money against that of the highest personages. Now there are, also, who practise this system of perfect equality to such an extent, that they do not scruple to make daily companion of the chief of a London gaming-house.

It is no less singular to observe the means employed to reduce the jockeys above the standard, to a feather-weight. The following story, admitted as an article of fact among sporting amateurs, will give some idea of the importance attached to the weight which a horse should carry.

Lord — had two horses of equal strength, and two jockeys of similar weight: each time these horses ran, victory declared itself unvaryingly, and in a marked manner, alternately for either horse. One day, however, both horses arrived at the same second of time; all were at a loss to guess the cause of this, till one of the jockeys perceived, on regaining the stable, that he had lost the key he should have had in his pocket: it then became known that that jockey was alternately to carry the key, and that it was the weight of the key which caused the jockey who carried it to lose the race. One may judge by the credit given to this fable (which probably only marks the influence exercised on the speed of horses by the weight of the rider,) how much importance is attached to the weight of a jockey.

To substantial food compressed into the smallest possible space, are joined frequent purgatives; the jockey is also made to walk out covered with warm clothing, in order to promote perspiration; and a number of other precautions of the same nature are adopted.

After having formed his opinion of the speed of the horses, the stranger would wish to examine their make; but this is an object of difficult attainment: you can only see them in the stable, to which it is not easy to procure access—or at exercise, which they take regularly twice a day at a slow pace; and, on both occasions, they are so covered over with horse-cloths that you can only see the nostrils, eyes, and limbs.

Race-horses are in general seventeen hands high.

They are of slender limbs; but the development of their hams, and the form of their joints, indicate great strength, and account for their speed. Their bodies are thin and well shaped; the muscles and veins are delineated under a very fine skin and a short and uniform coat of hair. It would be wrong, however, to attribute this conformation to the constitution of the horse: it is the result of the system of food and exercise to which he is subjected. The food given him is not over abundant. The stomach, and consequently the frame of the bones, that of the body in particular, are little developed. The action impressed on the muscles by forced speed gives to the muscular parts a projection and development which is promoted by the absence of fat: the shape and conformation of race-horses are therefore the result of the manner in which they are bred and trained. In order to convince oneself of this, it will suffice to consider that, destined to serve as models to all other breeds, they produce hunters, carriage and even wagon horses, according to the manner in which they are crossed. It is by their means that the perfection of the English race is kept up—a perfection obtained by the best directed efforts, and at an expense which, in France, would exceed belief.

It would hardly be credited that there are proprietors of horses, in England, who expend from five to six thousand pounds a year in the keep of race-horses, (a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty thousand francs,) without reaping any other advantage from such an expenditure than the pleasure of seeing them run two or three times over a race-course, or the uncertain chance of winning a considerable bet, and a few silver cups on which the names of the horse, the jockey, the master, and the circumstances of the victory, are inscribed. These are heir-looms, which are transmitted from generation to generation, and which proudly adorn the side-board of a dining-room on great occasions.

Bets are not always made on the race-course, and within view of the horses which are the objects of them. A great number are made in the Clubs of London, and also in an establishment where such matters are transacted. People bet on a horse which has never run, but whose genealogy is known; they also bet on the foal which shall have such or such a horse for sire or dam. The race to be run, in this case, cannot take effect for three years afterwards; but the bet nevertheless prevails in full force. It sometimes happens, however, as the man in the fable says, that,

“Le roi, l'âne ou moi serons morts.”

At three different periods of the year, and during three consecutive weeks at each epoch, the race-course of Newmarket brings to that small town a numerous concourse of amateurs of this kind of pleasure, and they impress on the desert country, which surrounds the course, a life and movement which contrast with its sad and mournful aspect.

During the remainder of the year, the eye only meets strings of horses carefully covered, whose slow and measured paces provoke the impatience of the spectator, who would wish to see them putting forth all the speed of which their brisk and bounding forms affords a promise.

EPSOM.

The neighbourhood of London gives a different aspect to Epsom races. The roads thither are covered with every variety of carriage, and with horsemen mounted on steeds of all kinds. This heap of carriages crossing and passing each other, without regard for the elegance of the vehicle, or the quality and condition of the party; the butcher's cart cutting out the gig of an exquisite; the hackney coach opposing its heavy mass to the passage of the four-in-hand landau, driven by a lord in the dress of a coachman, with a nosegay in his side-button—the full toilette of a fine lady covered with dust or mud by the clownish freak of a low fellow—all these present a really curious spectacle. Arrived on the race-ground, it is no less amusing to perceive the numerous expedients to which people have recourse, to form a sort of ambulatory board for the lunch which is to enable the spectator to wait the commencement of the racing (half-past two) with less impatience.

The spot set apart for the race-course exhibits the aspect of a country fair ground. On either side of the line within which the horses run, are ranged the thousands of carriages which have transported thither the eager company. The intermediate space is occupied by gipseys, who go about telling fortunes, begging, taking all that is given to them, robbing all that falls under their hand. When a spectator, led by the hope of obtaining a better place, attempts to traverse the race-ground, he is driven back by the blows of policemen. This species of episode ex-

cites among those present an hilarity which expresses itself by general shouts of applause.

The spectators who cannot find a place near this line, are ranged on an overturned wagon or buggy, one hundred feet behind. The rest of the scene is occupied by tents, and by a magnificent pavilion reserved for personages of distinction.

The race-course has a semicircular form. It presents visible undulations. The point of departure varies, according to the custom, and the strength of the horses. The point of arrival is always the same. A much better view is had of the race at Epsom than of that at Newmarket, and a much worse one than in the riding-houses of France.

Epsom races afford an amusing sight to such as seek to gratify their curiosity in vast assemblies of people, in a noisy scene, and in the inconvenience of a crowd. They present a different sort of interest to those who speculate on the greater or less speed of a horse, who oftener still speculate on their own address, and on the folly of their neighbours, who calculate on the cleverness of their own jockeys and the complaisance of those of their antagonists.

At Newmarket, the races are intended for genuine amateurs; at Epsom, it is a spectacle for a great capital, and is every way worthy of it.

STEEPLE CHASE.

A mania of manias rules England. The English love to think of that which has never been thought of by any other people, and to do that which has never been done elsewhere. This is conceived to be originality, and, because they shall not be imitated, they therefore conclude they are inimitable. It would be a thankless office to combat such an idea. It exists; it does no evil, and produces some good. Why should people wish to modify it? If they trouble themselves about it at all, it should be to verify its existence and effects.

Among the national tastes,—the taste for steeple chases, or to speak more properly, races towards steeples, occupies a distinguished rank. This amusement is necessarily reserved for rich people, owing to the expense which it occasions. In consequence of the absence of all accessory interest, it suits English habits. It is numbered among their favourite amusements, from the bets which it originates. It is not wonderful, therefore, that it has assumed the character of a passion, and that a steeple chase should be an event of which people speak beforehand, of which they talk afterwards, and whose smallest details are laid hold of with avidity.

On the appointed day, the roads are covered with horsemen making their way to the place appointed for the race. As yet all is ignorance concerning the details of the match, which are only determined at the instant; and by a species of jury named by the competitors. The general conditions are, that you shall attain a point designated by nearly a straight line, and from which you may not deviate more than one hundred paces,—that no gate shall be opened, and that none of the horsemen can alight to overcome an obstacle.

The line of the steeple chase has generally an extent of four or five miles, and is planted with flags.

On a signal given, all parties start forth. The country which presents the greatest number of obstacles, such as hedges, ditches, gates, gutters, rivers, is chosen in preference, as the theatre of this amusement. Every thing is, or ought to be leaped over. Frequent accidents reduce the number of competitors. Two or three among the boldest, or the most foolish, or the best mounted, arrive at the goal. He who has first attained it wins, besides the bets he has made, the united sums that each competitor has paid in order to be permitted to run. A dinner, followed by copious libations, restores, consoles, and dries those who are exhausted with fatigue, have lost their money, or have fallen into the ditches or streams the breadth of which has proved the strength of their horses to be at fault.

The taste for steeple chases will not be understood, and still less shared by other nations. But it must be a lively and attractive pleasure in England, since so many people risk their money and limbs in this amusement.

FIELD SPORTS.

COURSING.

Happy the country in which the fleetness of a horse, the management of a kennel, and the death of a fox, are such important affairs, that they absorb in a great part the time and thoughts of men who have all possible means to make a better use of one and the other. England is that country. After horse-racing, to which con-

siderable sums are devoted, comes coursing, the relative expense of which is not less, and which extends the mania of betting to the lower classes of society. At Newmarket, both amusements alternately engage the leisure of men of rank and fortune. Elsewhere, coursing is the favourite amusement of rich people—of country squires in easy circumstances. The following is the manner in which this latter amusement is indulged.

In order to conciliate the minds of the farmers, who are great amateurs of this kind of amusement, and to make them bear, with less impatience, the injury done the harvest by the game, the great proprietors consent to allow coursing to be carried on in their grounds. On the appointed day, the dogs are led thither. Such as should run together are coupled. These arrangements being made, and the bets settled, the sportsmen range themselves near each other, and walk behind a man on foot, who holds in leash two greyhounds, and who lets them loose upon the first hare which is seen to spring. The sportsmen follow without being stopped either by tillage ground, hedges, or ditches, of none of which do they make any account. At length they arrive at the taking of the hare.

Two other dogs are substituted for the first; and the sport is continued in the same manner, till the end of the chase. The prize is adjudged, not to the dog which takes the hare, but to the dog who having passed her oftenest is therefore considered the swiftest. Judgment is pronounced by a judge not belonging to the county, but sent by the Greyhound Club, and who is paid very dearly by the betters.

In order to preserve the strength and speed of the greyhounds, they are almost exclusively fed with a species of mutton broth; and as the humid, cold, and variable temperature of the climate might exercise a pernicious influence, they are wrapped up in clothing appropriate to the season. Their beds consist of woollen cushions, and they travel in carriages. Lukewarm baths await them on their return from the chase, and relieve them from its fatigues.

This coursing of greyhounds is adopted less with a view to the pleasures of the chase, than to minister to the rage for betting. It is a means of risking large sums, an amusement which, independently of the loss of bets, entails other very considerable expenses. The pay of the keepers must be added to the cost of the dogs' food. To each course or run is attached a judge, who, following the example of his colleagues of a higher order, charges a very high price for the justice he distributes; and as it would be unbecoming to separate without a dinner, the bill of the inn-keeper contributes to swell out the already very large sums which this species of pleasure entails upon those who have indulged in it. The fortunate betters rejoice; they who lose, dream of opportunities which may prove more favourable to them. Gamblers are the same in all countries.

SHOOTING.

In all that relates to pleasure, the English do not look beyond the mere enjoyment in hand. They dine to get rid of hunger; they display luxury in order to spend money, they ride to reach a journey's end. They are regardless of all those accessory enjoyments so highly prized in other countries. Therefore it is that they shoot to destroy game, without stopping to consider the process by which they attain this end. They hardly seek in the dog which they employ that training which gives such a charm to sporting itself. The care of collecting the birds which they kill devolves on a keeper who accompanies them. As soon as the game is down, they care no more about it. In order to escape the fatigue even of a wish, they leave the management of the day's sporting under the control of the keeper, and do not think of counteracting the indications of his caprice.

To shooting in the open plain, shooting in the woods succeeds. Placed at suitable spots, the sportsmen fire on the game, which those who are appointed to that task, start without allowing to the birds the feeble defence which the rapidity of their flight might oppose to the address of the sportsman. The destruction of game is immense, and nothing but the careful and expensive efforts exerted to keep up the breed would suffice to maintain an adequate supply. The game usually killed amounts to eight hundred or a thousand birds, when the sports take place on a property of moderate extent. On large estates, the amount of game killed is frequently ten times that number.

The indifference displayed in the sport, manifests itself in an equal degree when it is over. The sportsmen hardly know the number of game killed; and were it not for their efforts to resist the inclination to sleep, which

the fatigues of the day would prompt them to indulge, they would almost lose the recollection of the idle manner in which they had thrown away their time.

FOX-HUNTING.

On a cold and foggy day, the ground impregnated with water, in which the horses sank up to their hams, we set out from H. H.'s on a journey of twelve miles, to reach the spot appointed for a fox-hunt. We journeyed quickly thither, on horses which we exchanged for hunters that awaited us at the place of meeting. About sixty sportsmen in red coats, an equal number of farmers in their every-day dress, two huntsmen distinguished by their prepared leather caps, and a horn fixed in a case to their saddle-bows, with forty or fifty dogs of ordinary shape and cropped ears, composed (with the fox who was immediately unbagged) the materials of the hunt.

The animal had hardly put his foot to the ground before the sportsmen commenced a hunting gallop, in order to follow a pack of prodigious swiftness, and to which the hedges and ditches which separate the fields gave a great advantage at starting. The rapidity of the dogs not allowing their cry to be heard, it was only by the aid of the eyesight, and by a sort of instinct, that the sportsmen were enabled to follow in the direction they had taken. After a lapse of ten minutes, the hunt presented nothing more than a confused crowd of horsemen seeking to pass each other, bounding over hedges, gates, and ditches, all which they encountered with a resolution which did honour to the astonishing strength of the horses, and to the intrepidity of the riders.

Without having followed an English hunt, one cannot form an idea of all that the indifference to self-preservation may bring a man to require of the strength and training of a horse. Almost all the hedges are separated from the fields they inclose by two ditches, each of two feet in breadth. The horse must clear at one leap the two ditches and the hedge. Wo to the rider if, wrongly calculating his spring, the animal puts his fore-feet in the second ditch. A terrible fall is the consequence. If the ditches are too large to be cleared at one leap, the horse lands on the tuft of earth which separates them, stops an instant, and from his own instinct, and without hesitation, attains the soil (always downwards) in which the second ditch is dug out. These leaps "*de haut en bas*" are frequent, and do not cause many accidents.

When a hedge is too high, the riders seek a place where the branches, being more asunder, present a sort of passage. Thither you direct your horse, on whose neck you extend yourself, yielding to the instinct of the animal, who brushes through the difficulties with which his way is beset, with admirable address. Neither the double ditch, the hedge, nor the briars which are spread across, nothing, in short, arrests him. The effect of this species of leap astonishes the spectator who sees it for the first time, whether from the training and the species of reasoning it exhibits in the horse, or from the haste with which horse and rider disappear.

After an hour's race, and without the sagacity or the talent of the huntsmen being laid under contribution, the fox was taken. Two or three horsemen, whom chance, or the speed of their horses, rather than their good management, had favoured, were in at the death. The sharp sounds of the huntsmen's horns at this instant summoned the whole field: but a quarter of an hour elapsed before the crowd of amateurs were assembled. The tail of the fox was offered to the most distinguished rider. The high feats and accidents were now recapitulated, and general laughter was caused by the stains of mud which revealed the falls it might have been wished to conceal. Some directed themselves to the places where they had witnessed the fall of those of their friends who were not present at the death, with a view to offer that assistance which, hurried away by the ardour of the chase, they did not think of proposing at a more seasonable moment. At length the hunt broke up, and each one returned home.*

All that I have stated concerning fox-hunting is applicable to stag-hunting, which only takes place in the neighbourhood of the royal parks, and with the royal hounds.

Subjected to a regimen nearly similar to that in use for race-horses, exercised and fed like them in a peculiar manner, the stag intended to be hunted is set at liberty in a country unknown to him. Frightened by the cries and approach of the dogs, he runs till weakness obliges him to seek an asylum in a court or building, with the sight and uses of which his domestic habits have familiarised him. The sportsmen arrive before the dogs can reach him, and a carriage always at hand carries the stag

back to the park from whence he had been removed. Every care is then bestowed to restore to the animal the strength required to furnish anew an amusement to which, in the end, he falls a victim.

The passion of sporting is universal in England. From the man of rank and fortune, who devotes to it considerable sums, and almost all his time and thoughts—even to the farmer, who not content with unyoking one of the horses which draws his plough, and thereby augmenting the number of sportsmen, is also satisfied that his well-tilled fields will be thoroughly over-run by one hundred horses,—all are enthusiastic in this kind of pleasure. Ladies take great interest in listening to the recitals of the chase; nor is the time given by infants to this amusement considered as thrown away.

If hunting is looked at as a means of trying the strength of horses, it must be acknowledged that nowhere is this end better attained than in England. Should one seek in it a reasonable pleasure, an amusement dependent on certain accessory combinations, the manner of hunting in England must be placed very much below the system as practised in other countries. Here no talent is required on the part of the rider. None of that knowledge which mingles self-love with pleasure is necessary. The harmony arising from the mingling and concordance of dogs and of horses is unknown. Every thing, even to the limbs of the sportsman, is sacrificed to the idle mania of a run without fixed duration and without arrangement. Properly speaking, you do not hunt, for rarely you see the animal pursued—as rarely do you perceive the dogs—and you never hear them. You are limited to run in the direction in which you remark horsemen, which direction you suppose to be that of the chase.

I can conceive a foreigner following an English hunt, to describe the folly of it, or with a view to buy some of the admirable horses which show off on the occasion; but I cannot conceive that he would be tempted to renew the experiment.

ROADS, CANALS, SUSPENSION BRIDGES, RAILWAYS.

An examination of those works which have for object the improvement of internal communication presents an interesting study, whether that study relates to art, or applies itself to political economy. In France, where the government is almost the only *entrepreneur* of works of general utility, the persons employed on its behalf are careful to avoid all considerations relating to the expense. This, however, is the object of minute attention in England, where private interest intervenes in every thing, as well in the initiation, as in the execution of projects. Thus, before commencing an enterprise, people wish to satisfy themselves that its results will be commensurate with the outlay it will require. They do not only think of present returns; they consider the returns to be obtained at a future time, by an improvement and increase in the kind of production which the communication about to be established should favour. The enterprise is not undertaken till satisfactory data are collected on this subject.

The same prudence is apparent in the execution of the work. Without an absolute certainty of the degree and extent of the circulation, and, consequently, of the amount of profits, the project assumes only the character of a trial and experiment; but if it be found productive, it soon receives that character of grandeur and durability which consorts with the importance of the communication and the prospect of the advantage it should procure. This is the manner of proceeding in a country where good sense is first consulted, and where not a step is taken without being assured of the solidity of the ground on which you tread.

Some exceptions, however, tend to prove that all enterprises of this nature are not equally advantageous; that, far from returning an interest proportioned to the capital expended on them, they require new sacrifices for the continuation and repair of the works. What is the conclusion to be deduced from this? That there are bad speculators. But it should be acknowledged that English speculators deceive themselves in a degree less prejudicial to their interests than those of other countries, because their advances are relatively less considerable. There are also false calculations, which are not the effect of error, but of a culpable speculation on the part of those who embark in them. There are men whose object is to deceive the credulous confidence of professional dupes who are always disposed to give their money to the first who asks it of them, and who even prefer the seductive promises of the adventurer to the prudent reserve of the wise man. But if there are bad speculations

of this kind in England, they are fewer than in France, and they hardly ever exercise an untoward influence upon the execution of the work. The "company" suffer, but the public behold an increase of the sources whence flows their prosperity.

ROADS.

The superiority of the English roads over those of the greater part of Europe, and more especially of France, cannot be contested. The causes of this superiority are far too interesting to the good administration of all countries, to be passed over without mature examination. The excellence of the English roads not only contributes to the prosperity of the country, but it affords to the parishes and individuals to whom the management of the roads is confided, a subject of self-love and of pride. The least equivocal blame would not fail to stimulate the parish or county which should neglect this branch of its administration; and proceedings would be directed against the overseer of the company who should not fulfil the conditions imposed, in exchange for the receipt of the toll levied. Public opinion, then, or respect for contracted engagements, exercises on this subject a powerful and salutary influence.

In general, roads which may be called of the first class, are under the control of the counties, which cause them to be executed, or give them over to companies who remunerate themselves in the receipt of tolls for the advances made. These tolls are often granted to parishes.

It is to this system, repudiated in France, that England is indebted for those numerous communications so well adapted to her general and local wants. Here, the opening or the completion of a road, or the building of a bridge, depends not on the consent of the governors, or the state of the budget. Public interest alone resolves the question. If the opening of a road is a work of no utility, it presents, in the produce of the toll appropriated to it, the means of covering the expenses of its construction. In the contrary supposition, it will not be undertaken; and in one and the other hypotheses, public interest is the clearest appreciator of what is most valuable to the public good. The same rule applies to the completion and repair of roads. If the road is a very considerable thoroughfare, it is undertaken with greater care. The expense of repairing it is in proportion to the wear and tear; but the amount of toll also increases in the ratio of the travelling. Lastly, the repair, the degree of perfection in the travelling, and the general good management, are always secured by the power reserved to other companies, of establishing a rivalry by creating a parallel road or a fragment of one.

The fear of this opposition produces an effect observable at every step. In the beginning, English roads are made with the greatest parsimony. Their dimensions are calculated on the strictest computation of the amount of travelling. They are always made upon the ground on which the old roads stood. Hence they are subjected to all the irregularities which the local casualties and the jumble of properties rendered inseparable from the old roads. They economise in the terraces. The declivities preserve their rapid inclination. The roads are encased in excavations surmounted with thick hedges, or they run to the surface of the soil, no effort being made to correct the inequalities. But in proportion as the necessity of improvement is better appreciated, as the produce of the toll increases—as the probability of all augmenting it by improvements which would bring a great number of strangers is felt, improvements are undertaken. You see declivities softened down, widening losing their steepness, and often wholly disappearing to give place to straight lines and to a greater development of breadth. Thus the road reaches a degree of perfection commensurate with its utility.

The nature of the soil also contributes much to the good condition of the roads. In general the soil is a very strong one. Gravel is found every where at a short distance, and in order to obtain it, it is only necessary to raise a thin coat of vegetable soil, which covers a quarry of very hard and abundant silex. In places where a sufficiency of gravel is not to be obtained, recourse is had to freestone, and oftener still to a gravel drawn from quarries, sometimes very far distant, and brought by sea, or upon canals, or railways, to the neighbourhood of the places at which they are required. It is from the quarries of Scotland that London is supplied with the incalculable quantity of granite necessary for the keeping in repair her streets, which are nearly all macadamised.

The nature of the transport, and the form of the car-

* This is the most spirited and correct account of fox-hunting we have met with.—Ed.

riages, add their effect to those causes which contribute to the good condition of the roads.

The multiplicity of canals and of navigable rivers, and their application to the transport of materials of great weight, relieve the roads from all carriages except those adapted to light burdens. The rare exceptions to the contrary, far from being prejudicial, appear on the contrary to be advantageous, owing to the extreme breadth and the eccentric nature of the felloes, as well as to the exclusive employment of chariots with four wheels. The manner of travelling has also its effect; carriages do not follow each other in convoys as in France. They do not move in each other's track, and consequently create no ruts.

The roads are, therefore, chiefly resorted to by carriages on springs, very light when compared with those employed for the same purpose in other countries, and which, moving on a uniform surface, without selecting, in preference, one part above another of that surface, present an equal weight, and never that degree of absolute pressure, producing those jerks so frequent on badly made roads.

Lastly, one of the principal causes of the good condition of the roads is to be found in the proper application of the enormous sums expended, not in the formation, but in the minute repair of the roads.* These sums are at least quadruple those expended in France for the same object, though the causes of deterioration are much less powerful, and the price of materials less.

The breadth of roads varies according to the circumstances which mingle in their plan, not only from one road to another, but from one portion to another of the same road. If the land necessary to the making or chalking out the straight line of a road is of little value, the roads are made broad. If a considerable expense would result from raising the roads, or from the purchase of a greater extent of ground, the roads are reduced to the dimensions strictly necessary. Between rows of houses and in places where clearings, levellings, or embankments are necessary, the roads are narrow. The want of breadth is supplied in all that is necessary to the safety of travellers, by gates carefully kept up. In the mountains of Scotland, and in Wales, the sides of precipices are rendered secure, or rather indicated, by finger posts of stone painted according to their height in white and black strokes, in order to be easily distinguished in the night, or in the midst of snow.

In general, the breadth of the roads, with the exception of London and the great towns, does not exceed eight metres; but the whole of this breadth is covered over with stone. Accordingly, though not so broad as those of France, they afford room for passengers.

The additional quantity of stones required does not create any other pecuniary outlay than an advance in the capital appropriated to the formation of the road; for no additional expense of keeping the road in repair is the consequence. As the carriages that travel on a road only occupy the space allowed for covering it over with stone, it matters little what part they go over.

This mode contributes in another way to the preservation of roads. The water runs away more easily, because it is not stopped by the spongy earth which forms the useless deposits on the roads of France. Thus the soil of the road is constantly preserved from a humidity, which in the opposite system is kept there by the infiltration of the waters, which stagnate on the side of the road. The small dimensions of the materials, and the mode of their employment, add their effect to the causes just enumerated.

The English roads have neither ditches nor elevations. They are almost flat. The waters run off by the aid of the almost insensible convexity which is given to them, and still more by the entire absence of

ruts, the very appearance of which is guarded against by a careful superintendence. The waters are received on either side of the road by a species of gutters paved in broken stones with flood-gates. They are conducted by other gutters, or small ditches, to those spots where they cease to be hurtful to the road. The purchase of land necessary to the site for ditches is thus economised, and the very considerable expense of their construction and repair, as well as the deterioration occasioned by the stagnation of the waters which penetrate from the ditches to the ground of the *chaussées*, are likewise saved.

Another system in the making of roads, a system due to the genius of Mr. Telford, appears to prevail over that of Mr. Macadam, from which it differs in this respect, that, in place of a convexity, the road receives a decided inclination from one to the other of its sides, and that the largest of the stones is only about one third of the thickness of that of Mr. Macadam, or eight to nine centimetres.

The inclination given to the road is said to render the draught easier, because, whilst the declivity of the wheels diminishes the rubbing against the axle-tree, the collar, by pressing more on one shoulder of the horse than on the other, procures for the animal a kind of relief which alternates each time that circumstances vary the direction of the inclination. Experiments, the results of which have not carried conviction to my mind, appear to have given to this double observation, in the eyes of the English engineers, the character of an undeniable truth.

The reduction of the thickness of the travelling is but perhaps a strained application of the principle established by Mr. Macadam, that the inferior or lower coats of gravel being placed so as to establish a sort of anvil, on which the superior coats are bruised under the pressure of the wheels, it was advisable to diminish as much as possible the thickness and do away with the resistance of the first, and to place the others on a soil which, owing to its flexibility, would obviate a part of this inconvenience, by only exposing the stones to the action of one of those forces which bring about the destruction of the road. This is a true and proper system, provided you admit that which exists in England, a careful keeping in repair of the roads.

The first cost of the making of roads, already reduced by the causes enumerated, is still more so by the slowness of the stones. It is seldom that these layers have a greater depth than twenty-five centimetres. They are laid in trenches, without curb-stones, on a soil strengthened by the rolling-stone; and when the ground is of bad quality, upon a bed of marl, of the remnants of buildings, of the sand of old roads, &c.

The stones are reduced to the size of a hen's egg, and covered over with round flints of still smaller dimension. These materials are passed through a sieve or skreen, the intervals of which reject those stones that exceed the requisite size.

The dust and mud are carefully scraped off with the help of rakes, and oftener still by brooms, for which, considering the excellent state of the roads, large rakes, drawn by horses, might be substituted, as their oblique forms would sweep down to the sloping side of the road the materials which should be removed from it.

Holes or ruts are seldom repaired, because it is remarked that the stones applied to this operation are soon reduced to powder; and besides the jerk which they give to carriages, they injure that part of the road contiguous to the part repaired. When a partial repair is needed, it is put off till repairs are about to be commenced to a certain extent of road. Partial repairs take place by applying the pick-axe to the surface of the road, which hinders the new stones from rolling about, and disposes them to embody themselves with the old ones, by the aid of a light coat of stones, of equal size and compactness. These layers are placed on the road whenever, by the grinding into powder of the first coat of gravel, the second would be exposed.

The stones are broken by the hand on anvils of cast-iron, framed in a species of hopper, open on the side of the workman. The whole machine has the form of a wheel-barrow. Thrown in shovels into the hopper, the stones are afterwards placed one by one on the anvil by means of an iron ring, fixed to a shaft, or handle, which the workman holds in his left hand, and broken by the aid of a hammer, the head of which presents a hollow space. The precaution taken to pass the stones through a skreen at the moment they are shovelled out, limits the operation of breaking them to those above a certain size, for which it is indispensable.

The skreening is performed thus: the workman who extracts the stones, throws them into a skreen, the rings of which are three or four centimetres in width, and are composed of thick iron wire. This skreen is supported and moved about by another workman. The stones which have the requisite dimension fall; the rest are placed in heaps, for the purpose of being broken. The same operation is repeated by means of a closer skreen, of a form different from the other, and intended to separate the earth from the stones.

The transport of earth is accomplished with inconceivable economy, order, and rapidity, by means of cars, raised upon iron wheels, thirty centimetres in diameter, and running upon railways. These railways are formed of different pieces of iron, each of sixty centimetres in length, laid upon boards, and fixed into one another by a piece of iron at both ends, in the shape of a swallow tail. The railway is continued in exact proportion with the progress of the works. A single horse performs, with little or no fatigue, the labour of four horses, owing to the greater weight he is enabled to draw with accelerated rapidity. The cars are not jerked on the road, and they experience but a slight deterioration from use. They are easy to load, owing to their little elevation. This practice is attended with inconsiderable expense, which is compensated by the economy introduced in carrying on works upon a larger scale; and it is productive of incalculable advantages to the companies who have undertaken to construct and repair the roads.

The general repair of the roads is confided to road makers, whose employment consists in picking up the surface, in order to spread the stones; in causing the water to run off, and in scraping the mud to either side, whence it is immediately removed, when it is not intended to serve for the making of footpaths.

The greater number of roads offer to the pedestrian a footpath a metre and a half broad, and raised to an elevation of from fifteen to twenty centimetres. These footpaths are covered with a small gravel, unfit for the pavement of the road. The gutter intended for the carrying away of the water, is made on the inner side of the trottoir, or footpath. Aqueducts, formed by the junction of three boards, of four bricks, or of hollow tiles placed upon flat ones, afford abundant outlets to the water. On many roads, the footpaths are only made successively, by means of the dust and mud scraped from the road: but care is always taken to leave room for them in chalking out the plan of the road.

Those roads which in France are called *Vicinales*, are repaired after the same manner. Their breadth rarely exceeds five metres. The means of repair are furnished, as in France, by what is legally called *Prestation en Nature*, unless the importance of the road, or the want of resources to contribute to its formation or its support, does not render the establishment of a toll necessary, which is never refused by parliament when the reasonableness of such toll shall have been made apparent by enquiry.

The talent of professional engineers is rendered of little use, owing to the simplicity of the mode employed in the making of roads. It is almost a matter of routine. Each parish finds, in the disinterested zeal of some of its inhabitants, all the knowledge and practice required in this branch of its administration. Bridges of brick are usually built by the mason of the village. On the turnpike roads, members of the company by whom the road is farmed, or of the committee of the county, are charged with the direction of the works. Engineers are rarely called in, unless to build bridges over large rivers or canals. The direction of the English roads is carefully indicated by the aid of finger posts, placed wherever there are branch or cross communications. Other finger posts, placed at the boundaries of villages, enable the traveller to ascertain their respective names. The distances are marked by milestones. Within ten miles of London, the roads are watered, during the summer, at the expense of companies to whom the undertaking belongs. This inconvenient practice is pushed to such extremes as to produce a liquid mud in the streets of London, even in the hottest weather. The object is less the comfort of the traveller, than the preservation of the road. Macadamization has been very generally substituted in the streets of London, and in those of most towns, in lieu of the old pavement. The result has been a remarkable economy, a better adaptation for travelling, a great reduction in the repairs of carriages, and an increase in the duration of the labour of horses. This system should be unhesitatingly adopted, provided a sufficient quantity of materials, of good quality, can be had at a moderate price. In some of the streets of London, stones drawn from neighbouring quarries are em-

* In general, the relation in number and extent between roads of the first class or great roads, and parish roads, is as one to four. The keeping the first in repair costs annually 160*l.* sterling (4000 *fr.*) per mile, or 400*l.* sterling (10,000 *fr.*) per league.

The cost of keeping the second class of roads in repair is 40*l.* sterling (1000 *fr.*) per mile, or 100*l.* sterling (2500 *fr.*) per league. The average expense of all kinds of road is 68*l.* sterling (1760 *fr.*) per mile, or 170*l.* sterling (4250 *fr.*) per league.

Unforeseen expenses are calculated at 10-100ths, such as the charges of committees, lawyers' fees, &c.

Extraordinary repairs and improvements are comprised in the computation of the average expense of roads.

played. In the greater portion of the other streets, as well as in all the towns where cheap water carriage is available, the materials are transported from the Scottish coast. Paris, and the towns and roads in the vicinity of the Seine, might, by means of the navigation of this river, procure from the coasts of Cherbourg, granite, the durability of which would amply compensate for the cost of transport.

On comparing the roads of England, without rusts, without holes, without ditches, with the broad and miry sloughs which are conventionally called roads in France, one cannot deny the superiority of the one system over the other; but, at the same time, the difficulty of transporting the English system, and establishing it on similar bases in France, must be admitted. The conditions of locality, of administration, of habits, are too different. One might, however, say to the French government, "Send your engineers to England, let them study what is done there. If the systems they observe cannot be adopted as a whole, at least many of the details are susceptible of beneficial application. The roads are better in England, therefore the means resorted to for making them are preferable to those employed in France. They present facilities for all kinds of transport, in which those of France are wanting. Borrow, therefore, what is good in the English system. Do not hastily adopt innovations, but do not entirely set your face against them. Try the system partially, render the application of it more general, when its advantages shall be clearly demonstrated. Set out with this principle, that the mode of making and repairing the roads in France is evidently bad, since it produces such bad results. Ameliorate with prudence, but do not reject ameliorations."

CANALS.

England is completely intersected by water communications. Some of these are destined to carry on the trade of the capital with the commercial and manufacturing towns, others to communicate from one country to another. To these vast ramifications numerous smaller canals are attached. These latter serve for the transport of the produce of coal mines or manufactories, or for local wants; they are always proportioned to the exigency for which they have been created. When the boats which ply on them reach the larger canals or rivers, they are chained together, and arrive thus at their destination without the necessity of transshipments, which would occasion expense, a great loss of time, and the deterioration of the merchandise.

Nothing is simpler or more economical than the mode adopted for the construction of canals. In order to avoid the risking of considerable sums on enterprises the result of which would be uncertain, a provisional character is given to the work. Narrow dimensions, sluices, and bridges of wood, the substitution of inclined planes for sluices, the interruption even of the canal itself, and the adoption of land carriage when serious difficulties intervene, which could not be overcome without heavy expense,—these are the expedients adopted in England, expedients which would be utterly rejected in a country like France, where nothing is admitted which has not a durable and monumental character. This will explain the multiplicity of this kind of enterprises in one country, and their extreme rarity in the other.

Thanks to this wise system of proceeding, public prosperity, in England, spreads and penetrates every where by the aid of channels which she knows how to open, without display, without ostentation, almost without attracting notice. All this is achieved by a combination of private interests, that powerful engine which is employed as a balance to weigh the considerations for and against the realisation of the project, and, at the same time, as a lever to remove the obstacles which would oppose its completion.

RAILWAYS.

Those iron roads called railways have become useful auxiliaries to canals. Perhaps indeed they may be substituted, in a great number of localities, for the latter, over which they present, in some respects, a marked advantage. The expense of making them is less considerable; they are less prejudicial to the property they traverse; they require less incidental labour or repair; they are not affected by the drought which dries up the waters of canals, nor the frost which impedes their navigation. By means of the application of steam to wheel machinery, heavier burdens may thus be more rapidly transported. All circumstances are in favour of railways, in a country in which iron and coal are cheap, and it is presumable they will prevail, at least in the projected communications.

The most important work of this kind is the railway

between Manchester and Liverpool. The cutting through of mountains, the raising of enormous embankments upon valleys, the construction of a road over canals and bridges, thus presenting the phenomena of three modes of transport achieved by different principles,—such are the prodigies effected by this recent railway, on which you travel a distance of thirty-two miles (twelve leagues and a half) in eighty minutes. The success which it has obtained cannot fail to give rise to other railways in many localities, and above all in the environs of London, where celerity of communication is deemed of such importance.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Among the works of an extraordinary character, that which has for its object to connect the opposite banks of the Thames, by means of a vaulted tunnel dug under the bed of the river, deserves particular notice. A French engineer conceived and attempted this enterprise, and thanks to the efforts of a genius no less ardent than fruitful in resources, and superior to the obstacles which presented themselves at every step of a soil of capricious variety, which it was impossible to have foreseen, Mr. Brunel has executed the half of his daring plan. The whole would, by this time, have been completed, had not the discouraged share holders refused the requisite pecuniary advances.

As a monument of art, as well as for the interests of two populous quarters of London, this prodigious undertaking should be carried on, in which the greatest difficulties have been surmounted, and the success of which is placed beyond all doubt.

SUSPENSION-BRIDGES.

If suspension-bridges are not so numerous in England as in France, it is because they are made in the former country with too much perfection and expense. They are found too dear for works of a limited duration, and stone or brick bridges are very properly preferred to them. The price of these does not much exceed the cost of suspension-bridges, as built in England. These latter are therefore only employed in localities where it would be impossible to construct any other bridge. Such is the Menai bridge, which traversing an arm of the sea of three or four hundred metres in breadth, unites the island of Anglesea to the Welsh mainland. The largest vessels pass with all their masts under the Menai bridge. Such too will be the bridge about to be constructed by Mr. Brunel, near Bristol, from the rocks of Clifton to the hills which bound the left bank of the Avon. The elevation of this bridge above the river will exceed that of the towers of Westminster. On attentively considering the Hamersmith suspension-bridge, and calculating the sums which it has cost, one can account for the reluctance of the English to the system of suspension-bridges. With the exceptions resulting from its convenience to certain localities, this system should only be employed when, as in France, powerful economical considerations counterbalance those inconveniences which attend it.

However minute the details which have been dwelt upon, they fail to convey even a remote idea of the means employed, in England, for the purpose of creating the different species of communications which exist in that country. This notice can only explain to the reader, that, in these matters, much more is accomplished in England, and with greater economy and effect, than in any other part of the world. The reason is, that private interest alone decides on the utility of the different speculations, and on the means necessary to ensure success. The study of these means is of high importance to all those who are destined to direct any branch of public economy. Such study cannot be too much recommended to the administrators and engineers of France. It would convey to the former useful notions as to the manner of conciliating general and private interests, and the latter might learn to abate the extravagance of their projects, and to guard against inordinate expense in the execution of the works confided to them. Both would convince themselves by a comparison of what is done in England, with what is extravagantly projected, without being executed, in France, that it is better to have a narrow and well repaired road laid down in the soil, than a larger and more imposing one upon paper; a quickly built wooden bridge, than a stone one, of which many generations will not see the completion; a canal of small dimensions, opened as soon as its utility shall be acknowledged, than an artificial river whose bed is dug, in France, before the projector has ascertained where he can find water to fill it; in a word, that it is necessary to devote as small a capital as possible to the erection of public works, and to refuse nothing that is needful to the perfection of the undertaking.

A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

Whilst Sir Walter Scott affected to set a great value upon a state of comparative obscurity, he has succeeded in obtaining imperishable renown, and in turning it to advantage in his lifetime. I do not make this a ground of reproach to him, for never was celebrity established upon a more honourable basis, springing as it did from the most exalted talent and virtues of the highest order. I but state a fact which may be interesting to those to whom the smallest trait concerning men of genius is a matter of lively interest. Sir Walter Scott was of the number. In attracting, however, the public attention, he did not confine himself to the publication of novels, which are every where read and admired; he sought to stimulate the public curiosity by carefully concealing his name, and leaving to the eager curiosity of his readers the task of discovering it. That name was found to belong to a honourable Scotsman, of a cold demeanour, and of a plain and sober features, the plainness of which was well calculated to put to rest all the speculations of the physiognomists, who were prepared to find reflected in the countenance of the author of such lively and varied productions, all that keenness of expression which would have revealed the impenetrable mystery attached to him. It was not the penetration of the public that eventually discovered the author's name; feeling as much wearied at the fruitlessness of their search as they were at their disappointment, he at length disclosed himself.

Sir Walter Scott had laid aside his literary vices many years before my visit to Edinburgh. He resided, at the latter period, at Abbotsford, a country seat about thirty-six miles distant from the capital. Having been informed of the anxious desire I had often expressed to visit the baronet's acquaintance, he was good enough to address me a polite invitation to come and visit him. M— de B— accompanied me. The road to Abbotsford, which it took us seven hours to reach, passed through a mountainous country wholly devoid of picturesque appearance; cultivated, it is true, but yet without embellishments. This road lies at the foot of a valley of monotonous aspect. Within four miles of Abbotsford, Melrose is visible: it is a small town washed by a river, the strand of which is rendered available for manufacturing purposes. Two miles farther on, you cross the Tweed, and arrive by a rapid descent at a *chateau* of Gothic architecture situated at the foot of a high hill. Recent plantations increase the beauty of an extensive park. On the opposite side, the view, somewhat impeded by mountains, looks on a prairie, at the extremity of which flows the Tweed, her tranquil waters embellishing without animating the landscape.

It is from the court-yard alone that one has a full view of Abbotsford, and can form an idea of the *bien entendu* of its architecture. Sir Walter Scott, who has drawn the middle ages for his subjects as well as his characters, seems also to have recurred to that epoch for the style of an architecture which he has adopted with all its originality, and with all its faults, even to its minutest details. That irregularity which is the reproach of the *chateaux* of the eleventh century, exists at Abbotsford in a most remarkable degree. The architect must have combined many odd whims of fancy or memory, as he has done the form and the dimensions of the windows, and to load many parts of the façades of the building with the most incongruous ornaments, in order to render the whole a unique specimen of the confusion of all order.

A peristyle attached to the house conducts you to a large room, in which are ranged arms and armoury of all ages and countries, as well as other varied objects of curiosity. To the left is a narrow hall, whence you pass into the dining-room, which communicates with the drawing-room. At the end of the drawing-room is an apartment of spacious dimensions, appropriated to a library, filled with rare and choice works tastefully bound in the Gothic style. At one end of the library is a door, which communicates with Sir Walter's study. A dark narrow staircase, with high steps, leads you to the first story, on which are many small rooms; you are conducted to them by a narrow corridor, in which two persons cannot walk abreast.

The furniture of this singular mansion is in perfect keeping with its architecture. The greater part is of historical origin; and the original destination of many articles is marked on brass plates, which have been engraved for the purpose. In order to form a correct idea of the richness and variety of this collection, it should be known that all men of rank and fortune in the three kingdoms contributed to furnish the house with many curious articles in their possession; and that Abbotsford has thus be-

come a sort of museum, uniting in itself all, that the country in which the feudal system has prevailed the longest, could supply of most value in that character.

As we were about to alight from our carriage, we saw approaching us as quickly as a halt would permit him, a gentleman, supporting himself on a cane, apparently from fifty-five to sixty years of age; thick set, of middle stature, of a pleasing rather than expressive countenance. Some grey hairs mingled with the fold of perfectly white locks which fell carelessly on his shoulders. His eyes were blue, small, and apparently without expression. His nose was deeply and thickly set, and his cheeks full and fleshy! There was altogether a sickly air about his person, but particularly in the expression of his head. At any other place than Abbotsford, we could never have suspected him to be the man, the fame of whose celebrity was spread over the literary world. Such was Sir Walter Scott.

He received us with unostentatious hospitality, was penurious in words, but prodigal in kindness. In a few moments we were welcomed, lodged, and made acquainted with the customs of the house. Our host excused himself for his inability to converse with us in French, which he understood, but could not speak. Our superficial knowledge of the English language made us regret exceedingly this circumstance; which, in a measure, prevented us from judging, as we ought, a mind which we came purposely to study.

We entered the drawing-room, preceded by two immense greyhounds and two Scottish terriers, the constant companions of the baronet. We were presented to Miss Scott, then to three or four neighbours, and lastly to some members of the family, who, together, composed the party then staying at Abbotsford. At this interview Miss Scott, who, though her mother was a Frenchwoman, does not speak our language, evinced no inclination to contribute, even in her own, to a conversation which her father strove to keep up by common-place remarks. After a little we broke ground on a subject which we conceived most likely to be agreeable to our host, by rendering the homage of our praise to his varied works, and by leading the conversation to those particular productions of his pen which are connected with the history and romance of the middle ages. Our efforts were vain. The remarks which we made could not animate our host; and the brevity of his replies caused the conversation to flag.

Sir Walter conducted us to the apartments destined for our use. I sat down in an arm-chair embroidered by Mary Stuart, opposite a portrait of Henry Darnley; on a table which had belonged to the Earl of Essex, was placed a small mirror which had reflected the features of Anne Boleyn. This furniture recalled ideas to my mind which I in vain tried to suppress. Proscribed, and under sentence of an inexorable tribunal, at the very moment I was looking at these objects, it is not wonderful that a certain similitude of misfortune should have visibly affected me. Nothing contributes more than exile to the development of sentiments of pity and sympathy.

On entering the drawing-room, I found Miss Scott in a most elegant dress, which appeared to have exercised a very favourable influence on her manners towards the company. From that moment her deportment was graceful in the highest degree. She is remarkably handsome, though she had not made that impression upon us in the morning, owing to the pelisse in which she was wrapped up, and the large straw bonnet which concealed her well-formed features and her animated black eyes.

The dinner was served upon silver in the English style. When the cloth was removed, the ladies retired. The gentlemen remained a full hour later, but the conversation produced no brilliant sally on the part of our host.

On our return to the drawing-room, we found the library door thrown open, which, aided by the lights suspended from the ceiling, enabled us to judge of the extent and fine proportions of this apartment. M. de B—— sat himself down in the library with Sir Walter, whom he was desirous of bringing to the topic of politics, on which in Scotland he was, as well as in literature, a high authority. During the conversation, which was long, and carried on in the language of the respective speakers, I was engaged with Miss Scott and the persons who surrounded her. In spite of, perhaps because of, the difficulty we found in the interchange of our ideas, midnight had arrived before we perceived its approach.

I was up at eight o'clock the next morning, and was taking a survey of the grounds. Sir Walter joined me; gave me, with the utmost complaisance, all the explana-

tions which I desired, and proposed that we should take a detailed view of his library. It was in this conversation that I was enabled to judge of the character of his mind, and satisfied myself that his imagination could not completely shine forth without the aid of his pen. Sparing of observations, he doled out his words succinctly, and in a homely fashion. He seemed generally to want those extensive views which I had supposed him to possess. The observer who had so happily seized the characters of Louis the Eleventh, of Elizabeth, of Mary Stuart, of James the First, as well as the customs and manners of the principal personages of his novels, appeared to have exhausted all his thoughts in his works, and to have left his memory a complete void.

In a word, the author of *Waverley*, *Quentin Durward*, the *Antiquary*, and so many other productions of distinguished merit, appeared indifferent to the object of upholding by his conversation the idea which his works afforded of the power and versatility of his genius; not that he disdain to expend his erudition or his wit in conversation, but that he seemed to want the faculty or the habit of it. It must be said that he was suffering at this time the first attacks of a disease which, eighteen months afterwards, terminated in his dissolution.

That minute spirit of detail which detracts so much from the merit of his works, was apparent in all that he did or said. If he spoke, he dwelt too much on trifles; and in showing his treasures of art and literature, he left nothing to the imagination of the stranger; every trifle was explained. In the distribution of his chateau, in its careful decoration, this wish to examine and show every thing, to find place for every thing, even for objects unworthy of the care bestowed or the descriptions lavished upon them, was evident. It was a necessity of Sir Walter's nature to put forward all that fell to his hand, as well as every idea which passed through his brain. By the side of these trifles, one was often surprised by noble objects, disposed to the best advantage: it is perhaps this very contrast which gives a distinguishing character to Scott's productions. He has written for all classes, for all ages, for all countries, for his publisher, and for himself; he has put into the mouth of the beggar, as well as into that of the king, the very language which both should speak. He has traced out the most remarkable features in the history of France, without being able to speak her language; he has rendered the like service to his own country and to England. For the present generation, content to be amused with all that he has written, as for posterity, which will make its selection amongst them—for both he has laboured: for the one he has composed light and elegant trifles, for the other splendid portraits of manners, characters admirably traced, descriptions full of charming variety. For himself he has also laboured, since he amassed, by the publication of his works, a fortune of many millions of francs, of which a misplaced confidence deprived him,—and acquired a fame which, so far from having ever been contested, has been raised beyond the limits which the most favourable award should have assigned him: all have benefited by his labours.

The country which produced such a man has reason to be proud of his character and productions. He was the subject of general conversation and of universal curiosity; his portrait or his bust was in every house; his most trifling actions, his most insignificant words, were published with a species of importance. He was sought for, he was visited: his chateau, like *Ferney*, had become the resort of literary pilgrimages—whether absent or present, he received the homage of all. The most indulgent posterity cannot judge him more favourably than his contemporaries have done. It is but justice to the memory of this eminent man to state, that so much flattery in no degree spoiled the goodness and simplicity of his disposition.

Death has just removed him from the world; and the sentiments he inspired have assumed a tinge of enthusiasm bordering on fanaticism. The honours bestowed upon his memory bear the appearance of worship; the theatres ring with his praise; statues are about to be erected to perpetuate his name. The nation interferes in his domestic affairs, anxious to repair them, and to transmit to his children the inheritance of his fortune, with the same anxiety with which it has immortalised his name; and, unable to do more, it has classed him amongst its most distinguished and celebrated men. A nation undoubtedly confers honour upon itself by such bursts of enthusiasm; but this should be moderated by reflection: it should keep some share of admiration in reserve for celebrities of another stamp and of another epoch, and not allow it to be supposed that genius is so exclusive, and so rarely to be met with, as to call forth,

when it appears, those eulogiums which ages may elapse before another character shall be found to claim.

EDINBURGH.

There is much to see and to observe in Scotland:—the aspect of the country—the physiognomy of the inhabitants—their manners—their tastes—their affections—their hatreds—which not even a union of nearly three centuries* with England can either change or modify.

It is in the highest degree interesting to study the character of a people who have thus preserved their ancient manners, whilst keeping pace with the rapid advances of civilisation: a people who combine a fidelity to the memory of their unfortunate kings with perfect submission and loyalty to their present sovereign; and who remain altogether Scottish, whilst they are an integral part of Great Britain.

Scotland presents to the eye of the traveller a widely different aspect from that part of England which borders upon it. The town of Berwick rises in the form of an amphitheatre from the left bank of the Tweed. It was formerly protected, and is now commanded, by a castle, the architecture of which belongs to the middle ages. Hills, cultivated to the very summit, succeed to the wooded slopes of Northumberland. Large farms are met with at a great distance from each other, unprotected by any plantation from the damp winds which give a character of monotonous sadness to the country. At still greater intervals are to be seen magnificent chateaux, which, owing to the immense extent of the estates, are less frequently to be met with than in England. On the right, at a short distance from the road, the sea presents at first a boundless aspect, and then appears to force its way through the northern mountains, which indicate in the distance the opening of the Frith of Forth. As we advance, the sea becomes narrower, and forms, as it were, but an imposing feature in one of the most splendid landscapes in the world. Some small islands of most picturesque aspect, a multitude of ships of all sizes and all forms, are now visible; and on the other side of the Forth may be seen numerous mansions, distinguished by their elegant architecture. Such is the panorama, to which a road, otherwise devoid of interest, serves as a species of gallery.

In the vicinity of Edinburgh, the country becomes richer in trees and foliage, in the midst of which country seats are seen, of the most exquisite taste. The monuments on the top of Calton Hill announce, at some distance from the city, the approach to Edinburgh. Before entering the town, you perceive the Gothic castle, which, built on the point of a sharp rock, commands the city and surrounding country. A broad street, intersected at right angles by other streets in perfect keeping with it, conveys at once the idea of an extensive and a splendid city. Edinburgh is that city.

The aspect of Edinburgh cannot be compared to that of any other city with which I am acquainted. From Prince street, containing the principal hotels frequented by strangers, one enjoys a prospect of the Old Town, situated on the ridge of a rising ground of moderate elevation. On the right, the eye reposes on a fortification of the twelfth century, from whose summit is enjoyed the only advantage it now offers, a commanding prospect.

On the left it penetrates through a double range of hills, lying enclosed in a valley, at the extremity of which the Stuarts had built a palace, which was to witness the violent deaths of the greater number of their family, and those scenes of grief and trouble which awaited the remainder, and was to become at a later period the asylum of other royal sorrows.

The space which separates the Old from the New Town serves as a site to two churches, built in an elegant Gothic style, and to an edifice of Grecian architecture, in which the Royal Society of Edinburgh holds its sittings.

A large Gothic building—next to it a succession of high towers, rising one above another, and presenting the effect of a single tower;—then a colonnaded peristyle, of extraordinary magnificence—on the side of the hill, a building of Grecian architecture—all these edifices astonish the beholder by the contrast of their forms, the combined and harmonious effect of their masses, the appropriate selection of their sites. The buildings of which I have thus given the outline, are, a prison, a monument of Nelson, the commencement of an edifice the proportions of which are on the scale of those of the Parthenon, and, lastly, a school. On a terrace, from which the eye

* The Baron here alludes to the union of the two crowns, and not to the union of the two countries.

commands a full view of the picture, a range of handsome houses has been built, forming what is called Regent's Terrace.

The New Town, which has been created within the last thirty years, should be visited previously to entering the old town. Its streets, no less remarkable for their length and breadth than for the architecture, run from east to west along the horizontal ridge of a hill two miles in extent, and are crossed by other streets of less length, but equally broad, which, owing to their slope, are more difficult to the pedestrian, but afford a much finer prospect. The principal street is terminated by a column rising above the handsome trees of an immense square, and by the façade of an elegant church. The other streets are bounded by edifices or vistas, which fix the attention of the stranger. The end of one of these streets discloses the imposing mass of the old castle; another the bold steeple of a belfry; a third, the fretwork of a Gothic edifice, a view of the bay, or some of the mountains which encircle the city. In a word, the New Town seems to have been built in order to prove what can be effected by a pure taste in architecture, when nature affords a fine site and excellent materials, and man furnishes abundant capital.

You reach the Old Town, either by crossing a bridge thrown over a river, or by a steep descent. This is the town of the Stuarts, with its narrow streets, its lofty houses, its pointed roofs, and its heavy churches, built in the worst taste. Here and there some small passages have of late been widened, some handsome edifices erected, and some sharp descents rendered less perpendicular; but the character of the Old Town has been judiciously left unchanged.

In all respects but its unparalleled site, it resembles most of the cities of the tenth or twelfth century. At this remote epoch, it was the custom to build towns, without order or symmetry, on the sides of hills commanded by a rock, the summit of which was calculated for the erection of massy walls and bulwarks, of a castle, in short, well adapted to the unrefined taste of that period, and to resist all attack. Under the protection of such a fortress, a town will have arisen, the circuit of which, undulating with the inequality of the soil, connected itself with the system of defence of the castle. Here, in the midst of those agitations created by the state of uncertainty in which a rising society found itself, shelter will have been afforded to an alternately warlike, commercial, and civilised people.

Edinburgh possesses a school of medicine and many hospitals. For six days in the week, the town presents the spectacle of an active and industrious people occupied in the ardent pursuit of commerce and manufactures, and exhibits a more bustling aspect than most of the English towns, owing to the more numerous population contained within a smaller space. On the Sunday, however, the scene suddenly changes. Puritanism then exercises all its rigour and austerity, and reigns despotic. The streets are quite deserted by the inhabitants; and if one meets a few solitary passengers, they are sure to be strangers, astonished, as it were, to find themselves alone in a great capital, in the streets of which they could hardly force a passage the evening before, owing to the dense crowd passing to and fro in every direction.

On the first sound of the church bell, which ushers in the Sabbath, long files of devout Christians proceed solemnly along the streets on their way to church. All appears silent as the grave when this noiseless movement ceases; nor is the stillness of the scene interrupted till the conclusion of divine service enables the crowd to return home. They meet again in the evening to listen to endless sermons, that supply the place of the profane amusements in which other countries, less rigid in their religious feelings, are wont to indulge. No one drives to church; and the only vehicles met with are some of the public mails, or private carriages, the owners of which hope to escape, by driving into the country, the ennui which could not fail to await them in town.

Religion in Scotland forbids every thought, and the law every act, which have not God for their object. For twenty-four hours, one is not permitted to do more than pray or meditate, with folded arms, in an attitude of devotion. The most innocent games and recreations—even music is forbidden, and one must only speak of matters relating to religion or divine worship.

Edinburgh, like the greater part of English towns, has no public promenades; but the flags of its large and open streets, and the mountains in its vicinity, in a great measure supply the want.

The great desideratum in Scotland is a milder climate, which would permit one to enjoy the varied aspect of that beautiful country. "Does it always rain in Scotland?"

was our question to Sir Walter Scott. "Not always," he replied; "it occasionally snows." This joke is not altogether devoid of truth. The atmosphere is humid, foggy, and charged with violent winds. In summer alone can one rely on many days of fine weather; and therefore it is that those excursions into the Highlands, to which the beauties of the site, with its romantic scenery, invite the traveller, can seldom terminate without some degree of disappointment, unless they be undertaken between intervals of rain, when you still are in fear of a return of unfavourable weather. Summer is the only season which admits of an exception to this rule.

HOLYROOD.

During the period of my sojourn at Edinburgh, Charles X. and his august and unfortunate family resided at Holyrood. It was a sentiment of duty, of gratitude, and affection, which called me to their abode. I had served the Bourbons all my life; they had been always kind to me and mine. They desired the happiness of their country; and they had succeeded in procuring it. They would have fixed that happiness upon a firm basis, if the spirit of faction had not impeded them. I owed them every respect and attachment, and came to acquit myself of these duties.

The palace of Holyrood, which the king inhabited, is composed of a façade terminated at either end by a species of wing or pavilion, flanked by small towers. To this pavilion are joined the wings of a modern building. The square court formed by this disposition of the building is surrounded by arcades, resembling the cloisters of ancient monasteries. The principal building and the two wings, built long after the façade, which appertained to the palace of the Scottish kings, are of an extremely simple architecture. To the left, as you enter, is the apartment formerly occupied by Mary Stuart. The furniture remains in the same condition in which it existed during the life-time of this princess; and is indeed carefully preserved. The portraits of Rizzio, placed in the most conspicuous parts of the wainscot, and over the chimney of the oratory, attest the undisguised openness of the princess's affections. The cicerone of the palace was very anxious to make me perceive on the flooring the blood of the Italian who fell under the daggers of his assassins; but, whether owing to the darkness of the place, or to my incredulity, I must freely confess I saw no trace of blood, though I was guilty of the perhaps pardonable politeness of saying that I perceived it. This is a species of complaisance which is pleasing to Scotsmen, and which a well-bred man should not refuse.

The approach to Holyrood is through numerous small and filthy streets, or rather lanes, occupied by the lowest and most wretched class of the population. The palace is in one of those valleys which intersect Edinburgh: and it would appear as if the palace itself had been destined for the reception of illustrious exiles, with whose misfortunes it was intended to be in keeping, for nothing can be more gloomy than its position, between two mountains of the most sombre aspect, which offered to its inmates no other vista than the skies, every earthly prospect being shut out from view. The internal distribution of the palace presents a suite of immense apartments, the walls of which are imperfectly concealed by ancient tapestry. Antique chairs, Gothic sofas, the dilapidated state of which was disguised by Indian calico, beds with serge curtains, and a billiard-table;—these composed the whole of the furniture. The reception given to the descendants of Louis the Fourteenth, in this habitation of the Stuarts, could not fail to prove to them that Holyrood had changed hands. It seemed as if, implacable in her recollections of the past, the usurpation which had deprived the Stuarts of their rights, designed to call to the bar of its tribunal a family of kings fugitive in its turn, and to arraign the generous hospitality which, in the days of its power, it had bestowed upon another royal family, whose fate afforded matter for such painful comparisons.

At St. Germain, the sovereign of the palace descended the staircase to receive at the door the wandering English monarch; but at Holyrood the exiled French monarch was not soothed by the like consolation. At Holyrood, instead of a powerful sovereign, a hall-porter, with a bunch of keys in his hand, did the honours, and opened the doors of apartments cold, cheerless, and desolate. In place of a strong box filled with gold, for the use of the exiled monarch's privy purse, there lay on the table certain filthy papers hardly legible; writs of capias, and writs of seizure of effects, were the consolations which met

the eye of the exiled monarch in a foreign land. The brutal indifference of the nineteenth century was substituted for the delicate and sumptuous courtesy of the seventeenth; in fine, a constitutional king of England was the host, instead of an absolute monarch of France; William the Fourth instead of Louis the Fourteenth. I shall avoid mixing up with details calculated only to gratify an idle curiosity, other recitals of a graver character, and replete with instruction, which are exclusively the province of history. I will not describe those scenes of sorrow when three generations of kings opposed, to the assaults of misfortune, a calm dignity, unembittered remembrances of past grandeur and hopes, with which no feelings of resentment were mingled. I will not paint the suffering virtues of him from whose mouth no word of hatred or revenge has ever fallen, and who has never expressed a wish which had not for its object the happiness of France; neither will I relate how, as in the days of their power and prosperity, distress was no sooner known than relieved; every other habit of the Tuileries had been laid aside; this alone was preserved. The playful innocence, the graceful deportment, the precocious talents of a child, threw even a charm over the sadness of the meeting at Holyrood. Happiness in the choice of words carelessly scattered here and there during the progress of his amusements, sallies of wit announcing not only a lively imagination but a judgment already formed, an elevated mind, called up the expression of real pleasure in countenances to whose features an expression of grief had become familiar.

The good-nature of the Duke de Bordeaux is apparent in those frequent acts of munificence and charity which the sight of misfortune never fails to elicit. His memory is not only retentive but well stored. He speaks with equal fluency the French, German, Italian, and English languages. Gymnastic exercises, to which he had been early accustomed, tended to develop in him a dexterity and elegance of manners which distinguish his deportment and all his movements, and could not fail to attract notice, were he not drawn by his birth and premature importance, an object of general and undisguised interest.

The following anecdotes will give an idea of his cultivated mind, and the readiness and tact of his replies. When the exiled family was about to quit Leith Castle, where they had taken up their temporary abode on their first arrival, in order to repair to Edinburgh, his sister, who, it had been arranged, should proceed by way of London, entertained her brother with the pleasure she should have in visiting the capital. "Will you see me," said the young princess, "that can possibly interest you in a sea voyage?" "The coast of France," was his reply. And the ill concealed emotion started into his eye, and drew corresponding tones from all who heard a reply, inspired by so affecting a sentiment, expressed with such dignified simplicity.

On my departure from London for Edinburgh, the dame, Duchess of Berri, begged of me to convey to her son a dog of which he was extremely fond, and the loss of which, in consequence of the events of July, had occasioned him inexpressible grief. The unexpected recovery of the dog, of which he had given up all hope, might be supposed to have left the young prince little leisure to attend to a visit of pure etiquette; such, however, was not the case. The carcases of poor Zami, her evident delight in seeing her master, did not interfere for a moment with that dignity with which he deemed it becoming to receive me.

I shortened a visit which the prince might find long, but I had an opportunity of judging, from the adjoining apartment where I remained a few moments, that resolution the royal child must have displayed when he could thus check, in my presence, the expression of those bursts of joy, to which he now gave free vent, in carrying his favourite dog so unexpectedly restored to him. The archers of Edinburgh wished the young prince to assist at their sports. One of their body asked me to inform him whether the duke would do them the honour to accept their invitation. The answer in the affirmative, which I was directed to return, caused preparations to be made for the prince's reception.

On the day appointed, the prince found the company in full costume, with a bow, arrows, gloves, and every thing necessary for the sport, in readiness for him.

His first attempts in archery were not successful. His impatience was about to spoil his sport: when, recalled to his self-possession by a few words whispered to him by his under-governor, he requested the captain of the company to show him the manner of taking aim. He drew his bow and reached the mark. On a second at-

tempt, he proved equally successful; and he would have ventured a third time, had he not been advised not to compromise the reputation he had just acquired.

"Sir," said the duke to the captain, "your company is full, I suppose?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the captain.

"Will you admit another archer?" said the duke. "Will you have me?"

"We should be too highly honoured," said the captain.

"Where is your muster-roll?" said the prince. "I wish to inscribe my name;" and on the moment, the muster-roll was honoured with the name of a Bourbon. A few days afterwards, the archers presented to the prince a complete uniform of their company. The Duke of Bordeaux exhibits a marked predilection for every thing that relates to military science, a predilection that would, no doubt, materially interfere with his other studies, if care were not taken to control and regulate it.

The best encouragement that can be held out to him, is the promise of allowing him to witness military evolutions. One day, when attending a review, he was struck with the martial air which a pair of huge mustachios gave to one of the officers.

"How fine these mustachios look!" said he; "would that mine were already grown!" At this moment, his eye directed itself to the seamed and war-worn countenance of one of his suite, who had a slash on his cheek. "There is," said he, "something better still than mustachios—an honourable scar, like that which distinguishes Lavillate. Let but the occasion arise, and I will do my best to be like him." So saying, he threw himself into the arms of the officer, and embraced with enthusiasm the proud record of his bravery.

These anecdotes, selected from a countless number, afford sufficient indications of the generous and dignified sentiments which adorn this youthful prince, and are a presage of what we may expect from an education directed upon the soundest principles, and pursued in the school of misfortune.

The noble character of the Scots exhibited itself in the conduct of the inhabitants of Edinburgh towards the royal family of France. If our princes were unsparing of acts of bounty, the generous people who profited by them were not slow in testifying their gratitude.

Wherever the king went, the most profound respect was manifested towards him by persons of every shade of political opinion. The lower classes of society, to whose necessities the purse of Charles X. was always open, exhibited not only a sentiment of respect, but of affection to their generous benefactor. May we not trace in those points of resemblance (of which the Scots have, perhaps, an instinctive rather than a settled idea) that are found to exist between the misfortunes of a royal family still vivid in their recollections, and the more recent sorrows of another, the origin of the species of veneration which they evinced towards the royal exiles, when they came to seek, in the palace of the Stuarts, that asylum denied them in the land on which they had conferred every blessing during a sway of eight centuries? However overwhelming their adversity, however signal their bounties, was it possible that respect and gratitude could, in the short space of two years, cause an attachment so powerful as to give to separation the character of public calamity, felt alike by men of all parties and of all religious beliefs? Assuredly not. The homage paid to the exiled Bourbons must have had a retrospect to the unfortunate Stuart family.

General sorrow, I may say desolation, was manifested throughout the town, when it was known that the king had determined to quit Edinburgh. The most lively regrets were expressed by the magistrates, the corporations, and all who had an opportunity of approaching the person of his majesty.

The day of departure was a memorable one. The whole population lined the road from Holyrood to Leith, where the embarkation was to take place. The streets, the windows, nay, even the tops of the houses, from whence a last farewell could be taken of the illustrious exiles, were filled with spectators of the affecting scene.

As propriety did not admit of those popular demonstrations which are only exhibited towards native sovereigns, the people of Scotland supplied the place of these

affectionate testimonies by a more touching mark of delicacy. It was arranged that each person in the vast crowd should wave, in silence, either a white handkerchief or riband, as the *cortège* should pass along. By so doing, the people presented to the royal view a colour which recalled the recollection of more prosperous times. A generous flattery dispelled, for a moment at least, from a heart in which grief had taken up her abode, those sensations consequent upon existing misfortune, and threw over the past a consoling remembrance, which would afford a resting-place to hope, whenever it should have to recall the days of past sorrow and regret.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

All that hospitality presents as most attractive to a stranger—all that knowledge offers as most varied, are found combined in the society of Edinburgh. In no city in Europe does he find a greater anxiety displayed to win his good opinion. These dispositions appear inspired by the desire to set off to advantage a land cherished by the natives with an attachment bordering upon worship.

The Scots have considerable pretensions to science, and to a certain degree of perfection in the arts. Each individual seeks to excel in some particular branch; from this desire results a more general education than exists elsewhere, and a necessity of displaying it. This, which at the first blush might appear a questionable merit, is, in truth, a real advantage.

The Scottish ladies exhibit a laudable desire to please, and the greater part of them attain their object. Tall, of fair complexion, and fairer skin, they are in general rather handsome than pretty. They atone for that delicacy of feature which nature sometimes denies them, by their gifted minds and graceful manners. One can hardly remain for a few moments in the society of a Scottish lady, without being convinced that they succeed in the most important object of woman's life—in the talent of pleasing. Their beauty is resplendent at a ball; their wit imparts to their conversation an uncommon interest; in point of education, and in their system of domestic economy, they do not differ from Englishwomen.

Scotsmen are serious yet urbane in their manners; their politeness is more plant than that of their English neighbours, and adapts itself more readily to continental forms. They possess in the highest degree an expression indicative of readiness to oblige, a character of hospitality and benevolence, which are never belied when their sincerity is put to the test.

They are in general of high stature, and have paid homage to that physical quality, by creating a club in the capital, under the name of the Six Feet Club. To be six feet in height is an indispensable condition of admittance. Without the adventitious aid of such a stature, the bravest soldier, the most distinguished writer, could not obtain admission. Wallace himself, if he returned to earth with the short stature accorded to him by history—Sir Walter Scott, who, without being a short man, was not of the required height—would both necessarily have been rejected.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The affection of Scotland for the last members of the house of Stuart was a sentiment long preserved in the national breast. This affection was fostered by the attempts of that unfortunate family to recover the throne, and by the very measures so energetically adopted to repress it. Even now they cherish a tender and religious sentiment for the memory of the Stuarts; a sentiment which, perhaps, throws an air of coldness over their feelings towards a sovereign imposed upon them rather by victory than by their free choice. Incorporated with Great Britain, they still remain Scottish; and participating in the general interests of England, they nevertheless keep always a steady eye on those particular considerations which have for object their native land.

Their aristocracy still reside, and maintain their influence, amongst them. Their religion differing too from that of England in some of its doctrines, is rendered still more dissimilar by the rigidity of its practice. And though the language spoken by the better classes is common to both countries, still the pronunciation of the Scottish is distinguished by an accent which is readily apparent in the first words spoken by one of that nation.

Several Scottish regiments have retained, in their uniform, many striking parts of their national costume, as if they designed to protest against the conquest of their country, by refusing to amalgamate their costumes and their manners with those of their conquerors.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

The Scots have a national music, of which they are exceedingly proud. This claim is founded on the existence of certain national ballads, of a simple and drawing melody, of a melancholy turn, little varied in its expression or elaborated in the composition, but not wholly devoid of a pleasing effect.

Their musical system was evidently adopted in the very infancy of the art, and has preserved its original defects. It recalls those by-gone times when Ossian and the Scottish bards attuned their poems to music. It may safely be averred that many of the most celebrated Scottish ballads were composed by these early bards: the airs are even now calculated to excite their enthusiasm. I draw from this a conclusion more favourable to the national character than to the musical taste of the Scots. A spirit of nationality could alone, in fact, account for the enthusiasm felt by a whole nation for compositions, the chief and perhaps the only merit of which consists in their early origin.

In the Scottish regiments, the drum and other instruments give way to the bagpipe, their national and favourite instrument. Its harsh sounds seem calculated neither to soothe the ear, nor to excite the valour of the soldier.* Independently of this, the bagpipe appears an instrument little calculated to convey to any distance, or to a large assemblage of men, the commands which it is usual to transmit by means of the trumpet and the drum; but the Scots remember that the sounds of this instrument challenged to victory the clans of Wallace, the armies of Robert Bruce, and, in no less a degree, the Highland regiments of our own time.

The Highlanders have preserved the costume of their forefathers, in defiance of its unsuitableness for the climate of their country. This costume consists of a bonnet, which covers only the top of the head; a piece of square plaid, intended to support a cloak thrown over the shoulders in a manner far more picturesque than convenient; a lower garment, somewhat in the shape of a petticoat, called a kilt, and which, leaving uncovered a part of the thigh and leg, presents a feeble barrier against the habitual coldness of the atmosphere. Nothing displays in a more remarkable manner the attachment of the Scots to their national customs than their perseverance in this costume, as well as in the use of inconvenient and short stockings, despite their manifest singularity and disadvantages.

The singular union of English jackets, and a shako with black feathers, complete the dress of the Scottish soldier. The cross-barred stockings of the Highlander, fastened by a red garter, and his shoe covered with a large brass buckle, must prove highly inconvenient, and form a revolting contrast with the dress of every civilised army in Europe, in which such severe regulations have, of late, been adopted.

It may be concluded, from this obstinate adherence to a dress neither in harmony with the age, the personal comfort of the wearer, the customs of other countries, nor even with the existing state of Scottish civilisation, that this people wish to retain the customs imprinted on their character by the seal of centuries, that they wish to protest against those changes which have been forced upon them, and those with which they now consider themselves threatened, and that they prefer their nationality, though attended with so many inconveniences, to changes for which they are not desirous to pay the price of an abandonment of their cherished traditions; even though such traditions and customs may contrast with what prevails in every other country, and with their own manifest progress in the path of civilisation.

The Scots, on becoming united to England, preserved

* The Baron should have said the French soldier

the laws which regulated their system of property, as well as some parts of their ancient constitution. The territorial divisions of Scotland, her judicial and administrative forms, have remained unchanged.

The Scottish parliament has been united to that of England; the members they send to the house of commons are chosen in the same manner as in the latter kingdom. The sixteen peers deputed by Scotland to the upper house, are chosen by the other peers, and for the whole duration of parliament.

The constitution of the Scottish clergy is altogether different from that of the English church. They approximate more to Luther in their religious tenets, which exhibits a severity of principles more vexatious and irksome in the practice. Along with the dogma of puritanism, the Scottish religion has adopted the spirit of dark intolerance peculiar to that sect: it rejects episcopacy; and unlike the clergy of the English church, its ministers collect no tithes for their support.

THE HIGHLANDS.

He who loves the aspect of a country which partakes of the natural and the grand, he who is pleased with manners which savour of mountain originality, cannot fail to be charmed with a visit to the Highlands.

However mountainous the country may be, however decorated by beautiful lakes, Scotland has no kind of resemblance to Switzerland, to which country it is habitually compared. It possesses not those bold forelands, those imposing rocks, those detached masses, that spread of green sward, those handsome forests, which constitute the charm of Helvetia. Scotland, moreover, is deficient in that cultivation, in that feature of comparative wealth and civilisation, which are among the admired advantages of happy Switzerland. The disposition, too, of the lakes is different. It rarely happens that the border of the landscape is cut out in the same fashion as in Switzerland; and the conformation of the mountains of the two countries differ in as remarkable a degree. In Scotland, the sides of the mountains resemble inclined planes reaching to the verge of calm and transparent waters. Cows, flocks of sheep, and stags, feed in the midst of small underwoods, while in the distance one sees, here and there, thinly scattered trees. Occasionally, fields, inclosed with hedges, yield a miserable crop of rye or oats, of which the inhabitants make an indifferent bread. In more attractive views, the eye now and then reposes on the prospect of shooting-boxes, and of distant mansions, rarely to be met with, owing to the inconceivable extent of the estates: a principal mansion on each estate, and a few shooting-boxes, resorted to by the owners and their friends during the summer months, do not exist in sufficient number to give the country an air of comfort and activity. The Highlands present, accordingly, a rugged and barren appearance, which fills the mind with melancholy.

There are, however, some exceptions to the exclusive possession of the soil by its titular lords. Comfortable and even elegant houses are often seen, which do not belong to the higher aristocracy. The descendants of the chiefs of ancient clans still retain possession of extensive estates. In addition to their character of owners of the soil, they superadd an extensive influence over all those of the clan who bear their name and wear their favourite plaid. These chiefs of clans keep up the hospitality of the olden time, with all its generous confidence and cordial warmth of manner. The introduction to one family of distinction, in Scotland, is sufficient to obtain for the stranger a ready admittance into the best society in the country; and he is received in their circles with a warmth and cordiality which, in other countries, are reserved for relatives, or old and intimate friends. Should the family with whom the guest is staying, make a visiting excursion, he is taken with them, and presented by some one of the family whose acquaintance he has first made; and his greatest difficulty lies in resisting the good things which the hospitality and custom of the Highlands heap upon him: a hospitality and custom to which a stranger cannot naturalise himself in a short time. There are indeed few strangers of whose social, gastronomic, and drinking powers, the Scots must not entertain a rather contemptible opinion, looking to their own accomplished feats at the social board.

SPORTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

I was invited to a shooting-party during the grouse season. This grouse is a bird of the partridge species, very common in the Highlands. I set off on a High-

land pony, to whose natural sagacity I trusted myself as often as occasion arose, and whose trained experience was sufficient to lead me (failing birds in one quarter) into another, where to find them was almost certain.

Grouse exists in great abundance in Scotland; but it is not permitted, by an ancient usage of the country, to fire twice on the same covey of birds. The necessity of seeking fresh coveys, as well as the heavy nature of the soil, renders grouse-shooting a very fatiguing pastime.

Stag-hunting offers a pleasure of a different kind. The sportsman sets out accompanied by thirty or forty gamekeepers. It seldom happens that the stag approaches sufficiently near to be within reach of the ball of his pursuers: he almost always gains the ridge of mountains crowned by perpendicular rocks, forming a species of natural wall of four or five feet high. Bounding over those walls, he considers himself safe, and proceeds leisurely to graze. The huntsmen arrive without noise, take their station, and, at a given signal, many of the stags fall victims at the first discharge.

The stag often affords a nobler sport, when hunted by large stag-hounds of a prodigious strength. The dogs in general attempt to seize the stag by the throat or by the ears; but sometimes their force is expended before they can make these attempts: oftener they succeed, and have only to vanquish the obstinate resistance which their antagonist opposes to them.

The Scottish stag is infinitely larger than the stag of the continent; his courage and strength render him, also, much more formidable to his assailants. The number of these animals has so greatly increased, that the mountains belonging to the Duke of Athol are said to contain eight thousand.

MELTON-MOWBRAY.

It is at Melton in Leicestershire, a mountainous and wooded country, intersected by valleys and deep rivers, by brooks, and hedges defended by double ditches, that the best hunting in England is afforded. The country is not remarkable either for the beauty of its sites, or as presenting those enjoyments which a small and anciently-built town, totally deprived of those comforts of which the English show themselves so jealous, is the least calculated to yield. The sportsman, however, accords the preference to Melton, because it unites, and comprises within itself, all that variety of difficulties which a sportsman finds not only a pleasure but a glory in surmounting. It may be also that English foxes—like the amateurs who hunt them—appear to delight in dangers, and congregate in preference round Melton. They are found in the neighbourhood in sufficient quantity to furnish a supply for the considerable destruction which yearly takes place.

There is not a hunt which may not afford food for a fortnight's conversation. The brooks and ditches cleared, the rivers swam over, the broken limbs and ribs, the horses killed—such are the anecdotes which form the inevitable episodes of these charming parties!

Caricature, which seizes on every thing in England, has not neglected so rich a subject; it has contrived to turn to humorous account the often tragical occurrences furnished by such dangerous amusements.

The keeping up of what is called an establishment at Melton, entails a very considerable expense. This species of luxury is necessarily limited to a very small number of wealthy people. No Meltonian can dispense with a dozen horses, each of which costs, at the least, two or three hundred guineas. Some stables contain even thirty.* The labour of a hunter is not prolonged beyond three or four seasons. From the care bestowed upon them, two horses require the attendance of one groom. This may convey some idea of the enormous expense incidental to this kind of enjoyment.

The intervals between hunting days are filled up by brilliant assemblages at the country mansions, by play, and by cock-fighting, which serve as pretexts to bets often amounting to a very considerable sum.

Melton is one of the places in the world where one is most careless of one's purse and person, and where the one and the other are sacrificed with the greatest zest.

COCK-FIGHTING.

If the character of nations were to be studied in their popular games, special attention should be bestowed on cock-fighting, which holds a high rank among the amuse-

ments to which the people of England are most fondly attached.*

In the attention paid to the preservation of the race of these birds, a spirit of order and perseverance is manifested. In the enormous bets to which cock-fighting serves as a pretext, is disclosed the taste for a species of chance, the caprices of which, nevertheless, offer the basis of a sort of calculation. In the courage of the bird, the idea of a resemblance with that of man presents itself; and in the tragical conclusion of the struggle, the need of an impression lively enough to excite imaginations which a slight movement of curiosity could not agitate. In the enthusiasm of the spectators of all classes to take part for such or such combatant, without any other motive than the idea of the moment and the inspiration of play, a similitude is afforded to that ardour which induces the English to engage themselves, fortune as well as peace, in political quarrels with which they have no concern. In a word, in all the details of a frivolous amusement, not of summary of their conduct throughout life is manifested.

Celebrated by its fox-hunts, Melton is not less renowned by its cock-fights. In the environs of this town the most celebrated race of birds is bred; and here it is that all schemes are followed which are likely to add to the purity of breed, and to increase, by crossing, the perfection of the cock. It is in the environs of Melton that, from the peer of the three kingdoms, to the farmer, nay, even to the groom, the passion of play confounds all rank. Bets are here offered and accepted without examining from whence they come, or into what hands they fall.

People interest themselves no less about the genealogy of a cock than about that of a race-horse. Any coupling of these birds which is calculated to impair the breed, is repudiated with as much horror, as a derogatory marriage in the family of their owners. And in this classic land of social distinctions, aristocracy, with all its pretensions and the rigour of its despotism, condescends to imitate in the manner of breeding fowls.

Thanks to the care taken of the ancestry of the cock—which is traced back through several generations—you are sure that the birds destined to fight have what is called blood, that is to say, that they descend, by an uninterrupted succession of grandsires of noble origin, from a stock capable of furnishing combatants well suited by their courage for the arena in which they exhibit their valour.

Cock-fighting has its laws, as rigorously observed as those which regulated the passes of a tournament, or as the brutal rules observed in the boxing-matches of London.

The great bets are made on the success of a series of fights between a certain number of cocks. Thus, each better fetches about thirty of these birds, and divides them into three parties. He opposes one of them to the bird presented by his adversary, and the bet is adjudged to the better whose champions have been most frequently conquerors, first in each party, and afterwards in two of the three parties.

Other bets are offered even during the battle, on the chances which it presents; and it is thus that the rapidity of judgment of the betters are called into exercise. A knowing eye conjectures, from the manner in which a cock enters upon and maintains a struggle, from the blows he gives and receives; from the effect produced on his countenance by a wound inflicted on such or such a part of the body, the probable issue of the contest; and from one end to the other of the cockpit, the spectators propose, or, to speak more properly, cry out bets, which are accepted with the same readiness, the proportions varying according to the opinion which the better entertains of the result.

A circular hall, furnished with steps which enable one to descend into the pit, is filled with spectators. Two men appear, bearing silk bags, on which the escutcheons of their masters are richly embroidered. They draw forth the cocks which are to fight, and place them before a judge, who examines them, and who assures himself, by an inspection of their weight and confirmation, whether they are of equal strength. This formality fulfilled, the cocks are returned to the men who have brought them to the pit, and are placed upon the turf which serves as the theatre for the combat.

The birds are prepared for this combat in a manner suited to the occasion. The comb and such feathers as would be both useless and inconvenient ornaments, are removed. Their heads are therefore stripped of these, and their wings reduced to an extent which only allows

* The Halls, Trollope, and Filders have neglected to state this fact.—Ed.

* Sir Harry Goodricke's contain fifty.—Translator.

them to raise themselves to a small height. Their tail, which is cut square, gives them a martial turn, and imparts to their gait a spruce and easy appearance. Their spurs are armed with steel, very sharp and cutting, and of the form of a poniard.

Like horses prepared for the race-course, cocks are subjected to a regimen, to which is to be attributed, in a great measure, the strength they put forth. The food they receive tends to prevent fat, and adds to the energy and play of their muscles. They are purged, are made to swallow stimulants, and kept in continual irritation, as well as in a forced exercise. The effect of these minute observances discloses itself by a rapidity and violence of movement, which gives to the birds thus treated an uncontested superiority over their fellows subjected to an ordinary regimen.

As soon as the combatants are in presence, they look at each other with fierceness, and each in some sort measures and judges his opponent. Immediately afterwards, they give tokens of a fury, the gradations of which can be easily observed; incline their necks towards the ground, and, after having preserved this attitude during some seconds, as if to gather up their courage and their strength, rush towards each other. The bill is the first weapon of which they avail themselves, but the most formidable is the spur. They seek to strike each other with it in the head, upon the back, in the sides. The blood runs from their deep and numerous wounds, from the bill, even from the eyes. Their fury increases in consequence; they watch each other's motions, and deal out fresh blows till one of the combatants drops.

It often happens that while both lie dying in the arena, they summon up, as though by concert, a remnant of life, rush against each other, add to their wounds, and fall down again. But their fury has not forsaken them, and the gambols of their agony still wear the character of valour, and afford to the umpire the means of deciding with whom the victory rests.

When the fight is only disastrous to one of the combatants, the conqueror walks proudly round his fallen enemy, and attempts, with an exhausted voice, a crow of triumph, to which the acclamations of the enthusiastic spectators respond.

The race of cocks has lost its Thersites. Sometimes, however, but rarely, there are cowards, in whom the sight of an adversary causes a tremor, and who fly to avoid the sight. The spectators at first, and afterwards their masters, are without pity for them, and the bisces of the one are but the prelude of a sentence of death pronounced and inexorably executed by the other.

In their absurd prejudice in favour of birth, the English persuade themselves that cowardice is only discovered among birds whose pure breed has been interrupted by a disproportioned alliance. In France, so ill-sounding an opinion would be anathematised by its application to the breed of cocks.

The aspect of a cockpit differs from all assemblages that have pleasure for their object. He who has not been present at the sittings of a certain assembly, where graver interests are discussed, would find it impossible to form an idea of the cries, the gestures, the applause, the blows, the stamping and clattering which the spectators resort to by way of expressing their impatience. There are only wanting, to complete the resemblance between a cock pit and the nameless chamber, those gross insults and menaces which are not allowed in the English assembly. In order to check the excess of turbulence, there is suspended from the ceiling, by means of a cord passed through a pulley, a large basket intended for the reception of disturbers who transgress the limits—for the rest extensive enough—assigned to ill-breeding.

France, which is so eager to model her institutions on those of Great Britain, should resort to this means, which perhaps would have more efficacy than a president's bell.

IRELAND.

GENERAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Ireland contrives to afford subsistence to a population of eight millions, which England rather coerces than governs. The exercise of the catholic religion furnished, for a long time, a pretext to those professing the faith of the established church, to put under a species of ban seven-eighths of the Irish population; and now that a more humane policy has raised up the hitherto proscribed catholics to the rank of subjects of the same state, an unquiet and unruly spirit on the part of the latter, threatening to overturn all, seems in some degree to justify those exceptional measures, so long maintained with rigour, and so lately removed from the code of British legislation.

Since the year 1798, an epoch of unhappy memory for her, Ireland has manifested an impatience of the English yoke, and a general discontent, which have obliged England to have recourse to additional measures of severity. The passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, far from having calmed the excitement, has, on the contrary, but tended to give fresh courage to the disturbers of the public peace. At this instant, the public tranquillity is daily compromised, under all the pretexts and forms which faction can invent. These unvaried interruptions of public order may lead to the most disastrous results.

The political excitement finds a powerful auxiliary in the distress of the country; nor is a physical force, for which almost any change must be a benefit, unwilling to lend its aid, on occasions when it may be found convenient to enlist its services. The Irish demagogue discovers for the Irish peasant a fancied or a true analogy between politics and religion, and bids him take courage from the extent of his distress: thus excited, the peasant is let loose against power, property, in fact against every social and legal institution. Under the names of Whitefeet, Ribbonmen, &c. Irish *Jaquerie* exercises its lawless violence, its rapines, its burnings, in different parts of the country. Bound together by oaths which it were death to violate, these Irish factions commit the greatest excesses, unrestrained by the terrors of the law. In truth, all law is in abeyance in Ireland, for witnesses will not, and dare not if they would, declare the truth.

A perfect organisation, therefore, emboldens these confederates to raise the standard of almost open revolt. And now, as if things were not bad enough, a new organisation springs up under the name of volunteers, spreading themselves over the towns and villages, as well as over the face of the country, and composed of men of the middle classes of society. When a unity of purpose and a settled direction have been given to their movements, they afford the protection of their numbers, and their ardour, to the agitators, who proceed openly towards the attainment of their object.

This object is no less than the repeal of the union between England and Ireland. Hence the name of Repealers, adopted by the Irish who wish for the dissolution of the union. Conjoined by a community of views, as well as of religious belief, recruited from the classes of the Whitefeet and the Ribbonmen, all of whom groan, as they conceive, under the yoke of a political servitude, the Repealers are still more formidable by the talents of the men who have placed themselves at their head.

From time to time conflicts take place, for which the payment of tithes forms the pretext: some are killed; burnings of houses ensue; peaceable inhabitants are murdered in a cowardly manner on the high road, if the popular rage has been excited against them: vengeance thus glutted, turns itself towards another point.

What the Irish desire is complete freedom; the equality of the catholic with the protestant faith; the exercise of those rights which the inhabitants of England and Scotland enjoy.

They want, in a word, their old constitution of 1782, and a native parliament, which would consider their interests distinct from those of England, and oblige the proprietors of the soil to abide on it, and spend in their country those revenues which are now squandered in foreign lands.

The Repealers have their leaders, as well as their government, which manifests its power in an open way. Its mandates are cheerfully obeyed; it levies taxes, which are boldly demanded and readily paid; it musters its troops in open array; and its tribunals execute its fearful sentences, of murder and burnings, with audacious impunity. The train of insurrection, so sedulously laid, requires but some daring hand to set fire to it. That well known hand exists, directed by a powerful will and a steady purpose: but the considerations which hold it back are as well known as the hand itself.

RELIGION.

Among the main causes of the disastrous condition of Ireland may be placed that difference of opinion which, for more than two centuries, has manifested itself between the great body of the population professing the Roman Catholic faith, and a small fraction of it, favoured by their exemption from a penal code to which their catholic brethren were till lately subjected. In a population consisting of eight millions, seven millions, professing the catholic religion, have long groaned under all those harassing persecutions which religious rancour could superadd to party spirit. Large masses of wealth, in the hands of a few, enabled these few, for a time, to sustain an unequal struggle against a strong tyranny; but deprived of the favour of the sovereign, and indelible to

the posts of honour, wealth in Ireland, in catholic hands, could confer neither power nor distinction. For a time, wealth might no doubt procure some degree of consideration; but a too tardy national justice deprived property of that influence which, under a good system of government, property should always enjoy. The people, seeing that it failed to confer the protection and happiness which are naturally expected from it, began to regard the proprietors and wealthy men with indifference, and perhaps envy. Nevertheless, during the existence of persecution, a community of suffering and degradation, and a hatred of the government, their common oppressors, attached in some sort the tenant to his landlord; but that more intimate alliance between the lord and the vassal, which has always subsisted in England, and which is the effect of a prudent foresight as well as humanity on the part of the one, and of gratitude and duty on the part of the other, exists not in Ireland.

The state of poverty and degradation in which the catholic clergy of Ireland languish, has placed the exercise of the sacerdotal functions in the hands of men little qualified by education to maintain, by their social position, or to exalt, the dignity of that church. The catholic priesthood in Ireland is recruited from the lowest ranks of society. Too poor to acquire the necessary education, the catholic priest supplies this want by a blind fanaticism, which becomes more dangerous from its rapid communication to the body of the people, in whom the priesthood excite, to the highest pitch of exaltation, a spirit of religious enthusiasm.

Hence that constant state of uneasiness, that disposition to discontent, those unceasing aggressions against a government always on the watch, and exaggerating the precautions necessary for its safety to the extreme point of converting those very precautions into an insufferable tyranny. Hence this division of Ireland into two political and religious classes; one of them, the most numerous, the poorest, and the most excited; the other, the weakest in numbers, the strongest in power and wealth, and the most impelled to abuse both the one and the other. Hence, in fine, a hatred always ready to burst forth with that character of violence resulting from the respective situations of the conflicting parties.

In order to modify this state of things, no help could have availed, short of that civilization with which England was, in a measure, supplied from the continent; and which showed her the justice of exercising a benign influence towards unhappy Ireland. It was necessary that England should have rolled back upon her, from the Irish shores, those cries of liberty, those declamations against intolerance, to which she has so clamorously given vent in all quarters of the globe. It was necessary that England, the country which prides itself on its spirit of the most expansive liberty, should be made to behold in its true colours that state of political and religious coercion which she maintained by the exercise of an oriental despotism. But it was necessary above all, and before all, that the people, for whom humanity and justice were raising their united voices, should burst their chains of bondage, and threaten to convert them into weapons against their oppressors.

The measure which was to call Ireland to a participation of rights too long overlooked, did not fail to meet with an obstinate resistance in the prejudices and feelings of the dominant nation. England feared the uses to which Ireland would turn her recovered liberty. Such a transition from servitude to comparative freedom was the more to be dreaded, as it had been prepared beforehand by the efforts made to excite the passions to the highest pitch of hope, and by a state of wretchedness which could not fail to drive the people into acts of despair, and which there existed no means of effectually relieving.

Able statesmen clung to the then existing state of things, not that they approved of it, but that they feared the dangerous consequences which might flow from the most trifling modification of the system. To their successors they bequeathed the difficult task which they had not the courage to undertake; and finding it easier to perpetuate tyranny than to administer justice, they concluded that the easiest course was that of keeping Ireland in thralldom.

The government was at last obliged to abandon the line which it had prescribed to itself; but in adopting that resolution, it was no longer enabled to guard against the consequences which must inevitably attend it. The concession which was thus wrung from power was looked upon, by the Irish, as an indication of its weakness. A religious spirit now came to the aid of that philosophy which had, hitherto, only struggled for the removal of an unjust ascendancy; and lending to the cause all its

accustomed bitterness and rancour, as well as its language, threw its whole force into the political strife. This religious spirit is now at work. It still mingles in the combat, harassing its enemy, and seeking to obtain, with its own peculiar weapons, those new and extensive concessions, which it is not in a condition openly to exact. This spirit calls to its aid other passions, other interests, all species of discontent, every form of opposition. It allies itself to every complaining tongue, to every strong arm, and finds, moreover, far more formidable auxiliaries in the embarrassments which beset the government.

In this conjuncture, the government has recourse to various expedients, which at another season, under different circumstances, had proved successful—expedients which they loudly condemned, when a neighbouring government broke down in the attempt to resort to them, under circumstances infinitely more urgent, menacing, and dangerous. These expedients are borrowed from an exceptional system. Will they succeed in the present condition of affairs? and if they do succeed, can their success be durable? The future alone can reveal the truth; for in the present convulsed state of society, and of the principles on which society rests, it is difficult to foresee what may yet come to pass. But is the future, such as it has been prepared by the daring innovators who now dread to consult it—is this future calculated to calm our apprehensions? Is it not from Ireland that will blow the storm, the fearful elements of which had been so long slumbering, and have been since spread abroad with such fatal fury? England may well tremble with apprehension, for already are heard at no great distance the howl of the tempest and the roar of the whirlwind.

In vain it is sought to lull the storm, by yielding up some of the numerous abuses which had crept into the practice of the dominant faith in Ireland. In vain it is now proposed to surrender some portion of the wealth of the established church.

It is still a problem in physics, whether the conductor does not invite, rather than avert the electric fluid. The same uncertainty still exists in political science concerning the effect of concession, which may be called a species of *political conductor*, more likely, in truth, to invite and invigorate the spirit of destruction, than to avert or annihilate it.

Richly endowed for doing nothing, the clergy of the established church in Ireland were mainly intent on levying tithes, of which they too often spent the produce in England. Ministers have now assumed the initiative, in reducing the wealth of an establishment which conferred no benefit on the Irish people, and the revenues of which were certainly not turned, by the incumbents, to very apostolic uses.

The catholic clergy, whose social position will in no degree be improved by these reductions, will not, in consequence of them, be a whit more disposed to support the government; for these changes fail to remove the great defects of the catholic clergy, their poverty, their want of education, the abjectness of their social position. The measures, therefore, which have been adopted in reference to religion, in Ireland, have only succeeded in causing the cessation of a prolonged legislative injustice, in producing a fiscal improvement, but they afford no preservative against dangers which are daily assuming a more alarming character.

IRISH ESTATES.

The tenure by which Irish property is held, the mode of holding it, the union of many small farms into one of considerable extent, the vastness of some estates—these are, also, master-causes of the deplorable condition of Ireland. Small farmers have wholly disappeared; the class heretofore so denominated is fallen many steps lower in the social ladder, and is now subject to all the ills and inconveniences incidental to poverty, a poverty which, contrasted with their comparatively happier state in former times, is rendered the more insupportable. A spirit of envy and hatred has, accordingly, sprung up in the minds of the people towards the richer and more favoured classes of the community.

A diminution of manual labour has been consequent on the extension of farms. Machinery is now introduced into agriculture, as it has long since been into manufacturing industry; and whilst, for the mass of mankind, such introduction is a palpable benefit, it is yet a great and overwhelming evil for those engaged in the particular labour which has, to a certain extent, been suppressed by the use of machinery. This effect has been more apparent and more deplorable in Ireland, than in England; for in that country the great proprietors are, with few

exceptions, non-residents, and know not whether their tenantry stand in need of their sympathy and protection. The great object of the Irish landlord seems to be, to diminish as much as possible the cost of labour, and to increase as much as possible, and by whatever means, his annual income: thus he neither receives nor deserves the benedictions of his tenantry. In this respect, he forms the disreputable exception to the landlords of more civilised communities; in quitting the land of his birth, and becoming, as it were, a stranger to it, the Irish gentleman, by his own act, deprives himself of the affection of his tenants. If he return to it, his visits are few, far between, and of short duration; the reception which he meets with on these occasions is generally cold, sometimes even hostile. Disgust, a real or supposed fear, caused by their own acts and course of conduct, finally induce Irish proprietors to leave a country in which they seem apprehensive for their safety: thus is engendered a reciprocal animosity and hatred, without the least likelihood of their giving way, on either side, to better feelings.

In addition to the disadvantages just enumerated, there is another inseparable from the condition of an absentee. He takes every thing out of his country, and sends nothing into it. For a series of years, enormous sums have been extracted from Ireland, to be expended in England—on the continent—every where, in fact, except in the country whose sweat and labour have supplied so much exportable wealth. The sources of this wealth and production, owing to frequent draining, are now dried up, to the great chagrin and dismay of the landlord, and to the more urgent misery of the tenant, who, in addition to the discontent of his landlord, has to undergo the severer punishment of a redoubled privation. Bread, the basis of subsistence in other countries, is in Ireland a luxury, to which the poverty of the tenant does not allow him to aspire. The potato, without any other nourishment, furnishes subsistence to the people at large. Happy is the family in Ireland which can even acquire a sufficiency of this species of nourishment.

Hence has arisen a prostration of the moral and physical faculties of Ireland, which has destroyed all finer feeling,—and blunts all sense of wretchedness, all desire to find a remedy for it. Ireland can only be stimulated by the cravings of hunger. Indifferent to every other feeling than hunger, the Irish peasant does not trouble himself concerning the almost complete nakedness of his offspring, or the filth of the cabin,* which he holds in joint tenancy with the pig, the calf, and the fowl, that supply him with a few shillings, from time to time, wherewith to procure his family whiskey. He works little, because labour is unfrequent as well as ill paid, and this discouragement to work brings idleness in its train.

The immense tracts of unreclaimed common and bog, in Ireland, are a reproach to the agricultural industry of Great Britain. An obsolete legislation, adapted to an epoch when there was a dearth of farmers to cultivate the soil, suffers a vast quantity of unreclaimed land to lie fallow. Such a practice might be accounted for in a country thinly populated; but what apology can be made for it in a state of society where hundreds of thousands are dying of hunger in the midst of lands which might be made to teem with fertility? What can be said of the policy of reserving such lands for some undefined purpose, which can never occur under circumstances more favourable than those which would now recommend their immediate cultivation?

In vain does the unfortunate peasant turn a wistful eye towards these unreclaimed lands; he sees in the bosom of the now unfruitful earth, a prospect of labour, and a reward of toil, a harvest which may grow to maturity, abundant means of existence; but he knows that he will not be allowed to turn those advantages to account. Never shall his plough till these fields—never shall his spade turn up a soil dedicated to perpetual sterility. All he can expect to enjoy is the produce of some miserable animals, and too often does his hard for-

* Lord B—attempted, on his estate, to substitute healthy habitations for the miserable cabins of the peasantry. He caused many comfortable cottages to be erected, with separate apartments and chimneys, a luxury not generally known in Irish cabins. He was compelled to resort, as it were, to a species of coercion, in order to compel the peasantry to inhabit these new cottages. On his return from London, on one occasion, he found every thing destroyed but the walls and roof of his new buildings,—the partitions, the chimneys, the windows—every thing had disappeared. In want of the common necessities of life, the poor could only view those comforts in the light of superfluities.

tuno deny him even the possession of them. By the side of those animals which a wretched nutriment renders almost valueless, a whole family pines away in inaction; while the surface of grazing land necessary for the support of a cow would amply suffice to provide for their wants.

To these causes of wretchedness and poverty is superadded the rigorous enforcement of tithe from the cultivators of the soil. Gathered for the profit of pastors without flocks, collected for the uses of a religion to which the people do not belong, tithe serves but to feed the luxury of the clergy living out of the country, and wholly regardless of the misery of the tithe-payers by whose labour they subsist. The unfortunate natives, belonging as they do to a different religion, are beyond the pale of the sympathy or care of the protestant pastor.

It is chiefly in Ireland that the corporations of London are possessed of estates: proprietors directed of all attachment to the soil, without any personal interest, or any of those strong motives of duty which should bind the landlord to the tenant—their whole object seems to be to receive their rents, and to spend them out of the country; a twofold and unavoidable cause of impoverishment for the land condemned to be thus misgoverned.

In order to expend on her soil some fragments of capital, of which so many causes tend to divest Ireland, Great Britain quarters a large military force on her dependent province. Some few millions distributed in the payment of this force are almost the only circulating medium of the country.

IRISH POOR.

Ireland may be said to be peopled with poor. The number of families who live in easy circumstances, forms a fearful disproportion to those who are in a perfect state of destitution. The last and only comfort which remains to the inhabitants of Ireland, a people more wretched than those of any other civilised country, is this—that it is a miserable one—that the distress is universal, and common to all the inhabitants. Those, therefore, who suffer in a state of society where all are alike wretched, are spared the additional misery of instituting comparisons which could only aggravate the misery of their situation.

There are in Ireland no poor-laws as in England. Public charity is the uncertain purveyor to the certain wants of the Irish poor; and immense is the task which is imposed on this casual handmaid. Matters are now, however, advanced to a state in which they cannot much longer continue.

The first remedy which presents itself to the mind of philanthropists anxious for the happiness of their species is the institution of a system of poor-laws similar to that which obtains in England. To judge, however, of the English poor-laws by the results which they produce in England, it is with difficulty one can agree in the conclusion that they are calculated to meet the emergency which is admitted to exist in Ireland.

Notwithstanding the enormous cost of the poor-laws, they but imperfectly attain the end of their institution: and, perhaps, one of the most positive effects of these laws is to encourage idleness, to create new wants in the part of the poor, and to generate a carelessness and indifference as to the future, which cannot but have a disastrous influence on their moral faculties.

To these laws are attached conditions little in harmony with that liberty which is the boast of Englishmen; and the condition of the poor, notwithstanding the considerable sums bestowed on their relief, is, in reality, worse than in any other country.

In France there exists no other law concerning the poor than that which, however inadequate to meet the object in view, nevertheless forbids mendicancy. In France, it is justly supposed that principles of religion and humanity would do more to extinguish mendicancy than the law itself; for they would act with more discernment and with better feeling. The form of relief accordingly assumes an endless variety; such, for instance, as the customs and resources of the different localities. The expenses are met by a voluntary contribution, which is the more readily assented to, as it may be levied by a tax upon produce, and as each contributor is assessed in a degree proportioned to the means at his command.

If the indigent population of Ireland be numerous, the extent of its uncultivated lands exceeds all belief. Much

* It must however be acknowledged that the corporation estates are generally administered with care, and upon liberal principles. They are admirably cultivated: the roads running through them are kept in proper repair, and the wants of the poor upon those estates, as well as their instruction, are humanely attended to.

misery would be relieved by the employment of useless hands in the cultivation of a soil wholly valueless at present, and by the endeavour to raise the means of supplying what would still be wanting, in consequence of the inadequacy of the produce of labour for the support of the poor.

If the establishment of poor-laws in Ireland should, from the existing disproportion between the resources and the wants of that country, encounter many obstacles, perhaps it would be agreed on to depart wholly from the abuses of the English system, of which we have been speaking; and then we might expect to witness results the more important as the institution of poor-laws would be directed to the relief of classes comparatively more wretched, and, whether owing to necessity or habit, more abstemious than the like classes in England. Some potatoes added to the nourishment of an Irish family, would suffice to create for such family a degree of relative comfort; and the culture of some barren and unproductive lands would give them habits of labour, finally produce good conduct, and a strict observance of religious duties, by which means a visible improvement would take place in the moral condition of that degraded part of society.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

In order to escape the numerous and complicated miseries which await them on their natal soil, a vast number of Irish families emigrate. They collect together, for this purpose, their wretched resources, the foul lees which remain after the juice of the grape has been fully expressed. With these remnants of means, they pay the freight of their passage to America, the Canadas, or New South Wales. In those countries similar privations, nay, a species of slavery, awaits them; for, in order to subsist, and to procure lands and the means of locating themselves, it is necessary that they should mortgage their labour for many years in advance. Sometimes the unfortunate emigrants perish in their venturesome attempts; but death in these instances is not immediately occasioned by hunger—it is a slower and less horrible death, and there is this consolation, that a more hopeful future than their native country presented is reserved to the members of the family who survive them.

England also receives her share of Irish emigration; each year brings to her shores thousands of Irish, who come to mingle with the already too numerous crowd of unemployed natives. They bring to the common stock vigorous and sinewy arms, too often rendered unfit for labour by the immoderate use of gin. These Irish find their way to all the workshops and mix in all quarrels: one sees them every where, where there is work and where there is riot, equally prepared for the one or the other, and always restless and troublesome. Those dispositions often interfere with their employment, and are sometimes among the causes which produce their distress.

IRISH CONSTITUTION.

For a long period of time Ireland had her own laws: a special form of administration—a parliament composed of two houses like the British parliament, which voted the ways and means, and regulated the general interests of the country. To the union of this parliament with that of England, Ireland opposed the strongest and most prolonged resistance; but at length their independent representation was exchanged for a share in the national representation. By the arrangements which took place at the time of this incorporation, twenty-eight of the Irish peers were to be elected, from the whole body, to sit in the upper house. This arrangement is different from that which took place at the Scottish Union. A Scottish peer does not sit in the English house of lords for life; he is liable to be re-elected or rejected at the dissolution of the house of commons:—whereas an Irish peer sits for life.

Ireland sends to the lower house one hundred and six members, elected according to forms nearly resembling those which prevail in England. This unequal representation places the interests of Ireland in complete subservience to a combination of English and Scottish members. Hence that inevitable collision between England and Ireland. Hence complaints, well or ill founded, discontent, hatred, resistance, exceptional measures of a fearful energy on the part of the government. Hence, in a word, the present state of things, so fertile in troubles, and which may in the end become fertile in disastrous events.

IRISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Like all other sources out of which her prosperity should spring, the commerce and industry of Ireland are

in a state of severe suffering. The extreme poverty of the people opposes itself to that active consumption which is, in every country, the surest basis of rapid and important commercial operations. Placed at the extremity of Europe, and separated from the Continent by the most commercial of all nations, Ireland suffers from the disadvantage of her geographical position; and to this, that capital, which naturally flows towards every country where a profitable return can be calculated on, has, owing to some unfortunate combination of circumstances, never found channels for communicating itself to Ireland.

It should certainly appear that capital would find a profitable return in manufacturing industry, in a country in which the superabundance of labourers should diminish the rate of labour; but the fact is otherwise: with some few exceptions, Ireland possesses no manufactures of any note.

A capitalist will seldom adventure his money, unless he can constantly superintend the operations of that labour which he has put in action; and he is unwilling to subject himself to the risks of a continued political fermentation. Be the cause what it may, the effect of this absence of capital is deplorably felt, and its influence in perpetuating the national distress cannot be contested.

IRISH SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

Without having any national literature which she may properly call her own; without any marked superiority in science or in arts, Ireland has contributed nevertheless, her full quota to the general stock which illustrates the annals of Great Britain, by the number and talent of those distinguished men to whom she has given birth.

Bishops Jebb and Magee, and Dean Kirwan, have acquired a just renown by their pulpit eloquence. Science is deeply indebted to Young, Donavon, and Westley. Literature may justly be proud of such men as Usher, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Swift, Sterne, and Moore; and of Burke, Castlereagh, Grattan, Curran, Plunket, Ponsonby, Canning, and O'Connell, as orators and statesmen; and whatever opinion individuals may entertain regarding the direction in which he exerts his talents, of the Duke of Wellington, whose military glory is, however, so transcendent, as to eclipse the renown to which he may lay claim as a statesman:—all these stand deservedly high in public opinion.

Ireland, then, should be ranged among those nations which have produced, and still give promise of producing, men distinguished in the walks of literature and science, and above all, in politics.* It is, therefore, only just to conclude, that the vices and imperfections of her sons arise from an absence of, or an imperfect, education, rather than from any inherent or natural vice.

MILITARY SPIRIT OF THE IRISH.

Irish turbulence has hitherto consented to submit to the yoke of military discipline. Poverty drives into the army a vast number of young men, who become excellent soldiers. Ireland is the nursery which supplies the greater part of the recruits of the British army. A considerable proportion of the most distinguished officers, of all ranks, are also of Irish birth. One of the most remarkable traits in the Irish character is their great aptitude for a military life. In the ranks of the army, where turbulence must yield to a severe and strict discipline, the national spirit of the Irish appears in the most favourable light, and is entitled to the most unreserved praise.

IRISH CHARACTER.

Ireland contains as wretched a population as any in the world: a population too, which, it may be said, makes the best efforts of any to escape from its wretchedness and misery; a people unquestionably, also, the most enslaved, but who, in a great measure, justify the exercise of acts of coercion and restraint, by their perpetual efforts to escape from an authority disposed to measures of moderation; a people the most sincere and devoted adherents to the Catholic faith, but who, in following its minute observations, have allowed the spirit of that religion to evaporate; a people who rank among the most simple and yet the most gifted nations, no less brave than prone to acts of the basest and the most cruel revenge;

* Whether it arises from a want of taste, or from the dormant faculties of the nation, in this respect, not having been awakened, certain it is, that Ireland has produced no name renowned in the fine arts.

habituated to privation, yet among the least sober—of energetic resolve, and as great inconstancy in action; a people, in fine, among the readiest to labour, and yet among the idlest of modern nations. There is no vice in the Irish which is not qualified by some latent virtue, and a virtue which is not disfigured by some defacing vice. The Irish character is a compound of *finesse* and *naïveté*. It is a mixture of the Gascon and the Boottian, of piquancy and folly. If the Italians had not already embodied forth the character of harlequin, the Irish people could have furnished the outline of it.

Their hasty passions are quickly excited into all the violence of anger; hence arise their imprudent resolves, of which reflection does not retard the execution; their transition from good-humour to passion is short, and quickly embraced. In politics, they are as headstrong as in private life. Anger is the monitor to whose counsels they most willingly listen, and they are ever prone to adopt its suggestions. Accordingly, they are perpetually falling into error, the first consequence of which is an aggravation of their evils. In consequence of this *bizarrie*, and of the contrasts in which it abounds, the Irish character may be considered as the cause and effect of the state of things which has just been described.

CONCLUSION.

Arrived at the limit I had proposed to myself, it becomes me to cast a retrospective glance at my labours, in order to ascertain whether my observations have preserved, in a collected form, that character of truth, which, isolated, they presented to my mind. It becomes me to see whether, in the judgments I have pronounced, prejudice has not invaded the ground of impartiality, to examine whether my criticisms bear the impress of a depreciating spirit, which it certainly was no part of my intention to give to them—to enquire whether my encomiums have not been exaggerated; in a word, it becomes me to know whether I have attained the object I had in view. A conscientious examination still presents the subjects of my remarks in the point of view in which they had at first appeared to me. Generally consigned to paper the moment they struck me, the impressions I have received have remained unchanged. I have described manners and customs such as they have presented themselves, and as experience revealed them. I have rather stated the dissimilarities which England exhibits on a comparison with other countries, than pointed out any peculiar failings. I have sought to trace the principal outline, and some of the shades of difference which distinguish the English physiognomy, rather than its features of resemblance, which it has been my endeavour to avoid. Have I succeeded? This is a question which it does not become me to answer.

If I should be accused of having infused too much severity into certain opinions, I will call to witness my intentions, and declare that the imperfections, the *bizarries*, (or what I conceived to be such,) which I have pointed out, originate, according to my ideas, in a principle entitled to respect, the advantages of which infinitely counterbalance its inconveniences. These imperfections are, in my mind, a consequence of the national character, grave even to dullness, and moving with a prudence which renders it often stationary. It brings in its train a long retinue of laws, usages, and prejudices. With such a *cortège*, it would be difficult for it to march as quickly as the civilisation of other countries; it is, therefore, always some steps in the rear, and requires to be urged on and stimulated. It marches slowly, because it is unwilling to be separated from any thing to which long custom has attached it. Such is its perseverance in this system, that it destroys no part of those customs which now and for ever are fallen into disuse. It preserves, under the rust of ages, laws in which one would vainly seek a provision—the slightest idea—at all applicable to the existing epoch; but there is wisdom in preserving those laws as a mark of respect for the past, and as a warning to future generations, that they should uphold existing institutions. Thus it was that the English constitution was formed, an ancient edifice, composed of the legislative architecture of times and manners, the tradition of which has scarcely reached us, and of which Westminster Hall, with its Gothic walls and modern arrangement, appears in some sort to be the symbol. Accordingly, we are witnesses to the maturity of reflection displayed by the national character, at a moment when it is beset on all sides by the fury of passions on the watch to invade it. How soon it recovers from emotions the effects of which it could not altogether resist; how soon it returns to what it was before; and how, when obliged to move onwards, it cautiously treads the unknown soil before it! This is because good sense forms

the groundwork of that character; and for nations as well as for individuals, this precious gift is the first condition of happiness.

Let England, therefore, console herself for the absence of that mobility of imagination, calculated to diminish calamities for nations. Let her turn her eyes towards a neighbouring country, endowed in the highest degree with that brilliant faculty, and see whether the halo of glory with which she dazzles herself is not too dearly purchased by a continued state of present disturbance and of future uneasiness. And should England betake herself to view with a feeling of regret the distance which, in certain respects, separates her from some parts of the continent, let her compare her situation with that of those countries which she might have the weakness to envy, and let her then declare, whether the permanence of her institutions, her perseverance in a line of conduct fruitful in happy results, be not preferable to the vain glory of shining in the arts, or in astonishing the mind by unheard of discoveries; preferable, in fine, to those dangerous systems which disturb the peace of Europe, and prepare an all-consuming conflagration by the aid of those lights with which the votaries of such systems pretend to enlighten the world.

PHILOSOPHY OF EXILE.

For two years and upwards, to escape a political condemnation, I have dwelt in England. What have I seen there? What have I done there? How have I there spent my time, my money? What is left me instead?

Such are the questions which I put to myself on the second anniversary of my arrival in a country to which I had brought great uneasiness, painful recollections, an uncertain future, and prejudices which ill prepared me to be pleased with it. A storm in which, unfortunate pilot as I was—call me unskilful if you choose—the vessel committed in part to my charge, had perished, threw me upon its shores. I solicited of them an asylum, which, from choice, I should have sought elsewhere. Prudence counselled me to submit with a good grace to what to me was an imperative necessity, and to banish, as useless, discouraging thoughts, the comparison of my past condition and of my present lot, of my native land and the land of exile, of what I had been and what I was about to be; in short, to do in adversity what I had done in more favourable circumstances—obtain from my situation all that it could yield of honour, of consideration, and of pleasure. Regrets, hesitation to enter upon the position to which I was doomed, ill-humour with its inconveniences, resistance to its demands—these would have been the only results that would have accrued to me from a contrary resolution. It was more rational to put away whatever was of a nature to give me pain, to adapt my situation to my resources, to caress it, in order to render it the more complaisant, to employ my mind in such a manner as to leave the less room for care, to advance with eyes shut towards a future, which my will had not the power to modify, that I might not see all the threatening things which it might bring with it, and not to open them unless to look at a very short distance; to depend a little upon calculation, a little more on the reputation which I possessed, still more on the facility of my character to give way to men and circumstances, and a great deal upon the chance which a combination of all these should produce; in short, to impose silence on my imagination, if it should dare to assail me with importunate regrets or desires, by comparing my lot with what it might have been—London with Ham—liberty in a foreign land with a prison in my own country.

This plan—if plan it were—has succeeded. If it has not gained me happiness, it has at least rendered time supportable. It even seems to me that when the sorrows of the first moment had once become blunted—and they were very keen—my life has not been either more unhappy, more idle, or more unpleasant than formerly. It seems, indeed, that I should have to applaud myself for this trial, even if it were not destined to be prolonged. Proscription has proved to be a title to consideration and interest: I have endeavoured to give to exile the character of travel. I dwell in a world that is new to me. I there find other manners, other amusements. But it is life, it is consideration, that an honourable man saves from the wreck of a high position; above all it is liberty, it is air. Ought I to complain when I reflect that I might, that in all probability I should, have been deprived of the one, and have had no more of the other than the barred window of a fortified castle would have admitted? I have found, I know not how, good-will, which, treated with due atten-

tion, has ripened into affection, acquaintances who are become friends.

That varnish of condemnation which I carry along with me has not been unserviceable to me. The curiosity which in England attaches to whatever is out of the common course, to men as well as to things; the vanity which causes those who have played a conspicuous part to be sought after; filled up all the voids left, especially at first, by the various elements composing my existence. They have bound them together in such a manner as to give them an elevated situation in society, and to make of me, in spite, nay, perhaps on account, of the events which have been my downfall, a personage who by common consent is sought after, questioned, consulted; for whom the first place is every where reserved; and who, notwithstanding his previous habits, is regarded as a sort of political authority.

A continual alternation of visits among a numerous society, which appeared desirous to lay itself open to my observation, and of complete seclusion, placed at my disposal valuable materials, time and solitude to study and arrange them. I was in a now situation, stimulated by a something to which I was unaccustomed, and which extended itself to my moral and physical economy.

All this acted powerfully upon my senses, roused my spirits, and gave them an impetus and a direction which they had never had. My sensations issued from a corner of my imagination in which methought I had never yet rummaged; thoughts, ideas, to which I was a stranger, came forth from it.

I set about cultivating a soil from which I had not yet demanded any crop, and which, without costing me fatigue, yielded far beyond my hopes. Placed hitherto in high situations, I had considered them only as means of seeing farther, of embracing wider prospects.

I was then in the first boxes of the great theatre of the world. I saw more at my ease; perhaps I did not observe so closely. Thrust down into the pit, mingled with the crowd, elbowed, squeezed, in my turn, looking from below at the scene which I used to view from above, objects appeared under another aspect, whilst the drama lost none of its interest.

I had time; I had wrought for myself independence; I employed them in rendering an account to myself of what I had seen and done in the course of my administrative career, and during the short but stormy period of my ministry; of what politics, events, chances, were preparing for or against the cause with which my lot was connected; of what struck my eye and my mind in the land of exile.

Too true not to be offensive, composed to record, but for myself alone, recollections that are precious to me, the period at which these memoirs shall appear cannot be specified. In all probability I may not be permitted to judge of the effect which they shall produce. There are facts which my situation, whilst imparting a thorough knowledge of them, forbids me to reveal. The anecdotes which might serve to season the whole would attack men whom it is my duty to spare, and to whom I have vowed gratitude and affection. Were I to suppress these anecdotes, I should be but the cold and spiritless narrator of events, which I should relate, just as many others have done, without diving to the bottom, in order to discover their causes and to trace their results. I find myself compelled, therefore, to keep these memoirs in my portfolio, or not to take them out of it unless to communicate them to a few friends, and to give authentic evidence of possession.

To confess the truth, I regret that it is so, because I think that I perceive in the subject, and in the colours which I have given to it, something that classes a historian.

By availing myself of the facility of character consistent with my personal dignity; by forgetting so much of the past as would have produced only useless regrets; by calling, above all, to my aid those family affections, those relations of a friendship tried by adversity, those attachments to one's native land, so powerful against misfortune, so consolatory in affliction; I have created for myself an existence endurable within myself, honourable and even brilliant without.

When the pangs of exile are too acute, when the separation from all that is dear to me is too painfully felt, I have recourse to my imagination; I give scope to it by directing it towards my country, the access to which is not forbidden to it, as it is to me. It there seeks, it there finds, the objects of my affections, and it returns laden with a harvest of soothing thoughts, of precious recollections, which I examine at leisure, which I *cull*, as it were piecemeal, one by one; which I press to squeeze out of

them all the pleasures, all the consolations, which they contain.

These encroachments upon sorrow, these short revivals in illusions, assist me, in some measure, to shift my fortune from one shoulder to another, and tend to lighten the burden.

I had enough to do with my own troubles. I have, as far as lay in my power, kept aloof from those which were not absolutely personal to me. Many griefs are purely conventional: we should greatly diminish the sum total of these, were we to enclose them, like mourning, within a specific circle of affections. That we should grieve on account of those we love is quite natural; but to carry pity to the length of grief for calamities which will never reach us, and which we cannot alleviate, for persons whom we have never seen, and who will not thank us for it, is a luxury of affliction, in which we ought not to indulge, unless we have nothing to do in that way for ourselves, and we are annoyed by an excess of happiness and joy—a very rare circumstance in life, and of very short duration! A noble mind takes a real share in the afflictions of those who are dear to it; a weak one has affections in reserve for all the sorrows that are revealed to it. The sympathy of the one may be of service; that of the other is of none.

There are—I know it from experience—few misadventures, at the bottom of which, if we make strict search, we shall not find consolations: the difficulty is to apply them, often, indeed, to own them to ourselves, because they sometimes hurt honourable feelings, and are based upon considerations which appear to be not so. In the end, however, they produce their effect: all that is requisite is to allow them time. It is sufficient to leave to the latter the task of reconciling them with decorum. In thanks to that mediator, what would be wrong today will be right in a month—in a few days. Should we be very culpable, if we were to assist, to urge, the operation of the remedy, paying due respect at the same time to the decencies of social life, which we can never oppose without great prejudice to ourselves?

Whilst defending myself against grief, I did not, however, resist certain melancholy impressions which resulted from my position, and which it would have been impossible for me to escape.

Few can have any conception of that grief which is felt for an *absent father-land*, who have not experienced it with the terrible accessory of exile, which deprives you of the hope of ever revisiting it, and the happiness of having a point upon which to base your plans. The recollections which, under other circumstances, you would have called forth as means of comfort or resignation, to set you, annoy you, because they are then but regrets.

Have those friends of whose affections they remind you yourselves remained faithful? Are not those who have retained their attachment to you as unhappy as yourself upon your account? Shall you ever see her again? That adored mother, whose old age it is your duty to render less oppressive, will expire, and her last actuated by that instinct of tenderness, which carries all other sensations, will in vain seek your hand to lay upon it her last blessing. Your wife, separated from you for ever, is doomed to a precarious position, a precarious existence, a melancholy life, and blighted prospects. Your children, educated afar from you, will soon find your features erased from their memory, as well as your affection from their hearts: they will know you only by the name which you have transmitted to them, which they will be reproached with as a fault, which will be objected to them as an obstacle. Who knows but that weary of your proscription, which will extend to them, they may behold with indifference, nay even wish for, the event which will replace them in the ordinary condition of society?

Upon nothing—not even upon inanimate things themselves—dare you suffer your thoughts to dwell. If the flower which enamels the meads of your country springs up beneath your feet, its form, its fragrance, remind you of happy days which will never return, of affectionate recollections which perhaps you alone still cherish, of the sports of your childhood, and even of the friends who shared them—but they remind you too that you are condemned never to behold them more.

The estates which you possessed, and to which you owed the enjoyments attached to wealth, you are forced to renounce. The dwelling which you had taken delight in embellishing, the trees which you had planted, the woods which lent you their shade, you will never see again. Never more shall you set your foot on those alleys which you laid out yourself. No more will your eyes rove over those scenes which you were never weary of contemplating. Your imagination will fatigue itself

by the imperfection of the picture, upon the objects which chance shall present to it.

The gait of a stranger will remind you of a friend. You brush away the tears that dim your vision, that you may take a better look at an aged woman, whose fixed and sorrowful eye persuades you that she too is pining after a son who is never to be restored to her. The eagerness with which a boy runs to meet his father will bring to your remembrance that thus your son too would fly into your arms.

To re-unite in your memory cherished features, you will love to place yourself amidst a group of children of the age of your own: from one you will borrow its blue eyes, from another its light hair, from a third its ruddy cheeks. Others will furnish you with their smile, their air, their stature, the tone of their voice. But at the moment when the illusion is on the point of being complete, your exhausted imagination will suffer these traits, which it had been so assiduously collecting, to slip from its grasp; and you will find yourself surrounded by noisy urchins, uninteresting to you since you have ceased to seek in their faces resemblances to that which you were striving to retrace.

By separating the dearest objects from one another, exile produces on the soul a grief which finds no remedy but in hope, if the separation is to have a term; in oblivion, if it is to last for ever.

In the first case the sorrow is less keen, but of much longer duration; because the thoughts dwell incessantly on subjects which nourish grief. In the second, it makes an effort to wean itself from what would afflict it to no purpose; it portions off the past, in order not to embarrass the future with it. It soon directs itself towards other objects; it is occupied with other engagements, other combinations. By interposing between it and the affections with which it must learn to dispense, time insensibly effaces the recollection of them.

Weary of the attempts which it makes to preserve some traces of the features of relatives, of friends, of those who are dear to it, the heart relinquishes to the mind the task of retaining the fleeting impression.

The memory, in its turn, divests itself of names. If, at long intervals, it succeeds in catching them again, it feels neither interest nor regret on the occasion. One has ceased to love; of what use would it be to remember?

Soon nothing more is left of the country which the exile shall never see again but affection for the place of his birth. That affection subsists even when indifference has disarmed it of those who seemed desirous of causing it to be cherished.

These reflections incessantly haunt the thoughts of an exile. Torments of his life, they take away the relish from the rare pleasures which he might be permitted to enjoy. They mingle with his meditations to such a degree as to prevent his indulging in them. They oblige him to fly that he may leave them behind him; to shift from place to place, in order to baffle their approach; to seek noisy scenes, for the purpose of keeping from his ears all the painful things with which they would fill them.

And what would he gain by giving himself up to grief? Nothing. It would weaken the fortitude which is necessary for him, without imparting any useful counsel whatever. It would paralyse his energy, and would give him up, in a more feeble state, to attacks, with which all the strength that nature has bestowed is not sufficient to cope. It is his duty, on the contrary, to arm himself with resignation for the endurance of the ills which he cannot prevent, with resolution to combat what he cannot avoid; to accustom his mind to create a future for itself, and to enrich it with all that can make it a medium of compensation for the past, of consolation for the present; and to seek diversion in the indulgence of tastes which are most habitual to him, and which he is most capable of gratifying.

Habit comes to the aid of philosophy in the efforts which she makes to lighten the burden of misfortune.

Between the sensations and the position of those who suffer, there are relations to which must be attributed that equal division of good and ill which is to be observed among the various classes of society. Joy and grief are, though with very different causes and very distant points of departure, carried to the same degree by individuals belonging to different social situations. The artisan who carries home to his family the wages of his week's labour, is as well pleased as the ambassador who has just obtained payment of the order for his monthly salary. The one thinks of the noisy joys of the pot-house; the other of the pleasure of gratifying some expensive whim.

try girl, as one of the great world in the society of a duchess. The banker, to whom a bankruptcy has left a fortune of no more than two or three millions (of francs) fancies himself, and is in reality, as unfortunate as the farmer who has lost his cow. There is as much grief in the soul of the poor wretch who is turned out of a garret because he is unable to pay the rent, as in that of a monarch driven by rebellion from his dominions. At the end of their career, the king and the beggar, if they had kept an exact account of their joys and their griefs, and were to compare them, would find that each day had brought them an equal proportion, and that life has not been heavier or lighter for the one than for the other: each of them has enjoyed and suffered after his manner: that is all the difference which would strike them.

I have had occasion to ascertain the justice of these reflections, in comparing my past existence with my present existence, my pains and pleasures of past times with my present pains and pleasures, my own country with a foreign land. The days, the months, the years, pass away in one situation as they did in the other. Setting aside my affections, the preference which I should give to the old manner of suffering and enjoying over the new one proceeds entirely, I am certain, from a relic of habit.

Determined not to neglect any thing which could tend to lighten the pressure of my situation, I solicited succour from adversity itself against adversity. I have found that a great affliction, which predominates over, embraces, absorbs, all the trifling vexations of a painful position, is more easily endured than petty crosses, the place of which it in some measure usurps. I have a notion that all my philosophy would have found it difficult to overcome the mortification of losing a lofty position, and the influence and consideration attached to them, or to combat even the habits resulting from them, had any ordinary circumstances suddenly hurled me from the eminent post which I occupied to the spot whence I started to attain it. A great catastrophe accompanied that event. It substituted dangers to the vexations which I should have dreaded.

Sorrowful recollections of the past, an inclination to compare it with the present, at the risk of finding in the latter nought but subjects of grief, regret for advantages which were never to return—all fled at the prospect of the perils which threatened me, and the sensation of the happiness which I felt at escaping them.

I no longer think of my having been minister and possessed of power.

I have escaped the horrors of a situation which might have been terrible. This idea leaves no room for regret: if there is some left for a little hope, 'tis as much as there is.

Adversity finds, moreover, resources and consolations in the dignity and resignation with which it is accompanied.

Time, when one is wise enough to suffer it to act without thwarting its action, succeeds in making a position endurable. It wears down recollections, beginning with their asperities, retrenches what was too painful in them, frames pleasures proportionate to the faculties which are left for relishing them, and throws them into the road leading to the term of all woes, in order to induce them to pursue it.

Among my blessings I reckon the ills from which I am exempt: envy is one of them. I have always thought that life is too short to waste any portion of it in fretting at the prosperity of others. Strictly speaking, this way of looking at things is a calculation of personal interest; for envy is a painful sentiment, a vexation which brings in nothing, and for which it is necessary to find some consolations, of which one has but too many occasions to make a better use.

I am addicted to habits and tastes which it would cost me painful efforts to modify or correct. I am not aware of any great necessity to do so. To have made the attempt in youth, at a period when the future stretched out far before me, and when errors may have consequences of long duration, might have been proper enough. But now that the future is very much abridged, that I can calculate its remotest term within a few days, to devote the remainder of it to a contest with the habits in which I have grown old, would be the height of folly. I keep them like affections.

Then comes an age, when, weary of every thing, what one deems the best part of the pleasure is the end of it, and when the summary of an amusing day is sleep. I have reached it. A similar enjoyment ought to be reserved for me, when, withdrawing from the vortex of the world, and from the remnant of business, which I

give myself up to absolute repose. Who knows if it will not be the same when my eyes shall close never to open again!

When I have exhausted reflections and consolations of this kind, I invoke the recollections of self-love. I search my past life to discover in it good done to my country, services rendered to my friends, circumstances honourable to myself. Neither are these attempts vain. I glorify myself without scruple, though, were I not to do so, nobody else would take the trouble; for it would be silly to calculate upon the gratitude of nations for the good one has done them, or their esteem for the important things one has executed. Create, amidst a thousand difficulties, by dint of resolution, labour, perseverance—create for agriculture, commerce, and industry, new means of development; establish the prosperity of a country on solid bases; and you will draw down hatred upon yourself, opposition upon your plans, and obloquy upon your intentions, which will subside so long as you are in power. When you are removed from it, public opinion will correct itself. It will discover good in what has been done, injustice in the judgments that have been pronounced.

At a later period, very long afterwards, a statue will perhaps be raised to the benefactor of the country, not because he has done good, but because, by throwing a mantle over the dress which he wore, he may be made the subject of a monument, which would set off the public place of some city, and which is recommended by the vanity of some administrator, who aspires to the honour of having erected it, and of obtaining a similar one in his turn.

This posthumous glory, this accidental recollection of talents long unappreciated, though usefully employed, this tardy reparation of an obstinate injustice, are of no benefit to him who is the object of them—he is dead. His very grave, were it opened, would not present any vestiges of him. His children will not find in the honours paid to his memory a recommendation that may be advantageous to them, still less a compensation for his neglect of his personal interests and the fortunes of his family.

But, if he had built a play house, if he had planted a few trees in rows to make a drive, to which people would not have failed to give his name, then would he have immortalised himself; he would be thought more highly of for fifty paces of promenade than for fifty leagues of high road.

The moral which I draw from these reflections is, that little things serve for a ticket to great ones; that is, that if we create the latter to recommend ourselves to posterity, we must not neglect the others, if we would gain the good opinion of the present generation.

My observations are deduced from my own experience.

In the course of a long administration I am conscious of having done some good. Who notices it? who talks of it? Not a creature behind my back; a few polite people when they meet me.

I have embellished a quarter of Nismes; the people have given it my name; all vied in complimenting me upon it.

This administrative bagatelle, to which I attached no importance, which I considered as merely a diversion from labours of a higher order, has contributed more to my reputation than the results obtained by undertakings of real utility, more even than the part which I had in the success of the expedition against Algiers.

After this, ransack your brains for honourable ideas! expend your health in realising them! Sacrifice yourself to the public interest, that you may see the most insignificant of your labours preferred to your noblest conceptions, and frequently a coxcomb or an idiot to yourself, who are neither! Let an occasion for popular delirium arrive; offer your services in expiation of the crime of not having had force sufficient to make reason triumph, and you will see if they will abate one iota of the rigour of the sentence: you will be banished, imprisoned—too happy if they do you the favour to spare your life!

My conscience does not forget itself whilst engaged in soothing afflictions originating in the counsels which it gave me. It was this that induced me to pursue a track, the difficulties and dangers of which reason failed not to point out. It was this that encouraged me to persevere on occasions when I might, without dishonour, have withdrawn myself from a danger which I saw imminent—irremediable.

When I reflected that, for the loss of liberty, perhaps of life, no compensation would be made either to me, if I survived, or to my memory, if I should perish; that, in the event even of a triumph, the glory of it would be con-

tested, to say nothing of the risks which I should have run; that the prince whom I should have served, that the public interested in my success, would repay my services with ingratitude alone; that envy, which would not fail to interfere, would be sure to attack my very intentions: it was again my conscience that lifted me above these considerations, well founded as it acknowledged them to be.

At this moment it tells me that there are principles from which a man of honour can never deviate, without doing an injury to his reputation and a still greater injury to society; that the principles which are connected with the stability of governments belong to this number, and ought to be placed in the first line; that on the respect paid to these depends the welfare of nations; that, all these principles going back to royalty, which is the personification of nations, we owe to kings the tribute of a devotedness free from considerations which would tend to restrict its limits and its operation; that, in accepting the confidence of a monarch, we are bound to the nation whose representative and organ he is as we are to himself; that to violate the fidelity we have sworn is a crime against society; that to hesitate about the execution of the orders which he issues is to compromise the safety of the state; that, in calculating the chances of finding the public interest in the will of a sovereign, or in the adverse will of factions, there are more probabilities in favour of the former, because it is more deliberate, more calm, because it is founded on antecedents and facts, and because it tends to preserve: whereas the popular will, fond of theories, hasty, and inconsiderate, tends to destroy; that consequently the public interest imposes upon us as a duty, fidelity to kings, and that in the term fidelity we ought to comprehend all the acts which can render it complete and efficacious; that in certain instances the application of these principles may fail of its effect, but that nevertheless it ought always to be tried.

Then, returning to what concerns me personally, it adds, that I did right to sacrifice the situation which I held, and which I liked, not to a prospect of ambition (mad indeed must have been who had suffered himself to be so surprised in 1833,) but to considerations of duty to a king whom one durst no longer serve; to the sight of the danger which threatened him, and the disgrace which there would be in withdrawing one's self from it when summoned to take his part; that it was my duty to employ, for the defence of the post committed to me, all the resources which honour, reason, and the desperate state of affairs, should suggest; all the energy inherent in my character; that the means which I consulted appeared to me, as they still appear, the only serviceable, the only possible ones, and that they were prescribed in Article 14 of the fundamental law; that if they failed of their effect, it was because they were not so complete as I had required them to be; that, at the aspect of the inevitable chance of ruin which presented itself at the moment of the attempt, such as it had been prepared, it was my duty to conduct myself as I did, and not to separate my cause from that of the monarch and the monarchy, which nothing then had power to save, and of my colleagues who generously associated themselves with their fate; that I had satisfied the claims of self-love by pointing out the errors committed, and the commands of honour by seriously taking my share of their consequences; that I ought to accept, as an indemnification for misfortune, the honour of having done my duty and set an example of fidelity, misjudged by the present generation, whose opinion is governed by the event; but which will some day perhaps be appreciated, and find imitators more favoured by circumstances than I have been.

I accept these consolations furnished me by a conscience to which alone I applied for directions relative to the line of conduct which I was to pursue: they take from my griefs their moral side, and thus lighten what I have left to bear.

I should be ungrateful were I not to mention one of the principal compensations of the misfortune which has befallen me.

Something is yet left me of my past greatness: that is, friends who owe me no grudge for having been prosperous and powerful, and who remember the share which I gave them in my good fortune. Not an inhabitant of the country which was under my administration, to what class and to what opinion soever he may belong, comes near the spot which affords me an asylum, without devoting to me his first visit. All of them speak to me of the good which I have done or tried to do; all show me affection or gratitude. And I, who in prosperity kept carefully on my guard against flattery, complaisantly suffer her to come and pay court to me in adversity.

As this tribute is wholly disinterested on the part of

those by whom it is offered, I take it for truth. When one is proscribed, is one so very culpable to seek alleviation for one's woes in the idea, even though exaggerated, of the esteem or affection which one inspires?

But, how soothing are their words, how sweetly they fall upon my ear, how quickly they reach my heart, when, adding to all these flatteries something still more touching, my friends talk of my return to my native land! How thankful I feel for the hope which they give, and the wishes which they express for its realization.

When national consolations are at fault, I apply for one, which is not without efficacy, to the doctrine, or, if you please, the superstition, of compensations, to which I am strongly addicted. I believe in a sort of ponderation of good and ill. I never enjoy any good that comes to me without tempering my joy by the presentiment of something untoward. But on the other hand, I never meet with any misfortune or vexation, but hope, under a vague and indefinite form, mitigates the impression. Now as, in spite of my calculations, the sum of ill exceeds that of good, I gain more than I lose by this method of mingling the future with the present.

Such are the sources in which I steep my soul, to brace it against the calamity which has oppressed me for the two long years that have just elapsed. This period, which I might call that of *recollection*, is one of those which I have had most to myself, in which I have lived most, and best felt and employed my existence. Till then, my faculties had exercised themselves with energy upon special objects only; now they embrace at once both the past and the present, and as much as they can grasp of the future. I apply to a real calamity a philosophy of which I had been very careful, from a presentiment that it might be of service to me some time or other, but which I had had occasion to oppose only to the vexations of a fortunate position. I exercise it at this moment upon a real adversity. I prepare it for still more grievous situations, the idea of which, without my being able to account for it, will come and intrude itself between me and the hopes of a better lot, and remove them to an indefinite distance, like those dun colours which perspective lays on the first planes of a picture, for a background, and to give more vagueness to objects, the details of which the eye is unable to seize.

So much for the past. As for the future, I have divided it into two:—one part is under the control of my reason, which takes care to restrict its limits in such a manner that it can thoroughly know and duly manage it; the other is abandoned to my imagination, which, though no consequence thence accrues, disposes of it at pleasure, and embellishes it as much as it can. Is it wrong? I think not. But it were better to have nothing to do with it than to treat it shabbily.

THE END.

CAPTAIN X—.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TRAITS OF TRAVEL.

During my career of service I have met with numbers of brave men, and a few cowards. I have seen courage and fear display themselves in various ways, and many modifications; but I never met with but one instance of a thorough mixture of audacity with poltroonery, of the basest faint-heartedness with presence of mind.

On joining the regiment to which I exchanged, for the sake of serving in Spain, the very first of my brother officers to whom I was presented by the major commanding, was the captain of the company to which I was attached. I never was so prepossessed in favour of any one at first sight. He was a fine handsome young man, of most elegant address, full of ready wit, and apparently burning with military ardour. He was a prodigious favourite in the regiment. Nothing could exceed his attentions to me, except the pains which he took to instil a portion of his own gallant spirit into mine.

The first time I went into action with this new regiment, Captain X— was unfortunately taken ill, just before our brigade was ordered to advance. He was obliged to let me lead on his company, and his regret made a deep impression on me. It appeared to me that he suffered more mental anguish than bodily, even though, I think, he specified his being desperately ill in three places.

After we had succeeded in driving the enemy from a strong redoubt, the captain joined us, in great spirits and good health, all his spasms having given way to some violent habitual remedy, which he told me was

either "kill or cure" with him. He almost wept at finding that the fighting was all over.

We had several smart skirmishes soon after this affair. Captain X— was often in the field, but I never happened to see him through the smoke, except on one occasion, when he showed great tact in the use of a pocket-glass, with which he constantly looked out from behind a tree or a mound of earth, and gave orders with great coolness to me and the other subalterns, to advance and retreat, as occasion required.

In a storming business, when I was detached with a few men, a serious accident was near happening to Captain X—. As soon as the place was taken, and I returned to the regiment I received a pressing request to repair immediately to him, as he feared he was at the last gasp—dreadfully wounded. I ran to his quarters, in a house just under the rampart, to which he had crawled; and I picked up the surgeon of the regiment on my way, forcing him to abandon some other patient to give his whole attention to my friend. We found him lying on a mattress, almost insensible.

"What has happened? where are you hit, my dear X—?" said I.

He could not speak, but placed his hand on his side.

"Let me examine you, Captain X—," said the surgeon. "I have not a minute to lose—we have many others wounded, officers and men."

"Ah, my dear doctor, are you there?" said the sufferer, opening his eyes for the first time. "How kind this is—but never mind me—hurry off to my poor fellow-soldiers—It is of little matter what becomes of me—I am too far gone for help—I am a dying man—yet you need not exactly say 'killed' in your report; I don't wish to shock my friends too suddenly. Merely put me down 'dangerously wounded.'"

"I can put down nothing, Captain X—, till I see your wound," said the surgeon, drily. "Where are you hit, sir?"

"Why, as to that, my dear doctor, I really can't exactly specify—that is to say, I cannot say directly, that I am absolutely hit—but—but—"

"But what, sir? I am in a hurry—the life of many a brave man is risked by this delay—I cannot be trifled with," exclaimed the surgeon, with most unfeeling emphasis.

"My dear fellow," resumed X—, "I am the last man in the world—the very last —"

"What is your wound, Captain X—, if you are wounded at all?" peremptorily asked the surgeon.

"Ah, never mind me, never mind me," replied the captain; "leave me to my fate—but spare my friends—break it gently to them—only say 'severely wounded' and let me die!"

"What is your wound, sir? Of what nature, is it you again?"

"It must, I think, have been a cannon shot—I feel my side almost battered in—that is to say, a *spend shot*."

"Is there any mark?"

"Why, no—no—not decidedly a mark—I cannot say there is a direct contusion: it might have been, in fact, the wind of a twelve pound shot, or something of that kind—you may, in short, put me down (to save the feelings of others, very dear to me) you may put me down 'slightly wounded.'"

"Why really, Captain X—"

"Not a word, not a word, my worthy friend—off to your duty—go, go along—you must put me down 'slightly'—whatever you like, in short—something—anything—only pray let my name be in the list of the wounded! Not another word—good by, good by, my dear, my very dear doctor!"

The doctor smiled, as bitterly as though he had just swallowed a dose of rhubarb. He left the place; and my infinite surprise, and that of the whole army, I may say, the London Gazette, which some weeks after brought us the official account of the storming, showed us the unprecedented notification, in the list of casualties, of Captain X— being "very slightly" wounded. He was the only individual of the regiment who was not thoroughly ashamed of this, and who did not feel the actual caution of the surgeon's printed sarcasm.

I now began to know my man; and was not much surprised, at the night attack on a fortress soon after, to hear myself called loudly from the head of the company, (I occupying my post in the rear, as we advanced in subdivisions to the breach,) by Ned Flanagan, of Galway town, Captain X—'s covering sergeant.

"Mr. Hartigan, Mr. Hartigan! For God's sake, your honour, come up, come up quick, and lace the company,—the captain's run away already."

Every one knows what a hot affair Fuente d'Onore was—but no one took it so coolly as Captain X—. The village had been taken and retaken several times till a final charge in which our regiment bore a part, drove the enemy out, and left us in possession of the place. As we forded the river, in close column of companies, Captain X— quietly slipped behind, and took up a position among the rubbish of an old house which afforded him a fine view of the business. The colonel by whom we were that day led on, a Scotsman, who was by hereditary right as brave as a lion, turned round suddenly to the adjutant, and asked him,

"Where is Captain X—?"

"Hiding under that wall, Sir," answered the adjutant, pointing to the reconnoiterer.

"By G—, that's too bad!" exclaimed the indignant colonel. "Gallop up to him—at him—over him—and if he does not rejoin the regiment instantly, cut him down on the spot! Now, my brave lads, on them, steadily and coolly—give them the steel, the steel, my boys, and plenty of it!" added the colonel, turning to the regiment, and quite forgetting Captain X—. But the adjutant rode fiercely up to him, and hurriedly repeated the orders he had received.

"Nay, nay, my good friend," said X—, "what's the use of being so confoundedly hasty? Just let me say a few words in explanation. May I die, my dear friend, if—"

"Die and be hanged!" abruptly uttered the adjutant, putting spurs to his horse, and dashing back to his post, where he had scarcely arrived, when a musket shot through both his cheeks tumbled him to the ground, and put an end to his gallant conduct for that day.

As soon as we were thoroughly in for it at Salamanca, when the grape-shot began to pepper the head of the column, and the men dropped right and left, an officer of ours was seen to throw himself bodily into a dry ditch; and those who could not distinguish who it was, thought we had another brave fellow knocked over. But those who identified Captain X—, were quite satisfied that he was in safe quarters. As soon as the business of that hard fought day was well and thoroughly done, we had ceased firing, and were charging after the broken enemy, when an officer was dimly observed through the smoke that was clearing off, about fifty yards in front of our line, waving his hat with its long streaming feather, in one hand, and flourishing his sword in the other, cheering on the regiment, with shouts of most vociferous valour, the Arapilles echoing to his cry. A roar of laughter burst along the line, and became particularly loud when our company joined in it, for we soon recognized our resuscitated captain, and knew better than any others how to appreciate his prowess.

But his best, and, poor fellow, it was his last exploit, occurred not long after this, at the siege of a place memorable for the determination of its defence, as well as the vigour with which it was attacked and carried.

The approaches of the English army were pushed on with a frightful proximity to the place; so much so, that the guns from the bastions were fired point blank at individual officers and men, who had the temerity to raise their heads above the trenches; and they were often hit from cannon of large calibre, with as dead a certainty, as though the most unerring sharpshooters had levelled at them with rifles.

Our entire company was ordered down from the camp, on a working party, one fine morning, out of our turn of duty, and not a little to our surprise, to replace another which had taken its place in the trenches during the night, but was almost annihilated soon after day break, by the terrible cannonade from the enemy's works. One of our subs was killed the day before, so that Captain X— had but myself and the ensign, a gigantic Kerryman of about twenty years old, and six feet five inches high, under his command. We were under cover, as soon as we came within range of the enemy's guns; and so hot was the fire, that not one of us felt disposed to despise the captain's example of keeping as close as possible.

There were several small redoubts thrown up along the trenches, from which elevations, the officers on duty could keep a sharp eye on the men at work. I slept or rather crept into one of these, to relieve the last surviving officer of the company we replaced. He was in the act of eating a crust of bread, which his servant had procured him for breakfast; and as he was leaving his post to my occupation, he incautiously raised his head, to look at the hostile ramparts, when it was car-

ried clean away by a twenty-four pound shot, and the body knocked several yards out of the redoubt.

These were not pleasant occurrences for any man's comfort, but least of all so to one of Captain X—'s temperament. I was scarcely settled in the redoubt, when I saw him moving towards me along the trench, stooping much lower than the utmost prudence required; and he soon came crawling into the redoubt, requesting me to change places with him, and take the command of the whole party, as he wished much to sketch the bastions of the fortress: and he took out his sketch book and pencil for the purpose. I could not refuse his request, a most unlucky one for him, for had he stayed where his duty required, he had most probably escaped the catastrophe which ensued.

I had not changed places with my captain five minutes, and had just stepped up on the ridge of the trench where the soldiers worked, to look about, as it was my duty from time to time to do, when the general of the day galloped up, attended by two aids-de-camp, and a couple of orderly dragoons. He was one of the bravest of the brave; too brave, indeed, as was proved by his death not long after, on a distant service unworthy of his fine talents. He, too, was an Irishman, and knew our regiment well.

"Who commands this party, Mr. Hartigan?" asked he.

"I do, sir," answered I.

"There is a whole company here, isn't there? Who is the captain? Where is he?" were the rapid questions next put.

"There is an entire company—Captain X— is the captain—he is sitting in that redoubt, sir," were my immediate answers.

"Sitting in that redoubt! May he be doubly —! What is he doing there? Hark ye, sir," added he, addressing our finger-post of an ensign, "you have long legs; step out then quickly—go to that redoubt, and bring back Captain X— here instantly. Stoop, sir—stoop low—lower, I tell you, or you'll not have a head left on your shoulders."

The intrepid Kerryman strode along, but cared nothing for the general's caution, and scorned the shelter of gabions or fascines. When he came to the redoubt, he summoned out the captain, repeating *verbatim* the general's speech.

"What a cursed hot-headed fellow!" exclaimed X—. "Go back to him, my trusty ensign, and tell him I am taking a sketch of the first importance; I am proving the engineers to have been all wrong. Tell him the service will absolutely suffer if he disturbs me."

The ensign strode back again, and delivered this message to the general, who was moving about busily, giving various orders around him.

"Taking a sketch! The engineers all wrong! What an impudent scamp! D'ye hear me, sir—go back—tell your captain, once again, that I order him to come here; and if he refuses, drag him neck and heels out of the redoubt, and up to this spot."

"I'll tell you what, my friend," said X—, in reply to this second summons, and hoping that while he temporised, the general would take himself off—or, possibly, that he might be taken off—"I'll tell you what—"

"Don't give yourself the trouble to tell me any thing. Captain X—, but come out of this immediately, I tell you again," said the ensign. At this instant his cap, which was visible above the wall, was knocked off his head, perforated by a cannon ball.

"God bless me, what a narrow escape! how very lucky that you were not three inches taller!" exclaimed the captain.

"Never mind whether I'm tall or little, Captain X—," said the Kerryman, coolly clapping the shattered cap on his head again. "I'll tell you what, the short and the long of it is—if you don't come with me, quietly and by fair means, I'll drag you out of it, dead or alive—so come along, I advise you."

X— finding all resistance or subterfuge to be vain, stood slowly up and followed the Kerryman along the trench; muttering that "a man's life was not safe a minute on service with these infernal mad-brained Irishmen; but that with persons of common discretion, one might go through a dozen campaigns, as securely as though one had never smelt powder."

The enemy seeing a general officer so close, sent their missiles towards us in double quantities. One of the orderlies was literally cut across with a shot, and an aid-de-camp's horse severely struck with the splinter of a shell. Captain X— saw all this as he came forward; and by way of ending the business, and stop-

ping the general's mouth, he held forth the little sketch book, and began some stammering sentence.

"Not a word, not a word, but listen to me, sir!" said the general. "Resume your place here—do your duty—or, by heavens, I'll make you such an example as never—"

Here the general was himself stopped short, by the explosion of another shell, directly over the heads of the group—and the report was instantly followed by a terrified mixture of groan and shriek from poor X—, who clasped both his hands across his breast, and with a dreadful expression of agony in his face, fell flat on his back, almost under the feet of the general's horse.

"Good God, is it possible!" cried the kind-hearted general, his wrath at once appeased. "Who could have thought of his ever dying so fine a death! Well, he's gone, poor devil! He was at any rate a clever, a pleasant fellow, and a gentleman—ay, every inch, but his heart—but, he could not help that! Here, soldiers, throw one of those great coats over the body of your captain, and bear him to the camp. We could, after all, have better spared a better man."

With this quotation, the general coolly trotted off with his aid-de-camp and orderly, in the midst of a shower of shot and shell. The ensign and myself were too much shocked by what had passed, to think of any thing for a minute or two, but the fate of our captain, and we stood gazing after the body, as it was borne away, the limbs already stiffening before it was out of sight.

What was the astonishment of the general, who thus pronounced Captain X—'s funeral oration, on riding back to the camp about an hour afterwards, to see the identical Captain X— unharmed, unblushing, and unabashed, dressed, as was his wont, better than any man in the army; and cantering his little Arabian pony along the lines with a feather streaming from his hat nearly as long as the pony's tail? And what was my surprise when I met him the next morning!

But this could not last. A significant hint was that day conveyed to him from the highest authority. The following morning brought him (he said) letters, requiring his instant return to England. He set out at once. The next Gazette announced his resignation; and as Captain X— has been ever since an ex-captain, I have nothing more to say of him.

ANECDOTES OF A DETENU.

Fanny Beauharnois, dinners.—The viscountess was in the custom of giving a weekly dinner to a numerous party. The fare at her table was invariably so bad that her guests were compelled to lunch before they came to her house. The dinners given by Napoleon to those whom he honoured with an invitation were, on the contrary served up in the most magnificent style: his chief cook, with the exception of that of Cambacères, was the most celebrated *artiste* of the day. Napoleon seldom remained more than twenty minutes, or half an hour, at table, and the instant he rose all the guests departed. "When I dine with Fanny Beauharnois," said Lauragais, "I cannot help thinking that I am exactly in the situation of Lazarus picking up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. At her cousin the emperor's banquets, I endure the punishment of Tantalus, surrounded with luxuries, and deprived of the power of enjoying them." The difference between Napoleon and Fauny is this: the one is a *potentate*, and the other is a *late en pot*—(a dirty scullion, or saucepan scraper.)

Corn conducive to patriotism.—During the war in Russia, in 1812, the King of Naples gave orders to General Nausouty, who commanded a division of cavalry, to charge the enemy. The horses being worn out with hunger and fatigue, the attack was unsuccessful. Murat having complained to General Nausouty, the latter answered, "I don't know how it is, sire, but the horses possess no patriotism. Our soldiers fight pretty well even when they are without bread, but the horses will absolutely do nothing unless they get their oats."

The schoolmaster in France.—A cockney *detenu*, who was residing at Verdun in 1810, kept a little shop: he took it into his head to set up a school, and in his window was to be seen a bill, on which he had written in a cramped, crooked hand, "LEARN TO READ AND WRITE!"—"That is an honest fellow, at least," said Sir James Lawrence, "I will call next month, and if I find he has made sufficient progress I will send my two nephews to his seminary!"

A Subaltern's Furlough;

DESCRIPTIVE OF SCENES IN THE

UNITED STATES, UPPER AND LOWER CANADA, NEW
BRUNSWICK, AND NOVA SCOTIA,

During the Summer and Autumn of 1832.

DEDICATED TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND,

BY E. T. COKE,

LIEUTENANT OF THE 45TH REGIMENT.

Wand'ring from clime to clime observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd. POPE.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. MacKenzie, in his recent sketches of Canada and the United States, remarks very happily, that "A book about America might be written every six months by the same traveller periodically revisiting the same scenes, and yet possess in a high degree the charm of novelty, so rapid is the career of improvement and so interesting are the changes which the agency of man is continually effecting in the western world." This proposition is in a great measure true, and if not realised by the same traveller producing an annual volume, is more than effected by English travellers in succession. Among the whole of these no recent book maker has produced a more agreeable or readable work than Lieutenant Coke, whose pages we feel confident in commending to the approval of our readers. He writes agreeably, and sees with keen intelligence—allows us merit where due, and criticises sensibly though strongly. His visit to Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, together with some unfrequented routes in the "States," will particularly attract attention. His first ride in Canada gives him occasion to show his British prepossessions, but he afterwards does us ample justice; we may safely congratulate ourselves on being so greatly in advance of our Halifax neighbours, as, if so disposed, to retort tenfold the empty sarcasm and pointless insinuations of recent tourists among us, and to add weight to the argument by reminding the Halls and Hamiltons that there the inhabitants are under English protection and patronage. But the day for this recrimination has passed.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Feeling dissatisfied with the various statements which have issued from the press in such rapid succession within the last two or three years, respecting the United States, and being convinced that much yet remained to be learned relative to that part of the vast western continent, I came to the determination of availing myself of a short leave of absence from my military duties to cross the Atlantic, and inform myself more fully upon the subject.

After travelling over 2000 miles of the most interesting districts, and visiting the principal Atlantic cities in the United States, I extended my tour through an equal distance in the British provinces. As my only object in publishing the following narrative is to contribute, in however small a degree, to the knowledge already possessed of those countries which are so fast rising into importance, I hope that I shall not lay myself open to a charge of presumption.

In the following unpretending pages, I profess only to give an unbiassed and impartial statement of what came under my own observation. My remarks are confined to those things which require but a short residence in a country; and, merely pointing out some of the most interesting objects and places of greatest historical note, I leave the full definition of Republican, National Republican, Federalist, Nullifier, Democrat, and all the other various shades and sects of the political world, to those who have made state affairs their study.

I much regretted that circumstances would not permit a longer stay in so attractive a portion of the globe, and do not hesitate to recommend those who are at a loss how to kill time during the summer months to make a similar trip. If their expectations are not too sanguine, they will

be amply repaid for the slight inconvenience of rough seas and rough roads, by not only becoming acquainted with an interesting people, but by the opportunity which will be afforded them of viewing some of the most stupendous natural curiosities as well as some of the finest specimens of art in the world.

May 2, 1833.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO PHILADELPHIA.

As nothing can be more uninteresting to unprofessional readers, than a recapitulation of all the various changes of weather, the heavy squalls and gales, the more tedious long rolling calms, the dense fogs and dangerous icebergs (on the banks of Newfoundland,) the passing sails, and, in short, the usual contents of a ship's log; I shall only briefly take notice of a few incidents connected with the voyage. After a detention of three days at Liverpool, owing to contrary winds with rough and boisterous weather, the packet ship, in which I had engaged a passage, hauled out of Prince's dock at daylight on the morning of the 23d of April, and stood down channel; but it was not until the fifth day from that time that we were clear of the southernmost cape of Ireland: a foul wind possessed, however, one redeeming quality, by successively displaying the fine bold coast of the Emerald Isle, and the picturesque mountains of Wales.

I had selected the Philadelphia in preference to the New York line of packets, and made some small sacrifice to accommodation and society, from a supposition that but few emigrants would be bound so far to the southward; knowing full well, from previous experience, the great inconvenience of a crowded steerage. I was therefore much surprised to find that although a vessel of only 370 tons, she was carrying out 146 passengers in that part of the ship. I had, however, no cause to regret the choice I had made, as I found myself in an excellent sea-boat with an active and experienced commander, who had already crossed the Atlantic seventy-six times; no trifling recommendation to a pleasure-seeking passenger. The weather, for the season of the year, was unusually boisterous, and the wind variable; blowing scarcely for twenty-four hours in succession from any one point of the compass: but having a good stock of provisions and pleasant society on board, it mattered little to the cabin passengers (who were, with one exception, old sailors) which way the ship's head was; but to the emigrants, an increasing gale was a source of great tribulation and alarm; the deck resounding with their groans and prayers until it moderated. The captain and myself were walking upon deck one equally day, when seeing several of the steerage passengers sitting on the fore hatchway, exposed to every sea which came aboard, yet at the same time apparently regardless of it, we had the curiosity to ask them, what they were doing there, and why not below in their berths?

"Why sure now, captain," said the spokesman, an Irishman, "and isn't it that we are waiting here, so that we will be ready to get into the boats, if the ship goes down; for we know you wouldn't wait to call us." The weather itself was not more variable than their conduct: in a calm, the Welch and Irish kept the whole vessel in an uproar with their broils and fighting, which ever arose from national reflections: and each man having brought a store of liquor on board with him, as part of his sea-stock, the combatants were generally more than half intoxicated; while in rough weather, the self-same parties would be leagued together singing psalms, in which they were assisted by the English and Scotch, who kept aloof during the storm of words and war of fists. Amongst the emigrants, however, were many respectable farmers, who, with their families, were about to seek their fortunes in the New World; but the majority were artificers, and some few were men, who, if they could not make their fortunes, judging from outward appearances, could scarcely mar them. They were well equipped for the early commencement of operations in America, being burdened with no such heavy baggage as bedding, trunks, wives, children, or even a change of apparel; and it was a matter of conjecture to many of us, how they could have procured sufficient money for the payment of their passage. A man obtained a free one in the following by no means uncommon manner:—The crew in overhauling the stores in the sail-room, a few days after we had put to sea, discovered him snugly stowed away within the coil of a cable, and bringing him upon deck, he proved to be a great, broad-shouldered ruddy-faced son of Erin, "a poor orphan," as he described himself, who having taken a drop too much of the cratur, had found his way into the sail-room by accident, and fallen asleep, when the ship lay alongside the quay, and that his provisions were in his

coat-pocket, which, upon due examination, proved to contain only a solitary copper, and a dry crust of mouldy bread. Our worthy skipper put him in great bodily fear, by threatening to tie him up to the gangway, and after giving him a round dozen, to put him on board the first fishing-smack we met off the coast of Wales; but it was merely a threat in *terrorem*, as the following day he was duly initiated into all the rites and mysteries of Jemmy Ducks; and after being invested with full power and command over that very requisite department, he became a most important and useful personage. Some accident, however, relieved him of part of his charge, by administering a quantity of oxalic acid, which carried off all our stock of grunTERS at "one fell swoop." A woman, also, with the tact of her own sex, avoided detection until we had been a month at sea, and was only then discovered through the impeachment of one of her fellow-passengers. She had gone quite on the opposite tack to the "poor orphan;" so far from courting concealment, she had ever been observed to be cooking or loitering about the cabin, was the most noisy of all the females on board, and had once or twice even ventured upon the sacred limits of the quarter-deck. So proud a bearing blinded every person on board; nor could any one have imagined, even when challenged with the fraud, but that she had paid her passage, so menacing and formidable an appearance she assumed, with her arms a-kimbo, and a cocky, unassuming toss of the head. Although the captain keeps a sharp look out (there being a fine imposed upon ships carrying a greater number of passengers than the law admits, according to the tonnage), yet few vessels sail from Liverpool without carrying more than their complement. Sometimes an affectionate wife introduces her husband as master on board in the guise of a trunk filled with clothes, or in a crate, as her stock of crockery, in which he is half smothered, and tossed about most unceremoniously, during the confusion attendant upon reefing the anchor.

Having anticipated a three weeks' passage, the few books I had brought on board were exhausted by the time we were half-way across the Atlantic; and as a last resource, almost amounting to a fit of desperation, I obtained the loan of Dr. Emmons's "Freedonia; or, Independence Preserved," from a fellow-passenger, who toiled in a most persevering manner through at least two of the almost interminable number of cantos (forty, I believe) which compose the work.

Thrice happy indeed was I, when the green water, and again making its appearance, showed that we were at soundings. The unusual length of the voyage had not only been rendered extremely unpleasant by the noise, but also by the want of cleanliness in the steerage passengers, some of whom would not even breathe the fresh air upon deck in moderate weather.

On a fine, mild afternoon—the first we had been favoured with since the shores of England had sunk beneath the waves—there was a cry of "Land a-head!" from the fore-top gallant yard. Every one in an instant was upon deck, some for the first time during the voyage, and the rigging was covered with those who previously had not courage to mount the ladder of the hatchway. Every eye was in vain strained to gain a glimpse of the wished-for coast of America, and three cheers greeted the captain as he descended upon deck; the women crowding round him, dancing and singing, as though he had rescued them from some imminent danger. Many had certainly suffered much from that worst of all series, sea-sickness; and those who had seen better days from the company they were obliged to keep in the steerage; where the small-pox and inflammatory fever had broken out a few days after we had sailed from Liverpool, attacking many, and three or four perishing fatally. The wind, however, which had been dying away for hours, now totally failed us, and it became a dead calm. So our sole employment consisted in watching the movements of the innumerable sloops and small craft which were rolling about at the distance of some miles, and which, whenever a slight air or cat's-paw crossed them, appeared as if concentrating to one point, their heads tending to some great emporium of commerce. Two exceptions to the above afforded much amusement. These proved to be rival pilot schooners, taking every possible advantage of flaws of wind and wet sails, but still making little progress towards the ship which was striving to gain; at last, however, our attention was attracted by a small black object, which appearing at intervals on the swell of a sea, was at first taken for a portion of the drift-wood which so thickly covers the Atlantic off the American coast; but, upon examining it through a glass, was found to be a small cutter, pulled by two men, and in the course of an hour the victorious

pilot stepped on board, having fairly outmanœuvred his opponent. Every one pressed close round, asking him ten thousand senseless questions; but he was a man of few words, and all the information we could reap from him amounted to—"that they had frost and snow in April;" and that "there was a war in congress." Having delivered thus much in a gruff tone of voice, he threw a bag of clothes from under his arm alongside the helm; and after passing a few minutes in looking up and scanning the rigging with a seaman's eye, lay down upon a hammock, and, overpowered by his exertions to reach the vessel, was soon fast asleep. His appearance as a pilot was by no means prepossessing; far different indeed from that of the hardy-looking race of the English Channel. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with shoulders bent by the storms of some seventy years, and a face bronzed by the sun until it resembled that of a copper-coloured Indian. I really pitied him, as he tottered along the deck, with one of his hands, which had been jammed between the cutter and ship's side, to his mouth, and thought it high time that he was placed upon the retired list. The day being warm, he was attired in a thick white waistcoat, nankeen trousers, originally blue, and a yellow painted canvas hat. I should judge that the captain was as little pleased with the appearance of the man who had taken charge of the ship, as any one else; for after asking in a significant and dry tone of voice, "if there were any more pilots on board the schooner," he descended into the cabin.

A light breeze springing up at midnight, the following morning showed us the tops of the trees and headlands of the low coast of Maryland, suspended as it were in mid-air. After standing a few miles to the northward, by sun-set we made the capes of the Delaware. It was now the 25th of May, and the day, like the preceding one, was fine and clear, with a warm sun, the thermometer standing 90° in the shade: such a sudden change in the atmosphere, together with the low flat shore, forcibly reminded me of scenes in the East—the entrance to the Bay of the Delaware resembling the mouth of the Hooghly or Iriwaddi rivers. The distance between Cape Henlopen, in Delaware, and May, in New Jersey state, is about fifteen miles. The coast near the latter cape bounds with dangerous shoals and overfalls, and the navigation of the river is rendered very intricate throughout by numerous sand-banks. After passing between the two capes, the river expands into a noble bay about thirty miles long, and thirty wide, when it again contracts to a width of two miles, and continues so with little variation up to Philadelphia. On the Henlopen side of the bay a large breakwater was commenced a few years since, which is to be a mile in length, with the upper end of the harbour protected by an ice-breaker, so that vessels may ride in safety during the winter months: the latter was highly requisite, many ships having been lost through exposure to the river ice. Seven planks in the bows of the packet, in which I was at this time, had been cut through in less than two hours, three months previously, by the drift-ice being kept in motion by the strength of the tide, and acting like a saw against them; the vessel being only saved by running it ashore. The expense of this great undertaking will be enormous, much of the stone required in its construction being brought by sea from the Hudson River quarries, 120 miles distant.

Evening had set in before we fairly passed between the capes, and at the distance of five miles the surf could be distinctly heard roaring against Henlopen. During the day, while our anxious pilot was asleep upon the booms, a boat was lowered to catch a turtle floating on the surface of the water, in as happy a state of forgetfulness as the old man himself; but the ship having too much headway upon her, the boat could not again reach her, and we were under the necessity of awakening the pilot, to heave the ship to, which he most reluctantly ordered, venting his displeasure at the same time in a low inward grumbling. Not feeling very confident as to the safety of the ship under such a man's charge, I took the precaution of retiring to my berth at night without divesting myself of my clothes, thinking it more than probable that I should find it convenient to be on deck ere morning without much loss of time. My suppositions proved correct; for about half-past two o'clock I was awakened by a slight motion of the ship, and although it did not equal in force that of a heavy sea striking it, yet the grating of a vessel with all sail set upon a hard sand, produces a sensation which, when once experienced, will never be forgotten. All hands rushed upon deck in an instant; when, lo! and, behold! our worthy Argus was snugly stowed away in a corner, fast in the arms of Morpheus, while the vessel striking heavily for some minutes, finally

fell over a little on its side, and remained immovable. At this time there were no fewer than three lights in sight, two a-stern on the capes, and a floating one directly a-head. I never heard how the old man accounted for running us aground—this, however, was no time for explanations; but the boats being lowered as quickly as possible, and soundings being taken, it was found that we were on the windward side of the "Browne," a dangerous shoal about twelve miles from land; and that so long as the wind continued from the present quarter, there would be no hopes of the ship floating; and, if the sea rose, she would inevitably go to pieces. As day dawned, the ominous prospect of the head and bowsprit of a ship showed themselves above water, a few hundred yards distant, being all the visible remains of the "Canuing" packet, lost two months previously. It was now for the first time, I heard a genuine Yankeeism: "The ship's lost to all eternity," said the captain; "it aint, I guess," drawled out the old pilot, giving the sentence at the same time a most inimitable twang, which even Mathews himself would have failed in producing.

It was in vain that all efforts were used for three hours to get the ship off; it remained firm as a rock, excepting during the turn of tide, when it again struck heavily. Seeing no prospect of its being moved until lightened, the "star-spangled banner," reversed, was hoisted at the mast-head, while the passengers awaited the arrival of boats from the shore to carry them away. The first craft we saw was a sloop, which, laden with shingles, and steered by a negro, run close alongside of us. The fellow hailed us very coolly, with, "Have you a pilot on board?" and being answered in the affirmative, he continued on his course without tendering any assistance: fortunately, however, we needed none; for the wind veering a point or two, and freshening with the flood-tide, we once more floated, and standing our course up the river, soon overtook our black friend and his shingle sloop, at whom, *en passant*, a volley of abuse was fired.

As we gained the head of the bay, and entered the contracted part of the river, we caught occasional glimpses of small villages and neat white cottages, scattered at intervals along the banks, which were covered with walnut, oak, and patches of pine. I was leaning over the side of the vessel, admiring the scene, but regretting that the clearings were so "few, and far between," when seeing a carpenter, a countryman of my own, similarly employed, I asked him what he thought of the New World at which we had arrived. "Oh, sir! it is a fine country; only look at the timber." I smiled, as the old story of "nothing like leather" occurred to my recollection; and the worthy planer of wood continued to enlarge upon his opinion in a strain of encomium. He came up to me a few hours after landing, quite delighted with having been hired at a dollar per diem on the Ohio rail-road.

The scene was, indeed, a most pleasing one. The clear bright atmosphere, which is unknown to England, diffusing a cheerfulness over every object, with not even a passing cloud to hide the brilliant rays of the sun, as they fell upon the thousands of white sails which covered the surface of the broad and noble Delaware; while, ever and anon, one of those huge leviathans of the deep, an American steamer, darted past, leaving a long train of white smoke from its timber-fed furnaces. The whole presented a scene striking and novel to an Englishman. If there was any thing to detract from the beauty of the landscape, it was the perfect flatness of the face of the country, there not being a rising knoll, or single ridge to break the back-ground; nor could much be seen beyond the smiling verdure of the forest-crowned banks: it was a scene, indeed, at this moment, of life and sunshine; but, probably, if viewed on a squally, wet day, would be thought tame and uninteresting enough. We hove to again towards evening to be boarded by an officer from a revenue cutter, moored in the centre of the stream; and at dusk came to an anchor near a small island, where, at five o'clock the following morning, we buried a child which had died of the small-pox during the night; and then getting under weigh, arrived abreast of Fort Delaware, or the "Pea Patch," built upon a low reedy island, which divides the river into two channels, and is an admirable position for defending the passage. The works are of masonry, and very extensive; but the whole of the interior, including the barracks and light-house, was consumed by fire two years since. No steps have yet been taken towards repairing it, great sums having been expended upon its construction only a few years previous to the above accident. The channel between it and the main land is so narrow, that with a head wind and heavy squalls there was not room to work ships, and we were once compelled to let go the anchor. Opposite to, and about a mile distant from the fort, is Delaware city,

at the junction of the Chesapeake Canal with the Delaware. I went ashore for an hour at mid-day, and walked through the city, which is but a miserable straggling hamlet, with an inn at the landing place, and a few stores: at which a friend, who accompanied me, managed to obtain a few cigars, and some Lundyfoot snuff, though the storekeeper would not vouch for its being the true Irish—"It might be Yankee, and made at Boston, but he guessed not." The canal appeared of noble dimensions, being sixty feet wide at the surface, and calculated for vessels with a draught of eight feet water. The inhabitants, however, told us it would not answer now so well as formerly, a rail-way having been formed five miles higher up the river in the same direction, on which most of the passengers travelled between Philadelphia and Baltimore. While we were standing on the side of the tide-lock, two sloops passed through, laden so high with enormous oysters, that the vessels' decks were on a level with the water; being fastened astern of a steamer, they were towed up the river at an amazing speed, for the gratification of the gourmands of Philadelphia. The cholera had broken out in England prior to our sailing, and rumours of its ravages had reached America some time; and as, most probably, its effects had been much exaggerated, every one lived in the greatest dread of its appearing in the States. A gentleman, who was standing on the quay at Delaware city, welcomed my friend, and congratulated him upon his return to his native land; but the latter telling him in jest that we had the cholera on board, he parted from us very unceremoniously, nor could all our assurances that it was only the small-pox, induce him to return and continue the conversation.

The passengers were unfortunately prevented from quitting the vessel, on account of the small-pox having been prevalent on board, which (although the last case was disposed of) would probably subject us to quarantine for some days, unless we could manage to pass the Lazaretto before the 1st of June, on which day the quarantine flag is hoisted, and its performance rigidly enforced upon all infected vessels. It was now the 31st of May, and every one being anxious to avoid farther detention, the ship got under weigh with the flood tide at night; and after running into the mud only once, from which it was again raised by the tide in a few minutes, it carried on all sail until past midnight, and anchored half a mile above the quarantine station, nineteen miles from Philadelphia. The hospitals, with the storehouses, are very prettily situated within a picket fence on the right bank of the river: a small village adjoins, and the ground rising with a gentle acclivity from the water's edge for upwards of a mile, is covered with farms not too thickly wooded, but in many places assuming a park-like appearance. The country, from the town of Wilmington, the largest town in the state, (Delaware) containing about 12,000 inhabitants, twenty-four miles below, loses its dead flatness; but the ridge, which runs parallel with, and at some distance from the river, does not exceed 200 feet in height. Throughout the day of the 1st of June it blew so heavy a gale of wind, that the ship drifted a considerable distance from two anchors, nor could the pilot venture to get under weigh. The following morning, during the ebb tide, several of us rowed one of the boats to a small island, towards which we had been drifting the preceding day, where a farmer had established himself. In landing, we found a sturgeon of about 120 pounds weight, which had been left by the tide in a shallow pool, and seized upon him for the benefit of the steerage passengers, who, like ourselves, were rather short of provisions, and to whom we thought a little fresh fish would be acceptable. But it was not until after hard struggling and battling, with much splashing and rolling about in the water, that three of us succeeded in securing our prize, and lifting him into the boat. The farmer, also, selling us a lamb and some vegetables, we returned in triumph to the vessel, and again got under weigh, and soon caught the first glimpse of the city—a shoal-tower, and huge building in the navy yard, with a forest of masts approaching above the trees. The smart white frame houses, with their green Venetian shutters and gardens, overhung by weeping willows, and numerous peach orchards, on the Jersey side, with the large well-cleared grazing farms upon the Pennsylvania bank, were evident proofs that we were nearing some great abode of men. One island particularly (the possession of which I envied the owner,) of about 200 acres, won by lottery ten or twelve years since, was remarkably beautiful, and quite studded over with cattle.

The tide failed us most provokingly off Gloucester Point, at the upper end of the fine reach, just as we had

rounded the land and came in full view of the city, at the distance of only three miles; the wind too, following its example, the ship could not stem the ebbing tide, and very reluctantly the anchor was let go within almost reach of the goal.

In the evening several of us landed, and hiring at a small inn one of the common four wheeled open wagons of the country, called a dearborn, (from the inventor,) proceeded over a road, which, though in the immediate vicinity of the city, was wretchedly bad; the carriage, too, was as uncomfortable an invention as could be well imagined, there being but one narrow wooden seat, slung in the centre of the vehicle upon straps, with two rude wooden springs to support it; upon this two of our party took up a position, while another, who volunteered to drive, sat in a chair in front, and two others occupied chairs in rear of the centre seat, while a little curly headed negro was posted upon one of the shafts, where he sat grinning and holding on like a monkey, his dusky skin forming a charming contrast to an old gray mare which was to draw us. Our time being short, the whip was not spared; so that we were whirled along, rolling and pitching about through thick and thin, and wherever a drain or deep water course crossed the road, the carriage giving a heavy lurch, and all the chairs shooting forward with one consent, our volunteer coachman was nearly precipitated on to the horse's back, and the two in rear of the centre seat, not having any thing to plant their feet firm against, were thrown on to the backs of those occupying the seat in front. It was, indeed, a broad caricature of "travelling in the south of Ireland," and we were right glad to gain the outskirts of the city in safety, and abandon the uneasy conveyance, leaving it in charge of our sable attendant.

While one of the party went to sound the ship owners if we could remain ashore during the night, and until the vessel reached town, the rest of us (after walking about the dimly lighted squares and streets, with which we were soon fatigued, our feet being tender from the little exercise we had taken of late) proceeded to an oyster cellar, and there awaited our sentence with great calmness, discussing the various merits of English natives, and American oysters. The latter are so large, that one of our party, who had laid a wager that he could eat a dozen and a half of them, was obliged to cry, "hold! enough!" ere he had arrived at the twelfth. At midnight, our spy returned with the doleful tidings that we must return to the ship, and that on the morrow a medical man would inspect it, and set us at liberty. To hear, was to obey; so without any more ado we retraced our weary steps, and found our little man of colour and his charge, the pale horse and dearborn, most patiently awaiting our arrival. The road appeared to have grown either somewhat rougher, or our charioteer did not steer so small (to use a nautical term) as before; but after running a wheel once or twice into the deep ditches, with which the road was flanked, he brought us again to the tavern door by one o'clock, where the landlord, aroused from his slumbers, soon made his appearance at the bar. Every thing was strange to me; I might truly say I was in a new world; I had heard of American landlords, but, like the room, this man was beyond my conjectures. He came down stairs the very beau ideal of a dandy, with a tiny, little spiral hat, placed knowingly on one side of his head, gold studs, and brooch at his breast, watch guard chain round his neck, rings on his finger, with his nether man cased in a pair of red striped "continuations;" and, to crown all, he cursed and swore "like any gentleman." We enquired if the boat had been off for us, and were informed it had been, but had returned to the ship at ten o'clock, as he had told the crew he would fire a signal when we arrived. Thanking him for his kindness, we thought as a recompense, we were in duty bound to call for something to drink; and a considerable time having elapsed in carrying our good intentions into effect, and seeing no preparations making for firing his promised signal, one of the party asked him if he would favour us by commencing operations. "Aye, aye," said he, "I told the mate I would fire a gun—I would fire a gun in anger when you came; but wait a bit, I'll take a glass myself, first," and then with the most admirable sang-froid, he set about making a glass of port wine sangaree, stirring the sugar about with a small circular piece of wood, to which a handle was attached, and which he twirled about in his white hands with great dexterity. Having quaffed this mixture off to our healths, and welcome to America, he lighted a cigar, offering one at the same time to each of the admiring spectators, and then crossing his arms over his breast, *à la Napoleon le Grand*, he talked of passing events, and asked the news.

I turned away from him, unable to repress a laugh,

and, as bad luck would have it, unfortunately saw a dog lying upon the floor, which I stooped down to pat with my hands. Mine host no sooner saw this movement, then he was out from his bar in a twinkling, holding forth at great length in praise of the animal, which, from his account, possessed all the various qualities of spaniel, greyhound, and pointer, combined. And after having, in his own opinion, established his dog's reputation, he at last commenced the tedious operation of loading an enormously long barrelled gun, respecting whose good qualities, also, we had to endure a long dissertation, while he was springing the ramrod, and ramming down about three fingers' deep of shot, with as much labour and flourishing movement as there is in loading a twelve pounder field piece; and, finally, we had the infinite satisfaction of hearing Washington, or some such nobly named dusky son of Africa, summoned, who received orders to proceed to the end of the wharf, and fire the long wished for signal. Shortly afterwards the plash of oars reaching our ears, we bade our loquacious host a long and last farewell, having paid him two dollars and a half for the use of his dearborn and gray steed ("he wouldn't be too hard upon us.") and by half past two o'clock were once more in our snug cabin.

The sun was high in the heavens the following day before I awoke from strange and troubled dreams of oysters, dearborns, landlords, negroes, dogs, and guns. A medical man coming on board as the anchor was weighing, said he was satisfied with the health of the passengers, and that we had permission to leave the ship, which an hour after mid-day was safely moored alongside one of the city wharfs, and we all stepped ashore with heartfelt joy, having been forty days from Liverpool.

CHAPTER II.

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, the reverse of Lisbon, at first presents no beauties; no domes or turrets rise in air to break the uniform stiff roof line of the private dwellings. And, if I remember aright, the only buildings which show their lofty heads above the rest, are the State House, Christ church (both built prior to the revolution,) a presbyterian meeting house, and shot tower. The city, therefore, when viewed from the water, and at a distance, presents any thing but a picturesque appearance. It is somewhat singular, too, that there should be such a scarcity of spires and conspicuous buildings, there being no fewer than ninety places of worship, besides hospitals and charitable institutions in great numbers. In place, too, of noble piers and quays of solid masonry, which we might reasonably expect to find in a city containing near 200,000 inhabitants, and holding the second rank in commercial importance in North America, there are but some shabby wharfs, and piers of rough piles of timber, jutting out in unequal lengths and shapes, from one end to the other of the river front; and these again are backed by large piles of wood, warehouses, and mean looking stores. On the narrow space between them and the water are hundreds of negro porters, working at vast heaps of iron bars, barrels of flour, cotton bags, and all the various merchandise imported or exported; singing in their strange broken English tone of voice, some absurd chorus, such as,

"I met a nigger"—(chorus all) "long time ago!"

"I met a nigger"—(chorus all) "long time ago!"

"I say, where you going?"—(chorus all) "long time ago!"

"Pull away, my boys!"—(chorus) "yoh! heave—yoh!"

or some such elegant strain.

Fifty paces hence, the stranger enters the city, which possesses an interior almost unrivalled in the world. On walking through the fine broad streets, with rows of trees, which, planted on the edge of the causeway, form a most delightful shade, and take away the glare of the brick buildings, he is struck immediately with the air of simplicity, yet strength and durability which all the public edifices possess, while the private dwellings with their neat white marble steps and window-sills bespeak wealth and respectability. The neatness, too, of the dress of every individual, with the total absence of those lazy and dirty vagabonds who ever infest our towns, and loiter about the corners of all the public streets, passing insolent remarks upon every well dressed man, or even unattended female, impress a foreigner with a most pleasing and favourable idea of an American city.

I was recommended by an American gentleman to an hotel in the principal street, where I was immediately accommodated with a room. It will scarcely be out of

place to mention here, that the bed rooms in the hotels in the United States are not, generally speaking, so large, comfortable, or well furnished as those in English houses; but the establishments themselves, with regard to size and capacity for accommodating numbers, far exceed those in England. In America much comfort is sacrificed for the purpose of admitting numerous guests into the house: a private sitting room, or separate meals, are scarcely to be had, and then only at a high price; and, therefore, as almost every one is under the necessity of dining at the *table d'hôte*, a large hotel presents a scene of great confusion and bustle. At the one in which I resided during my stay at Philadelphia, there were about a hundred persons at each meal, and the majority of them being merchants, from the back settlements, on their summer trip to purchase articles for their customers in the west, lawyers and shopkeepers (or "storekeepers," as they term themselves, a "shopkeeper" being only a retailer on a small scale,) they devoured their meals with a most astonishing rapidity; and vanished instantly to their offices and counters, intent upon business alone. I was lost in admiration, and nearly lost my dinner, too, the first few days I was ashore, in watching the double quick masticating movements of my *vis-à-vis*; I truly believe that one third of the people had disappeared ere my soup was cool. A young man, who opens a store, if a bachelor, has seldom any other apartment than the shop he rents, while he boards and sleeps at an hotel, paying generally about 400 dollars per annum, if at a large and respectable one; the board for occasional lodgers being one and a half dollar per day. It is not customary in most towns to make any extra remuneration to the waiters or other servants of the establishment; but of late years, this bad habit, like many others from the mother country, has been creeping into the cities of the coast; and though the servants do not actually want any, yet they usually expect it: they are generally Irish emigrants, or half castes, if I may use an eastern term: for though during my stay in the United States, I did not enter less than a hundred hotels, I never saw a waiter whom I could ascertain to be a free born American; their pride not allowing them to fill such places in country villages, where the attendants are females. I have frequently seen the one waiting upon me at the dinner table, take a chair near the window, or the other end of the room, and read a newspaper until she observed I required any thing; but during my whole travels, I never knew a waiting man to take a similar liberty.

The breakfast hour is usually from seven until nine o'clock, dinner at two or three, tea from six to seven, and supper from nine to twelve; the table at each meal being most substantially provided. Even at breakfast there is a profusion of beef steaks, cutlets, mutton chops, eggs, fish, fowls, Indian bread, flour bread, sweet cakes, cheese, sweetmeats, and a mess of other *et ceteras*; but little wine is drunk at dinner, though spirits are placed upon the table without any extra charge being made to the consumers. Yet since the institution of the temperance societies, the use of ardent spirits amongst the higher classes of society has been almost laid aside. I have seen a range of well filled spirit decanters placed upon the dinner table before upwards of 150 people, and not a single stopper removed.

Many hotels have a "temperance house" inscribed in large gilded letters over the door or sign, as a notice that wines and malt liquor only can be obtained there. Like all other new institutions, the temperance societies had their enthusiasts at first. Abstinence societies emanated from them, the members binding themselves to drink pure water only; and, in some churches, neither males nor females were admitted to the communion unless they had enrolled themselves amongst the members of one of the other society. All these bigoted absurdities are now softened down into wholesome and sound regulations. Wines are generally high priced, and not of the first quality, so that little of any thing is drunk during dinner. But in the old fashioned hotels, where temperance societies have not any sway, the bar during the intervals between meals, is besieged by a host of applicants for iced mint juleps, brandy, egg nog, gin cocktail, rum and water, gin and water, port sangaree, and all the various combinations and mixtures of liquors imaginable. When a foreigner (as was the case not unfrequently with myself) finds himself established for two or three days in such a house as this, he must summon his full stock of nerve and resolution to enable him to withstand the dense fumes of tobacco smoke, with which his apartment is fumigated, and to breathe an atmosphere strongly impregnated with the conjoined scent of the above mixtures. The intolerable habit of chewing tobacco is very prevalent amongst

the storekeepers, and lower grades of society, but I think it is almost confined to them; the very act of mastication itself (tremendously as it is here performed) is not half so offensive to the eyes of a foreigner as the results arising from it. In a country, however, where there is ostensibly no distinctive gradation of classes in the people, one must of necessity sometimes, as on board steamers and canal boats, mix with all classes; but I will bear witness that I never observed any impropriety, or, during the whole time I was in America, received the slightest insult from (what I will term) the lower orders, and to which individuals, and especially foreigners, are so subject in my native country.

It is singular to see the footing upon which a landlord at an inn is with his customers—appearing rather to confer than receive a favour, by admitting them into his house. At dinner, he frequently takes the head of the table, drinks his wine, and asks those sitting near to take a glass with him; chats, and laughs away, and sits longer after the cloth has been removed than nine tenths of his guests.

Upon first landing, I was much struck with the personal appearance of the people, as being tall, slim, narrow shouldered, whiskerless, and narrow chested, with high cheek bones, sharp, saw features, and a slouching, relaxed kind of walk. I think narrow shoulders and sharp features may be deemed characteristic of the natives of the Atlantic states; one never seeing any such sturdy, robust, rosy faced, John Bull sort of people as Britain produces. Their costume, also, differs much, every man invariably wearing trousers, and the lower orders being better dressed than people in the same walks of life in England. As it was summer, white straw hats, with broad brims, were common, the back part over the collar of the coat, turned up like a shovel hat, giving the wearer a most grotesque appearance; many of the young men wore spectacles, and weak eyes appeared very prevalent.

The first evening I was ashore, I attended the Arch street theatre (the most fashionable one, the Chesnut, being closed,) for the purpose of seeing Mr. Hackett, who was in high repute with his countrymen, perform the part of "Nimrod Wildfire," in the "Raw Kentuckian; or, Lion of the West." The play is intended to censure and correct the rough manners of the states west of the Allegheny mountains, and delighted the audience exceedingly; though to me the greater part of the dialogue consisted of unintelligible idioms. Mr. Hackett possesses great talent for broad comedy; and I was informed that the effect of his performance in the West was such as to excite a strong feeling against him; and so incensed the "half-horse, half-alligator boys," "the yellow flowers of the forest," as they call themselves, that they threatened "to row him up Salt River," if he ventured a repetition of the objectionable performance. I was sorry, however, to see rather a bad feeling displayed towards the old country. In various parts of the performance frequent allusions were made to circumstances which ought long to have been buried in oblivion; and which could only tend to diminish, or rather prevent, mutual good will. These allusions, which ever told against the English, were much applauded by the audience. The theatre is a fine building, and the interior arrangements are excellent. There are also two more in the city, superior in external appearance, and more capacious within than any of the minor theatres in London, and all are well attended.

The 3d of June was so cold and rainy a Sunday, as to remind me of Washington Irving's description of that passed by him at the little town of Derby; but here there were neither the "ducks paddling about the inn yard, the hostlers and post boys lounging about the stable doors, or the bells chiming for church." In vain did I stand at the window looking into the flooded street; there was not a coach passed by the live long-day, and but one peal of bells in the city, those at Christ church; while the ringing of the solitary bell at each of the other meeting houses and churches of all denominations, sounded more like a toll of the passing bell, and added to the gloominess occasioned by the weather. As evening set in, I followed the example of the author of the Sketch Book, and took up a newspaper; but reading only "molasses—flour—whiskey—pork—bagging and bale rope," or the not more interesting news of "the president's speech has arrived in England, and a bitter pill it is for an Englishman to digest," &c., I turned over to the advertisements, generally the most amusing part of an American paper; a runaway apprentice being advertised as fond of pressing down the bed in the morning, with a reward of one cent, and no charges, offered for his apprehension. Printers were cautioned against a swindler, who was thus described:—"He stole his trunk, &c.

out of my house last night, and he has gone away without paying his tailor's bill, or his board bill. Said Rogers is about twenty-three years of age, has red hair, fair skin, and a large homely mouth; the upper teeth jutting over very much. He plays the flute, and makes some pretensions as a poet! but it is easy to see that he is a plagiarist. It is presumed that editors interested for the character of the trade, will give the above a few insertions.

"JOHN CROMWELL."

"3 times.

The following morning I was engaged in passing what little baggage I had brought with me through the Custom House, which was done with but little trouble or vexation, as there were no inquisitive searchers who make it a point to pry into every writing desk, dressing case, and carpet bag. In the evening I again attended the theatre to witness the performance of the "Gladiator," a Philadelphia tragedy, from the pen of Dr. Bird. The principal character was sustained by Forest, the Roscius of the American stage; but I was quite unable to judge either of the merits of the actor, or the play itself; for being rather late, the house was so excessively crowded, and the gentlemen, with scarcely any exception, wearing their hats in the dress circle, I could only obtain an occasional view of the stage. I at first attributed the latter to want of due respect to the ladies, but afterwards came to the more charitable conclusion, that it was an ancient custom bequeathed to them by their quaker forefathers. I caught one glimpse of the star of the night, and he appeared to possess a fine figure, but farther, deponent knoweth not. An American gentleman told me that Forest intended to cross the Atlantic, and introduce the "Gladiator" upon the English stage; and that, if we could only divest ourselves of national prejudices, he must succeed, for the play was so admirably written and so excellently performed! But when I asked him, a few evenings afterwards, to accompany me to see young Kean in the part of Cloten, in Cymbeline, which he was performing for the benefit of an American actor, and was received by the audience in a most flattering manner, he declined in the following words: "No; I make it a point never to see anything English, only what is truly American, performed."

CHAPTER III.

PHILADELPHIA.

I now commenced visiting all the public institutions. Of charitable societies the number is amazing; probably no city in the world, of the same population, possesses an equal number. It may be truly said, that it deserves its name, of "Philadelphia;" there are upwards of thirty humane institutions and societies for the relief of the poor and orphans, besides above one hundred and fifty mutual benefit societies, on the principle of the English clubs; being associations of tradesmen and artisans for the support of each other in sickness, each member contributing monthly or weekly a small sum to the general fund. Of the public institutions the "Pennsylvania hospital" is on the most extensive scale. It is situated in a central part of the city, near Washington Square, and was founded eighty-two years since, Benjamin Franklin being one of its promoters. It contains an excellent library of about 7000 volumes; and it is calculated that about 1400 patients are annually admitted into it, of which number three-fifths are paupers; the remainder paying for the advantages they derive from the institution. The building occupies an immense extent of ground, and on three sides of it an open space is left for a free circulation of air: the west end of the building is a ward for insane patients, of whom there are generally more than one hundred. The necessary funds for the support of the hospital are derived from the interest of its capital stock, from life contributors, and something from the exhibition of West's splendid painting of Christ Healing the Sick, which produces about five hundred dollars per annum, and is exhibited in a building on the northern side of the hospital square. The artist intended to have presented the original painting to this hospital, but his poverty could not withstand the offer of 3000*l.* made for it in England; and it was sold with the proviso that he should take a copy, which was the one now exhibited here, and presented conditionally that it should be placed in a house of certain dimensions, and that the proceeds from its exhibition, being a charge of one shilling sterling for each person, should be added to the hospital funds. The painting, which contains fifty-eight figures, is about 16 by 9 feet, and with two small marine pieces, which he painted when a child, occupies

a room in the second floor of the brick building, with the light admitted from the roof. The woman who has charge of it has most probably been wearied by tedious visitors, for she did not even accompany me up stairs, but left me to admire its beauties without interruption.

On the opposite side of the hospital, in the open square, is a fine statue of Penn, executed in England; and on the western side is the public almshouse, with infirmary attached, another huge pile of building, capable of containing 1600 inmates; but not being considered sufficiently extensive, and objections being made to its present situation, a new one is erecting on the rising ground at the opposite side of the Schuylkill river, capable of containing 3000. The institution is supported by a rate upon the people, and the average number of inmates is considerably above 1000. There were many lunatics in one of the wards, where I saw a man with most forbidding countenance feeding a poor girl who was chained to the wall, and her hands confined in a strait waistcoat; but I was assured that such severe measures were but seldom, and blows never, had recourse to. The majority of the insane patients were confined from mania à potu, their number increasing as the warm weather approached. I asked one of them, who appeared rather sensible of his wretched state, how he felt. His answer was, "much better, but (shutting his eyes and concealing his face on the pillow) I have such 'horrid dreams:' never was Shakespeare's "Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!" more dreadfully illustrated. The various wards appeared remarkably clean, and great attention was paid to the inmates.

Strangers are admitted to view the institution for the deaf and dumb, a short distance from the almshouse, during certain days of the week, upon making application to one of the directors. It was only incorporated eleven years since, and endowed by a grant from the legislature, with an additional provision for the annual payment of 160 dollars for four years, for the support of each child admitted, with the provision that such annual payment should not exceed 8000 dollars, the sum originally granted. The children, of whom there are about eighty, are instructed in various manufactures, and receive a good moral education.

The museum, commenced by Charles Peale, a private individual, occupies the two upper stories of a building called the Arcade, and contains an excellent collection of stuffed quadrupeds and birds; also the most perfect skeleton of a mammoth in the world; the few bones which were not perfect, or could not be found, being supplied by an excellent imitation in wood. The skeleton was discovered in a morass in Ulster County, state of New York, in 1798, and was dug out of it after much labour and expense by the founder of the museum, in 1801. The skeleton of an elephant which is placed by its side, appears a very diminutive animal. Amongst the objects of curiosity are Washington's sash, presented by himself, an obelisk of wood from the elm tree under which Penn made his treaty with the Indians in 1680, and a manuscript poem of Major André's, written but two months previous to his execution. It is a satire upon the failure of General Wayne, in an expedition which he commanded for the purpose of collecting cattle for the American army; it is entitled the "Cow Chase," and the first stanza is almost copied literally from the old English ballad of "Chevy Chase." He is very severe upon the American general, amongst whose captured baggage, he enumerates the following articles:

"His Congress dollars, and his prog,
His military speeches,
His cornstalk whiskey for his grog,
Black stockings and silk breeches."

and concludes his poem with a check to his satire—

"Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should catch the poet, and hang him."

It is a singular fact that the militia-men who took the unfortunate André prisoner, were a party from the army under the immediate command of Wayne; his subsequent fate is well known. There is also an interesting gallery of 200 original portraits, principally of those who signed the declaration of independence, and the officers who figured in the revolutionary war, during which period most of the likenesses were taken.

The State House, which has one front in Chesnut street, and the other in Independence Square, is the most interesting building in the city, and, being more than a century old, bears some marks of antiquity: it occupies a great extent of ground, having the courts and public offices attached. On one side of it is the mayor's court, which was holding one of its four stated sessions at this

time; and on the opposite side is the room in which the celebrated Declaration of Independence was drawn up, and which was read from the steps in front of the building on the 4th of July 1776. Some Gothic in office modernised the room, for the purpose, as I was informed, of giving his nephew a job, and tore down all the old panneling and pillars which supported the ceiling, and substituted a coating of plaster and paint. It is a matter of surprise to me that the inhabitants ever permitted such a profanation, being generally so proud of their revolutionary relics and deeds of arms. Those who now have charge of the building are busily engaged in discarding every indication of their predecessors' taste, and are restoring the room to its original state. At the upper end of it, there is a wooden statue of Washington—the work of a cutter of ships' figure-heads. The profile is considered excellent, and he is represented with his right foot upon the torn bond which cemented the colonies to the mother country. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

"First in War,
First in Peace,
First in the hearts of his Countrymen."

It is intended to fill a vacant niche behind the figure, which formerly contained the arms of England, with a brass plate bearing the Declaration of Independence as an inscription. The building is surmounted by a tower, the lower part of which is brick; and the upper, of wood, was added in 1828, imitating as closely as possible the original one, which, being much decayed, was taken down soon after the revolution. I had a very talkative old man to show me over it, who was a perfect match for any of our Westminster, St. Paul's, or Tower guides. The bell in the brick tower was cast in 1753, with the following inscription upon it, well speaking the spirit of the times, which did not, however, burst forth until after the expiration of twenty years:—

"Proclaim liberty in the land to all the inhabitants thereof.—*Leviticus*, 25 chap. 10 verse. By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House of Philadelphia."

My old conductor rested one hand upon a supporter, while I was copying the above inscription, and then favoured me with a long dissertation upon the blessings of liberty, and an abusive tirade against the English, winding up his discourse with informing me that the bell was rung when the catholics gained their liberty in the old country. He took me up to the wooden tower, and descended largely on the fine mechanism of the clock; how many revolutions such a wheel performed in a minute, and the thickness of each bar in the works; how, when he discovered a fire in the city, he tolled the bell, so as to inform the inhabitants in what quarter it was. One toll signified north, two south, three east, and four west; making a short pause between the tolls, as, one, and after a short interval of time, three in rapid succession, signified northeast: the streets running towards the cardinal points, the situation of the fire could be easily ascertained by the firemen. Having then led me on to the outer gallery of the tower, and pointed out the various buildings in the panorama beneath, and after expressing his sorrow that the room where congress sat during the greater part of the immortal struggle for freedom should have been mutilated, we parted.

I attended the district court, which was sitting in a large carpeted room on the second floor, to witness the trial of an information, filed by the attorney of the United States, against goods landed without being mentioned in the ship's invoice. There were not more than twenty people present when I entered, and a counsel, attired in a blue coat and black stock, was commencing his address to the jury: he possessed great fluency of language, and spoke warmly in defence of his client, an Englishman.

* Mr. MacKenzie, in his *Sketches of Canada and the United States*, has made some curious errors of spelling proper names. He says, the State House clock at Philadelphia was made by *Isaac Lukins*, instead of *Isaiah Lukens*; our ingenious townsman. He gives credit to Joseph G. Lewis, instead of Joseph S. Lewis, Esq. for the plan of the city water-works. With good taste, he remarks, "If I were to choose a retirement in the United States of America, in which to spend the evening of my days, I should strongly incline to prefer Philadelphia." He makes one observation which wants, and will long, confirmation:—"I have seen several black gentlemen riding in their carriages," in Philadelphia. The work is, in some respects, valuable; and that part relating to Canada, so statistical and minute, that it is not likely to be reprinted here.—*Ed.*

Independence Square, about two hundred and seventy paces each way, is prettily laid out with walks and fine trees, and surrounded by a strong iron railing; but Washington, the adjoining one, is both larger and a more fashionable promenade, being crowded between the hours of five and six in the evening with elegantly dressed females. The greatest objection to the manner in which all the squares are laid out is, that the grass is allowed to grow; and, when I was in Philadelphia, labourers were making hay in them. In this, as in other instances, the Americans prefer profit to appearances, or even comfort. A statue or monument is shortly* to grace the centre of Washington Square, which was a burial ground, or Potter's-field, as it is termed, during the time the yellow fever raged so violently in the city, at the end of the last century.

The twenty-first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was holding in a spacious building constructed for the express purpose, containing a fine rotunda with dome, and several galleries for paintings and statues, or casts from celebrated busts: there are several specimens of Canova's and Chantrey's sculpture in the collection, which is extensive; but I was no judge of its value,† nor could the catalogue which I purchased at the door, give me much information as to the sculptors' names. Amongst the paintings, were some by Salvator Rosa, Vandyke, Rembrandt, West, Shee (President R. A.), Leslie (R. A.), and a large one of "The dead Man restored to Life, by touching the bones of the prophet Elisha," by Washington Allston; but the greater proportion of the remainder displayed little talent—the portraits were young and stiff performances; but I was probably more inclined to be fastidious from having so lately viewed West's noble effort.

The great lion, however, of Philadelphia, is the enormous line-of-battle ship, the *Pennsylvania*, which is on the stocks in the Navy-yard at the lower extremity of the city. I took advantage of the kindness of an officer in the American service, to walk over it; and he also favoured me with its dimensions:—the keel was laid in 1822, and the vessel finished to its present state in seven years; the timber being exposed to a free circulation of air for the prevention of dry rot; it could, however, be prepared for sea in six months. The shed which protects it from the weather is two hundred and seventy feet in length, one hundred and five in height, and eighty-four in breadth, with a reservoir at the top of the roof, which can be filled with water by means of a force-pump, the city water-works throwing it within fifteen feet of the summit. The upper deck is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and no forecastle; the extreme breadth of beam fifty-eight feet; depth from spar-deck to keelson, forty-four feet four inches; and draft of water twenty-seven feet six inches. Her decks are seven feet high, and from the orlop to the gun-deck is seven feet four inches. The anchors were wrought at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the sheet anchor weighs 10,171 lbs. When manned, she will carry a crew of 1500, including 120 marines, and from 140 to 160 guns; but is rated at the former number, 70 of which are thirty-two-pounders, weighing 61 cwt. each; 38 forty-two pound carronades of 27 cwt., and 32 forty-two-pounders, weighing 76 cwt. 1 qr. each. The spars for it are not yet made, but the main-mast will be one hundred and thirty-five feet in height, and forty-four inches in diameter; and the extreme height from the keelson to the summit of the flag pole, upwards of three hundred feet: the guns were cast at Georgetown, near the city of Washington.

Another shed near it contains a double-banked frigate of sixty guns, whose keel was laid in 1819, and could be fitted out for sea in forty days: the state cabins are paneled with mahogany and white maple; the gun carriages of white, and the principal timbers of green oak: both vessels are considered by the Americans as well-built, and the frigate as a perfect model.

The Navy-yard is small, compared to any of those in England, but considerable additions were making: the barracks in it will contain one hundred and fifty men, and from sixty to seventy were doing duty there at this time; their undress uniform, a shabby-looking French gray, gave them any thing but a military appearance; their full-dress of dark blue is much neater, nor could I ever understand why it was not usually worn.

A fine Marine Asylum is building near the road to Gray's Ferry, a short distance from the city, on a most capacious plan; the front of it being little less than four hundred feet in length, and a broad double verandah upon two sides.

* We fear "shortly" is too strong a word.—*Ed.*

† Candour worthy of imitation.—*Ed.*

The scenery in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia is tame and uninteresting, with the exception of one or two spots on the banks of the Schuylkill, where the face of the country is rather more broken and abrupt; swimming in some places rather a romantic appearance. Advantage has been taken of these by gentlemen who have laid out their grounds with good taste, and much improved their farms by adopting the English system of agriculture.

The greatest lounge for the inhabitants appears to be the Fair Mount Water-works, upon the excellence of which they very justly pride themselves; and at last having expended a million of dollars in experiments, they have discovered a plan at once economical and serviceable. All attempts having failed, at an enormous expense, to supply the demand for water in the city, it was determined to lay aside the use of steam for the introduction of water power; and the present works were commenced in 1819, by throwing a dam, 1500 feet in length, at an obtuse angle across the Schuylkill, so as to be less exposed to the force of the current. A mill, 238 feet in length, containing several double forcing-pumps, is situated immediately below the dam on the left bank of the river, with a race-way to lead the water over seven wheels about sixteen feet in diameter, which can force nearly seven millions of gallons of water per day into the reservoir on the summit of a hill, one hundred feet above the level of the river, and fifty above the highest part of the city. They contain nearly twenty millions of gallons; and the present consumption of water does not exceed two millions, and in the winter months one million per day. The expenses of the mill are but four dollars, two men being sufficient to attend the works; while that of steam was 206 dollars per day, and did not raise half the quantity. The corporation are improving the garden attached to the works, by the introduction of fountain statues, &c. They are a place of great resort for strangers, to whom the simple and ingenious machinery is very interesting, and the gates are daily beset by a large assemblage of carriages. A wooden bridge of a single arch, of the enormous span of 340 feet, crosses the Schuylkill in the immediate vicinity of the water-works; being fifteen feet narrower in the centre than at the abutments, with a roof and windows at the sides, which are walled in, as a protection against the weather; it presents a singular appearance to a person who has been accustomed to more substantial but lighter looking structures. There is a second wooden bridge nearly a mile below this one, with three arches and stone piers; a marble obelisk at one extremity of it states that the cost of its construction was 300,000 dollars, and recounts the great hardships and fatigue the workmen experienced in laying the foundation of the piers: the length of the bridge, with its abutments, is 1300 feet; the space of the centre arch being 195, and the width of the road upon it forty-two feet. One of the piers was commenced in the middle of winter, 800,000 feet of timber being employed in the construction of the coffer-dam: the masonry of the pier was begun a Christmas day, 1802, and finished to low-water mark a forty-one days and nights, though the foundation was on the rock at the amazing depth of forty-one feet below the water; being, it is supposed, the greatest depth at which regular masonry has ever been constructed. Some months were occupied in preparing the dam and repairing damages; the subaqueous work consuming in fact a great proportion of the expenditure.

I had heard much of the expertness of the Philadelphia firemen, and feared I should be disappointed in my hopes of witnessing it. A few days, however, before I quitted the city, hearing the alarm-bell, I ran out, and, remembering the old man's instructions at the State House, took the requisite direction. Though I hurried as speedily as possible to the scene of action, when I arrived upwards of fifteen engines and hose-carriages were already play upon the fire, which had gained considerable height, but such an immense flood of water was poured upon it, that it was shortly extinguished. I afterwards walked to the house in which the carriage of the Philadelphia Hose Company was kept, when some of the members very kindly drew out the carriage, and gave me a copy of the rules and by-laws they had established. It was decorated and painted in a most costly manner, and with 1000 feet of hose, had been purchased for 1500 dollars, bearing the well-executed classical device of the car of Tydides and Nestor at the siege of Troy, as represented in Westall's (R. A.) painting, and the motto "res eibi sed omnibus." The other carriages were all neatly painted and decorated in a similar manner. There are about thirty engine and sixteen hose companies; but all the firemen, unlike those in other cities, are volunteers, and defray the expenses of their engines from their own

private funds; the first company of the kind being established by Dr. Franklin. The hose formed upon the same spirited principle as the engine companies, were established for the purpose of supplying the latter with water in greater quantities than the old system of carrying it in buckets. Each carriage has a large cylindrical roller in the centre, round which the hose is lapped, with brass screws and joints at intervals of about fifty feet through its entire length. One end is screwed into a street plug, and the water forced through the hose to the engine, which can have a greater supply of water than required. The hose companies who arrive first at the fire taking the nearest plugs, lend their surplus hose to the last comers, who are thus enabled to bring the water from almost any distance in the adjoining streets. There are about 100 members in each company, generally young merchants and tradesmen, amongst whom there is a great *esprit de corps*, and anxiety to reach a fire before any other company. Fines are imposed upon members who attend upon such occasions unequipped in their thick water-proof dress, and glazed hat, with badge upon it, or who leave a fire without permission from a director; and there are many other similar regulations. Each member also pays a certain sum upon his entrance into the company, and a small annual subscription. It was an interesting sight to witness the regularity with which the various companies moved rapidly through the streets at night to the place where their services were required, by the lights of numerous torches, and with the ringing of the large bells suspended from the cars: and, after the fire was extinguished, all moved away to their respective station-houses, where the roll was called over, to ascertain the absentees. Such an enthusiastic public spirit is doubtless kept alive only by the constant call for the services of the young men; and every fire will tend to diminish it in some degree, an edict having been lately passed, by which a heavy fine is imposed upon any one erecting a frame-house within the limits of the city.

The Bank of the United States (or, as the Americans term it, Uncle Sam's strong box) was commenced in 1819, after the plan of the Parthenon at Athens, omitting most of the merely decorative parts of the building; and is situated in Chesnut street, the most fashionable street in the city. The building is entirely of white marble (161 by 87 feet,) the porticoes at each end being supported by eight Doric columns, each 27 feet in height, and four feet six inches in diameter. When viewed by moonlight, I think I never saw any thing more soft or beautiful. The banking room, in the centre of the building, is 81 by 48, and 35 feet in height, with a tessellated floor of American and Italian marble; upon each side of it are rooms for the directors, engravers, and copper-plate printers. The capital of the bank is 35,000,000 dollars, or rather more than 7½ millions sterling, divided into 350,000 shares of 100 dollars each; the government being proprietors of one fifth. It has twenty-two branch banks, distributed in various parts of the Union. Great consternation was created amongst the directors, during my residence in the country, by the promulgation of General Jackson's veto upon the bank charter, which will expire in 1836. The original charter was granted for twenty years; and a bill for renewing it from the 3d of March, 1836, had passed both houses of congress, but did not receive the assent of the president. His veto most fully laid before the people his reasons for taking so decisive a step.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILADELPHIA—GERMANTOWN.

The Philadelphians, and I think I may include the Americans in general, have a great rage for playing at soldiers, and fondness for military display: scarcely a day elapsed on which I did not see either the Jackson Guards, Liberman Greens, Washington Greys, Philadelphia Blues, or some such named troops, parading with bands of music up one street and down another, until they had run nearly the gauntlet of the whole city, when they were dismissed. There was nothing objectionable in their appearance as volunteers, for all were particularly well clothed, with clean and neat accoutrements; and, as to stature, many were exceedingly fine-looking companies; but although they could keep step in marching, diminish their front in a narrow part of the street, and wheel to the right and left at the corners tolerably well, yet the words of command which were frequently given savoured but little of a military education, or as if much attention had been paid to the study of the evolutions. These volunteer corps are composed of respectable young men, who form themselves into

companies, for the purpose of avoiding being called out to the militia trainings, which take place annually, and which are generally much more ludicrous than is represented even in England, and where the citizen soldiers learn more that would unfit them for actual service, in one training, than six months' severe good drill would break them of. The system is altogether deprecated by every reasonable man in the United States; and all exertions are made to cast ridicule upon, and bring it into disrepute.

On my way to the office of a rail road, which was opened on the 7th of June, between the city and Germantown, six miles distant, I witnessed a most extraordinary mode of selling the stock in some new bank. It was a scene worthy of St. Giles's or Billingsgate; and such as I should never have expected to see in the quiet city of Philadelphia. The manner in which it was disposed of was as follows: the sellers were in a house, with a small aperture in a window-shutter, only sufficiently large to admit a man's hand, and through which he delivered his money; but having received his scrip, after a lapse of some time, it was impossible for him to withdraw through the crowd of purchasers; no one would make way, lest he should thereby lose his chance of ever gaining the window. The only plan then was, that one of his friends throw him the end of a rope, which he fastened round his body, and part of the mob, who came as mere lookers-on, dragged him out by main strength, frequently with the loss of the better half of his apparel. Many had, however, come prepared for the worst, by leaving their coats, shirts, and hats, at home. It was here that the strongest went to the wall, and various were the schemes adopted to keep possession. One fellow had very knowingly brought a gimlet with him, and, boring it into the shutter, held on with one hand, while he fought most manfully with the other! A bystander told me that a large party had leagued together for mutual support, and taken possession of the window the preceding evening; but that a stronger one attacked them in the morning, and drove them from their position, though not without several heads, arms, and legs, being broken in the affray. It appeared, therefore, that the only chance a peaceable citizen had of obtaining any stock was to hire the greatest bully he could find to fight his battles for him. This scene continued throughout three days; and, besides many severe and dangerous wounds which were inflicted in the contest, one man was killed.† In consequence, however, of this and similar disturbances, meetings of respectable citizens were held, to devise means to prevent a recurrence of them on like occasions; and, as an additional proof that they were ashamed of those proceedings, one of them expressed a hope "that I had not witnessed a sale of bank-stock." Pursuing my way to the rail-road, I overheard a brick-layer call out from his kiln to another at some distance, "I say Jem, Bob 'll have a blow out to-morrow." "Why? how?" "He's gone to buy stock, and he'll work his way amongst them, I know." I had been detained so long, that I did not arrive at the railway until two minutes past nine, and the car had started as the clock struck; so I passed the two hours, until the departure of the next train, by walking out into the country. It was the first time I had well examined any American farming, which, to an Englishman's eye, appears to great disadvantage. To this effect, the substitution of zig-zag, or, as they term them, worm fences of dead wood, instead of the neat quickset hedges of English husbandry, does not a little contribute.

Locomotive engines had not been introduced, and horse cars were substituted until the railway should be completed, a single road only being at present finished; but many hundreds of workmen, principally Irish, were employed in laying an additional one: the castings were imported from England, and the chairs were firmly fastened into blocks of gray granite, the foundation being well secured by a trench of thirty inches filled with Macadamised stones, well rammed down: and where any rails appeared to give way, or start out from each other,

* In another instance a strong man lashed himself to the window-shutter.—Ed.

† We are not sure as to the killing, but the scene described is not otherwise exaggerated, and to the disgrace of our city there were several repetitions. A gentleman of property lost the best part of his ear, which was hacked by a butcher knife; he was one of a party dislodged from the windows which had been taken possession of before daylight. These scenes, it is hoped, will not occur hereafter, as experience has proved the necessity of a sale of the stock of newly incorporated banks at auction.—Ed.

those opposite were connected with them by a rod of iron, and gravel overlaid. The highest embankment on the road was forty perpendicular feet, and the only very heavy work was the blasting a ridge of granite, through which we passed, four miles from the city. The carriage ran remarkably easy, and, though carrying twenty passengers (and calculated to hold forty,) the horse took it the six miles in forty minutes, the road rising thirty-two feet per mile throughout the distance. The usual contrivance of a lever to regulate the speed of the carriages was used, having a brush at the lower end for the purpose of sweeping the rail before the wheel. A busy scene presented itself at the place where the cars stopped, on the edge of a wood, half a mile from Germantown. A large concourse of molasses beer and oyster sellers had established themselves under the trees; several frame houses were erecting for the sale of egg-nog and mint juleps; and land, which had been of little value a twelvemonth before, was now letting at half a dollar per foot. Germantown is a straggling place, three miles in length, and interspersed with gardens and orchards, which give it rather the appearance of a large village. It was here that Washington experienced a repulse in his attack upon an English division, in 1777. I walked through a large stone house, the property of Mr. Chew, which was the principal scene of action, and most gallantly defended by five companies of the 40th regiment, under Colonel Musgrave, against incessant attacks of an American column, under General Sullivan. It stands on a rising ground, about two hundred yards from the main road, and still bears marks of the light artillery, which was brought to bear upon it. I addressed myself to a man who appeared to have been left in charge of the house, by the proprietor; but he answered me so coolly, and appeared so little inclined to give any information, that I turned away, and commenced a conversation with his wife, who volunteered to show me through the building, and pointed out the grave of the English General Agnew, in front of the stables, near which lay also several ornamental statues, which had lost heads or arms during the fight.

We were only thirty minutes returning to Philadelphia, where a great concourse of people had assembled, to witness the arrival of the cars, it being the first road of the description which had been opened near the city.

The Americans, particularly in that portion of the country which gives birth to the Yankees, have acquired a reputation for loquacity and inquisitiveness, which does not extend to the Philadelphians, who appear rather to inherit the Quaker taciturnity; for, during the first three days I was at the hotel, not a single individual addressed a word to me at table. All were too busy to ask questions, or to pay the slightest attention to any one's wants but their own; as they ate, so they departed in silence. At last, fearing I should lose the use of my tongue, I took courage on the fourth day, and made some common-place observation to a dark, stout man who sat next to me, and who always had an English-looking pointer under his chair. Judging of the master by his dog, I immediately decided he must be a countryman; but no! he could speak English but very imperfectly, and as he doled out to me a long story in pitiful accents, about his losing 1500 dollars the preceding day, I knew him to be Monsieur Chabert the fire-king, having read an advertisement in the papers offering 500 dollars reward for the recovery of the stolen property. I went the same evening to the Masonic Hall, a room of noble dimensions, lighted by gas, from private works, to witness his performance; the attendance was very thin, and the audience appeared to take very little interest in his lecture upon the various qualities of poisons, and the impunity with which a large quantity might be taken, provided the antidote followed immediately; for all talked incessantly. They were more attentive when he commenced drinking the poisons, passing red-hot bars of iron over his tongue, swallowing oil heated to 390 degrees, Fahrenheit, and burning a cloak off his back, by entering a temple in which 300 cartridges exploded. Shouts of laughter accompanied the awkward attempts of some few aspirants to perform the same feats.

The historical compositions upon many of the signs displayed over the small inns, in the suburbs near Kensington, were painted in no ordinary style, and numerous groups were introduced in the subjects, in quite an artist-like and classical style, such as in "The Landing of Columbus in the New World;" "Washington crossing the Delaware on the 25th of December 1776;" the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," and "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," which was very near the spot where the elm-tree stood under which the treaty was made. The tree, which measured twenty-four feet in circumference, was

blown down a few years since, and a small marble obelisk now marks the spot where it stood.

Penn's name is sufficiently immortalised; and had his plan been but rightly adhered to, there would have been none of those mean-looking houses on the water front. By singular good chance, however, his original intention bids fair to be carried into effect. An eccentric, but public-spirited man, Stephen Girard, a wealthy banker, whose sentiments appear to have been in accordance with the founder's, having lately died, bequeathed an immense sum for the express purpose of beautifying the city. The history of this man, who died one of the wealthiest private individuals in the world, is very remarkable. It appears that he was born at Bordeaux, in France, about 1746, and at the age of fourteen sailed for the West Indies, as a cabin-boy. Thence he traded for several years to New York, as mate of a vessel; and soon after settled in Philadelphia, where, at the conclusion of the revolutionary war, he kept a small shop; dealing in old naval stores, such as iron, rigging, &c.; and his small frame house was situated on the same spot that the mansion in which he died now occupies. At times he was engaged as a pedlar, journeying up and down the country to farm-houses, and disposing of groceries, and ready-made clothing, returning to the city when his stock was exhausted; and by degrees amassed such a sum of money, that he ranked as one of the first merchants in the city. At the expiration of the charter of the bank of the United States in 1810, he established a private bank, the capital of which in a few years was augmented to five millions of dollars. From this circumstance, and from taking a loan of five millions during the late war, receiving 100 seven per cent. stock for 70, with a fortunate speculation in the stock of the present bank of the United States, his wealth increased to so vast an extent, that at his death it was estimated at fourteen millions of dollars,* the whole of which, with the exception of a few legacies to his brother, and nieces, amounting to 140,000 dollars, and small annuities to his servants, he bequeathed to different charitable institutions, and for the improvement of Philadelphia, and New Orleans; also for the establishment of a college in the former city, for the residence and accommodation of at least three hundred scholars,†—Philadelphia being the residuary legatee. If the two millions of dollars, appropriated for the erection and support of the college, were insufficient for building it, and maintaining as many orphans as might apply for admission, he left a farther legacy for that purpose. He also bequeathed half a million of dollars, the income of which was to be applied exclusively for laying out a street, to be called Delaware Avenue, along the heads of the docks in front of the city, and for pulling down all buildings between it and the water, within the limits of the city; to remove all wooden buildings, and to prohibit any being built hereafter within the said limits: his intention being to make that part of the city correspond better with the appearance of the interior; and, in case the commonwealth of Pennsylvania failed to pass the laws, with regard to the improvements he required, before the expiration of a year from the time of his death, the whole bequest, excepting that for the college, should revert to the United States for the purposes of internal navigation, "and no other." When I arrived in the city, all the necessary laws had been passed; and a fine of 500 dollars was to be imposed upon any one who built a frame or wooden house within the limits. Preparations had also commenced for building the college, widening the streets near the river, and in every way complying with the testator's will.

The following Sunday I was more fortunate in the weather, and attended divine service at Christ Church, one of the neatest religious edifices in the city. But every thing appeared new and strange to me—there was no clerk, and the congregation read the responses aloud. The service, too, like the interior of the State House, had been modernised, and had been deprived of much of its solemnity, in my opinion, by being rendered into familiar modern English. Emblematic of the country, every thing old was discarded.‡ A gentleman, who sat near me, very deliberately rose, from his seat, and walked across the aisle to the occupant of another pew,

with whom he shook hands, sat down, and, after conversing with him for some minutes, resumed his own seat. I ought to state, however, that this was the only instance of such disrespectful conduct which came under my observation: the Americans in general being very attentive to their religious duties, and scrupulously respectful of the devotion of their neighbours.

The markets are excellent; particularly one long range of buildings in High street, up the centre of which it extends for about three-quarters of a mile. They are a perfect patron of neatness, though not to be compared in grandeur or convenience to that at Liverpool, being merely roofs supported on brick pillars, with a single row of stalls on each side of the passage; yet the most delicate lady might walk at any time of day from one to the other end without inconvenience or annoyance. It is considered the best beef market in the Union, and is well supplied with fruit and vegetables of every description, excepting Irish potatoes, a good bushel of which, coming direct from Europe, is considered no mean present. I think that I scarcely ever tasted a good potato any where south of New York. The costume of the butchers (white coats and aprons) is much cleaner looking, and more becoming, than the dirty blue of the English knights of the cleaver and hatchet.

The regularity of the streets much pleased me upon first landing; but, after I had gained some little experience by a week's hard walking, I began to look upon them as rather monotonous, and to wish that there was more than a solitary crooked one. The city occupies the space of ground between Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, which are about two miles apart; all the streets running from the former to the latter, due east and west, are, with the exception of High street, named after various trees.

Though the exterior appearance of the houses exceeds those in English towns, from the bricks being painted red, and not dimmed by the black smoke of coal fires, while the windows are set off by the smart green Venetian shutters, yet the streets are but badly paved and lighted, and worse kept as to cleanliness. I have seen innumerable pigs running about, and rooting, *ad libitum*, in the most fashionable parts of the town; and have been obliged to turn off the causeway into the road, with danger of being run over by a carriage or an equestrian, because it was blocked up with piles of merchandise and empty chests—as if the storekeeper to whom they belonged was proud of making a display that he was a dealer on a great scale. Day after day would those identical nuisances be in existence, and tolerated by the citizens as a matter of course; because, in fact, to them it was nothing uncommon—quite an every-day sight.

The appearance of the two most fashionable squares is much marred by the position of a prison, which occupies nearly one side of each. But the most unsightly building, and that which is least in accordance with the habits and sentiments of most Americans, as to its interior economy, is that bastille, the penitentiary; the principles of which institution have been so ably described by former travellers. For my own part, I could not view its lofty castellated walls and towers, loop-holed windows, portcullis, and ponderous iron-studded gates, without a shudder at the fate of its wretched inmates. Whoever views the establishment will confess that the Americans have carried punishment for crime beyond even death itself.

It is said that Philadelphia possesses more real and ready capital, and that the merchants' speculations are more confined to the latter, than is the case in any other city in the States. The manufactures are extensive, especially the warping-mills, of which there are upwards of one hundred in the immediate vicinity; and, since wood fuel has become more scarce, a great trade has been carried on, up the Schuylkill and Lehigh rivers, with the coal mines, one hundred miles distant.

Like all American towns, Philadelphia teems with "knowledge for the people;" there being eight daily,* one twice a week, and thirteen weekly newspapers; seven monthly, and four quarterly publications. Of the latter, the American Review is well edited.

Altogether, I have seen but few cities with which it will not bear a comparison; and, in my own poor opinion, it is superior to all on the continent of North America. I could not spare time for more than a ten days' residence there; and, though during that time I did my best to satisfy my curiosity, I regretted to leave it without having seen all I wished.

* At present nine are issued.—Ed.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA—BALTIMORE—WASHINGTON.

At six A. M., on the 13th of June, I embarked in one of the "Citizens' Union Line" steamers, and proceeded down the Delaware at the spanking rate of fifteen knots an hour. A few minutes after I had been on board, seeing a negro ringing a hand-bell up and down the decks, and having my eyes and ears open for every thing new, I walked towards him with the expectation of acquiring some valuable information; when, with the stentorian voice of a town-crier, he sung out, "Gentlemen who wish to take breakfast, please walk to the captain's office, and take tickets—also, pay their fare."‡ There were from 150 to 170 passengers on board; so I in vain strove to penetrate the dense mass collected round the small scutry box office, and therefore commenced inspecting the various groups of people, barbers' shops, washing-rooms, dressing-rooms, and bar-rooms, with which the upper-deck was covered. I had, however, scarcely studied the various groups, or come to any fixed determination who and what the principal orators were, judging only from a physiognomical view of them, when I again heard the black crier and his bell, with a shriller and more decisive tone, screaming out, "Gentlemen a't paid their fare will please walk to the captain's office!" where I found nearly as great a throng as before; but, being more persevering in my efforts to pierce a crowd which reminded me of the stock-selling scene, I at last obtained three scrips (or tickets,)—one for breakfast, to be returned when called for at table; the second to be given on going ashore; and a third, I think, for the railway wagons, or the steam-bus in the Chesapeake.

The American river steamers are noble vessels, and the engines working upon deck, such ample accommodation is afforded, that between two and three hundred passengers can sit down to breakfast in the cabin, which extends from stern to stern, excepting a small portion panelled off in the after part, which is held sacred to the ladies alone, "No admittance for gentlemen" being painted in legible characters over the door. The accustomed shrine of Bacchus, to which the gentlemen pay their repeated and enthusiastic devotions, is exposed to the gaze of all admirers at the fore part of their cabin. No man of course would be so unconscionable as to expect any thing approaching to comfort at the table of a steam-boat; so I should advise him to get rid of his meals as speedily as possible, just as he would of any unpleasant duty which must be performed; and then let him breathe the fresh air again upon deck, where, if the beauties of nature have no charm for him, he can pull out his watch and count what number of revolutions the paddles perform in a minute, or work the calculation of how many knots his vessel cuts through the water per hour. For my own part, I always preferred being on deck on a cold day, though a shower of rain might accompany it, to stare below with 150 passengers; and used often to imagine what a hurry and scuffle there would be in the cabin if the vessel "collapsed its flue" (as the Americans would say,) or, in plain old English, burst its boiler.

Touching at the various towns on the river's bank, to land passengers, delayed us for a few minutes; but we arrived at Newcastle, thirty-five miles from Philadelphia, in two hours and a half. Stepping at that place from the vessel on to the railway, we entered the several horse-cars, according to the numbered tickets we had received on board the steamer, without any trouble about the baggage, which had been placed in small cars previously to our leaving the vessel, and now followed us on common railway wagons.

The country through which we passed was very flat and uninteresting, with scarcely any signs of population, and the soil poor and wet. In two hours we arrived at Frenchtown, containing two or three straggling houses on the banks of the Elk; where again entering a steam-boat, we proceeded down the river, which is so beset with shoals, that stakes and the tops of pine-trees were stuck upon them for the guidance of vessels. The country was still flat and devoid of beauty, until we entered the Chesapeake, and the noble bay into which the Susquehanna pours its tributary waters.

When we quitted the Chesapeake, and entered the Potomac at North Point (where the British army landed, under General Ross, in 1814,) it was so broad, that objects on either bank could be but indistinctly seen. After running a few miles up the latter river, we got the first sight of Baltimore, situated in a series of heights at the head

* These harangues are extremely grating to the ear, and not unfrequently strike one as importunate. They should be modified in some way.—Ed.

* Its actual present value is supposed to be much less than the above estimate.—Ed.

† The foundation stone has been laid within a few weeks.—Ed.

‡ Including a wooden basso-relievo representing George the 11. and crown, which were torn off during the revolution, and are now in the Philadelphia Library.—Ed.

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of a circular bay, with a range of low blue hills in rear of it, and presenting a more picturesque appearance than Philadelphia, being interspersed with many domes, towers, and lofty monuments. Numerous pretty country residences, too, on the rising ground in the vicinity, add much to the beauty of the city. In front of it, and about three miles distant, is Fort M'Henry, on a promontory formed by the junction of another branch of the Patuxet. It was bombarded, during the late war, by the British fleet, who received a check there to their farther advance upon Baltimore, by the ship channel being choked up with sunken vessels. As the steamer passed, a small detachment of troops were at drill within the works, which are not in very good repair; but their use is to be superseded by an almost impregnable fortress (according to the description given me), which is erecting upon the Rip Rap shoals, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, and at Fort Munro, on the mainland opposite, upon the construction of which immense sums of money have been expended. We arrived off the pier-head at three o'clock, having been nine hours on the journey from Philadelphia, ninety-five miles distant; and showing a porter, at his request, "the location" of my carpet bag, I walked up to the City Hotel, considered the largest in the United States; which, though containing nearly two hundred apartments, had not one single-bedded room vacant until the following day. Having bargained that I should be transferred to one on the morrow, and that my fellow occupant for the night should be a peaceable man, I walked out to view the lions of the city; the very first being in the centre of a small square in front of the hotel; namely, a white marble monument, sixty feet in height, erected to the memory of those who fell in the defence of the city at the battle of North Point, and bombardment of Fort M'Henry. A double scroll entwines the fluted column, with the names of those who fell inscribed upon it; and in small square compartments at the base or relieves representing the death of General Ross, and the bombardment by the British fleet. Several strange nondescript animals—a kind of half-lion half-eagle, occupy the angles of the pedestal; and on the summit of the monument a female figure, with a wreath elevated in her right hand, represents (as I imagined) Fame crowning the deeds of the slain. The Americans point to the monument as erected in celebration of a victory over the English, to whom they will never allow a particle either of honour or glory; but their representatives, who fell back upon Baltimore so hastily from the battle of North Point, could tell them a far different story. There is another fine monument erected upon the rising ground, a little to the north of the city, to the memory of Washington, the only one for that purpose, I believe, in the northern states. The bas-reliefs and other decorations are not yet finished, for want of the necessary funds. The original intention was, that the summit should be raised 300 hundred feet from the ground, but it only attained the height of 178, including the colossal statue of Washington, 16½ feet high. The whole exterior is of white marble, and has already cost 200,000 dollars. Though the day was yet excessively hot, I determined to ascend the column; and being furnished with a lantern at a small house at the base, there being no loop-holes to admit light, I toiled with aching limbs up the tedious 228 steps, and for some time admired the extensive and fine view of the Chesapeake, and surrounding country.

Being Sinclair's benefit night, I attended the theatre to witness the performance of "Englishmen in India." There was but a thin audience, and they protracted the play in a most wearisome manner, by the frequent encores they demanded of every song. The news of the rejection of the English reform bill had been received two or three days in the city; and also a rumour that there was to be a creation of new peers in order to carry the measure. Advantage was taken of this circumstance by some wag in the play, bearing the unromantic name of Mr. Tape, who received a long and boisterous round of applause for his ready wit: "You must personate a count," said Lady Scraggs; "Oh, aye," said the knight of the thimble; "one of the new batch of peers for the reform bill, I suppose, as Shakespeare says,

'It wants a thorough reform.'

Upon my return to the inn, I entered my apartment most cautiously, lest I should arouse the man of peace

from his slumbers; but it was an unnecessary precaution; for, although he had been in bed three hours, he had not closed his eyes. I told him it was a great waste of time, and that he had better have attended the theatre, where he might have heard some excellent singing, upon which he informed me that he was a missionary from St. Kitt's, in the West Indies, and was now upon his travels through the United States for the benefit of his health. He had landed only the preceding week at New York, and gave me a most deplorable account of rough roads, and half dislocated bones, which he had already met with in his journey. As I had every prospect of undergoing the same, I sympathised with him most sincerely; and we passed the time away until near dawn of day, expatiating upon the pleasure of speedy but easy travelling, and comparing the respective merits of the East and West Indies.

The following day I visited the Catholic cathedral, a very gloomy, prison-like piece of architecture, and about which I had the bad taste to see nothing worthy of admiration, excepting the altar, a present from France. The exterior of the building bore such marks of antiquity, and of antique taste, that I imagined it must have been almost coeval with the first settlers; but, upon enquiry, was much surprised to find that it had only been erected eighteen years. The lowness of the dome, in proportion to the rest of the cathedral, and the great want of spacious windows, give it a very heavy appearance. Its extreme length is 190 feet, by 177 in breadth, while the height of the summit of the cross is only 127 feet. There are several paintings in the interior, presented by Cardinal Fesch to the late Archbishop Mar. Guerin, and one, the Descent from the Cross by Paulin Guerin, presented by Louis XVIII., possessing considerably more merit than another presented by Charles X. of France, representing some scene in the time of the Crusades, from the brush of an unknown artist.

A Unitarian church, in something the same style of architecture, is within 200 yards of the cathedral.

The Museum, established by a brother of Peale of Philadelphia, contains but a paltry collection of paintings, with only a moderate one of natural curiosities, which are not arranged with half that taste which distinguishes the one in that city.

While walking through the Arcade, a fine building of two stories, both of which are well occupied by shops, some men were employed in pulling down and cleaning the stove-pipes. One of them went out with a large portion of the flue over his shoulder; following him to the entrance into the street, I stood there looking at a lofty shot tower opposite, and had scarcely determined which road I should next take, when another man as black as Erebus, or the cyclops of old, came up with a fathom of the stove-pipe over his shoulder; and after gazing about for a moment or two, as if at a loss for something, addressed me (in making the necessary turn of his body to get a full view of me, a cloud of soot shot from his burthen, nearly upsetting both me and my gravity,) with, "Which way did that gentleman go, sir?" I bowed most politely, and, giving him the required information, we parted with a mutual "good morning, sir."

The Merchants' Hall built by private subscription, has been a great failure with regard to the value of the stock. It is a noble building and of grand dimensions; the front being 255 feet by a depth of 140, having four stories, including the ground-floor. The great hall, where the merchants daily assemble, is 86 by 53 feet, and lighted from the dome, whose summit is 90 feet from the floor. The sides of the hall are supported by columns of marble; each being a single block. An excellent news-room, custom-house, and other public offices, adjoin. It was only built ten years since, at an expense of 200,000 dollars; but the original subscribers have sunk most of their money, from that part of the building which was constructed for letting out to shopkeepers and lawyers being unoccupied.

The city contains upwards of 70,000 inhabitants, and possesses considerable trade, particularly in flour and cotton; every stream in the vicinity being studded with mills. It is not quite so regularly built, being upon very abrupt ground, as Philadelphia; but contains many excellent streets, and fine market houses. Ample proofs, too, are given of its prosperity on the shores of the har-

bour, which resound with the clang of workmen's hammers employed in the construction of numerous ships and steam vessels. But I saw nothing more remarkable than the extreme beauty of the females: the appearance of the gentlemen did not strike me as any thing very extraordinary, rather the contrary; for, if I were to give my candid opinion, I should say they were like the merchants' exchange stock—rather *below par*; but it is possible they might suffer some little from contrast to their fair towns-women. I do not remember, in any part of the globe, seeing amongst the females so much loveliness and beauty, as in Baltimore. It is true, they are rather more dressy than in other towns in the states; but they have good figures to set off; and I should strongly recommend some of the young men from other parts of the Union to attempt transplanting a few of them; for in my after-travels I visited many places which, I am sure, stood much in need of them. I think, however, the American women generally, when young, though not possessing the English freshness of colour, are exceedingly handsome; but ("the fairest still the fleetest," as the song is,) age, or rather the marks of old age, creep upon them sooner than on the natives of more temperate climes.

I left Baltimore in the forenoon of the 15th of June, and travelled, for the first time, in an American coach, which I found to be a very clumsy piece of mechanism, and little calculated for the ease or comfort of passengers. This is, in a great measure, a necessary consequence of the bad state of the roads, which are as yet quite unformed, and more uneven than the bye-lanes in England. The coachman (or "driver," for he would feel quite offended if you hurt his dignity so much as to address him by any other title, in the United States,) very unlike one of the English fraternity of the whip, was dressed in a pair of light-coloured trousers, with shoes and stockings, without coat or waistcoat, but (being a melting summer's day) in his shirt sleeves, and a white straw hat turned up behind, as I have before described. He drove most furiously over every thing, rough and smooth alike. Railways, ravines, and water-courses, which cut up the road in countless numbers, were no impediments; he dashed on at a surprising rate, over rough stones and tottering bridges that would have cracked every spring in an English carriage, and caused its coachman to deliberate some time before he even ventured over them at a foot pace. An American driver allows his horses to take their own time in ascending a hill, so that they only move some little; but, be it ever so steep, not a passenger, for a moment, dreams of relieving them of his weight, by walking. To make up for this loss of time, he descends the hills (to use his own expression,) "with all steam on," which usually terminates in a full gallop at the bottom, and not unfrequently in an upset. He takes the sight of every carriage he meets, contrary to the old English stanza of,

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,

As the carriages jog it along:

If you go to the left, you are sure to go right,

But, if you go to the right, you go wrong."

There is one recommendation, however, to the "drivers," that they expect no fees from their passengers. Having some consideration for the lives and limbs of travellers, they have no seats upon the roof of their coaches, but the body is so capacious as to afford ample room for three seats, or nine people; the centre seat moving on a hinge in the middle, so as to be pushed back when the door is opened. The body is slung upon two immensely thick leathern springs, running under it from the fore to the after axle-trees; but they give the coach so much play, that, in crossing a water-course, or any slight hollow, it pitches down so heavily, that the driver's footboard strikes the wheel-horses on the back; on which occasions a corresponding movement is made by the passengers within. There were but two besides himself, and they had taken possession of their places before I entered; so I had only the choice of either riding with my back to the horses, or to them; and, wishing to take advantage of their society, I preferred the former. But, although accustomed to the rolling of a ship, I found it utterly impossible to retain possession of my seat; every pitch of the coach sent me with force on the centre one, and sometimes nearly over it into my fellow-travellers'

laps, being checked in my course only by the broad leathern belt which crosses the centre of the vehicle for the passengers in that part to lean their backs against. Nor was it until after much manœuvring that I managed to secure myself. After I had travelled a few hundred miles, I became more accustomed to the motion, and discovered that the heavier a coach was laden the easier it went, and that to be wedged in between two fat old ladies, or gentlemen, was a great desideratum in a long and rough journey.

The road passed through a dull, uncultivated country, with not even a straggling village for upwards of twenty miles; and the few houses we passed were mostly miserable-looking log huts, inhabited by negroes, whose chief occupation appeared to consist in threading with a plough between the stumps of trees, to turn up the soil amongst the rows of Indian corn. The coach turned off the road about fifteen miles from Baltimore, and wound its way through the mazes of the forest. Looking out to ascertain the cause of such a detour, I saw the branch of a tree laid across the road, and, a few yards farther, a broken-down wooden bridge, with a solitary black at work repairing it. At the village of Rosburgh the scenery became more varied, hill and dale intervened, and several fine farms began to show themselves. On the left of the road, near Bladensburg, was an English-looking mansion, with lodges at the entrance gate, the grounds laid out with good taste, and every thing, even to the very rail fences of the fields, betokening an opulent and good practical farmer. I was informed it was the property of Mr. Calvert, a descendant of the Lord Baltimore, who received a grant from Charles I. in 1632, of a tract of country on the bay of the Chesapeake, which he named Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, and of which state Baltimore is now the capital. His brother, Leonard Calvert, the following year, being appointed governor of the province, left England with about 200 planters, and settled on the northern bank of the Potomac. This farm comprises nearly 2000 acres, and is in a higher state of cultivation than any I saw. Descending the hill, we entered the small village of Bladensburg, which does not contain more than two brick and but few wooden houses. Here was fought the action which, in 1814, decided the fate of the capital of the United States. The road from Nottingham, by which the British army under General Ross advanced, joins the Baltimore road at the village: by some strange error, the American commander neglected to destroy the bridge, or even to dispute vigorously the passage of the British troops across it; but, after some slight skirmishing, and the discharge of two field-pieces, he awaited their formation and attack upon the rising ground and farm-house on the opposite side of the river. Hence his forces fled with the greatest precipitation; the sailors alone, under Commodore Barney, attempting, by a spirited resistance, to retrieve the errors of the day. This action is a subject of jest amongst the Americans themselves, who facetiously call it the Bladensburg races.

A violent thunder-storm burst upon us soon after leaving Bladensburg, from which we were ill defended by the painted canvass curtains of our vehicle. Wet and weary, we arrived, at eight o'clock in the evening, at the door of Gadsby's hotel, in Washington.

CHAPTER VI.

WASHINGTON.

On the following day (Sunday) I felt so sore and shaken with my rough journey, and the thermometer stood so high (upwards of ninety in the shade), that I kept within doors until evening, when I strolled down the broad Pennsylvania Avenue for an hour before sunset; but immediately after breakfast, the next morning, I set off to feast my eyes and ears upon the grand object of my expedition from Philadelphia: to wit, the Capitol and Congress in full convention. I had rather hurried my journey lest the house should adjourn; and considered myself fortunate in finding, upon my arrival, that the tariff and bank bills were before it, and in all human probability would fully occupy it for the next six weeks.

A few hundred paces from the hotel, up the Pennsylvania Avenue, I crossed a small muddy creek, classically denominated the Tiber, and soon after gained the large iron gates at the entrance of the area within which the Capitol is situated. It is upon a lofty eminence, overlooking the plain upon which the city is built; and several broad flights of steps lead to the principal entrance. The first stone was laid by Washington, during his administration, in September, 1793; but it was not finished to its present state until some time after the conclusion of hostilities in 1815, previously to which the wings only were

built of substantial materials, the intermediate space between them, now occupied by the rotunda, being formed of wood. It was consumed in the conflagration of the public buildings which ensued on the entrance of the British into the city, on the evening of the 24th of August, 1814. It is situated nearly in the centre of the area which contains twenty-two and a half acres of ground, and is surrounded by a low wall and strong iron balustrade, a small shrubbery of low trees being planted within the railing. The western front, towards the city, is tastefully laid out in grass terraces and gravel walks; while on the eastern a garden has been fenced off within an iron railing, to which however every one has free access. The eastern front of the building stands upon higher ground than the western; and, to remedy this defect in appearance, an earthen terrace was formed at some distance (probably twenty feet) from the basement story on the latter side, which, in addition to answering the primary object, affords, by being underbuilt, excellent cellars for fuel. The entrance, then, is from this terrace into the rotunda, which is on the second story, and paved with stone, receiving light from the dome, ninety-six feet above the floor. Its diameter is also the same; and the echo of footsteps along the pavement, or the voices of people conversing, almost equals that in the whispering-gallery of St. Pauls. The western side of it is ornamented with four large oil paintings, by Colonel Trumbull, an officer of the American army and aide-de-camp to Washington during the revolutionary war. Retiring from the service in disgust at the irregular promotion of some officers over his head, he cultivated his natural talent for drawing, by studying under his countryman, West, and others of the most eminent artists in Europe. The paintings are placed in niches about ten inches deep in the wall, and are from twenty to twenty-one feet in length, and about thirteen in height. They are all historical subjects, taken from the most important events of the era connected with the Revolution; representing the Declaration of Independence in the State House, Philadelphia, 4th July, 1776; Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, 17th October, 1777; that of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, 19th October, 1781; and Washington's Resignation of his Commission into the hands of Congress at Annapolis, 23d December, 1783. All have considerable merit, and their value is enhanced by most of the figures represented on the canvass being from portraits taken for the express purpose by Colonel Trumbull.

There are two entrances into the Rotunda from the area without, and two others from the Senate House in the northern wing, and from the House of Representatives in the southern wing. Over each of them is a large historical piece of sculpture; two are from the chisel of Enrico Causici, of Verona, who studied under Canova; the one representing a combat between Daniel Boone an early settler in the west, and an Indian, in 1773; the other represents the landing of the Puritan settlers at Plymouth in 1620. A third, by A. Capellano, also a pupil of Canova, is the narrow escape of Captain Smith from death (when captured by the Indians in 1606), through the intercession of Pocahontas, the king's daughter, who, in 1609, prevented the entire destruction of the colony at Jamestown, by informing the settlers of her father's design of cutting them off. She was subsequently married to Mr. Rolfe, an English gentleman, with whom she visited his native country. The fourth piece of sculpture is by R. Gevelot, representing the treaty between Penn and the Indians in 1682. On each side of those over the grand entrances are the sculptured heads of Raleigh, Columbus, Cabot and La Salle. The house of representatives, connected with the rotunda by a passage, is of a semicircular form; its greatest length being ninety-five feet, with a painted roof and dome sixty feet in height, supported by about twenty-four columns of highly-polished Potomac marble, or pudding-stone, with capitals of white Italian marble, which, I thought, made a contrast very unpleasant to the eye, reminding one (as a gentleman near me remarked) of a negro with a white turban upon his head. A very large and handsome chandelier is suspended from the centre of the dome, in which there is also a skylight, and small lamps are attached to each column; so that the house is most brilliantly illuminated at night, when the debates continue beyond daylight, which is seldom the case. The speaker's chair is in the centre of the base of the semicircle, and elevated under a canopy of drapery nine steps above the floor of the house; with clerks' desks immediately under, and the newspaper reporters in a low gallery on each side, and in rear of the speaker. The members sit fronting the speaker in amphitheatrical rows, and each is furnished with a chair, desk, writing materials, and last, though not least, a brass spittoon. In

rear of them, and between the marble columns, are those persons who, though not members, are yet entitled to a seat upon the floor of the house. The strangers' gallery, of marble, with three rows of cushioned seats and a carpeted floor, is raised about twelve or fourteen feet above the body of the house, and occupies the space between the columns and the wall, the full extent of the semicircle. Over the speaker's chair is a large statue of Liberty, and another (what it was intended to represent I was at a loss to discover for several days) is opposite to it over the entrance door. A full length portrait of Lafayette, with the American standard and a copy of the Declaration of Independence, decorates one side of the house; and it is intended to place one of Washington on that opposite. About one hundred and fifty members were present when I entered, and the *coup d'oeil* was remarkably imposing and magnificent. I had not formed the slightest conception that I should have witnessed any thing so grand, and it struck me as exceeding in splendour any thing I had ever seen. The subject before the house was either trifling or very uninteresting, to judge from the whispering and talking of some members, and the incessant rustling of letters, books, and newspapers, kept up by others. It was in vain that I strained my powers of hearing to the uttermost; I could not arrive at the pith of a single speech. The building is evidently ill calculated for sound, a speaker's voice being entirely lost in the vast expanse of dome. An attempt was made to rectify this fault, by hanging drapery between the marble columns, but it has been of very little avail in confining the sound; and the only project which is likely to answer would be by having an artificial roof, or a glass dome, which would not detract and from the appearance, suspended a few feet above the level of the strangers' gallery.

I was sitting in the gallery one day, during a discussion as to whether the house should make regret for defraying the expense of printing the debates, not thinking it particularly interesting, opened my sketch-book, and commenced a sketch of the scene before me. I had not been long thus occupied, when a man, placing himself beside me, said, "Can you take it down as fast as they speak?" "Much faster," said I; "I write short-hand exceedingly well." I thought him blessed with a very dull genius, or that my sketch must be a very wretched one; but, nothing daunted by his remark, proceeded with my pencil as far as sketching in the figure which had puzzled me so exceedingly before, from my not being able to gain a front view of it to see what it represented; when by one of those singular pieces of good luck which sometimes occur to travellers the mystery was at once unravelled. Mr. Adams (the late president, who had resumed his seat in the House of Representatives) rising to address the speaker, I took down his speech almost verbatim; and as he had a clear voice, and the house was called thrice to order, I ascertained that it was to the following effect:—"I wished that the resolution now before the house might pass; for he considered it the only parliamentary; rather, he should say, congressional history of the Union; for, in time of profound peace, the record of the proceedings of the two houses of congress is almost in fact the history of the nation. In Great Britain, a recent publication of the parliamentary proceedings formed a work occupying nearly 2000 volumes, each as large as those of the work in question; in Great Britain whose people sometimes were accused of not feeling the same powerful interest in the concerns of their government which the Americans did, so much interest was excited by this publication, that it sustained itself. Surely, if there was any thing in which the example of England should have weight with them, and if there was any thing in the British house of parliament worthy of imitation, it was the spirit with which they appropriated money for the purpose of printing the debates. He sincerely hoped gentlemen would have some regard for their posterity, and furnish the means which should enable them to learn what their forefathers had said and done. He wished to ask the speaker what was the meaning of that beautiful marble statue over the clock at the entrance of the house.—If it was the muse of history in her car, looking down upon the members of the house, and reminding them that, as the hour passed, she was in the attitude of recording whatever they said and did upon the floor—an admonition well worthy of being remembered. The reporters, at the sides and in rear of the speaker's chair, were the scribes of that Muse of History; and the publication now in question before the house was the real, he might even say the living, record of that historic muse; and he concluded by trusting that the same spirit which

incited them to make the grant for erecting that statue, would now urge them to pass the one before the house."

I afterwards heard that the statue was designed by an Italian sculptor, who died since in Washington: the Muse of History is represented with a book and pencil in the attitude of writing, and standing in a winged car (the clock forming a wheel) which passes over the surface of the globe.

The Senate House is of the same shape as that of the representatives, but smaller; being only 74 feet in length by 42 in height. Upon entering the light strangers' gallery, which, supported by iron pillars, runs round the circular part of it, the following notice posted on the door met my eye and excited a smile:—

"Gentlemen will be pleased not to place their feet on the board in front of the gallery, as the dirt from them falls upon senators' heads."

The air and demeanour of the senators struck me as rather more aristocratical than that of the members of the other house. During the time the houses are actually sitting, a flag flies upon the summit of the dome over each wing; and, if either adjourns, that flag only is struck.

Adjoining the rotunda on the western front of the Capitol is the Congress Library—a room of about 90 by 35 feet, and calculated to contain upwards of 20,000 volumes. At present it has about 13,000, which have been collected since 1814, when the small library of 3000 was destroyed.

There are two busts of eminent Americans by Persica, and an old portrait of Columbus in it. From the outer balcony there is a fine prospect of the broad Potomac, and the rising ground with Arlington House (the property of Mr. Custis, related to the Washington family) on the opposite bank; the mall, the navy yard, and the towns of Alexandria and Georgetown in the distance. The basement story is occupied by various courts, offices, and bar-rooms. The total cost of the building was 2,536,500 dollars, and it covers one acre and a half of ground, and 1820 square feet; the length of the front being 350, the depth of the wings 121, and the height to the top of the centre dome 120 feet. The exterior, although of white freestone, is painted white; which tasteless proceeding is explained by the following extract from the Travellers' Guide: "Captain Hall, in his Travels, speaking of the Capitol, says, 'By some strange perversity of taste, however, for which I never could learn to whom the public were indebted, this fine building has been covered with a coating of paint.' He should have been told that the painting was to hide the smoke occasioned by the conflagration which succeeded the capture of the city by the British troops in 1814." The editor should have added that British troops would never have been guilty of such excesses, and that this act of severity on their part would not have happened, if the American army which invaded Canada under General Harrison, in 1812, had not wantonly destroyed by fire the Moravian village on the 20th of October; and if General McClure had not, at the end of the following year, burnt the whole town of Newark, sparing no private property, under the pretext of securing the American frontier. The British, on the contrary, respected private property, and destroyed only public buildings, in retaliation for this gross breach of the laws of civilised warfare. Yet the circumstance alone of the British flag of truce having been fired upon as it entered Washington, and the general's horse killed, was sufficient to justify almost any steps, in addition to putting to death every one in the house whence the shot proceeded, as also razing the building to the ground.

At the summit of the steps on the western side is a fine monument erected to the memory of the officers who fell at Tripoli in 1804. There are several allegorical figures round the column, which are described in part of the inscription on the pedestal:—

"The love of glory inspired them—Fame has crowned their deeds—History records the event—The children of Columbia admire—and Commerce laments their fall."

It stood, until very lately, in the navy yard, because (as was said) Congress would not give it so conspicuous a situation at the Capitol as the naval officers expected. I was glad to see that they had shown the good taste, at the time of its removal, to efface the inscription of "Mutilated by the British in 1814," which had occupied a prominent place upon it for so many years. The mutilations, in the first place, were very slight, the

head of a figure and a few letters of the inscription being broken off; whereas, had the British troops been bent upon destroying the whole monument, a few blows from the butt end of a musket would have shattered the greater part of it to pieces immediately. The little injury which it sustained arose, no doubt, from the same spirit of mischief which has defaced so many of the statues in Westminster Abbey and the public edifices in England. It must have escaped the notice of the illiberal authors of the inscription that, so long as it remained, it was but a memento that their capital had once been in the possession of foreign troops: whether this, or the knowledge that it was a gross libel upon the British nation, prompted the withdrawal of it, I know not.

During my stay at Washington I frequently attended the debates, and had to pass many a tedious hour in attempting to follow the rhapsodies of some ambitious young lawyer, who had got possession of the floor, and made a speech of almost interminable length, wearing out the patience of every member in the house. He would probably afterwards send it to the press, and distribute it in pamphlets for the edification of his constituents. On my expressing surprise that such a proser was not forthwith coughed down, some one near me said, "Every one is at liberty here to speak as much as he pleases." Since the meeting of the first provincial congress, up to the present period, no session had been so stormy as this one; nor had such acts of personal violence, arising from debates, been committed upon the members, one of whom had been caned in the public streets, and another shot at with a pistol as he was descending the capital steps. A good hearty cough, the cry of "order," or shuffling with the feet upon the floor of the house, would have put down the unruly speaker and prevented both occurrences. The public funeral of Mr. Johnson, a member from Virginia, who was unfortunately drowned in the Potomac by slipping off the pier, at Alexandria, in a dark and stormy night, took place a few days after my arrival, in the burial ground near the capitol; the president and members of both houses attending, and wearing crape round the left arm for thirty days.

When the city was first planned, it was supposed that it would have been built upon the rising ground, which is a continuation of the capitol hill, as being a healthier and finer situation than the swampy flat between it and the Potomac. Mr. Law, an English gentleman, speculating upon such a result, erected a square of houses to the south of the capitol, and some few were rented in the first instance; but the tide of population turned in a different direction, and settling in the low ground along the Pennsylvania avenue, between the president's house and the capitol, Mr. Law's houses were soon abandoned, and became a heap of ruins. He first settled in the States thirty years since, and married a niece of Washington; he was quite an enthusiast, and lost a large fortune in promoting the growth of the city.

Washington certainly exhibited fewer symptoms of prosperity than any town I visited in the Union. There was none of that bustle which is always attendant upon a thriving place; and the long straight streets, with a few idlers strolling about in them, betokened a place fast falling to decay. At the present rate of increase in buildings, fifteen centuries will scarcely suffice to fill up the original plan, which was on a great and magnificent scale; but the situation, in a mercantile point of view, is decidedly bad; the river is but just navigable for vessels of moderate burthen up to the city, 300 miles distant from the sea; and Baltimore, so close in the vicinity of the city, and of much easier access, engrosses all the trade of the surrounding country. The present population of Washington, including men of colour, is estimated at 20,000, though I should not have judged it at more than two thirds of that number. Nearly all the present buildings are along the Pennsylvania avenue, in which the president's house is situated, and which is the only one in which any trees are planted. One or two days before I left the city, the sergeant at arms absconded with a considerable sum of money he had drawn from various members of the house of representatives, who had been in the habit of allowing him to fill up blank checks with their signatures attached, for their daily allowance of eight dollars; and, in most instances, he had overdrawn the sum due. No money being found in his possession when arrested at Bladensburg, the members determined not to be losers by him, and passed a resolution that the amount he had failed to pay over to them should be made good out of the contingent fund of the house.

Upon the whole, Washington has a desolate appear-

ance, which is increased by the land marked out for its site being entirely destitute of trees, and only here and there (excepting where the present town is situated) are scattered houses, each standing isolated, as if requiring some support on either side. The inhabitants, and Americans generally, fondly flatter themselves that it will some day vie in splendour with ancient Rome. The only comparison it bears at present is with the modern city, in the ruins of the Potomac bridge, and Mr. Law's houses. The scene altogether is described most forcibly by a French lady, who likened it to a town gone out on a visit into the country.

CHAPTER VII.

ALEXANDRIA, MOUNT VERNON, GEORGETOWN, &c.

Early on the morning of the 21st of June, I took the steam-boat, and glided rapidly down the broad "river of Swans" (as the poor Indians term the stream) to Alexandria, in the district of Columbia, seven miles below the city, but on the Virginian side of the Potomac. It contains about 8000 inhabitants, and, like most American towns of moderate size, has a museum, which, however, it is rather difficult for a stranger to find, being placed in the dark upper story of an old brick mansion, where some excellent specimens of natural history are seen to very little advantage. The museums in the states are generally good, but the owners (one and all) possess a strange taste for collecting such a quantity of trash and childish trifles, as pieces of old shells, signal and Congreve rockets, grapeshot, &c., fired from the British squadron, under Captain Gordon, at the White House, a few miles below the town; jackets of volunteers stained with blood, havresacks of sergeants of marines killed in action, &c.—that it is quite a labour to search for what is really worthy of notice. There are several relics of Washington; such as his military canteen, mason's dress, and the red satin robe in which he was christened, preserved with the greatest care; as also two of his original letters, one of which, written a month before his death, was penned in a fine bold hand. The old man in charge of the museum pointed out two colours taken from the British during the revolution; one from the Hessians, at the battle of Trenton, and the other belonging to the 7th Fusiliers, surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. There was a labelled paper on each, the first being "Alpha" the latter "Omega." He said that Washington had presented them thus to the museum, as the fruits of his first and last victory. As the old man was in his own castle, I did not like to question the veracity of his statement; but I think he must have judged from my countenance that I was rather sceptical.

Having hired a horse, I proceeded on my journey to Mount Vernon, the burial-place of Washington. The guide-book told me that "the road to it was uninhabited and difficult to trace;" but setting forth on my pilgrimage, and travelling over a sandy, poor country, I managed tolerably well for the first few miles; until, arriving at the meeting of four roads, I was at a complete *non-plus*, there being neither sign-post nor living being from whom I might gain further information. Trusting to my horse and good luck, I rode on at a brisk trot for several miles, when, meeting a woman, I discovered that I had taken a wrong road, so struck off at once into the forest; and after losing my temper ten times, and my road twice as often, by an hour after mid-day I arrived at the lodge-gates of Mount Vernon.

I was obliged to adopt this inconvenient method of travelling, as the steam vessels from Alexandria, which pass within 200 yards of the house, are not permitted to land passengers, on the plea that great depredations were committed amongst the trees and gardens. The proprietor certainly does not appear to encourage pilgrims to the tomb; the road through the grounds from the lodge to the house being, if possible, worse than the highway, and running for a considerable distance up a deep ravine, and over the rough stony bed of a winter's torrent.

It was much the fashion, during my stay in America, for the volunteer corps and "Republican Associations of young men," to make a pilgrimage to the tomb in a body; and the middle and southern states, who never allow an opportunity of having a laugh against their Yankee brethren to escape them, say, that the order forbidding steamers to land their passengers arose in consequence of a gentleman cutting so many walking-sticks from the sacred ground that, upon his return to Boston, he made a good round sum of money by retailing them at a dollar each.

The house was originally built by Lawrence Wash-

ington, a brother of the general, and received its name out of compliment to Admiral Vernon, in whose expedition he had served. He was succeeded by the general, from whom (having no children) it descended to his nephew Bushrod Washington, the judge, and from him to his nephew John Washington, who died three days prior to my visit; in consequence of which, I did not request admission. I heard that there was nothing interesting within the house, excepting a small fragment of a jug, bearing a likeness of the general, which is considered the most striking ever seen; the most singular part of the story being, that the jug was made in England by a common potter who had never visited America. The house is built of wood, two stories in height, the exterior stuccoed in imitation of stone: a portico, supported by square wooden pillars, extends the full length of the front towards the Potomac, and the roof is surmounted by a light wooden tower. The situation is a very pretty one; but scarcely any thing has been done by art to add to the natural beauty. The grounds are laid out in a tasteless style, and kept in a slovenly manner, high coarse grass growing up to the very door. The Americans possess generally but little taste for ornamental gardening, or at least make no display of it; for I seldom saw a cottage, or even a respectable-looking mansion, with any thing like a flower-garden attached to it.

When the judge possessed the property, it consisted of more than 3000 acres of land; but, the law of primogeniture being abolished, it was divided amongst his nephews; so that there are now but 1200 with the house; and, although the general has been dead only thirty-two years, the estate has passed into the hands of the third generation. The latter proprietor has left two sons and a daughter, so that the estate will be again divided, and must eventually dwindle into nothing. It is much to be regretted that the government do not take some steps either to keep the property entirely in the family, or purchase it for the States in general. Surely if any spot in America deserves protection more than another, it is the tomb of the father of the country. Application was made by congress for permission to remove the body on the centennial celebration of Washington's birth-day (22d of February, 1832), in order to bury it with great pomp in the rotunda of the capitol; but the late proprietor would not accede to it, stating, as his reason, that it had been the dying request of his grand-uncle to be buried at Mount Vernon.

A fine sloping bank descends from the house nearly to the Potomac, when it becomes more abrupt, and is so thickly covered with trees that the river is not visible from the house. On the brow of the abrupt part of the bank is the vault in which the general and other members of the family were originally buried. The coffins were removed a twelvemonth since to another vault two or three hundred yards more inland. Both vaults are of plain brick, and on the original one there was not even any inscription, and but a weak wooden door to close the entrance. It was situated in the midst of a cluster of oak trees, and several red pine and cedar grew on the top of it. The present vault has a small tablet of stone, inscribed "Washington Family;" and underneath, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." That the nation have never erected a monument to the man who was their idol while living, and whose memory is still so revered amongst them, is ever a subject of surprise and reproach among foreigners. The Americans say, in their defence, that the city of Washington, with its public buildings, is alone a sufficient monument; and that the proper testimonial of respect to his name is the affectionate remembrance of the people. It must be remembered, however, that two days after his death congress passed a resolution, unanimously, "that a marble monument be erected by the United States at the city of Washington, that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life;" to which Mrs. Washington consented, saying that, "taught by the great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by congress." Judge Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," says, that the resolution, although it passed unanimously, had many enemies; that the party which had long constituted the opposition to his administration declared its preference for an equestrian statue, which had been voted by congress at the close of the war, sixteen years previous; that the division between a statue and a monument was so nearly equal, that the session passed

away without an appropriation for either; and that those who possessed the ascendancy over the public sentiment employed their influence to draw odium on the men who favoured a monument, and to represent that measure as part of a general system to waste the public money.

When I arrived at the cross roads on my return, I found a gentleman with his servant in the very dilemma in which I had been situated in the morning. He was quietly awaiting the arrival of some one who could give him information, and asked me which was the road to Fredericksburg, about sixty miles distant. I advised him to trust to his horse, as the knights errant of old had done, as I could ill direct him.

The president's house at Washington, containing some finely proportioned rooms, furnished in a republican style of plainness, is situated on a slightly elevated ground, laid out in walks and gardens. The building is of free-stone, painted white, for the same reason as the capitol. Although it would be a large house for a private gentleman, still a more magnificent one might have been erected for the executive of a mighty nation. Many of the country residences of English commoners far excel it in grandeur of appearance. I passed several agreeable hours there in company with General Jackson, the president, Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, who has since so distinguished himself as governor of that state, and some few others of the great politicians of the day. The president is a tall, hardy-looking veteran, apparently sixty-five years of age, with a head of strong bushy hair. His voice is loud, and, when excited, he possesses considerable fluency of speech, rather too much interlarded with strong asseverations. The tariff bill formed the chief topic of conversation; but he was unable to cope with the powerful eloquence of Mr. Hayne, his more youthful antagonist.

At a short distance on either side of the president's house are large buildings occupied by the state and war departments. In the former I was gratified with a sight of the original copy of the famous Declaration of Independence. Some of the signatures, owing to the process of taking off fac-similes, had been so much injured as to be almost illegible. The document is now carefully preserved within a glass case, and no one permitted to touch it. Washington's commission as commander of the American armies, bearing date 19th of June, 1775, as also the various treaties made with foreign powers, are shown with the greatest readiness by the gentlemen who have charge of them. In one of the rooms are the presents which public functionaries, or officers of the navy and army, have received from foreign courts, and which, by law, they are compelled to deliver over to the American government, who retain possession of them for no earthly purpose that I could conceive, except impressing foreigners with the unfavourable idea that the government was suspicious of the integrity of its public servants, and had so mean an opinion of its representatives as to imagine that they could be bribed by a paltry sword or gold snuff-box; for there were no more valuable presents amongst them. The matter would appear in a much better light if the government, following the example of the East India Company, were to compel its servants to return the presents bestowed upon them to those who presented them; and foreigners might then be spared being imbued with what are, probably, erroneous impressions.

Numerous blue and red painted canvass bags, about the size and shape of a pillow, suspended from the ceiling on one side of the office of the secretary of the navy, with "Peacock," "Macedonian," "Boxer," "Frolic," and various other such names upon them, attracting my attention, I had the curiosity to enquire what were the contents of such a singular collection of titled bags, and was informed that they were the colours of British vessels captured during the late war. I shrugged up my shoulders, and thought I had penetrated too far into the sanctum sanctorum of the war department. There is another very interesting collection of strange names and portraits of the Indian chiefs, who to the number of one hundred have been sent at various times as delegates from the tribes in the west. They were painted by Mr. King of Washington; and are, I was informed by a competent judge, faithful likenesses of the red men of the forest, who are so rapidly disappearing before the march of civilisation and encroachment. To a foreigner, they are particularly interesting, as he may travel many hundred miles through the United States without seeing an Indian; or the few he may perchance see, dwelling within the boundaries of civilization, are a degenerate, dissipated race, and held in contempt by such warriors as the "Stabber," "the Sparrow that hunts as he walks," "the Spoon," "Sleepy eye," "the Bear whose screams make the rocks

tremble," "Buffalo," and various others, as represented on canvass in the Indian department. The great attention paid to a traveller, and the readiness with which he is shown every thing worthy of notice in these departments, and, in fact, I may say every where else in the States, is truly gratifying; particularly as it arises from a spirit of courtesy, no tax, as is too frequently the case in England, being levied upon the purse.

The arsenal, upon the tongue of the peninsula, is now but a mere depot for ordnance stores, the works having been levelled since the war, when their utility was so fully proved by the British landing from the Patuxent, marching upon and taking Washington from the rear; the American troops being compelled to abandon the works which had been thrown up to dispute the passage of the Potomac alone. It was in disabling the guns on the ramparts that Captain Frazier and many more of the British force were blown up, from a piece of ordnance accidentally falling into a dry well, in which the Americans had placed the contents of their magazine, trusting that it would escape the observation of the invaders. The officer in charge kindly accompanied me through the various store-rooms and armories. They contain models of the French and English field-pieces, with tumbrils, &c., complete—the English being made by request at Woolwich; but the French system had been approved of, and will be adopted in the American service, on account of the uniform size of the ammunition-wagons, and a trifling difference in some other respect. The American field-pieces are of cast iron, the smallest caliber being eight pounds. The few specimens I saw of brass were very faulty, and honeycombed in the casting; the metal also is too expensive, being from 20 to 25 cents per pound. Many of the iron guns were also defective. Thirty-two forty-two-pounders had arrived two days previously from the foundry at Georgetown, and many were very roughly and imperfectly cast: the weight of each was 8624 pounds, and the cost about five cents per pound, which makes the price of a single gun \$431,200. They were intended for the fortresses, which were erecting at the mouths of all the harbours, along the extensive line of coast of the United States. As a land war can scarcely ever be expected, the expenditure upon military works is along the sea-board, for which purpose large grants of money are made every session of congress; but, with only the present foundries at work, many years will elapse before a sufficient supply of heavy artillery can be provided for those fortresses already finished. In the armoury there were 40,000 stand of arms; the muskets averaging the great price of 13 dollars each, and the rifles much more. The latter were upon a principle I had never before seen; differing considerably in their construction from the English, which I thought they excelled; the soldier being capable of firing five or six times per minute with them. The use of a ramrod, except for cleaning, is entirely dispensed with, the barrel of the rifle having a patent breech-receiver, about six inches in length, which, by knocking a small trigger under the stock, is opened at its upper end; and the necessary load being placed within the bore, it is immediately closed again by a slight pressure of the hand. In other respects, it is similar to the common English rifle, excepting that the barrel is full as long as that of a musket. The American light troops carry powder and ball flasks suspended across their shoulders in place of a cartridge-box, and the process of going twice through the motions of loading must retard the firing. White were about to give way to black leather bolts, which were to be worn by all descriptions of infantry. The artificers employed in the department were principally citizens engaged for a limited period; and though congress had lately passed a bill for forming an entirely military establishment, great difficulty was experienced in finding men who would enlist, when they could obtain equally high wages by daily labour elsewhere.

The navy-yard, half a mile from the arsenal, is upon the eastern branch of the Potomac, and on a larger scale than that at Philadelphia. It contains various sheds and storerooms, foundry, saw-mill, and two large sheds for ship-building, under one of which a vessel of 48 or 50 guns was in an unfinished state. The channel, as in the Delaware, becomes shallower yearly by the increase of mud; nor is there now sufficient depth of water for the launching of any such vessel as the Columbus, of 74 guns, which was built in this yard a few years since. I saw a schooner at anchor off the pier, constructed upon a principle which has, I believe, been tried, and failed in England; namely, without knees, and entirely of thick planks laid in tiers over one another, each successive tier being placed at a different angle from the preceding one, so as

to strengthen each other. This vessel was called the "Experiment," but had failed in realising the expectations of the builders: it carried 12 guns, and had just arrived from Norfolk navy-yard, near the mouth of the Chesapeake; some knees were subsequently added, but the naval officers entirely disapproved of the whole construction.

Georgetown, higher up on the banks of the Potomac, and only divided from Washington by the inconsiderable stream of Rock Creek, was formerly a place of some importance, but of late years has felt the effects of Baltimore on its commerce, which has now dwindled into insignificance. On the margin of the river, scarcely any thing is to be seen but long rows of desolate dwellings and empty warehouses, with their window shutters moaning in the wind, as if over the fallen prosperity of the town. It contains a population of little less than 10,000, and is prettily situated on a series of heights, at a fine bend of the river. Its interior streets are well laid out, and contain some very good private residences. The college, whose members generally profess the catholic religion, is an ancient pile of building, with a large library, and some good paintings. The students were chanting vespers, with rather a sweet-toned organ, as I entered the chancel. Within the distance of half a mile there is a large academy for young ladies, attached to a convent, which however my unhallowed foot was not permitted to profane. The school bears a very high character, upwards of 200 girls attending daily, many of whom are taught gratuitously. There are also nearly 100 boarders, of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, for whom there is a regular charge.

I proceeded several miles up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal (which enters the Potomac here by four locks from the rising ground,) on the 23d of June, in one of the packet-boats, which ply daily upon it, and found the travelling most delightful: I was the only passenger, and there was a neat, well-furnished cabin about fifty feet long by fourteen broad.

The proposition of rendering the Potomac navigable, originated from Washington himself, who saw the vast advantages the state would derive from it; and, from continuing a canal to the Ohio, that it would divert the produce of the west, which at present floats so many hundred miles down the Mississippi to New Orleans, into the Atlantic states. When once carried into effect, it will no doubt produce a reaction of trade in favour of Georgetown and Alexandria; by which they will become two of the greatest ports for the exportation of flour in the Union. The course of the canal is through a pretty and romantic country, the banks of the river being bold and well wooded. We arrived at the Great Falls, sixteen miles from Washington, in less than four hours, having passed through twenty locks, the average passage of each being two minutes and a small fraction.

I had heard the distant roaring of the mighty waterfall for some minutes before the boat stopped; and, as soon as it received a temporary check at a lock, I sprang ashore, sketch-book in hand, a young lad, belonging to the packet, crying out, "Shall I show you the way, sir? I always go with gentlemen, sir;" at the same time running to accompany me. "Get away with you," said I, half angry at the intrusion, and alarmed at the very idea of my first view of a cataract being destroyed by a young archin interrupting my reveries and feelings of ecstatic delight, with such sentences as, "There's more water comes over in a fresher, sir!"—"The Virginia side is the best one to see it from, sir." The little fellow was, however, believe, half frightened, for he shrunk back at my blunt refusal of his company, and I saw no more of him at that time. Throwing myself down the steep embankment of the canal, I floundered on through pools of water, tumbled over lumps of rock, regardless of rattle-snakes and other reptiles, scratched my hands and face, and tore my coat amongst the bushes, and, hurrying under an alpine bridge thrown across a ravine from one projecting rock to another, without scarcely deigning a passing glance at it, or any thing else, I rounded a point, and came in full view of the great and grand object which alone occupied my thoughts. From the feelings I experienced at that moment, I could imagine the sensations of awe and delight with which the weary pilgrims first gain sight of the fifty minarets and domes of the prophet's tomb at the holy city of Arabia. In a moment the troubles of the past and care for the future are alike forgotten; the perils and privations undergone in their long and arduous marches over the burning deserts are at last fully compensated. But once in my previous life do I remember experiencing such pleasurable emotions—when, after an absence of some years in a foreign land, the dim blue line of my native country appeared rising from the main. I

raised my hands, and uttering some exclamation, stood gazing in silent and indescribable astonishment for some minutes. I found that subsequently I viewed Niagara with less inward feelings of awe and delight. The rush of water was greater, and every thing was upon a more sublimely magnificent scale; but the Potomac had partly prepared me, and I had already formed some indistinct idea in my imagination of what I should see: but of this I had not the slightest conception.

I am but ill at describing scenery, and may, therefore, be excused for merely taking notice in simple terms, of what the Americans would designate as the "location of the falls." The river gradually contracts to a width of 700 or 800 feet for some distance above the rocky bed of the rapids, over which it foams and roars most terrifically; until, gaining the edge of the precipice, it shoots over in a white sheet into the troubled abyss beneath; and rushing furiously along between two narrow perpendicular walls of rock for the distance of a mile, again expands into a broad but rapid channel. The country in the immediate vicinity bears the appearance of having been once convulsed by volcanic eruption; as if the huge rocks had been thrown upon one another by gigantic efforts of nature; every thing seems to have been subjected to some almighty agency. It was now the middle of summer, at which time, I believe, the falls are seen to the best advantage, the water being purer and the rocks in the river not entirely concealed from the view. During the autumnal floods, or the melting of the winter's snow, when the waters rush in one vast sheet of foam over the whole breadth of the chasm, they may present a more terrifically grand and fearful aspect, and be more calculated to inspire awe; but certainly not so beautifully picturesque as during the summer's sunshine, when nature appears in her mildest and serenest form, and the prismatic hues of the rainbow are seen glistening in the white mist which rises from the pure and limpid stream, as it glides over the rocky shelves. After passing two hours in admiration, I returned to the packet, and, as the sun set, arrived at my quarters in the Pennsylvania Avenue.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR OF VIRGINIA, AND BACK TO NEW YORK.

On the 26th of June I again crossed the Potomac to Alexandria, and travelling in the mail over a heavy, sandy, and hilly country, until near sunset, entered the pretty little village of Aldie, situated amongst the hills. We were now in Loudoun county, and at the same time observed an improvement in the soil: the crops were heavier, and the ragged worm fences gave way to substantial stone; but as yet I saw nothing like good farming, or any buildings equal to those in England. In addition to the little disappointments I experienced from this appearance of the country, I had the misfortune to be troubled with a garrulous, fat old German, who had been in the States above half a century, and bored me with long prosing histories of the battle of Brandywine and Yorktown, interspersed with anecdotes of his commander, Lafayette. He was now seventy-eight years of age, and boasted much of his bodily strength: to prove that of his lungs, he produced a bangle-horn from his leather case, and blew a blast both loud and strong, which I was so inconsiderate as to approve of. The old gentleman's vanity being flattered, he insisted upon treating me at the first tavern, where the coach stopped to change horses, with a draught of molasses beer; and when we had resumed our seats, favoured me at intervals with a repetition of the music. All my hints respecting soreness of lips, injury to lungs, headaches, &c., were not only entirely thrown away, but made the matter so much worse, that I was fain to put up with the annoyance until our arrival at the small town of Middleburgh, when I was happily relieved from him. It was late in the evening before we reached our journey's end; so, soon after supper, requesting to be shown to my room, I was, to my infinite surprise, ushered into one containing four beds, three of which were already occupied. Being heartily fatigued, what from the abominable road, and the old man with his bangle-horn—and as the coach was to start again at four o'clock in the morning—I was the less inclined to be very particular; so, as a sailor would say, "turned in," though not without shrewd suspicions that I should not be the sole occupant, having, as I was reconnoitring, caught a glimpse of an enemy retiring under cover of the pillow. Never was poor mortal so tormented! I was fairly driven from my post, and walked down stairs before three o'clock, to await the arrival of the coach, muttering a *requiescat in pace* as I passed the restless bodies of my companions in misery. The dirty

ian at Middleburgh will certainly not soon be crased from my memory.

From Woodville, a few miles farther, where there was the only vineyard I ever saw in the country, to the Blue Ridge, the scenery was delightful. We met many Dutch farmers with their heavily-laden flour wagons, and saw groups of others cooking their victuals under the trees by the road side, all appearing the happiest and most contented beings imaginable. Leaving their farms upon the banks of the Shenandoah, which waters part of the valley of Virginia, they proceed with their load of flour for the Alexandrian market, and, carrying their hatchets and provisions, pass the night in their wagons. Thus avoiding all expenses, excepting the half dollar for tolls, they dispose of their load, and with clear profits forthwith return home. Having breakfasted at the inconsiderable village of Paris, we commenced the ascent of the Blue Ridge, which is easy, and not exceeding a mile. I had accustomed myself some little to the jolting of the vehicle, and had, therefore, taken my seat outside with the coachman, that I might enjoy the prospect to greater advantage. While praising the appearance of the cultivated and highly fertile vale lying between the Ridge and the North mountains to him, he remarked that, "for his part, he preferred the hills, and should like to live upon them for some time; for he was fond of hunting, and intended quitting his present work, so that he might get some hounds, with a good horse, and have some sport; there was also plenty of gunning on the mountains' side."

This low chain of hills, which in England would be considered diminutive, has acquired its name of the Blue Ridge, from presenting a deeper shade of that colour than hills do in general; but, when travelling across them in summer, one would be led to imagine it arose from the vast quantity of blue thistle which flourishes upon them in a most extraordinary manner; patches of many acres in extent were so densely covered with the light blue flower, that the verdure was quite imperceptible. But when I pointed it out to the sporting coachman as a strong symptom of slovenly farming, he endeavoured to convince me that a new era in husbandry had commenced; it having been most satisfactorily ascertained that the thistle, so far from impoverishing, as was generally supposed, improved the soil.

A few miles after our descent, we arrived at the ferries across the Shenandoah; but the water being low, forded the stream, where it was about three feet deep, and a hundred yards wide, into Frederic county. The villages scattered along the banks are far from healthy, owing to the heavy rains swelling the river, and leaving vegetable matter to decompose upon the ground when the water recedes to its summer channel: the inhabitants at this time were suffering much from the scarlet and bilious fevers; the former had carried off thirteen slaves from one gentleman's estate in the course of a few weeks. This, which is however considered the richest tract of land in the vale, is in the hands of great landed proprietors: the extent of the fields varies generally from twenty to thirty acres, and produces fine crops of every description of grain; the term "corn" is applied to Indian corn only. Until aware of this distinction, I had been guilty of some slight mistakes in stating, to farmers' enquiries, that corn grew in England, and was commonly in use. Ten miles farther brought us to the town of Winchester, containing about 2500 inhabitants, and distant seventy-five miles from Washington. Its dirty streets, with stepping-stones for foot-passengers at the crossings, presented no inducement to remain a night; but the coach proceeding no farther upon my route, I was compelled to wait till late the following day, when I again started, and at the small town of Smithfield, where the coach stopped to change horses, met two gentlemen who had just been overturned in their carriage; and, after rolling down a precipice, had most miraculously escaped with their lives. They complained bitterly of the exorbitant demand of five dollars made by the wagoner for carrying the remains of their carriage fifteen miles. Truly, it was no wonder that it was shattered to pieces; for the mail, in which I travelled, could not exceed a foot's pace over the limestone ridges, projecting two feet above the level of the road; and some of the hills were so steep, that it was a matter of great thankfulness we safely gained the summit of them, or that the heavy vehicle in the descent did not crush down the horses. I should much have enjoyed the society of a gentleman with whom I travelled on the Chesapeake and Delaware Railway, who said, that "he did not at all approve of so easy a mode of conveyance—for he required exercise." He would certainly have met it here to his heart's content. After eight hours' hard jolting, we gained the hills above Harper's Ferry, thirty miles from Winchester: the road had for some time continued on their

summit; and as we reached the brow, previous to descending, the last gleam of day was just gilding the woody tops of the opposite mountains. The town, as it lay far beneath, could be but indistinctly seen in the shade cast over it by the towering masses of rock with which it was encircled; but which rendered more vivid the bright flashes of a rapid succession of tremendous quarry blasts, as the echo was reverberated amongst the hills and rocks, like the great artillery of heaven. The white lines of the two impetuous streams, the Potomac and Shenandoah, rushing together from nearly opposite directions, like mighty giants struggling for mastery, unite into one channel in front of the town, and thus force their passage through an opening in the hills. A band of music was playing upon Camp Hill at the entrance of the town, where the tents of an itinerant circus were pitched; and the bells beneath us giving notice to the workmen that the labours of the day had ceased altogether, rendered the scene impressively striking.

Having been furnished at Washington with introductory letters to G. Rust, Esq., in charge of the government establishment for the manufacture of arms, he kindly accompanied me through the numerous shops and forges, which give employment to more than 300 men, though the greater part of the work is performed by machinery. The different processes of turning the gun-stock from the rough wood, were performed in less than five minutes, and those of fitting the lock and barrel upon it occupied but two more. The test for the bayonet appeared unnecessarily severe, and so many failing in it, the price of the musket is rendered much greater, than if one, which might be sufficiently satisfactory, was substituted; it consisted in fixing the bayonet on the muzzle, with a twelve pound brass ball attached to the breech of a gun barrel, then placing the bayonet horizontally in two holes just fitting it, and nearly its length apart, where it was left for about two minutes, the entire weight acting upon the bayonet, which, if unbent by this trial, was turned round and put to the same test upon the other sides. The barrels were well finished, and made of iron from the state of Connecticut, a distance of 256 miles; but the brass bands, which fastened the barrel to the stock, gave the musket a heavy, clumsy appearance. Not only was the barrel and other iron work bronzed, but even the bayonet also. In the arsenal, under the charge of an old English sergeant of marines, who had served under Nelson, were a hundred thousand stand of arms, finished and packed for sending to the various arsenals in the states, and for distribution amongst the militia. The present American rifle, which I described as having seen at Washington, as also the machinery in use at the rifle manufactory at Harper's Ferry, were the invention of Mr. Hall, who is the superintendent of the establishment, in which near a hundred workmen are employed. As, in the musket manufactory, much of the work is performed by machinery, one man through the medium of it being able to rifle thirty barrels per day. There is one turn in nine feet, so that each barrel, being longer than that of the English rifle, has about one-third of a turn. Mr. Hall showed me a new invention, a specimen of which he was busily engaged in finishing for inspection at Washington. It consisted in screwing a short but narrow bayonet to the end of a highly tempered steel ramrod, which, when drawn nearly out of its socket, was firmly secured at the muzzle of the rifle by a sliding ring; and thus formed a weapon eight feet in length. I did not at all approve of it, for it appeared too slight a defence against even the parry of a sword, which caused it to bend immediately; but the intelligent inventor was very sanguine in his expectations of its being generally adopted in war. Every thing connected with both establishments was carried on with great exactness and neatness.

The town will soon rise into considerable importance, not only from the attraction of the natural beauty of its scenery, and the large manufactories, but also from the circumstance of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal running by the side of the Potomac, which is crossed by a bridge of 700 hundred feet in length, opposite to the town. I walked for some distance along the line of their operations, and never saw a more laborious undertaking; than the blasting and excavating at the foot of the hills, which are nearly eight hundred feet in perpendicular height. Wherever it was practicable, piers have been formed in the river, so that a considerable extent had been reclaimed from it. A trial came on, during my stay at the town, respecting damages claimed by the proprietor of a small house which occupied the space between the river and rocks, so exactly in the centre of the line of canal, that there was not room for it on either side. The owner did not lay his damages at the intrinsic value of the house (and the lot upon which it was built was but a mass of

rock, upon which he could not even form a kitchen garden,) but upon the great loss he should sustain from not possessing such a piece of ground when the canal was completed, and the jury assessed the damages accordingly, and at least at four times the value of the property. Upon the face of the bare rocks, four hundred feet above the bridge, the inhabitants of the town have formed an imaginary likeness of Washington; but it required a greater stretch of fancy than mine to trace any thing like human features upon it.

There being no conveyance in the direction I wished to proceed, I stepped into a large flour-boat about to descend the Potomac, and for some distance darted over the rapids with amazing velocity. The river is rendered particularly dangerous, and almost innavigable during the summer season, by the innumerable reefs of rocks which cross it in every direction, making their appearance some feet above the surface. An experienced pilot is therefore required, who, in the freshets, takes his station at the helm astern; but in low water, in the bow. The river being excessively low, we had a pilot at each end of the boat, so that it threaded the most difficult parts in gallant style, rubbing the keel occasionally a little upon the summits of the rocks beneath the water. The load was only forty barrels when we left the town; but, after passing the most precipitous and narrow rapids, we ran in shore again, and took on board an additional number of thirty from some wagons which had brought them by the road from Harper's Ferry, and again proceeded rapidly down the transparent stream, with romantic scenery on either bank, until we struck with a most violent shock upon a sunken rock, which, taking the boat in its centre, made every plank and barrel quiver with the blow. All hands immediately set to work moving the cargo into the bow; but, being still immovable, the captain of the Mississippi steamer, a passenger on board, recommended the crew to go into the water and attempt to raise it from the rock with levers, stepping out of the boat himself to give them the necessary instructions. No sooner had his feet touched the bottom of the river, and he had quitted his hold of the boat, than the powerful current, washing him fairly off his legs, carried him for a considerable distance down the stream, with his head bobbing up at intervals, like the float of a line when a fish is nibbling at the bait. At every re-appearance of his head above the foaming waters, he "roared him," not as Shakespeare says, "as gently as any sucking dove," but more like a young elephant, and excited shouts of laughter from the crew, who were too much amused with the scene to make any attempt at rescuing him. Being very short-sighted, and his spectacles becoming dim from the water, it was no easy matter for him, after discovering our position, to regain the boat; when his ardour was so cooled that he did not recommend any more experiments.

The application of levers failing, we had recourse to the simple method of placing some loose planks that were fortunately on board across the stream, and holding them firmly between the boat and some of the rocks, so that, acting as a small dam, they raised the water, and the boat once more floated. But, soon after, running a-ground again in the shallows, we had the prospect of passing the night in that situation, until an empty boat, on its way down the stream, took us ashore at the Point of Rocks, nine miles below Harper's Ferry; in performing which distance we had been nine hours, and toiling hard most of the time in an excessively hot sun.

A town rises in America with an almost talismanic rapidity. Immediately some new line of canal or railway is projected, or a clearing commenced on the banks of a navigable stream, a tavern makes its appearance upon a spot where it is imagined the traveller will require a "drink;" this is followed by a saw and grist mill, a store or two, post office, printing press, and a bank. To use their own expression, "every one goes the whole hog;" the freshets probably carry away the mill, or the bank breaks, and the owners "clear out," to commence their speculations afresh elsewhere. Where sixty days since had been a complete wilderness, was now a scene of bustle and confusion: a town was fast rising from amongst the bushes; the streets were marked out, and a tavern, several stores, and upwards of fifty houses, were already inhabited. The fortunate proprietor of the ground had sold every other lot for a trifling sum, and retained the remainder in his possession, letting it upon short building leases; also calling the place after his own unromantic name, and superseding the much prettier one of "Point of Rocks," to which indeed it owed its rise. The Point is the end of a range of rocky hills, which opposes a firm barrier to the advance of the Baltimore railway and Chesapeake canal; which have both the same object in view—that of communicating with the Ohio. By much

blasting, and enormous expense, there would be barely room for either of them to pass between the Potomac and the Point; but both arriving at the same spot from different directions, and nearly at the same time, each claimed the right of priority in taking possession of the narrow passage. The canal proprietors made an offer so to compromise the matter that, by each diminishing the respective widths of their lines of communication and making a joint expense of reclaiming some space from the river, there might be a passage for both. The railway proprietors, however, objected to it, and laid an injunction upon the canal to discontinue their works until the case had been tried in a legal court. After a lawsuit of two years, the verdict was given against them, and the canal engineers were now busily engaged in removing the Point of Rocks. Some bores had been worked to the depth of 13 feet, so as to undermine 1000 square yards of rock, which would be blown up by a grand salute on the 4th of July, to the celebration of which it now wanted only three days.

I thought the inns at Harper's Ferry very shabby, both externally and internally, though one was kept by an ex-member of congress, and major of militia; but the one at the Point of Rocks, being in its infancy, was less prepared for the reception of numerous guests than any I had seen. From the accommodation with which I had met since my departure from Washington, I had entertained no expectations of any luxury above a single bed, in probably a crowded room; and a wash in the morning without glass, soap, or towel, at the pump or bare trough in the public yard. Upon enquiring if I could be accommodated with a bed, I was therefore perfectly satisfied with an answer in the affirmative, qualified with a regret "that their mattresses had not yet arrived from Baltimore." I soon became heartily tired of seeking for adventures in these out-of-the-way places, where the arrangements were infinitely worse than in an English pot house. The owners of the taverns were usually so whose sole recommendation consisted in shooting with a rifle, and bearing a commission (something higher than a subaltern's) in the militia. My landlord at Harper's Ferry excelled in invariably striking a quarter of a dollar (which is about the size of an English shilling, with a single ball at thirty paces distant. In justice, however, to the honest innkeeper at the Point of Rocks, I am bound to say, that, in the hurry of my departure, I left a coat hanging up in the bar-room, and, after a journey of 3000 miles, found it neatly packed up and directed to my address at the hotel in New York, where it had been lying for upwards of four months, though I had long despaired of ever seeing it again. After a delightful swim in the clear Potomac, and wearied with the day's hard labour, requested to be shown up stairs, when I was again ushered into a room containing six beds, all of which were to be doubly occupied: the house, too, being built of wood, had become so heated during the day, that the fire-king himself could have scarcely endured the temperature. This was rather too much for a pleasure-seeking traveller, and walking down stairs again, I stepped into a car which I had observed during the day upon the railway, and found my boat companion, the Mississippi captain, had already taken possession of a corner, in search, like myself, of a cooler atmosphere. The railway was continued down to the water's edge close to the Point of Rocks; and we were much disturbed during the night by a man moving the car in that direction. My fellow-occupant, still having I suppose the recollection of the rapids strongly impressed upon his mind, jumped out of the car half awake, up to his knees in a pool of water, and, fancying himself in the Potomac, floundered about in it to my infinite amusement. Some time elapsed before he gained the firm ground again, when, turning round, he checked my laughter at once by saying, "Really I beg you ten thousand pardons, but I was in so great a hurry that I could not find my boots, so I put on your shoes; however, I will have them dried for you again." They were not, however, completely dry again for three days. This incident destroyed my night's rest so thoroughly that at three o'clock I set out, in company with a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed merely by chance the preceding day, and who had very kindly obtained a horse for me in the neighbourhood. We rode for some miles on the towing path of the canal, close to the placid and mirror like surface of the Potomac, which presented a delightful contrast to the rough turbulence of the many miles of rocky torrent above the Point. We passed by the quarries from which the columns in the capitol at Washington were cut, and for some distance through part of the estate of the fine old patriarch, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who at the age of ninety-six, lives in the full enjoyment of his faculties, revered and beloved by his countrymen: being the only survivor

of those daring men who, in 1776, risked their lives and properties by affixing their signatures to the Declaration of Independence.*

At the mouth of the Monocacy River, which pours its waters into the Potomac six miles from the Point of Rocks, we arrived at a splendid aqueduct, considered superior to any thing of the kind in the States, thrown over the former river by the canal company. It is built of a hard white granite, and consists of seven segment arches, the span of each being 54 feet, with a rise of 9 feet in the arch, and the entire length, including the wings, 509 feet. The water upon the aqueduct is 6 feet in depth, and the towing path 8 feet broad, with a strong iron railing on the outer side. The entire work will cost 125,000 dollars. The first contractor took it at seven dollars per perch, the second at eleven; and both failed in the performance; the third and present one has it at eleven dollars and fifty cents. Two hundred yards beyond this is a beautiful piece of workmanship, over the Little Monocacy, of a single oblique arch of twisted masonry.

After partaking of a scanty breakfast, upon my return to the Point of Rocks, I proceeded to Baltimore, fifty miles distant by the railway.

Much dissatisfaction was expressed by many of the passengers, who could not obtain any thing stronger than water to quench their thirst at the various places where we stopped to change horses, from either the owners of the houses or the proprietors of the railway being subscribers to the rules of the temperance society.

There was great sameness in the scenery, until we crossed the Blue Ridge, where it became more diversified and picturesque, especially near the flourishing town of Ellicott's Mills, in a most romantic dell on the Patapsco River, whose margin was occupied by numerous extensive cotton mills, scattered over an extent of several miles, giving the country quite an English appearance. The manufactories were prettily situated amongst the trees on the banks of the river, which were ornamented with clean white cottages and gardens, backed by huge masses of dark granite. Several fine bridges have been built across the ravines and streams between this place and Baltimore. One over Gwynn's Falls is a single arch of 80 feet span, and 40 in height; and another across the Patapsco of four arches of 55 feet span each: but, although furnished with such admirable materials, their masonry is much inferior to that used in similar works in Europe. The main object in America appears to be, to finish the job in hand in as short a time and as economically as possible. Several of the principal engineers complained to me frequently of the mistaken economy which they were compelled to pursue, and of the rapidity with which they were obliged to proceed, without being permitted to construct the work in such a manner as to reflect credit upon themselves. The "deep cut" and embankment near the city have been stupendous undertakings, the former being nearly a mile in length, and its greatest depth 70 feet, and the latter of about the same length, with its greatest width 190, and elevation 56 feet; the heaviest and best finished section of the road being from Ellicott's Mills to Baltimore.

I was only eight hours and forty minutes on the journey from Baltimore to Philadelphia, a distance of ninety-seven miles (sixteen of which were performed by horse carriage on the Chesapeake and Delaware railway):

material improvement in the speed of travelling on that to which I had been obliged to submit. Much against the advice of several friends, (the alarming news that the cholera had broken out in New York having just arrived,) I proceeded on my journey the following morning, the 3d of July, wishing to be present at the celebration of the "glorious anniversary," which was, I understood, kept up with more pomp at New York than elsewhere in the Union, imagining that a few scattered ones would not check all festivities. I was rather surprised to find so many passengers on board the steamer in which I embarked to proceed up the Delaware; but, the news having arrived at Philadelphia only late in the evening, it was not generally known. As soon as the report, however, began to spread through the vessel, our numbers diminished considerably at each place where we touched; many being intent upon returning home, and others intending to remain where they landed until the account was corroborated by the arrival of a vessel from the infected city. A Virginian lady, who had two pretty daughters in charge and was on her way to the southern springs, burst into tears and cried most bitterly when the unwelcome information was imparted to her, and left us at the first small village where the steamer

touched, fully determined upon returning forthwith to her native state.

The banks of the river are low, and very unhealthy during the "Fall" (as the Americans invariably term the autumn;) but some pretty little villages are scattered upon either bank, more especially those of Burlington and Bristol, nearly opposite to each other, eighteen miles from Philadelphia: I have seldom seen two such tastefully laid out little spots. The houses are very neat and above the common order, with gardens attached to each, extending to the margin of the river, which is ornamented with large and graceful weeping willows, whose branches kiss the watery element. The tower of a summer house, in the domain of Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown, where the ex-king of Spain, or, as he is called in the States, the Count de Surville, resides, is seen from the deck of the steamer; and six miles farther on the left bank is Trenton, the capital of the state of New Jersey, containing about 4000 inhabitants, and the termination of the steam navigation, there being a succession of rapids immediately above the town. Upon our arrival at Trenton, nine coaches were drawn up at the pier to receive the passengers from the steamer, and set off in their regular order (I had the misfortune to be in number 6,) and keeping within a few yards of each other over a sandy road, such immense clouds of dust enveloped us, that it was only at intervals I gained a glimpse of the country through which we travelled. The college at Princeton, founded in 1738, is rather a fine old building, and we enjoyed an extensive view over the long flat which extends towards the ocean, during the few minutes we remained to change horses. This part of the country, and the state of New Jersey generally, is celebrated for its cider, and very extensive peach orchards, farmers having accumulated large fortunes by the growth of them. Twenty-six miles from Trenton we arrived at New Brunswick, a town consisting (with probably two or three exceptions) of wooden houses; and we hailed with joy the sight of the smoke of the steamer, which lay in the Raritan River awaiting our arrival. Half suffocated with dust, and parched with thirst, we jumped on board, every one scrambling for a whisk brush, a glass of brandy and water, or a wash-hand basin.

We here added greatly to our numbers, by the accession of 200 Irish labourers from a railway in the vicinity, who were all proceeding to celebrate the Declaration of Independence, and in less than an hour scarcely one of them could boast of retaining his sober senses; when the deck presented a scene which would have done credit to Donnybrook Fair. One poor fellow slipped overboard as we were putting off from the quay at New Brunswick, and lost his passage; for, the steamer not stopping its engines, he was obliged to struggle to the shore in the best manner he could amongst the cheers of his countrymen. Man (with an exception or two, in such people as Leander and Lord Byron,) is always an awkward kind of animal when in the water, but I thought this one, with a large hat over his eyes, and bundle under his arm, of which he in vain attempted to retain possession, and but an ordinary swimmer, a most ludicrous and singular object.

Within twelve hours from our leaving Philadelphia, we landed at New York, a distance of ninety-four miles; and, after undergoing as much annoyance from the officious attentions of hackney coachmen and porters as one would in the streets of London, I at last arrived in safety at the city hotel, in Broadway.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW YORK.

The morning of the 4th of July was ushered in with none of those noisy symptoms which usually proclaim the celebration of some great national festival, processions and festivities of all descriptions having been discouraged by the board of health. The public prints echoed the same directions, and strenuously advised the people not to assemble in crowds, which would rather have a tendency to encourage the advance of the fatal enemy they so much dreaded. The order, therefore, respecting a general parade of the troops was cancelled, and during the day there was but one insignificant civic procession; and a few ill-dressed and worse-drilled volunteer artillery, who were bent upon firing a salute, paraded through the principal streets with a band of music and brigade of guns, carrying their noisy purpose into execution at mid-day, in an open square on the margin of the bay. A crowd of boys of all shades of colour, with a few children of a larger growth intermixed, assembled upon the trottoirs, firing off guns, pistols, and crackers, to the

imminent peril of the eyes and limbs of the peaceable citizens of New York. Although this last species of annoyance had been strictly forbidden by the public authorities, it was a law "more honoured in the breach than the observance; and was publicly persevered in throughout the entire day and greater part of the night, without any efforts being made to check it. A few sons of Old Erin, with a negro or two, might also be seen keeping a holiday; and, at the hotel, I overheard a party (of what country I know not) who were taking a glass of wine two hours after the rest of the *table d'hôte* had dispersed, singing—

"Hicre's a health to the king, God bless him."

In the evening I attended the Park theatre, the Drury of the United States; its front was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with a large transparent painting of Washington. The bills of the performance were headed in large characters with "Liberty or Death;" and the Glory of Columbia, a drama with miserable dialogue and plot, was performed as an introductory piece to a series of national songs and farces, seasoned, of course, with some hard blows in the shape of abuse at John Bull. We had "Yankee Doodle," and "Sons of Freedom," twice encored; and the orchestra played Washington's March, and General Spicer's March, "Hail Columbia," and "the Star-spangled banner," at least half a dozen times each; every patriotic citizen appearing to think himself in duty bound to attempt keeping time, whether or not he had any ear for music, by stamping upon the floor of the box with his feet, so that let the music be what it would I could scarcely hear a bar.

It is said that seldom a day elapses without a fire in New York. This day there were not fewer than ten. At one which I witnessed, four or five houses were destroyed, and a fireman was killed. Most of these conflagrations, I heard, had their origin from squibs or crackers: and thus ended the 4th of July.

So many Americans had spoken to me of the grandeur and magnificence of Broadway, some even asserting that no street in London was superior to it, that I felt very much disappointed, and think that the same comparison might have been more justly drawn with Liverpool. The shops in it certainly cannot vie with those even in the latter town; but, in the number of equipages, New York excels it, and far outvies London, or any English town, in its hackney coaches, which are so remarkably neat, and even handsome, that a foreigner might be well excused for imagining them to be private carriages. Broadway is throughout the day thronged with gay vehicles and equestrians, and a perpetual stream of that convenient but uncomfortable London carriage, an "omnibus," not the least remarkable thing about those in New York being that (though every man affects to despise titles and rank) they are all named "Lady Clinton," "Lady Washington," "Lady Van Rensselaer," and others as strangely inconsistent. Sometimes, too, servants in half livery may be seen sitting on the box of a carriage, whose door panels are ornamented with a crest. This street is about three miles in length, and eighty feet in width, extending in nearly a straight line from one end of the city to the other. The streets are clean for an American city; but the appearance of the cholera had caused the corporation to exert themselves in attending more closely to the cleanliness of them. Some wag observed, in one of the public prints, that the scavengers had actually dug down to the pavement in one or two places, and that the city was cleansed *thoroughly*.

Manhattan Island, on which the city stands, and which is formed by the Hudson, the Harlem, and East rivers, with the bay on the south, is fifteen miles in length, and from two to three in breadth. The Old Town, near the bay, much resembles an English one, but the northern part of it is as regularly laid out as Philadelphia or Washington, and numbers about eighty-seven streets. The wharfs are similar to those of Philadelphia, but not quite so ragged, and extend much farther up the East than the Hudson, or North River, as it is generally called, thus depriving the great discoverer of the honour of giving his name to the noble stream. On the south west point of the island, overlooking the bay, is a fine public promenade, of from 500 to 600 yards in length, and 150 in breadth, prettily laid out in walks, and planted with trees. In the evenings it is generally crowded with citizens, who assemble to derive the benefit from a pleasant breeze off the water, or listen to a band that frequently plays in the Castle Garden, which is connected with the walk by a wooden bridge, upon which, and along the whole extent of the public walk, may be seen various cockney anglers, of most persevering dispositions. The former promenade is called the Battery, from having in the

* Since writing the above, I have seen a notice of his death in the public prints.

olden times of the Dutch settlers, or during the revolutionary war, mounted a few guns; and the Castle Garden in a similar manner possesses no garden, nor could it ever have possessed one, being a modern stone fort, with twenty-eight embrasures, built upon a solid rock, which appeared but a short distance above the water. This being an unprofitable kind of investment of funds has been let by the corporation to a publican, who has converted it to a much more profitable use, charging sixpence sterling for admission, and giving a ticket, so that the visitor may enjoy a stroll upon the upper platform of the fort, admire the view, and then call for a glass of some liquor at the bar, for which he is not charged any thing. The Battery, nevertheless, is the most pleasant promenade in New York, and far exceeds any thing else of the kind in America. Governor's Island, about three quarters of a mile distant in the bay, has a large stone circular fort, with three tiers of embrasures, and is calculated for more than one hundred guns at its western extremity. When I entered it through the small wicket door, I was nearly upset by a quantity of half-starved pigs, which rushed grunting up to me, as if attempting to gain the exterior of the fort, and compelled me to make strenuous use of my walking-stick. The interior was little better than a sty, and in a most unfinished state. In the centre of the island, a small quadrangular fort is connected with the circular one by a covered way, with barracks and military stores in the interior. Vast numbers of workmen were employed in facing the works with granite; and the whole island forcibly reminded me of Washington Irving's happy description, as "resembling a fierce little warrior in a big cocked hat, breathing gunpowder and defiance to the world." Though these works may not enhance the attractions of the scene, they do not, like the numerous poplars on the island, mar the beauty of the noble sheet of water; and, if those who hold dominion over the island possessed any love for the picturesque, they would grub them up root and branch; for certainly, to quote the above ingenious author again, they do look "like so many birch brooms standing on end." On Bedlow's and Ellis's Island, as also at the Narrows (the entrance of the bay from the Atlantic) are most formidable batteries, nearly all of which are at present upon the peace establishment, as I did not see a single gun mounted, and only a few, without carriages, upon the circular fort on Governor's Island.

Of the public buildings, the City Hall, containing the supreme court, mayor's court, and various public offices, situated in the park, a fine and handsome square, is the most remarkable; and being fronted with white marble, has a beautiful effect when seen through the forest trees in the park. The building is upwards of two hundred feet in length, with a dome and tower surmounted by a statue of Justice. A rough stone prison on the right, and a building on the left used as a cholera hospital during my residence, occupy one side of the park; this last appeared, from its large portico in front, and style of architecture, to be a church. The Merchants' Exchange in Wall Street (the Lombard Street of London) is a fine edifice, of the same material as the front of the City Hall. The basement story is occupied by the Post Office, and above it is the Exchange, eighty-five feet in length, fifty-five in width, and forty-five in height to the dome, from which it is lighted. The greater proportion of the other buildings in the street are insurance offices, banks, and exchange offices. With regard to the charitable institutions, I can say nothing, the cholera raging so violently in some of them that it would not have been prudent to have visited them; and strangers were refused admittance into the prisons for fear of imparting the disease to the inmates. In the Academy of Fine Arts there was scarcely any thing which could impress one with a favourable idea of the advances of the pictorial art in New York. The portraits were all stiff, unnatural productions, devoid of all life, and evidently from the brush of very young artists. The architectural designs, too, of which some few were displayed, were but poor and void of taste. Colonel Trumbull, some of whose efforts in the art decorate the Capitol at Washington, and who is the president of the academy, also exhibits his paintings, many of which are historical, in a separate exhibition. They are rendered particularly interesting by containing nearly two hundred and fifty portraits of persons distinguished during the revolution. The rest are miniatures, and copies from celebrated artists, painted by Colonel Trumbull when studying in England. The American engravings show a great harshness and indistinctness of touch, which must ever be the case where so little encouragement is given to the art. One of the principal booksellers in Broadway assured me he

found it exceedingly difficult to dispose of a few copies of the annuals which are got up in Boston; the demand being only for the English. Scarcely any of the literary sketches or illustrations in the former are original; the few contributions which can boast of being truly American are such as would not find a place in any British magazine. The only good specimens of lithography I ever saw in the States were by Pendleton of New York.

The Museum in the park contains some excellent specimens of natural history, very well arranged. Although it cannot vie with Philadelphia in displaying such a monstrous skeleton as the mammoth, yet it may be said to have a mammoth turtle,—such indeed as of itself would almost furnish sufficient soup for a lord mayor's feast. It was caught off Sandy Hook, within fifteen miles of the city, by some pilots, and weighed 1000 pounds.

Niblo's Gardens, in imitation of those at Vauxhall, were a great attraction to the citizens, and the arrangements were most admirably conducted. There was an excellent band of music, and a good display of fire-works the night I attended, with a much greater assemblage of people than I should have expected. A panorama was exhibited in one part of the building, where the visitors assembled for hearing the music. It represented the struggle of the Greeks for their liberty, and the battle of Navarino. The owner, or showman, informed us that it had been exhibited at Leicester Square; but I much doubted whether he treated his audience in London with the lecture upon the blessings of liberty with which he thought fit to favour them in New York. He represented to us in the most glowing terms and bombastic language, with the tone of a man who acts in the same capacity in a menagerie, "how the English had no right to enter the bay of Navarino; that they were the first peace-breakers; and, had the officers commanding the batteries at the entrance of the bay been but for a moment aware of such an intention, they would have instantaneously sunk the whole fleet."

At the Bowery Theatre, which holds the second rank in the histrionic world in New York, but which in the external appearance and elegance of its interior excels that in the park, I saw Miss Vincent, a young American actress of great promise, perform in Goldsmith's play of "She Stoops to Conquer," and the "Maid of Milan." Her talents were of a higher order than those of any American actress I saw in the country.

I was much amused with the familiar manner in which an auctioneer, who held sales of books and prints every evening in some rooms in Broadway, spoke of the executive, and men in authority, when he had occasion to make mention of them. I whiled away many an idle hour in listening to his wit, and the quick repartees from some of the assembled crowd. One night, when he had some biographical works to dispose of, the following scene occurred. "Here," said the wag, bringing out the Life of Jackson, "who'll buy old Hickory?"—the name by which the president is generally called, from the hard wood which they say he rivals in toughness. "I'll give a cent for it," said some one; "you shan't," answered the other, "I'll not let it go for twice that; I'd sooner keep it myself;" at last it went for a quarter dollar. The next work he brought out was the Life of Clay; "Come! here, they ought to go together, who'll bid for our next would-be president? he shall go for two cents." "Will-be president!" said a rough voice out of the crowd, "twenty-five cents." "Take him, then, Mr. Cash, he's yours—he's not worth half that—you'll stick in the mud before you have waded half through it."

The churches in New York are handsomer edifices than those in the southern cities I visited, and contain some interesting monuments. St. Paul's, in the park, is one of the finest in the States. In the interior, there is a tablet in the chancel to Sir Robert Temple, baronet, the first consul-general to the United States from England, who died in the city; and one to the wife of the British governor of New Jersey, who died during the revolution from distress of mind, being separated from her husband by the events of the time. In the yard, also, there is a large Egyptian obelisk of a single block of white marble, 32 feet in height, erected to Thomas Emmet, an eminent counsellor at law, and brother of the Irish orator who suffered during the rebellion. When I visited New York again, some months afterwards, one front of it was embellished with an emblematical representation of his fortunes. Though it was in an unfinished state, and the canvases had not been removed from before the scaffolding, I could catch a glimpse of the representation of a hand, with a wreath or bracelet of shamrock round the wrist, clasping one with a similar ornament of stars, and the

eagle of America sheltering the unstrung harp of Ireland. Mr. Emmet had emigrated to the States, and settled in New York, where he had acquired considerable reputation many years previous to his death. There is also another monument near it under the portico of the church to General Montgomery, who fell in the unsuccessful attack upon Quebec in 1775. This monument was erected previously to the declaration of independence by the Congress; and in 1818, when his remains were removed from Quebec to New York and interred at St. Paul's, another tablet was added recording the event; though at the time great doubts were entertained whether they actually were the general's remains which were exhumed. The matter was, however, subsequently set at rest beyond a doubt, by the publication of a certificate, drawn up by the person who had actually buried the general in the first instance, and who was then living in Quebec at a very advanced age, being the only survivor of the army which served under Wolfe. There is a very handsome monument near the centre of the church-yard, erected by Kean of Drury Lane Theatre to Cooke the actor. Trinity Church, which is also in Broadway, was the oldest in the city, having been originally built in 1696, but destroyed by fire eighty years afterwards, although from the circumstance of a monument in the church-yard of 1691, it appears it was used as a burial ground some time previously. Though not containing much above an acre of ground, by a moderate calculation, not fewer than 200,000 bodies have been buried in it. Of late years there have been no burials, and weeping willows with various trees have been planted, which in time will make it ornamental to the city. In one corner are the ruins of a monument, erected but sixteen years since to Captain Lawrence, of the American navy, who fell defending his ship, the Chesapeake, against Sir P. Broke, in the Shannon. His body was taken to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and buried there with all the honours of war, the pall being the American ensign supported by six of the senior captains in the royal navy then in the harbour. But the Americans immediately after sent a vessel with a flag of truce to apply for the removal of the body, which being granted, it was reburied in Trinity Church-yard, and the present monument, no lasting memorial of his country's grief, erected upon the spot. It is a most shabby, economical structure, built of brick and faced with white marble. The column, of the Corinthian order, is broken short, with part of the capital lying at the base of the pedestal, emblematic of his premature death. Owing to the summit being exposed to the weather, the rain has gained admittance into the interior of the brick-work, and has given the column a considerable inclination to one side. Some of the marble front also, with two sides of that of the pedestal, have fallen down and exposed the shabby interior. Surely such a man deserved a monument of more durable materials. That the Americans, however, were not unmindful of the respect paid to his remains by the British, appears from the following part of the inscription upon the monument:—

"His bravery in action was only equalled by his modesty in triumph, and his magnanimity to the vanquished. In private life he was a gentleman of the most generous and endearing qualities; and so acknowledged was his public worth that the whole nation mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen who most should honour his remains."

There is a monument near it to the memory of General Hamilton, who had served with distinction under Washington, and ranked high as a statesman. He was killed in a duel by Colonel Burr, the Vice-president of the United States, who is yet living in New York. The inscription is as follows:—

"To the memory of Alexander Hamilton the corporation of Trinity Church have erected this monument in testimony of their respect for the patriot of incorruptible integrity, the soldier of approved valour, the statesman of consummate wisdom; whose talents and whose virtues will be admired by a grateful posterity long after this marble shall have mouldered into dust. He died July 2d, 1804, aged 47."

Brooklyn, on the opposite side of East River, and situated upon Long Island, is a place of considerable importance, containing upwards of 12,000 inhabitants. There are many country seats in the immediate vicinity, belonging to New York merchants. In the navy yard on Wall about Bay, at the upper end of the town, were two large frigates upon the stocks; and, as in the other yards at Philadelphia and Washington, considerable additions were making in erecting buildings, piers, &c. The intrenchments thrown up in defence of the town in 1776, when

the American army received so terrible a defeat from the British and Hessians under Cornwallis and Clinton, still remain upon the hill in the rear of the navy yard; and the marsh where so many were smothered in the retreat is seen from thence near the bay upon the right. Situated in a similar manner on the opposite side of the city, and across the Hudson, is Hoboken, a particularly pretty spot and great promenade and lounge for the citizens. They assemble here in great numbers, the gardens being tastefully laid out in walks, to stroll about and to enjoy a ride upon a circular rail-road devised by some ingenious person. It is built upon frame work, raised three feet from the ground. The carriages which run upon it are so constructed that those who sit in them, by turning a handle in front of the seat, keep the carriage in motion, when it is once set off by a slight push, and urge it along with great rapidity; being allowed to travel three times round it, three-quarters of a mile, for a shilling. However, it was a pleasure which I thought dearly earned, and very fatiguing to the arms, for those who are ambitious of speedy travelling. There are a double set of rails, and only two carriages, which take contrary directions, so that a sluggish man cannot be run over. Hoboken being in New Jersey, and out of the jurisdiction of the city, affairs of honour are generally settled under a high bank, some distance above the landing-place, where General Hamilton fell. Upon my return one day from this place to this city, I met a procession of several hundreds of African blacks, parading through the streets, with music and banners of their different trades and societies. The majority of them appeared to be true worshippers of Bacchus: the sailors carried some models of small vessels of war, while their band, rolling about in front, attempted to play the "British Grenadiers." All wore a yellow sash across their shoulders, and those at the head of the column, apparently the officers of the Society, were upon horseback, and equipped in frock coats, blue sashes, yellow or blue satin trowsers, making their steeds caper about, and

"Witching the world with noble horsemanship."

Of all dandies, the negroes in America are the most intolerable; a fashion, to come up to their idea of taste, cannot be too *outré*; let it be ever so ridiculous, they adopt it immediately. When I was in New York, striped trowsers, kid gloves, three or four feet of guard chain for the watch, and gold-headed canes, were the "correct thing;" with two thirds of the sable countenance concealed by the well-starched collar of the shirt. On Sunday afternoon, when the streets in all the cities appeared entirely given up to the African world, it was a high treat to witness the switching of canes and important strut of the one sex, and the affected dangling of parasols and reticules of the other. Familiar nods, or distant bows of recognition were acknowledged with all the air of people who had been rehearsing their parts during the other six days of the week, or taking lessons from the manners of their masters' visitors.

Crossing over to Hoboken, on the 9th of July, I took the coach, and proceeded near the high ground on the right bank of the Hudson to the small village of Aquakink, and thence upon a rail-road which had been lately opened to the flourishing town of Patterson, on the Passaic river, sixteen miles from New York. It wanted an hour to mid-day when I arrived, and the rain pouring in torrents caused the dirty streets to look more miserable and dull than even New York, from which every one was hurrying who could possibly afford means. The driver of an omnibus came across the river in the steam-boat with me, and had his entire family with baggage stowed within and without his carriage, intending to remain in the country until the dreadful pestilence abated. I had also crossed over to Patterson, with the intention of staying there for a few days; then, after making a short tour to the Pennsylvania coal-mines and Wyoming, to return to the city, trusting that the inhabitants would be more settled. But the melancholy-looking day made me wish myself back again, in a place where, whatever other drawback there might be, I could at least lay my hands upon a book to pass away a few dull hours. After listening by the hour to a long dissertation upon the Reform Bill from a stout, one-legged man, I encountered another unconscionably long story, from a little spare person, about hunting and "old Kentuck," in the middle of which all his audience, excepting myself, deserted him, and, betaking themselves to their brandy and water, gradually dropped off one by one to their respective homes. At last even I left my chair, where I had been most patiently sitting in a half-doze, without hearing a single word the Kentuckian had been saying for the last forty minutes, and, yawning, wished him good evening, just as he had got me some half-dozen

miles up the Mammoth Cave. Thus, having lost his audience, he rose, and, discovering that his umbrella was gone, said, with an air which appeared almost to console him for the loss, "Well, I guess he must be a mean fellow who would clear off with it; for it was but a mean umbrella, and I don't care one cent about it, only the pole and shove-up are good, that's a *fac*." As I was on the point of retiring, a man entered the room smiling and looking as if he had some good joke to impart. I therefore determined to wait a few minutes longer; but he only whispered to the story-teller, and both, laughing heartily, left the house together. In a minute or two came another, with the same important countenance, who took away the landlord; and immediately afterwards the bar-keeper disappeared in the same mysterious manner, leaving a little girl in charge of his department. My curiosity was now excited to the utmost; so laying down my candle again, although it was still raining heavily, I followed him out into the dark street, and down it for some distance, until, walking up the steps of a house, he opened the door, and entered. Seeing a crowd of people inside wearing their hats, I also stepped in, and found myself in a small frame room, devoid of all furniture, excepting two rough chairs, and a strong greasy table, with some benches placed against the walls, from which were suspended lists of the Newark and Hoboken coaches, steam-vessels, lotteries, the comic almanac, and other placards. One of the rickety old chairs was occupied by an elderly, sharp-featured man, with long gray hair, brushed up so as to display a high forehead, and with a pair of spectacles fitted on the very tip of his nose, which he took off at intervals of a minute or two, and looked round with great dignity upon the people assembled. Then after taking the circuit, he let his eyes fall upon an ill-dressed man, apparently an artisan, who sat in the other chair opposite, and scrutinised his appearance from head to foot; while he himself, leaning back upon his own seat, and balancing on the hinder legs of it, had his feet crossed on the top of the table, upon which lay a plentifully thumbed and dogs-eared volume, some writing-paper and an inkstand. I was utterly at a loss, for some time, to discover for what purpose so many silent people could have collected together, and was, at last, relieved from my suspense by the elderly man suddenly rousing himself, and saying, with the air of a man just struck by some bright thought, or as if determined upon some great undertaking, "State the charge against the prisoner;" and for the first time I found myself in the presence of an American Justice of the peace. The man who had so coolly taken possession of the other chair was charged with "paying for a quantity of clams (shell-fish), which he had purchased from a little boy, with a counterfeit dollar note." It appeared, upon the evidence of a host of witnesses, that he had been taken from a tavern where he was superintending the cooking of the clams, and that his confederates had made their escape.

The prisoner protested most vehemently against the accusation, asserting his innocence in a long story, which was not at all connected with the charge, and was interrupted momentarily by the observations and witticisms of the by-standers, on the chance of his being lodged, free of expence, in good apartments, at Sing-Sing (the State prison,) and joking upon the loss of his clam supper. The justice appeared to have less to do with the business than any one else; until some one called out, "Let the squire cross-examine him." "Aye do cross-examine him, squire," reiterated fifteen voices; and the squire, accordingly, peering over the top of his spectacles, let fly a volley of "Who are you?" "what's your trade?" "where are you from?" "what brought you to this town?" "where did you get that note?" "what's your name?" and other questions, with such amazing volubility, as if he was resolved to confuse the prisoner with the very weight of them, concluding by saying, "Well, I move that this fellow be committed, and that we make up the dollar for the boy." Silver coins to the amount were immediately thrown upon the table by the by-standers; and the squire, smiling complacently, threw himself back in his chair, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, quite overcome with the exertion of the prisoner's cross-examination. One man remarked that "he had better dismiss him, for the dollar would stand the state in 200 dollars to prosecute." The wooden-legged man also took a most prominent and active part in the jokes and gibes upon the prisoner, saying, "You richly deserve three years in Sing-Sing!" "So do you, if every rogue had his deserts," answered the man. "Very likely," said the first; "and, if I go there, I shall make special application to be put in the same

cell with you, and I will then give you a good flogging." Soon after another party came in with one of his accomplices, against whom the first turned evidence, and was therefore admitted to bail; but, not being able to furnish it, the squire permitted him to go away on his bare promise that he would return the following day, and the other culprit was delivered over to a guard of citizens, who volunteered their services for the night. Although throughout the scene was ridiculous in the extreme, there were still some traits highly creditable to the justice and by-standers, especially in the spirit with which the collection was made for the boy, and the readiness with which they all proffered to take charge of the prisoner until the morning.

The town already contains nearly 10,000 inhabitants, and is increasing most rapidly; there are at present nearly thirty cotton-mills, iron and brass foundries, in the upper part of it, with gardens so tastefully laid out, and the banks of the river kept so neat, and ornamented with weeping willows, as to compensate for the broken bridges and dirt of the lower part of the town. It is estimated that each new mill brings an increase of 1000 to the population; and two more were building when I visited the place. It will ere long be the Manchester of those parts, and one of the largest manufacturing towns in the Union. They have already the advantage of a rail-road and canal to transport their goods to New York and Philadelphia; and much machinery is made for exportation to the southern markets.

The Passaic river is very romantic in the immediate vicinity of Patterson; but, upon enquiring where what are called the "Grand Falls" were to be seen, I was much disappointed to find that they were actually in sight, and very unimportant, the stream being diverted on three levels for the supply of the mills. There were but about 100 gallons per minute falling over a precipice of 70 feet into a dark and narrow gulf, over which a bridge has been thrown. Some few years since, an American, of the name of Patch, leaped from a spot very near into the chasm beneath, with the intention, as was stated, of committing suicide; but finding himself without injury in the water, he made from that time a trade by taking a similar leap from most of the falls in the States; and at length met his death, in 1829, by striking against some sunken rocks at the falls of the Genesee, in the town of Rochester. The water power which these falls afford is so valuable as to produce an income of 25,000 dollars per annum to the proprietor.

Having ascertained that I could not obtain any other conveyance to Easton, on my route to the coal mines, than a heavy canal boat, which would not arrive in less than three days, although only sixty miles, I returned to New York, notwithstanding the alarming accounts of the increase of cholera, on the 12th of July. The city bore a very different appearance from that which it presented when I had landed ten days previously, or even when I had departed for Patterson. At that time only the timid had fled to the watering places on the sea coast, or the Catskill mountains on the banks of the Hudson. Since then, every one who could afford means appeared to have followed their example. The public gardens and theatres were closed, and in many streets entire rows of houses were deserted, their late occupants having fled from the dreadful pestilence. A steam vessel on the Hudson carried away 700 passengers at one time, and yet refused to take many who were anxious to escape. The gay shops in Broadway were closed by half past eight in the evening; the facetious auctioneer had no audience; and only a solitary individual was at intervals seen hurrying down the street, as if upon some urgent business. The bustle of Wall street had almost ceased, and trades people of every description complained that bankruptcy must certainly come upon them, if the general panic continued. The vast shoals of travellers who had been hurrying towards the north, to escape the more unhealthy climate of the south, were met here by a more dreaded enemy than even the yellow fever, and had all returned to their homes, or betaken themselves to the springs in Virginia. The hotels were comparatively empty. The Earl and Countess Belmore had arrived from Jamaica for the express purpose of travelling through the United States; but after making a stay of four or five days at the hotel, and one short excursion up the Hudson, they proceeded to England by the first packet which sailed. The Americans, I had frequent occasion to observe, are an easily excited people, and even destitute of that moral courage which is so requisite in times of personal or national calamity. The panic and excitement upon this occasion were much augmented by the daily prints, which, not content with merely taking notice of

cases in round numbers, mentioned every alarming incident they could possibly collect; and even the names, the streets, the number of the house, and the medical men who attended the patients, were duly inserted. As an instance of the extraordinary dread entertained of the malady, a respectable printer in Philadelphia committed suicide by taking a quantity of laudanum;* and said to those around him, who were attempting to save his life, that all efforts would be fruitless, and, if the physicians prepared an antidote, they could not make him take it; that "he heard the cholera was in Quebec, and, being thoroughly convinced that it would spread over the whole continent of America, he had come to the determination of not suffering an attack of it himself, or seeing his wife and children die before him." Unfortunately, too, a great schism prevailed amongst the medical men, who were either jealous of each other's practice, or disagreed in the views they took of the disease. The board of health refused to publish the reports of cases sent in by an eminent practitioner in the city, who had proceeded to Quebec upon the first appearance of the cholera there, to ascertain the nature of it. This so incensed him that he withdrew his name from amongst the members composing the board; and, others refusing to make any returns, an order was issued by those in power that any medical man who did not make a return of cases should be fined forty dollars. It was hoped, too, that the fear of this penalty would act as a check upon the quack doctors (or steam doctors, as the Americans call them,) who flocked into the city from all quarters, and put in practice the system from which they derive their name—hot baths and cayenne pepper for every complaint, from a cold and sore throat to the yellow fever.

In many parts of the town the streets were watered with chloride of lime, in which, as an antidote, great faith was placed. Upon every subject, the Americans divide themselves into numerous parties, all differing in some trifle from each other; upon this occasion there were contagionists, non-contagionists, contingent contagionists, infectionists, and non-infectionists. There were many who asserted that the disease had its origin in the air, and that if a piece of raw meat were suspended at a certain height it would immediately become putrid. The experiment was actually tried at the mast head of a ship in the harbour; but, upon being brought down again in a few hours, the expectations of the most sanguine upon the subject were much disappointed in finding it in the same state as when put up. Others looked for the origin of the disease from the earth—the water—the comet; and it was even gravely asserted that the sun did not give its customary light. There were some who would not eat meat, and others who would not eat vegetables; some who would not drink any thing except water, and others who would only take "anti-cholera," as they termed brandy and port wine. The temperate soothed their fears, by crying out that only the dissolute and dirty would fall victims to it, and every post and tree in the city was labelled with "Quit dram-drinking if you would not have the cholera." Those who had been in the habit of dram-drinking were at a loss how to proceed: one party told them they were certain to contract the disease, and another assured them that, if they were to abstain suddenly from their former habits, there would be no hope for them; and, at all events, they would be bad subjects for it, when attacked. Some were for clothing warm; but an alarm was immediately given, by the opposite party, that excess in clothing was as injurious as excess in drinking. It was no wonder, then, that nearly 100,000 of the inhabitants fled into the country, and many of them out of the reach of medical assistance fell victims to the disease, which they might probably have otherwise escaped.

The second evening after my return, I walked down to the battery; and although it was a most bewitching scene, as the sun set mildly and beautifully on the opposite side of the bay, and the bright moon rose majestically in the deep blue sky, still only a stranger or two were seen, leaning over the rails at the edge of the pier. At last I caught the general infection of fear myself (though I had often been an eye-witness of the ravages of the disease in other lands, without any such sensation), and the reflection that if I were attacked by it I might be carried off to some public hospital, unknown, and almost uncared for, made me think it would be more prudent to remove to a healthier part of the country. Curiosity alone had brought me to New York, and I had been

* A story of this kind was current respecting a book-binder, but it afterwards appeared there were other reasons for his committing the rash act.—Ed.

there a fortnight already without any probability of being gratified with a sight of any thing interesting; two gentlemen, whose acquaintance I was just making, were suddenly carried off by the disease, and my only remaining friend had sailed for England: I therefore determined to continue my tour, and, if possible, return at a busier and gayer time.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. TROLLOPE AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

Mrs. Trollope states, in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," that much angry feeling was excited throughout the United States by the appearance of Captain Hall's travels in that country; probably but little imagining that she herself as an authoress should give such umbrage to the republicans, and that the gallant captain's works should sink into comparative insignificance before her lashing pen. It was during my residence in New York that her first publication was reprinted, and the commotion it created amongst the good citizens is truly inconceivable. The tariff and bank bill were alike forgotten, and the tug of war was hard, whether the "Domestic Manners," or the cholera, which burst upon them simultaneously, should be the more engrossing topic of conversation. At every corner of the street, at the door of every petty retailer of information for the people, a large placard met the eye with, "For sale here, with plates, Domestic Manners of the Americans, by Mrs. Trollope." At every table d'hôte, on board of every steam boat, in every stage coach, and in all societies, the first question was, "Have you read Mrs. Trollope?" And one half the people would be seen with a red or blue half bound volume in their hand, which you might vouch for being the odious work; and the more it was abused the more rapidly did the printers issue new editions. I never could ascertain the reason why the American edition appeared without the name of its publisher: whether it arose from the fear of subjecting himself to serious consequences for printing a work which spoke so unfavourably of his country, or that he was ashamed of publicly acknowledging the preface, in which he laboured to prove that Mrs. Trollope and Captain "All" (as he was facetiously pleased to write the name, as being the true English pronunciation) were one and the same person,—an opinion which soon gained ground, and I was assured by many intelligent people that there was not the slightest doubt but "that Captain Hall had written every word of it; Mrs. Trollope might probably have furnished notes for it, but certainly nothing more; no one who had read the two works, and observed the great similarity of expression and opinions, could for a moment doubt the author's identity, and every one was well aware that he had been sent out by the Quarterly Review." Never were two poor authors so abused: every newspaper for two months teemed with some violent remarks, and personalities, which were substituted for refutations, thus apparently verifying the justice of the saying, that "Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;" nor was this kind of criticism confined merely to editors of daily newspapers; but even people who had some pretensions to literary talent fell into the same error. Mr. Dunlap, in his late history of the American stage, confidently states that Captain Hall was the author of the work in question; and Mr. Paulding, who ranks high as an author amongst his countrymen, in his late novel of "Westward Ho!" exerts himself, as much as possible, to hold up Captain Hall to the ridicule of the Americans, merely because he differs in opinion from them; forgetting that

"Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

I sincerely give it as my opinion that neither he nor Mrs. Trollope could with safety make their personal appearance again in the United States. Never was there so extremely sensitive a person as brother Jonathan. He lashes himself into a violent rage, if any one doubts that his own dear land is not the abode of all that is estimable. Mere approval will not do for him; it must be the most unqualified approbation; and he thinks he is in duty bound to consider any national reflection a personal insult, and to resent it accordingly. Thus it has ever been in his wars with England, which were carried on with greater animosity than any of our continental struggles. Thus, also, (to descend to minor affairs,) can alone be explained their conduct towards Kean, Anderson, and others, where the whole nation resented what was only a private quarrel.

Although I should not wish to identify myself with Mrs. Trollope's opinions and sentiments, inasmuch as she evidently is a writer who, in drawing a tolerable likeness, has given a broad caricature of the Americans, and most unjustly impressed those who have not visited the United States with the imagination that no gentlemen are to be met with there, yet I must think her "Domestic Manners" will do good amongst a certain class of people. The effects had even begun to show themselves before I quitted the country; and I record the following anecdote, in order that, if these poor pages ever meet the eye of the witty and much abused authoress, she may congratulate herself on having already worked a partial reform. When Miss Kemble made her first appearance at the Park theatre in New York, the house was crowded to excess: and a gentleman in the boxes, turning round between the acts of the play to speak to some one who sat in the bench behind him, displayed rather more of his back to the pit than was thought quite orthodox. This was no sooner observed than a low murmur arose amongst the insulted part of the audience, which presently burst forth into loud cries of "Trollope! Trollope!" "turn him out," "throw him over," &c., and continued for several minutes, accompanied by the most discordant noises, until the offending person assumed a less objectionable position. I will bear witness that I have frequently seen as much want of decorum in our theatres as I ever did in the American; and think that our bar rooms and ordinaries in country inns, and passengers on a stage coach, might with as much justice be taken as samples by which a foreigner might form his estimate of English gentlemen as the inmates of steam vessels, canal boats, and lodging houses, should be of American gentlemen. That the Americans generally have many unpleasant customs, no sensible man in the country will deny; and if ringing the changes upon tobacco chewing and smoking, dram drinking, and, perpetually in their ears, will be of any service towards working a reformation, no English traveller will spare them; and no man could have more strongly expressed his abhorrence of such filthy habits than I did during my sojourn in the States.

Not an American, let him be yankee or southerner, from the banks of the Hudson or the Mississippi, but flatters himself that he speaks more correct English than we illiterate sons of the mother isle. If you ask a Canadian in what part of the globe the purest French is spoken, he will reply, "upon the shores of the St. Lawrence," and assign as the reason for such being the case that a *patois* was introduced in the old country when the *cannille* gained the ascendancy during the revolution of 1792, and that the correct language falling, with the princes and nobles, Canada alone, which has not been subject to any such convulsions, retains the language in its original purity. Incredible as it may appear, I was frequently told by casual acquaintance in the States "Well, I should have imagined you to be an American; you have not got the English brogue, and aspire to letter h, when speaking." And once I was actually told by a fellow passenger in the stage coach from Alexandria to Winchester, "Really I should never have thought you to be from the old country, you pronounce your words so well, and have not got the turn-up-nose." This same "turn-up-nose," somewhat approaching to the pug, is, I find, one of the characteristic marks of an Englishman in American eyes; and they apply the term "Cockney" as indiscriminately to us as we do that of "yankee" to them. Whatever may be their opinion of the manner in which we natives of Great Britain speak the mother tongue, I can affirm that the nasal twang, which Americans of every class possess in some degree, is very grating and disagreeable to the ears of an Englishman.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVE NEW YORK FOR HARTFORD.

Taking advantage of a bright morning sun, so that I might enjoy a view of surrounding objects, I embarked on board the Superior steam-vessel, on East River, for Newhaven in Connecticut. I departed from New York rather sooner than even the unhealthy state of the place would have urged, being fearful that if I remained there many days longer an opportunity would not occur of leaving the city, as many steam-vessels had discontinued making their usual trips, from the long quarantine imposed upon them in some ports, and from the decrease in the number of passengers. The most conspicuous objects on the banks of the East River are the two large stone buildings of the Almshouse at Belle-Vue, which contain from 1200 to 1500 inmates. Amongst them the cholera was making most frightful ravages, principally owing to

the impaired constitution of the patients; and at this time upwards of thirty were dying daily.

A short distance further a penitentiary is erecting upon an island, for the confinement of prisoners under sentence of two years or a less period. It is a very narrow, long, tasteless piece of architecture, with two wings, so closely studded with innumerable windows (no broader than the loop-holes of an old castle) as to give it a most ungraceful appearance. Its future occupants were busily employed in its construction; and were closely watched by an overseer, who was pacing to and fro, upon a lofty wooden platform, lest any one should attempt to escape into the bushes. Opposite to the upper end of the island are some handsome country residences on the mainland; and also the entrance to Hell-Gate, or, as in this age of refinement it is called, Hurl-Gate. It being ebb tide, the water was rushing with great violence over the Hog's Back and Gridiron, and boiling and tossing about in a furious trouble in the Pot and Frying Pan. These eddies have been most aptly named, and were to be distinguished at a great distance: they act in part as a guard against the entrance of vessels into the harbour, and batteries were also erected some few years since on the points of land which form the gate, to make the pass more secure. The depth of water is ample, as two French ships of war, when blockaded by the British off New York in 1810, made their escape through the gate into the Sound. It is a dangerous and intricate navigation for sailing craft at all times of tide, and part of a small vessel was visible above the water when we ran through, and was lying on some huge masses of rock in the centre of the gate. It is in contemplation to excavate a canal across the peninsula, from Pot to Hallet's Cove, of sufficient depth to admit line-of-battle ships; the estimated expense being about 150,000 dollars for a canal of twenty-eight feet in depth and one hundred and thirty-seven in breadth at the top.

After running thirty miles amongst innumerable islands, and keeping along the continental shore, the Sound became so broad that Long Island was but indistinctly seen. Having touched at several small towns, we arrived at Newhaven, eighty-six miles from New York, in six hours and a half. The town, having some high bluff rocks rising at the back of it, is situated at the head of a bay of considerable extent, which affords an excellent shelter from the sea, and a small battery, dignified by the appellation of Fort Hale, occupies a point about two miles up the bay. When within half a mile of the pier, the steamer was boarded by a health officer, who expressed himself satisfied with the captain's word that there were no cholera cases on board; so, being permitted to land, I proceeded to a hotel in a large square called the Green, about three quarters of a mile in circumference. It has three churches in a line near the centre of it, and at a short distance in another line a state house (which is almost a fac simile of the Philadelphia bank) and a methodist chapel; while the opposite side of the square is occupied by the large brick buildings of the Yale College. The square, as also the streets of the town (which contains 11,000 inhabitants) are planted with fine elm trees, which keep them, however, exceedingly wet and dirty. The college has four houses for the lodging of the students, two chapels, and a lyceum, (in which are the recitation rooms,) and possesses an excellent library. It was commenced in 1700, by the recommendation of eleven of the principal ministers of neighbouring towns, who had been appointed to adopt such measures as they should deem fit for the regulation of the college. Its first commencement was held at Saybrook in 1702, and removed to Newhaven in 1717. The Hon. Elihu Yale, Governor of the East India Company, being its principal benefactor, his name was bestowed upon it. It is considered one of the best colleges in the States, and from four to five hundred young men study at it.

The Green was used as a burial ground from the settlement of the town in 1638 until the year 1796, when a cemetery was marked out in the northwestern suburbs, and the grave stones were removed there in 1821. It contains about twelve acres of ground, and is planted thickly with poplars and weeping willows, which well accord with the numerous obelisks and columns of black and white marble that distinguish the graves.

Between two and three miles from the town, there is a rustet manufactory, established by Mr. Eli Whitney, a government contractor, on the banks of a small stream which empties itself into the Dragon, a fine winding river with low banks and rich salt meadows on its margin; and rather nearer the town is a pretty mansion, the residence of Mr. Hillhouse. The frame-houses on the outskirts of Newhaven are distinguished for neatness, and, on the

whole, it may be considered one of the handsomest towns in the States.

Leaving Newhaven in one of four coaches, filled with passengers who had made their escape from New York, we travelled rapidly over a tolerably good road to the pretty little town of Meriden, which has several block-tim manufactories in its vicinity; and thence to Berlin, a long straggling town, seven miles farther: we were but fifty minutes—quite an era in American driving. It was very evident, from the coachman's nonchalance, that we were now in the genuine Yankee country. One of the gentlemen, an inside passenger, told him to mount his box and move on, as he was loitering at a tavern door, smoking a cigar, and conversing quietly with a brother whip, but was answered with an air of the most perfect indifference, as follows:—"Don't be in such a hurry; we take it easy in this part of the world, I guess; and, I declare, it ain't four o'clock yet—that's a fac." But I acquit the man of intentional rudeness, as I sat on the box with him, and found him both civil and obliging, pointing out every object of interest as we went along; and, during my travels afterwards of many hundreds of miles by the coaches, I never found them otherwise. Upon first landing in the country, such roughness of manner is mistaken for insolence.

In England we are apt to designate all Americans as Yankees, whether they are born under the burning sun of Louisiana, or frozen up five months in the year on the shores of the Lake of the Woods. The name, correctly speaking, is applicable only to the natives of the New England states, a very small portion of the Union. The southern states call all their countrymen who reside north of the Potomac Yankees. The middle states, including New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, &c., push the odious appellation off their shoulders on to their more northern brethren, the natives of that part of the country lying to the east of the river Hudson; while they, not being able to put it upon the New Brunswickers, who have their own proper by-name, make a virtue of necessity, and wear the title with a good grace, frequently prefacing the conversation with "We Yankees are a curious 'quisitive set, ain't we?" And (that being granted) make a dead point at all your secrets. Knickerbocker tells us that "the name of Yankees, which in the Mais-Tchusacg (or Massachusetts language) signifies *silent men*," was a waggish appellation bestowed by the aborigines of the land upon the first settlers, who kept up such a joyful clamour, for the space of one whole year after their arrival in America, "that they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighbourhood, and so completely dumb-founded certain fish, which abound on their coast, that they have been called *dumb-fish* ever since." Other authorities say, it is a corruption of the word "English." The Yankees differ much in personal appearance and disposition from the southerners: the latter, like their climate, are fiery, warm-hearted, and generous, and display a greater respect for the customs of the mother country than the former, who are cool speculators, intent upon gain alone. But little good-will exists between these two portions of the Union, their interests in mercantile matters so directly clashing, and what (like the tariff) is a safeguard to the manufacturers of the north is little better than ruin to the south. I thought that the southerner had generally a fresher colour, and was of a stouter habit of body, than the Yankee, who is well described in the words of his own national melody:—

"A Yankee boy is trim and tall,
And never over fat, sir,
* * * * *
He's always out on training-day,
Commencement, or election;
At truck and trade he knows the way
Of thriving to perfection.
Yankee doodle dandy," &c.

Having gained an eminence four miles from Hartford, we had a magnificent view of the town with its numerous domes, the passing sails upon the Connecticut river, and the light yellow corn-fields covering the whole extent of the valley to a range of forest-crowned hills, twenty miles distant. Passing the Insane Asylum, a plain but neat building on the outskirts of the town, we drove up to the City Hotel, situated in a small square opposite the State House, and kept by a most attentive landlord.

I had but just stepped off the coach, and seen my baggage fairly housed, when hearing drums at a distance, I walked to the corner of the street, and saw the students of the college, between sixty and seventy in number, equipped as archers, with light green frocks, white trousers, green bonnets, and ostrich feathers, marching down it; their officers distinguished by wearing a sword and

sash. The whole body had a very neat and striking appearance; each archer carried a long bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his back. I could have almost fancied myself in the forest of Arden, or Merry Sherwood, instead of in one of the largest cities in the United States, where the very last sight I should have expected would have been a company of archers in Lincoln green.

During the night an alarm of fire was given, which immediately set every bell in church and chapel ringing, and a night-capped head was protruded from every window in the street, vociferating "fire! fire!" so loudly that I at first conceived it must be in the hotel, and, but half awake, sprang out of bed in double-quick time, whereas it was quite at the other extremity of the town. The engines rolled and thundered over the rough pavement in quick succession, and, instead of being drawn by horses, men and boys, who volunteered their services for the mere sake, I believe, of increasing the uproar, were yoked to them; while the superintendents, who continued shouting through their long tin trumpets to urge them on, produced a most hideous noise, a "clangor tubarum," which would have broken the charm of the Seven Sleepers themselves, or aroused the giants from any enchanted castle in Christendom. Thanks, however, to my scaling the hills at Newhaven, I was soon again in a sound slumber.

The following day being Sunday, I attended service at the protestant episcopal church, which was the finest specimen of solid architecture I had seen. Being built of a dark coloured stone in imitation of the Gothic style, it already possessed a venerable and antique air, which the brick churches and white painted wooden towers will not acquire in less than a century. The tower was not finished, but, when carried to the height intended, it will become a great ornament to the town, and a monument of the spirit of the congregation, who erected it entirely by private subscription. Most of the American churches have their towers at the eastern end, which is a great deduction to their interior beauty, from not having the large, light, chancel window, which is found in all English religious edifices; and none of them possesses that air of solidity without, or solemn grandeur within, which distinguishes the ecclesiastical buildings of the old world. The inhabitants of Hartford appear strictly attentive to their religious observances. There are nine or ten churches to 8500 inhabitants; and, on walking out in the afternoon, there was literally not one person to be seen in the streets. Feeling rather ashamed at being apparently the only absentee from divine service, I proceeded a short distance out of the town to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which was the first establishment of the kind in the States, and is partly conducted by a gentleman who has the misfortune to be afflicted himself in the same manner. The building is a very extensive one, situated on an eminence overlooking the town, and generally contains from sixty to seventy inmates. It was a lovely afternoon, and as I sat upon the grass, gazing upon the town and river beneath, whence neither the hum of voices nor the sound of any one stirring arose, and not a living being was even to be seen crossing the long straight streets, or standing at a door or window, I thought I had never before seen a day so truly set apart as a day of rest, nor one, I would believe, so strictly kept.

In October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, Governor of the New England states (who committed so many arbitrary acts during his administration,) proceeded to Hartford with a detachment of troops, and, entering the house of assembly when in session, demanded the charter of Connecticut, declaring the colonial government to be deposed; the assembly protracted the debates till evening, when the charter was laid upon the table, and, at a preconcerted signal, the lights being extinguished, a Captain Wadsworth, seizing the charter, sprang out of the window, and, under cover of the dark night, secreted it in the hollow of an oak, where it lay concealed for several years, until the accession of William, Prince of Orange, to the throne of Great Britain, when the colonists resumed their charter, which continued in force until 1818, when they adopted a new constitution. The old house of assembly is still pointed out in rear of the episcopal church, and the charter oak retains its fine broad-spreading branches in front of the pleasure-grounds of Mr. Wyllis, at the southern outskirts of the town. The Connecticut river, on whose right bank the town stands, is about three hundred yards broad, and connected with the large manufacturing village of East Hartford, one mile distant, by a bridge of seven arches, at which the sloop navigation ceases. The town would be a very handsome one, if a little more attention were paid to the cleanliness of the streets; but, like most American towns, the dirt was six inches deep in them. Grass, rank docks, and

other weeds, were growing on every side of the State House and one half the square, which was cut up in every direction, after a heavy shower of rain, by deep ruts and innumerable water-courses.

CHAPTER XII.

LEAVE HARTFORD—PROVIDENCE—BOSTON.

Proceeding in the coach from Hartford across the Connecticut river, we passed over an undulating country to Mansfield, twenty-four miles distant, where a silk factory has been lately established. Much silk is grown in the vicinity of the village, the worms being kept in long sheds neatly arranged with shelves; and the mulberry-trees in every direction were laden with the young guardians of the insects picking the leaves. From this place we entered a more hilly country, the face of which was densely covered with rocks and large stones. Where fields had been cleared, they were not more than three or four acres in extent, enclosed with stone fences, and for forty miles the scenery much resembled many parts of the Peak of Derbyshire. Manufactories of various kinds were scattered thickly upon every stream; and, at the pretty little village of Scituate, a very extensive comb establishment, employing upwards of one hundred workmen, had been lately opened with every prospect of success. The state of Connecticut, though possessing a soil generally fertile, increases in the number of its inhabitants more slowly than any other in the Union, thirty years only giving an addition of 38,000 people. This has arisen from so many of the young men migrating to the western regions, it being said that this state and the neighbouring one of Massachusetts send a greater proportion across the Alleghany mountains than any other. After a tedious journey of fifteen hours, we arrived at Providence, pleasantly situated on both sides of the river of the same name. On the eastern bank, it is built at the foot of a range of heights which run parallel with the stream, and upon the summit of them are the two large tasteless buildings of the Brown University. An Englishman's ideas of a college are associated with cloisters, antique piles, and black-lettered volumes, and he would fix the seat of the genius of learning in some venerable pile of building which possessed an air of grandeur. He could scarce reconcile to himself a four-storied, red-painted brick house as her abode; and would pardon her for taking alarm and fleeing from such a spot, where too her votaries are distinguished by no classical garb. I believe it is rather the case with this college, which does not bear so high a name as that at Hartford or Newhaven, or Cambridge; but, of all the public buildings in America, I thought the colleges were the most tasteless.

Steam-vessels and sloops navigate the river up to the bridges which connect the two towns; where the stream is considerably contracted by the piers which have been thrown out, but immediately above them it expands again into a fine cove or bay of half a mile in width, with neat houses encircling it. The town, containing between 16,000 and 17,000 inhabitants, is a manufacturing place of considerable importance, and printed calicoes of very durable colours are struck off. In the cotton works many very young children are employed; but there were propositions (as in England, by Mr. Sadler) to limit the number of working hours. At Pawtucket, four miles from the town on the Seekhonk river, there are twelve cotton, and a variety of other mills. I walked there over the most passable road I had as yet seen, and saw many wagons laden with the raw material, which had been landed at Providence, on their way to the flourishing manufactories. A large new almshouse is situated upon the same range of hills as the college, built by the bequest of Mr. Dexter, a second Mr. Girard, who also bequeathed an extensive farm in the vicinity of the town for some other charitable purpose, and a fine plot of land to be used as a public parade ground. The town is the most extensive one in the state of Rhode Island, and was first settled in 1636, by Roger Williams, a minister of Salem in Massachusetts, from which colony he had been banished on account of heretical opinions; the person who was appointed to dispute with him before the general court, being unable to convince him, he was sentenced to depart out of the jurisdiction within six weeks, and removed with his family to Moosawick, where he commenced a plantation, and called it Providence. Visiting England eight years afterwards, he obtained a free charter of incorporation for Providence and Rhode Island plantations, the latter having been commenced by William Coddington in 1638; and in 1663 a royal charter was granted to them by Charles II., which governs the state to this day, there being no written constitution as in the other states of the Union. The election for governor was taking place during

the time I was in the state, and the voting was *visa voce*. The streets of the town are kept very clean, and the private dwellings are generally remarkably neat and elegant. The Arcade is also a handsome structure, nearly 250 feet in length, with two fronts supported by six massive columns of granite, the shaft of each being a single block from twenty-two to twenty-four feet high. The interior consists of three tiers of shops, and the balconies are protected by a highly ornamented iron balustrade.

During my stay in Providence, a steamer arrived from New York with passengers, who had not been allowed to land at Newport on the sea-coast, nor would the authorities permit them to enter Providence, unless they performed quarantine three days; but gave them full permission at the same time to land elsewhere on the river's banks, on condition that they did not enter the town in less than ten days, which if they set aside, they would be subject to a heavy penalty, whereas I had entered by land without any questions being asked, or any one appearing to trouble himself about the stage-coach passengers.

The road from Providence to Bristol, at the head of the Narraganset bay, is through a pleasing open country; but the crops every where appeared exceedingly poor: many indeed were scarcely worth gathering, and would apparently not yield more than six bushels per acre. The principal produce of the land in the immediate vicinity of Bristol was onions, which are shipped off in vast quantities to New York and other large ports in the States. Though the day I travelled between the towns was a fine hay-making day, yet the road was thronged with the farmers who were riding in to vote for the governor's election. It was one in which great interest was taken, there being three candidates for the office (one of whom was supported by the anti-masons;) and it being requisite that the successful one should have a majority of the whole number of votes, the two former elections had failed, and I saw afterwards by the public prints that even the third, and, I believe, the fourth, had also been unsuccessful in appointing one.

The island is hilly, but all the ground is in a state of cultivation, and there are many large and excellent farms scattered on the sides of the road. The one which had attained the highest state of cultivation was the property of an English gentleman, who had been settled there only a few years, and had chosen a pretty retired spot, near the water's edge, for his house and gardens. Twelve miles from the ferry, we arrived within sight of Newport, on the opposite side of the island; it is situated on the side of an eminence rising gradually from the head of a circular bay, which affords a most capacious and excellent harbour. Just as we arrived at some old-fashioned and dirty, but picturesque, windmills at the entrance to the town, a rope stretched across the road, with a sentry box at one end of it, and two citizens on guard with large pine sticks in their hands, brought us to a halt, and one of them began to cross-examine me (being the only passenger) with the air of a man

"Drest in a little brief authority,"

as to where I came from; and, upon hearing I had quitted New York six days previously, he informed me that I could not enter Newport until I had been ten days absent from that city. All my remonstrances that I had travelled through two entire states, and visited the principal towns in them since I had left it, without any objections being raised, were of no avail. He proffered me a Testament, saying, he should have no objection to pass me in, if I would take an oath that I had been absent the length of time required; which begging to decline doing, I had no alternative but to jump off the coach, which immediately proceeded into the town. The citizen sentry then produced a dirty scrap of paper on which he requested me to write my name and place of abode. I then sounded him, to discover whether he would allow me to walk through the town for the purpose of seeing it, promising that I would return again in three hours; but the law of parole was quite unintelligible to him: he was obstinate and faithful to his trust, saying that, for his own part, "he did not fear me: he would as soon sleep with me as not; but the inhabitants—old and young, men and women, were tarnationly frightened." I thanked him for his good will, and began to reconnoitre the outskirts of the place over a stone wall which flanked the road: but I suppose he imagined I had some intention of skulking in during the night; for he hinted slightly that there was a penalty of 100 dollars if any one was discovered entering the town privily. A crowd of men and boys had begun to collect by this time, and, thinking it more than probable that they might hunt me down as they would a mad dog, I began to retrace my steps towards Bristol. After proceeding a mile upon

the road, I turned across the fields to an old redoubt on the summit of a hill, which overlooked the bay, and sat down to admire the scene, the beauty of which might probably have been heightened from the circumstance of my not being allowed to take a closer survey of it. It had been a kind of promised land to me from the time I had quitted New York; and I had thought with pleasure of treading over the spots which had been the scenes of so much real as well as fictitious life. The town appeared calculated for 6000 or 7000 inhabitants, and built round a circular bay, fronting the southwest, the houses rising in amphitheatrical form from the water up to the summit of a range of heights, which skirted the bay at a quarter of a mile distance, while, on the various points and headlands, the lofty white columns of the light-houses roared themselves on high, and every commanding position was covered with dark frowning batteries and forts. The distant hills on the opposite side of the bay were dimmed with that light haze so peculiar to southerly winds in a warm climate, and, over and above them, might be seen the dark blue waves fading away in the distance, until both sea and sky were blended into one. The very redoubt upon which I had taken my station had been in turn possessed by contending armies; and every foot of ground, as far as the eye could reach, had been severely contested. It was here that the British army, under General Pigot, might have been captured, but for the want of energy on the part of the French Admiral D'Estaing, who failed to operate in the attack of the American General Sullivan in August 1778. The same bay, too, had been the principal scene in the "Red Rover," one of Cooper's most interesting novels; and now there were two vessels lying at anchor in it, which, though probably not possessing so much attraction as the Rover's ship and the Bristol merchantman, were by no means devoid of interest. One of them was a packet ship which had sailed from New York only a few days previously, bound for Europe, with a cargo of cotton, and many passengers; but had taken fire at sea, and put into Newport for assistance. Arriving there after the cargo had been on fire twenty hours, the inhabitants with the same feeling of humanity which induced them to arrest travellers in their progress by land, would not allow a single passenger to come ashore, though there had not been any symptoms whatever of disease on board, but solely because they had not been ten days absent from New York. They had, however, I must do them the justice to say, sufficient good feeling still remaining to attempt extinguishing the fire, and several engines being put on board lighters, six feet of water was thrown into the hold, the passengers being rescued from the suffocating heat by a brig which received them on board. A few days after, a steamer arrived from New York for the purpose of towing the injured vessel back again to port; and, her fuel being exhausted, the crew were not allowed to land at Newport for a fresh supply. To this conduct, that at Newhaven may serve as a set-off, where the gates were open to every one, and the ladies, with that charitable feeling for which American females are so distinguished, sent upwards of 1200 suits of clothes, in addition to a sum of money, for the use of the poor people at Montreal, in Lower Canada, upon the first breaking out of the disease in that city.

The surrounding country is rather devoid of trees, a complaint which a traveller will not often have to make in America, but so many are rising up round the pretty residences in the vicinity of the town that in a few years it will be a most attractive place. After making one or two almost ineffectual attempts at taking a sketch of the town, against which I believe there was neither pain nor penalty attached, I again rose, having rested myself for two hours in gazing upon the scene, and, regaining the road, proceeded on my journey, almost wicked enough to wish that the cholera might pay the inhabitants of Newport a visit, in return for their inhospitable conduct to travellers, and those who were seeking a place of refuge. After a hot walk of six miles, I arrived towards sunset at a small tavern on the road-side, where I could obtain a supper and a bed.

The following morning, the 19th of July, I took the coach and proceeded through the village of Portsmouth (where some coal mines had been worked, the preceding year, but which were closed again, the produce being only a sort of anthracite or worst description of coal) to the N. E. extremity of the island. Keeping along a narrow neck of land, which is overflowed at spring-tides, we crossed the Seaconnet to the mainland, by a pier of

* A confirmed punster might pretend to think our line-tenant called anthracite the "worst description of coal," because, it will not "Coke."

600 yards in length, with a drawbridge in the centre for the navigation of vessels into Mount Hope Bay. To guard the pass, a small block-house and breastwork have been thrown up at the Rhode Island end of the pier; and the heights above the small village, at the opposite side, are covered with old revolutionary redoubts. After ascending these heights, a splendid view presents itself of Mount Hope, the numerous creeks and rivulets of Narraganset Bay, the town of Bristol, with many villages and white cottages interspersed amongst the trees, the country for a distance of fifty miles being varied with every kind of landscape. From the Seaconnet, we passed through a broken and uninteresting country, to the small town of Tiverton, where are manufactories of printed calicoes; and a few miles farther to Fall River, another manufacturing place of flourishing appearance. By the time we had arrived there, the heat of the sun was so oppressive that I sought shelter from its rays within the coach, and though there were nine inside passengers, having secured a seat near the window, renewed my examination of the surrounding country, or watched the dark rolling clouds of a gathering thunder-storm. The road we travelled was certainly excellent, and no wonder, as the whole country was covered more or less with stone, and the walls of the inclosure made immoderately thick (from four to five feet) for the purpose of ridding the ground. There was, indeed, a sufficient quantity of rock upon the land to justify a piece of wit by a Yankee who, some few days afterwards, was a chance traveller with me over the same description of country. After gazing for a length of time in apparent astonishment at the thick walls and the mass of hard materials which covered every acre, he said, with an air of well-feigned simplicity, "Well, I wonder where they could have got all the stones to build such thick walls." "Why, from the fields to be sure," said a surly old farmer. "La! did they indeed?" answered the other; "really I should never have missed them." To me this was something new; but judging from the faces of my fellow travellers, and the Yankee's failure in attempting to create a general laugh, it was not original. The country was woody and undulating, increasing in picturesque beauty and population as we approached Boston, where we arrived at half past seven: and I considered myself especially fortunate, as so many people had fled from New York to this city, in obtaining room at the Tremont House, the finest and best conducted hotel in the United States. The building itself is not inferior in beauty to any in Boston, and the reading-room is well supplied with not only the principal American and Canadian newspapers, but also European and American publications, of which I could never get a sight in any other hotel in America.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOSTON, HARVARD—MOUNT HOLYOKE.

The city of Boston is built upon a peninsula, which is joined to the mainland by a very narrow neck on the southern side; it contains about 70,000 inhabitants, and vies with any of its southern neighbours in the situation and beauty of its public and private dwellings. In 1630, at its foundation, the Indian name was Shawmut, which was changed to Trimountain, from the three hills upon which it is now built; subsequently it received its present name, in honour of a minister who emigrated from Boston in Lincolnshire. Upon the other sides of the peninsula, communication is kept up with the mainland by several strong wooden bridges, varying in length from 1500 to 3500 feet, and on its western side by a pier of solid materials one mile and a half in length, and above 80 feet in width. The bay is a most magnificent one, and equals that of New York, but in a different style of beauty. The Boston bay is on a much more grand and extensive scale, containing seventy-five square miles, and studded with more than one hundred islands and rocks, the only ship channel being between Forts Warren and Independence on Governor's and Castle islands. The land which almost encircles the bay is high and cultivated, and numerous towns and villages are scattered over it. When entering the harbour from sea, I think it much more beautiful than New York. The city rises in a much prettier and more showy form upon its three hills, and the whole is surmounted by the lofty dome of the State House. But then there is no view from any part of Boston to be compared with the bewitching one from the battery in New York on a still summer's evening.

As to literary character, it is the Athens of the western world; the number of its literary publications is very great, being six newspapers daily, four three times a week, eight twice a week, and sixteen weekly; two

weekly magazines, two semi-monthly, eleven monthly (principally religious,) four every two months, five quarterly, and one semi-annually; and four new-year annuals;—in addition to which the British Quarterly Review is reprinted, as also the Edinburgh. As an historical spot it ranks far above all others in the west, having been the birth-place of American Independence; and, the city having arrived to maturity before that event took place, it more resembles an English one than any other in the states. I had become rather weary of straight streets, which, though in some respects convenient, are tiresomely monotonous to a stranger, and was glad to be once again walking in those of a description I had been most accustomed to. The environs are more pleasing also than those of Philadelphia and New York; the country being intersected with delightful rides, every one of which affords some fine view.

The "common" in which the State House is situated is an open park, containing seventy-five acres of broken and abrupt ground, with a promenade and double row of fine trees round it. It was reserved in perpetuum by the first settlers for a parade ground, or other public purposes, and is surrounded upon three sides by elegant private dwellings and several churches, the fourth side being open to a wide bay. There is a fine drooping old elm in the centre of it, near a serpentine sheet of water, which the inhabitants are taking every possible pains to preserve, by binding the large, broad, spreading branches, and connecting them with each other by strong belts and bars of iron. The State House, at one corner of the common, is on elevated ground, thirty feet higher than the street, from which a broad flight of steps leads to the great hall of fifty feet in length and breadth, and twenty high, which, with the treasurer, adjutant, and quartermaster general's offices, occupies the lower story. In a building attached to the basement story is a marble statue of Washington, executed by Chantrey, at a cost of 15,000 dollars, and considered, by those who knew the original at the time of life it is intended to represent, a most striking and admirable likeness. The figure is concealed by the Roman toga, supported over the breast by the left hand; while the right, pendent at the side, holds a scroll; it is placed upon a high pedestal, which (proh pudor!) is surrounded on every side by the stains of squirted tobacco juice. It is well that a strong iron railing prevents visitors from approaching within less than seven feet, or the statue itself would be barely sacred from such a filthy pollution. The second story contains the fine and spacious representatives' room, and senate chamber; from the dome, which is two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, a most extensive view presents itself of the beautiful harbour and surrounding country. The exterior of the building, at a distance, is a striking object; but, upon closer inspection, it is found to be constructed merely of the common brick, painted white. The entrance being through an arched front, which supports a colonnade of Corinthian columns, extending ninety-four feet, the full length of the centre of the building has a handsome appearance, but the two wings, forty feet each in length, look extremely bare, and might be much improved in architectural beauty. The Masons' Hall, on the opposite side of the common, is a fine granite building, with Gothic windows and towers; and the Park church near it has a highly ornamental and light spire.

The New England Museum, which I had heard was the best in the States, contained a very poor collection; every thing in it appeared mere trash, excepting a Venus by Canova, two paintings by Vernet, and one by Opie. The Americans have a singular taste for wax figures in their museums; I had seen them exhibited at New York, but should have given the Boston people credit for possessing better taste. In this museum they were most wretched compositions, and some of them disgusting subjects. One represented a man (who had been lately executed for the crime) in the act of murdering another as he slept in bed. Others were "Queen Caroline of England, the Princess Charlotte, Siamese twins," &c.; and another was absurdly ridiculous: it represented the Goddess of America weeping over the tomb of Washington, upon which was an inscription, telling every reader, "whether an American or not, to behold with reverence and regret the tomb which contained the remains of the truest patriot, the best relative, and the kindest friend." The tomb was no more a model of the one at Mount Vernon than it was of the mausoleum of Hyder Ali at Seringapatam; and the goddess had such a rueful dirty countenance, from the damp which had caused the dust to collect in long streaks upon it, like the stripes of a zebra, that it was next to an impossibility to look at a figure without bursting into a fit of laughter. This same

goddess, too, appears a great favourite in the museum, as there was a large daub of a painting in one of the rooms, representing a female in the attitude of holding a cup to an eagle which was hovering over her head, with the following inscription: "The goddess of America giving nourishment to the bald eagle, trampling the key of the Bastille under foot, and the British fleet leaving Boston," about which the lightning is playing, and shivering the topsails of the men of war in a most terrific manner.

The Faneuil Hall is an interesting old building, from the circumstance of its being the place where Hancock, Adams, and other revolutionary orators, addressed the populace and excited them to take up arms, after a small party of British soldiers had fired in their own defence upon some citizens, who (to quote the words of the American biographer) "*had assailed the troops with balls of snow and other weapons.*" The original building, commenced in 1740, was the gift of a gentleman of the name of Faneuil to the city of Boston, but was partially destroyed by fire twenty years afterwards, and repaired in 1763. The lower story is now occupied by shops, but the hall is still in use for public meetings. Between it and the bay is the Faneuil Hall market, 530 feet in length, and 50 in width, built entirely of granite, upon ground reclaimed from the sea. The interior is divided into 128 stalls of most capacious dimensions, each furnished with a large sash window, and kept remarkably neat and clean, some even had smartly framed prints and other decorations in them. They are also divided according to the following order:—14 for mutton, lamb, veal, and poultry; 45 for beef; 19 for pork, lamb, mutton, and poultry; 4 for butter and cheese; 19 for vegetables; 2 for poultry and venison, and 26 for fish. The cellar story is occupied for stores and provisions, and the second ground story for two great halls, the centre of the building being surmounted by a dome. On each side of the market house, at 65 and 100 feet distant, are two fine rows of excellent shops, uniformly built of granite, and, being of the same length as the market, they present a remarkably handsome appearance. In rear of the Athenæum, which contains a well-selected library of 27,000 volumes and a collection of medals amounting to about 15,000, is the Gallery of Fine Arts; the lower story of the building is occupied by the Medical Society's Library, and the philosophical apparatus of the Mechanic's Institution; the upper by the exhibition of paintings, in which there are two very fine venerable heads of Washington and his wife, by Stuart, the only original portraits of them by that artist in America; they are upon plain canvass, and considered striking likenesses, but the pictures are in a very unfinished state, the figures not being even traced out.

In the navy yard, which is at Charleston (built on another peninsula, connected with Boston by bridges, and containing 7000 inhabitants), a most excellent dry dock is constructing. It is the only one in the country, and is formed of hewn granite upwards of 300 feet in length and 80 in width; the chamber intended for line-of-battle ships to lie in is 200 feet in length, by 18 or 20 in depth. It has double gates, an outer one being required to break the motion of the sea. Two line-of-battle ships and a large frigate were drawn up under cover of the sheds, and three other vessels of war lay alongside the pier. The vessels on the stocks were in the same state of forwardness as those at the other navy yards, and could be prepared for sea in a few weeks. Not a workman was employed about any of the three line-of-battle ships and four frigates which I saw on the stocks at Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Charlestown, though much work was in progress connected with other branches of the navy. Within a short distance of the navy yard is Breed's Hill, upon which the memorable battle of the 17th of June, 1775, was fought; and generally known by the name of Bunker's Hill, which lies half a mile to the northwest, at the entrance of the narrow neck of the peninsula. Being sixty feet higher than Breed's Hill, it was the intention of the American general to defend it; but the officer entrusted with the charge of the troops, through some mistake, led them to the one on the point of the peninsula, within range of the British batteries upon Copp's Hill in Boston. The redoubt which they threw up during the night, being attacked the following day by the royal troops under the command of Generals Howe and Pigot, was carried with great slaughter, after a most determined resistance on the part of the revolutionists. In the redoubt, on the summit of the hill, and on the spot where General Warren fell, a monument was commenced on the 17th of June, 1825; the corner stone was laid by Lafayette, but was subsequently taken up and relaid, the foundation not being deep enough to resist the action of the frost. For the last three or four

years no farther progress has been made, though the entire side of the hill is covered with the requisite materials; want of funds is the reason advanced for not finishing it; but a stranger would imagine that such a city as Boston might in itself contribute more than the requisite sum: at present it is but a monument of the inhabitants' want of spirit. The design is upon a grand scale; an obelisk of granite, 50 feet in diameter at the base, and 220 feet in height. No one would wish to deprive the Americans of the honour of their victories; but I never met one yet who did not claim Bunker's Hill as a splendid triumph over the British arms. In arguing the matter, I always referred them to their own histories of the war, which have the candour to acknowledge that the provincialists retired from the position, after making a resistance even longer than prudence admitted. The works of the Americans to this day prove how ably they blockaded the town, and a series of strong redoubts and entrenchments may be easily traced for a distance of fifteen miles, from Dorchester Heights on the margin of the bay to Winter Hill on the Mystic River.

Two miles from Charlestown is Harvard college, which was founded in 1637, and took its name from its first great benefactor, a minister, who bequeathed nearly 800*l.* to it. The general court of Massachusetts had appropriated the sum of 400*l.* towards its commencement in 1630, and the small but pretty town in which it is situated was called Cambridge, from many of the colonists having been educated at that university in England. It is more richly endowed than any other in the States, and, having property to the amount of about 600,000 dollars (125,000*l.*), is considered the most efficient for its purpose. A considerable income is derived from the bridges leading into the city, the proprietors of some of them being bound by their charters to pay a certain annuity to the college for the loss of the income derived from the ferries, which were its property. The halls, six in number, stand within an enclosure of eight or ten acres, thickly planted with trees. The university is a fine granite building, and of more modern date than the rest, which are of brick, and have rather an air of antiquity, arising from the thick wooden window sashes small square panes of glass, the numerous attics, and roof surmounted by a wooden balcony, or platform and railing.

The mill dam across Charles's River Bay is one of the most interesting objects near Boston; it is a continuation of Beacon street, which forms one side of the common, and connects the city with Brookline. The pier is of solid materials, and one mile and a half in length, cutting off upwards of 600 acres of land over which the tide formerly flowed, and by which means a great water power has been obtained. A second dam has been thrown at right angles from it to a point of land in Roxbury, dividing the 600 acres into two reservoirs of rather unequal proportions; and several mills have been erected upon this second dam whose wheels are kept in motion by sluice-ways from the upper reservoir. The long pier in the upper reservoir is furnished with six pair of floodgates, which, moving upon easy pivots, are opened at high water by the force of the tide, and close again at the ebb. The lower reservoir is also furnished with similar floodgates, which open at low and close at high water. Thus the mills have a fall of 14 feet from the upper reservoir (which is replenished every tide) into the lower one, which lets off the waste water at the lowest ebb. Charles River, also, flows into the upper reservoir, and supplies it so abundantly that when I was at the floodgates about half-ebb a vast quantity of superfluous water was rushing over them. The cost of the pier was 350,000 dollars (73,000*l.*) but does not appear to be very profitable stock, there not being more than twelve or fourteen mills, although there is space for one hundred upon it, and it has been finished eleven years.

The Tremont theatre, immediately opposite the hotel, and a very ornamental building, had closed for the season when I arrived; but, the fanaticism for which the New Englanders were formerly so barbarously notorious having softened down to true religious principles, the town now supports two or three theatres, though the first was built only thirty-six years since.

One afternoon seeing a funeral enter the Granary burial ground, adjoining the Tremont hotel, so called from the public bread store having formerly stood there, I followed it, and, walking up to a lofty granite obelisk surrounded by trees, discovered it was to the memory of Dr. Franklin's parents; it bore the following inscription:—

FRANKLIN.

"JOSIAH FRANKLIN, and ABIAH his wife, lie here interred. They lived lovingly together in wedlock 55 years, and without an estate, or any gainful employment, by constant

labour and honest industry, maintained a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grand-children respectably; so, from this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.

He was a pious and prudent man.

She a discreet and virtuous woman.

Their youngest son, in filial regard to their memories, places this stone.

J. F. born 1655, died 1744, *Æ.* 89.

A. F. — 1667, — 1752, — 85.

The original inscription having been nearly obliterated, a number of citizens erected this monument as a mark of respect for the illustrious author.

MDCCCLXXVII."

Turning round, immediately after I had copied the above, which could not have occupied me five minutes, to my great surprise the funeral party had disappeared, and the gates were again locked; so I had no alternative but to climb the wall, and leap down some six or seven feet into the street, my sudden appearance in it astonishing some of the passers by.

The materials for building at Boston are excellent, there being almost inexhaustible quarries of granite at the small town of Quincy (the birth place of two of the presidents of the United States,) about nine miles from the city. The day I left the city, a melancholy accident occurred to a party of four gentlemen from the Tremont hotel, upon the inclined railway connected with the quarries, by the chain to which the car was attached suddenly breaking when it had arrived within a short distance of the summit; the carriage descended with amazing velocity until it struck some obstacle at the bottom, by which they were all thrown out with such violence that one was killed upon the spot, and the limbs of the other three were severely fractured.

Brattle street church, where I attended service, was occupied as a barrack during the siege, and Governor Hancock's name, who was one of its benefactors, is inscribed upon two of the corner stones of the tower, with the date of 27th July, 1772. One of the inscriptions bears the marks of having been nearly erased by the bayonets of the British; and a nine-pounder shot still remains in the tower where it struck, close to one of the windows. It was fired from the American lines the evening before the city was evacuated, and evidently intended for General Gage's quarters, which were in a house opposite the church.

Boston is often called "the paradise of clergymen," and never did a place possess such a proportion of churches; including Charlestown, it has not fewer than sixty; their style of architecture is generally neat. Trinity church, which has not been long built, is a handsome and substantial edifice, and king's chapel (or the stone church, as some of the republicans call it,) in which the British governor's pew still remains, more closely approach the English style of places for sacred worship than any others I saw. The hospitals and charitable societies are very numerous.

Leaving Boston on the 25th July through Brighton and Newton Lower-Falls, and to Westborough, over a fine sheet of water by means of a floating bridge, I arrived at the pretty town of Worcester late in the evening. The road ran through a country of rather improved fertility, and every stream was taken advantage of by some manufactory. Engineers were also busy along the whole line of it in surveying and marking out a railway which was projected from Boston to Albany, 160 miles, and thus a connected line of communication would be opened between Lake Erie and the Atlantic at Boston. From Worcester to Northampton the road passes through a fine bold country, but rocky and difficult of cultivation; the high lands and sides of the hills being set apart for pasture, and the valleys and along the banks of the rivulets, where the soil was of a more fertile quality, for the growth of grain. This state, with Connecticut and Pennsylvania, has the reputation of being better farmed than any other; the average produce being from 25 to 30 bushels of Indian corn, and from 18 to 20 of wheat. It struck me that the schools were much more numerous than in the other states I had visited, every district and village possessing one, which generally occupied a spot on the road side; the children were also remarkable for their decorum of manners, bowing and making curtsies to the passengers as the coach passed. I observed the same respect paid to well dressed people in most parts of the New England states, and also in the western part of the state of New York. In the first code which was passed by Connecticut in 1639, six years after the first

settlement of the colony, it was ordered that every village of fifty families should maintain a good school for reading and writing; and the same law is also established in Massachusetts.

We had a charming view of the fine country, with Amherst college upon an eminence, from the summit of a hill a few miles before arriving at the village of Hadley, where the regicide judges lived after their retreat had been discovered at Newhaven. It is related that when the village was attacked, during Philip's bloody war of 1675, it would have probably shared the fate of Brookfield and other towns through which we passed on the road from Boston, but for the timely appearance of a venerable stranger, who by his skill in military tactics and encouragement to the troops repulsed the Indians. His immediate disappearance after the retreat of the enemy induced the superstitious inhabitants to consider that he was their guardian angel, and had been expressly sent to their assistance. It was Colonel Goff, who, in the emergency of the case, had ventured to leave his place of concealment in the cellar of the minister's house.

Between the village and the Connecticut river, two miles distant, are rich and beautiful meadows, unconfined by fences, but well planted with fruit trees, and being overflowed by the spring freshets, which leave a deposit, the land is as productive as any in the state. A wooden bridge, half a mile in length, crosses the river into the prettiest of American towns, Northampton. Northerly did I see such beautiful villages as in New England, of which Concord in New Hampshire, Worcester, and Northampton, rank pre-eminent. The situation of this is a charming one, in a rich country, upon a noble river, and steam navigation to the ocean. The streets are like any thing English. Frame houses possess neatness and cleanliness of appearance which it is impossible to impart to our heavy town abodes; and, as the forms of which they are built can be moulded into more elegant forms, the American houses are generally ornamented with light balconies and porticos, supported by columns of the Doric or Corinthian order. I thought Northampton the most delightful and enviable place I had ever seen: it is the very realisation of a "*rus in urbe*," the streets being so thickly planted with trees of a primeval growth that their boughs are almost interwoven across the road, and the neat private dwellings and shops beneath them appear like a series of cottages and gardens. The town has been settled nearly 180 years, and contains about 2000 inhabitants. On the opposite side of the river, which is crossed at South Hadley by a horse ferry, two miles distant, is Mount Holyoke, 1070 feet above the level of the river, and a favourite resort of travellers for parties of pleasure. Seven carriages, filled principally with ladies, arrived at the foot of the mountain at the same time as myself. The road winds along the side of, through a dense forest of trees, until within 400 feet of the summit, where it is necessary to dismount and clamber over rough loose stones and logs of wood for the remaining distance. But the scene which bursts upon the spectator's view, as he steps upon the bare black rock at the summit—a scene of sublime beauty, of which but an inadequate description could be conveyed—amply repays him for his trouble and fatigue. A more charming city could not have been desired: it was one of those clear American atmospheres which are unknown in our own hazy clime, with just sufficient light floating clouds to throw a momentary shadow over parts of the rich vale, which lay spread out beneath in all the various hues of a quickly ripening harvest. Innumerable white houses, and pines of churches, were seen scattered among the trees and along the banks of the smooth but rapid Connecticut, (up which a solitary steamer was slowly ascending,) which river in its fantastic and capricious windings returned within a few yards of the same spot, after covering two or three miles of the vale—or, after being concealed at intervals by the hills and woods, would again appear with its silvery surface glistening amidst the dark foliage at the distance of many miles. These objects, and, above all, the high and rocky mountains, contrasted with the smiling valleys, altogether formed one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Places 100 miles apart from each other were distinctly visible. I soon recognised the bluff rocks near Newhaven, at eight miles distance, though only 400 feet in height, and could easily trace their rugged and bold outline upon the distant horizon.

I had carried my pencils and sketch book up with me; but did not even presume to take them from my pocket. So, after having feasted my eyes for the space of an hour, I went into the small frame house which is on the summit, for something more substantial. The occupants

or rather tenant, as he pays a rent of 100 dollars per annum for the spot of ground, might be an old sailor, from the extravagant price he charges for refreshments; but, in my opinion, his money is well earned, as he ascends the mountain daily from the village at its foot. The table in the room was covered with a number of books, misnamed albums, in which every visitor, who has been either in a sentimental, witty or meditative mood, has thought proper to record the workings of his mind, which were generally bombastic descriptions of the view, winding up with a mortal lecture. I sympathised deeply with one poor poet, who had departed from the usual line, with

"O great Olympus, fair Northampton's pride,
How hot it is to travel up thy side!
Hail mighty mount, grand beacon of our sphere!
I wonder how the d—l I got here!"

But many Smiths and Thompsons, more ambitious of transmitting their names to remotest posterity, had with laudable zeal engraven their names upon the hard rock. The descent is even more difficult than the ascent, being so precipitous.

Proceeding west, the road passes through a mountainous and only partially cleared country, with fine groves of noble hemlock, which appeared to be fast diminishing in number from the bark being used for tanning leather. We were five hours and a half upon the road from Northampton to Worthington, though only nineteen miles. From Pittsfield (where an agricultural show has been established upwards of twenty years, and takes place annually in October,) the road ascends a hill of considerable height. Being formed on the side of the hill, the foundation on the outer edge is made with trees laid close together, covered with earth, and no protection for a carriage against falling over the side, but some weak rails, generally composed of small trees laid horizontally in the fork of others fixed upright in the ground, forming a very inefficient fence against the precipice close to which the coach passes. I congratulated myself upon arriving safely at the summit with a fine view of the Catskill Mountains in the distance, and the village in the valley of Lebanon, two miles beneath us. The road was, however, even more steep than on the side we ascended; and having a heavy load on the coach, and as usual in America no slipper on the wheel, we descended the hill with such frightful speed that, whirling round a sharp turn (where the road too had an inclination outwards,) the vehicle lost its equilibrium, the passengers screamed out, and over it went. I would not at the moment have given half a dollar to insure all our lives. I saw the tops of the trees far below, and thought nothing could save us from perching amongst their branches. The rails gave way with a crash, when I was surprised by a sudden and violent shock, occasioned by the coach falling on the friendly stump of a tree which reeked us in our course. The vehicle in part overhung the precipice, carpet bags and mail bags, trunks and hat boxes, were to be seen rolling down the hill to a depth of 150 feet. Regulus of old could not have had so much uncomfortable descent in his barrel than we had, if the coach had been two or three feet higher on either side of the stump. There were eight passengers of no light weight inside, and I was one of the who were undermost. A strong voice called out to me, "Never mind, there's no one hurt." "Thank you," said a smothered tone, "but there a'int 'casion to ask for me, I guess." As soon as I could extricate myself from the confused mass of arms and legs, and amble out of one of the windows, I began to shake myself to discover what broken limbs I had; but finding a sprained thumb, ditto leg, and one or two contusions on the ribs, and that none of my companions were much more injured, I began to search for my baggage. We had just raised the shattered coach again, when the people who had seen it upset from the Lebanon ridge galloped up, expecting to find half the passengers killed; in an hour more I was in the Columbia hall tel.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEBANON SPRINGS—SHAKERS—ERIE CANAL—FALLS OF THE MOHAWK.

At Manchester, in England, this burning truth began, when Christ made his appearance in blessed Mother Ann. A few at first received it, and did their duty for him, and soon their testimony brought on a mighty shake.

For her safe protection, good angels flew before, provided a land of promise, Columbia's happy shore; the victorious Gospel, and that auspicious day when Mother safely in North America!

Memorial to Mother Ann.

In company at the Lebanon springs during the sea-

son is made up of the same kind of people as at Cheltenham, or any of our fashionable watering places. Some come to get rid of their daughters; others to get rid of their complaints; others, again, to avoid the sickness of the south; and the rest are composed of travellers, fortune-hunters, pleasure-seekers, and the odds and ends of society. The Shaker's village, two miles distant, proves a great attraction. On the 29th of July, I attended their Sunday meeting, which was held in a large building by the road-side, containing a finely proportioned room of eighty by sixty feet, with arched ceiling, well calculated for sound, and a beautifully white floor, with scarcely a knot upon its surface. There were two doors in the front of the room, the gentlemen visitors entering at the one and the ladies at the other, while the members of the society made their appearance separately also, the men by a door at the south and the women by one at the north end of the building. Elevated seats for the visitors occupied one side of the room, a rail dividing the two sexes. I sat very impatiently for three quarters of an hour before the society assembled, when they occupied two rows of benches facing each other, a slight opening between two boards in the floor forming the boundary line. The men were dressed in drab coats, quaker fashion, but with a rolling collar, old-fashioned dark waistcoats reaching as low as the hips, and gray trousers of striped cotton or linen, the hair cut short in front and allowed to grow a considerable length at the back of the head; the women in white gowns, with large muslin caps which concealed their profile, and high heeled shoes. Both sexes entered with a singular kind of springing step, as if walking upon the toes. The total number of members including two people of colour, might have been 250, of which 130 were males. Amongst them were 30 or 40 children from ten to fifteen years of age; the rest were from thirty to seventy; but I scarcely observed any who appeared between those two periods. Most of them entered without their coats, and, the day being warm, all had their waistcoats unbuttoned, so as to display a clean long white neckcloth and shirt, with a narrow piece of green riband encircling the arm above the elbow. The service commenced by the whole society rising and removing the benches to the side of the room. Both sexes then advanced towards the line of demarcation in a close column, showing a front of 16 by 8 deep, but in oblique lines, so that the feet of the two people on the inner flank were within a few inches of the boundary line, while those on the outer were six paces apart. An elder, stepping out, addressed them in a few words, standing with his back to the wall, his feet upon the line, and fronting the open space between the two parties. He spoke in so low a tone of voice that I could scarcely catch the import of his words, but understood him to say that "they had assembled there to pray," and recommending "suitable exercise;" when, resuming his place, the members sang a hymn, moving their feet in time with the air, which was a strange composition, equally unintelligible and monotonous as an Indian chant at the feast of the Mohorum, or a Burman boat song as I have heard it on the Irawaddi, to which it bore no slight resemblance. When it was concluded, they knelt in silence for a few minutes, and, after rising, another elder addressed us, saying, "He trusted we should behave with propriety and decency, as decent people ought, and recollect that we were in a house of worship, though we were not believers of the same faith;" an address, indeed, that was much required: for I could not divest myself of the idea that we were in a theatre, and, had any one set the example, I have but little doubt there would have been a boisterous round of applause. In truth we were but mere spectators; none took any part in the service, but remained as immovable and attentive to the proceedings before them as they would if viewing any novelty in a place of public amusement. The rest of the men now divested themselves of their coats, hanging them upon pegs in the wall, and each of the women laid the white handkerchief she had held in her hand upon the benches; indications that they were about to set to in good earnest. Two rows of about forty persons stood with their backs to the wall, the remainder forming a column fronting them at some distance. The former party struck up a lively air with some words attached to it (all that I could distinguish were, "I will be truly good," frequently repeated,) and the latter commenced dancing in correct time, advancing three steps; then balancing three and retiring again, advanced as before, turning round at intervals in the tune in a style which a quadrille dancer might even be proud of. The singers throughout the time kept their arms close to their bodies, with the lower part of them projecting out, and

moving their hands up and down (I hope I shall be excused for making an absurd but striking simile) like so many kangaroos standing upon their hind legs. Upon the whole, it was a most singular scene: old and young were dancing away without their coats, as if it had been a matter of life and death; while the room, containing not fewer than six or seven hundred people, was hot to suffocation. Though the women exerted themselves most laboriously, they were (owing to their dress, I presume) as pale and ghastly as so many shrouded bodies or living corpses,—an appearance they wished to assume, I should imagine, as not being very inviting to the eyes of "the world's people," as they term us old-fashioned folks. I overheard one of a party of young men sitting in rear of me, who could not at all contain themselves, say, "he had seen an Egyptian mummy look handsomer than any of them." I could not, however, agree with him upon that score; for there were two or three pair of very pretty dark eyes, with some finely-formed features. One young girl, in particular, about eighteen or twenty years of age, who paid much more attention to the spectators than to her devotions, would doubtless have been well pleased to regain her former place in the world. She was in the last row of females, so that no one could overlook her motions; and all the young people were similarly disposed of. Those who formed the first row, and who were confronted face to face with the men, were the oldest and ugliest of the party: a dangerous post like this was not assigned to young people, with such eyes as interpreters, an elopement having occasionally taken place, much to the dismay of the elders. A respectable, middle-aged man, who had received the visitors and shown them to their seats with great civility, took no part in the performance of the above ceremonies, but passed his time in observing the effect such a singular show had upon the audience. After the society had finished their first dance and song, he came up directly in front of me, and said "he had seen two or three young men talking and laughing, as if they were in a theatre or ball room." All eyes were turned *instantly* in my direction; but, fortunately for my credit, the speaker particularised them, and I discovered they were the "Egyptian mummy" party. He continued his lecture by telling them, "if they wished to laugh, to walk out upon the floor, and allow every one to see them; if they had any thing to say, let every one hear what it was; that the rest of the visitors had behaved respectfully and with propriety, and had his thanks for so doing; but, that for these young men, they conducted themselves worse than heathens, who have some respect for the religion of others; that they deserved reprimanding, and that he reprimanded them accordingly." The young men looked much abashed, and took an early opportunity of retiring. The society afterwards formed a column of five in front, with fourteen members in the centre of the room, who sang some words to a tune like "Yankee doodle," the column stepping off at quick time, and marching round the room as correctly as any well-drilled battalion, changing step when necessary, and, if any one fell out in front, his place was immediately occupied by some one from the rear. They beat time by moving their hands up and down as before described, clapping them in certain parts of the tune. After thus marching round several times, they halted, and, the inner files of two facing about, a brisk air was struck up, and they moved off again in different directions, circling round the room, halting and singing in the slow parts of the air; then quickening their pace almost to a run at the more lively parts. Altogether I scarcely ever saw so difficult or so well-performed a field-day. They had been evidently well drilled, or they could not have acquired such skill in manœuvring; for there was such a series of marching and countermarching, slow step, quick step, and double-quick step, advancing and retiring, forming open column and close column, perpendicular lines and oblique lines, that it was sufficient to puzzle and confound the clearest head of the lookers on.

After a hard hour's work, the first speaker, who had requested us "to behave with decency," again came forward and spoke to the following effect: "Friends, I wish to say a few words to you. No doubt what you have seen to-day appears vastly strange—a mode of worshipping the Almighty altogether new to you; and I am not surprised that it should appear strange. 'The way of the Lord is foolishness with man.' I asked your attention and good conduct before we commenced; some few have not behaved well—far from it indeed, but I am not even surprised at that. They probably despised us and laughed at us in scorn and derision. We, however, are satisfied; we well know that we are in

the right path, that the Lord is pleased and is reconciled with us. Works speak for themselves, and the tree is known by its fruit; we therefore fear not the taunts of men. There are, however, so many sects, so many various forms of religion, so many crying out 'this is the right way,' and 'this is the right way,' that those seeking the truth scarcely know which way to turn; but if you wish to be saved, if any of you feel you have need of salvation (and 'the physician is only required by the sick') it is here only to be found—this is the only true path; amongst these only, these the true disciples of Christ, who follow his glorious example in taking up a daily cross, and denying themselves the things of this world. I have no doubt some of you despise us, and that all of you profess to be religious, and all nearly determine upon repenting of your sins, and leading a new life; but day after day is this hour of reformation put off. It is delayed time after time until some more convenient opportunity. We desire your happiness, we pray for your good, but we cannot flatter you—not one of you will be saved, unless you abstain from the lust of the flesh, all sin and worldly desires, and shun the eye, the pride of life—the eye, the pride of life."—The speaker here became quite violent, stamping with his feet, and holding out his clenched hand while he repeated the last sentence, looking hard at the lady spectators. "Whence arises all sin, all deadly and barbarous wars?—whence this sickness which now desolates the land? Let those, then, who wish to be saved, forsake those things which separate the soul from God. Cease to do evil, and you will learn to do good; imitate us in taking Christ for a pattern, and you will then assuredly find salvation."

His address lasted about twenty minutes, and was delivered with great energy; but he was an illiterate man, and could scarcely speak correct English—evidently labouring, too, under great difficulty from want of words to express himself, and his whole discourse abounded with tautology. I was rather alarmed lest he should observe me taking notes of his lecture; for, had he only cast eyes upon me, I should have received no gentle reprimand. After another song, the meeting broke up, having lasted an hour and an half.

I had some conversation immediately afterwards with one of the elders, who appeared a sensible well-informed man. He stated that the society at this village consisted of 600 people, but that not more than a third ever attended service together, excepting once a year, when all assembled. In answer to my enquiries, he said that they had received an addition of 100 members within the last two years, many of whom were English. I had observed two very stout, ruddy faced, farmer-looking men, who, he said, had only just arrived from my native country. One was the very prototype of Friar Tuck, and it would be a considerable time before he exchanged his fat cheeks for the long demure face of the rest of the society. The other danced round the room, swinging his hands about, and bellowing at the full extent of his voice, as if he was still tripping it at some English village wake. 'Tis said "there is nothing new under the sun;" but it seems strange that such fanaticism should exist with so much zeal and good religious feeling.

The village is remarkable for the neatness and cleanliness of the houses. The school is well conducted, and the children educated in it generally possess a superior education to those elsewhere. After acquiring the age of maturity, they are under no obligation to remain with the society, but are free to return to the world; nor are they allowed rashly to enlist under the banners of "the believers," but must seriously take the matter into consideration, and even undergo a novitiate of some months, when, if still of the same opinion, they are admitted and enjoy the same privileges as the other members. At any time indeed they may withdraw, but cannot claim any compensation for the time they may have worked upon the lands of the society, nor should they have thrown property into the common stock, can they reclaim it, though none that have as yet withdrawn have gone away empty-handed. The principal rules of the society are celibacy, non-interference with politics, peace with all mankind, and paying to every man his due; nor will they be answerable for the debts of any of the society, or admit any one as a member who has not honestly discharged all his pecuniary debts. No one, except in case of sickness or infirmity, is allowed to become a burthen on the society; but all must work, and all property is in common, the fruits of their labour being thrown into a general fund. The women are employed in knitting gloves, making fancy ornaments, and spinning, while the men follow various trades, the goods being exposed

for sale at the trustee's office: every article is of the best quality, but the price is exceedingly high. The women who sold me what few things I bought used as many persuasives as the most experienced shopkeeper in England, with the true "will you look at this, sir?—this is an excellent article," and "these gloves wear remarkably well; you had better take a pair, sir." They possess about three thousand acres of well cultivated land adjoining the village, and extensive gardens for rearing seeds, which produce a considerable income, being in great demand throughout the States. The society is governed by two elders of each sex, elected by the members. Their duty is to give information to candid enquirers, and to admit those who desire to unite themselves to the society; also occasionally to preach the gospel. The entire body is divided into families from 80 to 100 members each, who again appoint two elders as their head, whose duty it is to manage the temporal concerns of the family. Their houses are large, commodious, and substantial brick buildings, four stories in height.

The society is also divided into three classes: 1st, those who do not assent to the rule of celibacy, but reside at a distance from the village with their own families, attending worship, and otherwise conforming to the rules. 2dly, Those who are members, but can return to the world's people whenever they think fit; and 3dly, those who, vowing to remain members in perpetuum, have entirely given themselves up as followers of the faith. They all live in a remarkably comfortable manner, even well, in the sense of the world, with whose people, whoever, they will not eat in company; but, when some of them rode up to the springs in a car, they showed that they possessed a taste for the good things of this life, as well as the rest of mankind, by sitting down, taking a glass of brandy and water, smoking, and conversing cheerfully. Two or three backslidings have occurred amongst the young members, who have eloped, proving they were not invulnerable to the shafts of that little urchin Cupid; and I shrewdly suspect that many others would not be at all backward in following the same example, did but an opportunity occur. The sect, however, gains ground considerably, and there are not fewer than 5000 Shakers in the United States, though it is but fifty-nine years since Mrs. Lee, or "Mother Ann," as she is called, emigrated from England. She was a native of Manchester, and married to a blacksmith in that town, and is considered the founder of that sect, though several people had formed themselves into a society following the same mode of worship as early as 1747. She was an illiterate woman, unable either to read or write. The cruel persecutions she suffered in England, on account of her religious opinions, induced her to embark, with her husband and others of the same persuasion, for America, in 1774, where she established herself, near Albany, twenty-five miles from Lebanon, removing to the latter place some few years after, and dying in 1784, in her forty-eighth year. Lebanon is now the head of the Shaking church. That such a sect is not well calculated for a young and thinly-inhabited country is self-evident; for though, by their sobriety, good faith, honest and upright conduct, they set an example to the rest of mankind worthy of imitation, and most of their regulations are founded upon highly moral and admirable principles, yet others are fallacious, and the argument upon which they rest is altogether untenable. They hold that the millennium has commenced, and that all the human race is to be extinct by conforming to their first great precept of celibacy. Without such a fundamental rule, indeed, such a society could not long exist. Professing to be close imitators of Christ, they are far from it. The Saviour of the world went about doing good, exposing himself to the ingratitude of those he served, and at last, for their sakes, suffering an ignominious and painful death; while they, who pretend to take him as a pattern, lead an easy and comfortable life, and seem chiefly occupied in adding to their worldly riches, while their charity is bounded by the chain of hills which encircle their settlement. That such a society should exist for a day, in the present intellectual state of the world, is truly astonishing; but "nil admirari" appears to be the motto of common sense. The society is composed chiefly of ignorant and illiterate people, and of many who have been disappointed in life, and have thus withdrawn themselves from the rest of mankind, unable to bear up and strive against the adversities of their lot as true Christians.

The temperature of the water at the wells is 73° Fahrenheit; it is pleasant to the taste, and, being devoid

of almost every medicinal quality or saline taste, is used as common beverage. From chemical analysis, two quarts are said to contain—Muriate of lime, 1.00 gra. Muriate of soda 0.75; Sulphate of lime 1.50; Carbonate of lime 0.57.

It boils up in the gardens of the hotel in sufficient quantity to supply the requisite baths, and is afterwards used for setting in motion the wheels of three manufactories. I was much amused by seeing a large party of ladies and gentlemen, fresh arrivals, assemble round the spring one evening, tasting the water and passing their opinion upon its merits, some even refusing to put the glass to their lips, fearing the effects of a draught, when they had been taking plentiful potions of the same at the dinner table.

The evenings were usually passed in dancing except on Saturday, the Sabbath commencing with music of the New Englanders at sunset on the preceding day. The band consisted of two negroes playing on violins, and a third upon a bass. The leader of the stable trio (a barber, by the by, composing part of the establishment of the house) acted as a kind of maitre du ballet, crying out "Balanciey!"—"tan your partners!"—"La's eben!" and other jargon, utterly unintelligible even to those who were acquainted with the figure of every quadrille. The ladies' dancing was a composition of walking, running, and shuffling; the gentlemen acquiesced themselves as well as gentlemen generally do. I overheard one who prided himself a good deal on his manner of waltzing round the room, say that he had "the best waltzing master in Paris, last winter."

Amongst other resources for killing time at the springs, nine-pins bore a prominent part. I accompanied some gentlemen to the alley one day for the purpose of playing, when, our number on each side being equal, one of the party (a young collegian from Lehigh) invited a gentlemanly-looking man to join us in a rubber; he consented to play a single game, but some hesitation, and came off winner. At dinner I heard a voice familiar to my ear say, from behind my chair, "What will you take, sir?" and turning round saw our friend of the morning acting in capacity of waiter; he certainly possessed a more intellectual reticence than two thirds of the people at table.

Feeling myself sufficiently recovered to undergo the dislocating motion of the road, and all my acquaintances at the springs taking their departure, I also stepped into the coach on the morning of the 1st of August, and, being the only passenger, imagined I should have a quiet easy journey, but soon found myself egregiously mistaken. There not being sufficient weight to steady the vehicle on its clumsy springs, it was tossed to and fro like a ship in a gale of wind. We passed through the small manufacturing towns of Nassau and Altia. Some singular signs in the latter attracted my attention; especially, of "Miss Simms, Tailoress," emblazoned in large characters upon a board against the house—this struck me as a novel mode of a lady earning a livelihood.

The entrance to the city of Troy, twenty-five miles from Lebanon, through an excavated rock, which forms part of the classically named Mount Ida, is exceedingly pretty. The city, containing about 1200 inhabitants, occupies an alluvial plain of some extent between the mountain and the Hudson River. Having some spare time, I walked through several of the streets, and visited the Episcopal Church, which has a very tasteful Gothic tower: one of the prettiest specimens of architecture I saw in the United States; but the body of the church, not being built in unison with it, gives the entire the air of a piece of patch-work. An elegant new apartment-house was completed, with the exception of its portico, in a street adjoining the church; but it bore too strong a resemblance to the United States Bank at Philadelphia, of which I had since seen so many imitations, to have many charms for me. The temple was entirely of white marble, and modelled after the temple of Theseus at Athens. The gallant "Trojan" as the inhabitants call themselves, were partially the cause of the New York panic, and leaving the city in a state of account of a few cases of cholera being reported.

The river, which is about a quarter of a mile wide, is crossed by a horse-ferry to the village of Watertown, where "Mother Ann" originally established herself; and a few miles farther the road passes the houses of some married Shakers, belonging to the Niskayuna settlement, three miles to the southwest. From this point to Schenectady the country is dull, uninteresting in its scenery, and devoid of habitations; but now, having gained the banks of the Mohawk River, a rich and

soil presents itself. There is but little worthy of notice in the town, excepting Union College, on an eminence near the road from Troy. Only two large buildings, forming part of what is intended, are at present erected; but several more are to be immediately added, and, the adjoining grounds being spacious, it promises to become a pretty spot. The college has been very liberally endowed by the state to the amount of 300,000 dollars, and the number of students at this time is about 200. Dr. Nott, the president, is not only a good classical scholar, but an excellent and persevering mechanic. Some of his inventions have even gained a considerable name in England, amongst which is an improvement in hot air stoves for heating cathedrals and large buildings. He has expended also large sums of money in experiments upon steam-vessels; several of which are constructing upon his plan of having twenty small boilers, instead of two or four large ones, and are considered safer than those generally in use, and equally swift. After passing two hours in Schenectady, I entered the packet boat on the Erie Canal, and proceeded at the rate of four miles an hour, on a line parallel with the Mohawk. This immense work, which connects the waters of the Hudson with those of Lake Erie, was commenced in 1817, at the suggestion of De Witt Clinton, at that time governor of the state of New York. The packet boats, as on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, are large and well furnished with excellent sleeping berths, and the charge very reasonable, being only three cents per mile, breakfast and dinner being provided on equally moderate terms; so that the travelling is rendered more agreeable and almost as speedy as upon the rough turnpikes.

I varied my mode of travelling by leaving the boat sometimes at the locks, and walking on, being able at a moderate pace to keep a-head of it. Upon arriving at the first lock, we found more than twenty boats waiting for their turn to pass through; but all were obliged to give way to our vessel, which, paying a higher toll, claimed priority of passage. The legality of this preference did not, however, appear to be at all comprehended by the passengers in the other boats, nor did they submit to it without murmuring, thinking (as they said) that all boats "were alike free and equal." We had only ten passengers, although there was ample accommodation for forty. We experienced an hour's delay during the night, from the horses of a vessel a-head of us breaking loose, and galloping down upon our train, which, throwing their driver head foremost into the canal, followed the example of the others by breaking the tow rope and scampering off, leaving the man rolling about, half stunned, in the water.

In the morning we had a dense fog, not uncommon on the banks of the Mohawk, and which, as is frequently the case elsewhere, was the forerunner of a very hot day. The country through which we passed was pretty well diversified with hills and rich meadows of Indian corn on the banks of the stream, and the farmers were every where employed in reaping or cradling the grain on the uplands. As the canal approaches the little falls of the Mohawk, fifty miles from Schenectady, the scenery improves, and has some claims to picturesque. I had heard so much in praise of it that I stepped out of the boat at the first lock, half a mile from the village, not only for the purpose of viewing but of sketching some of this far-famed scenery, and walked past it all, momentarily expecting to come upon something excessively grand and sublime, so much had I been deceived by exaggerated description! Although very pretty, no part of it can vie with Matlock in Derbyshire. There is one bend in the canal which winds round the rocky mount, and under some dark bleak, impending crags, with the noisy torrent of the Mohawk washing its base, and the spires of the village churches with a fine aqueduct visible through the excavation, which would form a pretty sketch, but nothing to warrant the overdrawn descriptions given me. Having to pass through five locks in succession, we had time to cross the aqueduct to the village on the opposite side of the river, which is becoming a manufacturing town of some importance, from the great water-power afforded by the falls. Its progress and prosperity have been considerably retarded for some years, owing to the most valuable and useful ground being the property of a gentleman in England, who did not dispose of it until last year, when it was purchased by a

company, who are proceeding rapidly in the construction of numerous manufactories. Large pieces of rock in the river here present a singular appearance, from being worn perfectly hollow and round like a caldron, the shell or rim, as it were, being reduced in many parts to a few inches in thickness. Other rocks are bored through in circles with a smooth surface as if they had been chiseled or worked out with an auger. These effects are supposed to have been produced by small pebbles having lodged in an orifice in the rock, and been agitated by the eddies and force of the current, until they increased the opening sufficiently to admit larger stones, which, in process of time, formed these singular excavations.

From the Little Falls, the canal passes through Herkimer or German Flats, a fine rich tract of country, with farms varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres, at about one hundred dollars per acre, yielding from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat, or from sixty to one hundred bushels of Indian corn. At Frankfort, a few miles further, it does not exceed from twenty to fifty dollars, the soil appearing rich and fertile, but in a poor state of cultivation. The farming of the Dutch on the flats forms a striking contrast to that of their slovenly neighbours. At this last village, "the long level" commences, the canal running a distance of sixty-nine miles to the town of Syracuse, without a single intervening lock.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we entered Utica, eighty miles from Schenectady, having been twenty-two hours on our journey, and stepped from the canal into the United States Hotel, where we were accommodated with excellent rooms.

CHAPTER XV.

FALLS OF TRENTON—MAIL BAGS—NAMES.

Having hired one of the four-wheeled carriages known at Philadelphia as a "dearborn," in the eastern states as a "carryall," and in Utica as a "wagon," a friend (Mr. B.) and myself started at eight o'clock on the 3d of August upon an excursion to the Trenton Falls. The road being rough and mountainous, and the day excessively hot, we pulled up at a small tavern, eight miles from the town, to give the horse some water. While I was holding the bucket, mine host came out, and, after looking on quietly for some time without tendering his assistance, he observed that we "had better let the beast stand in the shade a minute or two until it became cool, and then it would proceed more cleverly on the journey." I understood him immediately, and determining to accept the challenge, led the horse into the shade of the house, when the following conversation ensued, much to the amusement of my companion, who did not at first comprehend our host's manœuvre.

Landlord. "You are from the southward, I guess."

Myself. "No—from Utica."

"Aye, but you don't keep there, I reckon."

"No, in the southward."

"Aye, I guessed so; but whereabouts?"

"Oh! south of Washington."

"Ah! pretty sickly there now?"

"No, pretty smart."

"But there's tarnation little travelling now; last fall this here road was quite unpassable, but now I have been fixing it myself, expecting company, and no one comes."

"You will have them all here when the cholera panic has subsided a little."

"I don't know that; I heard a gentleman, who had been in the south, say the other day that there was very little money there now; the southerners wouldn't care a fig for the cholera, they'd clear out tarnation soon if they had plenty of money to spare; ain't it so?"

I had now put one foot on the step of our vehicle, but mine host was not yet satisfied, so he followed me up with—"But you are going to the west, I expect?"

"Perhaps we may."

"Aye, you came down the canal."

"Yes."

"That's fine travelling; that's what I like; you push along so slick, there's no chance of getting one's neck broke as there is aboard those stages on the rough turnpikes; if the boat sinks, one's only up to one's knees in water. You'll see the falls?"

"We are going there now; which is the way?" So, re-

ceiving the necessary directions, we wished this true specimen of an American pot-house keeper good morning, and drove on, subsequently finding his parting words prophetic. Though the Yankees are so notoriously inquisitive, yet there is nothing disrespectful in their manner; nor did I ever feel annoyed by their asking such prying questions, generally leading them "considerably on the wrong trail," as they would say, or else, having satisfied them, commencing a cross-examination, to which they always submitted with good grace.

After a pleasant ride of fourteen miles, we arrived at the hotel, a short distance from the village of Trenton, and proceeded immediately to view the falls, which commence within two hundred yards of the house, though entirely concealed from it by a thick intervening forest. To see them to advantage, it is necessary to descend a rocky precipice nearly one hundred feet perpendicular, into the ravine along which the dark stream winds its course. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more grand or picturesque than the first view of the surrounding objects after the visiter has gained the rocky, and, at this season, dry bed of the winter's torrent. I have seen many falls, but none possessing such a variety of scenery or differing so much in the formation of the cataract as these; and of their sublimity but a very faint idea can be conveyed from description. The impetuous rush of water during successive ages has worked a bed for itself through a ridge of lime-stone rocks, which extends from the Mohawk to the northward as far as the St. Lawrence; but in several places it appears to have encountered a roof of harder materials, which has been able to withstand the force of the torrent. There are several of these ledges, occupying an extent of about two miles, over which the stream is precipitated. Of these the High Falls are the finest, being one hundred and nine feet in height, including a small intervening slope, which breaks the perpendicular fall, and, dividing it into two cataracts, renders it more picturesque than if falling in one unbroken sheet.

The Americans possess a most singular taste for marvelling the beauty of every place which can boast of any thing like scenery, by introducing a bar-room into the most romantic and conspicuous spot. Consequently there is a little white, painted wooden shanty perched upon the very brow of the High Fall, from which all kinds of liquors are distributed to the Yankee admirers of nature, after they have undergone the overpowering fatigue of walking four hundred yards from the hotel. It proved an insurmountable barrier to the further progress of a large party, who had flocked round me, passing the most candid and unconcerned opinions possible upon my efforts at delineating the scenery. Numerous fossil organic remains are visible in the lofty banks which bound the ravine; and the formation of the singular holes on the rocks, similar to those at the Little Falls of the Mohawk, is here seen actually in process. Many are formed by the backwater of the rapids. One, called the "Rocky Heart," from its striking resemblance to the common representation of the seat of life, has been made by two of these oddies. The water rushing over a slight fall proceeds on its course for fifteen or twenty feet, when arriving at a narrow pass, the bottom or point of the heart as it were, it separates in the centre, returning back to the full on each side of the river's bed, and has thus washed away the rock into a circular chasm. Adjoining is a natural well, called "Jacob's Kettle," about six feet deep, and three in diameter. The bottom is covered to some depth with round pebbles, which have been deposited there during the floods, and been employed in forming the kettle.

The width of the ravine, through which the stream takes its course, varies from one to three hundred yards. At the lower end, where the bed is formed of a smooth level rock, walking is as safe and agreeable as upon any well laid pavement: but at the upper it contracts to a narrow pass, and the rocks rising in a smooth perpendicular mass, the passage is rendered rather dangerous; and few people attempt to pass the Rocky Heart, the path not exceeding six inches in width, the water being of a pitchy blackness, forty feet deep.

Having passed some very agreeable hours at this enchanting spot, we again stepped into our dearborn, carry-all, or wagon, and, turning our backs upon Trenton and its delightful scenery, arrived at the summit of a long hill five miles from Utica, without any adventures, or incident,

worth recording. Upon gaining this height, the sun was drawing nigh to the horizon, and casting a mellow tint over the extensive landscape, which was beautifully interspersed with all the requisites to form an attractive scene. I was about expressing my admiration, when seeing the long steep descent down which I, as whip, was to guide our vehicle, my thoughts were immediately diverted elsewhere, and I observed (having the upset at Lebanon uppermost in my imagination) that "I should not like to descend such a hill in a heavy coach." My companion answering, that "the Americans despised drag-chains and slippers," I was about to exemplify the truth of his remark by giving him a full and true account of my misfortunes the preceding week, when I felt the carriage pressed too much upon the horse, and attempted to check it, but in vain; for owing to some accident or mistake at the hotel, a strap upon the collar of the harness had given way, so that the horse, unable to keep the carriage off his legs, became frightened and set off at full gallop, kicking most violently, to the imminent danger of our legs. Mr. B. lifted his upon the seat in the first instance, and then, wisely thinking "discretion the better part of valour," lifted his whole body out behind (knocking my hat over my eyes in the hurry of his movements,) but, not being able to relinquish his hold of the vehicle immediately, he cut up the rough road, with his knees, like a plough, for a considerable distance; or, as he afterwards more classically compared it, like Hector dragged by the car of Achilles round the walls of Troy. When freed from his additional weight, I was carried along with the rapidity of a whirlwind; the foot-board splintering in all directions from the incessant battering of the horse's heels. A broad deep ditch ran upon either side of the road, so, perceiving if I attempted to overturn myself in either direction, I should be dashed with great violence upon the ground, and remembering the cautious advice Pheton received from the old gentleman, his father, when he drove the fiery car, "*medio tutissimè ibis*," I kept in the middle of the road, pulling hard upon the reins to prevent the horse falling down. I knew that a serious obstacle opposed me at the foot of the hill, in the shape of a narrow bridge over a deep and broad ravine, with a deep stream, where I might even meet with the fate of the above worthy himself; so I dashed the horse at a high rail and fence at a turn of the road, where a temporary bridge crossed the ditch. He seemed to comprehend me; for over we went, after a vast heaving and rolling, a kind of tottering doubt whether we should capsize or not, which would have ejected any thorough landman from his seat. The strong wall brought us to a sudden check. I was from my seat in an instant, at the head of the horse, who was striving to scramble over it; but he soon desisted, having, like myself, had quite enough of such work in the last half mile. Mr. B. was still far away, peering through the clouds of dust, to see what had become of me, fearing the result of my rapid descent. He was much cut and bruised, as was the horse from kicking the wagon, and *vice versa*. I alone escaped uninjured, being but a sufferer in the purse, from the compensation we were obliged to make the owner of the steed and vehicle, for injuries received. In my case the names of the two places "Lebanon Shakers," and "Trenton Falls," are incongruous; they should be the "Trenton Shakers," and "Lebanon Falls;" as such I shall ever remember them, and with them the recollection of my shaking in the wagon, and upsetting in the coach, will always be associated.

The above accident detained us a few days at Utica, Mr. B. being too unwell to proceed on his journey; but the cause could scarcely be regretted, since we had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of an eminent barrister residing in the town, who had been one of our fellow-passengers from Schenectady, and from whom we received much kind attention.

The town or city of Utica, as I believe it is now called, occupies a gentle slope, rising to the west, from the banks of the Mohawk, and until the commencement of the canal was an inconsiderable place, with a population of about 3000. Since the completion of that work, it has augmented to 10,000 souls, and is daily on the increase. The line of canal, which eight years since was on the outskirts, now passes directly through the centre of the city, giving it a pleasing appearance, to which the innumerable wooden bridges with their light open railing greatly contribute. The inhabitants are well aware of its rising importance, predicting already that the state government will be removed from Albany, and that the future laws will emanate from their capitol, whose site they have marked out in a square at the upper end of the city, on a rising eminence, whence its dome will be seen by the surrounding country for forty miles. The streets are also laid out in a style befitting the capital of the most populous state in the

Union. As a central situation it is more convenient than Albany, which is on the very confines of the state, and three hundred miles from the inhabitants of the western parts of it. A stranger, seeing no manufactories or large mercantile establishments in Utica, finds it difficult to account for its rapid increase, until he discovers that every stream from the neighbouring hills is covered with such speculations, and the margin of every creek is peopled. The goods being transported from the town, it derives all the benefit, without any of the inconvenience, arising from numerous manufactories.

At Whitesborough, in the vicinity of the city, is the singular but laudable "Oneida Institution of Science and Industry," which, similar to some institutions in Switzerland, combines learning with manual labour. It was first established by a clergyman in bad health, who, opening a small school ten years since, discovered that, by the pupils' working for a few hours daily, they earned sufficient money to defray the expense of their education. Since that time it has been much encouraged and had several benefactors. There is a farm, containing upwards of one hundred acres, attached to it, upon which the students may be seen working for three or four hours daily; and two years' produce will pay their board for that time. This mode of obtaining an education has been found entirely practicable, and it is principally intended for those designed for the church, but some are also educated for other professions. The merit of the institution, independently of that derived from the system, is, that young men of talent may obtain an education here who cannot afford to go to more expensive establishments. Upon the whole, from the prevalence of mercantile pursuits, there are but few places for classical education in the States, compared with England.

On Sunday, the 5th of August, we attended divine service at the Dutch Reformed Protestant Church, the minister of which, Mr. Bethune, a Scottish gentleman, is in high repute as an eloquent and a powerful preacher. We were much pleased with his manner, which was that of the majority of American ecclesiastics, and preferred it to that of the English. The sermon being delivered in a more familiar and colloquial style, and with great earnestness of manner, was well calculated to rivet the attention of the congregation. In America the compact is between the congregation and minister, as between master and servant, or tradesman and customer, so long as they agree and suit each other. The clergyman's salary in small towns is generally 1000 dollars per annum, which is sufficient for people who are expected to debar themselves the active pursuits of the rest of mankind. But in cities and populous places, where the duty is more severe, it varies from 1500 to 2500, which is raised by a tax upon the congregation, or (as in New York) from grants of land made prior to the revolution. In a presbyterian church, which we attended in the afternoon, the pews were originally sold at two hundred and eighty each, and the annual tax was nineteen dollars and fifty cents, the organist and leader of the orchestra alone receiving small salaries, in addition to the minister. The floor of this church was on an inclined plane, so that each pew was more elevated than the one in front, the pulpit being under the organ-loft at the lower end of the building. After service, we visited the Sunday school on the ground-floor under the church, where, from the minister having made frequent allusions to "Samuel James Mills, the founder of Sabbath schools," we expected to see one of a superior order, but were disappointed. There seemed great room for improvement. The school consisted of about one hundred and eighty boys, and a voluntary teacher to each class of six or eight boys. Before we departed, the superintendent (an editor of a newspaper) requested us to address the children, but appeared satisfied with an answer, that "our qualifications were not in that line." For my own part, I was rather at a loss to comprehend his meaning, until he rose and delivered a long extempore prayer for the prosperity of the school.

The state of New York has a permanent school-fund, of the enormous amount of a million and a half of dollars, which originally arose from the sale of land; and the proceeds, being laid out to interest, in time accumulated to so large a sum that the annual distribution is now 120,000 dollars, and as much more is raised in the state by contributions; so that nearly a quarter of a million is yearly expended by this one state in promoting knowledge amongst the people, very few of whom have not received a useful education. Connecticut is the only state in the Union which possesses the same powerful means: its fund arose from a vague charter granted by the King of England, soon after the establishment of the American colonies, to Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brook in 1631, by which the state of Connecticut was bounded, east by the

Naraganset river, south by Long Island sound, north by Massachusetts, and extended west to the Pacific Ocean. By this document it claimed the right of extending its rule over tracts of land which were unexplored at the time the charter was granted, and which included a considerable portion of Pennsylvania and New York. These two states resisted the claim, but compromised the matter after the revolution, by obtaining for Connecticut the grant of certain lands in Ohio, which, being sold, produced the sum of 1,200,000 dollars. This sum was, in the first instance, to be appropriated for the propagation of the gospel, but subsequently was formed into a school-fund; and thus one of the smallest states in the Union distributes an annual sum amongst the several districts, for the support of education, considerably exceeding the state tax on the inhabitants; and the most singular instance is presented of a government, after all its expenses have been defrayed, returning to the citizens more than the amount they have been taxed. In those districts which receive assistance from this fund, it is required that the same amount should be raised by contribution. New York imitated Connecticut in adopting the same system, and ordaining that the proceeds of all unsold or unappropriated lands should be added to the school-fund, which will increase it at least to the amount of another million of dollars. In Massachusetts much attention is paid to education, and numerous schools are established throughout all the New England states, the necessary funds being annually raised in districts.

On the 6th of August we proceeded on our journey through New Hartford, a small village four miles from Utica, and two or three from Hamilton college, incorporated in 1821, and so called after the unfortunate general. We obtained a good view of its white buildings pleasantly situated on a rising ground above the village of Clinton. We arrived at the manufacturing village of Manchester, nine miles from Utica, in an hour and a half, being at the quickest rate we had yet reached upon American turnpikes, and accordingly anticipated a continuation of such rapid progress; but were soon deceived, for the innkeeper, not expecting the mail soon, had made no preparations for breakfast, and the quarters of an hour elapsed before the breakfast and coffee made their appearance upon the table. At the village of Oneida Castle we obtained the first sight of some Tuscarora Indians, who were standing by the road-side, wrapped up in their blankets, though a burning sun was shining, looking composedly, and apparently without curiosity, at the coach as it whirled along. There was an extensive settlement of log huts, with an episcopal church belonging to the tribe, on a plain half a mile from the turnpike; and a circular grove of trees where their council was formerly held, and where they now receive their annual allowance from the state, to which all land they wish to dispose of must be sold, not having the power to grant a title-deed to individuals. During the last year, fifty of the tribe, with their episcopalian pastor, a man of liberal education, having sold their lands, migrated to Green Bay on Lake Michigan. In the summer season their time is employed in tilling the ground in the Reservation, or in cutting fuel from the extensive forests in rear of their village. In winter many of them proceed to the hunting grounds three or four hundred miles in the west, where they collect an abundance of skins, from the sale of which they might realise a considerable sum of money; but like all savages, or semi-barbarians, they are much addicted to drink, and barter their hardly-gained spoils for a small quantity of spirituous liquors. Twenty-five miles further, at Onondaga Hollow, where there is a tribe of that name, some women came up to the coach, offering small articles of their own manufacture for sale; they could speak English very fluently, as can most of the Indians in the tribes which have much intercourse with the "pale faces." The frontier war, which had but lately broken out, was much deprecated by most Americans, who asserted that their government was the aggressor. To a foreigner the American policy towards the Indians appears most cruel and inhuman, every possible advantage being taken to dispossess the rightful owners of the soil of their property. The Indian character is noble and generous, when well treated; but, when goaded, as they have been to desperation, it is no wonder that their treatment of the white prisoners who fall into their hands should be barbarous. Americans have been found to retaliate such cruelties; and the public prints at this time were filled with late accounts of another "glorious victory," in which some volunteers or militia men had brought three scalps into camp!

The town of Onondaga Hollow, and Onondaga Hill, were of some importance during the late war, and rival in growth and prosperity, being situated in a grain country.

try, and the great deposits of corn and other requisites for the army on the frontier. But, alas! their day has gone by; the sunshine of their greatness and prosperity is for ever overclouded. The houses are almost tenantless, and of the arsenal nothing is left but the name; the canal, running within three miles, gave them the *coup de grace*. The sooner the road is diverted from the present route the more secure will the lives of all travellers become; for of all hills to ascend or descend, the one near Onondaga Hollow is the most frightful. The extensive and fine view of Syracuse, Salina with its salt vats, Onondaga lake, the town of Liverpool, with the thickly wooded country between it and Oneida lake in the extreme distance, scarcely compensate for the risk of ascending it in a heavy coach.

Our progress was much delayed by the delivery of the mail bag at every small hamlet on the road. The letters in America, instead of being put into separate bags for each town, as in England, are carried in one huge leather case, which the postmaster is allowed to detain ten minutes, so that he may pick his letters out of the general mass. The coachman (there being no guard) drives up to the office, sometimes a small tavern, and throws the bag, about the size of a flour sack, upon the hard pavement, or muddy road, as most convenient; it is then trailed along into the house, and being unlocked, the lower end is elevated, and out tumble all the letters, newspapers, and pamphlets, in a heap upon the floor. At the little village of Lenox, I had the curiosity to look into the bar for the purpose of seeing the mode of sorting letters, and witnessed a scene which could never answer in any other country. The sorters consisted of an old grey-headed man, at least seventy-five years of age, an old woman, with "spectacles on nose," the old gentleman's equal in point of years, and a great, fat, ruddy-faced dame of twenty-five, backed by half a dozen dirty little barefooted urchins, who were all down upon their knees on the floor, overhauling the huge pile before them, flinging those letters which were for their office into a distant corner of the room, amongst sundry wet mops, brushes, molasses barrels, &c., and those which were for other towns on our route were again bagged in the same gentle style, part having to undergo the same process every fifth mile of our day's journey, excepting at the office at Onondaga Hill, where the postmaster, being an attorney at law, managed to detain us only two minutes. Many of these offices, costing the government an annual sum of 200 or 300 dollars for the postmaster's salary, do not receive half that amount in letters. One man assured me that sometimes his month's receipts did not exceed six dollars. No revenue being required from the post-office establishment, the offices in large towns furnish funds for extending the mail line of communication. The surplus funds of that at New York are enormous; but, for the last three years, the expenditure upon the mails has much exceeded the receipts throughout the States. In 1790, there were only seventy-five post-offices; at this time, there are 9000, and 115,000 miles of mail communication; and the postage on letters from Boston to Baltimore, a distance little under 400 miles, is only 9d. sterling.

At Marcellus the coach stopped at an inn, of which the landlord seemed quite an original. He was sitting in the bar, without his coat and neckcloth, reading a newspaper, and his feet stretched half across the top of the table, round which several of his guests were enjoying "a drink" and a mouthful of the *Virginia weed*. Hearing one of the passengers address him by the title of "Doctor," I observed "he was an elegant specimen of a medical man." "Ah, but," said my fellow-traveller, "he's one of the *smartest* physicians in the state, I'll assure you;" certainly not a literal description, according to the English acceptance of the word; for he was one of the shabbiest-looking men I ever cast eyes on. At sunset, we reached the beautiful little village of Skaneateles, situated at the head of a romantic lake, sixteen miles long and nearly two wide, of the same name. While delayed here for some time to "shift horses," and for the mail to undergo another examination, the passengers stood on the margin of the lake, admiring its clear and unruffled surface, save here and there where a slight ripple was caused by the slow movement of one or two small scullers, as they changed their

fishing berth for some spot which would appear more favourable for their diversion. Gardens and cultivated fields extended to the water's edge, and numerous neat white houses scattered about upon the range of low hills ornamented either bank. While gazing on its beauties, a thunder-storm suddenly burst over us, with a heavy squall of wind; and ere we could regain the coach the whole scene was changed. The lake was now perfectly black, and its disturbed surface with a small and troubled ripple, occasioned by the violent gust, formed a strong and somewhat unpleasant contrast to its late placid and mild appearance.

At half-past eight we arrived at the American hotel in Auburn, rejoiced that the fatigues of the day were over, having had scarcely 200 yards of level ground during the last twenty miles. We had passed, too, through the strangest medley of named towns imaginable. It appeared almost as if the founders had collected them from all quarters of the globe indifferently, discarding many of the fine sounding, significant, old Indian names, and substituting some gleaned from ancient Greece or Italy, interspersed with one from Cockney land, or perhaps a genuine Yankeeism.

CHAPTER XVI.

AUBURN PRISON, &c. JOURNEY OF DISASTERS.

Hearing that the board of health had issued an order that no visitors should be admitted into the prison until the cholera had subsided, a precaution taken in consequence of its having broken out in the Sing-Sing prison on the Hudson, we much feared that we should be disappointed in not attaining the object for which we had visited Auburn; fortunately, however, Mr. B. had introductory letters to Dr. Richards, president of the Theological Seminary, through whose interest we obtained an order for admittance at mid-day on the 7th of August.

The prison is situated on the outskirts of the village, surrounded by a wall 2000 feet in extent, varying in height from 20 to 35 feet, according to the situation of the shops in which the convicts are employed. The cells where they are confined during the night have a singular appearance (something like a large pigeon box, or honey-comb), being in five stories, with galleries, and the windows in an outer wall at the distance of five or six feet from them, so that no convict can attempt effecting his escape through their medium. It is, in fact, a house within a house. Each prisoner has a separate cell 7 feet in length, 7 in height, by 3½ in width, with a small shelf for holding his bible, and a canvas cot, which, in the day time, is reared up against the wall, and, when lowered down at night, rests upon a small ledge, and covers the whole extent of the cell. A strong grated door admits a free circulation of air, and the works of the lock are so contrived as to be two feet from the door, and entirely out of a convict's reach, if he even succeeded in breaking one of the iron bars so as to admit a passage for his arm. A keeper always patrolling the galleries during the night with cloth shoes acts as a check upon the prisoners holding any discourse. The building was perfectly clean, and free from that tainted atmosphere which generally pervades a prison, the cells being white-washed once a fortnight, as a preventive against the cholera, though when there is no necessity for such a precaution they are thus cleansed only from five to six times during the warm season.

From the cells we proceeded into an open square, formed by the keeper's house, prisoners' apartments, and work-shops, where a part of the convicts were employed in stone-cutting, and making an addition to the building of another five-story row of cells, to be erected in the place of a wing constructed upon the old principle of confining a certain number of prisoners in one large room, by which means they had free intercourse with one another, a system found very injurious to their reformation. It was almost impossible to imagine ourselves in a prison amongst a set of hardened desperadoes, when walking through the shops where they were working with an alacrity and attention to their business which were truly surprising. Every trade has its own particular shop, with one keeper as a superintendent; and here the good effects of discipline are seen. In the blacksmiths' shops, for instance, were forty or fifty athletic men wielding their sledge hammers with the power of the Cyclops of old, and all armed with weapons which, in one minute, would shiver the strongest barrier to atoms; yet only one superintendent was with them, sitting at his ease upon a chair; and not any instance is upon record of an attempt at making a forcible escape. The prisoners are not allowed, upon any pretence, to speak to one another, and only on

business to a turnkey, who can easily observe if any conversation takes place, as they are generally placed with their faces in the same direction. The weavers were the most numerous body, there being nearly one hundred sitting at their looms in a row; and forty tailors, whose occupation is considered the most unhealthy, from the position requisite for the performance of their work. They are not permitted to look at any stranger who enters the room; but I observed several squinting at us out of the corners of their eyes when the keeper's back was turned. The most superior specimens of workmanship, of every description, are turned out of these shops, and are contracted for by merchants and store-keepers residing in Auburn; a system most injurious to the industrious mechanic, who cannot make a livelihood in the vicinity of the prison, being underworked by the convicts, whose labour is contracted for at various sums from 25 to 50 cents (one to two shillings) per diem, the tailors at the former sum; those trades which derive assistance from a saw-mill, turning-machine, &c. which are worked by water (introduced from a stream that washes the southern wall of the prison) at 30, tool-makers at 40, and blacksmiths at 50 cents a day. A few invalids and convalescent convicts are employed in winding at 15 cents. There were only two stocking makers, who were employed solely in working for the convicts.

The contractors are not even permitted to give any orders to the workmen, and any instructions they wish to give are through the mechanic turnkey who superintends each shop. In any instance where the latter may not be acquainted with the trade, the contractor may give the necessary directions in his presence. The looms, jennies, tools, &c. appeared throughout the prison in the highest order, and business was carried on in each shop in a more workmanlike style than without the walls. The morning work commences at six o'clock in summer, breakfast between seven and eight, dinner at twelve (half an hour being allowed for each), and the labours of the day cease at six in the evening. The prisoners, being formed into as many companies as there are galleries of cells, are marched to them with the lock-step in the most orderly manner, each man inclining his face towards the keepers who accompany them, so that he may be observed, if he attempts to speak. As he passes through the mess-room, adjoining the kitchen, he stoops slightly, and taking up his supper, without breaking the line of march, enters his cell for the night, being locked in by the turnkey of the gallery. The mess-room was particularly clean, with platters and tin cans neatly arranged on wooden tables, so narrow that the convicts sit only on one side of them, with their faces in the same direction. They are waited upon by some of their fellow-prisoners; and, in case any one has more food than he requires, he raises his right hand, when a portion is taken from his plate and given to some one who elevates his left hand in token he has insufficient. The rations are ample, being, 10 oz. of wheat, 10 oz. of Indian meal, 14 oz. of beef or 12 of pork; with 2½ bushels of potatoes to every hundred rations, and half a gill of molasses per man, which is added to the mush, a kind of hasty pudding made of Indian meal, and boiled in coppers. The cooks were employed at this article of food when we visited the kitchen. I tasted some, and should imagine it to be very wholesome and nutritious. The bread was heavy and sad, but it had a good flavour. If a convict is unruly, or discovered speaking, he receives summary punishment, by having a certain number of stripes with a cane on his back. Such a measure is, however, but seldom required. A false wall or passage round each room, with slits at intervals, through which a keeper may look unperceived, and where he stations himself if he suspects a convict, acts as an excellent check upon any conversation. I peeped through them into various shops; and the prisoners were busily employed in dead silence, when the keeper was at a distance of 100 feet.

The work appears to conduce much to their health, there being only six in the hospital, out of 667 prisoners; and a few days previously there had not been a single patient. Visitors are not admitted either into the hospital, which is in an upper story of the prison, or into the women's apartment, who are all confined together and work but little, as no compulsion could be used towards them, and, as to talking, all the art of man could avail nothing for its prevention. Altogether the prison is a most interesting sight, and should be visited by all travellers. A considerable revenue now arises from it to the state, so that convicts, instead of being an expense as formerly, are here a profit. Many who enter without any trade are taught one, by which, when released, they may gain an honest and ample livelihood; and numbers who have been sent into the world again have thoroughly reformed their former vicious habits. We saw one poor

* Scarcely if at all exaggerated. Within thirteen miles of Philadelphia we have witnessed a scene very similar; the contents of the mail bag were emptied on a table in the bar room, where several letters fell between it and the wall, and would have been left but for the intervention of a stage passenger.—Ed.

man, a sailor, who had become deranged since his imprisonment, and after a partial recovery was allowed to do what he pleased with regard to work. He had made several large models of ships, which stood in the square completely rigged; and another man, who had the use of one hand only, employed his time in carving rude figures of the most grotesque kind, afterwards gilding or painting them. No one, in short, was allowed to be completely idle. The government frequently pardons those who appear to have been misled, and by their conduct show an inclination to become good citizens; and only for very serious offences are any sentenced to imprisonment for life, the majority being for periods of five and seven years. The entire establishment is superintended by a governor, called "Agent and Keeper," with a salary of 1000 dollars, a deputy keeper at 600, and the other keepers 350 each; about forty officers are employed as keepers, turnkeys, guards, &c. When the prison is open for the admission of visitors (which was the case always until the appearance of the cholera in the state,) 25 cents (one shilling) is charged for each person. The keeper said that the convicts felt deeply the loss of their chewing tobacco, which is not permitted within the walls of the prison, and to which excellent regulation much of the cleanliness is owing. From the inspector's report it appears that "the frequency of pardons has arisen principally from the want of room in the prison, by the rapid accumulation of convicts;" and it is much to be regretted that ten or twelve acres were not enclosed within the wall in place of three or four, so that the building might be increased to any extent.

I think the steady and excellent behaviour of the prisoners may rise, in a great measure, from so many of them being confined for a short space of time, two thirds being sentenced to a period not exceeding seven years. There is a Sunday school, which those only attend who wish it; and they are instructed gratuitously by the young men of the town and the Theological Seminary. The chaplain takes opportunities of visiting them in their cells after divine service on that day, also in the hospital, and whenever time will allow, to afford them religious instruction, and give advice with regard to their future conduct. One of the main objects to be gained is to wean them from intemperance, a habit which the prison discipline has entirely eradicated from most determined drunkards, who have thus been restored to the world as sober and industrious men.

By comparing the returns from the Auburn prison with those furnished by other penitentiaries and jails in the Union, the salutary effects of the system above detailed over that practised where solitary confinement night and day is enforced without work, and over any other mode of punishment as yet devised, have been most satisfactorily proved. If I might venture to propose any amendment in the system, it would be to make a larger pecuniary allowance than the present one (two dollars, I think) to the liberated prisoners; as instances are on record of men having been guilty of theft, a few days after their dismissal, from actual want.

The village of Auburn itself is tastefully built, within two miles of the Owaseo Lake, whose outlet washes the prison wall. Its rapid rise is somewhat retarded by the quantity of work turned out by the convicts; yet at the same time a large sum of money is necessarily in circulation amongst the contractors for furnishing rations (which are at the rate of about 21 dollars per annum, each prisoner,) and for payment of the articles received from the prison, which are retailed at a great per centage.

Proceeding to the village of Cayuga, situated near the northern extremity of a lake of the same name, we embarked in a steamer which plies upon the lake, and crossed to the opposite side, touching for some more passengers at a village connected with Cayuga by a bridge exceeding a mile in length, over which the western road passes. The extreme length of the lake is 40 miles by two at its greatest breadth. The scenery is tame and uninteresting, until towards the southern end, when it assumes a more pleasing appearance, the banks becoming high and craggy in some places, and in others cultivated to the water's edge. But throughout there is an overpowering quantity of dense forest, with an intervening space of eight or ten miles between villages. For the last few miles, the face of the country presented a singular appearance, being broken every hundred yards, or thereabouts, with narrow and deep ravines, formed by the heavy rush of water from the hills in the spring of the year. In some, the rock was rugged and bare; in others the grass had sprung up again, or, where the ground more easily yielded to the force of the torrent, there were long and heavy undulations, like the swelling of the sea.

At the head of the lake, entering a coach again, after a drive of two miles across a plain which had once formed part of the lake, we arrived at the pretty town of Ithaca, containing 3300 inhabitants, surrounded on three sides by hills varying from 600 to 800 feet in height, with their slopes and summits partially cleared and cultivated. The plain between the town and the lake is so densely covered with forest that the water is not visible from the former; and in many places it is so boggy and unsound that no houses can be built upon it. Two adjoining squares in the town, encircled with a wooden railing and a grove of trees, are quite occupied by churches, there not being fewer than seven of them. The Clinton House, in the vicinity of those squares, at which we put up, is one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in the States, but its bar-room is one of the dirtiest.

There are many factories and mills in and about Ithaca, on the small streams which pour their waters into the lake. A rivulet within a mile of the town forms two of the prettiest falls imaginable. The lower one, about 80 feet in height, falling over a series of small rocky ledges, appears like so many flakes of snow upon the dark masses of stones; and, where the sun strikes upon the foam, it glitters like the sparkling frost on a December's morn, after the preceding day's thaw. The other fall, 200 yards higher up the hill, exhibits more water; but the fall is not quite so high, nearly one third of the stream being diverted through a tunnel 90 yards long in the solid rock, above the lower fall, for the purpose of turning several mill-wheels; and in course of time the latter cataract will be reduced to a few gallons per minute, like the Passaic at Paterson. In our land of small rivers, the cascade formed by the quantity of water conveyed to the mills would be considered of some magnitude, and an object of no small interest. These Falls certainly vie with those at Trenton in point of beauty, though so very dissimilar in their formation; the latter are almost subterranean, while the former rush over the brow of a hill, between large impending crags, crowned with thick dark foliage, with scarcely a passage worn down the rocky ledge for their foaming waters. Like Trenton, too, they have acquired a melancholy interest from similar causes; a highly accomplished young lady being drowned at each place within these few years, when visiting the Falls in company with their friends and relatives.

Not wishing to return up Cayuga Lake, and in fact having made a point of never returning by the same road when it could be avoided, we hired a carriage with two excellent horses, and a quarter to three in the afternoon, on the 9th of August, departed from Ithaca, ascending a steep and long hill for two or three miles. While enjoying a most extensive and charming prospect from the summit, we encountered one of the heaviest storms of wind and rain I ever experienced. After struggling against it for a quarter of an hour, we succeeded in gaining an open shed by the road side, already filled with half-drowned pedestrians and equestrians, who were seeking shelter from the pitiless peltings of the storm. Such an arrival as ours, with a carriage loaded with heavy trunks, a pile of carpet bags and hat-boxes, with umbrellas, water-proof cloaks, and great coats innumerable, would have attracted the curiosity of less inquisitive people than thorough-bred Yankees. Five or six inmates of the shed busied themselves with examining the ivory Chinese handle of Mr. B.'s umbrella; and a person, whom they designated as "Doctor," dressed in a thread-bare, shabby-genteel, frock coat, of blue cloth, with a collar originally black velvet, but which, by wear and tear of weather, had been transformed into a nondescript colour, observed that "they carved cleverly in New York." The patent leather hat-box soon fixed their attention, and my answer not satisfying them that it was not made of wood, they took it out of the carriage and minutely inspected it both within and without. The patent boxes of the carriage wheels next became subjects for their conjectures and guesses; they had evidently seen none before. At this time we were joined by a most consequential person,—the landlord of an adjoining tavern, whose curiosity had been excited by the crowd in his shed. Some one asked him whether he had ever seen such "mortal curious things in a carriage before;" he answered, "Yes;" and just glanced at one of the fore wheels, "but those are those poor Yankee things; I have been a teaming these fifteen years, and would never wear one of them;" then turning to a hind wheel, "why here, this box is clear gone, the wheel will come off the first heavy lurch you have, and you'll be cast adrift." For once, curiosity proved of service, it being very evident that the first heavy jolt would throw the wheel from the carriage. Another by-stander, a blacksmith, an old weather-beaten man of sixty, whom the inn-keeper addressed as "Uncle

Jack," said he would render it secure in five minutes, and carried the box away to his forge, which was "but a few rods up the road." The rain had now subsided, though we were still threatened by thick dark clouds. The doctor and a companion, one of the steam-brethren also, took their departure on their poor and sorry animals, with their small black saddle bags stowed with phish and cayenne pepper. The pedestrians commenced their wet and floundering journey anew through mud and mire; the landlord returned to his bar, and we alone were left to await "Uncle Jack's" pleasure, who spun out his five minutes to three quarters of an hour; and then, having reported all right, we also once more pursued our route towards the setting sun, over a road where there was no road, over bridges where it would be much safer to ford the stream, and through a country rich only in stones and stumps; where land would be no bargain at half a dollar per acre. Half an hour before sunset, when we gained the summit of a long, dreary hill, the great orb of day burst through the clouds in all his setting glory, and the thin vapours were seen rising from the woods and valleys beneath us, and floating gradually away before the fast subsiding gale. The road, too, at the same moment improved, running over a firm earthen track; the drive cracked his whip, and, smiling, observed that "we should be in by an hour after sun-down yet." The horses trotted merrily along; we threw aside our wet cloaks and coats; while every thing to us wore a different appearance, and we now saw some beauty in the vast and endless forests which encircled us on every side, save here and there a solitary patch of cleared land, the effects of the industry of some hardy settler, who, one would almost imagine, had quarreled with the whole world by seeking so secluded a spot; but we were now in a humor to be pleased with every thing.

Our gleam of sunshine and good fortune was very transitory; for in a few minutes we again dived into the dark, thick pine forest, whose ragged branches and tall straight trunks had but a few minutes before formed so fine a contrast against the lighter foliage of some other natives of the grove. Ascending higher ground, too, we were once more enveloped in the heavy damp clouds, and as night set in, the road became worse, and the habitations of men and all signs of cultivation disappeared. Neither the coachman nor ourselves had ever travelled in the direction we were moving; so alike uncertain whither we were going, but trusting to chance and good fortune, we renewed our journey, grumbling against America and its miserable roads, and arriving at the following conclusion—that to move out of the common coach route, to leave the turnpike road which was passable, and to attempt exploring new and undescribed scenery by striking out a line of road for ourselves, would never answer any end, and was in itself almost impracticable,—that, for the future, we must be content with the old well-worn track of former tourists, and visit no places but those notified in the "Stranger's Guide," or "Northern Traveller." Tourists, however, are always in search for some incident which may be rather out of the common way, and which may vary some little the dull pages of their diary; and we too should have been satisfied had the fair and dainty moon shone brightly on us, laying open to our view some of the dark recesses of the dense forest, or the dreary depths of the vast ravines beneath us. But we had not a speck of the true romantic spirit in us; we preferred a warm supper and a good dry mattress, in a comfortable inn, to weathering it out in an unknown country, where we might be half-drowned ere golden Phoebus again walked forth from his chamber in the east. At nine o'clock, from the cold breeze which swept past us, and from the streak of light along the horizon, as if the clouds, having nothing to cling to, were compelled to rise from earth, we knew that some large sheet of water was nigh, and shortly afterwards saw Seneca Lake, like a narrow strait lying far beneath us. We were doomed, however, still farther disappointments; nor was it until an hour past midnight, after having trudged about eight miles on foot through deep and muddy pools, that we reached a small inn, at the head of the lake, wet, weary, famished, and consequently out of humour.

After much knocking at doors, and shaking of windows, we succeeded in rousing the landlord from his lair. In half an hour's time, he spread out before us a "roast indigestaque moles" of apple-pie, new cheese, sour beer, heavy Indian bread, and port wine, which savoured strongly of logwood and brandy; but our appetites had been well sharpened by our wanderings, and we were in no humour to find fault. Sitting by the cheerful wood fire, we already began to laugh at the misfortunes and

slow progress of our journey, having been more than nine hours performing a distance of twenty-one miles. Excellent beds being provided, in a few minutes the troubles of the past, fears and anticipations of the future, were alike forgotten.

CHAPTER XVII.

SENECA LAKE—JEMIMA WILKINSON—LOCKPORT—BUFFALO.

On the morning of the 10th of August, embarking on board a steamer, we left Watkins, Jeffersonville, Seneca Head, or Savoy, as we heard the small village, where we had passed part of the night, severally called. Though commanding a much finer situation than Ithaca in every respect, with a canal running past it which connects the waters of Lake Erie and Seneca with the Susquehanna river by the Chemung canal, yet there are not above twenty frame houses in the settlement, arising from the mistaken policy of the proprietor of the land, who will scarcely sell a rood under a New York price; whereas, if he gave away every other lot for building upon, the increased value of the remaining lots would make him more than an adequate return. The head of Seneca Lake, like that of Cayuga, is black marsh overgrown with bulrushes and reeds. Several large streams with fine water-falls enter it a few miles from the village, of which the Hector, 150 feet in height, and those at the big stream Point 136, are the most worthy of observation.

We considered ourselves fortunate in meeting with a gentlemanly, well-informed person, in Captain Rumney, an Englishman, the proprietor of the "Seneca Chief," the only steamer which plies upon the lake. He purchased the right of steam upon these waters for a mere trifle, from ex-governor Lewis, to whom it had been sold by Fulton, who possessed originally the exclusive right of steam navigation on those inland waters of the state of New York which did not interfere with the interests of neighbouring states, as the Hudson does with the communication to Vermont and Lower Canada. This charter was granted to Fulton for a term of thirty years, six of which have not yet expired; before the lapse of that time the present possessor may expect to realise a considerable fortune. The profits arise principally from towing the Erie canal boats to the different ports in the lake, the traffic on which will be much increased by the Chemung and Crooked Lake canals, now nearly completed. The charge for towing vessels from one to the other extreme of the lake, a distance of forty miles, is six dollars, and is performed in a few hours.

At Rapley's ferry, a few miles down the lake on the western bank, are the remains of a pier from which the celebrated Jemima Wilkinson proved the faith of her followers. She had collected them for the purpose of seeing her walk across the lake, and addressing them, while one foot touched the water, enquired if they had faith in her, and believed she could reach the opposite shore in safety; for, if they had not faith, the attempt would be vain. Upon receiving the most earnest assurances of their belief that she could pass over, she replied "that there was no occasion then to make a display of her power, as they believed in it;" and, turning round, re-entered her carriage, and drove off, to the chagrin of thousands of idle spectators, and to the astonishment of her numerous disciples. Captain Rumney, who was acquainted with her during her lifetime, described her as a tall, stately, and handsome woman; but of rather a masculine appearance. In her costume she much resembled a clergyman, having her hair brushed back, wearing a surplice and bands, with a quaker's hat. She was a native of Rhode Island, and during the revolutionary war formed an attachment with a British officer, who subsequently deserted her. In consequence of this mercenary treatment, she suffered a violent attack of fever, and for some days lay in a deep trance, though the medical men affirmed she might have easily roused herself from it had she only the wish to do so. It is supposed that at this time she was engaged in laying the deep plot which was so successfully carried into execution on her recovery, by stating that, Jemima Wilkinson having died, the angels in heaven had disputed who should enter her body, and visit the earth as the universal friend of mankind,—as the Saviour of the world; that she (now calling herself an angel in Jemima's body) had been appointed to fill the body of the deceased, and was come upon earth to preach salvation to all. Many believed in her, and, a sect being soon formed, she quitted Rhode Island, and settled near Crooked lake, a few miles to the west of Seneca, where her followers, some of whom were men of independent fortune, purchased a large tract of land for her; the deeds of her

farm being drawn up in the name of Rachel Mellon, a relative who inherited the estate after Jemima's death, six years since. Upon all her plate, carriage, &c., the letters U. F. (universal friend) were inscribed. She observed the Jewish Sabbath, but preached on Sundays to the numerous visitors who were attracted to her house by mere curiosity. She was well versed in the Scriptures, and possessed a remarkably retentive memory; but, in other respects, was an illiterate woman. The creed of her sect is the metempsychosis; but since her departure the number of believers has considerably diminished, the present head of the society, Esther Plant, not having sufficient tact to keep them united. In Jemima's lifetime, so jealous were her disciples of due respect being paid to her, that no answer would be returned to enquiries after "Jemima," but only if designated as the "Friend."

All the points of land in the lake (save one, which has a singular bush formed by the hand of nature into the exact representation of an elephant) are occupied by small villages, which possess excellent harbours, during heavy gales up or down the lake, and have about 20 fathoms of water within 30 feet of the shore. This one exception is the property of Esther, who will not part with it upon any terms. The entrance of the Crooked lake canal is at the village of Dresden, a German settlement, eight miles west of which is Jemima's house. On the opposite shore in Seneca county is Ovid, situated on a pretty eminence, overlooking the water; also Lodi, Brutus, and various other classically named places. These names, it appears, were bestowed by the government on townships, distributed among the revolutionary soldiers, and which extended originally over a large tract, from the borders of the lake, almost as far east as Utica. The veterans were soon, however, overreached, and induced to dispose of their lands to some scheming and designing speculators, who resold them most advantageously to the present possessors, persons of respectability; and the same land which would not then bring a dollar in the market will now produce 25 to 40 and even 50 per acre. The soil is a strong loam, and well adapted for wheat. Seneca is, however, an Indian name, although it might naturally be supposed to have the same origin, in imitation of antiquity, as the neighbouring towns of Marathon, Pharsalia, Homer, Virgil, and Cassius. The scenery upon the lake closely resembles that of Cayuga, being unvaried and uninteresting; the water is, however, beautifully clear, the pebbly bottom being visible in a calm day at the depth of 30 feet. Being principally supplied by springs, the ice upon it never becomes so thick as to impede the navigation; during the severe frost of 1831, a thin sheet formed on some parts, but was broken up by the first light breeze which ruffled the water.

The town of Geneva possesses a beautiful situation upon a rising bank at the northern extremity of the lake, with terraced gardens approaching to the water's edge, and many pretty villas scattered around. About a mile from the town, on the borders of the water, are some extensive glass works, which however have not been worked during the last year, the owner having failed to a great amount, through mismanagement in his farming speculations. When the works were first established, they occupied a narrow space in the midst of a forest where fuel was plentiful; but the ground is now so well cleared about the town, that a cord of wood, measuring four feet in height and eight in length, costs a dollar and a quarter. An opinion prevails, from an appearance of the strata at the head of the lake, that coal may be found, when required. Geneva is altogether a pretty spot, and contains one particularly fine street, in which is the college, a dull heavy looking building, with castellated walls and other tasteless appendages. But the private residences equal any in the state.

Proceeding on our journey at midday, on the 11th, we passed through a fine rich country, chequered with heavy crops of every grain. The apples appeared perfectly ripe, and the peach trees were every where loaded with fruit. The soil evidently increased in richness the farther we proceeded to the west.

The ground in the vicinity of Canandaigua, fifteen miles from Geneva, was kept in a state of cultivation by the Indians, prior to General Sullivan's march through the country fifty years since, when the whole western part of the state of New York was in possession of the Six Nations, of whom now scarcely a vestige remains. The town is at the outlet of the Canandaigua lake, and in an unhealthy situation, owing to the water being dammed up near the outlet for the purpose of supplying a mill wheel, thus forming a large wet marsh, which produces a deadly fever in the autumnal months. Endca-

vours have been made by actions at law to compel the mill proprietor to lower his dam, or to surround it with a bank to prevent the water overflowing the country, but hitherto to no purpose. The town consists of one principal street, two miles in length and about 150 feet in breadth, with gardens and locust trees in front of the houses. It is generally considered the handsomest place in the state, though, in my opinion, not equal to Skaneateles.

From Canandaigua, we travelled over a hilly and sandy road, running parallel with the canal, and under its great embankment over the Irondequoit creek. This immense work, for a distance of two miles, averages a height of seventy feet above the plain across which it is carried. The banks being chiefly of sand, great caution is necessary in watching and puddling any small crvices which may appear. Two years since, the water forced its way through the embankment, and, rushing down upon the road and plain beneath, swept away every thing which opposed the fury of its course. The lesser sand hills at this time present evident marks of the furious torrent which passed over them.

At sunset, descending a hill, we entered upon a flat, marshy plain, on which the town of Rochester is situated. It has more the appearance of a town in a new world than any I visited, and nothing can be more miserable than its appearance from a distance. An open space has been merely burnt in the forest, and the town has been run up without any attempt of getting rid of the innumerable stumps of trees which even make their appearance in the outer streets of the place. It is, in truth, a city in the wilderness, and cannot be healthy, so long as it is surrounded by such dense, dark forests. The trees in America are not felled so that the stump remains level with the ground, as in England, but according to the convenience of the woodman, who generally strikes the trunk about three feet from the root. Where a thick forest has thus been cut down, the desolate appearance the face of the country presents can be scarcely imagined:—large blackened trunks, and arms partly consumed by fire, lie encumbering the ground till they decay, or are again consigned to the fire by some more industrious farmer than the generality of the Americans. At Rochester, however, nothing of this kind has yet taken place, though it is the most thriving town in the state. The softer kinds of wood, such as birch and beech, decay sufficiently in six or seven years to admit of being knocked up, but hemlock and pine will scarcely be affected by the seasons of half a century.

Crossing the Genesee river, we entered the principal part of the town, and drove to the Eagle, situated in the main street, a fine hotel with excellent rooms and an attentive landlord. The town has risen in an incredibly short space of time: twenty years since it was a wild uninhabited tract where 14,000 people now earn a livelihood. Its rapid rise originated from the Erie canal passing through the town, and the Genesee affording so great a water power to the extensive flour, cotton, and other mills on its banks. The canal crosses the river by a fine aqueduct three hundred yards above the Falls, where the celebrated leaper, Sam Patch, took his last and fatal descent in 1829. The Falls are over a perpendicular ledge of rock, 97 feet in height: with that descent however he was not satisfied, but had a platform erected to the height of 25 feet on a small island which divides it, and in the presence of thousands of spectators precipitated himself into the gulf beneath, from which he never re-appeared. Many ladies who were the innocent spectators of his death, little imagining there could be any risk, as he had already made a similar descent from the Falls of Niagara, fainted when, after anxiously awaiting some seconds for his re-appearance above the surface of the water, they at last discovered by the shriek of horror which arose from the assembled crowd that they had been instrumental in the destruction of a fellow creature; and every one regretted, now it was too late, that such an exhibition had been encouraged. The unfortunate man, being intoxicated when he ascended the platform, did not preserve the proper position for entering the water; and his death doubtless arose from the great shallowness of the stream, it being ascertained that there were only fifteen feet of water to resist the impetus of his weight falling from such a height. It appears to signify but little how men immortalise themselves, and Sam Patch has rendered himself immortal, at least in America, by more innocent means than most of his ambitious brethren. The scenery about the Falls is uninteresting, and but little worthy of notice, though a large body of water forms the cataract. The banks of the river are high and contracted, and covered with extensive ranges of mills.

Judge Rochester, whose family resides in the neighbourhood, was the great proprietor of the land upon which the town is built; he was a man of considerable influence in the state, and stood a contest for governor with De Witt Clinton. Many of the streets are well laid out, and contain excellent buildings; the arcade, however, in which is the post office, is but a second rate structure, the plan of the whole ill arranged, and making a poor figure for so flourishing a town. The churches are superior in style of architecture, and constructed of more durable materials, than is generally the case in America. We attended divine service at the first presbyterian church, which was well attended, and heard an excellent sermon.

The cholera being very prevalent in the town, we departed on our route to the westward on the morning of the 13th of August. In answer to our enquiries at the office the preceding evening, the book keeper informed us that the coach would start at four o'clock in the morning. This being rather too early an hour for some of the party, we agreed to take an extra coach which can always be obtained (there being no post chaises in the country) at all the principal hotels. The book keeper no sooner heard this our determination, than, being alarmed at the idea of losing so many passengers, he proffered to delay the coach until after breakfast, if that would be an accommodation to us. At half past eight, accordingly, the heavy vehicle drove up to the door, with the only seat we had not secured occupied by a retailer of groceries, who, with the patience of Job, had been awaiting our pleasure for upwards of four hours and a half. His eyes beamed with evident delight, and he gave a kind of inward chuckle as he saw No. 1 carpet bag thrown into the boot; and not a hint did he drop during the whole journey of the unconscionable time we had delayed him for the mere purpose of gratifying our gastronomic propensities. For small families, the travelling arrangements in America are most inconvenient, as there is no alternative but either to be crowded with nine inside passengers, and no one knows who, as companions, or to be put to the heavy expense of hiring an extra. The time, too, at which the *regular stage* (as they term them) arrives at the place of its destination is a matter of the greatest uncertainty, depending entirely upon the number of passengers—not that any delay is caused by their additional weight, but by the distance they may reside from the direct line of road; for a coachman will drive a quarter of a mile out of his way to take up or put down a person.

At this time, travelling amongst the Americans themselves was nearly at a stand still; every landlord and coach proprietor complained bitterly of the presence of the cholera, as having done them incalculable injury. The only people I met on the move for pleasure, during the latter part of my journey, and through the infected districts, were foreigners, to whom the panic was a vast advantage, as there was not the usual crowd of summer tourists, and I never was at a loss for a seat in the coach, bed, or board, which would not have been the case in healthier seasons. Our party this day consisted of a *cidreant* lieutenant of the British navy, now a naturalised American, two Frenchmen, two Englishmen, one Scotsman, and a Welchman, whom chance only had brought together within the last two days.

We now entered upon the famous "Ridge road" which extends for eighty miles, from Carthage, near Rochester, to Lewistown on the Niagara river. From the circumstance of its running parallel with Lake Ontario, at the distance of six or eight miles, and its elevation above it being about 100 feet, with a gradual inclination towards the water, it is supposed to have once formed the southern boundary of the lake, and to have been thrown up by the action of the waves. Being formed of sand and fine gravel gives to that opinion some foundation; and that such banks can be formed by the action of the sea is very evident upon many parts of the English coast. From having been always referred to the Ridge road, when I found fault with American highways, I expected to travel upon a perfect level, instead of upon a road broken, as this is, by frequent abrupt and deep ravines. From this time I was told that I ought to see one somewhere far back in the west, several hundreds of miles distant in the Ohio country, which was not inferior to any macadamised road in Great Britain; but, as my curiosity never carried me so far away from the Atlantic as the Allegheny Mountains, I can only speak of those highways over which I did travel, not one of which would have escaped an indictment in the old country. In some states, as in New York and Connecticut, turnpikes are frequent; but this collection of tolls did not tend visibly to the improvement of the roads. The gate is generally formed of a

hurdle, or a long narrow frame with numerous vertical bars, which is drawn up in the manner of a portcullis by ropes into a roof built across the road, until the traveller has passed.

There is no attraction in the scenery to lead a person upon the Ridge road, being carried through a flat and uninteresting country, with only a narrow strip, never exceeding a mile in width, redeemed from the surrounding forest. In no part of our journey were the waters of the lake visible, though but few miles distant. Settlements, however, are forming rapidly, and, from the clouds of smoke which hung over various parts of the forest, it may safely be predicted that not many years will elapse before the thick veil will be withdrawn. Three miles from Lockport, we left the Ridge, and entered upon a rough, shaking, "corduroy" road, a new species of *rail-way* they might call it, being formed entirely of split trees and rails laid across the road, without any regard to level or disproportion of size, and a most sovereign contempt for any thing like repairs. Such a wretched apology for a highway ought to have immortalised its inventor's name, in place of being called after the coarse cloth which it resembles in grain. The man, at least, deserved a patent for having discovered a most excruciating mode of dislocating bones, and an easy method of breaking the axletrees of carriages, combined. We proceeded at a marvellously uncomfortable, slow, foot pace over this corduroy, until crossing the Erie canal, we entered the village of Lockport, which, like Rochester, or most places on that line of communication, has sprung up in almost a day. The greater part of the village is situated on the summit of a hill, over which the canal is carried by means of five locks, each containing 16 feet water, and raising a boat 12 feet. As the ascent of a boat through such a succession of them would much delay those on the point of descending, both loss of time and confusion have been avoided by having a double row of locks, side by side. These being principally cut out of the solid rock, and well finished off with substantial masonry and iron railings, may, with the great embankment over the Irondequoit creek, be considered the most arduous undertaking between Buffalo and Albany. After having surmounted the locks, the excavation through the solid rock extends for upwards of two miles. The surplus water of the canal supplies several mills with a powerful stream, one, too, which will never fail, the canal itself being fed by Lake Erie. The mills return the water to the canal again below the locks, and the clear current, which flows at about a mile per hour, renders the Erie canal very different in appearance from our muddy works of the same description in England, which are so often unnavigable, from a scarcity of water in the reservoirs. There is a singularly constructed wooden bridge, composed of a series of platforms of open frame work, one above the other, below the basin at the foot of the locks. It extends over the canal from one side of the ravine to the other, at not a less height than 80 feet from its foundation, and 60 above the level of the water, and at a length of about 300 feet.

Having visited all the objects of curiosity in the village, not excepting the saw mills, we took the packet boat at a quarter to eleven o'clock, and in fifteen minutes more had passed through the locks. A fine, clear, full moon, rendered the numerous lamps about those works quite useless, but its charms were not sufficiently powerful to induce us to expose ourselves to the night air and heavy dew, by remaining on deck until the boat had emerged from the excavation of the mountain ridge.

At daylight, on the 14th, we passed through the Tonawanta creek, up which the canal had taken its course for several miles; and by seven o'clock arrived at the village of Black Rock, where it enters the harbour formed for vessels trading upon Lake Erie. In company with another gentleman, I left the boat a mile below the village, and walked leisurely along the towing path, diverging from it at Black Rock, and passing through the principal street. Being on the frontier, it suffered during the barbarous and retaliatory warfare of 1812, but has again sprung up into a moderately sized place, schooners and small brigs being built there for the navigation of the lakes. The canal keeps along the bank of the river to the town of Buffalo, three miles distant, where it communicates with Lake Erie, having passed through an extent of country from its entrance to the Hudson not less than 363 miles.

Buffalo is a thriving, bustling town, handsomely and well built, and daily increasing in number of inhabitants. It was supposed to have received its death blow during the last war, but one house escaping the conflagration; it rallied again, however, upon the laying out of the canal, and has now a population of about 8000, and ere long

promises to outstrip Rochester itself. Its situation, though having one front upon the lake, is far from agreeable, the surrounding country being flat and uncultivated. So low indeed is some part of the town, that heavy westerly gales raise such a swell on this vast inland sea as to cause a considerable inundation, frequently proving destructive to the property on the margin of the water.

During the morning we visited the Seneca tribe of Indians, who, to the amount of 700 or 800, possess a large tract of land of an irregular form, but containing about 100 square miles, to the S. E. of the town, upon which their farms and woods closely verge. The school in the mission house, four miles from Buffalo, is an object of great interest. It consists of from thirty to thirty-five boys and girls, between the ages of eight and fourteen, the greater portion of whom are maintained at the mission house by the society, the parents scarcely contributing any thing towards their support. The instructor informed us that some of them now and then brought a few provisions and some clothing, but nothing more. We heard the first class read the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew, without any previous study, each scholar (there being eight in the class) reading two verses until the chapter was concluded, afterwards spelling and defining the most difficult words in it, in a manner which would have reflected great credit upon English children of the same age. Their mistress said that she invariably found them intelligent, willing and apt to learn; but their countenances appeared to me very heavy, and far from being indicative of sense. They are allowed to converse with each other in the English language only, and have been christened after the most approved American manner. In the first class, there were Phoebe, Letitia, Maria, and other awkward creatures, with similar rustic names; and two clumsy looking lads, of fourteen years of age, with faces as round and flat as a Cheesecake, were known as James and Edward, though I could imagine their distinctive titles amongst the tribe would be "Sleepy-eye," and "Owl." The mission has been established nine years; and, though there are but few church going people amongst the tribe, yet it is equally divided between the Christians and worshippers of the Great Spirit, the latter of whom are steady opposers of the mission and will never cross the threshold of the house. The tribe (which since the death of their celebrated warrior, "Red Jacket," has been governed by a kind of oligarchy of chiefs) is divided, according to their religion, into two distinct parties, which, though associating but little, yet live upon good terms with each other, having the same influence and an equal voice in the councils and management of the public affairs. All the reservation is common property; but, if any individual clears and encloses a tract for the purposes of cultivation, no one can interfere with that farm so long as he tills the ground; for the time being, it is to all intents and purposes his own. Many of the tribe are honest, industrious farmers; we saw several of them with their squaws riding to town on horseback, and in the common American carriage, or carry all. But the majority are indolent and intemperate, suffering much in winter for want of clothing and provisions, and being generally supplied with the necessaries of life by their richer and more sensible brethren, some of whom, even were they of the "pale faces," would be considered men of small but independent fortune.

The church, situated near the Mission-house, is a neat wooden edifice, with accommodation for about two hundred and fifty persons. The psalms and prayers are printed on one page of the book in the Seneca and on the opposite in the English language. The members of the church marry according to the established form.

We now proceeded to a house in the village (which is scattered widely over the country,) for the purpose of making some enquiries respecting their treatment of the cholera, which had already appeared with fatal effects amongst many of the Indian tribes. A party, amongst whom were several women, were sitting at the door busily employed in picking greens for dinner, despite the great outcry raised against vegetables at this time. The females, upon our approach, immediately rising, entered the house, while I entered into conversation with a heavy, dull-looking man. He spoke English, and was a thorough Yankee, guessing I came from the east, and reckoning that it was considerable sickly in New York. When I came to the point, however, and wished to discover the cholera remedy, he referred me to a lean, Roman-nosed, curly-headed man, who did not understand English, and put my questions as an interpreter to him. This man pointed out some herbs which grew wild in every direction, saying that they boiled and then administered them as a broth to the patient, wrapping him af-

torwards in blankets, and producing great artificial heat in his body by means of hot stones, &c. This treatment had met with wonderful success, there being only eleven deaths out of one hundred cases, a much greater proportion of recoveries than amongst the "pale faces." I tasted the herbs, and found one to be the wild chamomile; the other was hot and pungent to the taste, and fiery as Cayenne pepper. The houses in the village were similar to those of the American labouring class, and the "Indian Hotel" was quite a respectable-looking edifice, and doubtless well attended. As in many other instances, I had formed very erroneous ideas of the personal appearance of the red men of the woods, imagining them to be noble-looking warriors, of fine stature, with countenances of the Grecian or Roman cast; but I found them more like the dark and vengeful Malay. A French gentleman, one of my fellow-travellers, had evidently formed a similar opinion; for when I pointed out to him a female of the tribe, who, with her papoose (infant) slung across her shoulders, and in her person resembling a moving bundle of old clothes, was walking past the hotel in Buffalo, he enquired with the greatest *marvelé* to what sex the person belonged, and, upon my informing him, exclaimed, raising his hands with astonishment, "Oh! la malheureuse! la malheureuse!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KING'S DOMINIONS—NIAKARA FALLS—FORT GEORGE.

In the evening, taking a carriage, we drove to Black Rock, and, crossing the violent stream of Niagara to the little hamlet of Waterloo by a horse-ferry, stepped ashore into our own good king's dominions. I really felt quite at home again, for what reason I know not: I had experienced nothing but civility and attention in the United States; yet here we were at a hop, step, and a jump in another land. Every thing denoted a different country; the first signs we saw over the public-house doors were "the Crown," "the King's Arms," with other loyal superscriptions, and the first steamer which dashed past us was the "Adelaide." It was truly a relief to my eyes after the many and various Eagles I had sojourned at and the divers "Citizens' Union Line" steam boats, in which I had travelled.

We proceeded down the Niagara River, which flowing out of Lake Erie at Buffalo with a rapid descent, and varying from five hundred yards to two miles in width, empties itself after a course of thirty miles into Lake Ontario at Fort George. It was a mild and agreeable summer's evening, and, without viewing things with a prejudiced eye, I certainly never enjoyed a journey in the States so much as this one, and never travelled on a road, not excepting even the famous Ridge-way, to be compared with it. The bridges were strong and well built, the road level and free from corduroy and ruts, running the whole extent of our ride parallel to the river, without any fence intervening between us and the water, but flanked on the other hand by well cleared and cultivated grounds, and neat old-fashioned cottages. Of all our party, seven in number, probably I did not the most enjoy the scene, yet to me it was truly delightful,—one of those few which men are permitted to enjoy. Two hours' drive brought us to Chippewa Battle Ground, when I paid my respects to the field by walking over it, with the last true account of the action in my hand, to ascertain the position of the contending armies. While looking out for some mound or brief monument (of which there was not even a single vestige,) erected to the memory of the numerous brave who fell on the hard-contested day of the 5th of July, 1814, I saw the light white cloud of spray rising from the Falls of Niagara, beautifully gilded by the declining sun. Battle Ground, King's Arms, and well-cleared country, were alike forgotten, and, throwing myself into the carriage, I leaned back, keeping my eyes as intently fixed upon the white pillar of spray as the Mussulman does his penetrating gaze upon the new moon. Twenty minutes more took us past the bold and beautiful Rapids to the Pavilion Hotel. My French friends, true to their national feature, were noisy in exclamation and other tokens of surprise, joy, and astonishment; the English, characteristic of their country, spoke not a word; but, not the less feeling the beauties of the prospect, gazed on the magnificent scene in silent admiration. As I could almost pardon the Parsee for adoring so splendid a phenomenon as the rising sun in all its eastern glory, so could I excuse the red man of the woods for his devotion at the Falls of Niagara. How much more noble a deity than the muddy, slow, sacred stream of the Ganges! Probably we could not have been introduced to such a scene at a more fa-

vourable time; a brilliant rainbow was dancing in the spray, as it was agitated to and fro by the light evening breeze, and, even while we looked on, the last rays of the sun, as it sunk below the horizon, tinged the vapoury mist with a hue no artist could imitate. The snow-white wreaths of water, as they rushed over the broad ledges of rock with furious violence, for a mile above the falls, contrasted with the dark blue surface of the still calm current above, and the vivid green sheet as it shot forth from its dark bed over the tremendous precipice into the foaming abyss below, presented a scene which it is the good fortune of but few to see, of still fewer to appreciate, and which none can well describe. I have read many accounts and descriptions, seen innumerable prints and sketches of the Falls of Niagara; but not a single one ever gave me the remotest idea of their stupendous magnificence. I should say to all those people who possess the means of gratifying their admiration of the works of nature, "If you wish to form an idea of the noblest sight in the creation, cross the Atlantic, and, seeing, judge for yourselves."

Towards midnight, when nought was heard but the thundering of the mighty cataract, I walked out and stood on the bank for some time, looking at the awfully grand scene beneath me, which is equally sublime when viewed by the soft and silvery but indistinct light of the moon as during the brighter rays of the meridian sun, and is certainly more calculated in the former case to inspire a feeling of awe. Upon me the scene made a deep and lasting impression. Retiring to my bed, I dreamed of strange events, of vast waters rushing through my ears, of drowning people, of leaping fearful cataracts, and such a dreadful medley of perils by flood and field that I was well pleased to find myself, at break of day, snugly and safely lodged in a warm bed and secure house.

After breakfast the following morning I walked out to explore the falls more minutely, the preceding evening having afforded but a superficial view of them; and, proceeding a few paces from the hotel, I arrived at a zig-zag path, which led down the steep and wooded bank to the level of the river above the falls, which is about one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet below the surface of the surrounding country. The river's banks are between fifteen and twenty feet high, from Buffalo to the village of Chippewa, when the rapids commence and pass over a series of falls with a declination of sixty feet in a mile, until they reach the grand cataract, where the perpendicular descent of the Canada side is one hundred and fifty-eight, and on the American one hundred and sixty-four feet. An island of considerable extent divides the river into unequal portions, the Canada or Horse-shoe Fall (so called from its shape) being 1,800 feet in length, and the American but 900. The river, for some distance before arriving at this spot, takes an easterly direction, when, the falls being passed, it suddenly diverges at right angles and pursues a northerly course towards Lake Ontario. The formation of the Horse-shoe can be very naturally accounted for by the greatest rush of water being in the centre of the river, and by attrition wearing away the rock, so that the falls are slowly retiring towards Lake Erie. In process of time, some 10,000 years hence I suppose, by a moderate calculation, the upper lake will be drained, and a succession of rapids only will intervene between Huron and Ontario. The last time any quantity of rock gave way was about two years since, when nearly a quarter of an acre fell from the centre of the Horse-shoe, with such a tremendous crash as very sensibly to affect the ground upon which the hotel stands, and the cottages in the immediate vicinity. Neither the heavy autumnal floods, the melting of the winter's snow, nor breaking up of the ice, make any sensible difference in the colour or quantity of the vast body of water which flows down from the upper lakes. To fall into the rapids at Chippewa, or venture within a mile of the great cataract in a boat, is considered by the peasantry almost inevitable death. Many instances are on record of men and boats being carried over it, from attempting to cross the stream too rashly within the sweeping influence of the rapids. Nevertheless 'tis said, and I have heard it gravely asserted by some people, (though they were not eye witnesses certainly,) that an old squaw once ran the gauntlet of both rapids and falls in her birch canoe, and rising again, amongst the bubble and foam of the boiling abyss, she shook her long disheveled locks awhile to discover whereabouts she was, and then swam ashore unscathed, untouched! But—

"Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego."

She must have been one of the witches of old, taking a bath or a jaunt in her sieve for pleasure.

Had we but arrived a few hours sooner, we should have witnessed the destruction of the scow, which, laden with a horse, twelve hogs, two or three sheep, and a dozen cords of wood, had struck against the pier, in making the entrance to the Chippewa Canal, and springing a leak became unmanageable. The crew, immediately perceiving their danger, threw themselves into their canoe and effected their escape ashore. The horse, it was said (with the same instinct that prompted the bears who leaped from the schooner three years since, though it was intended they should pass the falls for the innocent amusement of some thousands of American spectators,) sprang overboard and swam ashore. The vessel, with the unfortunate animals left to their fate, was carried over the centre of the vast Horse-shoe, scarcely a vestige of the wreck ever reappearing. I walked for a mile along the beach in search of fragments of the vessel, but did not observe any of its timbers exceed six feet in length, although many of them were nine inches in thickness, and in no instance was there any portion of two planks still connected. The only sheep which appeared again above water, and which was driven ashore perfectly dead at the ferry, nearly half a mile below the falls, was dreadfully mangled. The bones of its legs were broken and even crushed, as if they had been placed in a vice; but a hog, which lay near it, showed no outward signs of injury, and only bled profusely at the mouth.

The wood which has passed the falls at various times has been collected in the small rocky inlets, and at the head of the backwaters, with the edges rounded off perfectly smooth by the incessant tossing it received before it floated out of the attractive power of the falls. Even the natives of the stream do not appear proof against their influence, as numerous dead fish are always to be found on the sides of the banks near the ferry.

The grandest view of the deep gulf into which the river descends is from Table Rock, a large projecting slab on the Canadian side, formed by the under stratum, which is of a soft substance, being washed away. Two guides live within a few paces of it, and each has erected an enclosed spiral stair-case, from his wooden shanty down the side of the rock, to the loose shelving bank eighty or ninety feet beneath, along which there is an easy path to the foot of the cataract. Having with two of my fellow travellers expressed a wish to walk behind the falling sheet, we were provided with oil-skin dresses, having first divested ourselves of our usual apparel. Our new garments were by no means the most comfortable which could have been devised; they had been made for men of all sizes, shapes, and dimensions, from Daniel Lambert down to the "*anatomic vivante*;" and I was some time arranging matters, so that I might have a chance of retaining possession, when the furious hurricane should inflate them like the bags of *Æolus*. The shoes had evidently visited the water two or three times daily for the last half-dozen years at least, and, having been as often exposed to the sun, had become nearly as hard and inflexible as sheet iron. To crown all, we had each a glazed hat, and, thus equipped, we descended the staircase, and, gaining the sloping bank, descended for seventy or eighty paces under the overhanging rock, until within a short distance of the dense cloud of spray, and dark semicircular entrance, when a council of war was held with regard to ulterior movements. The day was stormy, and inclined to rain; the wind blew in strong gusts up the stream, making the waves to curl up in wreaths of foam, and cast such a dismal gloom over every thing around us as to render the appearance of our undertaking far from inviting. One of the party backed out, asserting that his lungs were weak, and a friend had told him "there was a difficulty in breathing behind the fall," so that he would not attempt to explore the dark recess: a second said that he "decidedly would not go any farther, that there was nothing whatever to see, and that mere braggadocios only went behind, so that they might talk about it afterwards." I was thus left in the minority, but, as Falstaff says, "Honour pricked me on," and, being resolved to see all that was to be seen, I boldly told the guide to lead the way, and, with a caution to keep my head down, we entered the thick mist, boring our way slowly through it in the dark. The path was at first over a narrow ledge of rock, only a few inches in breadth, and affording but a very insecure footing; the guide however grasped one of my hands firmly, while with the other I took hold of the rough projections in the rock. The wind, which equalled a tornado, blew the water against my face in such torrents that I could scarcely see; but I felt no difficulty in breathing. After proceeding thirty or forty feet behind the sheet of water, the wind moderating a little, the water descended in a

more perpendicular stream, and my surprise almost amounted to disappointment when the guide stopped, and said we had arrived at "Termination Rock." I scarcely credited that we had advanced one hundred and fifty feet, and made an attempt to pass the *ne plus ultra*, but found it utterly impracticable, the rock becoming too abrupt to afford either a footing or a firm hold to the hands. Until this point the path is about twenty-five feet above the level of the water, and the base of the curve, between the great body of the falling sheet and rock, is about forty feet. The guide here told me to look up; but the water dashed with such impetuous violence against my face, and the light shone so dimly through the watery medium, that I made the experiment but thrice. While I amused myself with shouting at the extent of my voice, the guide was making the best use of his time in securing a quantity of the eels which abound amongst the loose stones. I could scarcely, however, hear myself; so, despairing of having any effect upon the ears of my friends in the open air, I rejoined them but a trifle wiser than when I entered, and felt rather hard pressed for an answer to their oft-repeated enquiries of "Well, what did you see?" and their jests upon my half-drowned appearance, as I stumbled over the stones, pumping the water out of my shoes at every step, and my hair adhering to my cheeks in long straight lines. Having resumed my habiliments, the following certificate was handed to me, so that hereafter no one might venture to doubt my prowess:

"This may certify that Mr. Coke, British Army, has passed behind the great falling sheet of water to Termination Rock. Given under my hand at the office of the general register of the names of visitors at the Table Rock, this 15th day of August 1832.

"John Murray."

And on the reverse, as the medallist would say, the following exquisite morceau:—

"Niagara Falls."

The following was suggested by paying a visit to the "Termination Rock," one hundred and fifty-three feet behind the great falling sheet of water at the Falls of Niagara, on the 6th of August 1828:—

"Look up! look up! the spray is dashing—

Roaring waters foaming sweep;
O'er our heads the torrent's clashing,
Hurling grandeur down the steep.

Oh, mortal man! beneath that splendour,
How trifling, empty, vain, and poor!
Prepare then, sinner, to surrender
All thoughts unhallowed or impure.

Tremendous is the scene around us;
Oh, mark how wild the waters ring!
Terrific columns, bright, surround us:
Grand are thy works, O God, our King.

David M. Day's Print, BUFFALO.

Two days afterwards, those gentlemen who had deserted the cause on the previous occasion proposed to pass in rear of the fall, and, wishing to ascertain the appearance of it in a clearer state of the atmosphere, I accompanied them, and was much gratified with my second trip. The vast curved sheet over head now looked beautifully white and glaring, presenting an effect similar to that of the sun's rays upon ground glass, which render surrounding objects dim, and is too dazzling to gaze long upon. The smiling green verdure of the banks, with the deep blue sky reflected on the smooth surface of the river in the distance, and the brilliancy of the American Fall, seen through the thick spray at the entrance of this watery cavern, formed a strange contrast to the turbulence of every thing within. Though there was scarcely a breath of air without, yet the wind blew in the same heavy gusts behind the falls as on the preceding day, and, upon our return to the atmosphere, we were pushed out by the force of it so rapidly as to impress those persons standing without with the idea that we were escaping as rapidly as possible from the fall. I might be said to be bounding before it under bare poles; for, the guide's wardrobe being too scanty for our party of four, each of us was under the necessity of dispensing with certain portions of the requisite dress; and it fell to my lot to obtain only a pair of the afore-mentioned torturing shoes, a hat four inches less in circumference than my head, and a short frock coat of oil-skin, and thus equipped, a *P.Ecosse*, I encountered the fury of the storm. I should pronounce the undertaking perfectly safe for a man of the most delicate lungs, and even for ladies possessed of moderate nerves: one of the latter, with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted, penetrated as far as Termination Rock, and I believe this is not a solitary

instance. Any one who can make up his mind to walk out in a heavy thunder-shower, accompanied by a stiff gale of wind, may as safely venture in rear of the falls. With proper caution, there is no real danger; the first sight of the enormous column of water, as it descends from the mountain (Niagara being derived from two Indian words signifying "coming from above," or "from a mountain,") may raise fears, which, however, become dissipated on further acquaintance.

The hotel, and four hundred acres of ground, have been lately purchased by a company (of which, I believe, the British Consul at New York is the head,) who purpose founding a city, which is to be commenced immediately, under the name of the "City of the Falls," or "Clifton"—I forget which. The hotel, which is to be pulled down, may be well spared, without loss in any respect. It was not only a dirty and uncomfortable place, but I felt my English blood almost boil in my veins when I found myself sitting in company with two servant women at the table d'hôte, at the same time that their mistress occupied a place at the other end of the table. I could have very well accommodated myself to such neighbours in the States, but never expected to have found the levelling system introduced into the British provinces to such an extent. After being exposed to it during every meal for three days, I crossed the river to dine at the American village, where the hotel was much more comfortable, and kept by no less a personage than a general. This, however, was no novelty; for in such a nursery for militias, volunteers, and citizen guardsmen, as the States, a man need not think himself in the slightest degree honoured by being waited upon by a general officer.

The company of speculators intend erecting grist-mills, store-houses, saw-mills, and all other kinds of ornamental buildings, entertaining the most sanguine hopes of living to see a very populous city. The die then is cast, and the beautiful scenery about the falls is doomed to be destroyed. Year after year will it become less and less attractive. Even at this time they were surveying and allotting, and proprietors were planning one front of their house upon the falls, the other upon Lundy's lane, and meditating the levelling some of the rock, so as to form a pretty little flower-garden. It would not much surprise me to hear before many years have elapsed, that a suspension bridge has been thrown across the grand Horse-shoe to Goat Island, so that the good people of Clifton may be the better enabled to watch the pyramidal bubbles of air rising from the foot of the cataract. 'Tis a pity that such ground was not reserved as sacred in perpetuum; that the forest trees were not allowed to luxuriate in all their wild and savage beauty about a spot where the works of man will ever appear paltry, and can never be in accordance. For my own part, most sincerely do I congratulate myself upon having viewed the scene before such profanation had taken place. The small manufacturing town of Manchester (what a romantic name and what associations!), upon the American bank, at presents detracts nothing from the charm of the place, the neat white-washed houses being interspersed with trees and gardens; but when once the red and yellow painted stores, with their green Venetian blinds, tin roofs, and huge smoking chimneys arise, farewell to a great portion of the attraction Niagara now possesses.

A ferry-boat half a mile below the Canadian Fall, crosses to Manchester, landing the passengers within fifty yards of the American one, where the water is precipitated over a flat perpendicular rock three hundred yards in breadth. The prosperity of this village has been much retarded by two causes, one from its liability to destruction, being a frontier settlement; and the other—by no means an uncommon cause in the United States,—the extravagant price demanded by an individual, the great proprietor, for a grant of the water privileges allowed by the rapids. Two or three hundred yards from the bank above the ferry, and at the entrance to the village, a wooden bridge has been thrown over the rapids to a small island on which there is a paper mill, and connected with Goat Island, which is of considerable extent, and divides the two falls. Truly the men who were employed in the erection of this bridge must have been in full possession of Horace's *æs triplex*, for a more perilous situation could scarcely be imagined. A slip of a workman's foot would precipitate him into the rapids, whence he would pass with the rapidity of lightning over the falls. It was constructed at the expense of General Porter, an American officer of distinction, during the late war, and appears strong and firmly situated. The piers are of loose stones, confined together by a wooden frame or box, and the floor of planks twelve

feet in width. There was one erected previously at the upper end of the island, and out of the great power of the rapids, it was continually subject to injury from the drift-ice, whereas in its present situation the rapids render the ice harmless, by breaking it before it arrives so low as the bridge. Goat Island is thickly covered with trees; but a road has been formed round it, and across it, to a position on the opposite side, from which the Canadian Fall is seen to great advantage. Another platform (for it can scarcely be called a bridge) has been constructed upon some detached masses of stone, called the Terrapin Rocks, which extend into the stream nearly three hundred feet, and to the very verge of the cataract. The platform projects twelve or fifteen feet beyond the last rock, so that a person standing at the end can look down into the foaming abyss. The situation apparently is not a very secure one, for the end is utterly unsupported, being merely upheld by the superior weight of the timber upon the last natural pier. A large party of us walked out to the outer extremity; but observing upon what a slight thread we were trusting ourselves, and the idea of the stage being overbalanced by our weight, and launching us all into the cataract and the next world, occurring to our minds, we soon retreated to a more secure position.

It has been estimated that upwards of 100,000,000 of tons of water pass the falls in an hour, of which at least two thirds fall over the Horse-shoe. The centre of this fall is particularly grand, the water falling in so thick a body that it descends nearly fifty feet in an unbroken sheet of the most vivid green. At the upper edge, where it begins to descend, the dark thin ledge of rock over which it is precipitated is distinctly visible, and gives the water in that part a beautiful and deep blue tinge. The noise of the falls is not near so stunning or so loud as the descent of so large a quantity of water might be supposed to produce. Some writer (Captain Hall, I believe) has compared it to that of the surf at Madras; the similarity of sound struck me, but I thought the roar of the waves breaking upon the sandy beach, even in moderate weather, much greater than that of Niagara. I have heard the former in calm evenings at the cantonment of Poonamalle, a distance of fourteen miles; but the latter was very indistinct at nine or ten. My bed-room at the hotel was only four hundred yards distant from the river, and I thought the noise of the falls, at night, much resembled that of boisterous and windy weather, and just sufficient for producing a most soporific effect upon me. Frequently I sat down upon the banks of the stream with my eyes closed, racking my brain in vain to discover what the sound of the cataract did really resemble. When the wind was blowing from the falls towards me at the distance of two miles, it was like that of a vast quantity of flour-mills at work, or large manufactories in the immediate vicinity. And then it appeared as if numerous carriages were driving at a furious rate along the road, and more than once I started up on my feet to ascertain who were coming. At times the noise would rise and fall as if the water were affected by some gust of wind or a heavy swell; the next moment the sound of machinery, and again the surf of Madras, would appear before me, and not unfrequently it would resemble the sound of a common waterfall, with which, probably, every one is well acquainted, but which almost any one would find it difficult to describe. Although Patch, of full-leaping celebrity, has generally the credit of leaping these falls, he is entitled only to that of having descended from a platform at an elevation of one hundred and twenty feet upon the staircase upon Goat Island into a backwater of the river.

The field of battle of Lundy's Lane is in the vicinity of a small village one mile from the falls, and was the scene of the hardest contested action during the late war. A burial ground has been formed and a church is in construction upon the rising eminence where the British artillery was posted, and where the bodies of those who fell were buried. The remaining portion of the field was purchased after the conclusion of the peace by an officer who was present in the action, and who now resides there.

The whole of this part of the frontier is a fine and fertile country; but, owing to its long settlement and bad mismanagement, the soil has become nearly exhausted. I did not see any part of America which I should prefer as a residence to that which lies between Lakes Erie and Ontario. It is much sought after by retired officers, and the better class of emigrants. The majority of the company at the hotel during my stay there consisted of families lately arrived, who were making purchases in the vicinity. If the settler seek society, he may meet a continued stream of his countrymen on their pilgrimage to the most stupendous natural curiosity in the world; and

if he wish retirement, he may have it in perfection, for the attention of all travellers is so entirely engrossed by the one grand object, that they trouble not themselves with making visits, or intruding upon those who have settled down within hearing of the roar of the cataract.

Every one with whom I had previously conversed upon the subject most carefully impressed upon me that I should be disappointed with the falls. Like a good philosopher, therefore, I had prepared myself to meet the disappointment with calmness and resignation, recalling to my mind all the penny prints I had seen in my childhood, representing the pine tops, the bare rocks with a solitary goat or an Indian perched upon a promontory, and a smooth sheet of water rolling over the side of the said rock. The result was that I gazed upon them hour after hour, in the bright glare of the noon-day sun, the soft light of the moon, the sombre haze of the storm, the mild and lovely serenity of the summer's eve, with renewed and increasing admiration. I condemned those who had told me I should be disappointed as having no taste, and found fault with every living and dead author for not having sufficiently praised them. But I soon discovered that I could not succeed any better in description than in delineation of the scenery upon which the full power of my poor pencil was in vain bestowed, and all my labour was lost in attempting to give a representation which might impart to my friends some faint idea of the stupendous grandeur of the scene. The more a person gazes upon the falls, the more he admires them. New beauties appear with every change of wind and every passing cloud. In a damp and calm atmosphere, when the spray ascends like a dense fog to the height of 500 or 600 feet, and mingles with the clouds, the scene differs more than one who has not witnessed it can imagine, from the appearance on a clear, sun-shining, mid-day, when only a light mist rises and curls gracefully like the smoke of a distant hamlet, or as the sun verges towards the western horizon a beautiful rainbow is seen dancing in the spray, or when a strong breeze allows it to rise for a few feet above the upper level of the fall, and then sweeps it along within a few feet of the earth, it sprinkles the traveller, at the distance of half a mile, with a bounteous summer shower.

My time was so limited that I could spare only four days for Niagara, during which time my eyes were scarcely fit for any other object but the falls, and I parted from them with as much regret as if bidding farewell to an old friend, frequently turning round, when advanced many miles upon my journey, to gain a last glimpse of the light pillar of spray.

"What an idea Mr.— must have formed of them!" thought I, musing as I moved onwards. He was an old fellow-traveller I had met by chance at Buffalo, and, seeing him step into a coach after breakfast, I had the curiosity to ask him where he was bound to. "To the falls," was his reply. "And how long do you intend staying there?"—"I shall return in the evening;" and verily I met him eight hours afterwards half way back to the hotel from which he had started. He had hurried down to Manchester, fourteen miles distant, peeped at Goat Island, pulled across the ferry, toiled up the zig-zag road, peered over Table Rock, and throwing himself into another coach, hastened back by the Canada shore, and could now enjoy the satisfaction of telling his friends that he had seen the falls, or use the laconic word of the Roman, "veni, vidi."

An hour's drive brought us to Queenston Heights, upon which there is a monument of freestone 130 feet high, dedicated to General Brock.

We obtained a fine view from the summit of forts George and Niagara, with the vast expanse of blue waters of Lake Ontario, and York (the capital of Upper Canada) on its northern shore.

Lewiston, a mile from the ferry, on the opposite side of the river, though not possessing so fine a situation, promises to become a flourishing village; but presenting no object of interest, excepting the remains of Fort Gray upon the river's bank, I recrossed the Niagara, and arrived by sunset at Newark, Fort George, or Niagara (as it is severally called,) at the junction of the river with Lake Ontario. The first mentioned was the original name, but it was changed by law in 1798, and of late years has been more generally known as Fort George by the military and Niagara by the provincialists. As the Americans have a garrisoned fort of the latter name on the opposite bank, it creates much confusion and occasions frequent mistakes amongst travellers. Crossing the common, a crown reserve which is used as a race-course, my eyes were once again greeted with the sight of St. George's banner, and the athletic figure of a Highland sentinel, pacing to and fro on the broken ramparts of a

fort near the entrance to the town. A few minutes brought us to the best hotel, where, though the landlord used his utmost endeavours by civility and attention to render us comfortable, yet still I could not resist drawing secret and inward comparisons between the American and Canadian hotels—comparisons indeed, which were far from favourable to the latter; and I began to find my British prejudices in favour of the infallibility of every thing Canadian already wavering.

The town occupies a pretty situation on the margin, and about twenty feet higher than the lake, which has so much encroached upon it by the waves undermining the banks, that batteries which were thrown up but a few years since, as near as possible to the margin of the water, for the laudable purpose of annoying the enemy's fort on the opposite peninsula, have now nearly disappeared. The common above the town is intersected with the breast-works and redoubts of the English and Americans, as each party alternately had possession. These works, which are now rapidly crumbling into dust, and possess but the shadow of their former greatness, might with some trifling expense be again rendered formidable. At the present time they are only put to shame by the neat, white appearance of the American Fort Niagara, which being built exactly opposite the English town, and not 800 yards distant, might annoy it by a very effective bombardment.

The following day being Sunday, I attended service at the Scottish and English churches. As the former had been commenced from the foundation within only a few months, the interior was in a very unfinished state; but the congregation was large, and I was much struck with the fine soldier-like appearance of two companies of the 79th Highlanders, who attended in their full costume.

There having been a death by cholera in the hotel during the night, I was anxious to leave the town immediately; but, no public conveyance travelling on the Sabbath, I was necessarily detained until mid-day on the Monday, when embarking in a steamer I crossed the lake, and in five hours entered the harbour of York, the capital of Upper Canada.

CHAPTER XIX.

YORK, KINGSTON—RIDEAU CANAL—MONTREAL.

The old Indian name of York was Toronto, and it was so called from the circular bay upon whose margin the town is built; but the same rage and bad taste for modernising the names of places has spread over the Canadas as in the United States. The first objects which meet the eye upon approaching the bay are the miserable barracks and mud fort upon the left, Gibraltar Point and Light-house on the right, and the large building of the new parliament house in the town, about a mile distant from the fort, in front. The town, containing between 8000 and 9000 inhabitants, is situated on low ground, which rises gradually as it recedes from the lake, but attains no great elevation. The streets are straggling and ill paved, but the greater proportion of the private houses and shops are of good substantial masonry. The public buildings, with the exception of government-house, which in point of external appearance is little superior to a cottage, are plain and excellent, and the English church, when completed, will be a tasteful and ornamental structure. The new parliament house, a spacious brick building, was in an unfinished state, and had been appropriated for the purposes of an hospital during the prevalence of the cholera, of which cases were daily landing from every vessel that brought emigrants from Montreal. It was truly melancholy to see some of the wretched objects who arrived; they had left England, having expended what little money they possessed in laying in a stock of provisions for the voyage and payment of their passage across the Atlantic, expecting to obtain work immediately when they landed in Lower Canada. Being deceived in these prospects, they became a burden upon the inhabitants of Quebec, or the provincial government. Forty-five thousand emigrants of all classes landed in that city during the first three months of the season, and the fate of many of them was miserable in the extreme. Nearly every headland of the St. Lawrence was occupied by a hospital, tenanted by numerous sufferers. Those who had some small funds, and intended settling in the lands belonging to the Canada Company, were forwarded to the upper country in the following manner. The emigrant who purchased not less than two hundred acres in the scattered crown reserves, or one hundred acres in the Huron Tract, received a passage to the head of Lake Ontario, upon depositing with the company's agent at Quebec a sum of money equal to the price of his conveyance to the head of

the lake. After he had fixed upon his land, he showed the receipt for his forwarding-money to the company's agent at York, and it was taken in part payment of his second instalment, the company allowing the purchasers of their lands to pay by six instalments in five years, and giving them a right to occupy the lots after payment of the first instalment.

The situation of York is far from an inviting one, the inhabitants being subject during certain seasons to the fever and ague, caused by the marshy ground which lies close to the town and around the head of the bay. It is almost to be regretted that a better site could not have been chosen for the capital of an increasing country. Though a more central position than Kingston at the foot of the lake, yet in no other respects does it equal it. The bay is too shallow to admit vessels of even moderate burden, and in time of war it is always exposed to the incursions of American gun-boats, and the town subject to be sacked, as in 1813. Some years since it was proposed that the capital of Upper Canada should be on the borders of Lake Simcoe, and a water communication be opened with Montreal by means of the shallow lakes and Rideau Canal; but I believe all thoughts of removing the seat of government from York are now entirely laid aside. The land in the immediate vicinity is poor and cold, but becomes more fertile as the distance from the lake increases, and good farms are abundant towards Lake Simcoe, and on the side of the road called Yonge Street. The place is however only in its infancy as yet, and said to be increasing rapidly, though the comparisons between it and Buffalo, the last American town I had seen, and of a very few years' growth, were much in favour of the latter. There are no places of public amusement, and the chief diversion for the young men appeared to consist in shooting musquito hawks, which hovered plentifully about the streets and upon the margin of the bay in an evening. Upon these occasions the sportsmen made their appearance, equipped in shooting jackets, and attended by their dogs, as if prepared for the 12th of August on the moors of Scotland.

I found nothing here to make a longer stay than three days desirable, and was on the point of proceeding to Burlington Bay, for the purpose of seeing the head of the lake, and visiting Brandt, the celebrated chief of the Six Nations of Indians, who possess a large reservation there, when an officer, who had just arrived from Brandtford, informed me had seen a man dying of cholera in the chief's house the preceding day.* Being in a bad state of health myself at this time, and uncertain of obtaining medical assistance there if required, in company with a friend I embarked in a steamer, and arrived at Kingston the following morning, after an unpleasant voyage of twenty hours, over a short, dancing sea, which I found by far more disagreeable than the long swell of the Atlantic.

The town and uncomfortable inns were crowded to excess, owing to the assizes and the bishop's visitation occurring together; nor was it without great difficulty that we succeeded in obtaining a sleeping apartment upon the ground floor of the principal hotel. Justice appeared to be distributed and the representative of the law to be attired in the same plain and simple manner as in the States. We saw the sheriff dressed in plain clothes, but with a cocked-hat, queue, and sword, walking through the streets to the court-house, with a judge, undistinguished by dress, upon either side of him.

The town, which contains about 5000 inhabitants, lies upon the margin of an arm of the lake, with the navy-yard upon the opposite peninsula, formed by this inlet, and the entrance to the lake of the Thousand Isles. By the Indians, an old encampment which they had upon the spot where the town now stands was called Catarakwi. When the French became lords of the soil, they erected a fort, and named it Frontenac, in honour of the governor of Canada, and both were in turn ousted by the English; and Kingston, during the late war, being the great naval depot for the fleets upon the lakes, it was a busy, flourishing place, but declined with the peace. It may now, however, experience a re-action from the Rideau Canal communicating with the lake here, and be again restored to its former prosperity. This canal continues up the inlet of the bay until it reaches the first locks at the mills, five miles distant: the masonry and the whole workman-

* Brandt (or Tekanehogan, as he was sometimes called) was carried off by the same disease a few days after I left York. He had distinguished himself upon several occasions during the last war with the United States, and was a polished, well-informed man. His habits were those of a European, and, in his earlier days, he had resided for some time in England. His father's name has been immortalised in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

ship connected with them are much superior to those upon the Erie or Chesapeake and Ohio Canals. The total number of locks between Kingston and Bytown, upon the Ottawa River, one hundred and thirty-six miles distant, is forty-seven; their length about one hundred and forty, breadth thirty-three, and depth sixteen or seventeen feet. Dams, upon a very extensive scale, have been had recourse to throughout the line of canal, instead of excavations as in England. Where such works have been thrown across marshes, or the Rideau river, in order to swell the rapids and form a navigable stream, so vast an extent of stagnant water (in one place 10,000 acres) has been created as to render the settlements in the vicinity exceedingly unhealthy. I saw many of the workmen at the mills who were perfectly helpless from the marsh fever they had caught. These large inundations, however, in a few years will destroy the drowned forest, and a quantity of valuable land may then be reclaimed by small embankments. The whole work was completed at an expense to the imperial government of 700,000/. In the event of war with our neighbours, it will be found invaluable for the transportation of military stores and troops from the lower to the upper province, without being subject as heretofore to captures from the American force upon the St. Lawrence, or to running the gauntlet of the batteries upon their bank of the river. Like the Erie, in the state of New York, it will also encourage settlers along the whole line, as an outlet is now opened for the produce of their farms. Two steamers were at this time continually running between the Ottawa and Ontario, and the traffic of heavy boats also appeared considerable.

Several large hulks of vessels of war, built during the last war to cope with those of the Americans on the stocks at Sackett's Harbour, and which were never launched, are now fast falling to decay in the navy-yard at Kingston.

A seventy-four had been sold two or three months previously for 254, and a few days before our arrival a heavy squall of rain, accompanied by lightning, had split the St. Lawrence of 120 guns down the centre, and, the props giving way, the vessel broke into a thousand pieces, covering the ground all around with a heap of ruins. Ere long the remaining four or five frames will meet with a similar fate, as they are in a very advanced state of decay, partly owing to the want of proper care, and being run up hurriedly and of unseasoned timber. There is also the commodore's house (his flag, by the by, was at this time flying on a cutter stationed in front of this squadron of hulks,) and some fine marine barracks in the navy-yard. The ground rises abruptly in rear of them, and forms a shelter to the capacious bay in front of the town. On the summit of this elevated land a fort of considerable extent was repairing; it occupies an excellent position for defending the entrance to the harbour and the narrows of the St. Lawrence. The new barracks in the town are also fine substantial buildings enclosed by a loop-holed wall, and erected at the opposite extremity of the bridge to the marine barrack.

Brockville, upon the English bank, 50 miles from Kingston, is the prettiest town and situation I saw in Upper Canada. It is on the side of a hill, rising gradually from the St. Lawrence, with the Court-house and three churches on the summit, and the principal street running parallel with the water ornamented with a fine row of trees. The country on the bank below the town becomes better cleared and cultivated, with pretty hamlets and farm houses, which are well opposed to the dense dark forests on the American shore.

We arrived at Prescott, 72 miles from Kingston, early in the evening; but the inn was in so dirty a state, and the whole town presented such an uninviting aspect, that we were induced, in spite of the necessity of subjecting our baggage to the scrutiny of a custom-house officer, to cross the river to Ogdensburgh, immediately opposite, in the State of New York, where we found a comfortable hotel.* This town, which much differs in cleanliness of appearance from its Canadian neighbour, contains about 1200 inhabitants, and is situated at the mouth of the dark marshy waters of the Oswegatche, which, flowing from the Black Lake, eight miles distant, unites here with the deep blue St. Lawrence. The remains of the barracks, originally built by the French, and occupied by the British prior to the cession of the town in 1796, but burnt in the subsequent war, are seen on the point of land formed by the junction of the two streams.

Prescott contains from 800 to 1000 inhabitants; and being the head of the small craft navigation from Mont-

real, and the foot of the sloop and steam navigation with Lake Ontario, much business is carried on in the forwarding of goods and travellers, and a vast deal more in the smuggling line. Endless are the disputes and broils on account of the seizure of a steam-boat which plies between the two towns every ten minutes for the convenience of passengers, who are not unfrequently well supplied with contraband goods. Broadcloths and English goods of every description being much cheaper in the Canadas than in the United States, the summer shoal of Yankee travellers unite pleasure and business in their tour to see the Falls of Niagara and the fortifications at Quebec, by ordering their stock of apparel for the year at Montreal, thus evading the frontier duty. Many of the mercantile houses in Prescott and Ogdensburgh are connected. I had some conversation with a storekeeper who sat next to me at the *table d'hôte* in the latter town, and, walking into a warehouse in Prescott the following day, found him busily employed there. He said he had another establishment on the opposite side of the river.

After a detention of two days we succeeded in meeting with a bateau, which was proceeding down the St. Lawrence, a mode of travelling we considered preferable to a heavy coach over a bad road. The boat had arrived the preceding evening at Prescott with fifty Irish emigrants, after a passage of eight and a half days from Montreal, and was returning with a cargo of 100 barrels of flour from the Cleveland mills in Ohio, which, after payment of a duty of one dollar per barrel, at the Coteau du Lac, where it crosses the frontier, is rated as Canadian flour, and finds its way to England in British vessels. The bateau was a strong built craft, from 40 to 45 feet in length and 7 or 8 in width, and, being heavily laden, so much preparation was made by nailing skirting-boards round the bulwarks to prevent the spray damaging the cargo that I imagined we had embarked upon rather a dangerous undertaking. The whole complement of navigators, captain included, were longer in setting our solitary piece of canvas than it would have occupied the crew in reefing topails on board of a man-of-war. Our steersman bore the character of being the steadiest and most able pilot upon the river, having been accustomed to the navigation of it for twenty years. He took the vessel down the first rapid with sail set, which is considered rather an unusual thing, and so very slight was the inclination of the water that we began to think, if such were the far-famed rapids of the St. Lawrence, that the whole affair was a complete bugbear.

Passing sufficiently close to Cryslar's farm on the left bank to see the riddled gable ends of the cottages, and the extent of the position where the American army was repulsed in November 1814, when on their march to Montreal, we approached the rapids of the Long Sault. Our sail was stowed snugly away some time before we came in sight of the white breakers, and, as soon as the bateau dashed into the heavy swell, it evidently became a difficult matter to guide it. The steersman had laid his hat upon the deck, and his lips moved as he muttered a prayer to some favourite saint, whilst every nerve was strained in the guidance of his helm, as if the slightest deviation from the narrow track would subject us all to destruction. Upon the summit of every wave, the boat gave a bound forwards; the centre of it, yielding to the shock, rose and fell with the motion of the waves, and, when it entered an eddy at a bend in the river, the full power of the oars was required to prevent it breaching to, when we should have inevitably been lost. The descent on the Canadian side of the river cannot be made, excepting for rafts of timber, and the only channel is by the terms of the treaty thrown entirely into the hands of the Americans, the islands being divided, by each power taking the alternate one; the island in this place lies between the channel and the British shore. With an unskilful or timid pilot, the descent of the rapids would be a perilous undertaking, as any chance of safety by swimming would be hopeless; and for real pleasure one descent is quite sufficient. If I were ever to travel down the course of the St. Lawrence again, I should take the land conveyance from Prescott to Cornwall, though I never enjoyed myself more than during the five hours I was on board the bateau this day, and we outstripped the coach two hours and a half in the journey of fifty miles. We saw a steam-vessel which was off the stocks and nearly completed at Prescott, for the purpose of running down the smaller rapids, and constructed upon a novel principle. The vessel was of great length and extremely narrow in the beam, with six long cylindrical boilers, and the paddles astern, on the supposition that in ascending the stream they will

propel the vessel quicker than paddles on the sides, which might retard its progress, by being opposed to the full power of the current. Four rudders were placed equi-distant on the stern, so as to give the steersman more command over the vessel in the violent eddies; and, if the experiment answered in the smaller rapids, it was intended to attempt the passage of the Long Sault.

After passing a most miserable night, toiling about in a heated room, and disturbed by the whispering and screaming of children, and the scolding of mothers, we embarked on the morning of the 28th of August on board a steamer, at that most uncomfortable of all homes aboard a ship,—five o'clock, when the passengers are all asleep in the cabin, the crew are washing and scrubbing the decks, and a thick cold mist rises from the surface of the water. The boundary line between the British territories and the United States runs on the verge of the village of St. Regis where the Iroquois tribe of Indians have a large settlement, a few miles below Cornwall, and just within the Canadian frontier. Their priest, a French Canadian, came on board and accompanied us to Montreal: he was a sensible, well-informed man, and told us, in the course of conversation, that he was a native of Quebec, and had never been out of the provinces, though he intended visiting Europe the ensuing season. His whole tribe, 800 in number, were Catholics, and, with the exception of 70 or 80, much addicted to drink, their mode of life (being employed in the arduous work of transporting goods up the river to Prescott) rather encouraging their natural inclination for spirituous liquors. The cholera had been raging amongst them violently, eighty of the tribe having died in a very short space of time, the priest performing the duties of surgeon in addition to his own. He was evidently a worthy man and much esteemed by the tribe: All the Indians we met upon the road and even in the streets of Montreal, sixty miles distant, saluted him by touching their hats and smiling with pleasure when they saw him. Throughout the country every one spoke in high terms of the exemplary conduct of the priests during the prevalence of the disease. The Iroquois have a second village at St. Louis of five hundred inhabitants, within a few miles of Montreal, and there is a third of four hundred farther down the St. Lawrence. We were informed by the priest that during the war of 1812, and the two ensuing years, the tribe took an oath at the altar, before entering the field, that they would not commit any cruelties upon their prisoners nor even scalp their enemies when dead, and that in no single instance was this sacred pledge broken. They had bestowed one of their significant, fine-sounding names upon him, the pronunciation of which I was attempted to learn, but the interpretation of it was—"The man who carries the work;" that of his predecessor in the pastoral duties had been "the rising sun," from his eyes being generally fixed upon the heavens.

At the village of Coteau du Lac, at the lower extremity of Lake St. Francis, we took coaches through a flat but well-cleared country, with a continued street of French settlers' houses on the road side. At the *Coteau rapids* there is a fort of considerable extent; and a few miles further are the Cedars, the prettiest rapids on the St. Lawrence, where a detachment of General Lambart's army was lost through the unskilfulness of the pilots, when moving down to the attack of Montreal in 1776. A canal is now excavating for the purpose of avoiding these rapids, which are more dangerous than any of the others, the water being shallower. As we passed them the wreck of a bateau was visible above the surface. At a point of land below the Cedars we again embarked on a steamer, and, proceeding through Lake St. Clair, passed a fort erected during the late war by a convict at Montreal in a spirit of loyalty. It appeared to be kept in excellent repair, and formed a pretty object upon a headland of the smooth lake. A cross erected on the summit betokened its present unwelcome occupation, and accordingly we found it now the residence of monks.

At the village of Lachine, on the island of Montreal, we again landed, and took coaches through a densely populated country, and on that account more closely resembling Europe than any district I had seen in America. The suburbs of Montreal are much like those of a French town, and crowded with small taverns with seats and trees in front of them. Signs are suspended across the street, upon which all the good things that may be obtained within the house are recommended, and inscriptions in both languages attract the traveller. One or two dispensers of café and eau-de-vie have mounted higher than their neighbours, and posted up some such couplet as the following:—

* Major Hamilton & Co. would have made a round-about journey rather than make such an acknowledgment:—Ed.

"Belfast Hotel.

Good morning, friends—
Come in and rest—there's yet a chair,
As you can have refreshments here."

The city when viewed from the low range of hills upon which the road is formed, has much the appearance of a European town. The approach to it from Lachine, nine miles distant, is exceedingly fine, the city being backed by the broad St. Lawrence and a bold mountainous country; but, upon entering it, we passed through such narrow and filthy streets, that it seemed to me sufficient to account for the dreadful mortality which had taken place from the cholera. Every seventh person had been cut off in the course of a few weeks, and every one seen in the streets showed by his dress that he was mourning the loss of a relative or a friend. At the time the disease was raging with the greatest violence, there being from 170 to 200 deaths daily out of a population of 32,000, a stranger entered the city, in his appearance almost resembling an Indian Paquir. His beard had been unshorn for weeks; his attire was tattered, and but little better than that of a common mendicant. He carried several small cases suspended from his neck, containing hog's lard, maple sugar, and charcoal, with which he proclaimed he would check the fury of the disease, and exposed himself wherever his assistance was required without receiving any remuneration. Many of the people looked upon him as being deranged, and held him up to ridicule; but others, who had seen whole families of their dearest friends swept off in a single day, were anxious to catch at any thing which bore even a most distant chance of cure along with it. Whether from having faith in these his simple medicines, or that they actually had some effect, I know not, but they grew so into repute that, when I arrived at Montreal, the "Charcoal Doctor" (as he was called) was catemmed by some as no less than their guardian angel. I saw a long letter addressed to him, signed by nearly two hundred people whom he had attended, and who did not hesitate to say that they considered him as sent by Divine Power to their assistance. He was now residing in an eminent practitioner's house, and still attended persons without making any charge for his services, only whoever required them paid for the hire of a carriage, his practice being too extensive for a pedestrian. I never could ascertain, nor could any one, I believe, have informed me, whence he came, who he was, or any thing about his previous life. There were, of course, ten thousand surmises, but the general opinion appeared to be that he was an American, from one of the New England States, and had been residing among the Indian tribes for many years, until accident had informed him of the dreadful pestilence raging in Montreal.

CHAPTER XX.

DESCRIPTION OF MONTREAL.—WOLFE AND MONTCALEM—FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

The island upon which Montreal is built is about 32 miles in length and seven in breadth, and formed at the junction of the Ottawa, or Grand River, which divides the Upper from the Lower Province, and the St. Lawrence. The black waters of the former river do not mix with those of the St. Lawrence even at the city, which is ten miles below the union of the two streams; but a distinct line or boundary between their waters can be seen at a considerable distance. This circumstance gave rise to the old Indian saying of, "As soon shall the waters of the Ottawa mix with those of the St. Lawrence as the blood of the red man with that of the pale faces." The river in front of the city is nearly two miles wide, but the depth is only sufficient for brigs and ships of small burden, of which but a very few lay in the stream at this time, though more mercantile business is transacted here than at Quebec. A noble quay extends for some distance along the margin of the water, and, being constructed of good substantial materials, is a great ornament to the city: it was only just completed, from the design of Captain Piper, I believe, of the Royal Engineers.

The prettily wooded island of St. Helens, two miles in circumference, lies opposite the town. There is a small fort and barracks at its lower extremity, which must, however, have been constructed only for the purpose of disputing the passage of the St. Lawrence, as the rocks rise so closely behind some of the buildings that a moderately active man might leap without much exertion on to their roofs, or a small party of riflemen might

subject the garrison to great annoyance. It is the grand depot of artillery and military stores for Canada; and, judging from late circumstances, such an establishment is much required. The 15th regiment of foot were encamped amongst the trees, having withdrawn from their quarters in the city in consequence of the cholera having made such havoc in the ranks; and, though at this time only half a mile distant from their barracks, not a single case had occurred since their residence in the island.

The mountain from which the city derives its name rises about 700 feet above the level of the river, and two miles in rear of Montreal. The summit and half way down its sides are covered with forest, but the base is occupied by some neat houses, with gardens and ornamental grounds.

The city possesses some fine public buildings, of which the catholic cathedral is probably superior to any thing of the kind on the whole American Continent, or any structure of the 19th century. The funds failed before it was completed; the tower, therefore, and some of the exterior ornamental work are unfinished. It is of dark gray stone, and built after the Gothic style of architecture. The dimensions of the interior are 255 by 130 feet, and it is capable of containing 12,000 people, there being two galleries on each side of it. The vaulted roof is supported by eighteen columns, stained in bad imitation of marble, and, with great want of good taste, has been chequered with alternate black and white stripes, which detract much from its beauty. At the south end, there is a large stained window, representing the ascension of our Saviour, but in my opinion executed in too gaudy a style to be pleasing: bright greens, and yellow, which are the predominant colours, neither have a good effect, nor do they throw a soft and mellowed shade over the body of the church.

I was shown through the Convent of gray nuns by a garrulous veteran of the 29th regiment, who had joined his corps in Canada in 1785, and the Hospital in 1791, having lost his left leg by accident. His recollections of England were indeed very faint; he had an indistinct idea that it was not so well wooded as America, that turnpike roads were more general, and that the population was rather thicker upon the ground, but nothing farther. He asked me if I was acquainted with Mr. Walton of London, and Mr. So-and-so of Liverpool; and, though by his own account he was a native of some village in Herefordshire, I overheard him telling one of the nuns that he came from the same town as myself and was well acquainted with my family! The hospital or convent (for it is known by both names) is situated between the St. Lawrence and a deep, dirty creek, over which a stone arch was erecting, so as to cover it in, the prevalence of the cholera having been partly attributed to the unwholesome effluvia arising from it. It is a large heavy pile of building, and has been much augmented of late years; the chapel was also now enlarging by means of funds transmitted from France, and, when I entered it, the fat old superior and two of the sisters were planning improvements, assisted by a host of carpenters and masons. All religions, sects, and nations, are alike admitted; and but lately the representatives of nine different nations were within its walls. Every room was neat and clean, and the inmates appeared as comfortable and happy as infirm and aged people could be. Including from fifty to sixty orphans, there were no fewer than 300 inmates; but a striking difference was apparent between the care and attention paid to the legitimate and illegitimate children: they were not only in separate rooms, but the former were far neater in their personal appearance, and bore evident symptoms of being better cared for than the others, who it would seem were supposed to have less powerful claims. A considerable income is derived from the sale of little fancy articles made by the nuns, of whom there are nearly thirty, and by the children, every visitor purchasing a few, for which he generally pays well without scruple, having been witness to the excellence and benefit of the institution. Though I visited it as early as half past 10 o'clock, I found old and young sitting down at well covered dinner tables.

The catholic is the prevailing religion in the city, and the Seigniory of the island is held by the clergy of that church, from which, with a heavy per centage upon the transfer by sale of all real estates, a large revenue is derived. Though so many English and Scots reside in the city, the French language is very generally spoken, and but few of the natives of the lower class speak English fluently. The shops are very excellent, and I never saw in one place so many for the sale of clothes,

the entire street of Notre Dame being occupied by them. The market-house is not only a shabby, but a dirty building; at the head of it is a monument erected to Nelson, about thirty feet in height, surmounted by his statue, with an inscription and relieves upon the pedestal. Adjoining it is the Place d'Armes, a levelled platform on the side of the hill upon which the city stands. Its length is about 300 yards, and breadth 100, and is a fine promenade, but no ornamental buildings front upon it. One side overlooks some fields, and the others are formed by the rear of the jail and some common private dwellings. The hotels are excellent, and the British American, where I resided during my stay at Montreal, is very comfortable—in fact, the finest house for the accommodation of travellers in the Canadas. A person is there relieved from witnessing the disagreeable habits so common in the United States; the habits indeed of the provincialists differ but very little from those of the old country.

There appeared, I was sorry to see, a most violent ill-will existing between the French and English settlers, which was carried to an extraordinary pitch on the side of the former, who in their public meetings did not hesitate to accuse the British government of sending a torrent of protestant emigrants "to wrest their native country from them, and (to quote the language of one of their orators) to obtain the disposal of a property which ought to serve as an outlet for the industry of the Canadian youth, and as an asylum for their posterity." But he yet hoped "that they might preserve their nationality, and avoid these future calamities, by opposing a barrier to this torrent of emigration." A resolution to the same intent was passed at a meeting held at St. Charles's, at which opulent and influential persons, who had filled high and honourable posts in the colony, took a lead. The Montreal Herald, an able and well-conducted paper, in noticing the proceedings of this meeting, says of the above resolution, "This uneasiness about the uncultivated lands arises from the anxiety of a party (who have long lived upon the delusive dream of one day reverting to France, or being able to revolutionise Canada) to arrest emigration, and thus prevent the settlement of those lands by British subjects, which must of course strengthen the hands of the government, and for ever dissipate the ridiculous idea of '*La nation Canadienne*.'" At this same meeting the British were also accused of having introduced the cholera into Canada; or, in the words of the resolution itself (the 13th), "That England will, in any case, have to justify herself, for having suffered so considerable an emigration at a time when she was under the frightful influence of the cholera, which by this means has been introduced into this colony, the climate of which is the most healthy in all America, and has covered it with mourning and desolation." I must confess that the little I saw and heard of the French Canadians impressed me with very unfavourable opinions of them. In the full enjoyment of their own religion, civil laws, and political rights—burdened by no taxes of any description—with free trade, and England's protection, they were dissatisfied and discontented. Not the slightest wish to improve the state of the country was any where visible; but every public undertaking of any importance was the work of too kind a stepmother. I had crossed the frontier with the expectation of finding one of the happiest and most loyal nations in the world; but, as far as my judgment went, found it far otherwise. To me the Canadians appeared utterly devoid of that spirit of enterprise which distinguishes the English and American settlers; and, though three fourths of the inhabitants of Lower Canada (or nearly 300,000) are of French descent, they are almost confined to the original settlements, along a narrow strip on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where they have impoverished the soil by their slovenly system of farming.

Leaving Montreal at eight o'clock in the evening, I lost a view of the scenery below the town, and of Sorrell at the mouth of the Chambles or Sorrell river, where the governor-general usually passes some of the summer months. But the recollection of our two hours' stay there is well impressed upon my memory. It was about midnight when we arrived, and the few passengers (only sixteen in number) had early retired to their berths. The vessel was scarcely moored alongside the pier ere I was awakened from a sound sleep by the violent screams of some poor man whom the crew were carrying ashore, just attacked by the cholera. I had been suffering much the preceding week from an illness which at one time threatened to take a dangerous turn, and had not yet recovered from the effects of it. I shall never forget the misery I endured the remainder of that night; I threw myself off my cot, and walked the upper deck in the cold

night air, while the screams of agony still rung in my ears, and paced up and down until dawn of day, by which time I had mustered up all my stoicism, and was prepared for any event. A naturally good constitution, however, in a few days enabled me again to undergo almost any fatigue.

The steamers on the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, are superior to those even on the American waters which had so much surprised me. The "British America" and "John Bull" are fitted up in a magnificent style, and are complete floating drawing rooms. The dimensions of the latter are on the grandest scale, being 188 feet in length by 70 in breadth, the wings included, and about 1200 tons burden. Its name is well merited, having towed six vessels, two of them of 350 tons, from Quebec up to Montreal, at one time. The traveller may really experience something like comfort on board of them, there not being the crowd of passengers, nor the scramble for meals, to which he is so accustomed in the States.

The country below the town of Trois Rivières, at the mouth of the St. Maurice, becomes more diversified, affording occasional views of rising hills below Quebec, and long streets of houses with white roofs and walls, which, when first seen at a distance on the lofty banks of the river, may be easily mistaken for a large encampment. The French settlers usually paint the roofs white, as tending to preserve the shingles of which they are constructed, and also to repel the heat of the sun's rays. I have seen many washed in this manner from the foundation to the ridge pole, and the chimney painted black; I always thought they bore a close resemblance to a negro woman decked out in her best bib and tucker. After passing the mouth of the Chaudière river, over which a fine bridge of one arch is thrown, and entering Wolfe's Cove, the shipping and fortress of Quebec begin to open out from behind a promontory; and few places can boast of so magnificent an approach. The bold craggy rocks of Cape Diamond, crowned with the impregnable fortress, stand in bold relief against the sky; numerous ships lie at their anchorage in the broad and smooth river, 350 feet beneath, between the citadel and point Lévi; and in the distance a lofty range of blue hills form a fine background to a level and thickly populated country. For some time the old and picturesque buildings only of the lower town at the water's edge are visible; nor until within the distance of half a mile from Point Lévi does the upper town, with its numerous glittering spires and convent roofs, begin to show itself on the opposite side of the citadel, or the more prominent object, the castle of St. Lewis, the residence of the governor-general. It is supported upon the edge of the precipice by large buttresses under the foundation of the outer wall of the building, and almost overhangs the houses at the margin of the water. But all these favourable impressions are dispelled upon entering the dirty narrow streets of the lower town; nor was it until after much perseverance that we obtained accommodation of a very indifferent kind in the upper town. The principal hotel had been closed, without any consideration for the comfort of a few travellers, as soon as the cholera broke out, the landlord finding that he was a loser by keeping the establishment open.

The capital of Lower Canada occupies the tongue of a peninsula formed by the junction of the St. Charles with the St. Lawrence, and contains upwards of 20,000 people. The upper town is encircled by a strong wall nearly three miles in extent, with batteries at intervals, and is entered by five gates, the principal one from the harbour being at the summit of a steep and winding road up the side of the rock. The lower town is built in some places upon piers, and land reclaimed from the river: in others by undermining the base of the rock. Instances have occurred (one during my residence in America) of large portions of it giving way and rushing down upon the roofs of the houses from a height of two or three hundred feet.

The citadel, which is the great lion of the place, occupies a large proportion of the upper town, and is situated upon the highest part of Cape Diamond, a hard but brittle rock with quartz crystals interspersed. The stone, however, is not of a fit quality for the fortifications, and the materials used in their construction are brought by the St. Lawrence from Montreal to the foot of an inclined plane, which has been constructed from the river into the interior of the citadel, and hoisted up the railway by means of machinery. Great additions were making within the fortress, but the old French walls, erected during the time of Montcalm, and which the engineers were facing afresh, were yet firm. Much yet remains to be done in the interior, and even on the exterior works on the face towards the plains of Abraham.

An obelisk has lately been erected by the officers of the

garrison to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, in front of the government gardens. It is 65 feet in height, but bears no inscription, nor even the names of the heroes in whose honour it was erected. The plains upon which both fell lie about a mile to the west of the citadel, from which the ground rises and falls in small and abrupt undulations. The field of action is yet open, and used as a race course; but the rock against which the British general reclined, when dying (near a redoubt which may be even now traced out on the borders of the plains,) was destroyed by blasting with gunpowder some time since, the Vandalic proprietor of the garden in which it was situated complaining that his fences were injured by the curiosity of visitors. There is a figure of Wolfe carved in wood, and fastened at the side of a house at an angle of a street about 12 feet from the ground, which has always been considered an excellent likeness. The general appears in rather a strange costume for a warrior: a double breasted red frock coat with yellow facings, cocked hat, yellow top boots, white breeches, and white shoulder belt for his sword: his position—one arm a-kimbo, and the other extended as in the attitude of giving orders. The spot where General Montgomery was killed in his attack upon Quebec on the night of the 31st December, 1775, is within a few paces of the foot of the inclined plane, and his remains were interred, until 1818 (when they were removed to New York,) near the gate of St. Lewis.

The Jesuits' convent, which reverted to the crown some years since, is now occupied by a regiment of infantry, and makes an excellent and capacious barrack. What was the fathers' pleasure garden in olden times is now the parade ground. In other respects it appears to have undergone very little change (except with regard to its occupants,) being surmounted by the old spire, and retaining the strong iron-studded gates, with the sacred devices upon them. On the opposite side of the market place is the large and ungraceful building of the Roman catholic cathedral, where I attended one day at the performance of high mass, but was glad to make my escape again into the open air, such a dense crowd was there in every part of. As in Montreal, the catholic clergy possess an extensive property in Quebec. The seminary which adjoins the cathedral occupies, together with its garden, seven acres of ground in the upper town, the Ursuline convent possesses as much more, and the Hôtel Dieu even as much as twelve; so that, what with the citadel, convents, churches, barracks, and open squares, the population of the upper town is reduced to a mere cipher compared with its extent.

The old parliament house, situated near the gate leading from the St. Lawrence on the eastern side of the town, was formerly the residence of the catholic bishops. It is a crazy old edifice, and much requires the support of a new wing, which is now erecting.

Although there is little of interest in Quebec itself, yet the surrounding scenery is sufficient to compensate for any loss. In company with two English gentlemen, I made an excursion on the 1st of September to the Falls of Montmorenci, about seven miles from the city. The road crosses the St. Charles river over a long wooden bridge, and becomes execrably bad as soon as the outskirts of the lower town are passed, although a continued line of houses and small farms extend the entire distance. The hills which run parallel with the river, at the distance of ten or twelve miles, form the boundary of the narrow belt of cultivation. Putting our horses up at the small French inn on the banks of the Montmorenci, we walked down to view the Falls; but with what far different feelings from those with which we had visited Niagara three weeks before! We had been told every where in Quebec of the Falls of Montmorenci, and consequently considered ourselves, as travellers, in duty bound to visit them, though, had each of us spoken the candid truth, we should have said we had seen quite sufficient falls of water to satisfy the taste of any moderate man. And really Niagara, the great climax of every thing grand in a cataract, gives one a sad distaste for all future sights of that description. No one, unless he is blessed with the happy talent of forgetting things as soon as he has seen them, should venture near another fall for at least a twelvemonth after he has seen that at Niagara. If he does, it is ten to one that he annoys his friends who act as chaperons upon the occasion, by showing the most perfect indifference, or something even approaching to sovereign contempt, at the sight.

At Montmorenci the fall itself is every thing: there are no grand accompaniments. The water shoots in a sheet about 120 feet broad over a precipice to the depth of 240 feet, and then rolling onwards a few hundred yards unites with those of the St. Lawrence. The banks on

each side of it are smooth and precipitous, with their summits crowned with trees, and a mill is perched on high upon the verge of the Fall. There is, however, a fine view of Quebec, and the isle of Orleans which forms the eastern side of the noble harbour, from the junction of the rivers. One of my companions and myself thought proper to ford the Montmorenci below the Falls, where it is 1500 feet broad, to the ruins of a large saw mill upon the opposite side, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of water and forming some idea of the difficulty of the heroic Wolfe's enterprise when he stormed the French batteries under a heavy fire. In twenty-five minutes we gained the opposite bank, having narrowly escaped being washed off our legs several times; but our wounded feet, (owing to the sharp edges of rocks,) with cramped and stiff legs for the next forty-eight hours, gave us ample cause to repent our undertaking. The mill, which was the most extensive in the province, had, by some strange accident or neglect, been consumed by fire a few months previous, though a sufficient body of water could have been thrown upon it to have almost washed away the entire building. A broad and deep water course conducts a powerful stream from above the Falls along the summit of the bank until immediately above the mill, when it rushes down an inclined plane of 300 feet in length, with amazing power upon the wheels. From it, conduits were so arranged as to lead the water throughout the building in case of necessity, but all appeared to have been of no avail in staying the destruction. Several acres of ground were covered with the timber which had been prepared for exportation. Wolfe's Cove was also so densely covered with it that it was like one huge red; and, notwithstanding thirty or forty vessels were lying in, it made no perceptible diminution.

CHAPTER XXI.

DESCEND THE ST. LAWRENCE—ANECDOTES—JOURN TO FREDERICKTOWN.

The wind it was fair, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the vessel it danced o'er the rippling waves,
And moved on gallantly. *Old Ballad.*

Previous to the appearance of the cholera, a steamer plied between Quebec and Halifax in Nova Scotia, but, owing to the long quarantine imposed upon vessels arriving at the latter port without a bill of health, the proprietors declined making any further trips until Quebec should be pronounced free from infection. This was the most unexpected impediment to the tour I had meditated, through the eastern provinces, and the uncertainty of the length of voyage in a sailing vessel was such that I lost to the resolution of making an overland journey through the dense forests, or paddling myself in a canoe down the rivers into New Brunswick. My time, too, being very limited, it was necessary that I should either pursue that course or lay aside all thoughts of seeing any thing further of the British provinces. My friends attempted to dissuade me from the undertaking, on account of the lateness and unhealthiness of the season, and the weight of a hair would almost have turned the scales, when I fortunately became acquainted with Mr. Reid (a gentleman from Georgia,) who having much the same object in view as myself, we agreed to make the journey in company. Having, therefore, laid in a small stock of provisions, a bottle of laudanum, a whole box full of opium pills, with a suitable quantity of eau-de-vie and eau-de-vie, as a precaution against the cholera, we set sail with a light westerly breeze down the broad St. Lawrence, at mid-day on the 3d of September. As the weather appeared settled and pleasant, we preferred taking an open pilot boat to travelling in a carriage over a hundred miles of rough road, and at considerable additional expense, the owner of the land conveyance having the conscience to demand fifteen dollars per diem for the trip.

Being ebb tide, we glided rapidly past the isle of Orleans, where those huge floating masses of timber, the Columbus and Baron Renfrew, were put together, and by the time the flood had set in, were thirty-eight miles from Quebec; when not having sufficient breeze to stem the tide, we came to an anchor. The sun had set some time, but it was a mild and pleasant evening, with a bright moon shining overhead, and every star in the heavens so clearly reflected in the smooth mirror upon which we lay that indeed we should have been invariable to the charms of nature, had we not been delighted with our situation. Thinking that music would well accord with the time and place, I produced a flute from the depths of my portmanteau; and having in my earlier days learned the gamut, "God save the king," "the British

Grenadiers," and a quick step or two, favoured my companion and the pilot with a solo. Though, probably, not equalling the strains of Orpheus, it had some effect upon the crew of a schooner which lay at anchor about two cables' length ahead of us. A deep and hoarse voice immediately hailed us across the water to come a little nearer to them, followed, when we spurned their invitation (rather rudely I must confess), by a most authoritative order "to strike up 'Hearts of Oak,' or they would board us." Now, having no ladies in our company, as was the case with the old story of Dr. Young and the guardsmen upon the Thames, we had no plea for consenting; so sounding "Britons, strike Home," we boldly defied them to mortal combat. Not knowing, however, with what force they had to contend, they contented themselves with saluting us with a broadside of most mellifluous sea phrases, and firing at intervals half a dozen rounds of small arms, well loaded with powder.

Although the night was so lovely, I cannot say that we by any means passed a comfortable one. The boat having no deck, and being too narrow in the beam to admit of reclining at full length on the thwarts, we were obliged to sleep in a sitting posture on the bottom, with the back of our heads against the edge of a seat, and accordingly each of us awoke in the morning with a neck as stiff as that of a raw militia man in his patent leather stock upon the first training day. Getting early under weigh, we beat slowly down against a head wind, and passed the quarantine station off a rocky island 45 miles from Quebec. A drizzling rain coming on at mid-day, and increasing to torrents, accompanied by a heavy gale towards sunset, rendered us in a most miserable plight. The river was now ten miles in breadth, and, a heavy sea rising, my companion became very unwell. The pilot soon followed his example; and I, not doubting but that it must be the cholera, busied myself in searching for the laudanum, brady, and opium pills, which, as is ever the case when things are most required, were not found until the whole contents of my portmanteau had been turned out upon the wet deck. All my fears, however, respecting cramps in the legs, and other alarming symptoms, were quite unnecessary. "Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus:" the upshot of all was—they were only troubled with that very common complaint, or rather, I should call it, worst of all miseries—sea sickness!

A thick fog coming on at dusk, with flood tide, the pilot informed us that, not knowing whereabouts the land lay, he dared not venture to run in shore on account of the rocks, and that we must pass another night on board; and the prospects of such a night, too! For some minutes we endeavoured to prevail upon him to run on; but, finding he would not hazard anything, we began to make the necessary preparations for weathering it as well as possible. I drew on two pair of trousers, a seal skin cap and hat, two coats, and a seal skin jacket, with hood like that of an Esquimaux, which I had purchased at Quebec; and, as the anchor was again let go, quietly sat down, and most patiently endured the pitiless peltings of the storm. At intervals, during the night, I fell into a slight doze, but by degrees the heavy pitching of the boat would cause my head to strike against a thwart, or touch the bottom of the vessel, in which the water was now from four to six inches in depth, and awake me—for the purpose of going through the same motion again at the expiration of another quarter of an hour. When the morning dawned the weather had not moderated in the slightest degree; but with heavy hearts and drenched clothes we again got under weigh. For my own part I was so encumbered with the weight of my heavy apparel that, had the boat swamped, I should have gone to the bottom like a lump of lead; my companion, being an indifferent sailor, could scarcely raise his head, and the only active service I could perform was to sit at the bottom of the boat, wrenching the rain out of my cap and jacket, or take a turn at bailing out the water. And, when this last occupation had ceased, the three of us huddled ourselves into the stern-sheets, about four feet by three and a half, for mutual warmth; and with chattering teeth sat there, for all the world like so many dripping fowls upon a perch during a shower of rain.

We did not make the land round Kamouraska Bay, ninety miles below Quebec, until we had been exposed to the full fury of the storm for twenty-four hours. In another hour we landed, and were soon comfortably stowed away in a little French inn, busily employed in overhauling our wet portmanteaus, and inspecting the state of our stock of provisions. The report upon them was about as follows: the biscuit and salt had dissolved in the water; the cheese required a place in the oven for an hour or two; the meat had been rolling about at the bot-

tom of the boat throughout the night; my companion's claret-coloured over coat, which he had bought at a sloop shop in Quebec, was three shades lighter; and the notes and sketches I had been taking the preceding day were no bad representation of the state of the heavens during the storm.

The uncertainty whether we could carry our baggage throughout the journey had occurred to us before leaving Quebec, and we had resolved to leave it, if anywise cumbersome, with some villager, retaining only sufficient clothes to fill a knapsack, which we could ourselves carry. Upon enquiring at Kamouraska, we met with a Yankee pedlar who was returning with his cart to the States, and would travel fifty-five miles upon the same route as ourselves. He volunteered to carry our trunks for four pounds, with a proviso that we should walk by his side; alleging at the same time that it was impossible to perform the journey under three days. "We might have seen roads," he said, "but we had never seen the Temiscouta Portage;" and, as to making a bargain of us, he would not carry the portmanteaus for twice the sum, if his own business did not compel him to go that way; and, furthermore, as the track was very dreary, he wished some pleasant company. Fortunately we had no occasion to close with this disinterested offer, a by-stander offering to furnish two carts for the same sum, affirming that one could not carry the two small portmanteaus. The chagrin of our Yankee friend at losing so good a bargain was very evident, notwithstanding all his assurances that his only desire was to see us safe to the end of the journey, and prevent our being imposed on. He took his leave of us, saying that the man who offered to accompany us neither knew what he said nor what he was undertaking; and, finally, that we should not travel the fifty-five miles agreed upon under four days, and that the flies in the woods would bite our ears off, if we did not tie them on with a strong handkerchief. We also experienced much difficulty in replenishing our commissariat department, and could obtain only a loaf of bread and a cold shoulder of mutton—a short supply for seven days, which we calculated our journey would last. But our severest loss was not discovered until we were on the point of starting; the pilot had appropriated our whole stock of brandy, consisting of two bottles, to his own use.

On the 6th of September, with two guides to whom the cart belonged, we pursued our route down the course of the St. Lawrence, the road passing along a narrow and thickly settled belt of ground, which had apparently once been the channel of the river, judging from the nature of its soil and a rocky range of hills running parallel with it on the outer side of the cultivated lands. The scenery was strikingly fine and bold, and numerous ships, tacking to and fro with an adverse wind, rendered it a most enlivening scene, until our arrival at the Temiscouta Portage, nineteen miles from Kamouraska, when we struck off to the southward, and ascending some high ground for ever lost sight of the St. Lawrence. The road was, however, still passable, and, though our progress was but slow, there was nothing as yet to warrant the pedlar's alarming accounts; while the log huts, though presenting a most miserable exterior, would at least shelter us from the threatening storm. When the rain, however, began to descend, and night set in, we made several fruitless applications for admission: one said there were too many of us; another referred us to his neighbour a little farther on; and a third had a sick person in the house. At last we bade adieu to enjoying a night's rest within doors, and approached the dark and apparently impenetrable wall of the tall forest, when descending a small ravine, with a ruiwet at its bottom, we spied out another log hut, though scarcely distinguishable amongst the blackened stumps. Considering it as our last hope, we made so pathetic an appeal that we were all admitted. The tenement was but a very small one, and occupied by an old couple of about sixty winters, with their niece, about fifteen years younger. The room into which we were ushered was scarcely seven feet to the ceiling, and blackened by the smoke of years. A straw mattress and a blanket occupied one corner of the room; the square iron stove, two chairs, a couple of stools, and an old wooden shelf, with an oil-skin hat, and a lamp suspended from the raft of a knife stuck into a crevice between two logs, formed the rest of the furniture. But it was amply crowded when the horses had been suitably provided for, and the seven of us were assembled. After enjoying a cheerful chat over the fire for some hours, and attending to the gesticulations of our host, who, as he sat on a corner of the bed with a thick red Kilmarnock cap upon his head, related anecdotes of his life to a group which would have furnished

a fine study for any of the old Dutch artists, we were shown into a room containing a single bed for the accommodation of Mr. Reid and myself, who went dinnerless and supperless to bed, lest our provisions should fail us when most required.

At daylight the following morning, after an early meal upon our bread and mutton, qualified by a draught of cold water, we prepared for another day's fatigue, tendering some trifle by way of remuneration to our hostess for the night's lodging. We had some difficulty in prevailing upon her to accept it, and, when once accepted, the old lady in the warmth of her heart would insist upon cramming our pockets with wood nuts. With many expressions of thanks and wishes for a good journey from the worthy couple, we crossed the small stream (the Green River, I think,) and entering the forest lost nearly all semblance of a road. The trees had been certainly cut away, so as to afford a passage from six to nine feet in width, but the stumps had been left standing, and, where a marsh was to be crossed, that horrible invention "corduroy" had been resorted to. Frequently a decayed timber gave way under the weight of the horses, which floundered up to the top of their backs in black wet soil. In other places the road was floating on the surface of a deep pond; and then for a mile or two we had some little variety in clambering up hills over huge masses of rock, or stumbling up the bed of a torrent. Now and then, indeed, cutting away the windfalls (as the Americans term the trees which are blown down by a gale of wind) afforded us a short respite from the jolting, but during that time we had to ply our axes unremittingly. Mr. Reid had taken charge of the first cart, and, the Canadians walking alongside of us in their large mud boots, for some time I attempted to derive advantage from my companion's misfortunes, and learn to steer clear of them, but generally found myself deposited in a much deeper and worse hole, or brought to a stand still by a large piece of rock; so, despairing of bettering my condition, I calmly awaited the shock, and setting myself well against it in my seat, and compressing my lips, I plunged into the midst of every thing up to the axletree, with my loose portmanteau tossing about, and flaying my legs at a most unmerciful rate. The self-same abominable flies, too, the Yankee had so glowingly described, added to the pleasures of the journey by tearing pieces of flesh from our ears, as though each of them had been provided with a pair of the best Sheffield forceps. Having endured this patiently for three hours, during which time we had advanced just so many miles, we could bear it no longer, and dismounting we proceeded on foot. By mid-day we arrived at the river St. Francis, a small stream which is involved in the boundary question between Great Britain and the United States, where we met the royal mail upon its way from Halifax. The letter bags were fastened upon a dray or low sledge drawn by a single horse, which was moving quietly along, cropping what little grass grew by the road-side. The guard, fifty yards behind, was taking it equally leisurely, amusing himself by blowing through his tin horn and listening to the echo of the unmusical notes he produced, as they resounded amongst the distant hills. The meeting was unexpected on both sides, and as he came suddenly round a turn in the forest, raising his hand to salute us, he slipped over a stone, and fell upon his back in a mass of mud and water; but rising again immediately, with the most enviable unconcern, he stood up to his knees in it, answering our numerous queries. He travelled over the road, or seventy-two miles, once a week, without meeting a human being in three months, and I will bear witness he had no sinecure.

At three o'clock we reached the first hut, where the guides proposed passing the night, but the interior was in such a filthy state, and so crowded by a large family, that I preferred trusting to the weather in the woods, and, as an inducement to proceed, urged the possibility of arriving at a farm house upon the lake, fifteen miles farther. The Canadians willingly assented; so once more we toiled away over the rough hills, gathering the bilberries, nuts, gooseberries, strawberries, and other wild fruits, which grew in abundance on every side. Partridges too crossed the path frequently, almost within reach of our sticks, with the greatest impunity; for never were there such peaceably disposed travellers in the woods before; we had not even a pistol, gun, tinder-box, or, as Sheridan says, "a single bloody-minded weapon" with us.

Throughout the day we were journeying in a kind of no-man's land. The British Government claim it partly by the right of possession (which, as every one knows, is nine points in law,) and have the credit of having expended at various times within the last dozen years up-

wards of 1000L in forming this road (which is the only one between Quebec and Halifax) out of an old Indian hunting path. A traveller has some difficulty in accounting for the expenditure, unless he comes to the conclusion that it has been sunk in one of the marshes, or frittered away upon a corduroy. The United States claim the debatable land by right of treaty (which same treaty each party construes according to its respective interests,) though it will be evident to any one who will refer to the map that brother Jonathan wants to possess it merely in order that he may serve as a thorn in the side (to which indeed the form of the tract in question bears a strong resemblance) of the British provinces, thus cutting off the direct route to Quebec, the key of British North America in time of war, dividing the lesser provinces from the Canadas, and probably erecting fortifications upon a frontier which would extend within thirteen miles of the St. Lawrence. The intrinsic value of the land is next to nothing, and can be but insignificant to a nation already in possession of 1,205,000,000 acres of land, or 2,000,000 of square miles.

Three hours after sunset the guides, who were ahead, hailed us with the cheering sound of "*une bonne espérance*." This was followed by a charge of several cows, which, rushing past, were greeted also by us as a happy omen. Scarcely more exultation could have been expressed by Xenophon and the 10,000 Greeks of old, when the ocean again displayed its broad waters to their view, than was by us when we saw the light surface of the Temisouata Lake lying far beneath us. But a few minutes before we had held a council of war about bivouacking in the woods, the want of the requisites for striking a light, and a sprinkle of rain, alone causing us to persevere in our journey, which came to an end by eleven o'clock, when we arrived at Mr. Frazer's house and farm, after eighteen hours of most fatiguing toil, over twenty-four miles of ground, and through forest where we could never see twenty yards from the road, the only object worthy of notice being the majestic hemlock trees, or the branches of the pine, with long streamers of green moss hanging from them. Although the hospitable owner of the house had retired to rest some time, he rose immediately upon our knocking, and gave us a hearty welcome, with a cup of excellent tea, and a shake-down upon the floor. He told us he had lived there nine years, but the land was poor, and he was so tired of his solitary life that he intended to leave his farm and retire to some property he possessed on the river Du Loup, situated in a district of which he was seigneur.

He furnished us, the next morning, the 8th of September, with two canoes and a man in each, and, parting with our Canadian guides, we paddled down the lake until we arrived at the residence of Mr. Frazer's next and nearest neighbour, six miles distant. We presented him with some late newspapers, and his wife in return soon provided a comfortable breakfast. The settler, when we arrived, was sitting at the window, poring over an old number of the Sailor's Magazine. He had served twenty-four years in the 49th regiment, and three years in a veteran battalion, when, receiving his discharge, he was settled with several other soldiers on the borders of the lake and upon the portage, to keep open a line of communication with the St. Lawrence. All the others, despairing of making a livelihood after the first two or three years, when their rations of flour were withdrawn, had migrated to some more populous and promising country. Sixteen years had expired since he landed in the thick forest, on the spot he then occupied, with his wife and two boys. He said that for the first twelve-month he much felt the loss of his barrack-room society; but, setting to work with a good heart, he built a log hut, which was now occupied as a pig-stye, and persevered in clearing the ground until the seventh year, when disease attacked his cattle, and carried off every head. This so discouraged him that he quitted the place, and returned into the inhabited part of the country, but soon again visited his old farm and commenced anew. From that time every thing had gone on in a flourishing manner. He now possessed nine cows and a hundred acres of cleared land, and was perfectly happy and contented. His sons were grown up men, and were mowing a few acres of grass, but the corn was yet green and did not appear as if it would ripen before winter. It did not, however, seem at all to concern the worthy veteran, who said "he must hope for the best." I asked him how he disposed of the produce of his farm, and his answer was that "his farm did not yield any thing more than would provide his family. Butcher's meat they did not require, and were well satisfied with salt pork and vegetables." His maple sugar was most excellent, and he had made

460 pounds from 800 trees the preceding year; but the land in the vicinity was generally poor, and upon the headlands (to use his own expression) "there was not enough to feed a mouse, though there was a good farm here and there away from the lake." He was a true Corporal Trim: in the first instance, he fought the battles of Chipewewa and Lundy's Lane, for my edification, upon the white hearth-stone with a piece of charcoal, but, finding my undivided attention was bent upon something more substantial, he transferred the scene of action to the breakfast table, where he most gallantly carried the heights of Queenstown upon the top of the loaf of bread, and stormed Fort Erie through the spout of a tea-pot. He talked with the greatest pride of having served in the same regiment with Lord Aylmer and Sir Isaac Brock, regretting much that the former was not at home when he made his biennial trip to Quebec for his pension during the summer. To show, however, his esteem for him, he had a large proclamation respecting the cholera, and the performance of quarantine, with the signature of the governor-general, nailed up against the wall of his house.

Wishing him success, we again pushed on, lashing the two canoes together and keeping close under the lee-shore, there being so fresh a breeze that we were several times in imminent danger of being swamped, from the frequent strong gusts of wind which swept down the valleys between the high lands with which the lake is skirted. In the widest parts, the lake does not exceed a mile and a half in breadth, and is about twenty-five in length. After entering the narrow and rapid stream of the Madawaska river (the outlet of the Temisouata lake) we glided swiftly along between undulating and beautiful banks, the hills rising from one hundred to five hundred feet in height, and covered with every description of forest tree, but touched only here and there with the dark foliage of the pine, while, at the very margin of the water, the white trunks of the birch were most prominent. We rested an hour at mid-day for the purpose of dining, our table and couch being one of the veteran's hay-cocks, in a cleared spot of ground twenty miles from his house, the first open space we had seen since quitting it. Ten miles farther we heard the merry chattering of some children, evidently Irish, from their accent, and, rounding a point, found a parcel of little urchins in high glee throwing pebbles and sticks of wood at another who was angling in a most artist-like manner, as he floated down the stream in a bark canoe. In the background, a party of five or six newly-arrived emigrants were sitting round a fire superintending the cooking department, their log huts being in an unfinished state. The ground for the space of an acre was covered with the smoking trunks of trees, and blackened logs, and here and there the murky skeleton of some decayed giant of the forest was gradually consuming away as it retained its erect position. From this small settlement there were partial and new clearings for an extent of five or six miles, when the thick forest again closed in upon the river.

About eight o'clock we were moving along with increased velocity, having passed over several rapids most gallantly, and shipping but a small quantity of spray, when I heard a hollow roar a-head, which I was well aware must arise from some cataract, and hinted to the boatmen that they had better keep a sharp look out a-head. They, however, not pleased I suppose at being dictated to by a greenhorn in such matters, ran on in the same course, until we could not well make the shore, and had a good chance of taking a leap over some falls of twelve or fourteen feet, had not a rock twenty or thirty yards above them luckily intervened, and brought us up with such a shock as nearly to throw Mr. Reid out of the bottom of the canoe, where he lay fast asleep, into the water. I was on the point of throwing myself in to swim, when I observed that our head-way was stopped, and after some difficulty we succeeded in gaining a little inlet formed by a rock on the verge of the falls. Taking out our baggage, we carried it as well as the canoes over the rocks to the level below, and, again stepping in, were in a few minutes at the settlement of Madawaska at the confluence of the Madawaska and St. John's Rivers. It was formed by the Acadians, after their expulsion from Nova Scotia about the year 1754, and is situated in a pretty and rather fertile spot, but with no regular village. We could obtain some tea and beds at a small inn, the landlord of which also filled the twofold occupation of grocer and retailer of rum; but, as elsewhere upon our journey, there was no butcher's meat, not more than half a dozen travellers visiting the settlement in the course of the year.

When we arrived the landlord was superintending the erection of a grist mill, some miles distant; but his son

rode off and summoned him to attend his guests: and, before we had dressed in the morning, a tall, dark, but sanctified and clean-shaven man, walked into the room, and announced himself as our host and humble servant to command—Siméon Abair by name. After the creation of many difficulties upon his part, he agreed (as the rapids were too dangerous to attempt paddling ourselves down the St. John's) to provide us with a canoe and man for five pounds, assigning "harvest time" as the reason for making so exorbitant a demand. As he would not abate any thing, the money was paid him; but upon proceeding to the river, to which, as we subsequently remembered, he hurried us, without allowing the boatman to approach, or even to speak to us, we found a little cockle-shell which would have filled and swamped in the first cusp or a slight summer shower. Protesting that I would not run the risk of my life and loss of my baggage for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in such a craft, sooner than lose such good customers he furnished us with a more capacious one, and we proceeded on our course down the St. John's. Two days afterwards, we had the curiosity to enquire of the boatman whether he had been paid for the trip; he said, "Yes; that he had received three pounds." The sight of the man's features, when informed of the sum the landlord had charged us, was worth the other two pounds, and we could not forbear bursting into a hearty laugh as he told us, with the most piteous face imaginable, that he "should as have so much cared if any one else had cheated him, as that the landlord was his godfather;" that he had said we were fatigued, and wished not to be annoyed by seeing the boatman, but would make a bargain with him; and "that, though he had made a good thing of it, he could screw only three pounds out of us." Had not our time been so valuable, scarcely any thing would have given both of us so much pleasure as returning and ducking the old bear, making him refund the money, and then handing it over to our honest hard-working boatman.

Our canoe was a log one, twenty-four feet in length by three in breadth, so that with our baggage, and three heavy people, its sides were within four inches of the water. As we floated along, numerous fair damsels at work in the fields on the river's banks, waved their long black hats to our boatman, or gave him immemorial commissions for ribands and other finery to be purchased at the capital. Although he answered "oui, oui," a hundred times, yet still, as he paddled along, there was a last request, until we were so distant that nothing but an indistinct murmur reached our ears. The day was squally, with heavy showers of rain, so, coming in sight of a respectable-looking farm-house about twenty miles below Madawaska, we pulled in shore and landed, for the purpose of seeking a few minutes' shelter from a heavy storm which was threatening to burst over us momentarily. Upon entering the house we found half a dozen men and women most earnestly engaged in discussing a substantial dinner, and drinking tea at the same time. The whole party were crowded round a little table where there was just sufficient space for them to squeeze their elbows in, while a rear rank, or a corps of reserve, was formed of ten or twelve hungry-looking young children, whose countenances expressed the greatest anxiety to be called into action. Although we took our seats on a bench fastened to the wall, with the usual salutation, not the slightest notice was taken of us by any of the party, so intent were they upon the subject before them; nor was any offer made about partaking of their cheer, though we were drenched to the skin, and might reasonably be supposed to have no distaste for the good things we saw upon the table. At intervals we heard one of them addressed by the title of captain, and I must acknowledge, though I had seen many strange captains in the United States, I had never before been in the presence of such a libel upon a military rank. The noble commander had a face as round and as red as the rising moon, with little gray eyes protruding from his head like those of a boiled lobster; a few white hairs scantily covered a forehead whose capaciousness would have puzzled Spurzheim himself, and his rotundity would have even put old Falstaff to the blush. Our boatman wishing to consult him upon some military matter, he waddled down to the water's edge with us after the shower had passed over, and laid down the law in the most direct terms. As we proceeded on our voyage, the boatman informed us that he carried a musket in the captain's company in the militia, and had been called out on duty the preceding year to check some aggression of the Americans; but, not having received any remuneration for his services, his captain had given him the requisite directions for obtaining it by making application at Fredericton. Excepting the

tely arrived Irish upon the Madawaska river, these were the first British settlers we had seen since leaving the veteran's house upon Temiscouta lake, and from this specimen we were almost justified in forming but a mean opinion of the New Brunswickers' hospitality.

Twenty miles farther brought us to the Great falls, where we again landed, the portage commencing at the rather dangerous vicinity of about one hundred and fifty yards above them, the influence of the cataract being very evident upon canoes which must cross the river to gain the entrance of the portage, situated in a small circular bay. The surface of the river is perfectly smooth and unbroken until it gains the very edge of the rock, when it is precipitated seventy feet in a sheet of amber-coloured foam into a narrow and rocky channel, not exceeding thirty-five in breadth, down which it boils and bubbles for the space of half a mile, and then expands into its original width of about one hundred and fifty yards. There is a tradition, though seemingly not a very probable one, that several canoes of Mohawk Indians, who had attacked a tribe near the source of the river, and massacred all, excepting two old squaws, were (accompanied by their prisoners) floating down with the current at night, and were to a man dashed to pieces over the falls, of whose existence they had not even the most remote idea. The squaws aware of the circumstance perished with them, not wishing to survive the destruction of their tribe. Sitting upon the rough crags on the margin of the cataract, we made a late dinner upon the last remains of our shoulder of mutton, sacrificing the well-picked bone to the shades of the old squaws and the Grand falls.

The river banks, formed of a hard rock, with light covering of soil, exceed one hundred feet in height above the falls, and more than two hundred half a mile below them. The man who conveys the boats across the portage* earns a good livelihood by his two-fold occupation of farmer and boat-carrier. Our canoe, with the baggage in it, was drawn along a winding road on a sledge by two oxen, and launched again into the water half a mile below for a quarter of a dollar. Timber was formerly drawn up on the level of the bank, and then launched again into the water down an inclined plane, but this system was soon abandoned as too expensive, and it is now allowed to shoot the falls, which in the freshets but little injures it.

For seven or eight miles the current carried us on with great velocity over the "White Rapids," the "Black Rapids," and a series of others, all sufficiently dangerous to encounter without a skilful pilot, and we landed at dusk near a small log hut, the first we saw after leaving the portage. The banks had continued a hundred feet in height, and covered with a dense pine forest, but we frequently passed groups of woodsmen bivouacking by their fires at the water's edge after their day's labour had ceased. Throwing up part of the baggage over my shoulder, I walked up to the hut, through whose small window the bright light of the wood fire could be seen blazing cheerfully, and knocking at the door walked in, and found a family of seven, who welcomed me most hospitably. My companions following me, we joined the circle, and, after enjoying a bowl of excellent milk, asked the settler's history. He had been a comrade of the veteran upon the lake, and had been settled there at the same time, when his nearest neighbour lived at twenty miles' distance. He had now one within six miles, but considered it no advantage, and would rather that people did not settle so near to him, as he should then have no fear of quarrelling. Part of his house had been washed away by the freshets during the spring of the previous year, and, although it was twenty feet above the level of the river, the water had stood five feet five inches in his kitchen, which was the only room he had remaining. This summer, too, the bears had destroyed thirteen sheep and four hogs of his stock, but he had yet twenty-three sheep remaining, and two cows. The only neighbours, however, he did not appear, in any manner, to

approve, were the Americans, whose boundary was within five miles. He said that he had been over amongst some of them lately, and told them that they had better be silent upon the subject of the boundary question now, for that New Brunswick had a governor who had just been most satisfactorily arranging the same kind of a dispute in the East Indies.

As the night was advanced, wishing to obtain a few hours' sleep, I threw my wet great coat upon the floor before the blazing hearth, as the most comfortable berth I could select; but the settler's wife would so positively insist upon Mr. Reid and myself taking possession of the only bed in the room, upon which, she asserted, "she had just placed new blankets for our express comfort," that I was compelled most reluctantly to relinquish it, while the settler and his son went out and sought a night's rest amongst the straw in the stable. I had heard from the boatman on the Madawaska river that the house was not celebrated for its cleanliness, and a sight of the bed convinced me that there must be very substantial reasons for its fame having spread through hundred miles of nearly uninhabited country; so I walked out of the house with the intention of sleeping in the open air, and thus avoid giving any affront to our hostess, but the mist rose so thick and cold from the water, and remembering the story of the bears, I thought it more prudent to undergo a night's tortures within doors. On returning into the house, I found my friend already between the far-famed blankets: the boatman had taken up my comfortable position on the hearth: the children were lying upon a bed at the foot of ours, and the settler's wife sat in a chair watching the fast dying embers. I was somewhat puzzled to discover how Mr. Reid had contrived to turn in; for I had no idea of risking myself otherwise than in my clothes, and, after considerable manoeuvring, took an opportunity, when the settler's wife turned her head, to spring in, and strongly intrenched myself up to the chin between the coverlid and upper blanket. My friend had taken up a similar strong position, and was almost choked with attempting to smother his laughter. We were not such old soldiers, however, as to outmanoeuvre the enemy in this manner; for swarms of light infantry poured down upon us in every direction; and most stoically did we bear their attacks for the short time we were awake, but the fatigues of the day soon caused us to be unconscious of every thing that was passing. Towards morning I was awakened by some heavy weight upon my feet, and, at first, took it for a visit of the night-mare; but arousing my senses a little, and feeling it move, I was convinced it must be one of the children; so out of gratitude for our accommodation I could not remove it, but endured the evil, until rising to depart upon our voyage I discovered that it was a large black dog which had favoured us with his company.

Two hours brought us to the mouth of the Aroostook river, and Stobec, a small Indian village on the opposite bank. Landing where we saw a bark canoe drawn up on the beach, we fortunately met a staff officer, who had been up the Aroostook to check some aggressions of the American lumberers in the forests on the disputed territory, and was now on his return to Fredericton. We proceeded in company through a fertile and from this time well-inhabited country, with fine bold scenery at every turn of the stream, and at night arrived at Woodstock, about sixty miles below the falls and half a mile from the river, where we found a comfortable little inn, kept by an American. The division of the counties, which had only lately taken place, had not been publicly stated more than three or four days, and Woodstock, which had formerly been in the county of York, was now the capital of the new formed county of Carleton. At present, it is but a small village, though doubtless, ere many years have passed, it will be one of the most considerable towns in the province, being situated in the most fertile part, and already possessing a large agricultural population. Persons anxious for posts under government, and to establish themselves with the earliest foundation of the town, were flocking in from all directions; no fewer than three surgeons and four attorneys had already arrived, though there was neither fee nor food for one of them. The small and formerly quiet village had already divided opinions and clashing interests, and numerous little jealousies and bickerings had arisen. It is a straggling place, settled partly upon a creek near the river, and partly upon the high ground where the inn was; so each party wished to establish their own spot as the site of the capital, and derive the advantage of having the public buildings there.

The evening gun, from the American garrison of Houlton, only five miles distant, can be distinctly heard at Woodstock; and as we were descending the river on the 11th of September, we caught a glimpse of Mar's Hill,

upon which the boundary monument has been erected. Large as the St. John's river is, it is rendered utterly un-navigable by the numerous rapids, where, in many places, the depth does not exceed three feet. The beach every where was strewn with fine timber, which had been left by the falling of the spring freshets, and which could not now arrive at the port of exportation before the ensuing year, and flat-bottomed provision-boats can with difficulty reach Woodstock on the third day from Fredericton. The scenery throughout the St. John's is of a superior order to the generality of that in America, and becomes bolder and more beautiful as the river nears the ocean; but the land decreases in fertility in an equal ratio every succeeding mile below Woodstock. The falls of the Pokeok at its junction with the St. John's, seen through a wooded and rocky chasm, and an Indian village with some fine drooping elms upon a bold undulating country a few miles lower down, are exceedingly picturesque objects.

With the exception of Woodstock, it cannot be said that there is any settlement which can come under the denomination of a village between the Green river and Fredericton, a distance not short of two hundred and twenty miles. In many parts, as at Madawaska, a narrow riband of farms extends along the banks of the St. John, and stretches back from a quarter to a mile inland. Three or four tribes also of Indians have their strange-looking collection of bark-built wigwams huddled together upon the headlands formed by the junction of the Tobique and other tributary streams: the chief's house is usually distinguished from the rest by having a flag-staff alongside of it, or the roof being rather more elevated. The costume of the females struck me as much gayer than that of the tribes I had previously seen in the Canadas. Their dress here was generally of brilliant and gaudy colours, with their black hats encircled by a broad silver band. The men, who appeared to subsist chiefly upon fishing in the summer season, had the same heavy and forbidding countenances I had observed amongst the Seneca and Iroquois tribes. I was informed, however, by officers of the army, and agents who had superintended the annual distribution of presents from the British government to the tribes upon the borders of Lake Huron, that fine athletic warriors of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, with noble features, used to attend upon those occasions with one side of their face painted sky blue, and the other chequered with vermilion and bright yellow; but all whom I saw fell very far short of the natives of Bengal and Pegu both in stature and countenance.

At ten o'clock on the night of the ninth day from our leaving Quebec, we arrived at Fredericton, three hundred and fifty miles distant, rejoiced beyond measure that our fatiguing expedition was at an end. The cramping attitude of sitting crouched at the bottom of the canoe for sixteen hours, during four successive days, without being able to change that position, lest the heavily laden and frail vessel should capsize, was irksome and overpowering in the extreme. But when our troubles and vexations were over, as usual we laughed heartily at all our adventures; and, taking it all in all, I may fairly say that I enjoyed this journey more than any other portion of my travels on the continent of America. Our provisions had been rather short, and the bread on the fourth or fifth day became so excessively sour, from alternate wet and exposure to the sun, that it was unwholesome as well as unpalatable, and began to affect us seriously. Nor had our night's rest been sought upon couches of the softest and most fleecy down; but, in the enjoyment of good health, other matters were of trifling moment, and soon consigned to oblivion.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—SPIRIT OF EQUALITY—DISPUTED BOUNDARY.

After the separation of New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, in 1785, Colonel Carleton was appointed governor of the new province, and selected a spot on the right bank of the river, where Fredericton now stands, as the site of the capital. The situation is good, being the head of the tide-water and the sloop navigation. Though ships of large burden can ascend to the mouth of the Oromucto, from twelve to fifteen miles below, yet merchandise is usually forwarded from the sea-port ninety miles distant by small craft, the Falls of St. John, two miles from the harbour, preventing the passage of large vessels except at high water. The town consists of two principal streets, running parallel with the river, and contains about 1200 inhabitants, but as yet has no regular market nor fair. The point of land upon which it is built is flat and low, being but a few feet above the level of the freshets. A low range of rocky hills, however, rises half a mile in

* Owing to the numerous rapids on the river St. John, these portages or carrying-places are frequent. The eastern provinces, more especially New Brunswick, are so intersected with streams, whose sources are in the immediate vicinity of each other, that the whole country may be traversed by means of them with very little difficulty: and, in short, the rivers are the highways of the province. The Grand Temiscouta portage is of an extraordinary length, being thirty-six miles over a mountainous country, and very little used, except by casual travellers, but some of the navigable streams are within two miles of each other, yet flowing in opposite directions.

rear of the town, and another at rather a greater distance on the opposite side of the St. John's, into which the pretty stream of the Naasawhaak empties itself. The river immediately above Fredericton is studded with many beautiful islands of considerable extent, which, being inundated at certain seasons, produce abundant crops of hay, as is the case with the low land on the banks; but, in general, the soil is cold and poor.

The original government house, a wooden edifice, was burnt by accident some few years since, and the present substantial and spacious one of fine freestone was erected during the administration of the late governor, Sir Howard Douglas. In point of situation and style of architecture it far exceeds both that at Quebec and the one at York; and, with the tastefully laid out pleasure-grounds and gardens, occupies a large tract of ground on the margin of the water above the town.

The college, situated at the base of the hills, is another fine stone edifice, and in addition to possessing the enormous grant of 6000 acres in its immediate vicinity, has 1000*l.* per annum allowed by the British, and the same sum by the provincial government. The former made their grant on condition that the province allowed an equal sum; but of late years the house of assembly have shown a disposition to withdraw their grant, though that of the mother country was made in *perpetuum*. They contend that they cannot afford to pay so highly for the education of the half dozen young men who study there under a president and four professors. The other public buildings are of wood, and do not display any thing either tasteful or expensive in their structure. The officers' barracks, for the few companies of infantry quartered in the town, are prettily situated on one side of a square, surrounded by fine trees and the intervening space laid with grass, where the excellent band of the 34th regiment attracted a crowd of auditors during the fine evenings of September.

Many of the old inhabitants were the royalists of the American revolution, who settled in New Brunswick after the forfeiture of their property in the States, and several of them still hold high official situations. But, as in the Canadas, the same blunt manner and independent spirit which an Englishman is so apt to censure in the United States is here very perceptible, and the lower classes of people assume similar airs. A shopkeeper is mighty indignant if so addressed: forsooth he is a storekeeper; a blacksmith is a lieutenant of militia grenadiers, and sports his full-dress uniform, with gold wings, as proudly as a nobleman; a maid-servant, who has emigrated from England only three years before with scarcely a shoe to her foot, walks in to be hired, and in the presence of the lady of the house, seats herself in the best chair in the parlour, and then enters upon business with the ease of one who is reciprocating a favour: in short, no one confers a superior. They certainly possess the levelling system in full vigour, inhaled, I should imagine, from the opposite side of the frontier. "Ne sutor ultra crepidam" is not the motto here; the majority of the house of assembly is composed of ignorant farmers and shopkeepers, the representatives of the eleven counties into which the province is divided. One thing, however, I will acquit them of: they neither chew tobacco nor do they annoy you in their hotels with the essence of egg-nog and mint juleps.

The New Brunswickers, generally speaking, are a fine athletic race of people, and the lumberers, in personal appearance and strength, will not yield to the peasantry of any nation. They are alike insensible to heat and cold, and, with a stock of salt pork and rum, remain in the woods without quitting them for months, employed in their hardy occupation of felling timber. The province will doubtless improve rapidly. The timber trade, which has so long employed the energies of the inhabitants, is already beginning to fail in some parts, and agriculture will be more attended to. The farmers have ever been in the habit of paying their one shilling and sixpence per ton into the crown-land office for a license to lumber during the winter months, entirely neglecting their farms for a pursuit which would bring them a little more ready money. Owing to this ruinous system, the specie has found its way into the United States for the purchase of flour and pork, while a system of barter has been established between the inhabitants of the interior of the province, the labourer receiving so many bushels of wheat for his work, and the whiskey dealer bartering with the butcher or tailor.

The population of the province, including the scattered Acadians and original French settlers, who possess considerable tracts of land upon the eastern coast, does not at present exceed 100,000, though it is now rapidly increasing. Many emigrants of a highly respectable class, and men of good education, were continually arriving during my stay at Fredericton. They intended purchas-

ing farms on the banks of the St. John's, near Woodstock; but I could scarcely imagine that persons who had been accustomed to mix in the gay scenes of a college life, and move in the higher walks of society in England, would ever be happy or contented in a comparative wilderness, where they must be solely dependent upon their own resources, and their time, devoid of excitement, must hang heavily on their hands. From what little I saw of the vast western continent, I should say it was no country for a mere gentleman, who retained a fondness for hunting and shooting, but rather for artificers and farmers, whose previous habits enabled them to put their own shoulders to the wheel. Of the natives of Great Britain the lower orders of the Scots are usually considered the best settlers, having been more accustomed to privations and hardships than their English neighbours, who, though not so addicted to spirituous liquors, are a worse class of settlers, and more dissatisfied with the change they have made, than the Irish. The Lowlanders again are even a better description of settlers than their Highland brethren, who, like the French, satisfied with a mere existence, care little about the improvement of their farms.

Until the arrival of Sir Archibald Campbell, the present governor, no part of the world could have possessed so few and such bad roads. Since his arrival, however, the "Royal Road" has been surveyed, and several miles of it are already completed; the intention being to extend it on the opposite side of the river to the Grand Falls. By the course of the stream the distance is one hundred and thirty miles, which will be shortened forty miles by the new road, and, at the same time, not only tend to the rapid settlement of the interior of the country, by throwing open a mercantile line of communication, but in time of war will be of incalculable advantage as a military road to Quebec, with the broad stream of the St. John's, a natural protection against any sudden inroads from the American frontier. Most of the allotments upon the seacoast have been occupied many years, and the occupation of those upon the banks of the principal rivers followed. They are generally of a narrow frontage, so that each occupant may command water navigation; but some extend to the rear as much as five or six miles; and the second and third occupations from the river are even now filling. The best crown lands are at this time selling at three shillings, and the general average of crops is about eighteen bushels of wheat per acre. The winter being of longer duration than elsewhere, winter wheat is not sown; the soil, however, yields the finest potatoes in North America, which give the name of Blue-noses to the New Brunswickers, from the small eyes or excrescences with which they are covered, and they are exported to the United States in vast quantities. The province as yet (owing to the dense forest) has been very imperfectly explored, but it is known to abound with coal, slate, freestone, and granite; it also produces some small quantities of various ores. Its climate is dry and particularly healthy, excepting about the coast of the Bay of Fundy, where, from the continued fogs, the inhabitants are said to be liable to pulmonary complaints.

During my ten days' residence at Fredericton I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, who, with his sons, was searching for additions to his laborious undertaking.

The militia were called out for three days' training, and the battalion which assembled at Fredericton 1000 strong, was composed of fine athletic men. Only 200 of them were armed, and about the same number had clothing and accoutrements. There was also an African company, who had decked themselves very gaily, and carried the only drum and fife in the field. They appeared quite proud of their occupation, not being exempted, as in the United States, from the performance of military duty. The province could, in case of emergency, furnish 20,000 men, (but, unfortunately, there are neither arms nor clothing for one tenth of that number,) and six troops of yeomanry cavalry. The Fredericton troop made an exceedingly neat and clean appearance, being well clothed and partly armed; and in active service, in such a country as New Brunswick, would prove of very essential utility. In case of immediate aggression from their neighbours, the province must for some time be entrusted to their care alone, there being only six weak companies of regular infantry in three distant detachments, with a frontier of 200 miles in extent, and a province of 22,000 square miles in charge, while the Americans have two garrisons close upon the boundary line (at Eastport and Houlton,) and an excellent military road nearly completed to Boston. The New Brunswickers have already given ample proof that they are well qualified as soldiers to undergo any hardships and privations. During the last American war the 104th regiment was entirely raised in this province, and made

a march unparalleled in the annals of English history, and only equalled by that of the Russian campaign in 1812, through the extensive forests to the Canadas in the depth of a severe winter. No troops ever behaved better in the field, and the corps was nearly annihilated at the storming of Fort Erie. Many Americans settle in the province, and are always the most enterprising and money-seeking men; many too are prevented naturalizing by an oath of allegiance, or some similar form, which the law requires to be taken in a protestant church; and, being considered as aliens, they pay a fine of thirty shillings in lieu of performing militia duty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. JOHN'S—DIGBY—ANNAPOLIS—WINDSOR—HALIFAX.

On the 22d of September I embarked in a small steam-boat in company with Captain C. an old Burman friend, whom I was so fortunate as to find stationed at Fredericton, and who kindly offered to accompany me on a short tour through the province of Nova Scotia. We proceeded down the beautiful river St. John (which received its name from being discovered by De Monte on the 26th of June, 1604, the day of St. John the Baptist,) and thirty miles below Fredericton passed the embouchure of a small rivulet, which forms an outlet to the waters of the Grand lake and its numerous tributary streams.

After crossing the mouth of the Kenebekasis River and entering Grand Bay, which is interspersed with numerous islands, we were enveloped in a dense fog, and, landing a few miles farther, at the Indian village: some above the falls, proceeded on foot into the town of St. John. For three days it had been obscured by fog, viz. with us all had been sunshine and heat, the fog not extending more than ten miles up the river. During the first day we saw nothing of the town beyond the curbstones of the pavement, or the steps up to the doors of the houses; but a heavy shower of rain, which came while we were groping our way through the streets in search of the barracks and thoroughly drenched us, dispelled the fog, so that the following morning the scene rose bright and clear.

The town containing nearly 11,000 inhabitants is built upon a rocky and irregular promontory, forming the harbour and the river which here empties itself into the Bay of Fundy. The principal streets are broad, paved, and neatly laid out, with excellent private dwellings, and some elegant stone public edifices. The corporation in a most spirited manner are laying out large sums of money in beautifying and levelling the streets, though much to the inconvenience of private individuals, whose houses at the bottom of some hills have been blocked up by these improvements to the attic windows, so that a passer by may peep into the first or second story. On the summit of the hill again 20 feet of solid rock have been cut away, leaving the dwellings perched on high, and allowing the occupants a view of little else save sky and the occasional roof of a lofty house. The barracks, a fine extensive range of buildings, with some small batteries overlooking the sea and commanding the entrance to the harbour, occupy an elevated and pleasant situation in front of the town, whence in clear weather the opposite coast of Nova Scotia can be seen across the Bay of Fundy.

Every thing about St. John's presented the air of a flourishing place, and numerous vessels were upon the stocks in the upper part of the bay, where the tide rises to the height of 30 feet. In point of commercial importance it is the capital of New Brunswick, and annually 400 square-rigged vessels enter the port annually, reporting more than 100,000 tons of square timber. From Miramichi more than 300 vessels sail with even greater quantity of timber than from St. John's; and from St. Andrew's, which ranks as the third sea-port, from 150 to 170 vessels with 25,000 tons of timber. In addition to these there are several minor ports, and from the whole collectively about 11,000 seamen are employed in the trade of the province. It appears by returns made in the year, 1824, when the trade was rather braver than at present, that 324,260 tons of square timber were exported from the various sea-ports, exclusive of gum, lathwood, and deals. St. John's possesses most of the lumbering trade from the western coast of Nova Scotia, and the duties upon English importations being lighter than at Halifax, it absorbs much of the traffic which would otherwise flow to that city. This and the adjoining province of Nova Scotia, under different regulations, might have been still greater nurseries for British seamen than they are; their interests upon several occasions have been neglected by the mother country, who

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by the treaty of 1703, granted to the United States participation in the fisheries, and a general permission to take fish at the distance of a cannon-shot from the coast. This permission has been much abused by their frequently running in-shore at night, entering the bays to set their nets, in many instances forcibly preventing the British fishermen from carrying on the fishery, and destroying the fish by throwing the offal overboard, while the provincialists carry it ashore. These rights they forfeited by the war of 1812, but the renewal of them at the peace was strangely permitted, with the most injurious effects to the colonies.

The immediate vicinity of the town, and for an extent of some miles up the river, is such a mass of rock, covered only here and there with stunted pine, as almost to deter any emigrants from penetrating into the interior, or at least to give them a very poor opinion of their adopted country. The only rich or fertile tract I saw, was a narrow strip of land about a mile in width, running between two ridges of rocks away from the bay, and which had been reclaimed from the bed of a river or large inlet. By some people it is imagined to be the course of the St. John's previous to its bursting through the ridge of rocks which create the falls. The opening through which that river passes is in the narrowest part called the "split rock," and not more than 40 yards in width; a quarter of a mile higher up the stream is a second pass, from 150 to 200 yards wide, above which the river expands into a capacious bay. The great rush of the tide is such, and it rises so rapidly, that the water at the flood is some feet higher below the split rock than above it, and renders it impassable, except at high water for half an hour, and the same fall is formed at the ebb tide, when it is again passable for the same time at low water. Boats frequently venture too far, not aware of the time of tide, and are lost in the whirlpools and eddies; one, containing three men, had been lost the day before we visited them, the most powerful swimmer not being able to gain the shore. The noise from them can be distinctly heard at the distance of some miles, and the harbour, a mile below them, is covered with floating froth a foot in thickness. A few years since an engineer officer proposed undermining or blasting the rocks, which vary from 50 to 100 feet in height, and thus opening a passage for the free admission of the tide; but the project was opposed by the landholders some miles above the town, who represented that the river would thus be drained and rendered too shallow for navigation.

Leaving St. John's in a steamer on the 24th, with the sea as smooth as a lake, but the vessel rolling heavily, we passed out of the beautiful harbour by Partridge Island (the quarantine station at the entrance, which, being high and rocky, is an excellent breakwater and shelter to the harbour in easterly gales), and steered for the Nova Scotian coast, forty miles distant. The lofty heights in the rear of the city, the various Martello towers and light-houses on Partridge Island and the headlands, the batteries and barracks rising upon a gentle acclivity from the harbour, with the ruins of old Fort Howe frowning from a rocky precipice over the city, which is built upon several eminences, form a picturesque scene when viewed from the Bay of Fundy.

In five hours we entered the strait of Annapolis (or Digby, as it is frequently called,) which is about a third of a mile in width, with high lands from 500 to 600 feet in height upon either shore. A violent tide rushing through it into the bay of Fundy renders it next to an impossibility for a vessel to beat against a head wind into the basin of Digby, one of the finest summer harbours on the American continent, and in which the whole British navy might ride with safety. Were batteries thrown up at the entrance of the strait, the passage would be rendered utterly impracticable at any time. In winter, however, it is rendered unsafe from the vast quantities of ice which drift down from the Annapolis River. Several wigwags were erected upon the sandy beach by the Indians, who, with their rifles, assemble throughout the summer for the purpose of shooting porpoises in the basin; and, by afterwards disposing of the oil which they extract, they manage to make a tolerable livelihood. We saw several paddling about in their canoes, who appeared very expert, and were informed it was no uncommon thing for them to kill at a single shot. The basin is also celebrated for its chickens (a species of herring;) but of late years their number has

considerably decreased, owing to the numerous weirs, which destroyed the young fish. The small town of Digby, which owed its origin to the fisheries, is prettily situated on a light gravelly soil at the water's edge, about three miles from the entrance of the strait. After passing an hour or two there, we pursued our course up the basin, which for its whole extent is divided from the Bay of Fundy by only a narrow chain of hills, between whose base and the margin of the basin there is a strip of about a mile in breadth of well populated and cultivated land. Near the head of the basin, at the influx of the Moose River, are the remains of an iron foundry which was commenced in 1825, by the Annapolis Mining Company, with a capital of one hundred shares of 100l. each, and afterwards increased to double the amount, but failed through improper management, and is now mortgaged for a trifling sum. There was a fine field open for their undertaking, nearly all the minerals throughout the country being reserved by the Crown, and granted for sixty years by the late Duke of York to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, who have only opened some coal mines at Pictou on the northern coast of the province.

We arrived at Annapolis, situated ten or twelve miles up the river of the same name, early in the afternoon. Though formerly a town of so much note, it has now dwindled down into a place of inconsiderable importance, not containing more than 1300 inhabitants. From the year 1712, when Nova Scotia was ceded finally to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht (which took place two years after the conquest of the country by General Nicholson with the forces of Queen Anne,) until 1749, it was the capital of the province, but in that year the seat of government was transferred to Halifax. From the first exploration of the country in 1603 by De Monts, who built a fort there and named it Port Royal, until 1712, it changed masters eight times, having been restored to France by treaty every successive time it was taken by the English. The old fort is yet extant upon a point of land formed immediately below the town, by the junction of a small stream with the Annapolis river, and is occupied by a detachment of infantry from Halifax. An old block-house, and a square brick building within the ramparts, bear such outward signs of antiquity that one might almost imagine them to be coeval with the original French settlers. The principal part of the town runs in one street, parallel with the river above the fort; but to the eastward of it, on the land side, there is a continued succession of neat private residences for nearly a mile, all of which have gardens prettily laid out, and even quickset hedges. These last immediately attracted our attention, being the first I had seen in North America, though, at this time, I had travelled 2500 miles in it. The orchards are extensive and numerous, much cider being made in this part of the province, and I could have fancied myself in an English village, had it not been for the negroes with whom the street swarmed, and whom I should never have expected to see in such numbers so far to the north.

On the morning of the 25th of September we left Annapolis, pursuing our journey to Bridgetown, fourteen or fifteen miles distant, where we crossed to the right bank of the river and followed its course over a poor and exceedingly light soil. The township of Ailsby, fifteen miles in length, produces only a crop of rye and Indian corn in three or four years, and then lies by for pasture for a length of time.

The day was stormy, with heavy rains, and the coach only a second-hand American one, with "Western Mail, New York, and Hoboken," upon the doors; neither was it water-proof, the canvass curtains hanging down in long shreds, and flapping to and fro with the wind. The horses too were poor specimens of the Nova Scotian steeds, three out of the four being lame; the coachman however was perhaps one shade more professional in his appearance than those in the States. I attempted to kill time by reading Bulwer's Eugene Aram, but was incessantly interrupted, when devouring one of the most interesting chapters, by a prosing little woman eighty years of age, with snow-white hair, rosy cheeks, bright black eyes, and a set of teeth which would not have disgraced a Brahmin. She was the very picture of good health, but most unfortunately my neighbour, and apparently took a great fancy to me, as the full benefit of her colloquial powers was bestowed upon me in some such interesting

conversation as "Aye, these barrens are very dreary, but you will soon come to the settlement:—now there's a pretty interval—this is a poor territory."

Near the village of Ailsby we passed in sight of Clermont, the pretty country residence of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and a few miles farther entered the Cariboo Swamps. It is the source of two rivers, the Annapolis and Cornwallis, which rise within a few paces of each other by the road side, and flow to the ocean in opposite directions, one emptying itself into the Basin of Minas and the other into the Basin of Digby. It was formerly a favourite hunting ground of the Indians, but few of the animals from which its name is derived are now to be found in any part of the country.

Every one forms some ideas of a place before he visits it, and mine were fully realised throughout this day's journey. After leaving the swamp we entered dense forests of pine, unvaried by a solitary habitation for many miles, and the few small clearings were plentifully covered with Nova Scotian sheep, *alias* large black stones; but at Kentville, where we passed the night, the country assumed a more fertile appearance, and our road continued within sight of the large prairie and rich dikes of Cornwallis and Horton. A long range of hills, from 1000 to 1200 feet in height, commence just beyond the village of Gaspereaux, which derives its name from a poor description of herring which run up a small stream in shoals during the spring, and are caught in such vast quantities that the fishermen frequently allow the poor people to take them away gratis. They also form a considerable article of trade with the West Indian Islands. The rivulet winds up rather a pretty and fertile valley, twelve miles in length, between the village and the mountains, and has its source from a lake at the head. The view of Cape Blomidon, or Blow-me-down (as it is now significantly called, from the heavy gusts of wind which prevail off its bluff point,) with the basin of Minas and the opposite shore, is a fine and extensive one when taken from the high part of the Horton Mountains, over which the road passes. For the first time in America, I saw a drag-chain used in their descent, but the road was excellent; and though closely packed with eight people inside, and only two seats, we travelled the ten miles in an hour and ten minutes.

Making a circuitous route of six miles in twenty, we crossed the Avon, about 150 yards wide, and arrived at Windsor to breakfast. If a bridge were constructed across the river at this town many miles of mountainous country would be avoided. We were informed that one was in meditation some years since, and that the abutments of it were actually commenced, but the work was abandoned for some unknown reason. A long wooden pile of building, with a flat roof, occupies an eminence one mile from the town, with twenty-five windows in each story, which, consequently, might be reasonably supposed to be a cotton mill; but, not being in the vicinity of any water, I came to the conclusion that it was a barrack: my loquacious neighbour however set me to rights by informing me that it was the college. It certainly exhibits a strange architectural taste, though quite a modern building, the institution having been founded only thirty years. At this time there were twenty-one students, who are eligible at the early age of fourteen, on account of young men entering upon business so early in life. They are required to wear the cap and gown, but little attention appears to be paid in this respect to the rules of the college. I saw some very unacademically-dressed young men in green shooting jackets, standing at the hotel door, smoking cigars, and surveying each passenger as he stepped out of the coach. The only mark of scholastic garb they wore was the square cap and tassel; and one of them crossed the street with his gown folded up and carried under one arm and a large stick under the other. The qualifications of the president are, that he must have taken a degree either of M. A. or Bachelor in Civil Law at Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin. There are twelve divinity scholarships attached to the college by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign parts, each scholar enjoying 30l. per annum for seven years. The object being that people may be induced to educate their children for the ministry of the Church of England, there are also four scholarships of 20l. tenable only for four years. At the foot of the hill upon which the college is erected is a large substantial stone

building, used as a preparatory academy. It was built at an expense of 6000*l.* and has also twelve divinity scholarships of 30*l.* attached to it, which are held either for seven years or until matriculation, and, as well as those at the college, are nominated by the bishop and appointed by the society.

Windsor, equally with every Nova Scotian town which I visited, impressed me favourably with the province. The streets are clean, and the houses have a respectable and pleasing appearance, superior to the Canadian villages. The town is situated upon the margin of the Avon, where it is 1100 feet broad, and is the great port for the exportation of gypsum, of which nearly 100,000 tons are carried annually to the United States for the purposes of farming; but it is very little used in the province as a manure, either not suiting the soil, or being improperly applied. The whole face of the surrounding country is scarred with quarries, and the lofty banks of the river St. Croix, a few miles distant, are composed of the same mineral, and are nearly as white as the cliffs of Dover. It does not lie in a compact body, but is intermixed with red and blue clay. After exportation, it is ground fine in a mill and scattered over the land by the hand in about the proportion of five bushels to the acre, answering well upon a dry sandy soil, and showing a dark mark upon the grass, which springs up in the parts where it has been scattered. It is also said to prevent that bane of the farmer, the rust in the wheat, which are supposed to be occasioned by the thick fogs of Nova Scotia. When we arrived at Windsor and walked to the piers, where the vessels were loading with gypsum, the bed of the river had a most singular appearance. As far as the eye could reach, only a thick bed of yellow mud was visible, and the keels of the vessels were 40 feet above the level of a small fresh-water brook, which flowed in a narrow gully through it. The height of the tide increases in an unaccountable manner as it approaches the N. E. along the whole coast of North America. At New York common flood does not average more than five or six feet: at St. John's it is from 20 to 25, at Windsor about 35, and increasing in rapidity as the basin becomes narrower, it rises near Fort Cumberland and Truro to the astonishing height of 75 feet in the spring tides. The captain of a vessel assured me that he had cast anchor in twelve fathoms' water in Chignecto Basin, and had walked round his craft at low ebb.

The crops throughout our journey appeared in a most deplorable state; in many parts they were yet green, though it was now the 26th of September, and some were entirely destroyed by the frost, which had been capricious in the extreme: one field was probably quite destroyed, and the farmer at work cutting it for winter fodder, while the next was yet in a flourishing state. Owing to the lateness of the spring, and the early September frosts, it seemed probable that the farmer's yearly labours would receive but a poor return. Winter wheat is not sown in consequence of being liable to be thrown out of the ground at spring by the effects of the severe frosts in winter, and spring wheat is raised with difficulty in some parts of the province. The crops in good upland vary from 16 to 25 bushels. The other grains, however, grow well, oats yielding 25, rye 16, and barley 20 bushels. Indian corn produces from 25 to 30 bushels, but it requires long heat, and the climate of Nova Scotia is too treacherous to be trusted long with impunity; this year I do not recollect seeing above two crops which promised to repay the farmer. The land is admirably calculated for potatoes, an average produce being 200 bushels per acre; and the rotation of crops, after breaking up the green sward, is to commence with oats, followed by potatoes the second and wheat the third year, when again potatoes, then wheat, accompanied by clover and timothy seed. Few farms are divided into fields which receive a prescribed treatment in turn, but remain in grass until the failure of the crops indicates the necessity of change; wheat and oats are generally sown in April, Indian corn between 10th of May and 5th of June, barley and buck-wheat 1st of June, and turnips 10th of July. Mowing usually commences the last week of July, and reaping the same time in August, but this season the hay was not stacked as late as the 9th of October. The following return was made a few years since under authority of the local government: Quantity of land in Nova Scotia, exclusive of Cape Breton 9,994,880 acres, of these 6,119,939 have been granted, but 1,781,392 have been escheated, leaving at the disposal of the crown 5,656,223 acres. Of the above quantity three parts is prime land, four ditto good, three inferior, and two incapable of cultivation: this is exclusive of lakes and land covered with water. The horned cattle are well shaped; but the horses, though hardy, are of a mixed Canadian, American, and English breed, and have fallen off of late years. When the Duke

of Kent was governor of the province he used his utmost endeavours, by the importation of several Arab horses, to introduce a good breed, and partly succeeded: but since then the best horses have been drained off by purchasers from the States. New Brunswick produces a superior breed in swiftness and beauty. A celebrated horse in that province, some few years since, took a sleigh upon the ice from St. John's to Fredericton, a distance of 76 miles, in six hours and a half. A useful pony, rivaling the Shetland in diminutiveness, and varying from 5*l.* to 7*l.* in price, is in common use amongst the young people of Nova Scotia. It is imported from Sable Island, an almost barren sand, 35 leagues from the coast, upon which a few ponies of a larger breed were landed many years since as food for shipwrecked seamen, but, their numbers increasing too rapidly for the extent of herbage, many have been withdrawn, and a humane establishment has been instituted there at an expense of 800*l.* per annum. From the same return which is quoted above it appears that the cultivated land in Nova Scotia amounts only to 1,292,009 acres, though the first crop after clearing the ground always repays all expenses of labour and purchasing seed, the expense of felling and clearing away the wood being from 25 to 30 shillings per acre; for cutting, heaping, burning, and fencing, 3*l.* I observed that here, as in the States, the sickle was but little used, the cradle scythe doing its work more expeditiously.

We changed our coach at Windsor for one of larger dimensions, and, the Halifax races commencing the following day, we had an addition to our party of half a dozen lawyers and attorneys returning from the circuit to enjoy the gaiety of the capital. My prosing old torment contrived to place herself beside me again, and, after congratulating me upon the vicinity we had preserved, she transferred her little grand-daughter from the centre seat, where her bonnet was crushed into every possible shape but the one the maker did intend, to place a upon my knee. What with the child, the old dame's vexatious garrulity, and fifteen inside passengers upon a hot day, I was almost worked into a fever, and was therefore happy to escape when we stopped to change horses, and walk up the Ardoise mountain. This mountain derives its name from the slate with which it abounds, and which appears upon the surface in every direction, but the monopoly of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge laid an injunction on a quarry which was opened a few years since. The circumstance rather reminds one of the fable of the dog in the manger; for the material would be in great demand for building, and soon supersede the combustible shingles which at this time are in general use. The road continues over high ground, after gaining the summit, passing between many lagoons varying in size from twenty to forty acres, which afford excellent trout fishing, and have some good land near them. One farm especially, the property of Mr. Jeffries, collector of customs at Halifax, was quite a treat to a traveller who had been so long accustomed to see nothing but a most slovenly system of agriculture. It displayed much better management than that of his near neighbour, Mr. Uniacke, late attorney general, whose farm and house were erected upon such a barren spot, and so much money had been expended upon the estate, that, to use a fellow-passenger's expression, "for every stone he had picked up he had laid down a dollar." Each house is prettily situated near a small lake, with undulating and well-cleared grounds, laid out in gardens and with quickest hedges; they had also planted several hundreds of English oaks in the hedge-rows, which appeared to be thriving tolerably. The same fellow-passenger related the following anecdote to us, respecting this unproductive farm. The original proprietor was taken prisoner during the war of the revolution, and marched under suspicion of being a spy to Halifax, from the opposite extremity of the province. On his route to the capital, he requested permission of the escort to rest himself for a few minutes upon a stone by the roadside (which, in corroboration of the veracity of the story, was pointed out to us) and, while sitting upon it, he said that if ever he was so fortunate as to acquire his liberty, and gain an independent fortune, he would purchase the land upon which it lay. In process of time his anticipations were realised, and, purchasing 5000 acres of that rocky country, he expended nearly 25,000*l.* upon them. He was spoken highly of as being a charitable man, and giving employ to numerous workmen. The house now bids fair for becoming a mass of ruins, the present possessor not admiring so unsociable and desolate a place.

There certainly ought not to be any apology required for a man committing suicide in the twenty miles after passing the Ardoise mountain, nor any fog necessary to disgust him with life if compelled to take up his abode in such a country. A new line of road had been laid out

some two or three years previously, and, nothing being expended upon the repairs of the old one, we had to jolt about most unmercifully over huge rocks and deep water-courses. It was well, indeed, that we were packed so close, and had not much space for pitching to and fro. Our road lay through the leafless forest, which was consumed in the summer of 1825, at the same time as the awful fire at Miramichi in New Brunswick, which spread over six thousand square miles, destroying towns, human beings, wild beasts, and even the natives of the streams in its devouring course. Nothing can exceed the desolate appearance of the country over which it swept; the trees either yet remain, hardened by the fire, in their natural position, and casting a wintry gloom over the few green shrubs which are creeping up again at intervals beneath them, or have been consumed by internal fire, leaving only a mere shell or skeleton. It is a singular fact that in most instances where the forest has been consumed by fire a different growth of wood springs up from that which the ground formerly produced; thus a hard timber is frequently succeeded by a soft one, and maple or birch shoot out from amongst the roots of the pine. The quality of the soil is nevertheless generally known by the growth of the timber; black and yellow birch, with elm, ash, hemlock, or maple, are certain indications of a rich soil. A small growth of white birch denotes a thin cold soil, and pine a dry sandy ground: though this rule does not always hold good, as strips of pine are frequently found in the best land.

Night had set in by the time we had arrived within ten miles of Halifax, and I, allowing my head to sink down upon my breast, breathed hard, and affected sleep, for the purpose of avoiding the old lady, who was by far a greater plague to me than ever the old man of the sea was to Sinbad the sailor. But all this *ruse de guerre* was of no avail: "I am sure you will never wish to travel with such an old woman again," said she; "most sincerely shall I pray for it," groaned I; and my evil genius persevered in describing the Bedford Basin upon whose margin we were now travelling, and related "how the French admiral and fleet scuttled themselves and went down with colours flying in the presence of the English, sooner than surrender," and how the mast of the admiral's ship was yet visible above low water on a calm day. I was mute, but ever and anon peered out, and squinted through one eye to the right and left, in hopes of seeing the long-wished-for city; but there was only the white light water of the basin below, or the dark outline of houses at intervals on the right, with the roaring stream of the Sackville, as it descended over its rocky bed from the chain of lakes we had passed during the day. I almost shouted with joy when the exclamation of "there is the city-dell" (citadel) broke from her, and we entered the streets just as the vivid flash of the heavy gun from the ramparts, and the numerous bugles and drums of the garrison, announced that it was eight o'clock.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RACES—HALIFAX—THEATRE, &c.—SHUBENACADIE CANAL.

I have seldom witnessed a livelier scene than the Halifax race-course presented on the 27th of September. The day was remarkably favourable; not even a passing cloud appeared to plead an excuse for not forming part of the show. By mid-day the city had poured forth all its inhabitants, both horse and foot, who were either grouped upon the ramparts or brow of the citadel hill, or listening to the military bands who played between the beats on the plain below. The scene was rendered more enlivening by the numerous gay uniforms of the rifle brigade, 8th and 96th regiments, which, with detachments of artillery and engineers, composed the garrison. The races had been set on foot by the officers of the army and navy upon the station, many of whom carried off the palm of victory in competition with professional jockeys. They were more suitably equipped too for running a race, according to an Englishman's notions of dress, than the provincialists, who cut rather an *outré* appearance riding in their shoes and loose trousers. Many of the races were well contested, and the sports were kept up with great spirit for three days. A captain and subaltern became *field officers* on the course, owing to the treachery of the ground which gave way under the horses when they were making nearly their last spring to gain the winning-post. A midshipman merited by his perseverance what he could not gain by the fleetness of his steed, as he ran for almost every stake, from the cup down to the saddle and bridle. The grand stand consisted of a few pine boards loosely tacked together, and was altogether a most frail and tottering erection, and pro-

to trusting one's life in it, it would have been a matter of prudence to have insured it. We had one or two false alarms of "coming down," from boys scrambling upon the roof, or gentlemen of heavy weight venturing upon the floor; but, the generality of the ladies preferring to witness the races from their own carriages, the show upon the stand was limited to about a dozen or eighteen people. All booths for the sale of spirituous liquors were prohibited near the course, but the law was evaded by the proprietors of contiguous fields letting them for the erection of tents, which proved of some service in attracting all those who had an inclination to be disorderly away from the peaceable portion of the assemblage.

We dined at the public ordinary the same afternoon, held in the Mason's Hall, a room of noble dimensions, but rendered gloomy by the ceiling being painted in most deplorable taste of a deep black colour, varied here and there with a streak of white, a compass, a rule, an eye, and other strange devices of the craft. I could compare the general effect only to that of a storm about to burst over the heads of the company, and it certainly much marred the beauty of the ladies who attended the ball in the same room the following evening. The cup, which had been made at New York, was produced after the cloth was removed for presentation to the winner, a citizen, and I believe the only one who entered a horse for the race.

The peninsula upon which Halifax stands is formed by the harbour, called Chebucto, and the northwest arm, which branches off at Point Pleasant, three miles below the city (the entrance being guarded by redoubts and Martello towers,) and runs almost parallel to the harbour, approaching within a mile of Bedford Basin. Melville Island, where the American prisoners of war were confined, is situated under the rocky and lofty wooded bank a short distance from the entrance, but only a few old houses and a mill now remain upon it. The harbour is about sixteen miles in length, and from one and a half to two in breadth, terminating in Bedford Basin, which would alone furnish a safe anchorage for the whole British navy, the entrance to it not exceeding 800 yards in width, when it expands to a noble sheet six miles by four. The approach from the sea is well protected by the fortifications at York Point, some miles below the city, and George's Island opposite the lowest extremity of it. McNabb's Island of 1100 acres, purchased a few years since for 1000*l.*, protects the shipping from the fury of the Atlantic. The peninsula rises rather abruptly from the water, the streets being laid out parallel with the harbour from north to south; but they are much confined by the citadel on the summit of the hill, and the crown reserves around it. The city is consequently much compressed in width, and occupies only a narrow strip of land, being about two miles and a half in length by a quarter of a mile in width, and all the cross streets are inconveniently steep, but the corporation were as actively employed as at St. John's in levelling and making them more commodious. The buildings are nearly all of wood, there not being more than 150 stone houses out of 1600. At the last census, in 1828, the population was 14,439 souls, the increase since the peace being but trifling. During the war it was the great British naval depot of North America, and the dock-yard establishment gave life and employ to the city; but a few years since a great portion of it was transferred to the Bermudas, as being central between the North American colonies and the West Indies, and the harbour not being liable to be closed by the ice during the winter months. There are great objections, however, to Bermuda, on the score of the climate, which destroys more naval stores in one year than Halifax would in half a dozen. The admiral and commissioner divide their time of residence equally between the two stations, and were on the point of sailing for Bermuda when we quitted Halifax.

The citadel, which is raised upon an old fort of smaller dimensions, will not be completed for some years; the work is carried on chiefly by the soldiers of the garrison, who receive ninepence per diem extra while employed during the summer months. The position is a commanding one, and a fine prospect is afforded from the ramparts. The barracks at present occupied by the troops are of wood, with very little to recommend them, except some fine mess-rooms, and a library instituted by Lord Dalhousie, when governor of the province. A fire would prove of infinite service towards beautifying the city, by destroying both them and a great proportion of the private dwelling-houses. Those even which are built of substantial materials are principally of the shaley iron-stone rock of which the peninsula is formed, and which contains such a quantity of the ore that it oozes out in long streaks down the walls, and gives them a most lugubrious

and prison-like appearance. Some of the public edifices are of a handsome freestone, and the province building, as it is called, situated in an open square, surrounded by an iron railing, and the interior prettily planted with locust-trees, would not disgrace the capital of Great Britain. It contains rooms for the council, house of assembly, and all the provincial offices. Its external dimensions are one hundred and forty feet in length, seventy in width, and forty-two in height; but the colonists do not appear to feel much pride about the grandeur of it, and their approbation of it is smothered in complaints of the extravagance of the cost. They have another source of lamentation in Dalhousie College, which occupies one end of the parade, where the guards mount daily, and which was commenced in 1820, but not completed for want of the necessary funds. It is, also, a handsome free-stone building, but unoccupied. Part of it, from humane motives, had been fitted up by the governor as a cholera hospital, as well as the levee room at government house; but fortunately neither of them was required. The latter is situated near the lower extremity of the town, but rather too near a burial ground. There are only two churches of the protestant episcopal religion, St. Paul's and St. George's, the latter a plain circular wooden edifice, bearing a close resemblance to the Coliseum; besides these, the catholics and dissenting sects have six chapels. The number of places of public worship, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, appeared far less in the British provinces than in the United States. On the banks of the river St. John, the great turnpike of New Brunswick, and along which much of the population is scattered, there was barely a church in every thirty miles; and though on our route to Halifax they exceeded in number those in the sister province, yet still they were comparatively few to those in the States. The provincialists are exempt from all tithes, the ministers of the church of England being supported by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, from which they receive an annuity of about 200*l.* sterling (nearly 250*l.* currency). The society also allows 25*l.* for each new church, and one was pointed out to me which had been actually erected for that sum. In addition to the twenty-one clergymen thus paid, they have also many schoolmasters and catechists in Nova Scotia, upon salaries from 15 to 20 and 30*l.* per annum. The followers of the church of Scotland are the most numerous of the various denominations in the province, there being by the last official return 37,925; of England, 28,659; of Rome, 20,401; Baptists, 19,790, and only three Jews, who, as the American saying is, are no match for any one in Yankee land, or the countries north of New York.

We attended the theatre one evening to witness the performance of "Simpson & Co.," and the "Poor Soldier;" but almost took alarm at the box-office, which was in a damp corner on the ground-floor behind a green curtain, where we received some dirty play bills, not broader than the riband of a lady's bonnet. The interior of the house well corresponded with it. We managed to obtain seats in the front box, from which an active man might have almost leaped over the people's heads in the pit on to the stage. Altogether it was much like performing in a sentry-box: we were so close to the performers, that a darkened eyebrow or rouged cheek could be easily detected, and the prompter's voice was heard in every sentence; yet, spite of these objections, the good citizens were flattering themselves that Fanny Kemble would extend her engagements from the States to the capital of Nova Scotia. The house was very thinly attended, but the heat was so oppressive that in half an hour we were glad to beat a retreat to our quarters, where I was again, for the second time during our travels, confined to my bed by indisposition for two days, but was happily surrounded by military friends, who soon set me on horseback again. I gave the band-box of a theatre the full credit of inducing if not of producing my indisposition.

We enjoyed many pleasant rides towards Point Pleasant, and the pretty private residences near the city, and passed an entire day in visiting Rockingham, where Prince's Lodge, formerly the Duke of Kent's country seat, is mouldering into dust, and in making the circuit of Bedford Basin. The road winds prettily along the margin of the water through a thick grove of birch and forest trees, crossing innumerable rivulets which pour their tributary streams into the basin from the rocky and but thinly inhabited country with which it is surrounded. The lodge is a large wooden building, six miles from the city, without any claims to architectural beauty, and, from its numerous large sash windows, may be likened to a conservatory or a lantern, there certainly being a greater proportion of glass than timber in the front. The grounds have been laid out tastefully, and the situation is exceed-

ingly beautiful, overlooking the broad expanse of the basin, from the edge of which it is about three hundred yards. After the duke's departure from the province, the property came into the possession of Sir John Wentworth, the lieutenant-governor, who allowed it to fall into its present ruinous and forlorn state. Not a vestige of the double tier of verandahs remains; the balcony and parapet railing are hanging in the most doubtful suspense; and, when we expressed a wish to see the interior, the old soldier in charge said that he would not insure us against either vanishing through one of the floors or being buried under the falling roof. The old guard-house has been converted into the stables of a comfortable inn, the scene of many garrison pic-nics and citizens' Sunday parties.

We continued our route to the village of Sackville, at the head of the basin, three miles farther, where there is a small military post for the apprehension of deserters; and struck into the forest by a bridge path, over the same rough and hilly country to the village of Dartmouth on the opposite side of the harbour. The Shubenacadie Canal, which was designed for the purpose of connecting the Basin of Minas with the harbour, and thus diverting part of the trade of the western towns of the province from St. John's in New Brunswick, has its commencement in rear of the village. The original estimate of the expense of finishing the entire work was 75,000*l.*, the canal being fifty-three miles in length, and sixty feet in width at the surface, with sufficient depth of water for vessels of eight feet draught. The locks were to be ninety feet in length within the chambers, and nineteen and a half feet in width, in order that steam boats might tow vessels of considerable burden from Halifax into the Bay of Fundy, and thus save them the long circuit of a dangerous coast. The legislature at the commencement made a grant of 15,000*l.*, and the heaviest expenditure would be upon the first section of 1200 yards, at an estimate of 23,000*l.*, the canal being raised by seven locks into Dartmouth Lake at an elevation of seventy feet above the level of the sea. Thence, with but short exceptions, it would run through a connected chain of lakes, into the Shubenacadie (derived from Shuben, signifying a "river," in the Micmac language, and Acadie, the original name of the province,) which flows into the Basin of Minas, that great reservoir of rivers (receiving the waters of not fewer than eleven powerful streams). Owing to an error in judgment the work has entirely failed, and the canal, now under mortgage to government for 25,000*l.*, is in as forlorn a state as the Prince's Lodge. Instead of the expenditure being entirely confined to the first section, which would have opened a communication with the lakes, it was spread out in portions through the whole sections, not one of which was completed, the original estimate falling far short of the requisite funds; and, all attempts to increase the stock proving fruitless, the work was laid aside, and the scheme is apparently abandoned. The locks are of fine substantial masonry, their bottoms composed of excellent inverted arches; but, many of them being in an unfinished state, the frost and heavy rains are already committing great havoc. It was stated that Colonel By, the engineer of the Rideau Canal, had lately surveyed the works, and had given in an estimate of 75,000*l.* for the completion; but here, as in the other British provinces, that same sad want of a spirit of enterprise is very apparent; and the chances are that the Shubenacadie Canal will be in *statu quo* a century hence.*

We had an opportunity while at Halifax of seeing some of the provincial militia. They were well equipped in every respect, and appeared to take some pride in making a soldier-like appearance. They had lately been engaged in several sham fights with the garrison, and the skirmishing over several miles of rough ground had instilled such a martial spirit into them, that they were parading voluntarily to perfect themselves in military exercise. The province can muster 22,000 infantry, but no cavalry as in New Brunswick.

There is a settlement of negroes a few miles from Halifax, at Hammond's Plains, the commencement of the military road laid out by Sir John Sherbrooke, in a direct line to Annapolis, through the dense forest, which lessens the intermediate distance nearly one-third. Any one would have imagined that the government would have taken warning from the trouble and expense it incurred by granting protection to those who emigrated from the States during the revolution, 1200 of whom were removed to Sierra Leone in 1792 by their own request. Again, when 600 of the insurgent negroes, the Maroons of Ja-

* These facts exhibit a marked difference between the state of things in a neighbouring British province and the spirit of enterprise in the "States."—Ed.

southwest during the ensuing twenty-four hours, I proceeded in the steamer to St. Andrews, a sea-port of considerable importance on a peninsula of New Brunswick, thirteen miles from Eastport. The scenery up the bay is fine and bold, the Shamcook Hill rising in rear of the town to the height of 1100 feet, the only paper-mill in the province being situated upon the small river which flows near it, and bears the same name. When we arrived within two miles of the town, the tide was half ebb, and, the night being stormy and dark, the steamer ran its keel deep into the mud. After remaining there sufficiently long to exhaust all our stock of patience, we took to the boat, and, landing upon the beach near a light-house, sought our way, drenched with rain, and covered with mud, to the hotel. The light-house (lucua a non lucendo, again!) shows no light, the establishment necessary for trimming lamps, watching, &c., putting the third port in New Brunswick to the expense of thirty pounds per annum, which was deemed too extravagant a sum for the benefit of three hundred inward and outward bound sail annually, was accordingly reduced, the light being removed to another situation, three hundred yards from the point against which it is intended to warn mariners. The present beacon is merely a common lantern placed in a pigeon-box bow-window, protruding from the second story of a house, where its dim rays are exhibited at an annual contract of fifteen pounds, though it can barely be distinguished from the light in any other window in the town.

The steamer had reached her customary anchorage ground during the night, but was high and dry at the usual time for sailing, having drifted from her anchors by the heavy gale. The rain still continuing to pour down, I resolved to return by water to Eastport, in preference to taking the American coach from Robbinston, opposite to St. Andrew's; and, having a few hours to spare, I walked through the town despite of the storm. It is one of the neatest in the provinces, contains from 1500 to 1800 inhabitants, and has a considerable trade with the West Indies. As the name would almost imply, the population is chiefly of Scottish descent, but the influential people of every class were absent at Fredericton, subpoenaed as witnesses in a trial of libel upon a revenue officer by the editor of a newspaper.

While busily engaged in taking a sketch the morning after my return to Eastport, the blue Peter and loosened top-sail of the Portland packet by chance caught my eye. Leaping fence and ditch, I soon gained the inn, where I found the landlord bustling about in sad distress at my absence, the captain having already sent twice in search of me. In a few minutes more I was on board the "Boundary" schooner of one hundred and fifty tons, with forty-five passengers, and seventeen of that number in the small cabin. Our skipper was a hale, weather-beaten, healthy-looking sailor, a native of New Brunswick, but a naturalized American, so that he might be qualified to command the vessel. He was quite an oddity in his way; I asked him one evening, for want of something better to talk about, when I came upon deck, whether he thought we should have any more wind during the night. "I shall be able to tell you more about it in the morning," was his gruff reply. In less than five minutes a lady tottered up the hatchway, "Will it rain, captain?" "You had better apply to the clerk of the weather, ma'am; he's able to tell you more about it than I," said the rough old tar. Standing out of the bay by Grand Manan Isle, we found a heavy head swell upon the sea from the gale of the preceding days, which caused the usual commotion amongst the fresh-water sailors. Our little vessel, however, cut her way gallantly through it until the second day, when, the weather moderating, she glided gracefully and smoothly upon her course. All the passengers were again alive; the gentlemen congregated in the cabin, discussing the well-worn and hackneyed subject of politics, and the merits of the several candidates for the presidential chair. Jackson, Clay, and Wirt, were in turn abused, and the morals of all being called into question, the argument somehow or other branched off at a tangent, and, settling down into one upon religion, continued with but little intermission for ten hours, and was resumed with as much vigour the following day.

On Sunday the 14th of October we were off Manegin Isle, the scene of action between the "Boxer" and "Enterprise" in 1813; and the passengers, having requested a Nova Scotian Calvinistic preacher to favour us with a discourse, had all assembled upon the flour barrels with which the deck was covered. A heavy squall coming on, when every one was wrapt in deep attention, nearly threw the schooner upon its beam ends, and dispersed the meeting in a most unceremonious manner; some rolling away

to leeward, and others down the companion ladder, did not make their appearance again until we arrived in port. The wind freshened to a stiff gale off-shore towards sunset, and rather unfavourable for making Portland harbour, where the captain intended touching to land a part of the passengers, including myself; but the others, who were bound for Boston, ascertaining that it was a fair wind for that port, proposed carrying us there and defraying our expenses back to Portland. All agreed to this arrangement, excepting myself, who would not consent to being taken a circuitous route of two hundred miles when the vessel was within three miles of its destined port, and merely to please a party of people to whom time was an object of no importance, and who would not put themselves to the slight inconvenience of a few hours' delay to please me. After holding on for about an hour, and perceiving that the general opinion must be that I was both obstinate and unaccommodating, I relented, and agreed to proceed to Boston; but, when the deputation applied to the rough old seaman, he answered, to my infinite satisfaction, that "he had never sailed for Portland without making it." The wind, however, hauling still more a-head, and a short high sea rising, into which the schooner plunged so heavily that she could only carry the foresail, while she made as much lee as head-way, the old skipper was reluctantly obliged, two hours before midnight, to bear up for Boston. Running along the coast, in sight of numerous light-houses (there being seventeen in a hundred miles,) in nine hours we entered Boston Bay, after a long passage of three days from Eastport.

Having seen all the lions during my previous visit, there was nothing to detain me beyond one day, which I passed in strolling about the city. Washington's statue was encircled as filthily as ever, and the city guards were marching about as before in their strange half-cavalry half-infantry uniform. One novelty there was,—the Tremont Theatre was open, and I attended, to witness Wallack's performance in the "Brigand" and "Rent Day." The last time I had seen the former, was in the Amateur Theatre at Calcutta, where the characters, with the exception of that performed by the "Star" of the night, were much better sustained, and the scenic arrangements altogether superior. There were many incongruities, such as a young man apparently twenty-five years of age, dressed as a dandified ruffian, talking of his acquaintance with the old steward twenty-seven years before. I never saw the character of an English peasant properly dressed or personated by an American actor. Of our yoomen they make idiots, and of our servants insolent clowns. When a talented performer appears upon the American boards, he shines alone, unsupported, and the piece goes off dull and irksome during his absence from the stage. Greater support is certainly given to the drama in America than in England, and still it can boast but of one or two able native performers. Some of the scenery, from the brush of a Mr. Jones, possessed considerable merit, and I thought the interior of the house superior even to those of New York and Philadelphia. The ladies, of whom there was a very large attendance, paid a complimentary tribute to Mr. Wallack's excellent acting by displaying a long line of white handkerchiefs, which were constantly applied to their eyes; but the male part of the audience showed no outward and visible signs of approval, and an Englishman entering the house at the close of some beautiful scene would have almost imagined that it met with their disapprobation. Walking into the capacious and finely-carpeted saloon, I read a notice over the door, "respectfully requesting gentlemen not to wear their hats in it." Mine was in my hand immediately, but, not seeing another individual of the sixty or seventy persons who were present conforming to the rule, I resumed mine forthwith, for the sake of uniformity.

Early the following morning I passed through Stoneham and Reading; and, walking on as was my custom, in hopes of seeing something worth sketching, while they "shifted horses," I fell in company with a man who was proceeding in the same direction. After answering his queries, whence I came, whither I was bound, and passing a few cursory remarks upon the cholera and the weather, I cross-examined him with regard to the quality of the soil, and what kind of a harvest had been gathered during my absence. One of his answers was unique and descriptive. "Why, air, turn a goose into a ten-acre lot of it at spring, and it will come out at fall thinner than it went in; it could not get its bill between the stones to pick up the grasshoppers, and there are plenty of them." The country certainly did not promise much, but the apple trees were weighed to the ground with the overpowering load of fruit. We crossed the rapid and

shallow stream of the Merrimac, nearly two hundred yards in width, three miles beyond Andover, where there are the fine buildings of an extensively patronised theological seminary. At the village of Methuen, seven miles farther, I walked to view some falls on the Spicket Creek during the time the letters were sorting, and was well punished for breaking the vows I had made not to look at any thing in the shape of a cataract for another twelvemonth, so surfeited had I been with them. Upon a moderate calculation, about a hat-full per minute contrived to escape over a rocky ledge thirty feet in height, from a dam which diverted the main body of the stream to two large grist mills.

We had six-in-hand throughout our journey over tolerably good roads, with a light load, and I never saw men more expert in their business than coachmen on the two hundred and sixty miles road between Boston and Burlington. It was rather amusing to witness the manner in which they restrained the horses when descending a steep hill, wrapping the reins of the leaders round their arms up to the elbows, using their feet to those of the wheelers, and then, leaning back on their seat, with the whip thrown upon the roof of the coach, they tugged away with both hand and foot.

By sunset we arrived at Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, situated upon a light sandy soil on the western bank of the Merrimac, which is navigable for boats to Sewall's Falls, a few miles higher. The town, containing about 2000 inhabitants and five churches, consists of two streets running north and south, each more than a hundred feet wide and a mile in length, with a row of large drooping elms on each side. The houses are of a pretty style of architecture, with double verandahs supported by light colonnades, and may vie with those of Northampton on the Connecticut river. The State House, a fine granite building with two wings, the roof surmounted by a light tower, dome, and globe, with a prodigious golden eagle to crown all, is situated in the centre of a grass square one hundred and fifty-five by one hundred paces, with iron railing in front and rear. I never entered one of the state capitals but I found some additions or alterations making in the prisons, and, though not a Howard, I generally pryed into all. The Americans have an excellent system of admitting visitors to these institutions, upon payment of a trifling sum, usually a shilling sterling, which is sufficient to keep away mere idlers, the incurious, and the old accomplices of the prisoners, and to produce an income from which salaries are allowed to extra keepers, whose time is occupied in attendance upon visitors. In the Concord prison, sixty males (five of them for life) were confined, and one female, who, according to the keeper's account, was a more troublesome and mischievous subject than all the rest together. It was conducted partly on the Auburn system, but fell far short of it in interior economy and indeed in every other respect: the shops, cells, and kitchen were not equally clean, nor were the prisoners under the same discipline and good management. When at work, the prisoners are allowed to converse upon subjects connected with their trade, the keeper acknowledging it would be an improvement if total silence could be insisted upon, but stating that some communication between them was indispensable (at Auburn, however, it is not permitted.) The articles which they manufacture are not disposed of according to contract, but by the warden, with the same injurious effect to the industrious artisans in the neighbourhood as at Auburn. The trades were few, being shoemakers, blacksmiths, carriage-makers, and stone-masons: these latter were employed in erecting an additional wing to the prison, to contain three tiers, or one hundred and twenty of the honey-comb cells in use at Auburn. Heretofore, from two to eight prisoners have been confined during the night in a large, badly-ventilated cell, with a solid iron door, and a narrow loop-hole to admit a breath of air and ray of light. This free intercourse in their cells has been the cause of several attempts to regain their liberty. The use of the lash has not been introduced, the refractory being punished by solitary confinement; but, when the latter is adopted to the extent of the Auburn system, it is difficult to see how the former can be dispensed with, or, if so, what will be the means used to keep up the necessary discipline.

From Concord we waded, on the 18th of October, through eighteen miles of white sand, to breakfast at the village of Sandbornton, leaving the Shaker settlement at Canterbury three or four miles to the right. Some of the houses were similar to many I had observed in the British provinces, being built without any foundation, and merely resting like a large box upon the levelled ground, or on a piece of rock at each angle, and, from all

appearances, very liable to be blown over by the first heavy gale. Such a fate had befallen one I saw in Nova Scotia, which was literally topey-turvy. The road was carried over the apex of every sugar-loaf hill between the manufacturing town of Meredith and Centre Harbour upon Lake Winnepesaukee, when a circuit of half a mile would have taken it upon nearly a dead level. The latter village is situated at the western end of this lake with the long name. The sheet of water is twenty-three miles in length, and varies from two to five in width, and is so studded with islands as to warrant the assertion of the country people that there are as many as there are days in the year. The dominion of the sovereign of some of them would not however extend over more than five square feet of solid rock, nine inches above the surface of the water. A steamer was upon the stocks, intended for the navigation of the lake; and it was in contemplation to form an inland communication with the tide-waters and Connecticut River, by Squam Lake, two miles to the northwest, Baker's River, and a chain of ponds. It is four hundred and seventy-two feet above the surface of the Atlantic, and two hundred and seventy-two above the Merrimac, at the junction of their waters. A magnificent view is said to be afforded from the summit of Red Hill, 1500 feet in height, three miles from Winnepesaukee, but the scenery was too wooded and had too great a sameness for my taste. The road circled round the base of the hill, which appeared at a distance, with the sun shining upon it, like burning lava, so brilliant were the autumnal tints of the trees. Dense forests of pine stretched far away upon every side and at the base of the Sandwich mountains, 3000 feet in height, whose summits were thickly enveloped in clouds. The narrow stream of the Bear Camp, with which the road ran parallel, was choked up with masses of timber which had been cut the preceding winter, and, floating down towards the Saco, had been left by the falling of the waters. In many places, for the distance of a quarter of a mile, we could not obtain a glimpse of the stream, such a perfect and solid bridge had been formed over it by the logs.

Heavy rain set in at sunset, and, to add to our misfortunes, we were detained two hours at a small inn near Tamworth for the Dover coach, which brought an addition of a fat gentleman, who, weighing at least twenty stone, occupied a third of the interior of the two-horse vehicle in which we were to proceed. When our coachman saw his new passenger squeezing himself edge-ways out of his late conveyance, he exclaimed, with a shrug of his shoulders, in great astonishment and alarm, "My eye! a'n't he a burster? it might well be late; we shan't see the end of our journey this night." Preferring exposure to the rain to being crushed to a mummy with five insides upon two seats, I took my place with the coachman, who found it no easy task to steer us safely between the large stumps which lined the narrow opening, misnamed a road, through the forest of Norway pine. The darkness of the night was rendered more gloomy by the thick foliage of the trees; so, while the coachman attended to the intricate navigation, he requested me to "fix" the lamps, the oil and wicks being of so bad a quality as to fully occupy me in trimming and snuffing throughout thirteen most dreary miles. After twice breaking down, both of which accidents were placed to the credit of the fat man and his carpet bags, we succeeded in reaching Conway, seventy-three miles from Concord, by half past nine o'clock, after a fatiguing and rough journey of eighteen hours.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NOTCH IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—DESTRUCTION OF THE WILLEY FAMILY—AVALANCHES—MOUNT WASHINGTON.

The year was now so fast upon the wane, the days shortening, and the weather so intensely cold, that it required no small stock of resolution to enable one to desert a warm bed at a quarter to three in the morning, and encounter a keen northwester. In four hours we arrived at Bartlett, sixteen miles from Conway, when I walked out with my sketch-book while breakfast was preparing, for the purpose of attempting an outline of the fine mountain scenery, but could not command my pencil, and soon found my way back shivering to the house, where I esconced myself in a corner by the bright kitchen fire until the coach was once more ready to start. We were now hemmed in by lofty mountains, between which the road wound, preserving a level along the right bank of the Saco, a strong mountain torrent, which, notwithstanding the encroachments made upon it with strong embankments, only allowed sufficient space for a single carriage to pass in

many places between the rocky barrier on the one hand and its impetuous waters, a considerable depth beneath, on the other. Numerous broad water-courses, which bore the marks of great periodical inundations when they are swollen to gigantic rivers, descend to it from the mountains' tops, being, as a gentleman, who was by chance my fellow-passenger, with great pathos expressed it, "as the veins and sinews to the human constitution." All vestiges of cultivation ceased from Bartlett until the seventh mile, when we arrived at a small farm in a solitary but pretty spot, which had been nearly carried away by the floods six years previously, with a loss of land of the value of 2000 dollars to the proprietor. Another hour's drive brought us to the Notch of the White Mountains, when I alighted from the coach with a request that my baggage should be left at an inn eight miles farther, and sat down by the road side to admire the awfully grand and sublime spectacle which the Notch presents.

The day which had been so cloudy and cold in the early part became more favourable, and the sun darted its invigorating rays through the clouds, resting on the summit of the bleak and precipitous rocks with which the valley is bounded. By degrees the light vapours arose, melting into air, or floating away gracefully and majestically, and laid open a scene which would defy the pencil of any artist to delineate faithfully. The Notch, as the terms implies, is a narrow pass, six miles in length, at the southern end of the White Mountains, the loftiest of which, Mount Washington, is 6234 feet above the level of the sea; but on each side of the pass they rise only from 1800 to 2000, at an angle of about 45°, forming a valley less than half a mile in width between their bases, and down which the roaring Saco takes its course. The whole extent of their front is furrowed and scarred by the tremendous storm of July, 1826; and the valley, choked up with trees uprooted by the roots, remnants of bridges, buildings, and huge masses of rock piled upon each other in the greatest disorder, presents what might be almost imagined as the wreck of nature. A melancholy and interesting story is connected with this storm, which will for years to come be the cause of thousands making a pilgrimage to the White Mountains. I give it as related to me by one who, though not an eye-witness, was in the immediate vicinity at the time it occurred; it was as follows:—A farmer of the name of Willey, with his wife, five children, and two labourers, occupied a house with a small farm at the upper end of the valley. They were much esteemed for their hospitable attentions to travellers, who, overtaken by night, sought shelter at their hearth, which was the only one in the Notch, their nearest neighbours being at the farm aforementioned, six miles distant. The hills at that time were thickly overgrown with forest trees and shrubs; nor had any thing ever occurred to make them suspicious of the safety of their position, until the descent of a small avalanche, or slide of earth, near the house, in the month of June, 1826, so terrified them by the havoc it caused, that they erected a small camp in what they deemed a more secure place, half a mile lower down the Saco. The summer had been unusually dry until the beginning of July, when the clouds collecting about the mountains poured forth their waters as though the floodgates of the heavens were opened, the wind blew in most terrific hurricanes, and continued with unabated violence for several days. On the night of the 26th of the month, the tempest increased to a fearful extent, the lightning flashed so vividly, accompanied by such awful howling of wind and roaring of thunder, that the peasant imagined the day of judgment was at hand. At break of day on the 27th, the lofty mountains were scarred with the numerous avalanches which had descended during the night. Every one felt anxious respecting the safety of the family in the valley, but some days elapsed before the river subsided so far from its extraordinary height as to allow any enquiries to be made. A peasant swimming his horse across an eddy was the first person who entered the Notch, when the terrible spectacle of the entire face of the hills having descended in a body presented itself. The Willeys' house, which remained untouched amidst the vast chaos, did not contain any portion of the family, whose bodies, after a search of some days, with the exception of two children, were discovered buried under some drift-wood within 200 yards of the door, the hands of Miss Willey and a labourer grasping the same fragment. They had all evidently retired to rest, and most probably, alarmed by the sound of an avalanche, had rushed out of the house, when they were swept away by the overwhelming torrent of earth, trees, and water. The most miraculous fact is that the avalanche, descending with the vast impetuosity an abrupt declivity of 1500 feet would give it, approached within four feet of the house, when suddenly dividing it swept round, and, carrying

away an adjoining stable with some horses, it again formed a junction within a few yards of the front. A flock of sheep which had sought shelter under the lee of the house were saved; but the family had fled from the only spot where any safety could have been found, every other part of the valley being buried to the depth of several feet, and their camp overwhelmed by the largest avalanche which fell. A person standing in rear of the house can now with ease step upon the roof, the earth forming such a perpendicular and solid wall.

A small avalanche was seen descending from one of the mountains some days after the above occurrence. The thick pine forest at first moved steadily along in its upright position, but soon began to totter in its descent, and fell headlong down with redoubled fury and violence, followed by rivers of floating earth and stones, which spread over the plain, carrying devastation far and wide. The long heat of summer had so dried and cracked the ground that the subsequent rains found easy admission under the roots of trees, which, loosened by the violence of the wind, required but little to set the whole in motion. There was no tradition of a similar descent having ever taken place; but, upon a close examination, traces of one which had evidently occurred more than a century before could be discovered amongst the forest.

A chance stone rolling down the mountain's side, and a partridge starting up from under my feet during the time I was occupied in sketching, brought an involuntary shudder over my limbs, and the very idea of an avalanche descending and interring me alive caused me to hurry through my work and pursue my progress out of the lonely valley. The ground ascends gradually to the top, which is twenty feet wide, between lofty barriers of solid rock, the Saco and road both passing through this space, which was widened by blasting twenty-two years ago. Previous to that time the road passed over the summit of the rocks, at so precipitous a pitch that the farmers were obliged to carry their produce on its way to Portland over that part of the road themselves, assisting their horses by means of ropes and the bridle up the ascent. A sleigh, formed of two young pine-trees, in a few minutes enabled them to pursue their journey. The Saco rises a small flat opposite T. Crawford's inn, half a mile farther, from which to E. Crawford's, where I found my baggage, was four miles through an almost impenetrable forest.

There being no other visitors at this late season, my evenings were passed by the fire-side in listening to my host's lengthy stories about hunting the caribou, moose, deer, bears, and partridges, with which the mountains abound, and which he went in pursuit of with a gun of four feet barrel; or in sympathizing with him in his distress at what he considered his sole property being poached upon by no less a person than the proprietor of a rival hotel, which was opened within three-quarters of a mile, and, displaying a gaily painted sign of a lion (like a snarling cur) and an eagle, looking unutterable things at each other from opposite sides of the globe, had already attracted numerous guests. Mine host stated the merits of his case with great eloquence, and, from his having been the original guide, surveyor, and maker of the road up the mountain, he had some right to look upon the new comer in the light of an interloper. The spirit of rivalry had, however, proved of some service, having incited him to make considerable additions to his own house, all of which were run up with true American expeditions. The white pine was growing in the forest in January, and in June formed an inhabited house, the planks, which cost only five dollars per thousand, being kiln-dried as soon as they came from the saw-mill.

After waiting most patiently two days for the clouds to clear off, and afford me a sight of the lofty mountains, I resolved to take my departure the following morning, without attaining the grand object of my journey. Upon awaking on the 21st of October, after a violent stormy night, I found the window of my room thickly incumbered with frost. In an instant I sprang out of bed, and, seeing a clear blue sky, hurried on my dress, tumbled down stairs head foremost, minus hat, stock, and boots, but with pencils, paper, rubber, and board in hand, and throwing back the door of the house, rushed into the open air to seize the long-wished-for sketch, when, lo and behold! thick dark clouds hung more heavily about the mountain's brow than even on the preceding days. The wind, too, cut like a razor (that of the briny gods upon the equator, I mean,) so I darted up stairs again into my berth, and, burying my head under the clothes, blamed myself for not having selected a room which had one window at least towards the mountains. My host, however, consoled me at breakfast with the news that the wind was blowing the clouds away, and that my wishes would be

gratified in the course of the day; but, upon my proposing to ascend Mount Washington, which was thickly covered with snow, the guide said that "he would not go up for a five dollar bill, for that it would require two men to hold my hat on." I therefore satisfied my climbing propensity for that day by ascending Mount Deception, which is well named, and affords ample fatigue for unambitious travellers. The prospect that the ensuing day would bring more moderate weather induced me to prolong my stay for the purpose of ascending the loftiest.

Mount Washington is nearly in the centre of a continued range running from north to south, each of which is named after the presidents of the United States in succession; but, as usual, one political party of the people will not consent to General Jackson's name being aggrandised or immortalised in the range of White Mountains. The height of the principal of this chain above the waters of the Connecticut River at Lancaster, 300 miles from the sea, is as follows: Washington, 5849 feet; Adams, 5382; Jefferson, 5280; Madison, 5038; Monroe, 4931; Quincy, 4470; Pleasant, or Jackson, 4338. T. Crawford's house is 635 higher than the Willeys', and 345 higher than E. Crawford's, which is 1069 feet above the Connecticut. Avalanches have descended from all the summits, and continued for a great distance along the level ground, the largest (which is from Mount Jackson) being upwards of four miles in length.

At half-past four, on the morning of the 22d of October, I set off in company with a guide for the foot of Mount Washington, leaving the selection of the road to my steed, which, having served a long apprenticeship, carried me safely through the huckleberry swamps and forest for six miles. We were detained a few minutes by some windfalls, which the guide cleared away with his axe; and after fording two small creeks, and the broad bed of the Ammonoosuck river four different times, we arrived at a place where the road being impassable for horses, we tied them to a tree and commenced the ascent. The guide favoured me with brief advice upon the thesis of "*Festina lente*," and, profiting by his hint of not commencing the journey at too rapid a pace, I led the way up a rough and steep path, which admitted of our walking only in Indian file. It became excessively precipitous at Jacob's ladder, 100 feet in height, which is formed of smooth angular stones, and could not be ascended except by assistance from the roots of neighbouring trees. The lower part of the mountain was covered with deep moss and forest, which diminished in growth as we ascended; the beach and mountain-ash gave way to spruce, which dwindled at every step, and at the cape of a long projecting ridge called the "Camel's Rump" it did not grow more than six inches high, the branches shooting out in long horizontal fibres, inclined towards the base, as if seeking shelter from the strong gusts of wind which sweep down the mountain's side. At Table Rock, two miles from the base, all vegetation ceased, excepting a few occasional patches of cranberries and coarse grass, which, half a mile farther, gave place to sharp glittering fragments of rock, partly overgrown with gray moss. All natural landmarks ceasing, small fragments of loose stones have been erected for the guidance of people who may be enveloped in the clouds. After climbing up one or two steep pitches, we gained the summit at a quarter past eight, having been an hour and three quarters in the performance of three miles from the base. The view from it is most extensive, nearly one hundred mountain tops rising beneath the feet like the billowy swellings of the ocean; but it did not, I must confess, altogether answer my expectations, nor, to my taste, was it equal to that from Mount Holyoke, where all was richness and life. Here was an unvaried view of mountain and dale alike covered with forest, the small settlements but indistinctly visible from such an altitude, and scarcely relieving so dark a mass. The course of the rapid Connecticut was marked out by the light morning mist floating over it; the green mountains of Vermont were visible eighty miles distant in the west; and a long streak of light, far away upon the eastern horizon, appeared to point out the waters of the broad Atlantic; but the sun shining brightly upon the surface of the vapours in the valleys rendered appearances so deceptive that it was difficult to distinguish between them and the numerous lakes with which that portion of the country abounds.

The summits of all the White Mountains, excepting that of Washington, which has a short flat ridge with a slight peak at each end, are rounded off, and composed of loose fragments of granite, which, at the distance of some miles, assumes the white appearance from which they take their name. The intense heat of the American summer usually thaws the snow upon them by the end of August, but this year it was found, during that month,

nearly ten feet deep in the ravines upon the eastern side, and for several days had again covered the last mile of the ascent with a fresh coat. The walk had so heated me that when I sat down on the cold rock, to partake of our bread and cheese breakfast, with ice in lieu of water (the springs being frozen,) the keen air almost made my blood, which had been accustomed to warmer climes, freeze in my veins, the thermometer standing three degrees below the freezing point at nine o'clock, with a cloudless sky. The Ammonoosuck River, rising in a small pond between the summits of Washington and Madison, rushes down the declivity for 4000 feet, with a tumultuous uproar, and, taking its course past E. Crawford's house, flows into the Connecticut a few miles below Bath.

I found the descent more difficult, though more rapid, than the ascent, my feet slipping from under me several times upon the icy surface, and causing me to shoot farther ahead than my own free-will would have dictated. The guides have a great source of profit in the beavers with which the mountains abound, each skin producing a dollar. They take many hundreds of them, in the autumn, by means of traps composed of a larch tree, with a transverse one upon it, set along the side of the path at forty yards' distance from each other, and baited with meat. In two hours we gained the hotel, nine miles from the summit, and taking one of the common dearborns or wagons which was passing a few minutes after, and performed the duty of the mail in those rough roads, I proceeded thirteen miles through an uninhabited district to Bethlehem, the settlement of some new religious sect, and arrived at Littleton the same evening.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN—MISS M'CRAE—WEST POINT—NEW YORK—PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL.

The 23d, from sunrise to sunset, was cold and rainy; and the small village of Littleton, with its streams and sheets blocked up with rafters and piles of timber, presenting no inducement to move out, my morning was passed away in flattering the landlady's vanity, at the expense of my own taste, by praising a wretched daub (evidently the handiwork of some sign-painter) intended as a representation of her pretty daughter, and afterwards discussing state affairs with a weather-bound American traveller, who had settled it much to his own satisfaction, notwithstanding all my assertions to the contrary, that he was addressing a colonel high in command in the British army. No one upon earth, save a Yankee, could have discovered that I even held a commission of any degree; but he possesses a kind of sleight of hand method of undermining and grubbing out news. "Well but, Kernel, you are taking minutes, and intend publishing, I calculate? You can prepare your sketches for the type?" "Well now, I declare there is Ethan Crawford's and the White Mountains! a'int it so?" I thought the man must be a decided quizz, and resolved that he should not have all the sport to himself, so gave him a story or two, about the truth of which I wished him to be rather sceptical, of the finger-nails of the East Indian devotees growing through the back of their hands—the burning of widows—a banian-tree covering several acres of land—the Arab horses eating sheep's heads, and a long string of similar marvellous but daily occurrences. At the onset his countenance assumed a stare of the greatest admiration and astonishment; but when I brought the sheep's heads to bear in full force he rose from his chair, and, squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice into the grate, walked to and fro upon the floor of the room, with his hands in his pockets, whistling "Yankee Doodle," and thus made my triumph complete.

I rode out early the following morning to the iron-works at Franconia, about six miles distant. They are the property of a company, and produce a metal of soft, tough quality, considered superior to any in the States. The ore is found in considerable quantities in the hills, three miles distant, and supplies another foundry in the immediate vicinity; both establishments, however, are upon a small scale. Pursuing the Plymouth road for seven miles, I entered the Franconia Notch, a continuation of the White Mountain's range, and visited the "Profile of the Old Man of the Mountain," which is a most singular *lusus nature*. An exact representation of the human features, as seen in profile, is most correctly delineated by the hand of nature upon the brow of a bare rock nearly one thousand feet in perpendicular height. No art could improve the effect, nor could any attempt be made to assist it; for, the profile being seen perfect only from one point, the slightest deviation from that



spot throws all into a confused mass. The upper part of the rock, too, upon which it appears, is so overhanging and free from shrubs for nearly two hundred feet, that all access to it is impracticable. One branch of the Penikese river, which subsequently takes the name of the Merrimac, rises in a small pond at its base, and opposite to Mount Lafayette, which is four thousand three hundred feet in height.

We set off the same afternoon in a mail cart drawn by one horse, over a hilly road and a good farming country, to the Connecticut river, which we crossed to Waterford in the State of Vermont. Walking into a small tavern at seven o'clock, during the time our solitary horse was relieving, we found a fine portly landlord, sitting with his legs crossed, reading a newspaper by the blaze of a cheerful wood fire. "Good evening, colonel," said the driver; "tarnal cold weather this." "Aye," answered the gallant officer, rising from his arm-chair to make room for us, and resembling a trundling hoghead of ale in colour and shape, as he moved towards the bar; "you are here sooner than I calculated; I've been at work fixing the road till sun-down, and making it as easy for you as I could by throwing dirt on it." So, in truth, it proved; for we could scarcely move two miles an hour through this marsh of his creation. I had frequently taken notice of this novel method of making or repairing a road in these parts of the States. The art consisted in first turning the ground up with a common plough, which was followed by a slightly curved, broad board, edged with iron, and a long handle attached, which, upon being elevated by the person who had the guidance of the machine, penetrated the loose earth, and scooped itself full, when, being again depressed, the load was moved by a yoke of oxen to that part of the road which required repairs, and not unfrequently was it emptied into a deep rut filled with water. The Americans in general are not much given to wasting time, labour, and expense upon the highways. During a journey of 1500 miles I did not see a solitary labourer employed upon them.

Three hours' cold drive over the same miserable roads took us by six o'clock on the morning of the 25th to Cabot, nine miles from Danville, where we had passed the night. Thence passing the pretty falls of the Winoskie, which rushed over a forest-crowned precipice by the road-side, we continued along the course of the stream to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, containing 2000 inhabitants, and situated in a retired valley about half a mile wide, encircled by lofty hills, and at the junction of the Onion and Winoskie rivers. It was a day of election, and the State-house, a shabby looking edifice occupying one side of a square, was crowded with the inhabitants, amongst whom a great sensation had been created

by the proposed removal of the seat of government to Burlington on Lake Champlain, thirty-eight miles distant.

Six horses took us rapidly from Montpelier along the margin of the Onion river, a narrow stream, but subject to heavy and sudden floods. The preceding year all the mills and factories at Middlesex, through which we passed, were carried away by the waters, and in many instances rough gravel beds, or plains of white sand, had been left in exchange for rich and fertile meadows. One house was pointed out to me as having floated three quarters of a mile from its original position, without much apparent injury; another had been left by the retiring of the waters on its gable end, and many had been swept away with all the proprietors' goods and chattels towards Lake Champlain. Not a bridge escaped uninjured: we crossed one, constructed entirely of thick planks, upon a similar principle, and with similar success, to the sloop "Experiment" at Washington. Symptoms of yielding to passing carriages early appeared, and the centre was now strengthened and supported by strong props from the bed of the river. The coachman pulled up for a few minutes to enable us to take a peep at the natural bridge near Bolton, the road passing within a few feet of the deep chasm at whose base it is formed. Appearances plainly demonstrate that the ridge which appears on each bank was originally connected, forming the dam of a large lake, and that the bridge was caused by the waters forcing the barrier, and the falling masses of rock becoming wedged in the narrow space. Four or five miles farther is seen the loftiest of the Green Mountains, known by the name of the Camel's Rump, from the form of its summit, which however bears a much closer resemblance to the Lion Couchant at the Cape of Good Hope. The whole journey from Montpelier was delightfully pleasant, and through a most romantic valley, from a quarter to half a mile in width, bounded by abrupt limestone rocks, which rose at intervals, with the lofty range of the Green Mountains in their rear. Extensive farms of rich alluvial soil occupied either side of the Onion river, and numerous picturesque villages were scattered over the face of a hilly and wooded country.

The sun had set ere we arrived within view of the buildings of the University of Vermont, which crown the eminence at the entrance to Burlington. My limited time would not admit of a stay of any duration, but it appeared, *en passant*, a neat, pretty town, built on a light sandy soil, rising gradually from the lake. Taking the steamer which touched at ten o'clock the same night on its passage from St. John's, on the Sorci river, we proceeded up Champlain, with a cabin full of fiery, hot-headed Clayites and Jacksonmen, each espousing the cause of his favourite candidate so warmly, that sleep was out of the question for any of the non-combatants. Fatigued with the length of my day's journey, I retired early to my berth for the purpose of inviting the drowsy god; but, the war of words waging louder and louder, I relinquished it, for the sake of learning whether any individual could possibly broach any thing new upon the subject. The only instance that occurred was in the person of a tall, broad-shouldered Kentuckian, some six feet two inches in height, who, to my infinite satisfaction, put an end to the discussion, and dispersed the entire conclave, by saying to a little Clayman, "You are a pretty sample of a white man, now a'nt you? I wish I had a tallow candle here to grease your head, and I would swallow you whole." The man of Clay, though little in body, was great in spirit, and, nothing daunted, drew himself up to his utmost height, which did not exceed five feet three, and bustling up to the tall Kentuckian he answered, with a warlike shake of his head, "You would find me a bitter pill, I guess." The several disputants, however, slunk off to their cots before the wrath of the western giant, and, in a few minutes more, all electioneering animosities appeared buried in temporary oblivion, or superseded by the long and deep-drawn breath which issued from their respective berths.

We passed the classical spot of Ticonderoga, the scene of so much bloodshed, at break of day, and arrived within a mile of Whitehall by eight o'clock, when, the river becoming too narrow for the steamer, the passengers walked to the town over a flat, swampy ground, and immediately after breakfast embarked in a packet boat, on the Champlain and Hudson canal. The piers were covered with people, who assembled to witness the starting of the opposition coaches and boats, which, as usual elsewhere, were exerting themselves to ruin each other. A steamer gained a quarter of an hour's start, but six horses towed us through the water at a half canter, and we overtook it upon the point of entering a lock, when it again gained a few minutes by leaving it full of water. Any one

would have imagined that all the passengers had some great stake at risk, so laboriously did they toil at opening the gates, and exert themselves to gain upon their rival. The road running parallel with the canal, I stepped into a coach which was pursuing the same route, my baggage in the hurry being thrown ashore most unceremoniously. The steamer's progress through the water being impeded by having her paddles under the centre of the vessel, she was soon left far in the rear.

Two miles beyond the long straggling village of Fort Anne, we entered upon the military road constructed by General Burgoyne for the transportation of his batteaux and artillery, on the march from Quebec upon the Hudson in 1777, two months previous to his surrender at Saratoga. Portions of it are at this time in an excellent state of preservation, though upon the marshy ground it is formed of the trunks of trees *à la corduroy*. It takes nearly a direct line for the town of Sandy Hill, below which the British General threw a bridge of rafts across the river, and took post at Saratoga on the opposite bank. At the last named town, twenty miles from Whitehall, we gained the first view of the Hudson, which is here about 200 yards wide, and bounds, murmuring between high and well cultivated banks, over a succession of shallows, with a descent of seventy feet in a quarter of a mile. Descending the hill into Fort Edward, two miles farther, an aged pine tree, whose summit has been blasted by the lightning, is seen within a few yards to the right of the road. By the side of the spring at its foot, the melancholy murder of Miss McCrae was perpetrated by the Indians who accompanied Burgoyne's army in the disastrous expedition of 1777. This young lady, who resided at Fort Edward, was both beautiful and highly accomplished, and was contracted in marriage to a refugee officer of the name of Jones, in the British service, who, anxious that the union should take place, despatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British camp. In opposition to the wishes and entreaties of her friends, she willingly entrusted herself to their charge, but had proceeded only thus far upon the journey when they were met by another party, sent upon the same errand. A dispute arising about the promised reward (a barrel of rum), she was slain in a fit of savage passion by the chief, from whose hands she was snatched, and her scalp carried to her agonised lover, who was anxiously expecting the return of the parties, as a testimony that they had not failed in part performance of their commission. It is said that the officer died soon after of a broken heart. The Americans at that time industriously promulgated a report throughout the country, for the purpose of further incensing the people against the English, and widening the breach between the provinces and the mother country, that the unfortunate young lady had been murdered by the express desire of General Burgoyne, and that he had actually paid a reward to the Indians for her scalp. Such was the tenor of a letter from Gates, the American general, who did not hesitate in the most direct terms to accuse the British chieftain of so revolting a deed. Burgoyne's answer was spirited and manly: he said that, in this instance, he was induced to deviate from his general rule of "disdaining to justify himself against the rhapsodies of fiction and calumny," lest silence should be construed into an acknowledgment of the charge, at the same time expressing his abhorrence of the deed in these words: "By this motive, and upon this only, I condescend to inform you that I would not be conscious of the acts you presume to impute to me for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds was in its bowels, and a paradise upon its surface." Dr. Emmons has charged the British with having committed similar barbarities during the late war, and doubtless for similar *laudable* purposes. The tree, with Miss McCrae's initials engraved upon it, still continues an object of veneration to the inhabitants of the village; and an old fashioned house was pointed out to me, near the outline of an ancient French fort, as being the residence of the unfortunate young lady. Her remains were removed eight or nine years since from the spot where she fell to Fort Edward Church.

Three miles below Fort Miller, the surface of the country becoming more broken, we crossed the river to the right bank. The canal, which runs parallel with the road, crosses at the same time, by means of a dam to lull the rapids thrown across the stream some distance below the bridge; and in a few minutes we arrived at Schuylerville, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender. The field in which the British laid down their arms is upon a long plain, between two ranges of heights, near the banks of the Hudson. We changed horses and coachman at the village, the latter mounting his seat in such a disgraceful state of intoxication that he could not even see the reins, but

attempted to make amends by the use of his whip, with which he plied the horses so immoderately that they whirled us along at full gallop over hill and dale, with the coach at a most alarming vicinity to a fifty-foot precipice, whose base was washed by the river, with no defence nor guard between them. After he had twice fallen from his seat and injured himself severely, we resolved to run no further risks, but alighted upon the field of battle of Bemus' Heights, eight miles from Schuylerville, and, having taken a short inspection of the ground, proceeded onwards a-foot. A farmer overtaking us in his wagon, proposed to convey us to the next town, six miles distant, where we arrived about an hour after our baggage. After twice crossing the river again, once by bridge at Waterford, and by ferry at Troy, four miles lower down, we arrived at Albany, the capital of the state of New York, when the night was far advanced.

At eight o'clock the following morning, we proceeded in the Champlain, a splendid steamer, down the Hudson. The channel, for several miles below Albany, is intricate and shallow; the banks low, not well cultivated, and possessing but little interest, until we came to Cornsack landing, when they become more elevated, and the scenery gradually improves as the stream approaches the ocean. The lofty range of the Catskill Mountains are seen rearing their wooded summits to the height of 3600 feet, ten miles distant from the right bank, with the long white buildings of an hotel, the favourite rendezvous of New York fashionables in the summer season, at the cool elevation of 2200 feet above the Hudson. A few miles below, at Kingston and Redhook, is the only considerable group of gentlemen's country residences (in the English acceptance of the term) I had seen, which have more an air of aristocracy about them than the houses in any other part of the States I visited. They are pretty scattered along the margin of the river for an extent of several miles, with extensive pleasure grounds attached to them.

I took advantage of the steamer touching, to land at West Point, the seat of the Government Military Academy, 94 miles from Albany. It is situated in a romantic spot at the entrance to the Highlands, a mountainous rocky ridge, running parallel with the Hudson on both banks for twenty miles, and generally rising very abruptly from the water to various heights, from 800 to 1600 feet. The Cadets' Barracks, the same formal and substantially built edifices as elsewhere for similar purposes, with the houses of the commandant and officers attached to the institution, form nearly three sides of a square, with a parade-ground in the open space, upon a plain about 200 feet above the river. The rear is sheltered from the south and west by a hill 600 feet in height, crowned by the remains of a revolutionary fort, which are, as the Americans boast, the only ruins in the United States. In a recess at an angle of the parade-ground, a white marble monument is inscribed with the name of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who resided in a small house on the sloping bank of the river, and occupied much of his time in cultivating a garden, which still bears marks of his industry and taste. West Point was one of the strongest American holds during the war of independence, and is celebrated as being the cause of the unfortunate Major André's death. Colonel Beverly Robinson's house, which was confiscated in consequence of the active part the proprietor took in bringing about the conference between André and Arnold, is on the opposite side of the river, and visible from the parade-ground.

The institution received its first organization by an act of Congress in 1812. The number of students is limited to 250, all of whom are educated and maintained at the expense of the general government, the annual cost of each being about 72*l.* sterling. At this time there are nearly the full complement, being a much greater number than is required for the officering of the small American standing army of 6000 men; but many of those educated here prove of infinite service in the superintendence of public works as civil engineers, and in organizing the militia. The average number of those who are commissioned in the regular army from the academy but little exceeds one third of those who are entered at it; about one eighth are discharged, and the remaining proportion resign. They are permitted to enter between the ages of 14 and 22, preferences being given to the applications of the sons of officers engaged in the revolutionary war; and next to the sons of officers killed in action, or the sons of deceased officers who were engaged during the last war with Great Britain. The system of education and military drill are taken closely from that of the French, and I verily believe that the Americans would give the preference to a system which emanated from that nation, though it were inferior to that in practice in England. The drills are

lately arrived Irish upon the Madawaska river, these were the first British settlers we had seen since leaving the veteran's house upon Temiscouta lake, and from this specimen we were almost justified in forming but a mean opinion of the New Brunswickers' hospitality.

Twenty miles farther brought us to the Great falls, where we again landed, the portage commencing at the rather dangerous vicinity of about one hundred and fifty yards above them, the influence of the cataract being very evident upon canoes which must cross the river to gain the entrance of the portage, situated in a small circular bay. The surface of the river is perfectly smooth and unbroken until it gains the very edge of the rock, when it is precipitated seventy feet in a sheet of amber-coloured foam into a narrow and rocky channel, not exceeding thirty-five in breadth, down which it boils and bubbles for the space of half a mile, and then expands into its original width of about one hundred and fifty yards. There is a tradition, though seemingly not a very probable one, that several canoes of Mohawk Indians, who had attacked a tribe near the source of the river, and massacred all, excepting two old squaws, were (accompanied by their prisoners) floating down with the current at night, and were to a man dashed to pieces over the falls, of whose existence they had not even the most remote idea. The squaws aware of the circumstance perished with them, not wishing to survive the destruction of their tribe. Sitting upon the rough crags on the margin of the cataract, we made a late dinner upon the last remains of our shoulder of mutton, sacrificing the well-picked bone to the shades of the old squaws and the Grand falls.

The river banks, formed of a hard rock, with light covering of soil, exceed one hundred feet in height above the falls, and more than two hundred half a mile below them. The man who conveys the boats across the portage* earns a good livelihood by his two-fold occupation of farmer and boat-carrier. Our canoe, with the baggage in it, was drawn along a winding road on a sledge by two oxen, and launched again into the water half a mile below for a quarter of a dollar. Timber was formerly drawn up on the level of the bank, and then launched again into the water down an inclined plane, but this system was soon abandoned as too expensive, and it is now allowed to shoot the falls, which in the freshets but little injures it.

For seven or eight miles the current carried us on with great velocity over the "White Rapids," the "Black Rapids," and a series of others, all sufficiently dangerous to encounter without a skilful pilot, and we landed at dusk near a small log hut, the first we saw after leaving the portage. The banks had continued a hundred feet in height, and covered with a dense pine forest, but we frequently passed groups of woodsmen bivouacking by their fires at the water's edge after their day's labour had ceased. Throwing part of the baggage over my shoulder, I walked up to the hut, through whose small window the bright light of the wood fire could be seen blazing cheerfully, and knocking at the door walked in, and found a family of seven, who welcomed me most hospitably. My companions following me, we joined the circle, and, after enjoying a bowl of excellent milk, asked the settler's history. He had been a comrade of the veteran upon the lake, and had been settled there at the same time, when his nearest neighbour lived at twenty miles' distance. He had now one within six miles, but considered it no advantage, and would rather that people did not settle so near to him, as he should then have no fear of quarrelling. Part of his house had been washed away by the freshets during the spring of the previous year, and, although it was twenty feet above the level of the river, the water had stood five feet five inches in his kitchen, which was the only room he had remaining. This summer, too, the bears had destroyed thirteen sheep and four hogs of his stock, but he had yet twenty-three sheep remaining, and two cows. The only neighbours, however, he did not appear, in any manner, to

approve, were the Americans, whose boundary was within five miles. He said that he had been over amongst some of them lately, and told them that they had better be silent upon the subject of the boundary question now, for that New Brunswick had a governor who had just been most satisfactorily arranging the same kind of a dispute in the East Indies.

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Two hours brought us to the mouth of the Aroostook river, and Stobec, a small Indian village on the opposite bank. Landing where we saw a bark canoe drawn up on the beach, we fortunately met a staff officer, who had been up the Aroostook to check some aggressions of the American lumberers in the forests on the disputed territory, and was now on his return to Fredericton. We proceeded in company through a fertile and from this time well-inhabited country, with fine bold scenery at every turn of the stream, and at night arrived at Woodstock, about sixty miles below the falls and half a mile from the river, where we found a comfortable little inn, kept by an American. The division of the counties, which had only lately taken place, had not been publicly stated more than three or four days, and Woodstock, which had formerly been in the county of York, was now the capital of the new formed county of Carleton. At present, it is but a small village, though doubtless, ere many years have passed, it will be one of the most considerable towns in the province, being situated in the most fertile part, and already possessing a large agricultural population. Persons anxious for posts under government, and to establish themselves with the earliest foundation of the town, were flocking in from all directions; no fewer than three surgeons and four attorneys had already arrived, though there was neither fee nor food for one of them. The small and formerly quiet village had already divided opinions and clashing interests, and numerous little jealousies and bickerings had arisen. It is a straggling place, settled partly upon a creek near the river, and partly upon the high ground where the inn was; so each party wished to establish their own spot as the site of the capital, and derive the advantage of having the public buildings there.

The evening gun, from the American garrison of Houlton, only five miles distant, can be distinctly heard at Woodstock; and as we were descending the river on the 11th of September, we caught a glimpse of Mar's Hill,

upon which the boundary monument has been erected. Large as the St. John's river is, it is rendered utterly unnavigable by the numerous rapids, where, in many places, the depth does not exceed three feet. The beach every where was strewn with fine timber, which had been left by the falling of the spring freshets, and which could not now arrive at the port of exportation before the ensuing year, and flat-bottomed provision-boats can with difficulty reach Woodstock on the third day from Fredericton. The scenery throughout the St. John's is of a superior order to the generality of that in America, and becomes bolder and more beautiful as the river nears the ocean; but the land decreases in fertility in an equal ratio every succeeding mile below Woodstock. The falls of the Pokeok at its junction with the St. John's, seen through a wooded and rocky chasm, and an Indian village with some fine drooping elms upon a bold undulating country a few miles lower down, are exceedingly picturesque objects.

With the exception of Woodstock, it cannot be said that there is any settlement which can come under the denomination of a village between the Green river and Fredericton, a distance not short of two hundred and twenty miles. In many parts, as at Madawaska, a narrow riband of farms extends along the banks of the St. John, and stretches back from a quarter to a mile inland. Three or four tribes also of Indians have their strange-looking collection of bark-built wig-wams huddled together upon the headlands formed by the junction of the Tobique and other tributary streams: the chief's house is usually distinguished from the rest by having a flag-staff alongside of it, or the roof being rather more elevated. The costume of the females struck me as much gayer than that of the tribes I had previously seen in the Canadas. Their dress here was generally of brilliant and gaudy colours, with their black hats encircled by a broad silver band. The men, who appeared to subsist chiefly upon fishing in the summer season, had the same heavy and forbidding countenances I had observed amongst the Seneca and Iroquois tribes. I was informed, however, by officers of the army, and agents who had superintended the annual distribution of presents from the British government to the tribes upon the borders of Lake Huron, that fine athletic warriors of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, with noble features, used to attend upon those occasions with one side of their face painted sky blue, and the other chequered with vermilion and bright yellow; but all whom I saw fell very far short of the natives of Bengal and Pegu both in stature and countenance.

At ten o'clock on the night of the ninth day from our leaving Quebec, we arrived at Fredericton, three hundred and fifty miles distant, rejoiced beyond measure that our fatiguing expedition was at an end. The cramping attitude of sitting crouched at the bottom of the canoe for sixteen hours, during four successive days, without being able to change that position, lest the heavily laden and frail vessel should capsize, was irksome and overpowering in the extreme. But when our troubles and vexations were over, as usual we laughed heartily at all our adventures; and, taking it all in all, I may fairly say that I enjoyed this journey more than any other portion of my travels on the continent of America. Our provisions had been rather short, and the bread on the fourth or fifth day became so excessively sour, from alternate wet and exposure to the sun, that it was unwholesome as well as unpalatable, and began to affect us seriously. Nor had our night's rest been sought upon couches of the softest and most fleecy down; but, in the enjoyment of good health, other matters were of trifling moment, and soon consigned to oblivion.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—SPIRIT OF EQUALITY—DISPUTED BOUNDARY.

After the separation of New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, in 1785, Colonel Carleton was appointed governor of the new province, and selected a spot on the right bank of the river, where Fredericton now stands, as the site of the capital. The situation is good, being the head of the tide-water and the sloop navigation. Though ships of large burden can ascend to the mouth of the Oromocto, from twelve to fifteen miles below, yet merchandise is usually forwarded from the sea-port ninety miles distant by small craft, the Falls of St. John, two miles from the harbour, preventing the passage of large vessels except at high water. The town consists of two principal streets, running parallel with the river, and contains about 1200 inhabitants, but as yet has no regular market nor fair. The point of land upon which it is built is flat and low, being but a few feet above the level of the freshets. A low range of rocky hills, however, rises half a mile in

* Owing to the numerous rapids on the river St. John, these portages or carrying-places are frequent. The eastern provinces, more especially New Brunswick, are so intersected with streams, whose sources are in the immediate vicinity of each other, that the whole country may be traversed by means of them with very little difficulty: and, in short, the rivers are the highways of the province. The Grand Temiscouta portage is of an extraordinary length, being thirty-six miles over a mountainous country, and very little used, except by casual travellers, but some of the navigable streams are within two miles of each other, yet flowing in opposite directions.

After beating a few hours to windward in order to weather the cape, we were enabled to bear up the channel with studding-sails set, and were off Holyhead the following evening, when time again hung heavily on our hands. It was Sunday night, and the pilots preferred continuing their carousals to noticing the numerous rockets, blue lights, and signal guns we fired, and kept us beating on and off shore in equally unpleasant weather, until daylight, when one of them took charge of the ship, and gave us the first news of a Dutch war. As usual in such cases, the accounts were greatly exaggerated; but he had more compassion than a Cork pilot, who, three days previously, boarded a vessel in which an acquaintance of mine was passenger, and destroyed the whole Russian fleet, with only the loss of a few English line-of-battle ships; yet, the information was such as to raise the military barometer of the officers on board to the highest degree. The wind veered a-head during the two following days, which time barely sufficed to beat to the mouth of the Mersey, a distance of fifty miles; nor did we land amongst the hazy and dark buildings of Liverpool until the nineteenth day from our leaving New York bay: a fourth of this our short passage had been most provokingly swallowed up by the few miles of the Irish channel.

"You might easily pass muster as one of us; for I should never have imagined you to be the countryman of these sturdy fellows," said an American fellow-passenger to me, as we were pushing our way through the dense crowd on the quay the following morning, and escorting our baggage to the Custom House, where it was passed in due time; and after the payment of half a crown for "specimens of minerals" (videlicet, a lump of Schuylkill coal, cedar from the tomb of Washington, splinter from the vessel which was carried over the Falls of Niagara, and part of Termination Rock from under them, with divers other such valuable relics,) I was soon again trundling rapidly in a good coach along the smooth roads, and amid the well-cultivated lands of the broad-shouldered sons of Old England.

THE END.

SONNETS TO ROSALIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE POORHOUSE."

There is a quiet cot, its walls are white
And covered o'er with foliage green and deep,—
And round the casement clustering wall-flowers creep,
And in link'd arches o'er the porch unite.
Retired and calm that humble hut is placed
In a warm valley,—and the smoke upcurls,
From the near village, fantastic whirls
Above the sheltering trees. Embowered, and graced
By their rich covering, stands that modest dome;
The light gate closed before it, and all round
The gravel'd path, pinks, daisies, deck the ground:—
That simple cot is mine,—my bosom's home,—
My heart's own resting-place, for ever fair,
For thou, my Rosalie, art smiling there!

I look into the past! and see thee there,
Laughing, yet chaste'n'd in thy young heart's glee;
And o'er that brow, unshadow'd yet by care,
The rich brown tresses clust'ring wild and free;
Thy bosom heaving with delicious sighs
That speak of aught but sorrow,—and the cheek
Flushing with unknown fancies,—and thine eyes
Speaking more tenderly than words can speak—
Thou lov'st me!

And within those eyes I gaze,
Bright with the pure soul's brightness; and thy smile
Reproves in vain—and only tempts—the praise
Of lips by smiling made more sweet the while!
And there thou standest with that glistening eye,
Blushing in youth's first love, my Rosalie!

I see thee, Rosalie!—thy charms the same,
But mellow'd and more lovely;—on thy knee
A fair-hair'd infant laughs with childish glee,
Or clings around thy neck to lisp thy name!
Still art thou beautiful; and as thy head
Is bent to kiss its cheek, thy tresses brown,
Floating in wavy ringlets loosely down,
O'er the fair features of the child are spread,
Which sleeps within their shadow.—

At thy feet
Stands the light cradle, and I see the place
Thy slumbering babe within it, and thy face
Grows bright as listening to its breathings sweet,—
Thou gazest on its rest, so soft and mild,
And callest on thy God to guard thy child!

Traditionary Stories

AND

LEGENDARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY ANDREW PICKEN,

AUTHOR OF THE "DOMINIE'S LEGACY," &c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

The following stories are taken from a work just received from London, entitled "Traditionary Stories of old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History," by the author of the "Dominie's Legacy," a book which has not, we believe, been printed in America. This new work comprises, besides the two longest we have selected, a few very brief legendary illustrations of minor interest, particularly in this country.

It appears to be the design of the author to continue his labours, and not to confine himself to Scotland; he says in the preface, "future volumes will, he trusts, show how much it is his own wish to avoid the charge of national partiality." He returns thanks to the early friends of the plan, who by patronising it in its early stage, or by supplying information for the present, or offering it for future volumes, have encouraged him to the publication. Among the names thus introduced, is a long list of dukes, duchesses, marquesses and marchionesses, earls, the Lord Chancellor and other lords, &c. &c., and last not least, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Southey, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Moore, and others. We are confident these tales will be received with favour by the public; the second in particular, is a story of great power and pathos. We shall look for the future volumes with anxiety, and if of equal merit, shall lay them before our readers.

LADY BARBARA OF CARLOGHIE,

AND

THE JOHNSTONS OF FAIRLY.

A STORY OF THE DOMINIE.*

CHAPTER I.

THE DOMINIE'S PROGRAMME.

It was whilst living dull and solitary in my upland dwelling of Balgownie Brae, in the west of Scotland, and sliding listlessly on towards the evening of life, that I at one time took a plaintive thought concerning sundry events in my own history; and recalled, with an inward sadness, various illusory enchantments of my youthful days. In particular I reflected, in reference to those wanderings of mine, in the course of which I had gathered together so many records of by-gone good and evil, that there was one district of my country, to me associated with many interesting recollections, which I had not visited for above twenty moralising and regretful years.

And yet, several times of late, I had ventured towards the exterior margin of this peculiar spot, and had traced out, by the help of fancy, the green holms of Ruar water; and even seen against the evening sky the embattled turrets of old Carloghie, rising venerable o'er its sweeping woods; reminding me of promising fancies that had

* To those who have not met with a book called "The Dominie's Legacy," it may be necessary to state, that the idea is of a simple and benevolent old man—an abortive clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, afterwards a teacher or dominie—who, becoming independent in his latter years, indulges his propensity for wandering about over the country, making his observations, and hearing and gathering old and quaint stories, in all of which the honest Dominie felt himself much interested. These he is supposed to write at his leisure, in his bachelor home; and not having the courage to publish them himself, leaves them to the author as a "legacy" for the edification of the world.

ended in nothing, and hopes whose very recollection lay in the mists of oblivion. But more than a Pisgah sight of these well known haughs, it neither answered my pride nor my prudence to take; for, occurrences had happened to myself which deeply moved my feelings—and I would not be the first to seek out those who sought not me, nor run the hazard of meeting with one, whose presence could only stir up most painful thoughts. Many a tale I have told, of the loves of others—and how the young were tried in regard to their heart's wishes, and the old were disappointed in the ambitions of life. But the simple egotisms of my own experience, and how I was vexed at the heart concerning a certain female, it does not become me to open out to the world.

The dismal time of the year was yet at its worst, for it was one dreary and dropping afternoon in the dark month of January, when these sombre musings came over my mind like a heavy cloud, reminding me of tenderness long gone by, and anticipations of joy which had melted away like the summer's sleet, and left nothing behind them, but a yearning of the heart. As I looked at the leafless trees round my dwelling, through whose naked boughs the cold wind of winter was mournfully whistling; and bethought me of the barren bachelor sterility, left at this late time of life without an object on which to let out the sympathies of my nature; and observed how the naked trees, like myself, stretched forth their bald arms towards the heavens, waiting for the genial days of spring life, which would soon return to them, but never again to me—the weakness of feeling broke out upon me, as it had been the dissolving clouds; and, like Rachel in the scripture, I wept for my children because they were not.

Anon, this weakness passed away, and I wiped with shame my solitary tears; for I reflected, that unavailing regret was but one of Solomon's vanities; seeing that it is not in the nature of Time's things to fill up the secret cravings of the affections. So, like others, I comforted myself in my sadness with the general discount, and resolved that when the warm spring should again return, I would take up my wallet and my staff, and set forth as I was wont, would once more venture to seek the gowans by Fairly Burn, and explore the sunny woods of sweet Carloghie.

The long winter at length passed over, and spring, as the song says, began to "cleed the birken shaw," when my time of travelling being come, I prepared to set forth with my face turned towards the pleasant south. The very evening, however, before my intended departing considerations began to press upon my thoughts, which almost tended to change my whole resolves. What the considerations precisely consisted of, it were tedious to the reader, at present, to amplify. But they pertained to that mixture of pride and delicacy, which may exist between persons who have known each other long, the circumstances that grow out of the changes of things, we know not how, but which fate or fortune is constantly bringing about, to disappoint our auguries of what is to happen to ourselves.

I had nearly made up my mind against my journey to this quarter, when looking forth from my window, I perceived, to my surprise, the postman with his bag coming slowly up the avenue. A sealed envelope was put into my hands, and I found myself addressed in the following unusual manner:—

"Carloghie Castle, 1st May 17—

"As there is a time, dear sir, for all things that are done in the world, so there ought to be a period, when reasons may be given for our darkest acts; and when, at least, may take pen in hand, to solicit the kindly recollections of an old friend. It is due to you; and has been, that I should explain in person various matters that might appear mysterious in my conduct a few former years.

"This explanation I had much desired to give you, I now have freely to confess. But there are reasons connected with a woman's feelings, and the world's circumstances, which may not themselves be easily explained; for we see not clearly what is required of us, and good and evil seem at times almost to change places.

"For all this, if I am not wrong in my calculation concerning you, you will come hither to see and speak to me. Come then to Carloghie, and that speedily, for all is past that we once dreamt of, and we may now converse as old friends, whose former acquaintance is forgotten by the world.

"Yours in kindness and esteem,

"MARION LOGAN."

Never did fate send a lonely man, in the nick of time, a more welcome epistle, to skin over the sores of his past.

lately arrived Irish upon the Madawaska river, these were the first British settlers we had seen since leaving the veteran's house upon Temiscouta lake, and from this specimen we were almost justified in forming but a mean opinion of the New Brunswickers' hospitality.

Twenty miles farther brought us to the Great falls, where we again landed, the portage commencing at the rather dangerous vicinity of about one hundred and fifty yards above them, the influence of the cataract being very evident upon canoes which must cross the river to gain the entrance of the portage, situated in a small circular bay. The surface of the river is perfectly smooth and unbroken until it gains the very edge of the rock, when it is precipitated seventy feet in a sheet of amber-coloured foam into a narrow and rocky channel, not exceeding thirty-five in breadth, down which it boils and bubbles for the space of half a mile, and then expands into its original width of about one hundred and fifty yards. There is a tradition, though seemingly not a very probable one, that several canoes of Mohawk Indians, who had attacked a tribe near the source of the river, and massacred all, excepting two old squaws, were (accompanied by their prisoners) floating down with the current at night, and were to a man dashed to pieces over the falls, of whose existence they had not even the most remote idea. The squaws aware of the circumstance perished with them, not wishing to survive the destruction of their tribe. Sitting upon the rough crags on the margin of the cataract, we made a late dinner upon the last remains of our shoulder of mutton, sacrificing the well-picked bone to the shades of the old squaws and the Grand falls.

The river banks, formed of a hard rock, with light covering of soil, exceed one hundred feet in height above the falls, and more than two hundred half a mile below them. The man who conveys the boats across the portage* earns a good livelihood by his two-fold occupation of farmer and boat-carrier. Our canoe, with the baggage in it, was drawn along a winding road on a sledge by two oxen, and launched again into the water half a mile below for a quarter of a dollar. Timber was formerly drawn up on the level of the bank, and then launched again into the water down an inclined plane, but this system was soon abandoned as too expensive, and it is now allowed to shoot the falls, which in the freshets but little injures it.

For seven or eight miles the current carried us on with great velocity over the "White Rapids," the "Black Rapids," and a series of others, all sufficiently dangerous to encounter without a skilful pilot, and we landed at dusk near a small log hut, the first we saw after leaving the portage. The banks had continued a hundred feet in height, and covered with a dense pine forest, but we frequently passed groups of woodmen bivouacking by their fires at the water's edge after their day's labour had ceased. Throwing part of the baggage over my shoulder, I walked up to the hut, through whose small window the bright light of the wood fire could be seen blazing cheerfully, and knocking at the door walked in, and found a family of seven, who welcomed me most hospitably. My companions following me, we joined the circle, and, after enjoying a bowl of excellent milk, asked the settler's history. He had been a comrade of the veteran upon the lake, and had been settled there at the same time, when his nearest neighbour lived at twenty miles' distance. He had now one within six miles, but considered it no advantage, and would rather that people did not settle so near to him, as he should then have no fear of quarrelling. Part of his house had been washed away by the freshets during the spring of the previous year, and, although it was twenty feet above the level of the river, the water had stood five feet five inches in his kitchen, which was the only room he had remaining. This summer, too, the bears had destroyed thirteen sheep and four hogs of his stock, but he had yet twenty-three sheep remaining, and two cows. The only neighbours, however, he did not appear, in any manner, to

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The evening gun, from the American garrison of Houlton, only five miles distant, can be distinctly heard at Woodstock; and as we were descending the river on the 11th of September, we caught a glimpse of Mar's Hill,

upon which the boundary monument has been erected. Large as the St. John's river is, it is rendered utterly un-navigable by the numerous rapids, where, in many places, the depth does not exceed three feet. The beach every where was strewed with fine timber, which had been left by the falling of the spring freshets, and which could not now arrive at the port of exportation before the ensuing year, and flat-bottomed provision-boats can with difficulty reach Woodstock on the third day from Fredericton. The scenery throughout the St. John's is of a superior order to the generality of that in America, and becomes bolder and more beautiful as the river nears the ocean; but the land decreases in fertility in an equal ratio every succeeding mile below Woodstock. The falls of the Pook at its junction with the St. John's, seen through a wooded and rocky chasm, and an Indian village with some fine drooping elms upon a bold undulating country a few miles lower down, are exceedingly picturesque objects.

With the exception of Woodstock, it cannot be said that there is any settlement which can come under the denomination of a village between the Green river and Fredericton, a distance not short of two hundred and twenty miles. In many parts, as at Madawaska, a narrow riband of farms extends along the banks of the St. John, and stretches back from a quarter to a mile inland. Three or four tribes also of Indians have their strange-looking collection of bark-built wig-wams huddled together upon the headlands formed by the junction of the Tobique and other tributary streams: the chief's house is usually distinguished from the rest by having a flag-staff alongside of it, or the roof being rather more elevated. The costume of the females struck me as much gayer than that of the tribes I had previously seen in the Canadas. Their dress here was generally of brilliant and gaudy colours, with their black hats encircled by a broad silver band. The men, who appeared to subsist chiefly upon fishing in the summer season, had the same heavy and forbidding countenances I had observed amongst the Seneca and Iroquois tribes. I was informed, however, by officers of the army, and agents who had superintended the annual distribution of presents from the British government to the tribes upon the borders of Lake Huron, that fine athletic warriors of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, with noble features, used to attend upon those occasions with one side of their face painted sky blue, and the other chequered with vermilion and bright yellow; but all whom I saw fell very far short of the natives of Bengal and Pegu both in stature and countenance.

At ten o'clock on the night of the ninth day from our leaving Quebec, we arrived at Fredericton, three hundred and fifty miles distant, rejoiced beyond measure that our fatiguing expedition was at an end. The cramping attitude of sitting crouched at the bottom of the canoe for sixteen hours, during four successive days, without being able to change that position, lest the heavily laden and frail vessel should capsize, was irksome and overpowering in the extreme. But when our troubles and vexations were over, as usual we laughed heartily at all our adventures; and, taking it all in all, I may fairly say that I enjoyed this journey more than any other portion of my travels on the continent of America. Our provisions had been rather short, and the bread on the fourth or fifth day became so excessively sour, from alternate wet and exposure to the sun, that it was unwholesome as well as unpalatable, and began to affect us seriously. Nor had our night's rest been sought upon couches of the softest and most fleecy down; but, in the enjoyment of good health, other matters were of trifling moment, and soon consigned to oblivion.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—SPIRIT OF EQUALITY—DISPUTED BOUNDARY.

After the separation of New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, in 1785, Colonel Carleton was appointed governor of the new province, and selected a spot on the right bank of the river, where Fredericton now stands, as the site of the capital. The situation is good, being the head of the tide-water and the sloop navigation. Though ships of large burden can ascend to the mouth of the Oromocto, from twelve to fifteen miles below, yet merchandise is usually forwarded from the sea-port ninety miles distant by small craft, the Falls of St. John, two miles from the harbour, preventing the passage of large vessels except at high water. The town consists of two principal streets, running parallel with the river, and contains about 1200 inhabitants, but as yet has no regular market nor fair. The point of land upon which it is built is flat and low, being but a few feet above the level of the freshets. A low range of rocky hills, however, rises half a mile in

*Owing to the numerous rapids on the river St. John, these portages or carrying-places are frequent. The eastern provinces, more especially New Brunswick, are so intersected with streams, whose sources are in the immediate vicinity of each other, that the whole country may be traversed by means of them with very little difficulty: and, in short, the rivers are the highways of the province. The Grand Temiscouta portage is of an extraordinary length, being thirty-six miles over a mountainous country, and very little used, except by casual travellers, but some of the navigable streams are within two miles of each other, yet flowing in opposite directions.

have been the melancholy witness, and feelings which I shall not easily portray."

While we were thus speaking, the bell in the western turret rang for dinner, with as much formality as if the whole family had been at home; and after a simple repast, which I enjoyed much in the society of my valued friend, Marion thus began her tale of the family.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY.

"One of the earliest things that I can remember," began my narrator, "was the marriage day of the earl, when he brought home to Carloghie Castle the high and haughty Lady Mary Bochlyvie. I was then but a child at my mother's foot; and my memory only retains a dim confusion of carriages and horses prancing towards the castle; and white ribands, and gay dresses; and firing of guns that almost frightened me out of my wits; and shouting of the men, and amazement of the women, at all the grandeur and the bravery. Never, from that day to this, was there such a show in the Fairly Holms; for it was then the fashion for weddings and funerals at great houses to be celebrated with much eating, drinking, crowds, and rejoicing. And so Lady Bochlyvie, being a great lady, to be brought home; and my lord being a proud man, and used to all manner of magnificence, ever since the king helped to ruin his grandfather; there was nothing but colours flying on the towers of Carloghie, and wine flowing in the great hall below; and all the gentry far and near were gathered to the celebration, to drink happiness and joy to my lord and my lady.

"I remember the confusion of my little head at seeing all that I saw, and hearing all that I heard that day; and at the guns cracking at my ears, and the shouting and huzzing; for the farmers and people were perfectly mad with joy at seeing the great folks come back to our own holms, and talked all manner of extravagance in their drink. And then, at night, such bonfires gleamed on every hill for miles round, in my young eyes—I think I see them still, blazing through the dimness of forty years!

"But my father was a thoughtful man, and had experience of the world; and when he saw all this obstreperous rejoicing, he shook his head with a stern countenance, and a rebuke in his look; and I heard him say to my mother, that, although it was not pleasant to prophesy sorrow in the midst of mirth, yet that the whitest stone threw the blackest shadow,—that this over boasting of present joy and anticipated happiness was perilous to the peace of high or low, and carried to him an ominous prediction for the uncertain future. The day passed over, however, as the happiest day must; and months ran away after that; and the rejoicing was almost as great, when a son and heir came to be surely anticipated, to inherit the great earldom of Carloghie. That my lady's bairn to come was to be a son, there could be no doubt; for my lord was a man who had always been used to have his own way, and to be crossed in a particular so important to his house was an event which of course was not to be thought of.

"But when the time ripened, and the doctors were agog, and all the country were astir on so great an occasion, the earl received a damper in the page's news, which was almost too much for his spirit to bear. The expected son, who was destined to be christened in the names of all his ancestors, turned out to be only a daughter! for which no name whatever had been made or provided.

"Here was a business for an earl of the land! It was perfectly cruel and distressing!

"The worst of disappointments, however, time will soften down; and a son and heir was again promised to the house of Carloghie. That promise was at length brought to maturity, and in the fulness of the period, ended also in a new disappointment, more trying—I may say more intolerable—even than the former. To be thus contradicted in his wishes a second time, was more than could be expected to be borne, by a man of my lord's disposition, with any thing like patience. My lady took ill health from trouble of mind, and my lord went abroad, and became misanthropical to the world.

"Both might have become reconciled to these repeated misfortunes, had the little ladies Frances and Mary been cherubs of beauty, as great people's children, no doubt, ought to be. But though the earl and his lady were passable to look at, the little girls were plain to a degree, and the nursery maids said they were perfect imps. The hopes of the parents again revived, however, for it was evident the earl was going to have a large

family. But the next child my lady had was also a daughter! so all the calculations of the relatives, on both sides of the house, were entirely defeated, and the earl was reduced to black despair.

"It was certainly a fault for my lord to be so pertacious; but, from the old Lady Carloghie and others, he had always, from a child, had whatever he wished that money could purchase; and as money had hitherto procured him every thing he desired, and he had never been so balked and thwarted before, it was no wonder he was a sad and disconsolate man. Other affairs of his household and his tenantry were at this time added to vex and worry my lord's mind; and, as I have heard tell, he began, in the midst of his fret, to look around him with astonishment, and ask himself if he were really a born earl, and a patrician of the realm, that he should thus be subjected to crosses and troubles, as if he had been nothing but a poor man.

"The expectation of children was now only a vexation to him, as the event he had set his heart on never took place; although my lady was now in good health, and they all lived dull and domestic here at the old castle. Accordingly, the fourth time, my lord set off from this irksome neighbourhood, just to be out of the way of another disappointment. He was gone about London, or somewhere else, seeking consolation, as usual, in the spending of money, when, what was his surprise, one careless morning, to receive a letter through the common post-office, as if it were only a report of his factor, announcing to him nothing less than the actual birth of a son and heir!

"So sudden a dispelling of the clouds of misfortune was almost too much for his lordship's nerves. He took post immediately to return to his home; and the rejoicings that took place at Carloghie Castle, on his arrival, were so great and long continued as almost to cause the death of the child whose birth had been the occasion of so sudden a change. Thus began the several bright years that, notwithstanding my father's ominous forebodings, continued for a considerable time to cheer the hearts of the earl and his lady, and to enliven the whole neighbourhood of old Carloghie.

"And so thus ends, I may say, the first epoch of this particular branch of our family history."

CHAPTER IV.

"When Lord William grew up—for this was the first of the names by which the male heir of the family had been christened—unlike, in particular, his two eldest sisters, the youth evinced a fine mind and a handsome face, with a constitution so fragile and delicate, that to his doting parents his health became a subject of constant solicitude. As for the girls,—particularly Lady Frances and Lady Mary—they were really, to speak the honest truth, as plain in all respects of the outward woman, as ever you would suppose it possible for a noble earl's daughters to be. The eldest was scraggy to a degree, and had an ungainly figure, and features such as you will seldom see in a common farmer's lassie. The second had high cheek bones, which my lady her mother said were far too Scotch; a skin freckled like a leopard, although the sun had seldom been suffered to shine upon it; and she had also sandy red eye-lashes, which gave her face a very peculiar and far from agreeable expression. The third and youngest, Lady Barbara, though bluff and brown when a child, grew up a comely and attractive girl. This young lady, indeed, took very much the look of her brother, Lord William—having at least his dark penetrating eye, with the lofty and haughty bearing of her mother's side of the house. Consequently Lady Barbara was flattered much from contrast with her less favoured sisters, and by them she was regarded with a natural, almost a justifiable, envy.

"But the great attention of the family was, from his earliest years, lavished upon the young heir, who began to discover qualities, both mental and external, which well might excite the admiration of my lord and my lady. With a thin yet animated longish visage, an eye like a hawk, and a look expressive of that wilful sort of intellectuality which belongs to the finest scions of the aristocracy, Lord William was a youth of whom any lord in the land might well have been proud. I remember him when a boy—a pretty boy! riding like Jehu down the Fairly Holms, and calling upon the farmer lads to follow him in his gallop, as if he had been leading an army to battle. And yet, at that time, battling and warriorship seemed not to be in the youth's thoughts; but rather something that was not usual for a lord, namely, learning and scholarship, and pretty arts, as if he was to be nothing but a silly man to write books for dull people to

abuse, or a learned clerk to teach homilies of philosophy; and then, to crown all, what should serve his wilful spirit after that, but he must take up the ambition to paint pictures, like a painter.

"When my little lord got this fancy into his head, he filled the castle with a litter of linnens' gear, paints and paint-brushes, and filthy oils, that smelled the rooms, dabbled the floors, and vexed the house-maids exceedingly. My lady his mother did not approve of these fancies; but he being delicate, besides being very clever, she had not the heart to cross him. And then he would leave his tutors and his hard words, and wander the woods with a crayon and a book, and sit himself down on a cold stone or the root of a tree, drawing old walls and ruined turrets; or he would go down about the holms by the water's edge, and take effigies of common and plebeian things, such as cobble-boats, and ragged boys, and cart horses, and swine; which he would come and show at the castle, as if they had been high matters to be admired! Then he would make free to look at the farmer lads, and to be seen with his crayons and his paper, as if he had not been the son of my lord, and nothing but a common student, drawing trees and stumps for his living.

"In these peculiar fancies, certainly, my lord was not aided or abetted by any at the castle; for his father frowned and spoke angry austerity; his lady mother beseeched and argued with him like a college professor; his eldest sisters looked stiff and scorned upon him and his drawings, and sometimes broke out and scolded him like perfect kail-women. All this, however, only roused in him a spirit of resistance, which, partly kindled on the consciousness of his rank, partly on his happy disposition, and partly on the opinions which he was a process of imbibing, did not develop itself in the turning of argument, but in setting them all by his conduct at open defiance.

"In this sort of wilfulness, which was after all, probably harmless, except on the score of letting down his dignity, Lord William at first stood alone in the house; but anon his youngest sister, whom he most resembled by degrees began to join him in what he pled for, and his talents, and defended his conduct; and at length broke loose herself, and followed him without in his eccentric ramblings. In the opinion of his mother and her rest, Lady Barbara now began to comport herself as becoming her father's daughter, as the young lord, unlike an earl's son. Parental or tutorial authority was now of little avail against the wild spirit of the brother and sister; and the domestic dignity of my lord's family government became divided against itself in the immoderation of faction.

"To give you the philosophy of the matter," continued Marion—"for there must be philosophy in my tale, although I tell it, or truly it is nothing—there was a reason for the disobedient spirit of the two younger children, arising out of the sure workings of human nature. In common with very many in their high station, my lord and my lady made the chief virtue required of them and their children to consist of the proper support of their dignity, especially in the view of their obvious inferiority. Accordingly, from the first dawn of reason in their children, they never failed to take every opportunity of impressing upon their young minds, in the strongest language, the fact of their hereditary greatness, and of the infinite distance that there was by nature between them and all those by whom they were usually surrounded. As they grew in years, maxims of "dignity and aim of state were taught and impressed upon the children of Lord Carloghie with incessant diligence and fastidious care, and became in truth the staple of that family education, which has of all other the greatest influence on the formation of character.

"But the anxiety of parents upon a favourite point is extremely apt to defeat itself; by overdoing something with artificial means, which seems to them at the moment to be all in all. Thus, as is often done in the case of religion, by constantly worrying youth with one theme, they excite that feeling of irksomeness and disgust at the whole of a subject, which years only strengthen, by the law of association. Upon the elder ladies of Carloghie Castle, however, the watchfulness and jealousy of their parents, upon this incessant subject, and upon the constant study of an artificial manner before masters, had not this effect; no more than would, probably, forced religion have had upon the same species of mankind which, being of the mediocre, or rather beneath the mediocre species, all narrow opinions, flattering to self, were extremely suitable to them, and became littered by as fast as imbibed.

"The nobler and freer intellects of Lord William and

his youngest sister, however, spurned these opinions, in proportion as they were carried beyond the common sense apprehensions of simple minds; and as they were urged upon them on occasions unseasonable to the warm and generous feelings of youth, their untractable disregard to the reserves becoming their station,—having been formed by a system of restraints too early enforced,—was aggravated by constant and bigoted exhortation; and kindled, by the pressing of overstrained sentiments, often into silent yet resolute opposition.

“Had the Earl of Carloghie’s been a mushroom house, this jealous spirit might in some sort have been excused—at least it might be deemed only natural, according to the usual procedure of the world. But its existence in his case only shows that a contracted mind, feeding on pride, fastens, in all circumstances, on those mean aims and objects, which are suited to its own ignorant spirit and its narrow ideas. Thus, looking upon all beneath them in rank—at least if not redeemed by surpassing wealth—as beings of a different species from themselves, the noble parents taught this creed in every form to their children; and those of the latter, who could not receive it to the same extent as themselves, were opposed and scorned, or at least lamented over as low-lived renegades from their noble house. Thus also, while parental indulgence, and the delicate state of his own health, preserved Lord William late from being sent to college, the foundation was laid for those artist ramblings and eccentric opinions, both on the part of himself and sister, which, as unfortunately their minds were quite different from those of my lord and my lady, ultimately ended, at least on the part of one of them, in the uncommon events of her history.

“With Lord William, indeed, this spirit of unsuitable liberality, contrary to the will of my lord, would have doubtless been mellowed down by more extended observation, had time been allowed him to mix further with the world. But, alas for his haughty yet doting parents! when just about sending him at last to the university, his health grew worse, and getting drenched in the woods one day in changeable weather—while in terror of his father he sat in the evening in his wet clothes—a fever was the consequence, which at once threw the family into the most dreadful alarm. Their worst fears for him soon became too well verified; and though doctors were sent for, wherever money could procure the highest medical skill; and though his favourite sister never left him, nursing by his bedside day and night, the efforts of man were of no avail; the prospect of a coronet could not save him; and in ten days after he was taken ill, handsome Lord William, the hope of his house, and the pride and boast of the Fairly Holms, lay a dead corpse in the Gothic room, among the old standards and escutcheons here in Carloghie Castle.

“Oh, what a voice of lamentation and weeping arose within the hoary walls of this dreary mansion! Oh, what a despair of heavy grief drowned in sorrow my lord and my lady! and oh, what a day was that, when his youthful body was taken to be buried in the great family vault in the old chapel! When the black hearse with the white plumes, and the yellow skulls that grinned on the dark panels, came down the long avenue from Carloghie Castle; and when the long cavalcade of mourning procession traversed his old haunts by the Ruar Water, as I stood and watched it again on the hill by my father’s side, I saw the tears hop down the old man’s cheek; and I heard him murmur to himself these solemn words: ‘Now is my prophecy o’er truly rede. This, I fear, is but the first act of the black tragedy, that, for the warning prostration of human presumption, is to follow the immoderate rejoicings that made the air ring again, and filled these haughs with boastful bravery, so shortly since, upon my good lord’s wedding day.’”

CHAPTER V.

“Change of place, and change of scene, and the sight of foreign parts and strange company, help to dissipate great folks’ grief; and so my lord and my lady, and all their retinue, at length returned again to old Carloghie. There came with them, or arrived soon after, a crowd of carriages, and various-sized wheeled vehicles, containing dukes, and earls, and other lords, and foreign counts with long names, and great ladies of old families and small means, and, in short, a well selected gathering of miscellaneous gentry.

“All this driving of coaches, and company-keeping at the castle, was, of course, to marry off my lord’s three daughters, who began to hang heavy on their parents’ hands, and made them exceedingly anxious for the time

to come. In this laudable and most parental purpose, my lord and my lady were baulked, however, in a manner that looked as if they had been born to be unfortunate. In truth, with reference to the great number of high born suitors, the looks of the two eldest girls were exceedingly against them.

“Yet, in painstaking expense upon this important business, my lord and lady were certainly in nothing to blame. They had dress-makers from London, and stay-makers from Paris, and milliners from all civilised foreign parts; and artists of the person to no end; and my lord, poor man, was like to be ruined and driven to the continent, with nothing but the trouble and the cost thereof. Then there were paints and patches, got from all quarters, bearing all manner of foreign names; and French rouge, to make the ladies bloom like the rose; and scents and perfumes, to make them smell like Arabia; and pastes and poultices, to whiten their skins; and oils and dye-drugs, to recolour their hair—and the whole castle was like a warehouse with a litter of cosmetics.

“But all would not do; and my lord’s grand dinners were eaten for nought; for the high gentry dropped off one by one, without ever asking an interesting question; and so, like the daughter of Jephthah in the holy book, the ladies were left where they were, to stay at home in the castle, or wander about the hills in solitariness. With the two eldest ladies, this was particularly the case; and as for the youngest, though much better favoured, and every way more attractive, she was of a reckless and wild spirit, which seemed absolutely to frighten the men from any wavering purpose towards her. She was now, however, become a buxom and heroic-looking girl, with large black eyes and a towering head; and as her sisters, saving for some inferior match, were evidently laid upon the shelf, upon Lady Barbara were fixed the hopes of the family.

“In all civilised communities of old aristocracy, it has ever been the practice for parents to look out matches for their daughters; it being well understood, that it is a matter with which the girls themselves have nothing to do. Yet however orthodox this doctrine was in the mind of the earl, it quite disagreed with Lady Barbara’s philosophy. She conceived, like all foolish young people, that likings and dislikings, in the case of matrimonial coupling, had something to do with the happiness of life—that these were in some cases to be thought of, as considerations even to be set against interest and ambition. In short, she had become an abettor of the dangerous doctrine, that greatness itself is not to be considered as entirely paramount to the romance-book feelings of plebeian nature.

“These opinions might, as I said before, have been softened down into reason, by meeting them half way for argument’s sake, or, on Barbara’s part, by a further and more judicious view of the world. But the worthy earl was a straight-forward man, and had no idea of that strange something, which argumentative people call human nature. Never having, therefore, been crossed in his whole life, unless it might be by Providence above, which makes little exception in favour of high lineage, he was not to be disputed with at this time of day, especially by his own begotten children. Accordingly, the wilful spirit of Lady Barbara was met, in all things, by the most determined opposition; until, by the self-confidence of youth, and the fancy of persecution, this wilful spirit settled down, since her brother’s death, into a distrust of the judgment, and a suspicion of the motives, of her own parents.

“When, therefore, my lord had, with parental care, and much anxiety of mind, arranged satisfactorily for her the business of a husband, in the person of a nobleman of much wealth and undoubted family, Lady Barbara received the tidings with perfect astonishment; as if her will ought to have been adverted to, before the matter had gone so far. But my lord had mistaken the temper of his daughter, even if he was correct in his ideas of the precise state of obligation between parent and child. Independent, therefore, of her opinion of the noble person who had received permission to address her, she was strongly, if not insuperably, prejudiced against him, from the manner in which she conceived him to be forced upon her. Never, therefore, did obstinate girl more effectually turn the back of her hand to an unwelcome lover, than Lady Barbara did to the bowing and beseeching Marquis of Brechin. She absolutely turned herself on her heel, and ran from him; and, taking to the stables down in the hollow, and saddling her pony, almost with her own hands, she set off to the woods like a hunter Diana.

“You will allow, Mr. Balgownie,” continued Marion; “that this was most dreadful conduct. Had Lady Barbara been nothing but a simple gentleman’s daughter, she might have been excused for this distaste at a disagreeable-looking man; for, to say the truth, the marquis, notwithstanding his lands, was a wornout lord, and had seen much service in this vile world in more ways, as I have heard, than it is necessary to express. Besides this, his lordship the marquis was but a thin whipping-post of a nobleman, with gray whiskers and lean legs, and, more like a French mounseer dried to a mummy, than a husband for Lady Barbara. All these, I say, might have been good reasons for the lady’s conduct, had she been nothing but the child of a man of low degree. But for an earl’s daughter to think of getting the man that she should like, or of refusing a marquis for any fault whatsoever, was a thing that was beyond the power of understanding.”

“But what might be his lordship’s age;” interrupted I, tired of sitting so long a mere listener; “for much, with young women, depends upon that.”

“As to his age,” replied Marion, “it was not out of the way, as gentlemen go. He could not be more than forty years, which, you know, Mr. Balgownie, makes but a young man.”

“Why, as to that, Mrs. Marion,” said I, stroking my chin considerably, “youth itself is a matter of opinion, like other things; and I would be loth to predicate, on my own responsibility, upon so kittle a question, especially in reference to such a free-thinking young woman as this Lady Barbara is described to be. But was there nothing else at the root of young madam’s dislike; for I have always understood that, in spite of romantic notions, with most ladies, after all, a marquis is a marquis.”

“So he is,” answered Marion; “and a high man too was the Marquis of Brechin; and you may call him young or not; but although his whiskers were gray, and his teeth were bad, either Lady Frances or Lady Mary would have had him at a moment. However, as you enquire, there was something else at the root of Barbara’s dislike, which, in fact, became the cause of unexpected events in her fortune, and may therefore require a few words of retrospective explanation.”

Here Marion paused, and took a sip at her cordial; while I, refreshing my own attention with a hearty pinch of Edinburgh snuff, and settling myself on my chair, got her to proceed in her story, as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

“In the hollow beyond the house where my father dwelt, but nearly a mile farther from the castle, there lived, near to the water’s edge, a thriving family of farming people, but no tenants of my lord’s; and the name of the old man was Robert Johnston.

“This farmer was a plain person, and shrewd and sagacious, like most of his compeers; but his wife, who had been the widow of a poor minister of the kirk, was bold and ambitious, and continually stirred up the old man to efforts of gentility, which his good sense taught him as constantly to resist. Accordingly, in spite of the angry murmurings of this dame, he beld his daughters determinodly to country work, instead of aiming to make them ladies, as his wife would have had him, and then married two of them to neighbouring farmers, where they were exceedingly comfortably settled in the world. Besides these two daughters, Robin Johnston had a third unmarried, and also two sons; and it is with the junior of these young men with which my tale comes particularly to have to do.

“The farmer’s daughters were all sonay lasses; gay, and ruddy, and healthy, and hearty, and nothing more; but her two sons, particularly Jamie, were celebrated for their exterior in the whole country; and certainly a pair of handsomer lads never could be seen riding of a market-day to Fairly fair, or walking on Sabbath to Fairly kirk. Ye may be sure all the lasses from the brig of Douce to the Lochar brass, were setting their caps for the Johnstons of Fairly, and their mother at home was a proud woman, when she heard of the fame of her gallant sons. Some said they were to be married to this lass, and some said they were courting at that; but after many flirting and fleechings, and dancing at kirks, and spreeing at fairs, the eldest ran off with the tocherless daughter of a small laird, and their mother said their youngest should take nought else but a born lady.

“Certainly there would have been nothing remark-

able in that; for James, the handsomest of the two, was worth the ambition of the best bred girl, whose heart was to be taken by a good looking youth, just made to please a woman's eye: and yet the lad was modest and discreet in all he did, and though his name was known, far and near, as 'bonny Jamie Johnston of the Fairly Holms,' he was no more conceited than his gray-headed father. Besides this, there was a judiciousness in his character, young as he was, which saved him from much of the nonsense of youth; and, though not averse to the mirth and sport of his time of life, a thoughtful contentment beamed from his eye, or shone, like mild sunshine, in his fair downy cheek, reminding every one of the steady solidity of his respected father.

"That this family should have been known to the inmates of Carloghie Castle, was neither unlikely nor remarkable, among the dull gossipings of a country place. But that Jamie Johnston should have become at any time the talk of the high ladies above stairs, or ever come in contact with actual nobility, was an event beyond the compass of ordinary occurrences. Thus however, it was, and thus social impossibilities become reconciled with nature.

"It was during the ramblings of Lord William in the Fairly Holms, when that noble youth was yet in life, and following the fancies of an imaginative artist, that, struck with the beauty of the young peasant, he drew his face and figure, as he watched him whistling across the fields, or plying his boat in the Ruar water. Yet Lord William was too manly and really noble a character, thus to make free with the person of a fellow, without showing his brother youth the produce of his pencil, and offering him with frankness an occasional condescension. Seeing that the modest peasant had too much good sense to presume upon this freedom, Lord William went farther, talked with him, bathed with him in deep pools of the stream by themselves, and sketched his figure in every attitude that he fancied, as one of the finest specimens of rustic nature. Sometimes my lord would have accompanied his young friend up towards the old farmer's house; but this generous freedom Johnston always waived, or resisted, with a grace that only raised him higher in Lord William's esteem.

"Time, however, as I said before, brought new changes, at least as respected the fragile constitution of the heir of Carloghie; for the spring weather had been cold and watery, and the summer that followed brought not summer's genial warmth; so his state of health began to confine him much to home, and thus painting became again his only solace and amusement. From some romantic fancy, caught up from porusing some far-away poem—I believe it was called 'the Orlando Furioso,'—he had projected a design which represented certain knights combating in a forest, for which scene Carloghie woods were to furnish the local original, and Jamie Johnston was to stand for the principal figure. For this purpose, the young farmer was sent for to the Castle; where, many times dressed up like a belted knight, or stripped over the shoulders like a Roman centurion, he was made to stand in character before the young lord.

"This was a sort of exhibition of himself that was not, however, always to Johnston's taste, though, clad as he was in knightly panoply, he laughed at times at the grand figure he made. Yet, if at any time he became restive, and showed his reluctance to sit or stand, one entreating look of the pale yet animated countenance of the young lord would at once reconcile him to any constraint that might contribute to the gratification of the noble youth. There was also at first some demur made to these practices by my lord and my lady; but so desponding had they become, concerning the health of their heir, that they resolved to cross him in nothing, but to indulge his humour without hindrance or question.

"Of course, the ladies, his sisters, were much interested in the artist labours of their sickly brother; and Johnston the farmer's son was thus frequently seen by them all; but Lady Barbara, in particular, as Lord William's favourite, was more frequently than any of them admitted into the scene of these sittings; and thus had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with the young peasant, in a way which brought after it most important consequences. As long as Lord William had strength remaining, he continued to labour at the pursuit that he loved; but nature at last gave way; no medical aid could save him, and death put an end to all his projects, and involved the whole neighbourhood in sorrow and gloom.

"But when every thing was over, and the long absence of the family was ended, and Barbara had again

returned with the rest to Carloghie, affectionate thoughts of her late brother renewed her grief, as she revisited his haunts, and contemplated his labours; and involuntarily, as it were, the idea of Jamie Johnston became associated with him, and with her most interesting recollections. Unfortunately, also, she had at this time nothing in the shape of variety to divert her mind from these wanderings; and thus the stately monotony of her life in the Castle, with the occasional peevishness of my lord and my lady, brought on by their own heavy disappointment, often sent her for relief to those pleasant holms, where she had, in former years, so frequently strayed with her free-minded and intellectual brother.

"I know not exactly how it happened," continued Marion, "but it must have been in the course of these ramblings that Lady Barbara again had speech of Jamie Johnston; and indeed, that she should have thought of him with interest, after what had passed at the Castle, and stopped to talk to him of the lamented youth, was far from surprising in her present state of mind. And yet, it was surely a very forward thing of her, if it was so—for Jamie Johnston was always considered as a judicious lad, that knew how to keep his distance from high gentry. But still, I really—"

Marion here seemed to pause for my observation, as if she found her philosophy fail her, in accounting for Barbara's extraordinary conduct.

"Ye need not trouble yourself to use fine words of dictionary explanation about it," said I; "for whether he spoke first, or she stood to talk to him, after he had given her a hat as he passed, as it was nothing but his place to do, makes little matter to the story. Nature will be nature. I can give you Latin for it. But if ye must have it from me in the shape of philosophy, sorrow and disappointment are of a levelling effect, being found as well under the earl's coronet as under the beggar's hood; and the human heart is never so open to the renewal of joy, as just after the depression of some serious grief."

"So, sir, as I was saying," she went on, "the Castle of Carloghie was at this time but a dull and heartless place, and its stately forms and stiff observances must have been exceedingly irksome to a free-spirited girl. Then, her eldest sisters were as cold and formal in their manners as they were bigoted in their talk and plain in their looks; and they were so full of the high supererogations of propriety and dignity, and so domineered in this way over their younger sister, that there was positively no standing them. Besides, there had got into the service of the family, a while before this, a most disagreeable personage, in the shape of a governess to Lady Barbara—that was some time before I came into the Castle. This old person was a perfect poker for stiffness, and serjeant-major for state, that worried the poor young lady to death with her airs and her restraint.

"It was for these very qualities, no doubt, that Miss Pinchbeck was as great a favourite with the elder ladies, as she was detested by Lady Barbara, who laughed at her formality, mimicked her airs, and sometimes even set her authority at naught. So there was nothing but complaints made, and sides taken, and pouting and dispeace within the Castle; and my lady herself, who was constantly appealed to, was oftener the enemy than the friend of her thoughtless daughter. Thus the poor girl's mind was always sent back to lamenting thoughts of her late brother, who used to take her part in the family disputes, and then, whenever she got out, she would ride down to the holms, and talk of him, if she could, perhaps to bonnie Jamie Johnston.

"In the middle of all this, who should come in, further to unsettle the lassie's mind, but my lord's favourite fop, and proposed son-in-law, the great Marquis of Brechin. So nothing would do my lord but Lady Barbara must have him; not that the earl was otherwise very particularly set upon the match, but because his daughter presumed to resist, and he was a man that was determined not to be crossed. For the same reason it was, I have no doubt, that my lady joined with the earl, although she had no great opinion of the marquis; and the elder ladies joined in the angry cry, just to show their authority over their sister Barbara.

"Why don't you marry him yourself, Lady Frances, since ye like him so well?" Lady Bobby was wont to say to her eldest sister. "I am sure he would suit you better than me, wi' his thin chaffs, and his buck teeth; besides, he's noarer your ain age, and dienna ken your ill temper. Or, Lady Mary, ye may take him, and praise him up when ye get him, and then ye'll be a marchioness, and who but you? But take him who likes, I'll marry none of your spindle-shanked lords."

And so she would snap her thumbs at the whole o' them. Did ye ever hear such frightful heresy!

"But it was much worse than this, with my lord and my lady, who insisted upon her in a way that was really terrible; and so, the house being now only a misery to her, whenever any storm was raised, she took some opportunity of slipping out, and down she would go towards the holms of Fairly. There she would wander in romantic discontent; and in these moods, the hearty and joyous laugh of the country maidens, as they went to milk their cows at even, or heaped their hay-cocks in the meadows beside the stream, filled her heart with strange yearnings, and made her almost envy the happy freedom of plebeian life.

"All this that was going on in Lady Barbara's mind had by no means escaped the observation of Mrs. Johnston of the Holm, the ambitious mother of young James Johnston. With the shrewd eye of experience, the farmer's wife watched the motions and inferred the feelings of the wayward girl. In the course of her rambles Barbara was in time induced to alight from her pony, and to rest, as she passed, in the farm-house. The old woman was kind and insinuating. She saw that something oppressed the mind of her noble guest; spoke to her feelings; and, Barbara's heart being full, she gave Mrs. Johnston sufficient of her confidence to let her see all that the dame desired, to complete her own observation. Here, to the distracted lassie, was a new reverse from the persecution of home and her dread of the marquis; and here, in the farmer's comfortable parlour, the cool bowl of rich milk, and the wholesome niceties of the barn-door or the dairy, pressed upon her with country good-will, tasted sweeter by far, in the mood she was, than all the luxuries of her father's castle.

"Jamie," said the farmer's wife to her, one day as they were left at home together—"there's promising prospects before thee, my man, or I'm mistaken—if thou but kens how to catch the sunny shower when it's bly; Jamie, hast thou any spirit in thee? What would thou think o' Carloghie Lady Bobby?"

"What is your meaning, mother?" answered the youth, "and what is it you say? What has spirit to do with me and an earl's daughter?"

"It has much to do with a clever man's fortune, James; if you had only the spunk of your auld father," said the dame, "who, though she be only a farmer's wife now, was once a gude minister's lady; and would outcap yet, gray as she is, if she were a wainter, at the laird in all the land, if he had only flung half the wealth her, that bonnie Lady Barbara has done to thee."

"Has done to me, mother!"

"Ay, just at thee! Jamie Johnston. Dost thou think I'm blind? And if thou dienna ken how to ride the tide when it's flowing to thee, or to follow the plough when it whistles at thy ear, truly thou'll maybe rue it yet, and that perhaps o'er an empty trencher."

"And would you really, mother, advise a country lad like me, that has been bred to nothing but the plough tail, to forget so egregiously his place, as to make a fool of himself by etdling after a lord's lady? No, no, mother! I hope I know my own countenance better than that."

"Weel, weel, James, my man, thou's not like me, auld as I am; and if thou hast not the heart to bid a bode for the silk gown, little matter that thou never get the sleeve o't. But I tell thee, that Lady Barbara, high born as she is, has a maiden's notion o' thee, I can tell that."

"And ne'er mean her! though I say it;—continued the dame, while her son mused—"for though she wer'n a mine, there's no a lad, frae Fairly Bly to Brechin Braes, has a face like thine, or a better figure to please a lady's ee. Na, thou needna frown at thy auld mother, Jamie Johnston. Would thou throw thyself away upon a common Jenny o' the loaming, who would keep thy nose to the grinding-stone all thy life, while thou might get for the seeking a lord's lady?"

"Pluck up a spirit, Jamie, lad!" added the cunning old woman, clapping her son on the shoulder as he meditated on her words—"and never be late to look at high mark; and if thou just take thy mother's advice, and play thy cards wi' a bold hand, who knows—but where thou sits, but thou may yet lead Lady Barbara to the auld kirk, wi' resettled servants crowded behind thee!—Ay! thou may yet drink the red wine in Carloghie Castle! wi' flunkies standing behind thy chair, and a lord's title above thy name!"

"Jamie Johnston! dienna spit sae spiteful on the floor, and sneer sae loud at my words, for great ladies take strange fancies, and must have their will; and thou

to say against it! Did not the Laird of Rowallan's widow marry the page that ran her messages? and did not Lord Dalgowdie's daughter run off with her own footman? I tell thee, lad, there's a horseshoe in thy road, at this precious moment, and thy mother's bitter ban upon thee, if thou'st no at the pains to pick it up!"

"But how did these unequal marriages turn out, mother?" said James, with serious elevation of tone and manner; "you have not told me that! nor what was the real upshot of these ladies' whims. No, no, mother! you need not tell me, that the eagle on the eury and the simple hen at the barn door will ever pair happily together. And false and foul would that heart be, that would take advantage of the momentary discontent of a high-born lady, to wile her into a lowly nest like mine; where soon, like the noble bird upon the mountain, she would begin to flap her wings for her own rocks, and leave her humble mate, to couple again with her own kind. But, more than that, the earl would disown her, and make two beings miserable in place of one, besides the sorrow and humiliation it would bring on a most noble house. Mother, I'll none on't! Never urge this flattery on me."

"That's just the way; that faint heart speaks, that never won fair lady"—said the mother tauntingly. "But fathers are not made of stone more than daughters; and after a blast and a breeze of lordly wrath, the earl would just do like other auld men, and dower his bonnie daughter, and bless his grandchildren, and slip to his grave when his time came; and then, my lad! thou would be a great man, and a lord!—*Think on't*, Jamie! *think on't*!"

"While the young man's mind was thus wrought upon by his mother at the farm-house, affairs were fast drawing to a crisis at Carloghie Castle, partly by the injudicious obstinacy of the earl, and partly by the romantic self-delusion of the young lady. She still continued her visits to the farm, but now in a more clandestine and stolen manner; and in proportion as young Johnston seemed to avoid her, her passion for him increased, until she worked herself into the conclusion, so common to lovers, that, come what might, it was *impossible* for her to live without him.

"The old woman now found means to bring Lady Barbara and her son frequently together; and when the lady's fondness for him was more fully observed, and more artfully fanned by his mother—when it was broadly urged upon himself, and his generosity was appealed to; this was taking him on his weak side indeed, and speaking to considerations which few men could resist. Besides, a real regard for the noble girl, though resisted at first, had now established a seat in his own breast; and when he witnessed her tears, and perceived her love—"come what might!"—as is the language of lovers, he determined to join his fate with hers. A minister was not long in being persuaded to unite them, by the craft and influence of the old woman; and, advantage being taken of a long absence by Lady Barbara from the castle—for she had fled to the farm-house after a quarrel about the marquis—and also of the temporary absence from his home of the old farmer, who never would listen to a word of the match, young Johnston and Barbara were privately married.

"Though the family at the castle had been used to her freaks of late, all in it became alarmed at her long absence, when they found she did not return. The earl repented of carrying his severity too far, blamed the envious old maids, her sisters, for working on his mind, and went in person to the farmer's, where he heard she had taken refuge, to enquire kindly for his runaway daughter. Sympathy is indeed a wonderful thing, and sincere kindness is the golden key that opens at once the door of the generous heart. When Barbara saw the earl, her father, stopping before the farmer's door, and heard him again address her as he had done when she was a child, her feelings relented with returning tenderness, and a pang shot into her innermost conscience, which told her she had done him a grievous wrong. He kissed her kindly, as if he had found a lost child again; spoke to her apologetically of what he had said to her at home, until her eyes streamed with tears to hear his condescension. He even sought to make it up with her, by voluntarily promising to be less austere in future, and then taking her into the carriage with him, brought her in love and kindness home to Carloghie Castle.

"A fortnight or more passed away after this, and what Barbara's thoughts were may partly be guessed, for there were gay company came to the castle; and there was now much feasting and riding about, and great attention was paid by all the gentles to her, as the bonniest lass and the favourite of the family, but the name of the marquis was never mentioned. All this time she had not

courage to tell her father what she had done; and although she wished at times to see her farmer husband, she found no opportunity, and, in fact, for the present found herself happier than ever in her own father's house. At length a young lord, one of the earl's high visitors, of great family, and every way like herself, began to pay marked addresses to her, and, soon after, formally demanded of her father the honour of her hand.

"This she had no possible pretence to refuse—her new suitor being handsome, accomplished, high born, and rich; and every one in the family envied her good fortune. All seemed now to be going on well, and Barbara became again almost the idol, as well as the hope of the house. A grand invitation was also given by the father of the young lord, her new suitor, for all at Carloghie to spend some weeks at his lordship's seat; and great preparations began to be made to set out on the jaunt. Merchants and milliners were again in high employ; and the painter who helped to teach my young lord that died, was sent for to take my Lady Barbara's picture. She sat for it, and the gentleman has often told me since, how uneasily and impatiently she seemed to sit, with her velvet robe wrapped round her like a queen, and the tiara of pearls which my lord had devised set in the midst of her glossy curls. You saw the picture in the room above. Alas! that I should now have to tell such a tale."

CHAPTER VII.

"It was just at this time," continued Marion, "when the failure of the banker brought on my father's ruin, that prim Miss Pinchbeck was turned off, and I found an asylum with this noble family. I was chiefly, however, about the person of the countess herself, and knew little of the mind of the youngest of the ladies. But Barbara again began to absent herself, and steal down towards the Holms; and Jamie Johnston had often been seen, hovering about the woods, with a pale face and an anxious look. Then strange whisperings took place among the servants, an unusual mystery was observable in their faces, and Lady Barbara, while I read her changing countenance, seemed evidently distracted by some inward trouble.

"At this time I was requested to stay in her chamber, and I heard her sometimes even cry out in her sleep, as if she laboured under some terrible apprehension. My lady became alarmed, and commanded me to watch her narrowly; so I, suspecting nothing but a little waywardness, talked to her of all things to gain her confidence; and asked her, how she liked the young lord to whom she was soon to be married. Heavens! how fearful was the result of this! I remember well how she broke out in a hysterical laugh after my question, and, throwing her arms round my neck, asked me if I had never seen Bonnie Jamie Johnston?

"O fie! Lady Barbara," said I to this extraordinary speech, "O fie, and for shame!—How can the like of you give your mouth to talk such words?" So the matter passed away; and, simpleton as I was, I saw nothing in this but her usual free and thoughtless way of speaking. For this innocent judgment I cannot find fault with myself; for Jamie Johnston was the admiration of all the women for miles round; but indeed it was the great distance between her rank and his condition that during the whole of this period blinded us all.

"One evening, near the supper bell, the young ladies and myself were all seated, dull and silent round the fire in the drawing-room, Ladies Frances and Mary occupied with their new dresses. But Barbara, in spite of the constant bantering of her sisters, seemed quite insensible to the grandeur that had been provided for her, and sat gazing into the fire, having got into one of her late fits of unfathomable abstraction. My lord and my lady were both in some other apartment. The house was then without company, and a strange and ominous silence seemed to reign, with a speaking prognostication through the castle. Presently the door opened, and the countess walked in, in her stiff and stately way; but when I looked up in her ladyship's face, never have I seen so terrible an expression. She was as pale as a sheet, her mouth was half open, as if obeying the impulse of some sudden horror, and a ring of darkness appeared round her eyes, as if some inward suffering had forced them to assume their present unnatural position. She stalked up towards the fire, and, fixing her wild gaze on Lady Barbara, seemed for a moment to strive in vain for utterance.

"Barbara!" said she, at last, "Barbara! what—what is this I hear! Answer me one question—tell me truly what I shall ask, and save or kill your distracted mother! Has there any thing improper taken place between you

and young Johnston, the farmer? Are you, or are you not, his—his wife?"

"The two ladies, Frances and Mary, rose simultaneously, and stood up like statues on hearing these words. My lady herself seemed ready to faint; but, holding by a chair, and then gathering up all her dignity, she awaited in terror the reply of the unfortunate girl.

"Lady Barbara sat dumb, as if too suddenly taken. I thought I saw her begin to tremble, as she drooped her head for a moment on her breast, and, raising it again, the dim gleam of the fire-light gave a hue to her features that I never before saw upon a living countenance, as the dread-struck girl now gazed up in terror in her mother's face. After a few moments of this dreadful silence, the unhappy lassie threw herself on her knees at my lady's feet.

"I want no tears! I will have no prayers!" exclaimed Lady Carloghie, in a voice that appalled us all to the earth. "Is it the case, I say, or is it not?"

"Oh, my lady," said I, interposing, having barely recovered my own speech—"it is *not* the case! Such a vile report cannot be true. Lady Barbara is only frightened at the very idea. Give her a moment's time, and she will fully contradict it. Lady Barbara, my dear, why don't you speak?"

"She is unable! quite unable!" cried the distracted lady. "She is guilty! guilty of bringing ruin on herself and disgrace upon her family. I see it! I see it all!"

"No, my lady! no," said I again, "it cannot be. Oh, Lady Barbara, speak up, and say, it is not true."

"Speak!" cried her sisters, crowding round. "Speak, Barbara! You cannot! you cannot, indeed, have done so dreadful a thing!"

"Lady Barbara merely covered her eyes with both hands as she kneeled, and burst out into tears.

"I looked on with horror! I thought I should have swooned. The elder ladies started from her with a scream, and ran to support their mother. Never did I witness so dreadful a scene!

"A short interval of silent consternation was sufficient to bring us back to our recollection, and then my lady began to speak. Approaching her daughter, who lay on the floor, she said, 'Rise, young woman, and depart this instant! You are now no longer a daughter of mine, or a member of this ancient family. Take with you your plainest wearing apparel, such as becomes the station you have chosen for yourself—but not a robe nor a jewel that you hold as my child, or a single trinket that shall serve as a memorial that you ever belonged to this noble house. I wish you well, but from this day you are disowned for ever, I shall never hold converse with you more!'

"I shuddered as I stood by, hearing the poor young creature's doom; and, wringing my hands as I looked down upon her, I joined my tears to those of her distracted sisters, while the whole apartment sounded with the voice of lamentation.

"Mother," gasped Barbara, laying hold of my lady's robe, "you know not how I have been led into this. Will you cast me off entirely? Is every one to be happy and fortunate around me, and no word of kindness or forgiveness ever to be spoken to me?"

"Wretch! dare you speak of such a thing?" creaked my lady, in a tone that seemed to cut through my nerves, "how can you name the word forgiveness, after what you have done? And as for the villain who has insinuated himself into your mind, and taken advantage of your folly, to the bringing of this irreparable disgrace upon my family—the curse of a distracted and disappointed mother shall follow him—follow him, over the world, to his obscure and plebeian grave!"—and the howl of her curse ended in a terrible burst of screaming grief.

"Oh, mother! my lady mother!" exclaimed Barbara, holding up her hands in awful agony, "upon me shower your bitterest, your deepest reproach; but curse not an unoffending young man, who used no arts with me, took no advantage of my weakness, but rather, almost with reluctance, consented to a measure, which seemed at the time necessary for my peace and happiness. But had my lord not so urged the marquis upon me; had he treated me with the smallest degree of that kindness that he did after my rashness had for ever committed me with another, I should not now be a disowned outcast from my father's house, and a weeping suppliant at your feet."

"And I spurn you from me, wretched girl," exclaimed the weeping lady, starting back. "How dare you! to me, the daughter of a race of earls, and in the presence of your noble and virtuous sisters, avow your unaccountable conduct, and incredible forwardness towards a common farmer? Imagine you that the earl, my husband, was to consult the whims of *your* wilfulness, when he urged upon you a match suitable to the honour of his family?"

Had you even had patience, and not opposed him as you did, my lord never would have been cruel to his own child, to her to whom he once looked as the hope of his house. Oh, miserable, unhappy parents that we are!—Young woman, think! ah, think this moment what you have done. Have we not had a heavy enough trial in the early death of the heir of our house, and in the total disappointment of all those hopes, that were buried with Lord William in an untimely grave; but you must sever from us all that remained, and put the last hand to the breaking of your father's heart?

"Now," she continued, after a long pause of weeping, "I could have seen you this moment stretched in death at my feet. Now I could have borne that you should have been cut off from your family, by an honourable death, and your noble father could have followed your corpse, as he did that of your beautiful and high-minded brother, to the vault where he lies with an hundred ancestors. But to know you bring upon us this disgrace; to live to see any of the noble families of Bochlvyie and Carloghie the labouring wife of a common hind! I would rather a thousand times see you carried to your tomb, and your escutcheon nailed upon the great tower of this castle. Go away!—tears or prayers are of no avail. You are lost to me and my house for ever!

"And you, ungrateful woman," she added, turning to me in her passion—*you*, that have sat at my table, and eaten my bread, where were you all this while, that you could not see aught that was going on, until it came to this; and this ruin was brought upon my family? But 'tis too late to reflect now! I cannot hear any of you. Take her away from my presence, and see that my orders regarding her apparel are strictly fulfilled."

"My lady stood like the angel of terror, pointing towards the door, while I, ashamed and reproached, led the unhappy Barbara out of the room, without a sigh of sympathy being allowed her with any, or a last word exchanged with her astonished sisters. Scarcely able to support herself on her limbs, I almost carried her into her own chamber.

"When we got to her apartment, I did not say a word for some time, but allowed her to ease her heart by a long flood of tears. At length she looked up in my face, and said, 'Marion, this is worse than I thought. I know I have done a foolish thing; but do you think that the earl has cast me off entirely, and will do nothing for James Johnston for my sake?'

"Oh, Lady Barbara," said I, distressed more than I can tell for her, 'how could you have done such a thing as this? to ruin yourself, and bring us all into this trouble; or how can you expect the earl or my lady ever to notice you more, or do any thing else than let you take a little bite of the hard bridle that you have deceitfully thrust into your own mouth? You little knew, when you did this act, how dear to a noble house like yours is the honour of the family, and that high dignity they have inherited from a long line of ancestors. Lady Barbara, you are now a disowned child, and can do nothing else but lay down your mind to your lot.'

"Then got me my cloak, Miss Marion," she said, rising, 'and put me up two or three things in a bundle, and let me be gone. What do you wring your hands for? Do you think I am afraid to leave my father's house, and be an honest wife to the man I love?'

"I rose and bustled about to hide my own tears, and put up a few things for her in a bundle. I gave it to her, and wrapped her cloak round her shoulders.

"How dreadfully still the castle is!" said she, with a slight shudder, as she stood as if reluctant to go.

"What of that?" said I, 'do not notice such a thing as that at an hour like this.'

"But I must notice it," said she; 'this stillness will kill me! 'Tis worse than when my poor brother was lying a corpse. Oh, if I could but hear my father's voice, though I dare not see his face. Oh, if he would but scold me, and storm at me, as he did about the marquis, I should almost be happy. But this dead silence, this dumb grief about me when I am put out of his door, will break my heart!'

"She took two or three paces about the room. 'I will go with you,' said I, 'towards the Holm. You cannot go alone at this hour.'—and I went to get my cloak.

"You shall not, Marion," said she, proudly, as she stopped in her walk. 'I have done this deed of my own will, and on my own feet shall I go, without friend or favour. But though I am turned out of my father's house, and lords and ladies are my bitter foes, there is one still who will take my part, and in his arms I shall find refuge this night for the anxieties I have suffered as an earl's daughter.'

"But," she continued, after a few hard sobs, 'there's

my hand, Marion—there's my hand—give me, if you think fit, the only blessing that I am to receive in parting for ever from my father's house.'

"Scarcely was I able for weeping to pronounce the blessing which she begged; when, rushing from me, she hastened down the back stairs; and the castle was so still all round, that I heard her steps on the gravel without, as they receded to a distance, until their sound died away on the listening ear, that watched her melancholy flight from her home at Carloghie.

"But as I stood without, a sound now rose from the passages beneath, that almost took away my senses, as I listened to it, coming from the chamber of my lord himself. I had heard him sorrow for my young lord's death; I had heard his deep and choking murmur, when Lord William's corpse was carried through the hall to the waiting hearse; but such a sound as this I never heard, coming up through the sobbings of an old man's throat. Its stifled groan spoke of fatherly love, family pride, and future hope, all cut off for ever by one heavy stroke—all mingling to make one bitter draught.

"My lady's sobs now also rose low and broken, to add to those of her distressed lord; and their joint moan of parental agony was dreadful! I thought I should have fainted where I stood.—Oh, dear! I cannot tell any more."

CHAPTER VIII.

Being rather a soft-hearted man, and liable to be melted by female sympathies, I confess I was so affected by this part of the story, that I did not choose further to disturb myself with any more of it that night, and deferred its continuation till the following day.

No doubt this effect upon me was enhanced by what I witnessed of Marion, who, in telling the latter part of her womanly tale, was so melted by her own recollections, that her tears fell like a perfect water-spout, and her voice became so desperately pathetic, that positively I was unable to stand it—so we both sat crying opposite to each other, like two silly old fools, as we no doubt were, and blowing our noses and wiping our eyes, as a boarding-school miss might do, over a witless novel. Worse than this, when I went to bed that night, I did nothing but dream of Lady Barbara and her mother; and as I lay in my lonely room in the great empty old castle, I thought the stillness within and without at this dead hour of midnight was just like that which must have occurred when the young creature was sent adrift from her father's mansion.

In the morning when I rose, and we had discussed our comfortable and neatly-served breakfast, I insisted with Marion upon mounting again up to the room above, and refreshing my recollection by another look at that enticing portrait which she had at first shown me; for the fancy, said I, is a deceitful vagrant, and is greatly helped towards truth by the witnessing of the senses. Besides, when I considered the whole matter, I was almost disposed to think, that Johnston, of whom I had once a good opinion, must have been after all a filthy fellow, to trepan, in spite of his natural good sense, a lady who was so far above his condition! But when I came to look again, at that seductive face, and to contemplate the expression of that large darkling eye, and to fancy the power of that sweet feminine mouth, as she might have smiled upon, and talked to the inexperienced farmer lad, I thought of my own weakness in regard to the women, and of the fiery trials of poor human nature. So I dared not blame the foolish youth; for, what with the beauty, and what with the flattery of the rank, the temptation was more than mortal flesh could withstand.

Marion smiled when she saw what I thought, and, "since you are interested with their tale," said she, "come hither, and I will show you something more. This," she continued, opening the door of a cabinet, "is the picture I spoke of, which was painted by the dear Lord William that's gone, and there is the knight, with the silken scarf and the bended knee, with the unfinished lady standing over him; and whose face and figure make a true effigy of bonnie Jamie Johnston."

"Is that he?" said I, contemplating the manly, youthful countenance and shape on the picture shown me; "truly a pretty youth for a lady's eye; and if men were made knights for their personal looks, Jamie Johnston deserved spur and glaive, better, I dare say, than ere a lord that has trod for many years the holms of Fairly. Little wonder that Lady Barbara's heart was taken; but come down stairs," I added, taking Marion's arm, "and let me hear the rest of the tale."

"I told you," continued Marion, when we were again seated, "that I was so dumbfounded by the suddenness of

Barbara's setting off, that for some minutes I had not the power of thought left me, but stood outside her chamber door, like one of the stone effigies on the great staircase, listening to the sad sound that I spoke of: affecting me so much, after her steps were lost under the soft carpet of the planting. Awakening from my trance of concern, however, I determined to get my bonnet, and follow the poor thing at a distance, to watch what should happen to her, and to see, if I could, how she would be received at the Holms of Fairly. I was soon on the lawn, and, my smother! but she tried my legs and my wind too; as, almost out of breath from the exertion I was put to, she glided before me over the lawn and through the planting, like a thoughtful ghaist that touched not the earth, until she came out upon the open fields, and then I was able, by taking a nearer cut, to gain a little upon her. There was hardly as much moon as served to light us down the paths and across the ditches that lay in our way. Nevertheless we got quickly over the ground, at no great distance from each other, for the solitary lassie seemed so wrapped in thought that she never looked behind her; and I observed, that as she neared Johnston's farm-house she walked slower, as if she felt a reluctance, after all, to enter in this forlorn condition.

"When she got to the door, I saw the poor thing step and hesitate, and survey the little bundle she carried in her hand, and then her present humble apparel, and lift her hand to knock, and withdraw it without being able; and then she went aside, and peeped distantly in at the window. A bright fire burnt cheerfully in the large kitchen, where the family were, as usual, assembled; and by going round to another window, and placing myself where my curiosity could be conveniently satisfied, I was able to give a tolerable account of all that passed.

"The old farmer appeared to have just arrived from a long journey; for as he sat by the fire opposite to me, James, and disencumbered his legs of his long grahamine, he gave various details regarding his sojourn in the south, with whom I found he had been living while this whole affair was going on between his son and Lady Barbara. To his discourse, however, which was plain and caustic, after the manner of his class, James replied only in brief and cold monosyllables; the youth's mind being in fact taken up with other thoughts, and in meditating how he should break to the old man the news of his marriage, which, high as it was, he had good reason to dread that his father would by no means approve.

"What is the matter with thee, James?" said the old man, "that thou lookest so serious and dull when I am just come home. Hast thou nothing to say to all I have told thee, man? No country news to give me in return? And why, James, did you not go to John Wernock's kirk? (harvest home.) The lasses were asking for thee kindly, and very ill pleased that thou wast not there. A pleasanter spree there has not been this twelvemonth within twenty miles of Fairly. Hast thou nothing to say to that either? I tell thee what, James, thou oughtest to turn the side of thy head to John Wernock's daughters. There's better than thee would be proud of a pleasant word frae any o' them, either Peggy or Jenny."

"And what would you think, gudeman," said he, with a now striking in, 'if there should be better than any farmer's daughter in the country side would be glad of a kind word from our Jamie? Na, ye needna wonder at me, gudeman. Ye'll may be see it come true yet.'

"What does the woman mean?" frownedly said the old man. 'Surely ye've not been urging on the lad when I was frae hame, to make a fool o' himself as at that senseless tale ye told me about Lady Barbara o' the Castle?'

"Troth I didna need to set him on," said he, shaking her head confidently. 'The lady had her cast the tail o' her ce at Jamie, or I'm mistaken. And what for no? Was not I, his mother, a minister's wife, and as well born and bred, though I say it myself, as any lady?'

"Hold your tongue, woman," said the angry farmer, "that I should be obliged to ban at your senseless tale the first hour I come back to my own house! Is it not enough that you would have spoiled my daughters, by bringing them up to be piano-playing ladies, headstrong and handless, and nothing but dressed up bundles of wants and wishes; but ye must also do your best to bring the head of my son, to land him in vexation and misery. Never," added the old man, with a threatening earnestness, 'let me hear you or be moot or mince such words to me again, or I'll tell you more of my mind on't!'

"The mother and son were struck mute; and the latter, rising up from his seat, began to pace busily about the kitchen. He then seated himself moodily on a settle at the farther side. The old man looked suspiciously

and began to muse, while the unnatural and unpleasant silence was unexpectedly broken by a low and timid knock at the door.

"What stranger can that be, at this time o' night?" said the old man. "Who is there?" he called out, going mechanically towards the outer door.

"For heaven's sake let me in," said the lady without, in a faint voice.

"Gude-sake, it's a woman!" exclaimed the old man to himself. "What can this mean? Who are ye, and what's your name, before I draw the bolt?"

"Oh! open the door, and don't keep me here. I am Barbara from the castle."

"From the castle!" repeated the farmer astonished; and while he spoke, James from within, hearing the words, started past him, and, drawing the bolt, the lady, drooping and exhausted, fell forward into his arms.

"After a moment of mutual agitation, the young farmer brought her forward, and, supporting her to a chair, he set her down opposite the kitchen fire, while his father and mother looked on in silence.

"It's not possible that this is Lady Barbara of Carloghie?" said the farmer, surveying the humble apparel and dejected countenance of the reviving lady.

"It's just me, Mr. Johnston,—plain Barbara now," she said, rousing herself to ready determination. "The castle ha' is no home for me this night, or henceforth either, though it gives free shelter to the birds of the air, who pair where they will throughout Carloghie woods, and build many a warm nest under its ancient turrets; so I am come to take up my abode in your farm-house with them that have the best right to me, since I have chosen to myself this humble lot."

"If ye seek a shelter for the night, or a temporary refuge from any calamity, Lady Barbara, whatever be the reason, most welcome I make you to my poor dwelling," said the farmer; "but if you have disobeyed father or mother, and done aught unbecoming your high station, ye'll excuse my plainness, but I will never countenance the child against the parent. James! what freedom is that you use with the lady? Gudewife, I ask you what is the meaning of all this?"

"It's a plain meaning, godeman, and a braw fortune for our son," said the woman, triumphantly. "What would ye think if youthfu' love and heart's wishes had ta'en the place of world's greatness, and our Jamie and Lady Barbara were man and wife afore the minister, just by her ain choice and condescension! Dear me, gudeman, what needs ye look so wild and wud at me? Though the lady's come hame rather bare and disjasked even now, there'll be red gold and green rigs coming wi' her yet, for a good tocher to our Jamie, as soon as the auld yerl, her father, gets his passion out."

"And dare you, woman, to tell me this tale! and to have encouraged, when my back was turned, this miserable folly!" exclaimed the old man, his honest indignation giving him a look that was almost terrific, as he strode up to and stood over the cowering dame. "Confound your senseless—your cursed ambition! that would have ruined my daughters, who, by my care and guidance have been suitably and happily married, and now have ruined my son, and destroyed the peace and prospects of a noble family—a family to whom I am under many obligations! Think you the earl will ever forgive such an act as this? Think you I shall ever be able to look over my own door, from the suspicion of having been accessory to such upsetting treachery!—to the destruction of my own character, and of the peace and respectability even of my own family! Me to be allied to the oldest nobility of the land! You, and your peasant connections and mine, to claim kindred with the noble house of Carloghie! Woman, I know not what to say to you! this misfortune will drive me mad!"—and, unable to proceed, he strode three or four times across the kitchen.

"It's a great misfortune, indeed, and a sore misbanter, nae doubt," said the dame meekly, and recovering her impudent toss of the head, "for an honest man's son to get a gentle wife,—and me, that was the widow of a reverend minister, to be blamed for—"

"Hold your peace, senseless wretch!" interrupted the farmer passionately; "you know not what you have done! You know not the effects of your own folly, even as it respects these thoughtless young people, whom your

advice ought to have saved from such an egregious imprudence. Condescension, indeed! it is *my son* that has condescended to place himself in a position where he must be looked down upon by those among whom he has thrust himself in presumptuous connection! while there is not a family of his own degree, between this and the brig of Berwick, but would have been blithe and happy to have counted him and his among their kindred,—to have made him a respected man in his station, and his wife a companion for his own sisters. But now, he is not only despised by the noble family, who would have otherwise respected him, but has divorced himself from the society of his own relations; for what fellowship can there be with my daughters and a daughter of the Earl of Carloghie? Young man! young man!" he added, turning to his son, "you have shown less sense in this matter than I had given you credit for."

"Whatever may have been our imprudence, father," said James, in an agitated tone, "you might consider in whose presence you are saying all this."

"It is very true, James," said the old man, approaching Lady Barbara, "it's very true; but little did I think ever to have *had* such things to say. This is a sad folly, young lady! a sad and sair folly in your father's child. And so you have been sent frae the castle at this time of night, and came here without a friend or attendant, carrying a bit bundle in your hand like one of my hireling shearers. Lord help us! this is a purr way even for my son's wife; to come hame to his house without bridal, or brieve, or minister's presence; as if we were ashamed of our ain doings. What will our very neighbours say the morn, Lady Barbara?—and what must my lord, your father, think of a wedding-day like this for his favourite daughter?"

"I am not my lord's daughter now, Mr. Johnston," said the young lady, breaking into tears at the thoughts of her father, and at the picture thus drawn of her wedding day; "but if my lord had had more consideration for my feelings, and instead of insisting, as he did, on my marriage with one I hated, had reasoned with me as you are now doing, I would never have disobeyed him as I did, for all the love I bore to your warm-hearted son, that's my husband this night, and the sufferer for my sake. But I have now chosen another station, and if you will be my friend for James's sake, and be to me in the place of my parents, who have indeed cast me off and disowned me, I will make to him an affectionate wife, and be to you an humble daughter."

"God forbid that I should refuse to be a father to thee, poor young thing! even though my own son is in some measure the sacrifice," said the old man, melted at the manner in which she had thrown herself upon him. "Yet I fear thou knowest little of what is actually before thee."

"There's no fear o' nothing," struck in the farmer's wife, "when Lady Barbara's trunks, and tranklums, and grand dresses come the morn frae the castle—that'll be a pleasant ploy. Odd, I'll wait upon the flunky lads myself."

"There'll be no trunks coming to me, good dame," said Barbara, with a bitter sigh: "my father's word is a hard word, and all I bring is on my person, or contained in this little bundle."

"Ye'll no mean what ye say, Lady Barbara!" cried the farmer's wife, in consternation. "They'll certainly send you your jewels, and your brooches, and your head pinners, and your gold watch; forbye your silk damascenes and your mantel, and your velvet robe, and your calash, as ye're entitled, never speaking o' preen money, and pocket money, and marriage presents, to the boot, o' a gude mailing for our Jamie, even if ye were disown'd twenty times o'er. The bundle? my troth!" added she, taking it up, and looking at it with the utmost scorn, "if ye bring my Jamie nae mair than that, it'll turn out a bonnie bargain for us, after a' 's done."

"And is this the way ye speak already, Mrs. Johnston?" said the young lady in simple astonishment; and, adding no more, she sat looking at her new mother in law, as if beginning to awaken out of a fondly indulged dream.

"Woman!" said the old man to his dame, coming up between her and the humbled lady, "if it were not that you are my wife, and the mother of the lad that sinks with shame at what you say, never would you stay ano-

ther night under my roof, for the degradation you are putting upon my family. Out, I say! out of my sight! till I discuss in calmness what remains to be said to this deluded young couple!" Having said this with a determined stamp of his foot, the disappointed dame, in high wrath, was forced to withdraw into another apartment.

"I see too well how it has been, my lady," said the farmer, kindly and respectfully, when the dame had disappeared; "but dinna mind my foolish wife,—more foolish, I fear, than either of yourselves; for since this thing is done that cannot be undone, I will be your friend while you remain in my house, and while you lay down your mind to your lot as my son's wife. And, James," he added, addressing his son, "do not give way to this feeling of shame: I know well your generous nature, and what is in your thought; but behave yourself as a man; look for nothing from the earl, and you shall not want for the little substance that I have to give; or for my blessing, that will do you no harm, and the blessing of God, that addeth no sorrow!"

"This was too much for the feelings of the young man; I heard the sob that rose up in his throat, and saw the tears steal down his handsome countenance, as he looked in his father's forgiving face, and grasped in silence his offered hand. The farmer next respectfully offered the same salutation to Lady Barbara, who was for some time too much affected to speak.

"Oh! sir," she said, "though I may have acted foolishly to my family, your son is the choice of my heart, and the election of my fancy; and if you will only be our friend until we have fairly begun the world, you will tie us to you for ever by the gratitude of children, and I will do my duty to my dear husband here, through every scene that belongs to our humble station. Nay, do not look so incredulous, sir. For his sake whom I have taken by the hand, I will lay aside all the notions of my former rank, and early and late I will, by labour or superintendence, strive to make him a useful and a suitable wife."

"You speak delightfully and intend nobly, my dear young lady," said the old man, much moved by her earnest enthusiasm; "but do not deceive yourself with the glowing promises of your own fancy. Believe me, this pretty hand was never made for the labours of the dairy or the kitchen; nor are these sentiments of love-formed romance suited to the homely occupations of a farmer's wife. I do not wish to prophesy evil, but God grant that you may be in no other state of mind, when a twelve-month or two have passed over our heads, and given you that time's experience of the difference between your former and present condition. But good night now; and may God bless you again, and make you, in your own love, abundantly happy!"

He shook hands with both once more, and looked at them kindly and with fatherly affection; yet he parted from them upon the whole with a countenance of meaning melancholy, and shook his head mournfully as he left them together. The moment he shut the door behind him, I saw Barbara burst again into tears, and, with a wild ardour of womanly abandonment, throw herself passionately into her husband's arms.

"I was ashamed to watch any more, and, turning from the little window, where I had been standing, I ran down the holm, crossed by the moonlight the Fairly Burn, and, occupied with various feelings, I soon reached Carloghie planting, and got back to my own solitary apartment in the castle."

CHAPTER IX.

"Weel, really it's very extraordinary, Miss Marion," said I, when she had proceeded thus far, "how ye got all these particulars of your uncommon story. And so, it is by peeping in at windows, and hearkening at chinks and openings while folks are talking, that ye study human nature, and get such intimate acquaintance with family affairs. Really, this lets in a gleam of light into my mind, that's quite instructive; for I never could before make out how those sweet and edifying tales are made up, which are so pleasant to the reading of idle young ladies, and of old fools like myself, who have nothing else to do. Positively, Marion, if I had taken to the standing at the backs of doors, and looking in at key-

holes myself, what a wonderful stock of stories might I not by this time have collected!"

"Is that all the thanks I get for sitting here entertaining you, at your own request, until my very tongue is fatigued in my mouth, and as dry as a stick with long speaking," said Marion, contradicting herself on the instant, however, by a good sip of the ratafia before us. "Truly, Mr. Balgownie, if you examine me so particularly as to how I get at the necessary circumstantialities of my tale, you may as well put a padlock on my mouth at once. Na, na, sir, if you go thus to tie up story tellers that dive into the depths of family history, and other benefactors of mankind—the world will sink back into utter ignorance and darkness, and we will know no more of sensible affairs than the savages of Norawaw."

"Conscience me! Marion," said I, "you need not be so brisk and fluff, and hop off in an instant all the way to Norway, for my civil joke. I know what it is to help out a story as well as my neighbours, and there's no doing without it, either for amusement or edification, as long as the world requires to know particularly the internals of things."

"That may be, sir, in the way of your dictionary philosophy," replied Marion, "but there's no deception about my tale, which is as true, every word o' it, as that ye've drank two glasses of ratafia for my one, which is no doubt a man's prerogative, like other matters of injustice. But as my story does not end with a marriage, as most o' the silly tales do, that are without a word of reasonable truth, and as the best o' 't is yet to come, I advise you to let me tell it my own way, and not to interrupt me again wi' any o' your ifs and o's, or I'll turn as dumb and dour as one of the black effigies of the foolish virgins, that stands holding up her empty lamp, on the great staircase o' the castle."

"It would certainly be a dreadful calamity for you to turn dumb now," said I, "after you have talked for so many years; and especially at this time, when I am so anxious to hear to how Lady Barbara came on as the farmer's wife. But do not take a pet at my harmless satires, or let us argue as if we were in earnest, and you shall have it all your own way, as the women should; so just proceed."

"When the news of what was done began to be whispered down the holm," continued Marion, "and Lady Barbara was seen actually staying at the mailing, never had there, in the memory of man, been such a sigh of clatter and astonishment sent up the Fairly water, as went about this extraordinary affair round all the country side. The talk went different ways, and few could tell the right o' 't. Some said they were not married at all, for they would not believe in a rank impossibility. Others said they were, for that Mrs. Johnston had told it with her own mouth; but a third party said that it was only a scheme of Lady Barbara's to throw the auld earl, her father, about the marquis; adding, that, whatever might have happened between her and Jamie Johnston, there would be black news heard o' 't some other day."

"As to our state at home at the castle, it was really distressing. My lady kept her bed for three whole days, and fretted and distracted herself into a burning fever. Lady Mary went about wringing her hands, weeping constantly, and talking to herself about the degradation of her family, until she threw herself into heavy fits of the hysterics; and Lady Frances, after first seeming half pleased at her sister's terrible downfall, began to join in the general lamentation, and then to throw on me the blame of the whole misfortune."

"But the most pathetic consequence of this affair was the distressed state of my lord the earl. For a whole week he never left his room, but sat mourning and sorrowing by himself, as if there had been a burial in the house; and then, when he came out at last, and began to take his walks about the grounds, as he was wont, his appearance was careless and demented, as if he hardly knew what he was about: he looked ten years older, and I assure you, his hair, instead of a mottled gray, that indicated vigour of years, had become white at the haffets from pure affliction. No doubt his lordship was vexed at himself, and sorely repented of his own strictness and sternness with poor Lady Barbara; but oh! to lose in this manner his beloved daughter, and to have the last hopes of his family so mortifyingly blasted, was almost too much for his strength to bear. I remember him speaking to me one day in the garden, and asking me some questions about her, who now was constantly in his mind, and I declare his very voice seemed to be small and broken; and, proud as was his nature, and high his dignity, he was hardly able, in talking of her, to refrain from tears."

"As for Barbara, it was some time before I could

make out how she was coming on at the mailing. But the neighbours soon began to give credit to the marriage, for there were various things happened, and symptoms appeared, which were not usually seen in these days about a farm-house. First, the cart came home, one day, with several lady-like matters from the nearest town, such as working tables, from the cabinet-maker's, and garniture from the upholsterer's, and various other gentilities for the spence and the parlour, which made wonderful transformations in the dwelling. Then there were workmen employed to paper up the rooms and filigree the doors; besides a gardener to beautify the garden behind my lady's chamber; and, before the alterations were all finished, there was a curtain fixed up round the parlour windows, that the like was not any where but at the castle itself."

"All this aspiring might have been borne by the neighbours, if Mrs. Johnston had chosen to conduct herself with any sort of consideration. But it was evident that she was getting perfectly mad with pride and upsetting; talked of nothing but her son, Mr. Johnston, Lady Barbara of the castle, her daughter-in-law, and the great alliance with the Earl of Carloghie, who was soon to be quite reconciled to the match, and to make her and hers nothing but ladies and gentlemen. Even this might have been suffered; for, as the neighbours said, words were but wind, and the auld wife was but a vaunting braggadocio; but when she took them into the newly furnished apartments, and showed them the carpets to walk on, and the window screens to dim the light, and the bedstead that her son now slept on, grander, as they said, than any bailie's of the land, they were smitten to the heart with anger and envy; and though they praised them, no doubt, and held up their hands, they said within their minds that this would come to a prostration."

"To add to all this, James Johnston himself began to aspire to a cleanliness above his station,—to shave three times in the week like a gentleman; and he next got a coat home from James Taylor, the tailor, the like of which was not to be seen in Fairly kirk. Some said he had also grown proud and uppish, and that even the old man, his father, held a higher head in the town on a market day than formerly. But this I never could myself see, nor would I give it with any certification; and as for the minding of his work, and his general cideency, no man could be more diligent in the field and over the servants, night and morning, than the young man was."

"As for Barbara, it was not known for a time to the neighbours how she did in her new situation; and the servants, when spoken to, just gave a chuckle, and said they could not say, but they never would wish a better mistress. Then she began to be wonderfully industrious, and would be attending to every thing, though still dressed up in her own flowing and genty dress. Next she would bustle out towards the fields, upon some lady-like errand of fancied usefulness; or might be seen of a morning feeding the poultry behind the house, with long kid gloves on her arms. Also she would, as was currently said, be often observed with silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, picking her steps among the puddles about the barn-door, and asking such questions at the servant lasses and the men, as gave the loons an extraordinary degree of giggling diversion. And then the hens and ducks began to know her, and ran cackling after her whenever she appeared without the door; and it was quite a fun to see them and the geese 'quacking' after her, when her ladyship went out in her dimity wrapper, to gather the eggs of a morning."

"But neither her husband nor his father seemed at all to encourage this extraordinary industry, but only suffered it for a time, merely to humour her harmless anxiety; for the old man, in particular, set the example of treating her with nothing but the greatest respect; and, indeed, she conducted herself so amiably, and seemed so desirous to accommodate herself to her new situation, that, never speaking of the love of her husband, who really doted upon her, she entirely won the hearts of all around."

"But it was in the conduct of the dairy that her talents for her new employments were most conspicuous. From the milking-pail to the cheese-press she attended to every thing; buckled up her sleeves, and helped to separate the whey from the curds; tried the butter in the churn with her own finger; and judged herself of the cleanness of the tubs. This did all very well for a time, when the thing was new, and when the old woman treated her indulgently, rather as a lady amateur than a pupil. But when she began to be entrusted with the actual cares and responsibilities of the farm, and had, as was said, spoiled some churning of milk, and caused

the failure of several makings of butter; and, when the old woman began to speak cross to her, and things to go wrong, she took the pet at the others, and at those low-lived plagues, and, retiring into her own chamber, began to think that farming was a very nasty employment for a lady."

"Then she would survey herself in the little toilette glass in her chamber, that stood plaited all round with muslin, under the curtain which she had caused to be crooked, and be horrified at the freckles that had come upon her face, and at the coarseness of her hands with this country work; and vague recollections would come into her head, about matters which it was now only a discontent to think of."

"But there were other little annoyances belonging to her new station, which, were it not that young people never think of any thing in the shape of consequences when they marry, Barbara should have been prepared for when she became Johnston's wife. As yet she had seen only himself and his parents; but there had never come in her way any other of his relations. When she began to appear dull, therefore, about this time, James, in the innocence of his heart, and with a view to arouse her, sent an invitation to his two sisters, and their husbands, to his brother and spouse, and to some half dozen aunts and cousins, to come to the Fairly Holm to a drinking of tea; being, as he meant it, a little social doing, or skink, in honour of his marriage. When all this was arranged in his own mind, and the invitations sent, he came in to her on the eve of the appointed day, to give her a pleasant surprise, by announcing what he had done."

"Bless me, James," she said, speaking first when she saw him, 'what is all this baking of oaten-bread, and scouring of pewter, and cleaning and preparing for! Your mother won't tell me; but it looks as if some great business was in progress.'

"It's no great business, Barbara," he said, 'though it is you that is principally concerned; and don't tell her, with a smile of satisfaction, what he and his mother had been doing, and named all the people who were to make up this pleasant jollification.'

"And do you really, James," she said, 'expect me to figure among all this company?'

"Certainly, my love—it is on your account they are bid; and they are all dying to see you. Besides, it is necessary that we should look like married folk; and I have often heard you say you would be delighted with the simple pleasures of the farmer's fireside. And then, my dear, you will be the queen of the evening, and I will be proud of you; so you must condescend to be happy with my relatives, and make the tea, and do all the honours."

"Do the honours! Me make tea to such a gathering! I can't make tea. I was never used to do it at home; was the housekeeper made tea. I shall never get through it would be better for me not to appear."

"Barbara! could I have thought this!" he said aloud. 'Would you really affront me before my friends? Come, come,' he added, coaxingly, 'do not be so shy of us; and my mother will help you, and we will all serve you, if you will only countenance our doing. So get yourself ready, my lady love, and put on your flowered gown that makes you look so handsome, and pin up your hair in the way that sets you so well, and you will enjoy yourself even in the farmer's ha', depend upon it.'

"She made several other remarks that Johnston did not like, but at last gave a sort of parting consent; and James left her, to see after the remaining preparations. The ploy itself, however, when it came, did not turn out exactly what Barbara's curiosity had wished, or her fancy imagined, as I shall have occasion to set forth. But really this long talking," continued Marion, "is making me quite breathless; and I must wet my mouth with a sip of plum, and recruit my breath with a taste of the ratafia, before I go on to tell you what happened at the dinner."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The habits of Lady Barbara were not, of course, so far overborne, as yet, as to induce her to be up in person with the farmer people; so on the morning of the papered daylight had fully spread over the Fairly Holm, the whole inmates but herself were already in activity, and soon after, such a noise and bustle began to be set up in the house, as speedily roused her from her slumbers. At first, she could not understand the meaning of all this, but the din became of such a nature as to give her a slight note of intimation of what was going forward. The old woman had been first astir, and, setting to work with the assistance of two stout country women, who neither restrained tongue nor talons on the occasion, the whole drove about the furniture and rattled the timber

vessels at such a rate—screaming into laughter frequently at their own fun—that to have enjoyed any sleep under the same roof with them, was boyoned the power of nature, even if Morpheus had laid a double weight upon Barbara's eyelids.

"Accordingly she rose botimes—not without previously contrasting, involuntarily, this vulgar noise at her ear with the aristocratic silence of her former chamber in the castle; and, issuing forth from her little room, stared with surprise at the change that had already been effected. The large kitchen was stripped of its chief furniture, for what purpose she could not then make out; the parlour, and its elegances of her own ordering, had been turned topsy-turvy, and the little apence, with all its corner cupboards, and quaint-looking wardrobes, was transformed into a store-room of abundant confusion. Bings of bread, both oaten and wheaten, and mountains of other eatables, already clad the tables, and occupied the great trenchers of solid pewter, that, round as the shield of Ajax, and scoured as bright as sand and whiting could make them, stood in a substantial phalanx athwart the apartment. Stone jars filled with Scotland's liquor, with big-bellied bottles, heavy with the red produce of the French plains, or the savoury strong waters of Holland, occupied every nook between the ample rations; while a motley confusion of punch-bowls, long-shanked glasses, pewter stoups, tin scones for the walls, and great long-wicked tallow candles, absolutely alarmed Lady Barbara with the extent of the preparation. Instead of the ordinary inference from what she saw, of the full and plenty of the substantial farm-house, and the capacious appetites of its healthy visitors, there seemed heaped up before her provision sufficient to feed a garrison or an army, rather than for the civil entertainment for a few farmers and their wives, invited to a drinking of tea.

"She would have asked some questions as to this; but her mother-in-law was so full of bustle that morning, and so big with orders to the red-armed lasses who scoured and scrubbed before her, that she evidently had not time to answer a word. Barbara, therefore, willing to make herself useful on the occasion, set about doing something herself, and even put her own hand to several things that stood near her, to show her activity. The old dame smiled at this good-natured condescension; but, winking to the servant lasses to observe, with her, the gloved hands of delicate kid with which her high-born daughter-in-law was invested, and the touching, tripping manner in which she went about every thing, she at length put an end to it by saying, in no very respectful tone,—'Noo, that's very nice, and very snoddy done, Lady Barbara; but ye see it's no just in our way. Ye'll excuse my plainness; but ye ken the old proverb, that 'inuffled cats make pair hunters;' and so, nae disparagement to your intent, ye had better just slip back to your ain chaumer, and let the lasses and me work; for, to tell you the plain truth, ye are only in our road. Na, lady, ye needna' take ill what I say; for it's no for your white hands to try to meddle wi' country work.'

"This was a style of language to which Lady Barbara was by no means accustomed, however true it might be in substance, and characteristic of her who spoke it. She therefore retired to her room, pettish and affronted, and far from being in the best humour to brood over her new circumstances, and the bad success of her attempts at humbling herself to the industry of her situation. Affection for her husband, however, and even respect for the old farmer, induced her to conceal, with some care, her thoughts; and thus the day wore over, while, with more curiosity than good spirits, she looked forward with impatience to the events of the ploy.

"It was yet hardly the hour when the great bell at the castle was usually rung for dinner, when the rumble of a vehicle in the lane that led to the house, and a loud crackling noise at the door, indicated that some of the company had arrived. Female curiosity is confined to no rank; and Barbara, on hearing the sound, mounted up to a little bed-room in the attic, and planted herself at a window, well shaded by black thatch, gracefully fringed by the verdure which finds nourishment on the roofs of farm-houses, to take a reconnoitring survey of the company. The first cargo, consisting chiefly of women and children, under the protection of two spruce farmers, and brought in a market cart, from the jolting of which its inmates were protected by a most comfortable bedding of clean straw, had scarcely begun to jump from their vehicle, when a hallooing of voices was heard in the distance, and a whole troop of heavy horsemen next appeared in the lane, who, galloping forward, soon surrounded the cart and the door.

"This, however, was but the beginning of the cavalcade, consisting only of brisk young fellows, who, full of

spirits, and willing to show their horsemanship before the women, as well as the stragglers, who began to assemble by the sides of the fields, rode a sort of *brevée*, in coming up to the farm-house, as is customary to do at the weddings in Scotland. Next after these came on, at a jogging trot, several older farmers and their wives. Scarcely had these last begun to alight, when to Barbara's further astonishment, a large old fashioned vehicle—a mongrel between a coach and a phaeton—came rumbling down the lane, containing somewhere about nine or a dozen persons, mostly women, absolutely heaped above one another.

"By the time all this company had mustered round the door, Barbara stood contemplating the sight, in absolute consternation at the numbers; the whole lane, as far as she could see, appeared crowded like a fair, with beasts and people; the babble of tongues and buzz of country congratulation was most diverting. To increase the *clat*, the villagers and farm servants for miles round, hearing of the ploy, came in crowds to see the company; and, having heard much of Lady Barbara and the late wedding, many of them had brought guns and pistols to the ground, and, agreeably to the custom at country rejoicings, begun now to startle the horses and frighten the women, by firing them at their ears, over the hedges; while loud huzzas and cheering accompanied the arrival of each fresh cavalcade.

"'For mercy's sake,' said Lady Barbara to herself, as she stood at the window, 'are the whole people of the country coming here to-night to make a show of me in this barbarous manner? Tea-drinking call they it? this is worse than a London riot, or a Scotch meal-mob. No wonder I was alarmed. But let me listen to what they say.'

"After many characteristic salutations, the parties enjoyed in anticipation, the dance, the fun and frolic of the evening. 'I'll hae a bab at the boustee too, ere a's done, as sure as the deil's a gentleman,' said Willie Waste of the Gap, 'if there's a fiddle or a string o' cat's thairm to be had between this and the brig o' Blawder.'

"What this last speech meant, Lady Barbara, happily for herself, did not then understand; although she comprehended enough of it, from several coarse allusions of country wit which she was just able to catch at her half open window, to determine her as to her own line of conduct for the evening; as the dresses of the women determined her also as to the style of her own appearance. The sight of these dresses, indeed, and various characteristic occurrences among the company at the door, afforded her—as she was becoming critical, from the parties being now almost her own equals—a high treat of diversion. Scarlet petticoats of glazed durant, or of red flannel, prevailed most for that part of the dress; over which white aprons of flowered lawn, or lappets of the same material, hung from the head; flowing gowns of showy chintz, tucked up at the pocket holes to look genteel; and long streamers of yellow ribands, from bonnets just then admitted into fashion, by a most upsetting innovation in favour of this class, was the most general costume of the farmer's daughters. All had dressed with extraordinary pains for so great an occasion; while their mothers appeared in short cloaks of blue or scarlet cloth, their head-dresses consisting only of close pinnars of white linc or lawn, tied up with a snood of silverised riband; a bonnet being a piece of grandeur that they were not disposed as yet to pretend to. As to the sisters-in-law of Lady Barbara, and others of the more substantial farmers' wives, they sported stiff gowns of lustrous silk, with ruffled cuffs above the elbows, and grand stomachers of shining steel and green glass, which, like reflectors on a lighthouse, mightily dazzled the eyes of the beholders. "Whatever was the criticism of Lady Barbara on these matters, it was evident that the walters themselves were exceedingly well satisfied with their respective appearances, and granted more hearty admiration to each others' manky gowns and steel stomachers, than is usually awarded reciprocally to the robes and diamonds in a London drawing-room.

"She was just forming several aristocratic resolutions in her own mind, when the door opened, and Johnston, her husband, stood at her elbow.

"'For heaven's sake, James,' she said, 'what means this crowd! Are all these people your country cousins?'

"'This must be my mother's doings!' he said, evidently affronted at seeing so vast a congregation; 'but come down, my lady; we are wanted. Here is my mother herself, clambering up stairs to seek us.'

"James Johnston and Lady Babby, cried the dame out of breath, 'is this a time to be courting and cooling up here, and the whole company at the door? I'm not able to divide myself into twenty parts, and receive every body.'

"'Every body,' indeed!' said her son. 'Why, mother, you have asked the whole parish, and the next county.'

"'And a gude right,' replied the dame, with a toss of her head. 'What's the use o' your grand marriage, James Johnston, if my noble daughter-in-law is to be kept like a nun and a curiosity out o' the sight of our friends and blood relations? Na, na, Maister Jamie, it was a hiddlings wedding wi' you and Lady Babby; the whilk couldna be helped at the time, nae doubt, but there ne'er was a Johnston yet married out o' the Fairly Holm, without the country round hearing o' 't wi' a reasonable sound, and a *ding* and a *decency* to bring friends together; and a wedding dinner, forbye a wedding supper, and a screed o' music; an' a loup on the floor: and here there's nought but a bit drinking o' tea, and a mouthful o' mutton-lam for the men, and a lick o' jelly for the lasses. My troth! what would ye hae? There ne'er shall a son o' mine get leave to smuggle hame a wife to my firsaid, as if the minister hadna said a blessing on the bargain, and without friend or fraem to wish the young folks weel, or a drap o' drink drunken on the head o' 't, or the scrape o' a fiddle, or the shaking of a foot, nae mair than if it were the buckling o' a town's Jenny and a Tarbowton weaver. Na, na, Jamie Johnston, I'm neither ashamed o' kith nor kin: I'll hae nae sic doings in my family, never speaking o' our new connection wi' high nobility, and the great Earl o' Carloghie nae less.'

"'I wish you would not speak so foolish, mother,' said her son, withdrawing his eyes hastily from Barbara's flushed countenance—'but tell me who you have really bid, besides my own sisters and brothers, for I hardly know the half of these people?'

"'Do you think there was nane to bid but them?' she said. 'Is n't there Robin Johnston o' the Clayslap, and William Johnston o' the Longriggs, and Gavin Johnston o' the Burnfoot, wi' their wives and dochters; the men gude gush farmers, and your father's cousins, whom we couldna but hae. And is n't there Thomas Dobbie o' the Barnyards, and Allan Dobbie o' the Wetholms, and Saunders Whaup o' the Todeshole, and his twa dochters, my ain relations every one?'

"'Lordsake, mother, have done,' said her son, affronted before Barbara, yet almost laughing out at this formidable roll-call; 'but I think ye might at least have consulted me before you brought lither such a million.'

"'Hoot! it's just as cheap to hae a big doing as a little doing, when we're at it. But, bless me, Lady Barbara,' exclaimed the dame suddenly, 'I declare ye'er no dressed! and here are the folk already in the house. Rin down, my sweet lady, and put on your damascene gown, and your high cap, and make yourself up in your best. Jamie! how dare you keep the lady parleyvoing here, and the company waiting for you baith, and wandering the house like a wheen shepherdless sheep?'

"With this the dame descended, accompanied by her son, to aid the old man in receiving the company; while, in no very good humour or spirits, Lady Barbara slipped round to her chamber.

"The shaking of hands below stairs, and the congratulations and enquiries of the farmers and their wives and families, were so loud, and often so free and boisterous, that the young man, and even his mother, were somewhat annoyed at it. 'But where's the lady? Why is Mrs. Johnston not here? What has become o' your wife?' were the exclamations echoed from so many mouths, and put in so many forms, that James himself was obliged to put a stop to them.

"'Dear me,' said Mrs. Clashter, 'but she's long o' coming out. Its her I came to see, more than ought else, and here we are looking at ane another like fools at a fair. A gude-sake, what it is to be a lord's dochter!'

"'Ay,' said Miss Mally Dowart, 'if ye claimed sib to as many lords and ladies as Lady Johnston does, Mrs. Clashter, ye would make yourself as scarce as ony body. But I'm thinking the lady disna like her company overly weel, or she would have been here among us before this time.'

"'Was n't it a wonderful lift for thae Johnstons,' said Mrs. Whaup in a whisper to the former, 'to get their son married into such a connection? It's enough to turn the callant's head. I can hardly believe it yet.'

"'It's nae sic advantage as yo may think,' replied Mrs. Clashter; 'for the earl has disowned the pair lassie out and out; neither stick nor stool will she e'er get frae him, as I am credibly told; and what then has the callant gotten, but a gentle doll to dandle, and no a plack wi' her as muckle as would buy paint for her cheeks. It's an ill bargain, Mrs. Whaup, take my word for 't, for a' Mrs. Johnston's braggadocio; and Jamie Johnston would hae been muckle better wi' my niece, or any other decent farmer's dochter, wha's tocher was gude; weel would he

has got it, too, for troth he's a bonnie lad, and there's no a lass frae this to the Blae-hills but would hae jumped at him: but whiat! here she comes herself," whispered the gossip, as the spence door opened, and James Johnston was seen now leading forward his high-born lady, to receive the salutations of the company.

"Is that a' your Lady Barbara?" exclaimed Mrs. Whaup, as she appeared. "Is that her? a dewdy-looking thing, for as high as she hands her head; and how naughtily she's dressed, wi' naething but a smood on her head, and a plain boddies like a waiting-maid; pooh! for your grand lady, whilk there's been sic a talk about! My dochter Dotty is a perfect queen to her."

"These were the sort of exclamations with which Lady Barbara was received (in whispers to each other) by the generality of the women present. In truth, there was some cause for it, over and above the usual prevalence of certain well-known propensities; for Barbara, high-born as she was, had her female feelings as well as the meanest of them; and the sight, from the window, of the flaunting dresses and glaring colours of her plebeian associates, had made her resolve to doff even the common lutestring which she wore every day, and support the distinction to which she still felt herself entitled, by assuming, in the proper spirit of aristocratical contradiction, the plainest dress that her scanty wardrobe afforded.

"The first view of her high daughter-in-law, coming thus forward without damascene gown or any thing,—a perfect contrast, in appearance, to the commonest farmer's daughter present, almost took the sight from the eyes of the ambitious old woman. She held up her hands in chop-fallen consternation, and expressed her mortification in audible terms, that gave small promise, on her part, for the harmony of the evening. Even James, her husband, partial as he was, seemed annoyed at the contradictory spirit of this excessive plainness; and still more, afterwards, when she was set among the party, by the evident uneasiness displayed in her manner, the critical glances she threw round her among the company, and the determined hauteur which she observed towards his mother and several of the elder women, their guests, as if she in vain tried to conquer a spirit that was inimical to any thing like amalgamation with her present circumstances."

CHAPTER XI.

"Well, Miss Marion," I said, interrupting my narrator at this part of her story, "that last sentence of yours was flourishingly spoken, no doubt; and very like a composition in a fine printed book. But I'd rather ye would not lift your style so high, and deal in such rhetorical generalities, but tell me plain particulars of the why and the wherefore; for I'm exceedingly curious to know how so high-bred a young lady got on as hailfellow with farmer folk, at a country doing. I really never met wi' the like o't in any novel that ever I read."

"Weel, sir," continued Marion, "if ye will have the plain vulgarity of the play, as it must have appeared to one like Lady Barbara, lay aside your own gentility for a moment, while I show you how an earl's daughter must have viewed the coarse scenes of country life. In the first place, her ladyship was just a terror and a restraint to the whole company, from the moment she set her head in amongst this gathering; for ne'er a bit could she let down her dignity;—although I confess, she often tried it wi' a smile and a word to the farmer lasses.

"As for the folk, they all put on the gentility to imitate her; and the men were afraid to speak; and the women were ashamed to laugh, for fear of being vulgar; and so they sat stiff and anxious, just like poor relations at a will reading; and, whenever Georgie Gowdie passed a joke, or Jamie Jaup pulled a face, as country folks will do at a gathering, to make fun for the lasses, or Willie Wastle set up a laugh, and showed his long tusks, then Lady Barbara would look grave, or grow red in the face; and so this would throw a damper of gentility o'er the company, like a wet blanket to chill the heat of honest mirth; for the wives would touch one another's elbows before they spoke, and the very auld men held their tongues in awe of her.

"But the funniest thing at the beginning of the night was about the tea-urn; for Jamie Johnston, to please Lady Bobby, behaved to send all the way to Edinburgh for a brass urn, to keep the water scalding hot for the making of the tea. And so, as Lady Barbara had affronted the old woman, by dressing 'like a methodie,' to the disrespect of her company, the dame determined that her proud daughter-in-law should not have the place of honour at the handselling of the urn; and that

she would be the leader of the feast, and make the tea herself.

"So you never saw any thing so grand and proud as the old woman was in her cockley-coe cap wi' the pink ribbands, seated as she were my lady behind the tea-urn, that buzzed and fuffed before her like a steam-engine. Such an invention for scalding water, and gentility, had never been seen in the country-side before; so it was no wonder that the young folks marvelled with amazement, and the old lady sat down with some trepidation to play a tea-drinking tune upon such a new-fangled instrument. Well, the new china was also set out, and planted in rows upon a mahogany server; and there were borrowed cups forbye, above a score; and such a confusion and a jingling of crockery and pewter spoons, ye never heard; not to speak of the bings of short-bread and cakes, and the plates of mutton-ham that had been birsled for the occasion; and the mugs of jam, and jelly, and marmalade; and the trenchers of caraway seeds and sweeties—a perfect feast! It was dreadful how the old woman got through it: for the red-elbowed lassies that served were so awkward, and the house was so crowded, that the men said it was like nought but the kitchen of a kirk ale-house at a test sacrament.

"But about the urn, you see: the cock that lets out the water was rather stiff and ill to turn; and Mrs. Johnston, being awkward at managing such an engine, scalded her fingers till the tears came into her eyes, which made her try a new plan o' 't, rather than she would demean herself to make a complaint before the company. Well, getting Miss Mally Dowart to help her, she shifted the tea-pots beneath the cock, and every one had a hand, and the cups went round with a sort of hobble; for the farmer lads, not being acquainted with high gentility, such as it was fit to enact before my lady, handed the eatables and drinkables with a scuffle of awkwardness, which made them dunt against one another and the table, and smash a cup or two of the new china. This untoward accident provoked Mrs. Johnston to lift her head and speak up; and so in the confusion she forgot the tea-urn and the turning of the cock, until the whole tea-board was in a swim wi' scalding water; so that the steam broke out at the handle, and ran into Mrs. Clasher's durant petticoat. The wife gave a squeal so loud that ye might have heard her at Carloghie Castle; and the lads ran to stop the flood, and Georgie Gowdie turned over a plate of mutton-ham and sauce on Mrs. Whaup's silk gown, and a whole mug of bramble-berry jelly was spilt into Mally Dowart's lap; and as Saunders Whaup started up to assist his wife, he trampled on the dog's tail, and the beast yowled out wi' a howl that might have startled the very dead, and snapped at Thomas Dobbie with a dreadful bite. At this the whole women got up in a consternation; ye never saw such a confusion; and Mr. Dobbie, whose leg was bitten, jump up on a chair wi' the fright, and tumbled over; and Jamie Jaup started up to kick the dog, and swore and cursed wi' a brazen oath, that this trix was the devil's fracaw, and worse to quell than an Irish riot.

"But what do you think was the conduct of Lady Bobby in the midst of this stramash? I declare it was quite unconscionable. Instead of mourning for the mishanter, or helping to lay the din, she recovered her good humour in the moment of misfortune; and while some danced wi' the scalding water, and others shook their clothes from the eatables and the grease, and the lasses screamed louder than the howling of the dog, she took to herself such an enormous fit of laughter, that the very tears streamed down her cheeks, as if the whole had been nothing but a sport and a comedy.

"And so it did seem a sport to the heedless of the company; for, as soon as the young fellows saw Lady Barbara so overcome, they set up a guffaw that was like the neighing of a dozen horses. This again provoked the auld wife to such a degree, that what wi' the pain o' her scalded fingers, and what wi' the affront o' the tea-urn, she lost her temper altogether, and fuffed up into a pet of flying and ill manners, most indecorous and unladylike in a minister's widow. This only made Lady Bobby laugh louder than before, until poor Jamie Johnston grew red in the face, and the whole party were put into a farce and a discomposure that was really most ridiculous.

"At length James and the old man took up the rule of the handling; and so some order was restored. The evil-doing dog was kicked out of the house with many opprobrious names. Thomas Dobbie's leg was inspected, and bandaged up wi' a diaculum plaster, the gravy

was wiped off the silk gowns of the women, and all again were set down to drink their tea. But something was yet wrong in the harmony of the company; for the prouder of the females did not like being laughed at, either by Lady Barbara or by one another; and so, wishing to behave themselves in her presence as befitting ladies, an unnatural gravity came o'er them all; and, instead of carrying on the jollity of a country handling, they sat stiff and starched, nodding and bowing to each other like people at a funeral—high gentility being, as I said before, a thing they were not at all used to.

"This conduct turned out a perfect embargo on the honours of the eatables; for, watching Lady Barbara, and seeing her put her spoon in her tea-cup at the end of the first dish of tea, the most high-flown of the ladies put in their spoons also: this was imitated by the next in gentility, and so the whole ladies, with one accord, gave in their resignation at the end of the first act, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Johnston, to the manifest affronting of the grand tea-urn, and the discomfiture of the whole business. As for the men, some said they had got quite enough of scalding water; but in truth they had a want of confidence in the urn, and a dread of the new china, not knowing in reality what might happen; so they also broke out into an unanimous revolt; and although some took a spoonful of the marmalade and caraway-seed, and a few picked like a bird at the mutton-ham, the spirit of gentility had so shut up their mouths and stomachs, that no pressing had any effect upon them to speak of; which made the high bings of bread, and mountains of cheese and butter stand as it were in undiminished astonishment behind the urn, as if unable, any more than the discomfited woman, to account for this change of the time.

"The farmer himself, however, began to mend the thing, and, determining to stand it no longer, called for the big-bellied bottles and graybeards of Cognac, which, he had a shrewd guess, would soon break the awe and overset the gentility. No sooner, then, than the cogniac been set upon the table, and the glasses begun to jingle, and the flavour of the hollandais reached the noses of the women, than their eyes began to glaze, and the farmer lads to utter jokes, as if no earl's daughter had been there to hear them. Then came the drinking of healths, and the complimentarys, and the wishing of happiness to the new-married couple; but though to the guests this might be a pleasant part of the play, to the parties most concerned it turned out nothing but a humiliation and an embarrassment. Some said, 'Lady Barbara, your health;' and others for the higher gentility, said, 'Lady Johnston, your health; and I wish you much joy o' your comely marriage, and I'm happy to sit at your footy fire.'

"The elder men, however, said little,—only called her phain Mrs. Johnston, and wished her a lead heart to her young goodman, and a married woman's joy in her new condition. This she might have borne, for so genuine good feeling, although it nevertheless went sorely against her ingrained aristocracy; but, when some began openly to class her with her disliked middle-class, saying, 'Young Mrs. Johnston, your health; and, old Mrs. Johnston, mickle success to you and your new connection;' and some coarse proverbial insinuations, as if her ladyship had been nothing but a common woman, Barbara's pride could stand it no longer; but first flushing red, and then turning white like an asparagus cake, and next darting a scornful light with her eyes, and curling up her nostrils, she rose from her seat like the Queen of Sheba, and, never waiting for her husband's arm, turned her back upon the company, and sailed off to her own chamber.

"Here was a second and severe mishanter, it happened in one night at this unfortunate drinking of tea. James Johnston got up, vexed and affronted, and off to his room, to take the pet out of his lady. But Barbara was too far gone for this, being already in tears of anger and humiliation; and, having bolted the door on the inside to shew her spirit, she was deaf to his entreaty, and would let none of them in. This, of course, next roused his spirit, according to the usual process between man and wife—as her conduct now had also roused the taste, if not resentment, of the well-meaning farmers; so that, by the time he returned to the company, and observed the side looks and whisperings with which he was received, he was by no means in the best humour with Barbara, or with the figure he himself set at this marriage handling.

"Dear me, Mr. Johnston, what's the matter, that ye look sae blae," was William Wastle's talk, whispering through his teeth, as James resumed his seat. "Ye

come back to us as if your nose had been bleeding. Has the dame given you the affront, and you no two months married yet? Hoot man! dinna let your chaffs be about it. If you had been as lang tother'd as I have, ye would ne'er fash your thumb about the pouting and he petting o' a young wife. She'll come round again, as the bairn did that sickened at its parritch. It's the nature o' the women to take a bit tirrives now and then, just to be petted, and made mickle o'.

"There was a gude deal o' idle talk among the company about the lady's tantrums which old Johnston put an end to by saying: 'The lady's but young, and will get sense, nae doubt, lang before she's your age. Come, lads! gi'e us another bock o' the bottle to keep us going. We have something else to do the night, than claverin here about family matters; and so he filled up bumpers round to his guests.

"That's right, gudeman," said the old woman, starting up, and now recovering her good humour. "Odsake, lads and lasses, what are ye about? sitting there as mim as brides at a kirking. What did I bring you here for? and what did I clear this kitchen for, but to eat out the barn, where ye'll ha'e room for a reel? Whisht! dinna ye hear the fiddler already drawing the hair o'er the thairm. Come, lads! up and take the lasses out. Here James lead ye aff Miss Mally Dowart, till Lady Babby comes out o' her strants. Come, Jamie Jaup, take ye a cloak of Miss Jenny Tupe. Ye'll make a braw couple on a floorhead, if ye dinna fa' wi' the capering. There now, lads and lasses! to the barn wi' ye. Do ye think a son o' mine shall ever take a wife without a foot being shaken. The like was never heard o' in my family."

"Bravo, gudewife!" cried Saunders Johnston, beginning to shuffle a step to the distant scrape of the fiddle. "Do'il a bit, but this Lady Babby has been nothing but a chain and a constraint on us! Here, Thomas Dobbie, take ye Peggy Whaup by the arm.

"Joking and jeering in this pleasant manner, the whole company proceeded in pairs towards the barn; and, as they entered, and proceeded in a grand promenade down the floor, the fiddler gave a flourish of music, the like of which had never been heard in the Fairly Holmes; and which so tickled the hearts of the country lasses, that they scarcely could refrain from starting the Highland fling, without waiting for the ceremonies of the squaring and the partnerships. Scarcely had the fiddlers, then, given their pins another jerk, when, striking up 'Off she goes!' the company set off indeed, at such a rate that the very clay floor of the barn seemed to bob like a springboard under the feet of the dancers.

"Up wi' 't, lads!" cried the old woman, snapping her thumbs to the time of the music, as she saw how the country lasses reeled, and wheeled, and set, and frisked; and so they did. "Up wi' 't!" and the young fellows capered like perfect mad; and Geordie Gowdie shuffled with his new pumps till the very pebbles flew out of the floor like shot, and Jamie Jaup cut a high St. George, taught him by the dancing-master of Tarbolton, and threw up his leg till it damaged the elbow of blind Tam Tryst the fiddler, and almost stopped the music.

"Even James Johnston himself, married as he was, began now to be courted by the women, because of his good looks, and so he led off Miss Mally Dowart down a country dance, wi' an air and a style that was like a perfect opera; and now finding himself free from the restraint of Lady Babby, and the drop of brandy getting into his head, he began to take to the fun, as jovially as ever he had done at Gilgowie fair, until he was the merriest child in the whole company.

"Meantime Barbara's pride began to cool, as she grew tired of the solitude of her own chamber. The cheering scream of the distant fiddle came over her ear with an unconscious exhilaration; the hearty shout of delighted laughter sounded home to her heart like the echo of a reproof; and, a slight twinge of jealousy now assisting the rising envy, she began to wish to see what her husband James and the company were doing. Accordingly, in the very height and hotness of the hilarity, while the mirth and fun grew fast and furious, she stole out of the house, and slipped in, by herself, at the far end of the barn.

"The sight that now met her observation by no means tended ultimately to restore her good humour, however much it might gratify her curiosity. Indeed, the *coup d'œil* of the whole—you understand English French—was in Lady Barbara's mind truly a contrast to all she had ever in her former life seen of high festivity; and Allan the painter, or the lad Davie Wilkie, might have

done some gude for themselves, had they been there to limn out the scene. A barn is but a bald building for a set *ballet*; and its unplastered walls and black rafters overhead will scarcely remind one of the gilded panels and carved cornices of an earl's banqueting-hall. Neither could the half-score of long-wicked tallow candles, that, in goggling sconces of shining tin, were planted around, and, obedient to every waft of the intruding wind, swilled their grease plentifully below on the coat-necks of the men and the gowns of the women, be fitly compared with the crystal chandeliers and wax luminati of a London ball-room. As little, if I may go on with circumstantialia, could blind Thomas Tryst the fiddler, and his trusty secundum, with his staff hung from his button-hole, who laboured on the catgut from their high stance on a table at the far end of the barn, be exactly likened to Signior Crotchicatchi's band, which condescends to perform its high allegros at the scientific cotillions of the nobility. Nevertheless, the whole was a most amusing sight to Lady Babby, at least for its novelty; and though on the tables round the barn, the motley hobbleshow of pewter platters with their eatable remains, the towering stoups and black bottles filled with divers liquors,—the brass and iron candelabra dispensers of grease and light,—the cheeses like the moon, and the punch-bowls equal to the ocean, the latter surrounded by a phalanx of long-shanked glasses, green and white, which, like tall grenadiers, stood, as it were, watching the volumes of steam of the 'roeking water,' which rose from the bowls—though, I say, the effect, at a distance, of all this, might not be quite the same as that of the gold and silver idols of the table, and the high temples of classical confectionary, that, from a dazzling ground of white drapery, confuse the eye of taste at an aristocratic banquet; yet the hearty enjoyment which the crowd of noisy guests seemed to derive from their entertainment, was enough to provoke the envy as well as the astonishment of any truly patrician spirit.

"Is that really my husband?" she said to herself, casting an eye of critical sobriety over the hilarious scene; "can that actually be James Johnston, for whom I have condescended until I hardly know myself—dancing like a wild satyr—in this rude and uproarious manner; and making such lover-like freedom with the country lasses?" It was indeed he, and she could hardly believe her senses; but she found she must dissemble her thoughts, for now she began to be noticed by the company.

"Come awa', Lady Barbara—Ye're welcome back!" cried several voices. "Weel, I am glad to see you, and thought ye would just come to again, if ye were let alane," said the old woman slyly. "Come ben lady; better late than never!" shouted Willie Wastle. "Hoogh! ye dinna ken the fun ye hae miss'd. 'Odsake my lady, maybe ye'll take a rest wi' us yet."

"The stately gravity with which Barbara received, in spite of her efforts, this boisterous kindness, somewhat chilled the gay freedom of the company; and the pleasure of the warmth with which James Johnston took her hand, was greatly damped, on her part, by observing, from the shape of his eye, that, like the rest, he was, as the gentlefolks call it, a little *flushed*, or rather, as we might plainly say, *fuddled*, with the evening's liquor. Some ladies have great forbearance for their husbands, when they see them in this state; especially when it makes them extraordinary loving and good-humoured, as Mr. Johnston now was. But whether it is that the sins of a lord are more bearable by nature than those of a farmer, or that the love of a plebeian husband is less valuable than that of a high gentleman, both of which are probably true, Barbara was by no means in a humour to forgive either this peccadillo, or the numerous other little peccadilloes, of which it was likely in the course of the evening to become the occasion.

"Ye're just come in time, Lady Babby," cried Robin Johnston, of the Clayslap. "We're going to have a song. Here's Miss Peggy Tupe, can sing the 'Ewe bughts, Marion,' a beautiful chant about the wearing o' the sheep; or Thomas Dobbie there; he can give us 'Gregor's Ghost,' from end to end—it's very frightful and interesting. But maybe ye would like better the 'Kebuckston Wedding,' as more appropriate. Thomas Whaup, up ye wi' the 'Kebuckston Wedding;' it's a pleasant song made by Robin Tannahill, the Paisley weaver. Lady Babby will be quite delighted wi' 't."

"The whole company, I may say seconded the motion, except James Johnston himself, and perhaps Mrs. Clashter the midwife, who, having been in her time housekeeper to the laird of Thunkail, had most correct

notions of high gentility, and did not altogether approve of the weaver's song. Lady Barbara, however, I must say, was rather inclined to laugh; especially as Thomas Whaup's voice was of the proper corncrack order; but when he came to the verse, so mellifluously descriptive of the good cheer at the wedding,—

'Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
The body's aye ready at drodgies an' weddings,
An' Flunkey M'Fie, o' the Skiverton Place,
Is chosen to scuttle the pies an' the puddings;
For there'll be plenty,
O' ilka thing dainty,
Baeth lang-kail, an' haggis, an' every thing fitting,
Wi' luggies o' beer
Our weezons to clear,
So de'il fill his kyte, that gaes clung frae the meeting;'

which he really screamed and shouted wi' a throat like a peacock; she answered her husband's loud laugh at the fellow's vulgarity, with a black look that was like a could iron put down your back to stop the bleeding o' your nose; and it did stop poor Johnston's laugh as soon and as effectually.

"However, to make a long story short, it was evident Lady Barbara did by no means enjoy herself, either then or during the rest of the evening, when the dancing again came on. For still she looked high and grave at the robustious fun of the farmer chields; and sometimes she knit her brows, and spoke to her husband in a way that, some said, was extremely provoking. However, by the time they began to dance 'Bab at the boustier,' that desirable mixture of bobbing and kissing, several of the lads, having the drop in their heads, swore they would either make her descend from her dignity, and step through the reel to countenance them, like a decent farmer's wife, or faith they would offer her a freedom that would maybe affront her.

"Ye know the pleasant auld trip of 'Bab at the boustier' where the lass or lad, as they dance round the ring, wi' the soft pillow in their hand to kneel upon withal, sings,—

'Wha learned you to dance?
Bab at the boustier, Bab at the boustier—
Wha learned you to dance?
Bab at the boustier brawly;'

as merry a canticle as ever gave a blyth lass a fair opportunity of a country salute. When the bolster came to Miss Mally Dowart, she danced round wi' a pleasant smirk, and at last laid it down at James Johnston's feet, wi' as mickle modesty as ye may suppose. What Lady Babby thought at that instant is not for me to say; but Mr. Johnston, as behoved him to do, put his arms round Miss Mally's neck, and gave her a smack upon the willing lips, that for grace and unction, and from such as him, might well be the envy of every woman in the room. This of course called him up next, when he danced round the ring like a Scottish Adonis, and many a sheep's eye was thrown under the lasses' curls, to see which o' them was likely to get the favour of his next salute. Who he took up I do not recollect; but in the course of the dance, when the bolster came round to Jamie Jaup, of the Plash, there was a wicked devil seen looking out at the tail of his eye, that, together with the measure of drink that he had taken, seemed to promise to the company some fun or mischief.

"Jamie shuffled wi' his right leg round the ring, and down he bobs the hassock at Lady Barbara's feet. The whole room was in a consternation; but Jamie Jaup, none afraid, planted himself on his knees on the pillow before the lady, and awaited the salute with gallant confidence. Lady Barbara drew back at the sight of this audacity, as if poor James Jaup had been a frightful wild orang, come from the woods to swallow her up; but Jamie, nothing daunted, threw his arms round her ladyship's neck, and nill ye, will ye, gave her a smack of such voluptuous effect, that it echoed even to the rafters of the auld barn.

* A common custom in Scotland.

† A dance which, in former times, often was the *finale* of a country wedding in Scotland. The groomsmen, or one deputed by him, takes a pillow, or a cushion, and dancing round the room, the company all seated, he places the cushion at a lady's feet, kneels upon it, and salutes her. He then continues his round, the lady taking up the cushion, and following him. She in turn throws it at the feet of some favoured youth, who performs the same ceremony—and so it is continued until all the company are on the floor. They generally dispersed immediately afterwards.

"This audacity brought to a crisis and a climax the whole concatenation of this eventful night. No sooner had the salute been thus rapaciously put upon my lady, than up she got with the air of an affronted Lucretia, and, merely throwing upon the company and her husband a look of patrician anger, away she walked in high dignity from the rich festivities of the barn.

"Here, as you may suppose, was an end to 'Bab at the buster!' The company now crowded round James Johnston and his mother; and what with this second affront put upon the company by the lady, and what with the injudicious impudence of Jamie Jaup, and what with the natural candour and confidence of strong liquor, young Mr. Johnston was by no means considered a well-used man.

"In short, it was unanimously concluded, that Lady Johnston had not behaved at all as she ought; and if any body could have collected the wise sayings and sensible advices that were uttered upon the occasion, these would, no doubt, be found of great and lasting value to the married world. But, amidst all this wisdom and shrewd argument, it was quite evident that the night was now at an end, that this long-expected *doing* was quite over. So with many kind good nights and hearty good wishes, among the farmer people, the barn was soon after cleared, and a *finale* was put to this remarkable drinking of tea.

CHAPTER XII.

"The morning after the *doing* was by no means a pleasant one at the Fairly Holm; for, besides the lassitude of spirits, and racked appearance of every thing, that immediately follows a festivity among high or low, there had feelings been developed on the previous night, and inferences began to be drawn as to the future, which would not bear thinking of, and which filled all parties with doubt, if not alarm.

"The spence, which had been used as a store-room for the provender of the ploy, and the parlour, which had lately been fitted up with yellow chintz curtains, not being yet in order, after the removals of the barn, the old woman had ventured to have the breakfast laid in the kitchen, according to the use and wont of the family before Lady Babby came into it. Her ladyship, however, did not make her appearance; and when, upon Mrs. Johnston's going to fetch her, she came forth, and saw the old man and woman seated thus undignifiedly in the great kitchen, in view of the bare-legged servant maids, and partaking with their fingers a good dish of salt herrings and oaten bread, as a relish to their tea, her tender feelings were so shocked and affronted that she seemed almost ready to faint at the sight. To some words of apologetic consolation whispered by her husband, she only replied by a look of lofty astonishment, while a curl of conscious nobility rose upon her lip, and a flush of aristocratic shame mantled up to her eyes. 'Do you mean me to sit here among the common servants?' she said, with some haughtiness; 'I will breakfast only in my own bed-room.'

"The old man sat back in his great arm-chair when he heard this, and fixed, for a moment his keen gray eye on her. 'Sit down, Lady Barbara,' he said, after a little; 'sit down here by me—I have somewhat to say to you.'

"Her proud glance lowered before the firm look of the old man. She turned round towards her husband; but, with all James's love, she saw his brow knit into a manly sternness, before which a woman must always quail. Taking up a wooden-seated chair, and making it ring angrily upon the stone floor, as he set it for her, he waved his hand authoritatively, and motioned her to be seated.

"'Young lady,' said the old man firmly, when the servants were gone, 'what I have observed of you last night, and this morning, convinces me that all I feared concerning you is likely to come too true. You have brought yourself, lady, into a most trying predicament; most trying to one of your temper, and of your high upbringing, as well as to the family you have come amongst. But remember, the act was your own; and, if you cannot lay down your mind better to the circumstances you have chosen, and to the habits and company of a decent farmer's wife, as you now are; and expect nothing in service or occupation but what belongs to that plain station, you will find that you have sown a seed of sorrow that will bear bitter fruit to yourself, and bring endless trouble to me and mine.'

"'Trouble!' exclaimed the old woman, striking in with her scornful toss of the head, 'Hech, it'll bring nae trouble to me! let it trouble wha likes. Before daughter-in-law, or son-in-law, shall bring scaith or scorn on my

house, I'll ken what it's for. And, if Jamie there likes to mak' himself a snivel and a snool afore his friends, to a washy-faced lady, be wha she likes, and darena' speak to her aboon his breath, at a decent handling, troth it's ne'er be me! or I'll ken better what I do it for, as I said afore."

"'Whisht! whisht! mother! That is fast speaking,' said James, colouring for his mother's freedom.

"'Hold your tongue, gudewife,' said the farmer himself, with a voice of authority; 'you never know how to speak in reason.'

"'Reason! Troth, ye'se no stap my mouth wi' your reason!' cried the undaunted dame. 'As if I didna' ken common 'havens? There's my lady daughter-in-law, wi' her high crockets, sitting looking so cross at me, and hasna' brought hame to her young gudoman as mickle tocher as a pair of lint sheets for her ain bed—and me to be sneered at and jeered at, that was a minister's wife, and nae runawa' ill-doer without plack or penny, but high airs and toom gentility! Na! I will speak up,' she cried out, recollecting on the instant a smothered difference of some days before: 'afore my daughter-in-law snorts and sniffers at me and mine, she ought to bring something at least frae her father's castle.'

"The large dark eyes of Lady Barbara seemed to swell in her head, as she fixed them with a look of astonishment on the old woman; but she seemed paralysed at the moment by scorn or surprise, and could at first not utter a word. The old man was about to interpose, and James had seized Barbara by the waist as she rose, intending to drag her from his enraged mother, when the young wife, mustering all her spirit of scorn and pride, exclaimed with energy,—

"'Now, good woman, my eyes are fully opened to what I could not have believed was in human nature. Now I understand your true motives for all the arts that you used, when my mind was unhappy, to entrap me into circumstances, for which, I own, I feel myself very unfitted. James! husband! Take me away out of this house. With you I will bear poverty and the labour of my condition, but do not you reproach me with my father's anger, and my own disowned destitution. Father-in-law, James, my dear James, spare, oh! spare this burning pride of birth that I feel—I feel—chokes the feelings of my bosom.'

"The scene for a few moments was now dreadful. 'Wife!' exclaimed the old man, 'sinful, mistaken woman, Lady Barbara is right, and you have let out sentiments at this moment that bring a disgrace upon humanity and upon us all. But I will protect this unhappy young lady; I and my son will see her treated with respect; and, if you ever utter towards her a word of reproach, on this subject, I will put upon you a punishment that you little dream of.'

"Barbara was now sobbing out bitter tears, and, before the whole scene was ended, it was agreed that another farm should instantly be taken, that James and she might live entirely by themselves. For the means to do this in an effectual manner, Lady Barbara offered to forego her pride of nature, and to go to the castle and humble herself at her father's feet.

"To this proposal, however, neither James nor his father would for a moment listen, and, after much negotiation and many delays, and several months' further disagreement with her disappointed mother-in-law, Lady Barbara, now in weakly health, and near her time of humble childbirth, set off one blowy morning in autumn, seated beside her husband in a decent market vehicle, to take possession of their new farm of Green Braes.

"I have shortened much this latter part of my story, in order to hasten to a new epoch in Lady Barbara's history."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Alas! and is this what I have to call my own house at last?" said Lady Barbara, as she surveyed the white-washed walls and low roofs inside the plain farm-house that was now to be her dwelling: "and is this the mean chamber where I am to sleep? and this the nursery for my humble offspring? Alas! I find now that I have less strength than I once imagined."

"Green Braes was in truth a bare and bald place; and a cold blast from the east came up from the haughs of Ruar Water; and the whole plenishing that Johnston's father enabled him to put into it, with all the little deceptions of would-be gentility, could not make it to show much for either pride or comfort: and, as to prosperity, a new farm makes a hard battle, and an empty house is ill to fill out of a light purse; and, though James was

most industrious, and worked with his own hands like a very slave, yet Barbara, being unused to Scottish economy, as well as to country work, was neither to be called happy in her altered condition, nor was she at all to be deemed a thrifty or a purpose-like farmer's wife. Those things went on rather heavily, and the poor lady and Johnston sat down at noon to their coarsely-cooked meal, and often looked things in each other's faces that would not well bear expression in words.

"But the worst thing to Lady Babby was the expected 'downlying,' and the little anxieties of the baby-clothes, and the comforts, and the sending for the howdie, and the gossip of the gossips, and the spying of the nurses about a poor man's house, and the annoyances of the congratulations when all was over, and the mortifying *et ceteras* of a farming 'accouchement.' As she lay long and solitary in her inlying bed, her weak heart yearning for many of the comforts which the pampered servants enjoyed at her father's castle, and recollected old days and youthful hopes; and considered that here she lay, a poor man's wife, without even a poor woman's consolation,—for no mother came to see her with a mother's affection, and no helping sister sat by her bedside to give her a drink when her mouth was parched, or to do a kind turn for her or her baby,—the weakness of nature sank her proud spirit, and the regrets of repentance melted her heart, until solitary tears, bitter and hopeless, gave a temporary relief to her inward despondency.

"Months and seasons passed away after this, and no notice was ever taken of James and his family by the haughty inmates of the castle. The earl, however, once met his father in the fields, and, with some strange remarks and half reproaches, such as great men will make upon poor men's affairs, made offer, as a condescending boon, of a farm to James Johnston in another part of the country.

"When the old man heard the earl's speech, and considered the interior drift of the proposal, his country manliness rose within him, and he rejected the offer with a proud spirit. He said, that if the earl chose to down his own child, because her nature would not break it once into the ways of the great; as she had thrown herself in her passion upon his family, it should never be said that the Johnstons of Fairly thought of lands and mailings, tochers or titles, in doing a righteousness when the heart spoke its will; but as lang,' he added, 'as they had a rig of land, or a plack of silver, Lady Babby should be held independent as a poor man's wife.'

"When my lord heard this, he was cut to the heart; for it is not agreeable to the great gentry to be outdone in virtue by a peasant man, and so a sore struggle took place between the father's affection and the earl's pride; and the two old men wrangled with each other, and talked touching and bitter things; and spoke of each other's failings and each other's feelings, and what had been wrong done, and what could not be undone, until they wept like bairns, although the one was a lord, and the other mutual regrets of disappointed parents.

"But the auld earl found he had the worst of it; and, his heart melting deeply at the thoughts of his daughter, and in admiration of the disinterestedness of the farmer and his son, he at last took out his pocket-book, and offered a bunch of bank notes to the astonished old man.

"'What am I to do with these, my lord?' said he, 'suppose I should take them. Do you mean the offer as a father's present in returning kindness, to his daughter and her baby?'

"No, Robert Johnston, no!" said the earl, with a voice of much emotion; for he remembered the proud revenues of his own lady: 'I can have no communication with my ruined daughter; but I give it to your son, to purchase the mailing of Cauldknows, on condition that he and his wife instantly remove thither.'

"As a bribe to get your disowned bairn out of the way of affronting your lordship's pride? No, my lord,' said the farmer, firmly, 'I am a father as well as you; and while you continue thus to resist the calls of nature, my son has incurred a greater misfortune in connecting himself with your family, than even your daughter has in coming into mine. But it is truly a sad business this, after all!' he continued, 'since your lordship will not relent of your unnatural cruelty: I am broken-hearted myself about this unfortunate marriage; but the difference is, that you have power of the remedy, and I have not; and permit me to tell your lordship, that if your common sense doesna get the better of your family pride, to take a lesson from the changing wheel of the fortune of life, and place my son, for your daughter's sake, in a place and position where they both may be happy; we'll take no favour to buy up our independence; and my son and his unfortunate wife will drive the worst

that their own folly and the world's hard-heartedness has put upon them.

"The two old men parted with a cooled and doubtful cordiality; yet, the earl having many yearnings towards his child, a great consultation was soon after held on the business, in the most private apartment of Carloghie Castle. But, to make a philosophy of the matter,—where the reasoning is weakly, and the narrow mind apt to be swayed by mean considerations of small vanity, pride and its subsidiaries prove an overmatch for the dearest feelings of nature that have been planted in our hearts to help out the circumscribed sum of human happiness.

"And so, a new prospect having lately opened out for the earl's next daughter, all the ladies cried out with one accord against their father's 'weak' proposition in favour of their erring sister; and when the old lord talked, with emotion, of poor Babby's humble condition, and the probable ultimatum of some premature decline, and of the breaking of hearts, perhaps to a lowly grave, the countess replied, in a tone like the iron tongue of a metal bell, that it were better hearts break than families be degraded; and that such a consummation was but the natural and inevitable course of things.

"Meantime, affairs did not go on with much exhilaration, at the lonely and comfortless farm of Green Braes. There is a principle in human nature, especially during youth, that is neither virtue nor vice, but merely undefined passion, which is extremely apt to turn into either, according as circumstances shall happen to sway it, or call it forth. This principle applied well, at this time, and after, both to James Johnston and his wife; and the struggle of their circumstances, and the peculiarity of their disappointments, at times quite soured their tempers, or corroded their feelings. They now occasionally (as married people will do in moments of irritation) dropped expressions to each other, and allowed looks to pass between them, which, though consisting well enough, as we know, with a solid under-stratum of wedded affection, were liable to be treasured up in the rankling mind, as indelible evidences of a begun alienation. At all events, they may talk of love as they please, but it requires stronger affections than the world generally witnesses, to stand out long against the carking cares and heart-eating privations of obscure poverty; particularly to the proud spirit and luxurious habits of such as Lady Barbara; and it required more self-command than Johnston was master of, to resist the tendencies to discontent at his peculiar situation, labouring hopelessly and ineffectually to supply one tenth of the wants and gratify the pressing desires of a born lady.

"Accordingly, if, on a market day, on meeting his farmer acquaintances, he made up for the reserved seclusion of his country home, by stealing a moment's enjoyment of town sociality, it was nothing more than was to be expected; and if Lady Babby, at times, looking from out her dull window at Green Braes, sighed sadly at the equipages that she saw passing on the distant road, it was only what belonged to her time of life, and to the painful circumstantialities of her unnatural condition. Then, every day, when she rose, the first object that she could not avoid seeing was the wide-waving woods and noble parks of old Carloghie; while the peaked turrets of her father's castle interrupted, with picturesque effect and stately feudality, the warm and gleaming rays of the cheerful morning.

"'Whilk is the nearest way to the auld castle ayont, gudewife?' said a travelling man one day, who came knocking at Lady Barbara's door, with country familiarity. 'Thae gentle places hae sae many turnings and twinings, that I've gaen round it and round it these twa hours, an' the de'il a bit I ever get the nearer to't.'

"Lady Barbara came to the door with her infant in her arms, and humbly pointed the way to the man. 'But what is that, friend, you have got in your cart?' she said, making an enquiry in her turn, surprised at what she saw.

"'Oo! what should it be,' said the carter, 'but some grandeur that'll be wanted at the great wedding!'

"'What wedding, honest man?'

"'Gude keep us! are ye a neighbour woman in this loaning, and hasna heard o' the grand wedding that's soon to be at my lord's castle. Isna Lady Mary, the sister of the poor misguided creature that ran off with the farmer, and was disowned to be sure, to be married in a week to the Marquis o' Brechin. The whole country is ringing wi' the news, and sic a preparation never was seen. New coaches, as big as a kirk, and new dresses to a score of flunkies, wi' gold and silver lace and red scarlet, an' stripes an' strapples like the king's beef-eaters in Linnon, forbye cocked hats as braid and blown-up as the auld cruisy o' the Marquis o' Granby on Jamie Tap-

ple's sign, and white wigs to the raacals, like as many English bishops, an' a cavalry o' horses to draw the coaches, as many as would furnish out a regiment o' dragoons, an' rivers o' red wine for the lords to drink, and oceans o' beer, and strong swats, an' fiddlers to play up in the banqueting ha', an' bonfires to be brunt on a' the heights around!—sic a preparation and sic a fizzle has never been seen in the holms of Fairly.

"'And many nobility to attend, honest friend?' said Barbara humbly, glad to interrupt the tedious garrulity of the speaker.

"'Nobility! mistress,' said the man, astonished at her question; 'what should the like o' you or I ken about nobility? The whole house of lords, as I hear tell, will be there!—dukes and earls, and great squires, and foreign counts wi' lang names—and a band o' music that canna' speak English—an' flags flying frae every tower on the castle; and trumpets sounding, and guns firing, an' sic a blowing and blasting, o' breath an' cannon, it's worth a red guinea for the like o' you to hear and see it at a mile distance!'

"'That's great news, indeed!' said poor Barbara with a sigh; 'and here am I that learns nothing: but hear you aught, friend, of the dresses of the ladies?'

"'Hear I?' said the talkative man, 'if I didna, I would be as deaf as John Stob's lead offy. My wife'll no let me sleep at night for deaving me wi' 't. Flanners lace, and Holland lawn, Smyrna silk, an' Pampadoo satin, Indian pearls, and Golconda diamonds, bleezing on their breasts, or skinkling in their hair—it's no for me to talk o' what's aboon my comprehension, for the grandeur and the bravery is perfectly unspeakable. But gude-day, honest woman; it'll be a high favour for a pair body like you to get a moment's glimpse o' such a gallant company.'

"'Isis of no use of talking high didactics,' continued my narrator of this tale; 'for it is not in human nature to look on and witness, from the lowly stool of obscurity, the acclamations of triumph bestowed upon one's splendid neighbour, without a painful twinge of the bitterness of humiliation. Her plain-looking sister to enjoy all this! while Barbara, the handsomest of the family, was lingering away her life among carking cares and constant labour, in the dirt and dulness of despised and avoided poverty! The more she meditated upon it, the worse she grew in her mind, until the thought almost turned her distracted.'

"But even the thought, that was so intolerable, was hardly so bad as the thing itself when it came; particularly from the unexpected torment of remark with which it was accompanied. Men delight to exalt the exalted, and to depress the lowly; and even draw upon their fancies, to add to the natural exaggerations of triumph or of misery. While the marriage and its festivities were in full écart, officious neighbours dropped in to Green Braes to talk of it, and spying gossips offered their impertinent condolences, until Barbara was almost driven from her poor dwelling; and, annoyed by her evident vexation, and harassed by his own thoughts, James Johnston fled to the nearest town, and came home to his sighing wife late at night, his gloomy feelings deepened and exasperated by the dangerous excitement of dissipation.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The marriage of Lady Mary of Carloghie, from the number of gentles it brought to attend it, was followed by consequences to her disowned sister, Barbara, that never could have been foreseen by any party. For, amidst all the festivities of the high bridal, there crept about, among the lordly guests, a suppressed whisper of the extraordinary tale, that the youngest and handsomest daughter of the Earl of Carloghie, disowned by her family for an unequal match, was living within a few miles of her father's castle, the laborious wife of a common farmer. Such a piece of real romance, actually transacted and existing so near them, possessed more interest for the high gentles that attended the wedding, than all the formal festivities of my lord's castle.

"To such as they, indeed, all the show and the feasting had little novelty, and afforded but a trite and commonplace pleasure; while the condition of a spirited and fine-looking lady, known, in fact, to many of them, living thus under the ban of her own family, and conducting herself virtuously in circumstances so uncongenial, became the theme of frequent and interesting conversation, and the subject of eager and mysterious enquiry.

"Out of this circumstance, and the curiosity it eventually excited concerning her, among all who travelled to this part of the country, grew a species of annoyance to Barbara and her husband: and a series of incidents, that

aggravated all that was brewing in their minds, and brought to a crisis the several events of their fate. Since the marriage of her sister, whenever Lady Barbara came out from her door, to feed her poultry, or look after her cows, she encountered the gaze of some lurking loungers, who, attracted by the babbling gossip of the neighbourhood, watched eagerly to get a look of the noble and disowned farmer's wife. The numbers thus attracted to the mailing of Green Braes were remarkable for so secluded a part of the country. Horses, with fine trappings, were seen in waiting within a few fields of the house, while their owners lingered, and watched, to gratify their curiosity; and even carriages stopped at the foot of the lane, and fine dressed madams, talking many giggling remarks, strolled round the farm to get a sight of the lady. Next, the officers of a regiment quartered in the nearest town made stolen parties, and got up secret adventures, to get a view or speech of her; and it was even said that their colonel had sworn a loud oath one night, amidst the drunken dissipations of the mess room, that if money, or art, or love could accomplish it, he would try his powers, and gain some *écart* by an affair with this high-born farmer's wife.

"Even her own family began to partake of the prevailing curiosity; and though her mother, the countess, would not hear of visiting her, I persuaded her sister, Lady Frances, to accompany me one day to the farm of Green Braes. We left the carriage about a mile from the spot; and, though determined not to enter under her roof, away we set off, to try if we could see her unobserved.

"It was harvest time, and the fields were gay with reapers, and rich with shocks of new cut corn. We drew near to the house, and watched about. Presently a young woman issued from the back-door, followed by a little girl carrying a large wooden picher. 'Can that be,' said I, 'the walk of a common peasant lass? for, whoever she is, she steps out with the grace and ease of a queen;' and yet the female's apron was up, appearing filled with something bulky, and in her left hand she bore also a small vessel. We observed further, and looked on with astonishment: it was Lady Barbara herself, carrying to the field the reaper's dinner."

"Though freckled with the sun, and having a careworn look, she was healthy, and handsomer than ever I had seen her; and, though engaged in this humble and almost menial service, she still carried the high crest of an earl's daughter. There was no affectation of finery about her. Her rich dark hair was parted on her forehead, and knotted high behind, with a velvet snood, like the common maidens of her country. A plain lawn kerchief, covering her shoulders, was crossed modestly on her bosom, instead of the velvet and pearls that had once blazoned from it, with costly magnificence; and her person, now setting into a married woman's fullness, was clad in plain gingham, like a decent farmer's wife.

"We watched behind the hedge with beating brows; for the recollections of childhood and the yearnings of nature began to come over the heart even of her hard and artificial sister; and as for me, sympathy and interest for the young lady almost filled my eyes with tears, to see her thus strangely situated.

"The reapers gathered round her when she came to the end of the rigs—not a rabble of ragged Irish, as in latter days have come a vermin over our Scottish plains; but blithe and brawny lads and lasses of our ain kind, with light hearts and industrious hands, with whom it was no degradation to sit and eat upon a harvest field. Bless the recollection! It was a perfect picture, to see them all seated beside the shocks of corn, and Lady Barbara, like a modest queen, distributing round to them their simple food—most gratefully and respectfully received from hands like hers.

"She sat down beside her husband on some sheaves of corn; and when he took off his hat, to ask a blessing on the repast, his thick black hair clustering round his sunburnt temples, and wiped with his sleeve the healthy perspiration from his brow; and looked fondly and gratefully in his Barbara's face, as he took the bread and milk from her hands; I thought I never saw a handsomer rustic pair. They ate their meal with a pleasant countenance, and did not discourage the joke and jeer of rustic fun, that went round among the reapers; and as the latter rose to return to their work, I saw a tear steal down Barbara's cheek, as, with some strange emotion, she gazed upon her husband; while, when the reapers had gone, he placed his arm kindly round her waist, as

* This incident, at least, we are permitted to advert to, as true of the earl's daughter on whose history our tale is founded.

if to acknowledge, in love and kindness, that this was a moment of real happiness.

"But human things are full of mystery; and the happiness that I talk of steals over us occasionally, in brief snatches, when we seek it not, and often is the ominous precursor of coming sorrow. When I saw this interesting scene in the field, I little knew what was soon after to take place.

"Months after this again passed on, and some strange reports rose in the country, how that the whole Johnstons of Fairly and Green Braes were in some unknown and unspoken-of trouble. Then, unwonted men, along with the ordinary gay enquirers, were seen lurking and hiding about the latter farm, and loud and reproachful words next were heard by the servants passing between James and his lady wife. Some affirmed that apprehended ruin was mixed in the cup, and that James was becoming a desperate man; and others said, that a tiff of jealousy had lighted the blaze. How it was exactly none could tell, but the old woman again came backwards and forwards, and took upon her authority, which none would allow; and this only thickened the dark pool of trouble, and made matters between them much worse. Neither was it known how Colonel Delap, of the Netherhaugh, managed to get acquainted with Lady Babby. But acquainted he was, although at first she banned him from the door; and this, like most matters of love and sexuality, became the bitter bottoming of many sorrows.

"The colonel, indeed, was a noble fellow, and, never speaking of the irresistible colour of his coat, had that smoothened tongue and forcible impudence which is a well known part of the soldier's calling, and was far beyond the country virtue of poor Jamie Johnston. Not but that Lady Barbara loved virtue like other people, yea, and had practised it vigorously until this very time; but, alas and alack for human nature! which is strong towards passion, and weak towards reason, and seldom can see the two ends of its own happiness!

"A wicked scoundrel, no doubt, was Colonel Delap, to take advantage of the misery that at times sore pressed on Barbara's heart, especially since the boasts and triumphs of her sister's wedding, and, by aggravating the natural discontent of her condition, in order to render the present relief and joy, with which he had baited his hook, more tempting, to plunge her, by its means, into deeper misery. But scoundrels are not scarce in this wicked world, to steal away, by their vile arts, the best part of the little happiness and virtue that is left in it.

"One evening, at the twilight, when James Johnston was away at the town, and Lady Barbara was sitting crying to herself, over a complication of vexations which now seemed to crowd round her, a light tap was heard at the farm door, and the gay Colonel Delap humbly entered. He was dressed in coloured clothes, carried a small riding whip in his hand, and appeared startled and distressed at the situation in which he found her. Her mother in law had just left her; and from something that had passed, in which they had mutually aggravated each other, her mind was left in a dreadful state of proud and resentful irritation.

"At first she was inclined to look upon the colonel with suspicion, as come to spy into her sorrows, or take advantage of her weakness. But it is the property of that strange negation to which we give this vague name of weakness, not to know its own qualities, or the side on which it is most sure to mislead itself; and so the colonel, by touching the proper string, and speaking to the lady's proudest feelings, contrived to gain her confidence, and then to work upon her in the usual manner of practised seducers.

"It is of no use your attempting to hear this longer," he said; "you have tried it and you have failed; for the nature of things is against it, and the bare effort is ruining your health, and shortening your days. You talk of virtue, and of your husband's love: every one talks of virtue, and of love, too; but ask you where they are, and the echo will answer, Where?—not, at least, among those who talk much of either.

"Hark ye, Lady Barbara," he went on; "would not the good uneducated peasant, whom a strange fate has made your husband, have as much love, and more, for the commonest wench that scours your milk-pails, than he can pretend to you, the daughter of a half-score earls? and if he loved you with a sentiment you can understand, could he have spoken to you as you say he did, this very morning? Lady, the real question is, whether you will choose to die an obscure and lingering death, by persisting in attempting a life that to you is an impossibility, or, by doing what is done every day, from less excusable causes and lighter temptations, live but ten—but one

year! enjoying that world to which, in reality, you are now worse than dead."

"He paused, and continued gazing in her eyes with all a soldier's impudence, and all a seducer's meaning. She saw the nature of his proposal, and started at it at first, like one contemplating an alarming possibility. He urged his suit in words more eloquent than I can repeat, with ardour trembling in his voice, and passion burning in his eye. But the possibility itself had been no stranger, after all, to Barbara's secret thoughts, amidst the contentions with her mother in law, and in spite of her wavering love for James Johnston, when meditating, with roused passions, upon the mean vexations and dark prospects of her lowly condition. And when the colonel talked eagerly of divorce, and of marriage, after the first *fama* of the step had passed away, and, swearing at her feet the usual oaths, promised to devote his life and fortune to make her happy, and that amidst the pleasures and honours of her original condition, her eyes began to sparkle at the fascinating picture which he drew of a seducing world: the idea of yet coping with her proud sister, in circles where she knew she was entitled to triumph, was too much for the natural passions of the woman; and the ardent colonel soon saw that here the struggle was ended. The only condition she asked, after the fearful consent, was leave to go on her way and kiss her baby, then at nurse about a mile from the house.

"The colonel promised every thing in the heat of his eloquence; but when he had got her outside the door, and they were mounted on the horses he had in waiting, pretending alarm, he hurried her on by another road, which led direct to the Scottish metropolis.

"Next day a distracted man, namely, James Johnston, was seen hastening, like one beside himself, between his deserted house at Green Braes and the Fairly Holm; for now the hue and cry had got up in the neighbourhood, that Lady Barbara of Carloghie had stolen from her house, in the dead of the night, and run off to London with the gay and blackguard Colonel Delap.

CHAPTER XV.

"With few does the stream of life run in an even course. With most—metaphor aside—it is a confused succession of alternating sensations; sometimes dark and dull of hue, like the clouds of winter; at other times breaking out into the glowing splendour and bright illusions of a happy dream, in which life, for the moment, hurries on with feverish celerity, and time gallops like a race horse, impelled by the ardour of present enjoyment.

"But all dreams have their hour of awakening, and sometimes merge into strange turnings, which make that which was begun in bounding delight terminate in the gasping convulsions of horror and apprehension. What would you have me to tell of Lady Barbara? The history is stale, and the incidents common-place; because life is a repetition of follies and deceptions, and man will not profit by repeated example. The usual dream was dreamt by Lady Barbara, while the colonel was believed; and the usual disappointments suffered, when she found he had deceived her. At length, after many bickerings amidst fictitious gaiety, and many turns of fortune, with their corresponding feelings, and much surprise on the simple lady's part, that she found herself disappointed in so many ways, and that none whom she desired would now associate with her, the usual event took place between her and the colonel; and having still some virtue left, to preserve her from the horrors to which he would have consigned her; and harassed with thoughts of her husband and her child, down she plunged, all at once, into the deepest abyss of shame and despair.

"Meantime, strange and sad changes had taken place at the Fairly Holms. The old man had died of a broken heart, after being turned out of his farm for going too far in helping of his unfortunate son; and the old woman, living now, occasionally, in the deserted and neglected farm-house of Green Braes, was considered to be at times not quite right in her mind. As for James," continued Marion with a sigh, "it is a pain and a distress to me even now to speak of him. He went about the cauld rigs of the moping, a perfect object of broken down manhood, suffering, and despondency. The only consolation he appeared to take in life was in the nursing and tending of his little daughter. But Providence, in its mystery, seemed to have set its mark upon him; for even this last tie to the world was threatened next to be torn out of his shattered heart.

"The winter time had set in cauld and grim, and a lonely blackness seemed to brood over the neighbourhood of leafless Carloghie, when one dark night, towards the

middle watches, a solitary figure of a woman came stealing towards the farm-house of Green Braes. She was dressed richly for a pedestrian; yet there was in her appearance and manner an air of wild and reckless dissipation. She sought the window where she saw a light burning. I need not say this was the once handsome and proud Lady Barbara of Carloghie.

"With hesitating steps and rising emotion, she drew near to the little window. There was no screen, and she looked in as well as her blinded eyes would allow her. She saw her child lying on the bed, and James gazing in its flushed face; sometimes murmuring out a sob of sorrow, and then wetting with a feather the child's parched lips. He rose, and walked about the room, wringing his hands in silence. Suddenly he muttered something, with his eyes turned upwards, as if in ejaculation for the soul of his daughter; and then, his voice rising as his feelings became impassioned, he broke out into a loud and heart-cutting lamentation.

"Oh! if your misguided mother but saw you now, Mary Johnston," he said, "this sight might perhaps melt her cruel heart. But she is far away, with them that never loved her as I have done; and now thou art her last saddest remembrancer, and cold death's creeping up to thy young heart—and I am a bereft and broken hearted man."

"He stopped suddenly, choked by his sorrow, and thought he heard a noise without. It was Barbara groping agitatedly for the latch of the door. The sounds were low, but became sharp and abrupt, and the door moved as if the walking spirit of death sought hasty admission. In another instant the figure of a female was derer stood before him, and the pale and haggard countenance of his own Barbara appeared, by the dim light of the small lamp, more like a deadly ghost than a living being.

"It is indeed Barbara herself," she said, after going long and sadly in his altered countenance, come to lay her head beneath your feet, James Johnston, if you will let me acknowledge I've been your ruin, and kiss my bonnie bairn before she dies."

"The Lord prepare me for this trial," he said, staggering back to a seat; "Babby, is it you come to me at the dread hour, when I called upon your spirit. Ye've wronged me sair, Lady Barbara; but I can refuse ye nothing. There, in that bed, is your dying bairn."

"It would have melted a heart of the rock adamant to hear the sobbing screams of bitter grief with which the broken-hearted mother and unfortunate lady bent over the face of her expiring child. 'James Johnston,' she said, turning to her groaning husband, 'ye'll no put me out at this door, till my puir bairn wins to her last rest!'

"Till the breath's out of Mary's body," said James, ye may sit there and greet by her side; but ye've done us bitter wrong, Lady Babby, as ye truly say; and another night ye shall never bide under my roof."

"The two parents sat and watched the dying child, and, at times, between their sobs of sorrow, stole a nameless look at each other's faces. At length, in the darkest hour that comes before the break of the morning, the pretty bairn gasped its last, and was relieved from the troubles of an uncertain world.

"Nothing was said—nothing could be spoken, as the women that waited without came in to compose the limbs of the child. 'It's over now, and my deed's done,' said Lady Barbara, rising. 'It is not fit that I should sit longer in an honest man's house.'

"With a steady step she walked towards the door; and, ere the light of morning had opened out fairly upon the breaking sky, her figure had vanished beyond the fields of the farm, and no one enquired whither she went.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Pride and propriety make strange resolves, working upon the dim perceptions of supposed expediency; as if any line of conduct could effectually bar out intruding evil, or that man could know what was really good for him in the present life.

"The funeral of the child passed quietly over, and men hardly knew what was in James Johnston's mind. It was not even correctly ascertained that Lady Barbara was, for certain, in that part of the country. Some said they had seen her, and others affirmed that there was a mistake of the person; and many wondered what poor Johnston, in his present demented and stupid state of mind, would attempt to do.

"The Fairly kirkyard, where Mary Johnston was buried, is pleasantly situated a little above the Ruar Water, where the bridge crosses off towards Carloghie Castle.

On the night after the funeral, James Johnston was a restless man; and when his friends looked in his pale face and wandering eye, they shook their heads, and said it would be well if nothing fearful should happen. When the darkness came on, however, he found himself unable to stay in his house, and made his way towards the kirkyard, to try to get relief by indulging his sorrow o'er his daughter's grave.

It was dark as pitch by the time he entered the little stile; and groping among the tombstones, he could not readily find the spot where his bairn lay. He had just found the green mould and the loose sods, when, seating himself down upon a broad stone, he saw something move between himself and the starless sky—but quite near, on the other side of the grave. 'Who is there?' he called out, with some terror. 'Is there any one watching in this dreary kirkyard that can have griefs to bear equal to mine?'

"Deeper—deeper, and sadder far, James Johnston!" said a faint woman's voice: for the grief of guilt, and the bitterness of shame, are a heavier load on the crushed heart than aught that can come of fair misfortune. But keep up your mind; you suffer not at least the pangs of remorse for having brought the virtuous into calamity."

"Barbara," he said, affected into mildness by her penitent speech, 'I wish you had not come here, from wherever you came, to interrupt my communion with the harmless dead. My wounds are o'er green, and my mind o'er distraught, for meeting you so soon after what has happened.'

"She sobbed bitterly as he spoke, but replied not, and both sat over the grave weeping in silence.

"Will you not go, Lady Barbara?" he said impatiently. "You deserted me for those you loved better, when our bairn was in health, and my blood was warm towards you. Now the one lies cold at our feet, and the other is frozen to hope and the world; and you come here to embitter and disturb my most painful thoughts."

"She still did not seem able to make a reply, and the dead silence of the solitary churchyard was only broken at intervals by her continued sobs.

"Woman," he said, 'know you what you have done to me and mine? Know you what ruin you have brought upon a whole family? I will not call you adulteress, though well I might. Hence, unnatural mother, from this sacred spot! Your stains are too black, your conduct too foul, to be recounted here among sinless mortality!'

"Reproach and upbraid on, for I well deserve it," she said: 'I have wronged you, I know—irreparably wronged you, and ruined my own soul: but we have met here alone, o'er a common sorrow. I troubled not your house when my child was confined; I stood behind backs like a stranger when her dear corpse passed me by; I watched behind the wall when she was laid in the clay. May I not be suffered, here, in darkness and solitude, to weep tears of remorse on her innocent grave?'

"The plaintive tones of her well-known voice seemed to pierce him through; he gave a slight shudder as he looked across to her by the dim starlight, and set his feet firmly against the infant's grave.

"I do not bid you go," he said, in a changed tone; you may weep with me, if you will, o'er the cold remains of the last tie that I had to this earth."

"And these ties I have been the means of breaking?" she almost screamed. "Oh James! if I should never speak to you more, let me now give words to my deep repentance, not for the misery I have brought upon myself, but for the woe and shame I have wrought to you, in requital for all your generous love; nay, do not interrupt me, but hear what I have to say; for, for this, and to bless my dying child, I have travelled, in shame and grief, from the farthest end of the kingdom; for this moment of penitent humility, before you, who have loved me in the only happy days I ever knew, ere I fell into the snare of a villain and my own proud heart, I have encountered degradation and poverty to the utmost point, and am now a spectacle and an outcast from all that were dear to me. Oh, James Johnston!" she went on, meeting in agony on her child's grave, if ever you loved me before I made you wretched—if ever you thought towards me a kindly thought—if ever I was in better days your wedded wife, and lay by your side in peace and innocence,—receive now the assurance of my everlasting penitence, for all the wrong I have done to you and yours, and for the pain I have inflicted on your generous heart. I ask not you to forgive me; I ask ever to speak to you in kindness more; but I ask you, believe, whatever may happen, that your poor Barbara, whatever she has done, never in reality loved any but

you,—never knew what true misery was until that fatal hour she deserted you and her child.'

"As she stood now up near him, she thought his look had suddenly assumed a strange wildness, and he murmured to himself a few words which she could not make out.

"This is worst of all," he at length said,—'worst of all that has happened to me. Had you gone on in your career and hardened your heart in iniquity, I might in time have forgotten you; but to come back to me thus, and kneel at my feet, never to put the least of the blame on me, for all my harshness the morning before you left me—my weakness is not able to stand this, after all I have suffered. I see the end of it—it is just as I thought. The dead rest quietly when the breath is out. There is a time in this world when we neither can get back towards the past, nor go forward to encounter the future,—and my time is come.'

"James, what is that you say? whither do you mean to go?" and, as he answered her not, she involuntarily laid hold of him while he made towards the edge of the burying-ground.

"His look became now unsettled, and his manner restless; and, as she held him by the arm, she thought he felt cold, and trembled violently at her touch. She now followed him onwards among the tombstones, until they got outside the little churchyard. All this time he did not speak, and his manner still more began to fill her with alarm. 'James she said at length, for mercy's sake, where are you going down towards that dark water?'

"Does not the bridge lead to Carloghie Castle?" he said sharply. "I must go there, and see what the earl says, now as you are come home again. Barbara," he added, his voice sinking into softness, do you remember the time when you and I used to wander by the water's lip, in the sweet summer nights, near Bonnie Carloghie, when the hayfield smelt so fresh, and the stream ran so clear past us, and the blackbird sang so melodiously in the woods, and you used to tell me all your tale, and look so lovingly in my face; and then at times, when we came behind the clumps of whitened hawthorn, I used to turn towards your sweet face, and clasp you thus,—and as he spoke he threw his arms lovingly round her neck. 'Ah Colonel Delap!' he exclaimed wildly, he has held you thus!—out adulteress!" and he thrust her from him,—hence! from me, mocking hyena!—destroyer of your innocent bairn!—you are not Bonnie Lady Barbara of Carloghie—you are not my love of the Fairly Holms—you are a wretched creature come to haunt me at my bairn's grave!"—and, pausing, as his recollection seemed to return, his agonish shudder again shook him all over. 'Oh, merciful Heaven! I wish I may be kept in my right senses!'

"This is the consummation of all," she said; 'my poor husband's reason is affected. Where are you going, James?' she screamed out, holding him again; 'Oh, is there no living soul here, to help me in this extremity?'

"I know where I am going, and where I ought to go," he said, low and hoarsely. 'Hark! they whisper me to come, where my daughter dwells. Whist, Barbara! what do you wring your hands for? Wasn't I a kind husband to you? but dinna sob thus; I know you loved me once, and I loved you too, and love you—Christ forgive me even yet. I'm not ashamed to tell it, although you have driven me to this. But I forgive you, lady, I forgive you before God! and, as he spoke, his voice rose with emotion to a sort of howl, while he stood gazing on her for a space with a melancholy wildness. 'Oh Barbara, if you knew what is in my heart at this bitter moment!' he murmured. 'But come to my arms as you did langsyne, since I have forgiven you; and I will kiss your lips once more, as if none else had ever dwelt on them, and bid you farewell—a long farewell. Oh mercy! grant me mercy, Heaven!'

"He clasped her with a hasty and convulsive grasp. He hung upon her cheek and lips with a sort of ferocity of parting passion. He broke from her suddenly, and, spreading forth his arms towards the sky, as if in ejaculation, and then dashing in among the bushes that straggled towards the stream, was in an instant out of her sight.

"She stood petrified for a moment, looking after him, then flew down the bank; but he was gone. She would have made towards the bridge; but sudden terror deprived her of strength, and, stupified by her feelings, she sank down on the face of the hill. Unable to move, she tried to listen; but the short quick step had died away, and she could distinguish nothing but the still murmur of the stream that rolled slow and black beneath her. She strained her eyes in every direction, and thought she could distinguish a single figure moving on the bridge;

but a black cloud seemed to come before her sight, and blinded her to the rest. Suddenly a murmuring sound was whisperingly borne on the night wind, as if it had been the last prayer of some dying man, and a heavy plunge into the dark waters echoed from the rocky banks down the stream, with an effect of unspeakable horror.

"Mustering the strength of despair, Barbara rose, and rushed quickly forward. But she neither knew what she saw nor what she did; for, as she looked over the low edge of the bridge into the bosom of the black Ruar, its waters seemed agitated by widening circles, from a deep pool, nearly beneath her, which whirled slowly towards the bank, and left the surface smooth as before, unreflecting as a star.

"That fearful night, just as the darkness began to break into morning, a loud knocking was heard at the castle gate, and Lady Barbara was brought to Carloghie hall a raving maniac."

When Marion had got to this point of her story, she wiped away a few tears of recollection, and then hurried me away down long stairs, and through several passages to a little room below, which formerly, when at the door, she had declined entering. It was a little square chamber, with a small recess for a bed. This bedstead, and two old chairs, were all its furniture, saving that on the wall, opposite a loop-hole window, was a large black-framed picture. On that speaking canvass I read, with painful contemplation, the remainder of the tale.

A female figure—the altered shadow of the noble portrait that I had seen above—with sunken cheek and glazed eye, sat on one of the old chairs, gazing vacantly on the ground, and holding the folds of her lawn apron in her thin wasted fingers. One foot was extended a little out, and beside her lay a lock of auburn hair, tied with a worn piece of blue riband. After contemplating, for a little, on the wan countenance of that interesting figure, an expression of despair that shall never fade from my recollection, I turned to Marion, and begged her to amplify, for my satisfaction, this melancholy sequel.

"This was the room, sir," she answered, "in which the demented Lady Barbara was confined for more than ten dreary and frightful years. All that time I waited upon her—for death bides long from those who are anxious to die—while the tale of the lady confined in a darkened room of the lower tower of the castle caused a dread curiosity, and a breathless mystery of whispering concern, throughout the whole country.

"Oh! but he's long a coming, long a coming for his bairn and me," she would sadly say, or rather silyly sing, as she plaited constantly, from end to end, in her fingers, the worn folds of her gown or apron, and beat time to her plaintive murmur with her extended foot. Then she would take up the lock of hair that was cut off James Johnston's head, when he was taken out of the pool of Ruar Water, and the scrap of blue riband that belonged to her baby, and twine them round her long fingers, as she would vary into wild verse, and croon, with resigned sadness, her melancholy carol, wherein she still called upon death to take her from her weary sorrow.

"At length the dark night did end, and the bitter sorrow was choked in death; and, calling upon the spirit of her unfortunate husband and her cherub daughter, Lady Barbara one evening expired in my arms. The great vault of Carloghie did not receive her wasted corpse. By her own desire she was buried, like a plebeian, in Fairly kirkyard, beside the remains of James Johnston and her bairn.

"Now, just let me take a greet to poor Lady Barbara's memory," said Marion, covering her face with her kerchief; "I'm glad my tale is ended."

* For the reasons already hinted at in the preface, there can be no notes, referring to any particular family, appended to illustrate Lady Barbara's melancholy story. Not a few occurrences, more or less similar to those here represented, are said to have happened in the course of the history of several old families, and may be within the knowledge of some who read these remarks. But, acting on the rule, to which we mean to adhere, of violating no confidence, and giving, if possible, no occasion of offence, we can only say, that whatever foundation there is in fact for our story, farther than we have mentioned in a former note, every name used, and every locality alluded to in the course of it, are entirely imaginary. Our aim, in developing the causes and results of a family misfortune of this kind, is too grave and serious to admit of the suspicion of administering to any thing like prying curiosity; and if we have not succeeded in impressing an important and solemn moral by our story, we have done less than we intended.

THE PRIORS OF LAWFORD.

A STORY OF THE DOMINIE.

CHAPTER I.

One long summer's day I had been travelling on, in my usual pedestrian manner, through a series of sweeping yet solitary valleys, such as may be found, as he goes, by any by-road topographer, towards the eastern and southern extremities of Scotland. The country was sufficiently romantic to interest the fancy of a wanderer like myself; but as the sun declined towards evening, I had plodded on for several miles without seeing a human face, and I began to long exceedingly to meet with some habitation, where I might enjoy a little comfort and rest. In this part of the world I was a perfect stranger, and now began to get uneasy; for I was spent and weary, and even the song of the blackbird, which still echoed through the woods, failed to bring its usual refreshment to my spirit.

Much farther I had not proceeded, when, buried "cosily" among the upland woods, and partly straggling down a green slope, a sweet romantic village came unexpectedly into my view, and delighted my fancy with pleasing ideas of what I might find within it. As I drew near, the small dwellings seemed so quaintly built, and huddled together with a look of such simple sociality,—the place seemed altogether such "a rest and be thankful" station, for those who, like myself, chose to wander to and fro in the world, to see what it might contain, as well as to chase away sad thoughts, that the contemplation brought me involuntary comfort, from the impressive conviction, that, bad as the world is, there is still to be found in it much peace, purity, and happiness.

As I came on towards the village, the hour of eight struck sonorously from the bell of the tower, and presently it began to toll an evening chime, which broke pleasantly the surrounding stillness, and sounded away among the valleys, with a musical and murmuring tinkle. This was a gracious sound to my reviving spirit, as I musingly entered within the long street, and observed the youngsters come out from the doors up and down, to enjoy the outside sociality of the summer's night; for, in truth, every thing had a happy and contented look; and I thought that even the jolly red face of the Marquis of Granby, that was painted on the sign-board of the decent inn, seemed to grin upon me a hearty and inviting welcome.

I was soon within the old-fashioned hostelry, and, seating myself in a large arm-chair of a comely parlour, I drew a long breath, and looked upwards, giving thanks for the mercies thus pleasantly and conveniently thrown in my way. At the same instant I was attended by a clean-looking woman, namely the landlady herself, who came to offer me her best refreshment. A single glance showed me what sort of person the landlady was; and, in five minutes after, my mind was made up to pass a whole day in her house, perhaps more, to get acquainted with this interesting village of Hillington.

"Who are the principal people about this neighbourhood, mistress?" I enquired of the curtsying landlady.

"The principal family hereabout, sir," she answered, kindly, "live down the water in Lawford Holm; but it would be a long tale to tell you all about them," added the woman, mysteriously.

"And who preaches in that fine old church of yours, mistress?"

"That's just what I wish to tell you, sir," said the woman: "Mr. Kinloch, the old minister, seems to have but a short time to live; but his successor is so much beloved, that his name is in every one's mouth here. Maybe, sir, as you are a stranger, you are come to the placing."

"What placing, mistress? I have not heard of it."

"Mr. Bannatyne, the new minister, is to be placed on Wednesday, and this will be a great doing in Hillington."

"No doubt. But who lives in that ill-made square house among the trees, that I observed on the left hand, as I came into the village?"

"The Laird of Glaunderston, sir,—and his daughter is —"

"The laird," said I surprised, "is an old acquaintance of mine: I was not aware that he lived here. But what were you going to tell of his daughter?"

"She is spoken of as the wife to be of the handsome young minister that's about to be placed in Hillington kirk—but, indeed —"

"Indeed—what, mistress?"

"Oh, sir, she is a coarse creature."

"Nothing remarkable in that, mistress," I said: "coarse and fine are often spun together, in this world, for wiser

reasons than I can make out. Marriages, they say, were once made in heaven, but that must have been long before my time."

"You are an observable man, sir," said the woman: "I wish you could stay to see the placing."

"Why to see that, mistress?"

"I cannot tell you, sir: but there is a lady——"

"Very likely. There is always a lady in every thing that is interesting. And what lady is it?"

"The lady of the Holm, sir. It's not for me to talk to a stranger about her; but, perhaps, you may hear something concerning this lady from the Laird of Glaunderston. An observable man like you should not leave this country side without knowing something about the Priors of Lawford."

"Prior? that will be the name of a family. An English name, I think it is."

"Yes, sir. A strange, and yet an admirable old family it is, and ever has been, long before the remembrance of living man; although I cannot tell you about it what I would, at this present talking; and then, sir, there is the young minister. I'll tell you what it is, if that young gentleman ever couples himself with Glaunderston's coarse daughter—but ye'll excuse me, there's a bell ringing in the wee parlour, and I'll be wanted;—and with this, tripping out of the room, after a slight curtsy, the tantalising woman left me to ruminate over this imperfect information.

All the addition to her hint that I could afterwards obtain was, that Mr. Bannatyne, the said minister, was expected at Glaunderston House on the following day; and thither I determined to walk, shortly after breakfast next morning; for my mind was awakened about something, I knew not what.

Upon going to the laird's house, he was exceedingly pleased to see me, and introduced me to the old minister of the parish, whom he had hospitably invited to meet Mr. Bannatyne. The latter did arrive, just as the old gentleman and I were talking. Of the latter, however, to wit, the Rev. Mr. Kinloch, who had been minister of the parish for nearly forty years, I must first say a few words.

Contrary to what experience had taught me to expect in a common country clergyman, I found the senior to be a man of general information and a gentlemanly spirit; one whose comparative want of knowledge of the world, of which he was himself sensible, was well made up by the quality of his reading, and great natural shrewdness and sagacity of mind. I was just rejoicing inwardly over the value to his parish of such a man, in the character of its pastor, as well as to the inexperience of him who was to be his successor, when a coach stopped at the door, and Mr. Bannatyne, of whom we had been talking, accompanied by another clergyman, alighted, and joined our company.

The first glance I had of this remarked person, even his walking across the room, showed me that he had one advantage, of value both to himself and his charge, to wit, the birth and rearing of a gentleman; and his conversation soon indicated that his mind set him above the usual peculiarities of his calling. But he was not a mere youth: his age might be four and twenty; and his looks were certainly all that the talkative landlady of the inn had described. Involuntarily he interested me, and I soon saw that here, as well as in the village, he was the idol of the general women, and the grand object, in particular, of the Laird of Glaunderston's red-haired daughter. This discovery I grudged at exceedingly, knowing that the unequal yoking together of the coarse and the fine in the world is none the better for its being often done, and becomes a root of bitterness from which grows up many bad shootings.

Though far from being troubled with itching ears, to make me a runner after popular preachers, yet, the obviously superior character of Mr. Bannatyne gave an interest to the ceremony of his being inducted, or "placed," which determined me to attend it on the following day. I had also a curiosity to see the assembled people of this romantic neighbourhood, and to observe in what manner a youth who had interested me so much would take upon himself so important a charge. In the morning, accordingly, I made ready in time; but before the ringing out of the second bell, remembering the hints and half-sentences of the talkative landlady, my curiosity was awakened to know something further, if possible, regarding the particular family of whom she spoke. When I called upon the good woman, however, I found, to my surprise, that her mouth had been completely closed to my enquiries, from some sudden consideration of publican prudence, in consequence, no doubt, of my taking up my abode with the Laird of Glaunderston.

"I'm in a public way, sir," she said, "and it's by the

public I live: so it is not for me to keep a wagging tongue in my head, about the worthy gentles of this canny neighbourhood, among whom I earn my bit and my sup; but as you are an observable man, sir, and about to go to the placing, when you set yourself down in the laird's seat, just observe you a young lady in the green pew forment you, wi' the broad scutcheon of arms on the pillar above her head."

"I'll mind what you say, mistress," replied I; "but tell me now, whose are the arms that you speak of, and what is the reason of all this mystery?"

"There is the kirk bell begun to ring, sir," she said, "and I must be going, although ye be a man of interrogation. But if ye would know what I wish you of the remarkable family, look at the lady that sits beneath the scutcheon. Ye'll ken her, sir, by her pretty fair face, and her skin as white as milk, an' her dark swelling eye that's never off the minister."

"Go on, mistress," said I, peremptorily, "speak out, if you be a woman."

"Then, sir, just do you watch the lady's face at the placing, and see how she looks at the trying questioning, and the denunciation, and the laying on of the hands, and the apostolic benediction, and the confirming prayer,—just observe the countenance of Rebecca Prior, and if you have an eye for a woman's thoughts, and can read the changes of a bonnie face, when the soul within kindles up under the cheek, and the heart beats because it dares not speak, ye'll think of what I say."

The word of my reply was not ready at my tongue's end, when I looked up, and, behold, the woman was gone.

The church bell now sounded, as I wandered forth, with romantic effect over the neighbouring hills, and echoed away through the valleys below the town; and I joined the sober crowd that issued from the houses, and soon entering by the kirk stile, and passing the monuments of the ancient graveyard, I placed myself respectably in the Laird of Glaunderston's pew, anxious to witness the ceremony of the placing.

As the church filled with people, there entered by the door opposite to me, a tall, dark, remarkable-looking gentleman, accompanying a lady aged about twenty; and as she came forward in the passage, even before she had entered the seat under the escutcheoned pillar, I saw that she was the one whom I was given to watch.

There never was a female more worthy of observation, or one more likely to excite that sort of interest which belongs to the finer species of sexual character, and what is "above and beyond" mere personal beauty. I do not mean to describe, so well known a ceremony as the "placing" or consecration of a Scottish minister, the austere forms of the Genevan presbytery. I meant only to speak briefly of what I observed regarding the peculiar lady, and in the demeanour of him who was the subject of the ceremony, on whom, at least, in the character of her spiritual instructor, and with all the minister's modesty, were the eyes of the female intently riveted.

Her features, I could see at a glance, might be said to be perfect; and, what is more, they indicated that mixture of the lofty and the sentimental, which is always so interesting, and sometimes so awful, in the female character. Her skin was beautifully delicate; there was but little colour in her cheek; and though her hair tended to fair, her eyes were deeply dark and sparkling, their large pupils contrasting strikingly with the somewhat pallid, yet healthy, hue of her skin. But I had not yet seen her as I did before the ceremony was finished, nor was I able for a considerable time, fully to understand the meaning even of what I saw.

Mr. Bannatyne demeaned himself during the whole of the ceremony with that modest good sense which, from previous observation, I certainly expected. But he did not go through this day's trial like one of the timber pillars that supported his pulpit. He did not hear and answer to the affecting charge of St. Paul to the elders of Ephesus, without being moved, and that deeply, with the serious nature of the duties which he was now taking upon him. But it was the lady—the pale, poetical-looking lady, that riveted my attention more and more. As I watched her during the exercises of this morning, I could have sworn that there was love for the man burning at the heart, which mixed with, and received elevation from, her admiration of the pastor. Whenever, therefore, his speaking eye indicated that he was moved by the words that were addressed to him, or that his own keener uttered, she, who gazed in his countenance through, as only a woman can look into the soul of the man whom she admires, seemed ready to burst out into sobs of a noble emotion; but, pressing her lips hard together, to refine her feelings within her own breast, she only suffered the large drops to stream down her pale cheeks, or her

stand like crystals glazing over the dark pupils of her eyes.

It was not to be supposed that, on a day like this, the look of the young minister should indicate any thing of reciprocity with the evident emotions of the lady. By the time, however, that the ceremony was finished, and that I had seen and heard all, my curiosity and interest were wound up to the highest pitch, to know something more of the two individuals, both of whom, in their supposed relations to each other and the world, had already made a deep impression on my mind. All was soon ended, and I went forth with the crowd, convinced, as well from what I observed, as from the hints of the landlady, that there was something to be known of no common nature regarding persons who severally so much interested me, but of whose character and the peculiarity of their circumstances I was yet ignorant.

It was during my further sojourn in this secluded neighbourhood, and my subsequent journeyings to these parts, that I was enabled to pick up the particulars I have to tell regarding the old family of Lawford.

CHAPTER II.

On the side of a rising ground, which slopes down into a pleasant hollow, or rather holm, as such a spot is named in Scotland, only a short mile from the village of Hillington, stood at this period an old-fashioned picturesque building, which, overlooking from the midst of the wood with which the slope was covered, the small streamlet or burn that meandered down in the hollow, was known from time immemorial by the name of the mansion of Lawford. The streamlet was also called by the same name, which, as its etymology intimates, eventually served to designate the whole neighbouring estate; and this ancient property has been, for more generations than could easily be traced, in the possession of a family who originally came from England, but who had long been familiarly known in the country by the general designation of the Priors of Lawford.

Of this ancient family, once pretty numerous, only two persons at this time remained to claim direct and near connection with it; and these two were somewhat strangely and, with respect to the world, solitarily situated. The one was a maiden, the only daughter now living of the last married male of the family. The other was the only brother of that person, who had died about a year ago, and of course the uncle of the maiden, still, also, unmarried; and these two persons lived together, in much seclusion, in the stately old mansion by Lawford burn. Neither the young lady nor the elderly gentleman were common characters, as was well known to such of the people in the neighbourhood as had sufficient perception to observe this; and it need not be added, that it was the niece of the tall dark-visaged gentleman who had so strongly interested me on the day of the placing.

There was not, probably, another person in the parish who had had the sagacity to observe what the landlady of the inn had observed and pointed out to me, in regard to some supposed sentiment of Rebecca Prior towards Mr. Bannatyne, the minister. As for the young clergyman, he was perfectly a stranger to the existence of any thing of the kind, and very much so to the lady herself; for, though he had before this period once sat in her company, she had scarcely exchanged a word with him; and her behaviour had been so silent, and timid, and peculiar, both on that occasion and when he had noticed her among others in her pew at church, that she seemed to him more like a vowed and pledged nun, who had renounced the world and its pleasures, than "any mortal mixture of earth's mould," who lived and dwelt amongst us.

It was not from any romantic exaggeration of her beauty—which, in truth, needed no exaggeration—that Mr. Bannatyne took up this notion. It was simply an impression of character, regarding a lady of whom every one spoke in terms of the deepest respect, and with whom he had few expectations of making any acquaintance. At times, indeed, he felt a strong wish to have some intimacy with her and her uncle; for when he came to be settled in the parish, the society he found, male or female, was extremely limited; and curiosity itself, with something like awe of the nun-like female, gradually heightened that sentiment. She seemed, however, to have taken, as he thought, something like dislike to himself; for, in subsequently meeting her at Lawford House, in consequence of her uncle's hospitality, her reserve became almost more marked than good breeding would warrant, until he began to fancy that she even tried to avoid him. Yet, at other times, afterwards, when she did enter into some distant conversation with him, her observations were so judicious and so tasteful—her very language indicated so

much mental accomplishment, such unassuming refinement; and he thought her words were at times so penetrating in their meaning—even her voice seemed so musical—that he became interested concerning her to absolute absorption, and was momentarily flattered into an idea that she almost took a pleasure in his society.

Mr. Prior himself had taken an evident partiality for the minister; and in the subsequent visits of the latter at Lawford House, as he involuntarily watched the countenance of Rebecca, she would again, at times, become unaccountably silent, as if she was careful to eschew further direct communication with him. But anon, as he talked to her uncle, her large eye would sparkle while watching his words; then she would gradually offer some remark, and join them, as if giving way to her feelings; when afterwards, suddenly checking herself, so soon as the conversation became serious or interesting, she would, upon some slight excuse, rise and leave the room.

This conduct, so unusual for one of her age, very much astonished Mr. Bannatyne. "What could her meaning be?" he often enquired of himself: for this was repeated several times, and under modifications of manner and circumstances so various, that he knew not what to think. Sometimes it deeply provoked his pride; and at others it excited feelings of a very different kind: for more than once the transient look that she cast on him—her full expressive eyes, as she rose to leave his company, had a meaning in their glance so despairingly sad, that it almost affected him to tears; and on these occasions, if eyes could speak, he thought hers seemed eloquently to beg of him to excuse her manner, to forgive her, and to take no offence at her behaviour. But at such times, after Mr. Bannatyne was left alone with her uncle, the conversation of the worthy old gentleman appeared to him so tedious, and he himself became so abstracted, that both gentlemen would sit and observe each other for a time with a look of indefinite but subdued mystery.

Still the minister could not stay from the house, and the same scene was acted over and over again. The same dread of something unexpressed, seemed to be over all; and yet they could not live separate. Expressions occasionally dropped from the old gentleman also, and looks were exchanged between him and Rebecca, which filled the minister with a feeling so painful, that it was almost terrifying to himself; and yet he knew not what was its exact meaning, or to what it tended. Sometimes now, as he sat and looked at them both, a sort of vague dread would come gradually over him, which he could not define, and which was associated with some notion or suspicion, for which there seemed to be no expression. Even the solitary and antiquated mansion of Lawford seemed now to his fancy to have something mysterious, if not terrific, about it; and as he went down thither in the winter evenings, the stream in the holm, as he crossed it, appeared to meander dark and dreary down the hollow, and the wind to moan sadly through the woods, as if warning him of some dismal tale that he dared not be told. At length, some slight incident occurred between him and Rebecca, which alarmed his pride, while it affected his feelings; and as he crossed the stream that night, on his return home, he determined, whatever it might cost him, to absent himself henceforth from this strange though fascinating family.

But now again, as he sat at home over his books after this, in his dull lodging in Hillington, he found that by staying away entirely from his secluded friends, he was punishing himself much more than, in the moment of alarmed pride, he could have suspected; and began, like all candid minds, to think that there might be something in himself, or in the position of the lady, or in the nature of the case altogether, more than he knew of, which might form a good reason for that manner to him, of which he complained. But even the society of Mr. Prior was of itself so desirable in this dull neighbourhood, that it was too much for him to deny himself the pleasure and advantage he might derive from it, on account of any unexplained fancy regarding a female living in his house, whose manner to himself might be perplexing, but of which there was no reason that he should take any particular notice. Besides, with Mr. Prior himself he felt that he was not yet half acquainted; and, as for the lady, though she did no more than pass out and in as they talked, her simple smile at her uncle's joke, and the penetrating gaze of her large dark eye (should she never deign even to speak to him,) were as he thought, a positive delight, compared to the obtrusive chatter and freedom of the coarse daughter of M'Gilvray of Glauderston.

"And more than all this," he added, to himself, as he paced the floor of his solitary study, "young men, as my venerable predecessor says, are disposed to be rash in their judgments, and dictatorial in their decisions, before they

have time to know what is hidden under the external surface of things. Doubtless, I am to blame, in presuming to set up my own inexperienced pride, against the invaluable advantages, at my age, even of the instructive evils that may arise out of intercourse with wise and accomplished people. It becomes me, as a teacher of others," continued he, "to feel, that I also am liable to misapprehension, to error, and folly. I will, this very evening, arise, and, in the repentant spirit which manly candour has often to exercise in life, seek one other interview, at least, with the venerable proprietor of Lawford."

Pursuing the train of the minister's reflections, it must here be added, that there are few things more puzzling to sensitive persons in early life, than the occasional manner towards them of those whose good opinion they are anxious to deserve. This Mr. Bannatyne strongly felt on his new visit of the same evening at Lawford, particularly with reference to Rebecca Prior; for, though he had persuaded himself that it was her uncle only he had gone to converse with, and that her behaviour, or notice of him, was of no manner of consequence; he found, to his uneasiness, that whether it was curiosity, or whether it was pride, not only the words she addressed to him, but her minutest look, were now matters of increasing solicitude. Yet he would not seem to regard her, he thought; for in fact, her presence was of no importance to him; and this ridiculous watching of the countenance, and pondering on the motives of a strange girl, would wear off as his curiosity came to be gratified; for, as to any more serious sentiment, that, of course, was out of the question.

The character of both these persons, as they appeared at this time to the anxious young pastor, require, perhaps, a word of explanation. That of Mr. Prior, in particular, appeared to the young man odd and unaccountable in several respects. With a sportiveness of fancy, which seemed evidently to fit him for social enjoyments, and which occasionally showed itself through his habitual seriousness and taciturnity, he yet seemed systematically to seclude himself from the world, and to look with jealousy upon any intrusion into his habits, although what he called an intrusion was yet evidently felt to be a real relief. On some occasions, in the society of Mr. Bannatyne, Mr. Prior's conversation became, to our youth's surprise, even humorous and caustic; and when he contrasted this lightness with the general strain of profound and didactic thought in which he usually indulged, and the instructive, though gloomy, speculations upon the condition of humanity, which made the staple of his earnestly delivered aphorisms, he was convinced that there was something hidden under all this, which it would require more than ordinary penetration to find out or appreciate.

As to Rebecca, however, the minister observed, that whatever was peculiar regarding her, beyond her habitual expression of simple and resigned melancholy, consisted entirely in her behaviour to himself; for her conversation with her uncle was easy and sensible, besides maintaining a tone of graceful humility that was extremely seductive; and every movement of hers, and every arrangement of the household under her charge, indicated the most perfect taste and propriety.

Had the minister had less dignity of character, and used more freedom with others in the neighbourhood, the prying tattle of a country parish would soon have furnished him with certain particulars regarding the Priors of Lawford, which might have served as a clue to the explanation of all this. But, as it was, he could only trust to his own observations, and as these became more acute, and had more to feed upon, they became still more absorbing to his faculties, and their subjects more interesting to his feelings. He saw an elderly gentleman without wife, child, brother, or sister, living in almost total seclusion, with no companion or society, but that of a thoughtful maiden of nineteen, the daughter of his deceased brother; who, in the very spring-time and beauty of youth and health, seemed also generally to abstract herself from all society but that of a gloomy and eccentric uncle, and to shrink from coming in contact with a world which would have hailed her presence with joy, and fed upon her smiles with rapturous admiration.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" he still enquired: "it is not natural for age to refuse honour, or beauty and youth to eschew admiration. There must be some fearful cause that compels the old to avoid society, that solace of life, and the young to choose pensiveness rather than joy, at the very period when the heart beats quick, when the blood is warm, and the

romantic fancy travels over bright regions of imagined and anticipated felicity."

It was in vain for him to strive against the increasing anxiety of his curiosity, or whatever else the feeling might be called, which induced him to watch over Rebecca's manner in the way he was constrained to do. He saw, also, that she was aware of his constant and sensitive observation of her; and this seemed still more to increase his embarrassment; for whenever she caught herself joining the discursive conversation between her uncle and him, until she perhaps echoed some sentiment that Mr. Bannatyne had uttered, or joined her judgment to his with animated approbation, her countenance would again assume a strange expression of mental agony, as if she suddenly recollected some painful apprehension.

"There is some mystery of sorrow hanging over this family," he still murmured to himself as he walked solitarily home from Lawford House, one night, in a mood of unusual gloom, "which all my observation cannot penetrate. In this world of strange mysteries, of various and hidden sources of sorrow—this darkling pilgrimage, wherein we still grope in such uncertainty as to many deep enquiries concerning 'being's end and aim,' I know that it is too true, that, in spite of appearances, and of all the coveted appliances and means which fortune seems to collect around her greatest favourites, for the momentary elation of the youthful heart, and for the strengthening of the deceptions of tantalising hope, still there will be found, according to the sombre meaning of the Italian proverb, to be 'a skeleton in every house'—a concealed cause of regret or of dread in every habitation, or in every heart. What can be the nature, or what the history, of that remorseless phantom that lurks among the recesses of the mansion of Lawford, and which cruelly poisons the cup of life to these gentle hearts? What can the name be of the skeleton fiend whose bare bones ever and anon seem to rattle some sound of dread or of horror to check the risings towards enjoyment of the sorrowful spirits in this secluded house? or whose fleshless arm points to some fearful index in nature, of some reserved woe in the future destiny of the family? By heavens! this maiden shall draw aside to use the dark curtain that covers this terrific object, that I may be a sharer in her sorrow myself, or at least be enabled to bear some portion of her burden!"

About this period one or two trifling incidents took place between the minister and Rebecca, such as *will* happen in the course of an intercourse now becoming so constant, which had the effect of fairly drawing his attention to the state of his own feelings, and of opening his eyes to what he could no longer disguise from himself. It perhaps need hardly be added, that simple curiosity was now no longer the feeling of his mind regarding her. Admiration—increasing and deepening admiration—was, by this time, united to a more touching sentiment. Unsuppressable passion increased deep interest for its object, and rendered sympathy so intense as to be almost painful, until Rebecca Prior became the idol of his spirit, and the charm that awakened him to another existence. Still there was the secret, the apparent mystery, unopened, unsolved. Bannatyne had determined that she should remove the curtain, and disclose the skeleton that caused her melancholy, and his own. But he had not yet the courage to ask her to do so. He was happy in her society each evening, and yet he was most miserable. Such is love!

CHAPTER III.

By this time, there was not a man (at least there certainly was not a woman) in the whole parish of Hillington, but whose mind was perfectly made up as to the present intentions, immediate measures, and whole future history, of their beloved young pastor. That he was shortly to be married to the heiress of Lawford had long been clearly seen: that he had fairly disappointed the laird of Glauderston's daughter was matter of no regret; and that he was to get such and such lands and plenishings with the last remaining daughter of the house of Lawford, was all fully understood and settled.

All this, however, was much more than a matter of mere gossip to the honest laird of Glauderston, and the female part of his family. The laird was disappointed, he was almost indignant; the lady was wroth, and thought herself wronged; the daughter was in a pet, and would have complained, only that no one in Scotland ever prospers who dares to say ill of the minister.

But, in truth, had not the laird been a man whose expectations were formed more from his own wishes than the nature of things, he might have seen, from the first, what was seen by every body else around, that, though naturally anxious, like every well-meaning father, to obtain a comfortable settlement for his favourite daughter, yet the simple fact of Mr. Bannatyne's coming to be assistant minister in the neighbourhood, and accepting, for a time, the hospitality of his house, formed little ground for so extravagant an expectation as that he was shortly to have, in such near relationship, the fastidious and gentlemanly junior minister of Hillington. We can seldom, in this world, receive a gratification to ourselves, without, whether conscious of it or not, giving pain or offence to some other person; so the interesting visits of our clergyman to Lawford House were, without his suspecting it, carefully observed, and enviously felt, by the angry and disappointed family at Glauderston.

The idol gossip of his parishioners, however, had far outrun the truth, as to the prospects or the intentions of their pastor in the quarter where he visited; for, instead of the common place process of wooing and wedding, such as the ordinary world experience and expect, his mind, even amidst the pleasing excitement of passion, was, as before hinted, plunged into a sea of cares and fears, with which all who seek to enjoy the higher emotions of our nature seldom fail to be painfully tried. When he came to see fully into the state of his own mind, and to conclude, in candid self-examination, that, reason as he might, from this time forth earthly happiness and Rebecca Prior were with him inseparably connected, he, in the spirit of manly sincerity, resolved at once, that, in spite of all considerations arising out of their respective conditions in life, and in the face of that inexplicable manner which at times had given him so much uneasiness, he would declare to her the passion he no longer could control, and would learn from her own lips all that he so anxiously wished to know.

But, no sooner had he come to this ultimate determination, and sought to end his anxiety by carrying it into effect, than he found that Rebecca, had, with all a woman's tact, long penetrated his intention; for she avoided every thing in the shape of an opportunity for his meeting her out of the presence of her uncle, and, when accidentally left with him, she would look round her, for an instant, in apparent alarm; then, rising and excusing herself, would steal out of the room, as if some sudden dread had just come over her. And yet she did not scruple to converse with him as she had done at the more early period of their intercourse; indeed, so evidently pleased were her uncle and herself always to see him, and so warm were the constant invitations of each to favour them with his society, that he seemed to be now almost one of the family, and could converse with both upon every subject but the one that was nearest to his own heart.

Now, also, the reserve that Rebecca had at first shown to him had in a great measure died away, or had at least assumed a different character; but still the opportunity—the wished-for and yet dreaded opportunity of speaking to her that one word—of asking her that one question—was always denied him, so that the very pleasure which her society gave him was almost a torture in his present uncertainty. As he farther thought of the possible result of such a communication, after all these happy evenings, the idea at times tended to deepen his distraction of mind, and make his perplexity almost intolerable.

This state of mind at length could no longer be borne, and, going down to Lawford House, one afternoon, he determined that that night should not pass without his obtaining some determinate satisfaction.

The time seemed favourable in several respects, and Mr. Bannatyne hoped that the careless eccentricity of the old gentleman would, at some part of the evening, afford him the wished-for opportunity of saying a few impassioned words in private to Rebecca. As he sat with them both in the evening, conversing as usual, he even thought that Rebecca seemed in a mood more than commonly favourable to his purpose, while the uncle was, this night, peculiarly taciturn and abstracted. Thus, the two young persons being left very much to the obligation of direct conversation, the clergyman's delight was evident in his countenance, even in the midst of his fever of watchful anxiety.

Mr. Prior had a way of rising from his seat and walking about, during familiar conversation, talking as he walked; and it was not uncommon for him to open the door during a pause in their discourse, and to go

out and down stairs; when, having taken a short turn in the open air, he would quietly come back, and, taking no notice of what might have been done or said in his absence, would proceed with the conversation, or discussion, resuming it precisely from the point at which he had left it.

This night he was, as I said, more than ordinarily absent and taciturn, until, the conversation between Mr. Bannatyne and his niece turning accidentally upon the subject of the remarkable facts furnished by the infinite diversity in human character, he seemed suddenly roused into eager attention. Lewis Bannatyne, observing this, pursued the subject warmly and eloquently, maintaining his favourite doctrine, that, viewing them philosophically, mankind were not so bad and wicked as they were often called, either by querulous misanthropists who did not sufficient consider the position in which the poor race of Adam were generally placed, or by gloomy expounders of divine revelation who refused to open their eyes to the whole of the subject.

"There is truth in what you say," said Mr. Prior: "man is not, after, all, a very bad sort of being; he is merely contemptible—contemptible even in his virtues, for they are either hardly worthy the name, or are over-stretched until they become the plague and the bane of virtue itself;—contemptible also in his vices, which, while they also often scarcely deserve the name, are yet the bane of his happiness, and the world's constant curse. And yet," he continued, "I have known some, and the world has preserved the history of many, who were as thoroughly and purely wicked as even fiction has pictured, or as hell itself could furnish."

"And I have met with several," said the clergyman, looking across to Rebecca, "who, as far as I can judge, are as purely virtuous, gentle, and good, as ever poet painted as belonging to humanity; and on whom heaven itself can only confer greater purity, or higher elevation of spirit, by divesting them of the clay that weighs them down to mortality!"

"I even agree with you also in that," said the minister, getting animated, "and I admire the man who can see this much in mankind, and who rejoices, as you seem to do, in the pleasing truth. But did you ever observe, Mr. Bannatyne, how much mankind seem to run, as to disposition and character, in distinct races, possessing and maintaining a specific series of family characteristics? This is the fact, not only with isolated tribes, as among the Indian nations, but even in our artificial and refined state of society; for single families have often, for ages, and generations, evinced a specific and characteristic individuality. I need not now refer you to the history of some of the chief families who figure in the annals of our country, for the distinct characteristics by which they were known in their own times, are known to us who live after them, as far as we can trace some degree of purity in the lineage; nor need I instance to you the Stuart family, which has passed away; nor most of the other prominent families which now fill the different thrones of Europe. A slight attention to their several histories will prove the truth of what I contend for, which is, perhaps, of more importance than is generally thought."

"The subject is somewhat curious, sir," said the minister, thoughtfully, "and no doubt important, as a general enquiry."

"It is important also as a particular enquiry, Mr. Bannatyne," said the other, with peculiar meaning.

"Perhaps it may, sir, but I have not as yet thought of turning my attention to it."

"It is the duty of every one to know character, that he may not blindly contribute to swell the black current of evil which deluges the world. It is the process of nature, that man forms connections in life, and thereby some particular race is continued. But what man would a wise man choose to continue? Shall we be, in this particular, less wise than the beasts that perish? Does not the gentlest dove mate with the most gentle of her kind? Does the blood courser unite his fiery nature with the sluggish breed of the Pays Bas? Are there not, among men, whole families which, like the birds of the boughs, belong to what may be called a good or an evil nest? and shall the reason of men be less useful for their own happiness than the common instinct of the beasts of the field?"

"What mean you, sir?"

"It is of the last importance, my dear sir," said Mr. Prior, emphatically, "for those who wish to form connections in life, to know those with whom they unite, both with reference to their own after-happiness, and that of the posterity that may be the result. And if

you wish to know me, or any man or woman, in a deeper sense than can be obtained through the conventional ruckeries of social intercourse, enquire the history of the family from which I have sprung; ascertain the peculiarities of the nest to which the bird may belong with which you would offer to mate for life. Trust me, the qualities of the heart, the peculiarities of the blood, and the great considerations of the disposition and bias, are with much certainty transmitted through families, and are matter of inheritance from the male or female branches of a house."

Having risen and continued walking while he said this, the old gentleman, almost before Mr. Bannatyne was aware, had left the room; and the minister had become so absorbed in the sudden reflections caused by this conversation, that he did not notice Mr. Prior's absence, until he heard the echo of his footsteps as he passed through the hall below.

The moment was now come for which Lewis had so long watched: Rebecca and himself left were quite alone, and seated opposite to each other. She smiled faintly, and seemed about to continue the conversation; but, as she looked across to him, her tongue was arrested by observing the expression of anxiety depicted in his countenance. For a few moments he also attempted, in vain, to utter a word, while the silence seemed so intense and so painful, that the lovers thought they heard the beating of each other's hearts.

At length Lewis was able to get out the single word "Rebecca."

She started at the word; but, instantly recovering her breath, as if relieved by the sound of his voice, she smiled sadly, as usual, while he proceeded.

"Rebecca," he said, "I see you perceive my anxiety to say a few words to you. Do not, I pray you, think of moving, but hear me. I have long waited for such an opportunity as this. Nay, listen to me, Rebecca; for the state of my mind is now such, that—"

"Some other time, Mr. Bannatyne; do not speak now!" she exclaimed, interrupting him. "Do not, my esteemed friend!—I know what you would say—I have dreaded this. Do not say any thing to me, but what may be spoken in my uncle's presence—and, hark! there he is returning again."

"No, Rebecca," he answered, after listening a moment, "it is only your fancy that thus alarms you: but now, for the sake of Heaven," he added solemnly "grant me an interview for five minutes only, at some time and place where I may speak to you without witness or interruption: for I have that to say to you which is of the last importance to me, both as it regards my peace of mind, and even my future usefulness as a minister. Rebecca, what alarms you thus?"

"Oh, Mr. Bannatyne, do not—do not speak of such a thing!"

"What on earth can you mean, Rebecca?"

"I cannot tell you, Lewis—I cannot; why should you ask my meaning of me? I conjure you, as my friend, as my minister, whom I wish to hear weekly in public without distraction—whom I wish ever to honour and reverence! not to seek from me any further explanation regarding my family, or my own unhappy state; and, above all, that you will not offer to speak to me differently from what you have till now done."

"Rebecca!" he exclaimed, "I cannot bear this. This strange mystery, where my happiness is so deeply involved, will drive me distracted. I must be suffered to express what my own breast can no longer contain. I must be satisfied from your own lips, or—"

"Or we must never meet more," she said, calmly: "that Lewis, is the only alternative. I have foreseen all this for some time; but my own weakness, and the pleasure I have enjoyed in your society, as well as love for my uncle, who, I saw, was also refreshed by your conversation, has made me put off the evil day: but it has come at length, and too soon. Lewis, it will be better for us both that, from this day forward, we meet no more."

"And not one word of explanation of this mystery, Rebecca?"

"There is no mystery, Lewis,—none whatever; it is merely duty that compels me. Oh! do not look so. I cannot bear it!"

"And will you not meet me, to hear what is bursting in my bosom? Will you not speak to me one word for the satisfaction of my feelings?"

"Do not ask me, Lewis. I entreat of you do not ask me,—for I cannot." And, so saying, she hurried out of the apartment.

He threw himself back into his chair, in a state of

stupefaction, from what had just passed. In a few minutes afterwards, however, he was aroused from his stupor, by the soft tread of footsteps, and, looking up, perceived the slender figure of Rebecca glide softly into the room; and coming forward, she again placed herself in the chair she had formerly occupied, quite near to him.

"Forgive me, Mr. Bannatyne," she said, after a moment, and breaking the painful silence. "I ask your forgiveness; for I already repent me of the determination which I have just expressed; and, though I know not well what further I shall have strength to say to you, yet I am aware there is something more than I have yet been able to speak due to your feelings. I have resolved, therefore,—resolved, in spite of the painful delicacy of a subject which is bitter to my thoughts, and in spite of all a maiden's pride, to give you, out of my own mouth, a most sad explanation. It is no romantic fancy that has caused this reluctance to meet you on a seeming mystery; but there are reasons for all this, which you will understand when you come to hear them. In one word, I will meet you this night, even before you sleep, in the little conservatory at the east angle of the mansion. Wait for me there, after you have parted from my uncle. And do not, Lewis, put any unkind interpretations on my conduct, either now or hitherto. I will meet you alone, as I would my brother," she added, passionately, clasping her hands together; "I will speak to you as my minister; I will unlock the secret of my sorrow to you, as my adviser, as my friend, perhaps for the last time we may ever dare to talk in private. But, hark! here comes my uncle."

It was a weary half hour that Lewis spent after this, when, at length, taking leave of Mr. Prior for the night, he sprang forth to the park without, to wait, at the angle of the mansion, for his interview with Rebecca.

CHAPTER IV.

"What a large portion of our time in this life is wasted in mere waiting!" exclaimed the minister to himself, as he paced anxiously up and down, within view of the place appointed; ten, fifteen, twenty minutes having already elapsed, and still the conservatory was dark and dull. "Waiting," he went on, "for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour,—the hour that for the time we think so long, and which afterwards appears so short, and so barren of every thing but the torture of impatience—but there! at last I see a light."

As he hastened towards the conservatory, he saw, through the glass, the figure of Rebecca moving inside, and looking anxiously around her. Presently he was at the small door which opened into it, under a porch of creeping plants, which she unlocked, and he stood before her. She seemed to hesitate a moment as he gazed in her face, while she stood partly shaded by the plants of the conservatory, the habitual melancholy of her countenance amounting at this moment to an expression that was almost tragic; and yet, as her dark eye beamed on him, he thought he had never seen her appear so charming.

"I am most grateful for this condescension, Rebecca," he said, "more grateful than I can express."

"Alas! Lewis," she answered, mournfully, "you will not say so before we part. This stolen meeting between you and me looks romantic, but, assuredly, it will end in being only common-place, barren, and sad. I would not affect to be blind to the sentiment that burns in your eye, my friend, nor is this meeting, I confess, without feeling on the part of one even in my hopeless predicament. But we meet not, Lewis, on this painful occasion, as those meet who have words to say, that must never pass my lips, and emotions to indulge in, that I must never feel; or that I must smother within the struggling bosom where they rise. But do not reply here; it is fit that our communication should take place in that part of this ancient mansion where the very walls around us may tend to the illustration of what I have to say. Come, I will be your guide: follow me."

They trod lightly along several passages with which Lewis was quite unacquainted; then, mounting by a back stair until they came to the upper part of the building, she opened a door; and they entered with some hesitation a square lofty room with a carved and painted ceiling, like an old saloon, and the walls hung round with old family portraits.

"I do not bring you here, sir," she said, as she observed him fix his eyes upon the heavy carved ornaments of the chimney-piece, and seeming to feel almost uncomfortable, while he glanced around at the range of

painted faces which appeared to gaze on him from within their frames,—*"I do not bring you into this unfrequented apartment from the impulse of any romantic fancy, or that I myself have any pleasure in entering a place which can impress me with nothing but associations deeply humbling to my spirit; but simply for the reason I have already given, and that here, at least, we have little chance of being interrupted or overheard."*

They seated themselves on two old carved chairs, covered with rich but faded damask; and she gazed for some moments, in melancholy silence, upon the row of portraits on the walls, until painful emotions seemed to be struggling in her bosom.

"Rebecca, you seem strangely moved," he said at length: "speak, I beseech you! what mystery is this that you still delay to disclose?"

"There is no mystery, Lewis; I tell you again there is nothing remarkable in what I have to speak of, although every one feels his own sorrows most deeply. Nay, do not look upon me thus, Lewis. It is no sin of mine or my father's that I have need to be ashamed of. It is simply that there is a judgment of Heaven upon our house. But doubtless it is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men: and I submit. Alas! do not look so piteously upon me."

"Rebecca, I am distracted for you! and you will not put even sympathy towards you in my power, by at once disclosing what you have to tell me. And yet you have undertaken to—"

"Well, sir, I know I have promised. Alas! that this horrible statement should come from my own lips. Observe you these portraits around you, Mr. Bannatyne: some of these are grim and stern, like the men of their time; others, as you see, are mild and melancholy of look, particularly those of latter generations. But, to begin with my father,—my poor, sad, interesting father; that is he with the black robe and the pale countenance, so like my uncle whom you have just parted from. I wonder how I can bear to enter this room after what I know. It was here he chiefly lived of latter years; and see you that small door in the recess, under the large picture?"

"Yes, I see it: but what then?"

"That door opens into the small closet in which he died; and for two years before his death he never left that room, although generally in good health. Heard you never his history?"

"No, Rebecca, no: but why go into this unnecessary train of allusion to the history of your ancestors? Nothing that you can say shall prevent me declaring that I love—tenderly, passionately, love! Nay, it is to speak this one word that I have anxiously sought to meet you in private; and nothing that may have impressed your pure and delicate mind shall prevent me from suing for that hand, for that heart, without which I feel that I shall never know happiness. Why do you thus shrink from me, and look so fearfully. What can this mean?"

"Oh, Lewis, your passionate words distract me! why will you not listen to the tale that I am about to tell you?"

"I see what it all tends to, Rebecca: some of these grim carles have, in the person of your father, engaged you under some unpinous, some rash, some unnatural vow, which you ought not to keep. Every feeling of the heart, every consideration of life, love, hope, heaven itself, seem to conjure you to break it, and to preserve the peace and happiness of your ancient house. Will you do so, Rebecca, for my sake—for your own, will you break this accursed vow?"

"Your impatience misleads you, Lewis," she answered calmly: "there is no vow, no engagement; and why will you still speak to me of love? I must not answer your impassioned language. On that subject, as I told you at first, my lips must be sealed for ever, even to you."

"Then you are betrothed to another—I must not speak to you of the sentiment that absorbs my heart—that heart that I ought to devote to the service of the sanctuary, but which irresistible passion has made to swerve in favour of one who is icy cold, and cruel as cold, or you could not tantalise me thus."

"Oh! not cold, Lewis—not cruel; you wrong me sadly when you say so!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, while her voice quivered with rising emotion. "What would you have me to say? would you have me to speak as it becomes not a maiden to speak, to him whom she would love, does love, but dares not! Oh, Lewis, pity me! I am a wretched doomed girl. The hand of Heaven is upon me. The joys of a wife, the tenderness of a mother, I must never know: I must wear out my life in maiden seclusion, and go down

to the grave, the last and saddest of my race, without a relative to weep over me when I am gone. Ah! Lewis, it is you that have made me feel my weakness"—and a burst of tears stopped her utterance.

"What can be the meaning of this dreadful distress?" he said, as he watched her while she sobbed beside him: "I will not again open my lips until you disclose to me the mystery, or whatever it is, that places you in this unhappy situation, and causes you this grief. Rebecca, have pity on me, and tell me in two words the cause of all this."

"I will, I will, when I am a little composed. Heaven will give me strength to speak of the sad misfortune of my family, even to you. But can you not save my feelings, by surmising what I mean? Have you never learned any thing remarkable about my ancestors? Have you never, Lewis,"—and she fixed her large eloquent eyes on him as she spoke,—"*observed* any thing peculiar about my uncle or me?"

"No, Rebecca; I have heard nothing; I have observed nothing."

"Alas! that I should have to undergo this additional trial," she added, mournfully: "then know, Lewis, that—bring your ear to my lips, while I speak the dreadful words—there is *madness* in my family!"

"Yes, now you must hear all! I am doomed by the blood that runs in my veins to be yet a raving maniac!—nay, start not, for it has been the fate of almost all those, my ancestors, whose pale faces now look sadly upon us by the dim light of this single taper, and several of whom passed years in that state, the most humbling that Heaven permits to afflict poor humanity, in that very closet within the recess, where also my poor father died in the melancholy insensibility of total derangement! Now, Lewis," she added, standing up, and looking down upon him with despairing energy, "what do you think of your poor Rebecca now? If ever, then, or whenever that heavy hour arrives, surely you will come and try to soothe me in my sorrow, without despising me; but yours I can never be in this world. Now, farewell! the bitter words are spoken, and I am relieved."

For a few moments, the minister sat and gazed upon her, unable to speak.

"This is a sad tale, Rebecca," he at length said; "but yet you may in some degree be deceiving yourself. No, it cannot be! your sensibility perverts your reason. Believe me," he said, starting up, "this is nothing but delusion, and you are yet to be mine."

"Lewis!" she exclaimed, "do not terrify me, by the mention of a supposition, the fulfilment of which might entail upon me and yourself incalculable sorrow and guilt. Listen! remember you the dreadful penalty of the Roman law for such an impious act as you now dare to hint at? Ah! well may you start at the thought. And, how could you bear to think of my doing as my grandmother did, many years ago? Observe! see you this portrait of that dark-eyed lady? how pale she looks, and yet how benign! What a sheeted effect that plain white drapery has, in contrast with these black glossy curls that wave over it! Alas! how can I look at her—my unfortunate ancestress! You are still incredulous. Come hither, and I will convince you," she added, opening the shutters of a long Gothic window which overlooked the woody height at the rear of the mansion: "see you that," she went on, pointing to a small sheet of water, spread out on the height, upon the bosom of which the moonbeams now shone brightly, and from the further end of which fell into a chasm below, the cascade that formed the source of Lawford streamlet.

"Is it not a beautiful spot, quiet and lovely? and yet it is never visited nor mentioned by any of us, from the sad associations connected with it! it is only seen well from this room and the closet within, and has always been called the Lady's Linn, from the time that that unfortunate lady threw herself into it one day, when the evil spirit of our house was upon her, and parted with her suffering maniac existence at the cold bottom of that ominous lake."

"You shudder with horror, Lewis," she went on, after a pause, "and well you may, though far less than I ought, at past misfortune and future doom. But this is not all, and you do not believe still, although I have my own father to instance. Ah! my poor, sad, unhappy father—I think I see him this moment, as he placed his cold hand on my head, in that very closet beyond the little door, and said that I was fated to be yet—hark! did you not hear some one within. Heavens! who is this coming upon us here? Look, Lewis, the door opens! Can this be my dear father again?" and she fell on her knees before the figure which now entered from the closet, wrapped in night clothes, bearing a light, and looking angrily

upon them both, as they stood in astonished confusion.—"What means this?" said the intruder. "How are you in this room, Rebecca? and what do you here again, sir?" he added, addressing Mr. Bannatyne: while both, having recovered their momentary terror, now recognised the voice of Mr. Prior, who, having heard a noise, had followed it to this deserted apartment.

"It was from my earnest entreaty, sir," said the minister, stepping forward, "that Miss Prior consented to this meeting."

"And in this room, Rebecca? was there no place but this for your midnight assignation?"

"Mine is the fault only, sir; and be *mine* the punishment, if there is to be any," said Bannatyne, warmly.

"Do you interrupt me, sir?" said the aroused gentleman, with a very unusual expression. "Ha! I see how it is. It will be necessary for you, young man, to discontinue your visits at this house."

"That may be, sir," said Mr. Bannatyne, with dignity; "I must request, however, that you draw no unfavourable conclusion respecting your niece, at least, from what you now witness. Only be considerate towards *her*, sir, and I obey you from this moment;" and he ended by taking two or three strides across the apartment.

A change now came suddenly over the face of the old man, as he stood looking at both of the young persons,—the countenance of Rebecca wearing an expression of inward agony; and, stepping forward hastily, he caught the clergyman by the arm.

"Nay, Mr. Bannatyne," he said, much moved, "you will not go from my house in anger, if you are here for the last time. The wrath of Heaven, that has pursued my family until the tenth generation, is enough for me and my poor solitary niece to bear. Forgive me, my friend. I might have known that it would have come to this, and am myself to blame; but if we must lose even *your* society for ever, take a kind farewell of my poor Rebecca. There is my hand, too! We have spent many happy evenings together; but I see no happiness remains for our doomed house, on this side of our final resting-place. Heaven bless you, sir, and preserve to you the happiness that must never be ours!" and, laying his hand on the arm of Lewis, and looking sadly in his face as he pronounced this benediction, he then lifted up his taper, and turned to leave the room.

"Sir, this is evident delusion!" said Lewis, detaining the uncle in his turn, "a mutual, a fatal, deception of yourselves. It is but the melancholy fantasy of voluntary misery that is destroying the happiness of this worthy family, and is now tearing asunder warm hearts, that are already knit indissolubly. It is parting for ever this dear lady and me, not as even the grave parts friends and lovers, but making a separation which must be a living death. You shake your head at what I say—you still look round at these solemn faces on the canvass, and forth from the window on that cold moonlit lake. Great Heaven above! keep us all from the frightful delusions of insanity!"

Clasping their hands, as their young friend spoke these words, the old man and Rebecca threw a look upwards, as if they would have penetrated to heaven, and the ardent *Amen!* that rose from the bottom of their hearts, seemed to be echoed back like the whisper of the dead, from the pale figures that looked down from the walls around them. The old gentleman, now catching hold of the minister's hand, wrung it with a meaning look in solemn silence, then turning away, departed slowly through the small door of the adjoining closet.

We may not dwell upon the ultimate parting of Lewis and Rebecca—reason is great against the weakness of passion, and the virtuous heart suffereth many trials.

CHAPTER V.

It is not every day that one meets with any thing that interests them: for the world is a dull world, and the heart a barren thing; and it is seldom that even the pains of life are of sufficient dignity to excite a moral reflection.

But I was excited, and my heart was interested about the singular situation of the Priors and their visitor; for one pang or throb of deep-seated feeling—one genuine manifestation of the noble self-denials of resolute virtue, does more to reconcile us to our "low-thoughted" species, than the thousand varieties of selfishness and stupidity.

And so I kept the matter of those young persons much in my mind, and thought over all that they might have thought, and fancied in my sympathy what they might have felt; and, as soon as the summer came round again,

I determined to wander towards their part of the country. Away then I set in the early part of the year, and I thought to get to Hillington by the end of the week; in, although I am no great saint, (as the world had better know,) I hate your Sunday stragglers and busy idlers, who cannot enjoy the solace of religion and of rest. But the week's journey was long, and the weather was busy; and, being unusually fatigued on the road, by the time Saturday night came, I was fain to take up my quarters at a very indifferent inn, with a great flashy sign, about four miles from Hillington.

Having rested my weary limbs there for the night, I rose, refreshed in body and pious in spirit, on the dull Sunday morning, proposing to walk forward, and be in Hillington in time for the kirk service: but, whether it was carnal laziness, which is apt to come over me on that particular time of uprising, or whether it was the solacing sweetness of the road that made me muse and dawdle on the way, I know not; but it was long after the congregation had collected in the old building, and somewhat towards the latter end of the service, that I found myself within the precincts of the town, and pondering my way through the sweet and solemn old churchyard.

This morning was exceedingly different from the pleasant evening when I had first entered the town. It was drizzling rain, and heavily dull. The sun waded sulkily through the thick vapours; dark clouds of streaming mist lingered in the valleys as I came along; and by the time I got into the churchyard of Hillington, feeling ashamed of entering the kirk at this late hour, I sat down on a tombstone, languid and sad. The people who were singing a psalm; and the old melody, which came over my ear in the distance, was so quaintly plaintive, and was drawn out, as I thought, with such melting simplicity, that it seemed to me like a requiem for the obscure dead who lay in the graveyard around me. In that, in my present mood, it almost melted me into tears.

I rose, however, and entered the kirk, in order still to catch a remnant of the pious inspiration of the morning worship, and haply to make such observations as, in the long interval which had elapsed since my last visit, should now occur to me. After I had slipped myself stealthily into a back pew, as became a late intruder upon the sanctity of the service, the very first look I got of the face of the young minister showed me that something was wrong with him, and had taken effect upon his mind,—that something had happened in my absence, to damp the glow of his natural enthusiasm, and to cloud his spirit with serious melancholy. I was still more convinced of this, from the strain of the prayer which he was now offering up to Him "who seeth not a man seeth, and who trieth the hearts and the reins of the children of men." It was not yet two years since I had been at his placing,—and yet a change had evidently come over his character: for the very tones of his voice were quite altered. Even his congregation, as was natural from the affection they bore him, had been infected by his spirit, and, musing upon the deep reasonings and sad inferences which the state of his mind led him to draw from what he observed in the world, his people went and came, every seventh day, to their solemn old church, with a pervading and inexplicable gloom.

After some time, I had a glance also at the face of Miss Prior, to whom my attention had from the first been directed; but the look I obtained of her was with some difficulty; for, though there she sat, beside her grave and reflective uncle, in the family pew, under the moth-eaten scutcheon, as on my first seeing her; she did not now, as before, look once with admiration in the minister's face, but sat during the whole time in our position; her face shaded with her hand, and her large dark eyes, when I could get a sight of them, presenting the same striking expression which they had ever borne, but contrasting strongly with the paleness of her face, as if profoundly steeped in melancholy.

When the service was over, I was obliged to go home with the laird of Glauderston, who had noticed me in the church, considerably against my own inclination: for I would much rather have taken up my quarters with the blithe landlady of the inn, where I should undoubtedly have learned something regarding those whose history now interested me. Being at this time ignorant of what had taken place to Mr. Bannatyne, I tried to get something out of the laird and his family; but I might as well have consulted the clumsy poets which, under the name of pillars, upheld the dignity of the front entrance to his house: for the laird was one of the worthy people, of which three fourths of the world are composed, who can tell you readily where the most advantageous things are to be got to eat and to wear, and how this may

made money, and the other man lost it, but never took the least notice of any thing of higher import, or which might be of interest to a wandering observer like myself. All I could learn from him was, that the new minister had considerably disappointed many good men in the parish; that he had not used him or his daughter altogether well, but had gone about a strange reserved family, who lived at a place called Lawford, until there had been some falling-out among them; for that now he seldom was seen to go there, and yet was still unmarried, and was, in short, a man that few could understand.

Next day, when about to walk down into the village, I learned, by mere accident, that the good and sensible senior pastor of the parish, Mr. Kinloch, was now confined to bed, and had for some time been thought to be dying. This news was impressive to me, from the opinion I had formed of his judgment and information, on my first meeting him in this very house; and, in short, I was greatly minded to step over to the manse, and see the old man; both from the respect I felt for him, and because I had a curiosity to know what he would say regarding the present state of mind and character of Mr. Bannatyne, his successor. The thought was no sooner a matter of musing in my mind, than the knock of a stranger was heard at the laird's door.

This circumstance giving me an excuse for leaving Glaenderston House, I immediately departed to visit, by his couch, the dying old minister. I mounted the creaking stairs to the chamber of the sick, and sat myself down by his bed side. "How sad a thing is death!" I thought; "how pathetic to look upon and talk to a living being, who is so soon to be 'for ever hid from our eyes!'"

"Your visit, my friend," said he, "is a refreshment to me. Sit down by me, and let us commune together. If I am not mistaken, you witnessed the placing of Mr. Bannatyne, my successor."

"I did," said I; "and great is my concern respecting him. To say the truth, many a weary foot I have travelled, and many a hill I have climbed, in this upland neighbourhood, until I was breathless, for little other earthly end but to hear, from time to time, how he lived, and what was his history, and that of the strange family of Lawford, in the hollow."

"I wish I could see him now," said the dying man, solemnly: "I feel that my time is not to be long; and I have much to say to him before I depart. I fear me that his mind is unsettled. Oh, that I could see him while I have strength!"

The old man had not the words well out of his mouth, when the servant announced that Mr. Bannatyne wished to be admitted.

I thought that this was a providential opportunity for me, and waited anxiously to hear and see what might pass on so serious an occasion. In another minute Mr. Bannatyne was bending over the bed of the dying man.

I was affected upon observing the evident change in his appearance. The thoughtfulness of five and forty was already on his brow, though twenty years had yet to run their course before he should have arrived at that age. I saw that a death-bed advice was going to be delivered to him; and my ears were open to its solemn import. After a few preliminary sentences, the dying man, settling himself up in bed, thus spoke:

"It has been matter of satisfaction and thankfulness to me, Mr. Bannatyne," he said, "that Providence has been pleased to appoint over my beloved people of this parish, to succeed me as their pastor, one possessing the mental qualities and endowments of which you are well entitled to boast. I confess it would have caused serious reflections at such a time as this, and might have deeply embittered my dying day, had I had to leave my simple yet intelligent people in the charge of any of those raw youths, who, springing up from among the lower orders, are yearly issuing from our cheap universities, and who, placed in the important position of religious and moral instructors, by the simple forms of our Genevan church,—under circumstances very frequently when they are below the level of the generality of the people, in all that constitutes valuable applicable acquirement,—serve so effectually to perpetuate prejudices, of which the age is justly ashamed, and cruelly to hinder the natural struggles towards improvement of a great portion of our intellectual countrymen.

"It is not for me, however, at a time of this kind, to expatiate upon so well known a disadvantage which attaches to our popular presbyterian ecclesias, and our pious nation; further than as a ground for congratulation to myself and my people, that I am leaving over them (you cannot suspect me of flattery at this hour) a man of capacity, who, with the education suitable for his office, is possessed of the general knowledge and intellectual ad-

vancement which form the characteristics of a gentleman; and who, while he builds up his people in their holy faith, will deal out to them, from time to time, rational principles to provoke and to assist their own thinking, upon subjects suitable for them; and who knows how, by making them wiser, to make them better men.

"Yet a few things I would take leave to say to you, Mr. Bannatyne, as I am about to be taken from you, which, whether, with your good sense, you may need them, or not, may not be thought impertinent from me, as the result of some experience, both as a minister of religion, and an observer of the world. Some of these things you may think somewhat common-place; in truth, I think them so myself: yet the daily disregard of them shows that they are either less understood than you and I would suppose, or that their importance is not admitted until after the usual disappointments of experience, and the incurring, and propagation, perhaps, of much real evil.

"The most common error of young men of some natural assurance and readiness of speech, and whose necessary isolation from the world, and set-up position, as religious teachers, is so apt to give them a false opinion of themselves, is the vulgar ambition to become popular preachers, and so to get the empty portion of the world, for a brief period, to run after and admire them. I need scarcely tell you that the low artifices and feverish strivings of this sort of ambition are far beneath a man of real talent or true worth; and that it holds with preachers of the gospel, as with other men who address the public, that the quiet approbation and hearty respect, as well as steady friendship, of one man of sound intelligence and worth, is to be prized above all the unstable shoutings of the giddy multitude. Besides, no man will ever gain extensive popularity, at least he will never retain it, upon so debateable a subject as religion, by sincerely speaking the truth. He must study the character and flatter the prejudices of the itching-eared portion of his people, exaggerate what they delight to hear exaggerated, cloak or suppress what is likely to offend, and, in short, become a pander to the eternal errors and hypocrisies of the vulgar.

"What is the usual end of all this? That, after the feverish excitements and ungodly triumph of his brief day shall have passed away, and the inflated fool has scared away from his acquaintance every wise man and estimable friend, he dwindles down and sinks into unwelcome isolation, harassed with vain endeavours to please the low-minded and the vacillating, whom he first condescended to flatter, but who now, tired of his bombast, begin to suspect his motives, and traduce his name; and it will be well if the whole does not terminate in the bitter inveighings of disappointed vanity, and the impotent complainings of merited neglect.

"With respect to the character of your instruction to a mixed people, I cannot suppose that any aberration into a weak enthusiasm for particular theological views, which are ever varying with the fashion of the age, or the narrow conceit of individuals; or any mistaken attempt to propitiate a clamorous party, will ever lead you into the common error of the more ignorant of our cloth, of worrying your people constantly with puzzling reasonings upon mere doctrine, and ringing constant changes upon such words as 'faith' and 'grace,' or at least upon what may be contained in one or two simple propositions. This wretched system, which frightens from our churches so many of the best informed and most valuable men in society, and which makes religion itself so often treated with sneering and contempt, is in general resorted to from mere paucity of intellect and information, by those who find it much easier to fill up their tasked hour with the unintelligible rubbish of cant and quotation, than with those applicable views of human life, scripture and duty, which require in the preacher some thinking and observation, and his failure in which shows too glaringly his real ignorance and incapacity.

"Believe me, sir, this is a most serious evil, both as respects religion and morality, and has the most extensive effects even upon our national character. Do you not observe, by comparing one place with another, and our own nation with others under a different system; that it is this priestcraft-jangling of words and names; this early and incessant bafflement of the intellect, with doctrinal mystification, while the practical self-denials of a truly religious spirit, the great subjects of justice and mercy, honour and honesty, between man and man, under the names of virtue and morality, are neglected, or even sneered at, as ethical and heathenish; and thus, by the habitual setting up of doctrine and dogma, above, or even in opposition to, what is tangible and practical in conduct systematically forms the character of our charged national hypocrisy?

"I need not further show you that all this arises from the great preponderance, in Scotland, of the lower order of mind, in that important matter, public instruction; for the very literature in our book-shops, and which is devoured in such quantity by the class that have public influence, would alone prove it. I sincerely rejoice, however, that you will be one among the few loftier intellects, who will fairly devote yourself to the noble task of restoring the natural union between a modest piety and that enlightened sense of obedience and of duty, that is at all times more apt to do, than to teach—to make men less ready to babble and to argue, than to show their faith by their works. Thus religion, instead of being an uneasiness and almost a horror, as it is frequently taught, you, by interweaving it with those practical views of social life, feeling, and experience, which its genuine operation makes so truly interesting, will show it as designed to be, not only the corrector of the vices and waywardness of the human heart, but the consolation and the staff demanded by the weakness of humanity. Consider, sir, in this respect, the deep importance of your office, and how much good you may do among your people, by giving them a key to the understanding of their own characters, by detecting and exposing to them the intricacies of unchristian selfishness, as well as the delusions of blinded self-love; so that, teaching them habitually to attend to their own motives, in connection with duty, some rational foundation may be laid for true Christian benevolence.

"One word more, I must say, with more particular reference to yourself. I learn, with regret, that your sermons have of late assumed more of a tone of melancholy than is strictly consistent either with your known good sense or your time of life. This I sincerely regret, because to me it is an evidence of some internal suffering on your part, with the cause of which it does not become me to intermeddle. But, permit me to say, that, although it is very natural for any public instructor to mix his own present feelings with what he delivers to others, any peculiarly gloomy view of human life is unphilosophical and injurious. It is unphilosophical, because, whatever may be the present sorrows of individuals, such a view of things does not agree with common opinion and experience; for I need not remind you that human life is neither a state of entire happiness, nor the contrary, but is as the mind happens to view it; and the views of the mind on this subject are with many in a state of much oscillation, although generally on the side of cheerfulness and comfort. What I allude to is often exceedingly injurious, especially in this end of the island,—for the Scots are a people predisposed to gloom; and the cruel and vulgar system of exaggerating the terrors of death and judgment, and even drawing terrifying pictures of future horrors, is never practised by men of sense, but by popularity-hunting fools, to catch the applause of the vulgar.

"Mr. Bannatyne," added the old minister, seriously, after a long breath, "I must say, further, that I could wish much to live still to see you married. A minister of the gospel should not be long without a companion in his home, that he may not be subject to the distractions of passion, or those wanderings of the heart, that belong to the solitude of the virtuous bachelor. But forgive my freedom; it is dictated only by anxiety for your usefulness and happiness.

"Finally, my friend," he continued, after another pause, "never let your aims, in any respect, descend, tempted either by the clamorous applause of the base, or scared by the vituperation of the ignorant, which few of the wise can at all times escape. Seek constantly the approbation of the highest and the best, along with the approval of your own mind, and a sense of divine favour.

"Forgive, and yet think of, this long advice. I feel myself growing weak, and see, in the filmy dimness of earthly organs, that death is drawing fast near. Give me your hands, my friends;—nay, look not so sad, for my hope is good, and I am well content.

"Heaven bless you! Heaven make you happy!"

Why should I dwell upon the death of the righteous? I saw and was conscious that the living had laid it to heart!

CHAPTER VI.

It was some time after this my second arrival in Hillington, and even after the Rev. Mr. Kinloch was laid in the grave, ere I was able to come to such authentic particulars regarding the young minister, and the much talked of Rebecca Prior, as satisfied the craving curiosity which has been raised in me concerning them.

I found that after the shock had somewhat passed off, which Mr. Bannatyne's mind had received by the dis-

closures at that painful scene, sketched two chapters back; and he was able to think calmly, and to endeavour at some degree of resignation, that he had again ventured down towards Lawford House; and though his announcement had a startling and almost terrifying effect upon the solitary Rebecca, both herself and her uncle felt a relief from his visit.

"I am come yet again to see you, sir," said Lewis, as the old gentleman kindly offered him his hand, "if you will receive me, at least once more, as a well-wishing friend and your minister; for, to say truth, I feel that I cannot all at once wean myself from society in which I have enjoyed so many happy hours."

"Mr. Bannatyne, you are welcome!" was all that Mr. Prior said; and he spoke the words emphatically, and with some emotion, as he shook the young clergyman by the hand. He then stood still, and gazed involuntarily as the latter turned to address Rebecca, as one does upon an experiment, of the result of which he is anxiously uncertain.

That meeting between the two was certainly sad and embarrassing; for, in spite of the trembling pleasure that was after all experienced by both, on finding themselves again in presence of each other, the sense of humiliation, and something like dread, on the part of Rebecca, was so acute during the whole time they were together, and stifled feelings so mingled with compassion in the breast of the minister, that a few guarded sentences was all that either would venture to utter. This proceeding had, however, by no means a deceiving effect; it was but like the rainy haze, that excluding from view the April sun, serves, instead of concealing, to add the charms of awakened fancy to the pure brightness and warmth which glows in the heavens; and which, though it cannot be seen through the streaming obscurity, is felt and known to be burning behind it. In this spirit Lewis sat with her for a brief space of time; and, after exchanging a few enquiries and observations, chiefly with her uncle, he rose to take his leave.

"It will be a happiness for us to see you at Lawford still, sometimes," said Mr. Prior, looking with solemn meaning in his face, "as you seem to understand the footing upon which even our minister must be received into this solitary mansion."

Mr. Bannatyne bowed respectfully, as he pressed the old gentleman's hand, but made no reply. He then turned to Rebecca, and took her trembling fingers, while the uncle walked to the window, that he might not seem to observe them.

"I could wish you to come again to us, Lewis," said Rebecca, in the half-whisper of suppressed feeling. "Come sometimes still—as my uncle's friend and mine. The pale tenants of the cloisters themselves in former ages, who, like me, had no hopes but towards another world, might, at times, as we read, be permitted a distant correspondence with those on whom their thoughts had once dared to dwell—those, at least, who ministered in the service of Heaven. But, may I beg—"

She withdrew her hand hastily, without finishing the sentence, as if the touch of his fingers, and her increasing emotion, had suddenly alarmed her; and, turning upon him a melancholy glance, as formerly, the two, without further speech, sadly separated.

These visits were repeated at intervals of some distance, and became again, to both, a sort of dubious and dull consolation; for it was long before they could get accustomed to each other's society; he obliged to view her in this new and melancholy light, and she with the consciousness that he, on whom her thoughts involuntarily dwelt, must think of her only in association with the most humiliating calamity that can afflict humanity. Yet did not mutual admiration at all abate, but seemed rather to increase, with increasing experience of each other's disinterested resignation. But then as the smothered flame of affection burned purer, and more intensely, a kind look, or a tender word, would often kindle feelings which were almost too trying for mere humanity.

A laborious attention to the duties of his ministry became now more than ever the consolation and the refuge of the unfortunate Bannatyne; and the solemn last words of his sage predecessor seemed yet to sound in his ears like the voice of inspiration. His people, and particularly his wealthier parishioners, while they held him in veneration, beyond what his years demanded, yet looked upon him almost with something like wonder. He now lived so secluded and companionless, a bachelor still, in the large empty manse, of which he had taken possession on the death of Mr. Kinloch; and his deportment was so serious, yet his address was so mild; he was so reserved, except upon matters of duty; and his comings and goings to and from the solitary hollow of

Lawford seemed accompanied with such sadness, if not mystery, that, even while he was revered as the best of men, he was looked upon with a species of undefined sympathy.

Meantime, his acquaintance with Rebecca became more affectionately unreserved, as time and intercourse strengthened their own minds and increased their mutual confidence. Endeavouring to regard each other as brother and sister, their tenderness was unspeakable; and even the good and venerable Mr. Prior himself seemed to delight in witnessing their more than earthly affection. But though they were all in all to each other, even in this strange situation of consented celibacy, anxiety and dread regarding what might happen hereafter would often throw a damp over their warmest feelings, that still contended against the constant restraints of their watchfulness over themselves.

The peculiar predicament of these two interesting persons began now to be partly surmised by the people of the neighborhood, and the very rustics, who lived among the hills above, as well as the villagers of Hillington near, would watch them curiously as they were occasionally seen together; for the prying whisper of rustic interest, as well as of sympathetic feeling and respect, had prepared every one who passed them, for some understanding of their strange situation. It was thought melancholy to see two persons, so young and so formed for happiness and for each other, walking distantly together as the tenderest and the most constant of friends, yet relatively so placed;—as they went on heartlessly towards the village, on occasion, the grave uncle of Rebecca stepping on in solemn taciturnity by their side; or as they might sometimes be observed from the high road above the hollow, on any quiet lowering evening, "in the gloaming," with looks of disappointed yet resigned affection, taking their lingering stroll by themselves, on the low level sod by the black rippling streamlet of Lawford.

"Surely, Rebecca," he said to her, one evening, as they wandered together, "surely it is at least possible you may be deceiving yourself regarding this dread malady of your family, and that you may be thinking of it too seriously? Nay, pray do not stop me this once, for it is seldom we have such an opportunity of conversing unwittingly; and we are sufficiently intimate now, methinks, to reason this subject with calmness."

"Believe me, Lewis," she replied, earnestly, "you will find that it would be much safer for us both to avoid a subject of such painful delicacy: I could wish that you had not even now hinted at it. But think you I could have decided upon treating you as I did, from your first coming to Lawford—that I could afterwards have strung up my resolution to drive you from our house, by making a disclosure that was to be the means of separating us for ever? Think you that I could have determined upon degrading myself in your eyes, and giving up all that is dear to a woman's heart, and that I could have lived so long this sad life, to end but with the grave, having neither present joy nor future hope, without having passed many an hour of heavy reflection, upon all that I know of the past, and all that I dare not think of in the future; or without a sore struggle with the feelings of nature? It is better, my friend, much better, for us never again to speak upon this subject."

"And yet, Rebecca," he replied, in the subdued tone of sadness which was now become habitual to him, "as I walk for hours together in my solitary apartment in Hillington Manse, pondering on the sad circumstances of our peculiar fate, I sometimes think that we may be all this while deceiving ourselves by imaginary terrors, and that the time may come when we may conclude that we have been needlessly suffering under a scaring delusion. When I reflect, Rebecca, on the superiority of your mind, as daily evinced in the delightful conversations we have enjoyed together, I cannot think that such a heart and such an intellect should ever become wrecked under so awful a visitation. Pray allow me to go on: my thoughts are awakened by my own experience of you. No, Rebecca, I will not continue to believe that such a fate can ever be in reserve for so gifted a mind as I have found yours to be."

"My dear and valued friend," she said, her voice trembling from her feelings, "do not, by your persuasion, try to unsettle my thoughts. Would you have me to confess to you, with an unguarded tongue, what mine own heart feels when you are absent from me, and when the leaden spirit of solitude and seclusion comes with dead oppression over my sinking heart? Would you have me, Lewis, to speak of a woman's feelings, whose own bosom is unable to carry her bursting affections?"

"I pray you calm this emotion, Rebecca, and let us

still discuss this matter, painful though it be. My mind misgives me upon the subject of your apprehensions, from every day's observation; and I may not lightly encourage you in a fancy so exceedingly serious, if it bean the slightest appearance of delusion."

"And think you, Lewis," she continued, "that, during the long progress of this sore trial, I have not meditated upon the melancholy cases of my ancestors, for ten generations bygone, and reasoned upon every view of the painful subject, until my heart became faint with the intensity of my own reflections; and yet I could see no way of escape from the sacrifice required of me; but by a weak reliance upon a bare possibility, or a wilful delusion from that principle, by which, in the strength of Heaven, I trust I shall always be guided. But I am the last, and I shall be the last, of an unhappy race! alas! unhappy, indeed!" she repeated, her voice sinking again into its former tone of reflective pathos; "for the amiable and the virtuous have become involved, through me, in the meshes of our private calamity. Forgive me, Lewis: I know that it has been my fate to be the destroyer even of your peace; I am aware that you will hereafter say, it had been happy for us had we never met. Had that been the case, I might have borne my private regrets with comparative resignation."

"Rebecca, you may be bearing griefs which Heaven has not laid upon you. I would, and will, bear with you myself—bear with you, and share with you whatever sorrows it may please Providence to cause you to feel, in reality and in truth—but this sad anticipation of this prospective grief, is, forgive me, Rebecca, it is making you to the grave."

"Oh, my friend, do not insist upon this fancy! you are wandering from the point about which I would speak to you. I know my own situation: I am resigned to my fate—a fate which, sooner or later, is as sure to be mine, as it has been of my ancestors—but you, your path of duty is different. It is now fit, Lewis, that you should, from henceforth, consider me as I am, and as I am to be; and seek for yourself another destiny."

"What strange language is this, Rebecca?"

"It is proper language, Lewis; these are the words of truth and soberness. Listen to me: why should we be miserable when the hand of Heaven is laid only upon one? Why will you voluntarily extend the afflictions of Providence farther than God himself has designed them to extend? Nay, patience, sir, and I will explain. Since you and I can never be united, oh, my friend! let your thoughts of tenderness be turned to some other object; consider your duty to yourself, to God whom you owe, to the people of whom you have taken the oversight. Lewis, do not look so, but think of this—think of it for my sake; and were you—were you once united to one who might be worthy of you, should the unhappy malady of my family at any time overtake me, and my weak reason give way under the decree of Heaven, I might receive from you, as my minister, the comfort and consolations of the gospel of peace. Will you not speak?"

"Rebecca! do I really hear aright? am I to remove this torture from you?"

"I beseech you, my friend, to think seriously of what I say. Do not suffer yourself to be thus unhappy in your youth, because I am unfortunate: I appeal to yourself, to your sense of duty, and your opportunities of usefulness—I appeal to the religion that you teach, and the God whom you have undertaken to serve. I charge you, in the name of the souls of which you have taken the charge, and for whom you must give an account at the day of judgment."

"Rebecca, for mercy's sake, do not speak thus. Can you expect the heart to tear itself asunder by its own act? Think you that even Heaven expects what is inconsistent with the weakness of human nature? Rebecca, my dear Rebecca! promise me not to speak of this subject again."

"I will, Lewis, I will speak of it!" she exclaimed, drying the tears that rained down her cheeks: "I am convinced it is the straight path of duty for us both; and obedience to duty always brings calm to the mind. Think—think of this."

This unexpected proposition—this noble disinterestedness—this sacrifice of self beyond human capability deeply affected his elevated mind.

A passionate reply was on the minister's tongue, when the approach of Mr. Prior put an end to this scene of agitated excitement.

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CHAPTER VII.

Another long winter had about this time passed over, and again I crept out from my wearisome solitude of Balgownie Brae; for the weather was becoming soft and mild, the green herbage of the field was sprouting lively up from the holms of Clydesdale—the spring sun had entirely melted the snow which had so long rested on the bald summit of Benlomond, and now glistened pleasantly at e'en o'er the fells of Strathblane; for the last blasts of Yule were forgotten in the valleys, and the time of the singing of birds was come.

It was pleasant to me to hear the rejoicings of nature, as, with my leathern wallet again on my shoulder, and my staff in my hand, I once more "took the road," and, humming to myself some pleasant madrigal as I went along, or chanting, like the singing birds around me, some cheerful and commendable chant, I wandered forth to see my old friends here and there in the world, and to gather up the gleanings of my former adventures.

But not being particularly hurried for time, I, as was my besetting fashion, so lingered about this place and the other; and had, in truth, so many hands to shake, and healths to drink, to this body, and the next body, on my way; that, in spite of my original intention, it was far towards summer before I passed the high-road that overlooked the green hollow of Lawford, and the foliage beyond interrupted my view, so that I was almost within the streets of the town, before I had a peep of the romantic old steeple of Hillington.

"Ye're welcome, sir," said the sonsie landlady of the inn, curtsying long before I drew near her door; "I'm glad to see you in Hillington again, so just step in here to the garden parlour, for I ken you like to hear the birds, and to look out at the bonny blue hills of Dunroch. Now, sir, just sit ye down in your ain leather chair, while I get the supper ready, for I hae mickle news to tell you about the gentles of this country."

I had hardly swallowed my broiled chicken, and three fourths of a sweet fresh trout that was set before me; and was just nibbling at a bit of crumpy oaten cake to give a gout to my cheese and my dram of brandy, when in came the landlady again, and bustled about me in the kindest manner, expecting that I would give her the pleasure of telling me all the circumjacent gossip which she had been hoarding for me ever since I had formerly left the neighbourhood. It suited my humour, however, by assuming at first a grave taciturnity, to coquet for a time with her evident incontinence of womanly clishmaclaver; but my nature was not so made for cruelty as to continue this long, so at length I allowed her to open upon me all that she had to say.

The first great event which she had to inform me of was, that the Laird of Glaunderston's red-haired daughter had actually got a husband at last, and was now fairly married and off; which was a great relief not only to the old man and all the family in Glaunderston house, but even, in one sense, to the whole village itself; "for," said my landlady, "I have been maid, wife, and widow myself for many years, and I know what it is perfectly weel; but I never heard such a moan and a lamentation for the want of a husband in the course of my life, as was made about the weary disappointments of Miss Nelly McGilvray of Glaunderston. But, thank God, she's married now, and that's a blessing."

The other part of the landlady's news was, that there had lately come to live in the neighbourhood a very extraordinary and kentspeckle gentleman, whose presence was likely to have more than common influence in certain quarters in the parish, and who, in short, had somehow been known to Mr. Prior of the holm; but, at all events, he had already, more than any of their neighbours, their minister alone excepted, got a footing among the secluded family at Lawford.

My landlady gave me a very strange account of this gentleman, such as made it difficult for me, for a considerable time, to judge what his real character actually was, and what were likely to be the effects of his increasing intercourse with persons so reserved in their habits, and generally so retired as both the Priors and their friend Mr. Bannatyne were well known to be. But what the worthy woman said of him amounted to this—that he was a long-headed and a travelled man; "for he had been," she said, "far abroad, at Scringapatam, and the

Cove of Cork, and such like remarkable places—had seen the burning hills all the way in Mesopotamia, and elephants carrying castles on their backs over the great mountains of Amsterdam!"

Whether this gentleman had once been a voyager with Captain Cook, or travelled with the great Baron Munchausen himself, was not clearly determined; but certainly he must have seen a deal of killing and slaying abroad, for he talked of the taking off of heads, and the destruction of whole cities, with extraordinary coolness and complacency; and hardly less so of the unfortunate inmates of the various prisons and magdalens on the continent, which it had been also his fortune to visit in his time.

This was a sort of information, however, that it had often been my fortune to be obliged to unravel; and thus much I, at least for the present, was able to conclude;—that this Mr. or Dr. Heywood (for that was the name of the new resident) was no common person, at least for his information and his opinions. I gathered further, from the whole tone of the landlady's remarks, that his presence had a decidedly favourable effect upon the spirits of those for whom I felt so much interest.

Dr. Heywood, as I afterwards found, had actually practised as a physician abroad; but having, on his return, made choice of this hilly and romantic parish for air, had now retired to live in it upon the fortune which he had acquired. The family of the Priors was too conspicuous and remarkable for him to remain long unacquainted with whatever was known regarding their character and history; and, having procured first an introduction to the minister, he was soon enabled, through him, to form some acquaintance with a family about whom his curiosity, from what he had learned, had been strongly excited.

Hearing that the secluded family at Lawford had at length added this gentleman to the narrow circle of its acquaintance, I took some pains to ascertain his character; especially as a manifest influence over all became the result of his visits. I thought him at first too much of a theorising philosopher, who made his information subservient to those fancies which the very benevolence of his disposition had led him to indulge. Upon getting into some intimacy with him, I found, however, that he had only accustomed himself to reason too generally; to view human beings too much in masses; and to draw grand conclusions from the comparisons of surfaces and the computation of numbers. He seemed to me to think too highly of what frail man could do in shaping the intricate course of his destiny, and in guiding the helm of his own happiness. His mind, occupied with the sum total of conclusions, rested little on individuality, and was impatient of detail; so, though his information was undoubtedly great, and his purposes noble, he had seen so much of mankind, that he could hardly be said to see clearly a man.

The singular situation of the minister and Rebecca, which was now no secret in the neighbourhood, had so impressed Dr. Heywood, that the excessive delicacy of the one subject, and the evident shrinking from it of all concerned, could not hinder him from gradually approaching it. Mr. Prior was at first almost offended with his freedom; but as the doctor began by referring to the common opinions regarding different races and tribes of men, and gradually slid into observations upon the peculiarities which have been observed to run in families, until they assumed very decided characteristics, the old gentleman became interested, and, to the alarm of Rebecca, seemed even to encourage the discussion. Subsequently the doctor ventured to throw out some remarks upon the cases of several former members of the Prior family, which astonished the old gentleman, both from the acquaintance which the former showed with its history, and the use he made of the facts adduced. One of these facts was, that not every one, but only a majority, of Mr. Prior's ancestors had been afflicted with the fearful malady of his house; and that it never, except in two cases, had appeared throughout the female line.

The effect which the mention of some of these things, and of the hints that followed them, had upon Rebecca one evening, when, in presence of Mr. Bannatyne, the doctor proceeded to urge them, was such as instantly to put a stop to the conversation at that time. Lewis, however, and even Mr. Prior himself, began to

awake as from a dream; and, though Rebecca remonstrated strongly with her uncle, against again disturbing her tranquil melancholy, by the discussion of a subject upon which she dared not think with the least hope, the very night following was appointed for talking it over with the anxious physician.

CHAPTER VIII.

There never was before seen, in the fruitful month of September, so peculiar a day as that which followed the one on which was made to Rebecca the unexpected communication recorded in the last chapter; for who would expect the gusty blasts of March, or the shining showers of April, in the teeming season of autumn, or to see the clouds and storms of dreary winter sweeping athwart green meadows, and shaking the trees in the woods of Lawford, while the birds of summer yet sang in the boughs, and the foliage had not yet taken the painter's tint, which renders it more interesting while prognosticating its speedy decay?

It had been the habit of Mr. Prior, in watching over the mental health of his beloved niece, whenever he saw her in any unusual state of spirits, to drive off to some distance, exploring all the cross-roads and long valleys within twenty miles, and lingering only where nature was most attractive, but seldom visiting the great towns, or mixing with any offered society. On the morning of this day, he observed that the equilibrium of her spirits was evidently disturbed. She confessed that she had rested ill through the night; for hope, in spite of all the efforts of her reason, had begun to intrude with flattering *perhappes* into her fancy, and her inward dread was, of allowing her thoughts to be further troubled by wishes and reasonings which might only end in adding bitterness to a fate to which she had thought herself quite reconciled. But the variegated scenery of a favourite part of the country, through which her considerate uncle judiciously brought her, together with his own cheerful conversation by the way, tended materially to refresh and settle her mind; and even the strange changeableness of the autumnal day, and the picturesque drifting of the occasional storm along the speckled plain spread out beneath her, had that grateful effect upon her excited thoughts, which the everlasting language of pure nature has ever had upon minds of great sensibility.

They had proceeded a considerable way by a route that was rather new to them, and were returning towards home as the day advanced, when, as they proceeded slowly down a narrow entangled lane, into which Mr. Prior, who prided himself upon his knowledge of localities, had led them, their conversation was interrupted by the coachman stopping short to inform them that the road on which they were was no thoroughfare, and terminated, as he could see, in a private property in front of them; that, in fact, they had lost their way; and that he could not even turn the carriage conveniently, without proceeding forward, and getting within the gate of this unknown demesne.

"We cannot possibly take such a liberty," said Mr. Prior, with his habitual reserve and delicacy.

"I dare not attempt to turn here, sir," said the man, "Know you the name of the property before us?" said Mr. Prior, looking out.

"I think it must be Bicknel Hill, sir," said the man "owned by Mr. Dryburgh, that is, Dryburgh of Bicknel."

"Surely I have heard that name," said Mr. Prior, repeating it. "Rebecca, my dear," he added, turning to his niece, "is not that the name of the person whom we heard had some time ago married the daughter of our neighbour McGilvray of Glaunderston?"

"It was some such name," she said: "but, for Heaven's sake, sir, do not let us go within a mile of such people. That horrid woman will be sure to fasten herself upon us in some way, if we enter within the gate."

"Let not that trouble you, Rebecca," said Mr. Prior, good-humouredly; "the lady's father and I are old neighbours. Drive on, John;"—and in five minutes after they were stopped by a small lodge, out of which issued an old grumbling man, who, with some difficulty, admitted them through the rickety gate into the old avenue of Bicknel Hill.

When within the gate, they found the ill-kept road so

narrow, and the elm trees of the straight avenue so close, that it was impossible for them, with either decency or safety, to turn and go back, without proceeding to the very door of the old mansion; and this, of course, required Mr. Prior, in spite of the dread of Rebecca, to send his compliments to Mr. Dryburgh, of whom he had a slight knowledge, to apologise for his intrusion, and to enquire his way.

As they proceeded forward, however, both found their attention arrested by many objects around them, which they could not possibly have expected to find in any civilised country-gentleman's property. Such a tampering, by abused art, with graceful nature, appeared in every thing they saw, that the assemblage of inanimate objects, when taken together, assumed a positive expression; and, in spite of Mr. Prior's grave disposition, he could hardly forbear laughing aloud at the *tout ensemble* of the laird of Bicknel's house and property. The scene into which they had thus accidentally been introduced was certainly an unlooked-for diversion to both: such an *olla podrida* of whatever was useful and ornamental, natural and artificial, graceful and ridiculous, all hidden among the leafy luxury of nature, or staring out in the pedantic elaboration of art, as appeared in the grounds of Mr. Dryburgh, never, perhaps, was before seen. The place was all wild, and yet it was all garden, and park, and plantation: still it was neither; but a confusion of clumps, hedges, gates, grottoes, whale's jaw-bones joined like Gothic arches, wooden lions grinning at the gates, with black painted eyes and red mouths, shooting Cupids, and brawny figures that ladies dared not look at, summer seats and bowers such as never was before seen or invented. How the man could have got together such a collection of absurdities, in this inland quarter of Scotland, as encumbered and made ridiculous his unfortunate grounds, was perfectly astonishing; but, from the figure-head-like objects that were stuck on the ends of an old wall that flanked the garden, as well as the mast-like flagstuffs, and ropes, and twirling vanes, that shot up among the foliage at the end of the stables, the proprietor might have been taken for a retired port-admiral, while the judgment was again disconcerted by numbers of wooden men and women, standing in various attitudes, at the angles and entrances, reminding one of the painted Neptunes and shameless Venuses who adorn those delectable retreats of elegance, the tea-gardens of the metropolis.

Nor was the house itself, a tall, old-maidish form of a building much less laughable. It seemed perfectly riddled with small holes of windows, which seemed to grin down upon the beholder up and up to the very slates of the roof. And then, when the eye turned itself aloft so far, a crowd of long toppling chimneys appeared, bristling up into the very clouds, and filling the spectator with alarm lest every blast of wind, where wind was no rarity, should cause these ill-formed giants, who carried their heads so high, to precipitate themselves down, through the roof, upon the unfortunate tenants of this dangerous mansion.

But, as if the building were not already sufficiently ridiculous, the present laird, on the occasion of his marriage, had caused to be placed, in front of the door, two stumpy round pillars, of the composite order, and other absurdities, by way of a porch, which entirely darkened several of the small windows, and had united at the foot of each gable end two low hulking round houses of a different-coloured stone to the rest of the building, which he chose to call wings, but which, as the wings of Mercury were placed at his feet, seemed to have the same congruity with the tall figure above them.

The sight of these various *outré* objects was so amusing to Rebecca, as well as to her uncle, that it quite put her in a gay humour, and made her almost wish for, instead of dreading, a sight of the newly-married couple within, who owned so odd a wilderness of monstrosities.

Yet, when they arrived at the entrance, and she observed the bustle that their approach had created within, and Mrs. Dryburgh already planted at one of the port-hole windows, and afterwards at the entrance, she felt some of her former dread at the idea of the officious familiarity of such a horror.

"Bless me, Miss Prior, who could have thought to see you coming of your own accord to visit me and my husband, at Bicknel Hill!" exclaimed the lady, coming forth in person, and speaking from between the stumpy pillars of the porch: "really it is such an honour. But, to be sure, when one is married, they have a right to expect—"

"We are most happy to see you, madam," interrupted Mr. Prior, politely; "but, on this occasion, the visit is somewhat accidental, for, in truth, we had lost our way,

when we found ourselves in the lane leading to your house, and, at this hour in the afternoon, must be contented with enquiring for your health, and the shortest way to Lawford, without doing ourselves the pleasure of alighting."

"It's not possible, Mr. Prior," said the lady, with true Scotch vulgarity of tone, "that ye're going away from my door in that manner, without coming in and wishing me weel, now when I am married. The laird, my husband, would tak it quite as an affront, sir, as weel as your old neighbour, my father, the laird of Glauderston, if he were to hear of such a thing; and look you," she added, holding out her hand, elegantly, to catch the rain drops, "there's another shower coming on. Ye must really come into my house, and see what like my gudeman is, Miss Prior. John! Jenny! Jamie!" she screamed to the staring servants, "what do you stand there glowing for? Run, this moment, an' seek the laird. Ye'll find him, nae doubt, on the Parnassus mount, up there beside the nine Mooses, putting up that long-legged image o' the blind 'Pollo'."

The servants scampered off different ways; and Mr. Prior, finding it vain to argue with the classical lady, who, as she said, would take no denial, now, as she was married, alighted with Rebecca, and, following their hostess into a small old-fashioned apartment, lighted with seven or eight holes called windows, were soon after gratified with a sight of the tasteful Mr. Dryburgh.

"This is my gudeman," said Lady Bicknel, introducing the classical laird, in the person of a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, lively man, with a short neck, round shoulders, and arms that reached almost to his knees, and altogether as unclassically formed a being as ever offered to set up a graven image in honour of the ancients. The elegant admirer of Phidias and Praxiteles was economically dressed in fustian and corduroy; an orange-coloured cotton handkerchief, rolled like a bell-rope, served to fill up the space between his chin and his shoulders; leather leggings, bespattered with mud, encased his brawny limbs, and these were shod by a pair of enormous brogues, which increased the height of the wearer by at least an inch.

"Hoo are ye, Mr. Prior?" said the bluff laird, with a genuine Scottish bow; "and how do ye do, Miss Prior? dear me, mem, I never could get a sight of you, except it might be in Hillington kirk; an' ye're aye sae mim an' sae mute, that I little thought to hae seen you stepping across my floor-head at Bicknel Hill, although we are sic near neighbours, as my gudewife says."

"Deed, gudeman," said Lady Bicknel, "it's my fault entirely; for I should hae renewed acquaintance wi' Miss Prior: but really when folks get married, they have no time for any thing: but will ye not be seated, Miss Prior? Na, na, ye must stay and take a snack: here, John! Jenny! Geordie! what are ye standing there for? bring in the luncheon this moment. Ye'll excuse me, Miss Prior, ye see I'm a plain woman, an' we're a' plain country folks here at Bicknel Hill."

There is nothing that qualifies the manifold afflictions from country kindness, from persons that are in general a *horreur*, but the disarming consideration that it is well meant; and in this spirit did Mr. Prior and Rebecca suffer themselves to be set down upon long-backed chairs, having leathern seats, with a lunch placed before them, principally consisting of a large dish of coarse cold boiled beef, which would have served as a picnic for a dozen squires of the Caledonian Hunt; and the pressing solicitations to eat and drink, by the laird and lady within, seemed to be seconded by the noisy voice of the storm without, which, by this time, began to batter against the windows, and to whirl about among the lofty chimneys of the rocking mansion.

"Take another wing o' the pullet, Miss Rebecca," insisted the lady: "the storm frae the hills makes people hungry. Dear me, I declare ye're doing nothing!"

"What did you think of my grounds as you came along, Mr. Prior?" said the laird, after a most polite hob-nob with the old gentleman, which helped materially to clear his own mouth.

"You have certainly contrived to introduce considerable variety into them," said Mr. Prior, politely.

"But don't you think, sir," said the lady, striking in across the table, "that my gudeman there is rather too much given to graven images of heathen idolatry, whilk you may have seen sentinelled about the grounds up and down? I assure you, Mr. Prior,—since we married ladies may be allowed to speak among you learned gentlemen,—that it's a real calamity, that I cannot take a walk in my own policy, or turn a corner wi' safety, but up starts a great boughy fallow at the back

of every bush; some Hector or Keelis, wi' hardly a tag to cover his nakedness, holding a great sword or spear threateningly o'er my head, as if he meant to fell me: it's a really dreadful."

"These are purely matters of taste, madam," answered Mr. Prior, hardly able to suppress laughter.

The rain being now over, the laird would not suffer Mr. Prior to depart without being shown more fully his grounds and gardens. Having, therefore, persuaded the old gentleman to accompany him without, Lady Bicknel and Rebecca were left together.

A momentary feeling of uneasiness came over the latter, when the gentlemen had departed; for which, however, she blamed herself, when she contrasted her own character with that of her hostess: still, in order to prevent any unpleasant allusions, she adroitly tried to engage her in conversation about the tasteful beauty of the grounds at Bicknel Hill.

But people like Rebecca are far less artful than they think themselves, when brought in contact with such as Mrs. Dryburgh, who had too much of the woman in her to suffer such an opportunity as this to pass, without the enjoyment of a little female triumph over her serious neighbour, in the good fortune of her own marriage. After a few passes of fencing talk, accompanied with a look of extraordinary sweetness and kindness, she thus began upon the sensitive Rebecca:—

"And hoo is your health noo, Miss Prior? I excuse me; but although my father, the laird of Glauderston, or my husband, the laird of Bicknel, cannot hold up their heads wi' the Priors o' Lawford, ye are neighbour and an auld acquaintance, Miss Rebecca. I've had a great concern for you; an', dear me, I thought that ye would have been married long ago; but there's nae signs o' that I can hear of. Dear me, Miss Prior, but ye're looking quite auld-like, an' I say; ye're surely no' in gude health—an' hoo is Mr. Bannatyne?"

"Mr. Bannatyne, madam?" said Rebecca, her face colouring at the other's hypocritical impertinence—"I don't understand you."

"Hoot, ye understand me weel enough, Miss Prior! an' ye'll just excuse my freedom, but ye ken I was a plain-spoken body, an' really I canna help speaking to you about the minister, for he does not do by me as I thought he would. Does he still come to see you and then?"

"I think, Mrs. Dryburgh, you might have more delicacy and good sense than to—" Rebecca could not proceed.

"It is nothing but concern for you, Miss Rebecca, makes me speak, so ye need not take it the least amiss," said the lady, looking with piteous kindness on the irritated girl; "an' really the minister appears to me just as—but I would not say a word ill of a minister; yet Mr. Bannatyne has so long—ye'll excuse me, Miss Prior, but I am a married woman now, and have a right to speak to young folks. Dear me, how ill you look!—but you had always a pale face—take half a glass o' wine."

"If you have any thing to say, Mrs. Dryburgh, let me hear it at once!"

"I see ye're flurried a little, Miss Prior," added the coarse woman maliciously, and enjoying her revenge on Rebecca for rivaling her successfully with the handsome minister of Hillington—"but, ye see, so many women ought to give advice to young inexperienced ladies; and really Mr. Bannatyne, although he was once a sort of joe of my own, is so long about this marriage—if he mean a marriage—that, if ye would take my advice, Miss Prior—"

"Mrs. Dryburgh," interrupted Rebecca, who strove to master her feelings, "I know not why you should make observations to me about Mr. Bannatyne; he visits Lawford as my uncle's friend and mine; and any advice regarding him, or his conduct, addressed to me, is unnecessary and inapplicable."

"Weel, that's very sensibly spoken, Miss Prior: sensible, as I am happy to perceive—an' certainly must ken better than I do; but, ye'll excuse me, the world is an observable world. Indeed, after the talk that has been talked about you and the minister—"

"What talk?—what is your meaning, Mrs. Dryburgh?"

"Why, ye ken, Miss Rebecca, people will speak: I have aye maintained, on your part, that although you forbears, the auld Priors o' Lawford—that is, your father and grandfather, and great grandfather, maybe, as I heard my ain father tell, fell rather into a decremented way, yet surely the minister—dear me, your face is grown like a sheet again—I hope ye're no gann to faint in my lap."

"Is there naeboddy there?" screamed the lady—"John! Jenny! Geordie!"

"I'm better—I'm better now: do not call any one!" urged Rebecca, recovering herself by an energetic effort—"it is only the consequence of my long ride. Now, Mrs. Dryburgh, say, in one word, what you mean by these hints."

"There now—I'm glad to see you come to yourself again," said Lady Bicknell, also recovering—"an' ye speak very sensibly—I aye said ye could talk as sensibly as I could; an' that that could never be the minister's reason for standing aff an' on in that strange sort of way—meaning, Miss Rebecca, by hints? Noo, ye need na be the least flurried; just put that mouthful of wine over—"

"Mrs. Dryburgh," said Rebecca, indignantly, and pushing away the offered wine, "this indelicate freedom with me and my family is what I cannot excuse."

"Odsake, Miss Prior, dinna speak sae sharply," said Lady Bicknell, astonished at Rebecca's scornful energy; "ye'll remember that I'm a married woman, and all I have to say is, that, if ye take my advice, ye'll just tell the minister yourself, plump an' plain, suppose he be a minister—that although, as the folk say, you may be rather—"

"Mrs. Dryburgh, what are you aiming at? It is not fit that I should listen to language like this!"—and, rising as she spoke, while her eyes flashed with scorn, she was proceeding to leave the room.

"Sit doon—just sit doon, Miss Rebecca—odsake but ye're proud an' pettish. I beg your pardon a hundred an' fifty times, although, being a married woman, ye might take my advice when it's all for your gude. But now set ye down, an' smooth your face, for there's your uncle and my gude-man coming back. Odsake, if the laird ken'd that I had wagged a tongue at ony o' the Prior family, I would never hear the last o't. Noo, just forgie me, an' let us be friends—ahem! What a fine afternoon it's turned out!"

As the good lady spoke the last sentence, Mr. Prior and the laird entered the room, to the great relief of Rebecca; and the old gentleman, seeing at a glance that something had been said to ruffle his niece, managed to get off; and in a few minutes they were again driving rapidly towards their own pleasant valley at Lawford.

CHAPTER IX.

The autumnal day, hitherto so variable, had, as has been said, brightened into unusual beauty, as Mr. Prior and Rebecca rode on towards their home. The richness on the landscape, of the afternoon tints, was heightened and enhanced by the shining freshness which the departed storm had left; and the clouds, having cleared away over the nearest range of hills, appeared rolled together in the far distance, and, mixing in contrasting masses with the partial lights shining on the blue summits of the mountains, gave a picturesque grandeur to the still stormy horizon.

As they were driven along, Mr. Prior, as usual, pointed out to Rebecca every peep of nature in sky and landscape that seemed grand or interesting; but he remarked, with concern, that the mind of his niece had been disturbed to a much greater degree than she would confess; for the wide range of "meadow green and mountain gray," now lying gay beneath them, had lost all charm for her, and every effort of his failed to arouse her from that tendency to abstraction, which experience had taught him to regard, in any of his family, with a sympathetic and apprehensive anxiety. The habitual delicacy, however, with which her good uncle had always treated her, prevented him, at this time, from touching upon the cause of her disquietude; and they arrived at home individually brooding in secret over the painful idea, that the world had rejected them as social beings, and already talked of them as ultimately doomed to the melancholy seclusion of mental alienation.

The expected visitors did not come to dinner: but this, so far from being a disappointment to Rebecca, seemed to be a relief to her; for she evidently looked with dread upon the further discussion of a subject with which she thought hope could never be associated. At length a carriage was heard to proceed down the avenue; but, by this time, Mr. Prior was left quite alone, for Rebecca had retired for some time, and, when the gentlemen arrived, was nowhere to be found. As it was on her account, chiefly, that the meeting had been appointed, Mr. Bannatyne, in particular, felt much disappointed at her absence, and at the evident gloom upon her uncle's countenance.

The servant who had been sent to request the attend-

ance of Rebecca now returned to say, that she was neither in her room, nor any where else in the house. Mr. Prior felt strangely at this intelligence, and rose and walked hastily about the apartment. Doctor Heywood was disconcerted, and knew not what to think; Mr. Bannatyne rose also, walked to the window, and drawing the curtains aside, looked abroad upon the lawn, upon which the early moon was now shining dimly. A thought struck him as he gazed down the woody hollow of Lawford, and traced the sinuosities of the streamlet that here and there reflected the watery rays of the moon; and, taking his hat, he was soon in the lawn behind the mansion.

Some impulse led him to take the road towards the height beneath which was the dark chasm into which gushed the streamlet of Lawford, from the solitary pond above, called the Lady's Linn. Rebecca seemed always to have avoided this spot, and he had never been so near it before. The rain of the early part of the day had swollen the waters of the linn, which tumbled with a heavy and saddening sound into the rocky chasm below. Lewis was moved, and contemplated the place as the mysterious emblem of some hidden destruction. But this, he thought, must be fancy only, and the fancy oftener deludes poetical minds into imaginations of sorrow than of joy.

Leaving the falling waters boiling with a hollow sound beneath, Lewis mounted the height to see the linn; but, though the evening was delicious, and the idea of Rebecca had led him abroad, the hope had left him of finding her so far from home as this. He could not resist the impulse, however, of visiting the linn, now as it was so near. The trees that crowned the height were scattered and irregular, and the spot had altogether a neglected appearance; but its very wildness made it more picturesque to Lewis, when, emerging from among the bushes, the open expanse of this hidden lake, made light by the reflection of the moonbeams, now burst upon him.

The solitude of the place was perfect: even the hum of the falling waters below, deadened as it was upon the ear by the intervening thick trees that bordered the lake, seemed to deepen the idea of absolute seclusion; and the still small voice of nature alone was heard to echo through the woods around. Lewis was absorbed, as threading his way among the trees, he traced the green margin of the lake. He had forgotten every thing but some vague and melancholy associations with this holy place, when, as he proceeded musingly forward, he found himself suddenly grasped by the arm, and, looking round, after the start that such an encounter gave him, he perceived the pale features of Rebecca, her person wrapped in a mantle, and her dark eyes gazing on him with unusual animation.

"What seek you here, Lewis?" she said, quickly; "who taught you the way to the Lady's Linn?"

"Rebecca, this is strange," he replied: "why do I find you wandering on this ominous spot?"

"Do not be alarmed, my friend," she answered, calmly; "there is nothing remarkable in an outcast like me loving to brood, in solitude, over thoughts, particularly when my mind is disquieted by this coarse world, and my fancy wanders towards another state of being. But I am glad you are come—very glad it is you that have come to me at this moment!" and, as she earnestly spoke, she clasped closely his arm.

"Then come home with me, Rebecca," he said, kindly, and returning her pressure; "they wait for us at the mansion."

"Not yet, my friend, not yet: let us discourse here an instant. Tell me candidly—tell me, Lewis—did ever a thought come across you—a temptation—to—suicide? Nay, start not. 'Tis not so uncommon. Death, as such, may not be an evil. Life, we know, often is."

"How can you talk thus, Rebecca? Let us leave immediately this solitary place."

"Why should we fear to talk of any thing? See you that small stream that murmurs at the upper end of the linn, how it struggles and foams through obstructing and dividing rocks: how it leaps and bubbles and brawls in its short course; and how quiet it is when it reaches the depths of that placid linn, on the smooth bosom of which the clear moonbeams now sleep so sweetly. 'Tis the old tale, Lewis—struggling time, and quiet eternity."

"You are melancholy to-night, Rebecca; you are not as usual; and here the air is cold. Let us hence to the house."

"You will not, surely, like a worldling, run from me, because I am sorrowful!" she said mournfully. "Is not our friendship, our more than friendship, cemented and strengthened even by melancholy? Nay, let me speak to you, Lewis, as I have always spoken when the sadness of my heart comes upon me. What do you think of the

world, which would not allow me to have you, even, for a friend?"

"Dear Rebecca, do not encourage these melancholy reflections. Do come home with me! There is something awful in this wild spot just now. See you, the moon is under a dark cloud—the trees round these waters assume strange shapes in the gloom; and the chill breeze begins to moan in the woods, and to sweep up the hollow past us. I know not how you can linger here, for the cold black depths of that still linn make me shudder when I look into it."

"It is you that are fanciful, Lewis, and apt to be uneasy, and scared by this gloom and solitude. Now, as for me, it does me good, when my heart is disquieted, to gaze upon these dead waters; and when I sit here in the deepening twilight, thinking of the empty idealisms of life, and the numerous disappointments of warmhearted youth,—of the penalties connected with that very reason of which we think so highly, and the sadness that mingles even with truth itself;—I obtain resignation to an anticipated state that the obtuse world abuses with its pity; nay, I feel almost a happiness in my hopeless equanimity, which is only disturbed by such vain discussions as was this night intended; and when, on this spot, I have solemnly made up my mind to the sacrifice of every tender hope, my prayers to Heaven for mental tranquillity mingle with the roar of the falling waters, as they tumble heavily into that chasm among the rocks,—prayers sincerely addressed to the High and Lofty One, that, in my hour of aberration, when reason shall have abandoned this helpless tenement, He will not desert me;—then, then, my friend, the spirit of my unhappy ancestress, who gave up her struggling soul to her Maker beneath the cold waters of this linn, seems to join in my petition for resignation to the sad fate of my fathers, and to point a ghostly hand, over these woods, towards the heaven above us, where that blessed moon, and the stars that twinkle beside it, cannot hide the glory that is beyond; and where there remains a rest for the frail victims of earthly calamity."

Lewis stood for a minute, unable to answer; and then, taking her gently away from the margin of the linn, he said, as they went slowly down the slope, "This is a mournful subject, Rebecca, and these are thoughts which I did not expect you to be occupied with this night: but the mind, I know, is a riddle—I feel it in myself; perhaps the highest minds are the most difficult to understand: but allow me to remind you, that, with all supposable acquirements, and all its intensity, the mind is often its own worst enemy, and huge, with the prejudice of a determined melancholy, the galling chains of its own misery."

"Oh, Lewis!" she said, and by this time the tears were streaming down her cheeks, "your very reproach is a pleasure and a blessing to me: but my weakness—my poor—"

"Do not speak of weakness, my adored Rebecca," he exclaimed, now melted with her emotion; "we never love those who have no weaknesses. It is not weakness that causes the close embrace of the twining tendrils and its supporter,—which, if they must bend under the blast, bend together,—yes, Rebecca, and rise together when the storm is over, and grow together, and bud and blossom together, and rejoice together in the richness of summer, and shed their leaves together, when winter approaches, and wither together at last, Rebecca,—and die together!"

Tears, and broken sentences, and intruding hopes that were too bright, and apprehensions that were too sad for the contrast, occupied the lovers until they reached the mansion, where the approaching discussion was now involuntarily looked to, as that which was to decide their fate for the rest of their lives.

CHAPTER X.

"You would not have me, sir," said Dr. Heywood, addressing Mr. Prior, when all were seated round him, "begin a formal lecture upon so delicate a subject; particularly as I pretend to advance nothing either very new or recondite, but simply to apply what is known regarding a specific malady to the case, in particular, of this young lady. Ask me, therefore, if you please, what questions you think proper, and I will answer them to the best of my ability."

"There is one great principle regarding this point, which, you say, has been universally admitted of late years," said Mr. Prior, "which, I confess, has made a deep and even hopeful impression upon my mind; and that is, that insanity is essentially a bodily or functional derangement only, and so liable to be treated medically,

like other maladies. Yet, doctor, you will excuse the scepticism, perhaps of ignorance, if, accustomed to the terms of metaphysics and the impressions of the world, I attach to the notion of the thinking principle—of that essence which, like the great Being who created it, 'no man hath at any time seen nor can see,' *res ipsa*,—an idea so abstract and mysterious, as to make the ministering effectually to a mind diseased, a thing hardly consistent with human skill, particularly it, like any other mental peculiarity, if may have been transmitted through several generations."

"I sympathise with your doubt, sir," said the doctor, "and with the feelings that give rise to it: yet, as gout and scrofula, the most inveterate, perhaps, of the other hereditary disorders, have been much overcome by scientific treatment, so has even *mania hereditaria*, as Esquirol calls this dreadful malady. But though I by no means flinch from the consideration, so important in the case of this family, that such an affliction may be inherited; knowing that in all exclusive tribes, as the Jewish people, the Quakers, Moravians, &c. as well as in clanships, and among aristocratic families accustomed to invariable intermarriages among each other, such predisposition has been and is transmitted; yet allow me to say, that persons supposed to be in this unhappy situation are by no means the best judges of the application of any general rule to their own cases; and least of all can they, before such predisposition may have actually manifested itself, be supposed to understand either the doctrine of transmission as likely to affect themselves, or the mode which experience has pointed out of aiding benevolent nature in her usual efforts to free herself from the constitutional derangement to which accident or vice may have, through a series of generations, subjected her."

"Proceed, sir, if you please," said Mr Prior; "we are all attentive."

"Without troubling you at any length upon so wide a subject," continued the doctor, "permit me to observe, that, from several facts that have come to my knowledge, in the history of the cases of several individuals of your family, I am obliged decidedly to conclude that the professional friends of your house, Mr. Prior, and even yourself, have made some capital mistakes, both as to the nature of the malady supposed to be manifested in former generations, and as to the actual danger of your family from it, at the present point of its dreaded transmission. In the first place, allow me to urge upon you, that *mania hereditaria* does not invariably proceed in a direct course, as the history of your ancestors will prove, nor even *per saltum* in the second or third generations, as some have maintained; nor is there, indeed, any general rule of transmission that can be relied on as applicable, by anticipation, to the cases of individuals in whom no manifestation of it may yet have taken place, and who may have safely passed the period of majority. It is worthy of consideration, however," added the doctor, addressing Rebecca, "that this malady, madam, never but in one instance appeared among your ancestors in the female line; and then was associated with circumstances of nervous temperament and worldly trial, that make it by no means decisive as to its belonging to the hereditary character. But there is another consideration, applying to yourself individually, Miss Prior, to which I attach great weight in this enquiry. That consideration is, that, in the general history of *mania hereditaria*, there is hardly a more decided symptom *a priori* of the predisposition in question, nor a more certain precursor of a sudden manifestation of it, than the attempt to conceal, and even the strenuous denial of, such a predisposition, with a uniform reluctance to advert to its history; for I have constantly observed, that craft and deception applied to self and others, is strictly an attribute of insanity, both symptomatic and confirmed; so that the readiness of this lady, sir,"—he addressed her uncle,—"to confess and to dwell upon, so humbling a calamity, her very dread of its manifestation, and her anxiety to avoid any risk of it, is to me a very strong proof that she is in little danger of its ever breaking in upon the happiness and tranquillity of her accomplished mind. Besides all this, be it observed,—if you will excuse me, madam, for speaking of you in the third person, in your own presence,—that it is circumstances of trial, always apt to disturb the reasoning faculties, or to take from us the command of our own minds,—that commonly bring into action the hereditary disposition; and I hesitate not to affirm, in presence of you all, that few females of her years have suffered patiently, and with noble resolution, as Miss Prior has done, a severer trial to a youthful heart, than I know she has endured before this day."

"Heaven bless you, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bannatyne,

with unconscious emotion, as he hung with increasing interest upon the doctor's words. "You delight me by giving the sanction of your opinion to a consideration which has dwelt upon my mind more than I can now express."

"Proceed, sir! pray proceed!" was echoed by all, not even excepting Rebecca.

"Upon the disposition to this malady generally, since you are pleased thus to listen to me," continued the doctor, "allow me further to remark, that there are several peculiarities remotely symptomatic of it, which are by no means scarce in the world, and of which most people are little aware. The chief are those unaccountable and fanciful freaks practised by some, which we usually designate by the mild name of eccentricities, and of which, from the physical obliquity in perception and judgment whereon they are founded, those who practise them are unconscious in themselves. Although these absurdities of conduct are generally only a matter of laughter in the world, yet, if unnoticed and unchecked, they have a tendency, in time, to ripen into positive insanity. The seriousness of the circumstances in which you are placed, madam," he added, looking to Rebecca, "obliges me to refer even to this remote and indecisive characteristic of what you dread; but which, so far from having been evinced by you, up to this moment you have shown a consistency and a firmness, in circumstances of trial, that indicates any thing but weakness or obliquity of mental constitution. Nay, further,—(since you have placed me in the lecturer's chair, you must hear me out.)—even that disposition, so common in sensitive and intellectual constitutions, which, if indulged in, makes the nearest approach to some kinds of insanity, namely, a tendency to brooding over favourite themes, to fanciful abstractions, and the building up of idealisms, poetical or profound, has, if at all existing in Miss Prior's mind, already withstood, as before observed, such trying circumstances, that I should have little fear of its operation in future, if her abiding good sense enables her to watch over it as a dangerous tendency; and particularly if her situation came to be so changed that the natural feelings of her heart may find their exercise and their repose upon those objects that are applicable to the gushing affections of a woman, and which, excuse me, madam, I give it as my opinion, that it would be as dangerous as it is cruel longer to suppress."

A pause of nearly a minute followed this speech, during which no one had the courage to interrupt the perfect silence. At length, Rebecca, lifting up her head from the position which her state of feeling had caused her to assume, and fixing her dark eye upon the doctor, in a tone of solemn earnestness, said:—

"Sir, there is one point more, to which you have not yet adverted, which, for aught I know, may come to overturn all you have advanced, and which, in the effect it has uniformly had upon my thoughts, is of too much importance for me to suffer even delicacy itself to prevent me from mentioning, placed, as I am, in the midst of my dearest friends. Is there not, in the very look of those who are hereditarily disposed to this sad affliction, something which the experienced can read with ease, and which as surely indicates the fate that is in reserve for them, as the hazy glare surrounding the watery moon foretells the storm that is brewing in the sky? Now, sir—" she was unable to finish the sentence.

"Be explicit, madam; not only your happiness, but that of all present, depends much on the issue of this discussion."

"Oh, sir, satisfy me only on this one point," she exclaimed: "does not your long experience among the breift of reason, enable you to see in my very eyes that peculiar expression which distinguishes the individuals so doomed, as it surely indicates the malady of our unhappy house?—I see, sir, I perceive by your hesitation, that upon this important point you hesitate to answer me;"—and, as she spoke, her large eyes, now sparkling from her emotion, began to fill with tears.

"You are quite mistaken, madam," replied the doctor, a little staggered by her manner and the pointedness of the enquiry, "in supposing that I am unwilling to answer you upon this point also; although, from the nature of the case, I confess, I could have wished you to rely less upon inference from a fact so liable to fallacy or abuse. I do not mean to deny that there is, to my apprehension, in the eyes of both yourself and your uncle, something of that indescribable expression, which is known, to those accustomed to observe it, to accompany the hereditary predisposition to mania. But I have never contended that you are in your generation entirely free from a certain degree of that *predisposition*, or that you are not, therefore, more in danger on account of it,

than if nothing of the kind existed. I have already stated to you the grounds of my opinion, that, admitting a certain degree of that predisposition to exist, it is in your case neither so decided in itself, nor so alarming in its contingent indications, as to warrant the present sacrifice of your happiness. And as to the indication in the eyes, I must say, at a time too solemn for the passing of a mere compliment, that in you it is so blended with the fascinating expression of personal beauty, and the sparkling glance of poetic intellect, that I can scarcely detect a single distinct trace of that nameless glare, which, in many that I have seen, was to me so decisive."

Another silence ensued, after the doctor had finished, which was, after a few seconds, broken, with a striking effect, by a deep and struggling sigh bursting from Rebecca, as if at that moment a heavy load had just been removed from her heart.

"And may there, indeed, be no real danger?" she at length exclaimed. "May this awful calamity ever, probably never, overtake me? Oh, sir, do not deceive me by raising hopes too flattering to me to think of, after all I have suffered. Dear uncle, dear sir, tell me what you think? Are you also convinced, by what seems too delightful for me to listen to?" and by this time she had stepped forward, and was kneeling at her uncle's feet.

"Rise up, my sweet Rebecca, and be not thus agitated," said the old gentleman, much affected: "your feelings are too sharp and powerful for your own tranquillity; but I trust the time is at hand, when this painful consciousness is about to be removed. Be seated, Rebecca, for we have somewhat more to say, and let us calmly come to a conclusion in this matter. Mr. Bannatyne," he added, addressing the minister, who, little less agitated, was by this time standing beside the chair of his Rebecca,—"Mr. Bannatyne, can you forget for a moment your feelings as a near and dear friend to my niece and myself, and tell me, as a man and a minister of the gospel, as dispassionately as you can, what is your own opinion of the facts and reasonings which our medical friend has just offered to our consideration?"

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said Mr. Bannatyne, recovering himself, "if I am unable to express myself, at this moment, before a man of science, in thus becoming the serious nature of this enquiry. I must say, in a word, that I am entirely convinced by what the doctor has advanced, and neither from reason nor feeling can offer one caveat to the qualified and yet decided conclusion to which he has come. There is but a single point to which my reason, from what little enquiry I could make upon this subject, would seek an answer, and the answer I should like, with Doctor Heywood's permission, to receive from the lips of Miss Prior herself."

"Name it, Lewis, name it!" said Rebecca, aroused again into something like alarm.

"It is simply," he replied, "that it has been observed, as I believe, that one of the conscious experiences of those who have eventually been lost in the oblivion of insanity, has been an occasional strange rapidity of thoughts, over which they had no power, and a wild association of them which they could not resist, with an exaltation of the ordinary qualities of the mind, which was delightful at the time, like the dreams of the opium-eater; and yet, from the restlessness and anxiety with which it was accompanied, was painful, from the intrusive consciousness that it was morbid or unnatural. Rebecca, dare I ask you, if at intervals your experience has been such as this?"

"Alas!" said she, mournfully, "I think it occasionally has been somewhat thus with me. Indeed, the hurry of thought which you describe, I feel at the very moment. And yet, I cannot say—"

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "a moment's consideration will convince you, from analogy, that the very terms of your question are more calculated to create such symptoms, than to explain those that exist. Need I say, that that rapidity and elevation of thought, which is undoubtedly a general precursor of insanity, is so near akin to the ordinary workings and elevations of most high intellect, that, were we to take the one for the other, every man of genius might, at times, make such a confession, as in this way would lay him open to the charge of insanity?"

"Then, sir, does this really amount to nothing?" said Rebecca, with another sigh of relief and hope.

"Your own answers prove it, madam," said the doctor, taking her kindly by the hand. "An intellect like yours is to be guided, not goaded; and feelings like yours are to be allowed to gush forth towards those you love, lest they burst the bosom in which they cannot be

confined, and take captive the reason which would check them in vain. Heaven bless you, madam, for you ought to be blessed," said the doctor, becoming almost affected as he looked at her,—“blessed with all those domestic endearments that are suited to the cravings of female affection.”

A pause of some minutes here occurred; for the parties concerned seem to anticipate the result of the whole, and were overpowered with astonishment at the change of prospect that had burst so suddenly upon them. The silence was broken by the old gentleman, on who e countenance the others' looks were now involuntarily fixed.

“My dear children, as I may now call you,” he said, “Providence has at length, in an unexpected way, relieved all our hearts of a heavy burden, and shown us clearly what his will is. I know well your thoughts now, for I have long witnessed your ill-smothered feelings. You have had, indeed, a weary and a sad probation; but Heaven, at last, puts a happy end to it, I trust,—for it calls you, at last, to be man and wife. Stand up, my sweet Rebecca; come forward, Mr. Bannatyne, while I join your hands; and may Heaven above make you abundantly happy; for the dark clouds of sorrow and dread have now been dispelled, and the sun of joy will yet arise, to prevent the extinction of my ancient house.”

Mr. Bannatyne and Rebecca stood for some moments, their hands joined together, but unable to speak. A tumult of joy at the idea of yet being a happy wife to her beloved Lewis so burst upon her, that she seemed completely overpowered; till, looking in the faces, first of her uncle, and then of the minister, she gave a short sob, and was relieved by a gush of tears.

When Rebecca had been assisted to her seat, and the others present had shed their irrepressible tears in silence beside her, they found that something more was wanted to give relief to their feelings, and that relief they found in a quarter, to which the pious and virtuous usually have resort.

Mr. Bannatyne, giving the tone to what each one of them felt, stretched forth his arms towards heaven, when the company had stood up around him, and, in an address of grateful thanksgiving to the Deity, poured forth those aspirations, in the name of all present, which the world can neither give nor take away.

CHAPTER XI.

What a change now took place in the hitherto dignified and dull seclusion of the venerable mansion of Lawford! The excitement of anticipated novelty of circumstances, and the cheerful bustle and business of preparation, is always a pleasing relief from the dull ennui of plenty and lack of care; but it is only once in one's life that any can properly experience the unequalled delight of preparation for their own wedding.

The change in Rebecca's circumstances and prospects was almost beyond her own sober belief, and at times was almost too much for the tranquillity of her spirit. But occupation, cheerful and interesting occupation, that panacea for so much of the evil of life, and antidote to the eating poison of great mental activity, prevented the excess of her happiness from injuring the tone of her sensitive mind. Who shall describe all that is to do in a decaying mansion, which seemed to have been doomed to pass into new hands, by the melancholy event of the extinction of the family—its owners for centuries; but which, as its reinstated occupants, is suddenly restored to the joyful prospects of the continuation of an ancient line, to be its lords in many future years?—or who shall adequately speak of all the bright and happy feelings which connect themselves with such events, in minds like those of the gentle Priors of Lawford?

Artists of the cabinet, and artists *du drap*, now occupied the busy Rebecca from morning to night, for some weeks prior to her marriage day. Her uncle was not less engaged with architects and decorators; for the old mansion was of course not only to undergo a thorough repair, but to be made to assume a splendour against the time that the happy pair should return from their marriage jaunt, such as was fitting to enhance joys and prospects so pleasing, and of late so unexpected, and to celebrate an event which formed a new era in the family history. The good old gentleman seemed now to be entirely a new man, as Lawford House seemed like a new place from bustle and expenditure, and the very servants flew up and down stairs like fools in their stir and their joy, and made twenty errands into the talking village of Hillington, or to the houses of the numerous small lairds in the neighbourhood, to indulge country gossip, and re-

ciprocate delight in the great event of the approaching marriage.

That marriage in due time did take place, with more general excitement and rejoicing than had been known in the neighbourhood for many years. The whole people of the village of Hillington seemed determined to take a part in it, and in some way did so when the day arrived; for the Priors of Lawford had been from time immemorial so highly respected, and their young minister was by his parishioners so deeply beloved, that himself and his interesting bride, who had so long been observed wandering sadly together, under the strange restraint of their own principles, were regarded with an almost worshipping admiration. The bald marriage ceremonial of the Scottish church was performed in Lawford House by the nearest neighbouring clergyman, and was gone through by the trembling Rebecca with a comparative tranquillity of mind and a leaning of her feelings upon the affectionate attentions of her husband, which delighted her anxious uncle, and greatly assured all present as to the real stability of her powerful yet sensitive mental constitution.

As the carriage in which Rebecca and Mr. Bannatyne, now man and wife at last, which soon drove off with them on their marriage jaunt, passed through the main street of the village of Hillington, the shouts of the waiting people were only subdued by their profound respect; and long after the happy couple had left the town behind them, the noise of the firing of fowling-pieces, which was then the practice at popular weddings in the country, continued at intervals to remind them, by irregular echoes among the hills around, of the affection of the people, who had long watched and talked of their abiding regard. The pair proceeded first to Edinburgh, and thence to visit the more picturesque districts of Scotland; an indulgence which Mr. Bannatyne's fortune, as well as his arrangements in his parish, enabled him to take along with his bride; and in the mean time, Lawford House was left entirely to the tradesmen employed upon it. Soon after the departure of the bridegroom and bride, Mr. Prior and Dr. Heywood took a sober and comfortable tour by themselves, to visit several old places, and see sundry old friends, who might enhance their cheerfulness, by reminding them of the pleasures of former times, and interest them by talking of the changes of years, and of the sweets and bitters of the days that were past.

It is usual to end a tale with a marriage or a death, because men are fond of representing life as a drama, of which all the events tend to one point of happy termination, or to one decisive and awful catastrophe. But this dramatic form of the events of destiny is seldom found to correspond with actual experience; and life itself, if fairly represented, may in many cases happen to furnish passages of genuine interest to those who are tired of the obvious commonplaces which can scarcely at this day be avoided in the artificial arrangement of hackneyed incident. Be this as it may, my tale is not ended, because I have brought it to the time when those whom I knew and loved were made man and wife; nor have I found, from actual observation, that all sorrow and solicitude, all hope and fear, are entirely at an end with the most interesting couple on earth, when they come before the minister, and he has lifted up his hands over them in the presence of many witnesses, and declared them to be from that moment “married persons.”

CHAPTER XII.

Months and months had passed away after this, and the harvest had been got in which followed Rebecca's marriage, and stern winter had come and gone, with its long nights of comfort by the parlour fire, and its blustering blasts heard sweeping over the woods of Lawford without, and rattling and thudding against the windows of the mansion. A new spring had also arisen to “cleid the birken shaw,” and even the soft showers of “summer again” fell warm yet refreshing over the green valleys of Scotland, before I took my tramps once more abroad from the solitude of Balgownie Brae, to see what friends the grave had spared me over the face of this changeable world, and what tears might have wetted the cheeks of those whom, in sundry places, I remembered with concern; for I was acquainted with many a thoughtful soul, to whom laughter itself was not always a pleasure, nor the natural alternations of softening sadness always a pain. Up hill and down dale, therefore, I wandered once more, and saw many a kind body, and heard many a comforting tale; but there were few of all those who at this time interested my thoughts, that I was

more anxious to hear of, or more blithe to see, than the amiable family of the Priors of Lawford.

But surely, thought I to myself, as I plodded on, I must be getting to be an old man; for I feel the roads becoming long, and my breath becoming short; the wading of brooks does not agree with the stiffness of eild, and the day is always far spent now, before I can win to the end of my journey. The time was, when I could keep up, foot for foot, with the cleverest lass that ever tramped to market with her basket of eggs; and when the prettiest who was ever wont to look in my face as we padded over the dewy ground, saw nothing in it then to prevent her making me her confidant of all the love that had ever at any time kept her from her sleep. But, alas! I say to myself, surely the days of man are as the grass, and as the flower of the field he withereth; “for the wind passeth over it,” saith the Psalmist, “and it is gone, and the place that now knows it soon knows it no more.”

It was on a dull, dropping, drizzling evening, at the latter end of August, when I found myself at length drawing near to the sweet village of Hillington. I had that day travelled towards it by a different road from that to which I was accustomed; and whether I had wandered out of the straight way, I know not, but it seemed to me unusually long, as well as lonely and dreigh. The mist that had crowned all day the lumpy hills on my right was not disposed in shadowy and floating wreaths of gray white, screening poetically, as I have seen it, the rich purple colour which the hills wore at this season; but lay in dead clouds of sad obscurity all round, limiting the dreary prospect to the watery fields on the lower grounds, and the dull sky in which the sun seemed ashamed to show his face.

The quaint old steeple of Hillington Church, which now shot upwards between me and the fading light, began to relieve me; but, somehow, it and the gothic windows of the building beneath it, reminded me also of age and mortality, into which my thoughts had now taken an unusual turn; and I entered the empty long street of the town with a sadness over my spirit as if Providence were preparing me, as it often has done, by an inward impression, for the sudden surprisal of some evil tidings. I almost mistook the door of my own inn, although I had known it so long and so well; for no one stood at the entrance to welcome me, as had always been the case aforetime, and I saw no other but strange faces in the passage. Although, in going in, I made nought to do, but entered my accustomed room as usual, I soon saw that some change had taken place within the premises. The respectable square-looking high-backed arm-chair, which had hitherto been my favourite resting place in the little parlour, and which I sometimes thought seemed almost to know me, and to stretch out its bowed arms on my arrival with a look of welcome, was now nowhere to be seen, and its place was supplied by a new-fangled signmaleery affair of red mahogany, the very shape of which was a grievance to me to look at.

I deposited my little wallet on another new acquaintance among the furniture, and gladly disposed of myself into a resting position; but I had rung the bell three several times before any one appeared to do the services of the hostelry as I should command, and then, instead of the sweet little fairy of a girl that used to bring me my comforts, and light me to my bed at night, there was a red-elbowed, shock-headed kimmer came blattering in at the door, without the least respect, and impudently asked me what it was I wanted.

The first words I was able to address to this ill-boding apparition were by no means worded with my usual circumspection, and consisted of short spoken enquiries into the meaning of this topsy-turvy state of the head inn of Hillington, and why it was that my old acquaintance the landlady had not on this occasion chosen to wait on me as formerly. It was little to be expected that I should get much satisfaction of the brazen cutty who now stood before me; but I was able to draw from her one piece of news which shocked me not a little in the mood I then was; to wit, that my blithe and kind landlady had been some time dead, and that the inn and its furnishings had, of course, passed into quite new hands.

The reflections that this simple event called up, entirely took away my appetite for the ill-regulated supper that was now set before me; for I felt, in spite of my worldly reasonings, that I had lost a friend who used to cheer me in one of my most interesting rounds; and I remembered with apprehension of further disastrous intelligence, the vile forebodings that had haunted my spirit all day, as I wandered alone by the way-side, and thought with sorrow of the progressive narrowing of the circle of my ancient acquaintances. I further learned, that my

old friend, the laird of Glauderston, was also no more; having been cut off shortly after my last departure from the neighbourhood by an hereditary inflammation; and that his son in law, the laird of Bicknel Hill, was now reigning in his stead over the numerous ugly figures which he had contrived to transplant, and to set up all around among the clift bushes of Glauderston plantations.

But, of my interesting friends the Priors of Lawford, I was at length enabled to learn many particulars which had occurred among them since Rebecca's marriage; and the relation of which had various effects upon my own feelings. I stayed, with but little personal comfort, for a few days in the inn at Hillington, to gather together my own thoughts, as well as the different details I was able to pick up. I did not think them altogether satisfactory, but, such as they were, they enabled me in my own way to proceed with my story.

The happiness that fell to the lot of Rebecca Prior and her husband, for a considerable time after their marriage, can only be judged of by those who have themselves tasted what tranquil bliss *may* be enjoyed in the state of well-assorted wedlock; and who can enter into the appreciation of that intense sense of felicity, which is experienced by minds and hearts such as were those I speak of, now as they were in circumstances so much to their wishes, and with the enhancing recollection of so much previous suffering. If in the world the happiness of mortals were permitted to be long without alloy, assuredly theirs would have been so from their marriage-day forth. But though troubles spring not out of the dust of the earth, nor does sorrow gush, says the sacred murmur, from the ground we tread on; though a man look towards the east, and all is serene brightness, and towards the west, and there appeareth no enemy; yet, above or around, or from within or without, a canker worm shall arise to eat into his joys; or the very winds of heaven shall bring to him on their wings, their commissioned portion of the world's evil.

And yet, to Rebecca, there came nothing outwardly for many a day, to break the pleasing spell of her well enjoyed happiness. She and her fond husband, and her cheerful and revived uncle, enjoyed their dream of conscious felicity in the tranquil domesticity of their hearth at Lawford, amidst the regard and respect of all who knew them. The only thing that could be said to trouble Rebecca's thoughts was, the occasional stealing intrusion of that apprehensive conviction, so natural to minds capable of enjoying very highly any earthly good, that her present felicity was too unmingled to be lasting; and a shadowy presentiment shot, at times, through her mind, that, though neither she nor her Lewis could at present see where it was to come from, some event was not far distant, which would at least cause a ripple upon the tranquil surface of their sea of happiness. Her long indulged dread, too, of the family malady, had taken too fast hold upon her mind to be altogether eradicated, even by the joyous events that had so lately taken place; and although such a thought was now banished as often as it intruded, her very felicity made her at times still turn to this point in the index of possible evil, with a disturbing feeling of nervous anxiety.

The keen eyes of affection enabled Mr. Bannatyne at length to perceive this, and the prospect of an heir being speedily given to the family having increased the joy of all, while it deepened the interest in every thing that concerned Rebecca, he immediately consulted Doctor Heywood, whether some additional society, in the shape of female attendants, might not be likely to banish from her mind what remained of this troublesome though vague dread. The doctor at once agreed in the propriety of the arrangement; observing, at the same time, that it had always been a peculiarity of the Lawford family, that they had kept themselves too much in a state of seclusion, chiefly from their own sensitive refinement of mind, and their too lofty conceptions of what was becoming in human nature. But as Mrs. Bannatyne was, as they knew, too fastidious to admit too much familiarity of such female society as was furnished by her own neighbourhood, if a gentlewoman could be found, possessed of an intellect that should render her worthy to be Rebecca's companion, while her circumstances placed her in the situation, in some degree, of a dependent, such a person might at all times, and particularly at the forthcoming crisis, be a most valuable member of the family at Lawford.

On consulting Rebecca concerning what the gentlemen had concluded for her, she was quite pleased with the idea of what she called so agreeable an indulgence, particularly as the adding such an attendant to the establishment at Lawford, would likely be the means of making comfortable some deserving, and probably unfor-

tunate, person. An application having been at once made to a friend, extensively acquainted in Edinburgh, a gentlewoman was soon introduced to Doctor Heywood, who seemed to be perfectly suited to the wishes of all concerned; and was soon after installed as a permanent inmate in the family of Mr. Bannatyne. Strange as it may appear, however, the only person who entertained a shadowing doubt regarding any part of the high character which this lady had received, was the one principally concerned, namely, Rebecca herself; who, when Mrs. Chapman was introduced to her, thought, that what a first impression enabled her to judge of the stranger, being involuntarily less favourable than description had made her anticipate, ought to be dismissed from her thoughts, as an unworthy and fanciful surmise. But the part that the new inmate at Lawford was destined to play, may excuse a little particularity in my account of her, and of her previous history.

Mrs. Chapman was a widow, now about twenty-eight years of age, a member of a family of some antiquity, though not wealthy, but who, having made an imprudent marriage in her youth, had greatly incurred the displeasure, though she had not lost the good opinion, of her friends. Her husband, as usual in such cases, had used her barbarously; but this she bore so well, and she withal discovered, while he lived, such prudent conduct, and such decision of character, that the displeasure of her relatives turned into sympathy, and they did all they could to alleviate the difficulties into which her husband's early death, as well as his general improvidence, had plunged her. What principally recommended this lady as a companion to Rebecca was, that she was a woman of "strong sense," as well as general intelligence, who had seen not a little of the world, and suffered, with a fair character, not a few of its trials. Her person was ladylike, and her full blue eyes had that peculiarity, that they could express in an instant the various transitions from modest humility to something like boldness.

The constant society of Mrs. Chapman, although it was occasionally felt, both by Rebecca and her husband, to be somewhat of a restraint upon them, yet was, upon the whole, an agreeable accession to their domestic enjoyment; and, ere long, she became a great favourite with every one, high and low in the mansion. The gentlemen seemed to be particularly taken with the gaiety of her manner, and her powerful good sense in conversation; and whenever, in process of time, a suspicion crossed the mind of Rebecca, that her companion seemed to take more pains to show off the admitted goodness of her understanding, than was exactly suited to her own situation, and the respect she owed to her (Rebecca) as the lady of the house and her protectress, she repressed carefully every unfavourable suggestion, and turned the suspicion back upon herself, from a candid dread of indulging any thing like the mean feelings of female envy towards a person in Mrs. Chapman's dependent situation. This suspicion of self, and benevolent tendency to her own crimination, rather than allow of blame upon another, had very much become a rooted habit of Rebecca's mind, and partly arose from her lofty conceptions of virtue and purity, but more from that terror of discovering any thing like perversion of intellect, or the most distant symptoms of the malady of her house, which had haunted her from the moment when she was first made acquainted with the dreadful truth.

Time went on, however, and no incident occurred materially to disturb the smooth stream of happiness which was enjoyed by all who dwelt in the mansion; and the safe birth of a son to bless the delighted parents and family, and to heir the ancient property and name of the house of Lawford as well as Bannatyne, was succeeded by rejoicings such as never had been witnessed in the vicinity of Hillington. Although the recovery of Rebecca was somewhat tedious, her feelings, on finding herself at last occupied with the endearing duties of a mother, and as she often contemplated her own sweet babe, while the infant lay asleep on her knee, seemed almost too acutely delightful for the strength of her mind to bear with sobriety, weak as her accouchement had evidently left her. But the mental wanderings not unusual at periods of weakness, although Rebecca had experienced her full share of them, she did not suffer to fill her with any material alarm, until an evident peculiarity in the manner, to her, of Mrs. Chapman, when she conceived her strength almost completely recovered, aroused her to enquiries and suspicions exceedingly unfavourable to her quiet of mind.

What this peculiarity consisted of, it was not very easy either perfectly to identify or define: it was one of those things in the address and manner, to us, of others, which implies or makes us feel a real degradation, but which is

yet too nice in its shadings, and too much blended with kindness and apparent respect, to prevent us from suspecting it of being more or less the creation merely of our own fancies: but it was of such a nature, in Rebecca's case, that she could not, consistently with her own dignity, consent to herself to ask for any explanation concerning it; nor was she sure that, even although she should bring herself to condescend to this, she should obtain an answer on which she ought to depend.

This feeling was the more painful to the private thoughts of Rebecca, as the thing she complained of seemed, at times, to be participated in by her dear Lewis himself; and even his extreme tenderness and caring kindness, during the progress of her recovery, were, in part, attributed to this new sentiment with which she fancied that she began to be regarded. That sentiment, which seemed at first to take the shape of a humiliating, yet kindly, condescension, to her weakness, as if of mind as well as body, when she was perfectly recovered, became, as she thought, of a more decided and expressive character, filling her with alarming cares and enquiries, and again turning her attention intensely inwards. She now observed that often when she spoke at table, Mrs. Chapman would assent studiously to what she said, as one will do to the idle babble of a child, with whom they would not condescend to argue.

Notwithstanding the respect that she had for Mrs. Chapman's understanding, this was conduct which she was determined to take an early opportunity of effectually checking; but it was not easy to do it, without either, to some degree, compromising her own dignity, or increasing the suspicion of being actuated by motives the very idea of which she held in the highest disdain. She did speak to her, however, on an occasion of peculiar provocation, and in the presence of Mr. Bannatyne and her maid; and though this was done with that mixture of sultry and seriousness, which bespoke the considerate delicacy of a mind anxious to convey with tenderness a merited reproof, the colour that rose into the face of the widow, as she observed the surprise that Rebecca's remark excited in Mr. Bannatyne, and the flash that instantly darted from her eyes, indicated, besides a consciousness that the reproof was a just one, sentiments which, at the moment, seemed far from amiable.

The old gentleman, after an embarrassed remark to Mr. Bannatyne, turned off with a laugh this little squabble between the ladies; and before they rose, Mrs. Chapman put on such a look and manner of humility and penitence, that Rebecca was not only completely mollified, but, in the considerate candour of her spirit, retired to rest in a mood of self-accusation, from the suspicion that she might have, after all, unmeritedly wounded the feelings of a destitute woman and a dependent. On meeting of the matter afterwards, privately, to Mrs. Chapman, and comparing the strange looks and guarded replies of that lady, with sundry tender questionings and soothing remarks of Mr. Bannatyne, the thought at once struck home to her heart, that, by something unknown to herself, in her speech or manner, she had been exhibiting, to the alarm and consternation of those around her, some distant symptoms of the dreaded malady of her family.

When this horrid idea took possession of her mind, it is not to be expressed what she felt in private, as she brooded over the fancy with apprehensive despondency; and yet she thought, upon the most rigorous examination of her own mental experience, that, if there did actually exist the surmise that she suspected, it must be founded on a mere mistake of overwatchful anxiety concerning her; for, if her own judgment weighed any thing whatever in such an enquiry, she could find no ground for coming to any such distressing conclusion: but she, insane, she knew, were always deceivers of themselves; and though she would have given worlds to know precisely what her Lewis actually thought concerning her, so sensitive was she upon this dreaded point, that she could not bring herself to disturb his mind with the most distant enquiry upon the painful subject. Unfortunately, at this time, Doctor Heywood was in London, or on the continent, whither he had gone of late to live for a season; and in this state of painful self-observation and uncertainty, the happiness of the married life of the unfortunate Rebecca, was now disturbed and poisoned by the internal struggle and distraction of a nervous anxiety, about what might be evinced by her manner and conversation.

And yet there was something occasionally in the manner of Mrs. Chapman, particularly in her argumentative or playful conversations in presence of Mr. Bannatyne, that, while it challenged her admiration of that lady's talents and tact, excited, unwillingly, flashes of thought across her mind of a nature exceedingly distressing to

the feelings of a doting married woman. But again there seemed other things inconsistent with these obtrusive imaginings: and when Rebecca, when alone with the minister, observed his completely artless, and truly affectionate, almost adoring, conduct to herself, she was inclined not only to blame herself for suffering the intrusion of such unworthy and painful fancies, but seriously to suspect that such thoughts were too surely symptomatic of that malady which was at once, perhaps, her companion and her curse. And then, to confirm her in these unhappy suspicions of herself, she observed, along with the humble and deferential manner to all, of the talented widow, that, sometimes, when she (Rebecca) had uttered a sentence, Mrs. Chapman seemed to regard her with a look as if of mingled sorrow and compassion; and, turning her large eyes next upon Mr. Bannatyne's countenance, would playfully, and without noticing what Rebecca had said, proceed with the thread of her own absorbing conversation.

The reader has, by this time, probably, seen, in the conduct of Mrs. Chapman, the real meaning of all this; but which the unsuspecting benevolence of Rebecca's nature would not allow her, in any case, to conclude. To be short, if Mrs. Chapman was a person of "strong sense," she was also a woman of strong passions; and a week had not elapsed from the day of her arrival at Lawford House, before her eye was fascinated, and even her feelings absorbed, by the handsome and unsuspecting minister of Hillington. Nor was this guilty admiration unknown to herself, as such a thing might have been, for a time, to a more simple, or, in plain terms, a more modest woman; but, though fully aware of all the danger and all the wickedness of indulging a sentiment of this sort for a married man and a minister of religion, with that recklessness of consequences which has ever been the characteristic of the most abandoned of her sex, she at once gave herself up to the influence of her vicious passion; and, without any precise design or planned purpose, found her only pleasure in fishing for the admiration and striving to seduce the affections of the youthful minister. Had Mr. Bannatyne been as practised as she was in the ways of the world, he soon could have read the meaning of the alluring arts of the widow: but the feeling of suspicion is the penalty only of the experimental knowledge of evil; and so the single-hearted clergyman was, as yet, perfectly blind to all that Mrs. Chapman dared to show to attract his regard.

CHAPTER XIII.

During all this time, Mrs. Dryburgh, who now lived much at the old-fashioned mansion of Glaunderston, near Hillington, made several attempts to impose herself anew upon the acquaintance of Rebecca, now as the latter was, as she said, a "married woman." In these efforts she was not entirely unsuccessful, particularly after the introduction of Mrs. Chapman into Lawford House; for, as Rebecca's good nature was fully a match for her own shrinking reserve, her crafty dependent easily managed to favour the visits, from motives of her own, of the talkative lady of Bicknel Hill.

One day, Rebecca, having been somewhat discomposed by her own reflections upon something that had occurred at the breakfast table in the morning, had thrown herself upon a couch in her apartment, and, indulging for a time the feelings that oppressed her, insensibly fell into a dreamy sleep, while Mrs. Chapman sat by in professed attendance. She was awakened by the noise below of some one's entrance; but, hearing the voice of Mrs. Dryburgh in the hall, she feigned to be still asleep, as Mrs. Chapman passed out of the room to receive her visitor, in order to avoid the personal annoyance of the former lady's present society. Although, in doing this, she had, as she thought, given sufficient indication to Mrs. Chapman that her slumber was feigned, she was surprised to find the latter return on tip-toe, leading in Mrs. Dryburgh; and the two, seating themselves beyond a light curtain or screen, commenced conversation in her hearing, under the seeming supposition that she was asleep.

"An' hoo are ye, Mrs. Chapman?" began Lady Bicknel, as Mrs. Dryburgh was usually called by the country people, "weel, hoo are ye? Dear me, but I'm quite happy to meet you just by yourself, Mrs. Chapman, for I've often been wishing for a quiet word o' you about Miss Prior—bless me, I never can call her any thing else but Miss! for really I never thought to ha'e seen her a married woman: an' I'm greatly concerned about her—but are ye sure she's fast asleep?"

"Quite sound, Mrs. Dryburgh," said the other;

"besides, she lies off at a distance from us, and cannot possibly hear."

"Weel, ye see, Mrs. Chapman, I would just like, as I say, to hae twa words wi' you about Mrs. — Mrs. Bannatyne—dear me, I never can get my tongue about her married name—for I wonder hoo she is since she was married, puir dear lady, an' hoo she's getting on, an' hoo she's doing with the baby, an' if her head, ye see, is just quite right; for ye know, Mrs. Chapman, that marriage is a trying thing, an' ye have been a married woman yourself, Mrs. Chapman, and I would just like to ken—but are ye sure she'll not hear us?"

"There is no fear of that, if we do not speak any louder."

"Weel, Mrs. Chapman, does your lady, do ye think, just appear aye fair an' square i' the head?—because, ye know, the Prior family was aye an odd family: an' does the puir lady never take ony bits o' tinnivocs, or ony kind o' queer symptoms, or hysterics, or — eh?"

"Ye know, Mrs. Dryburgh," said the widow, with a demure and wise look, "that it would not be becoming in me to let the least word pass my lips that would look like a disclosure of family affairs; and I need not tell a woman of your experience, Mrs. Dryburgh, that in every family there are matters that —"

"I am perfectly aware of that, Mrs. Chapman, an' it's a most wise and sensible observe of you; because I'm a married woman myself, an', as you say, in every family there are little affairs—but as to this lady, there is something in her look—but I may be mistaken, Mrs. Chapman; an' noo, as we are by ourselves, I would just like to hear your breath about her, puir thing; for if she were ever losing her reason, an', as I say, she has sometimes a very strange look with her—God help her puir young family! an' the minister himself would gang clean crazy after her. But what do ye think?"

"I think, Mrs. Dryburgh, that—but it's not to seek what I would say."

"Hech sirs! but ye may tell me, Mrs. Chapman, for I jaloused as much. An', really, ye maun hae a kittle place o' t' amang them a'; for it's so hard to know what to do wi' a daft body: ye'll excuse my plain talk—odd, I hope she doesna hear us."

"No fear of that, madam."

"An' she'll whiles talk quite odd, an' as it were silly?"

"She does talk very strangely sometimes."

"Hech! hech! its just beginning on her."

"One would really at times almost think so."

"And imagines every thing she says, quite gude sense and perfect gospel?"

"You know that is the nature of that unfortunate state of mind."

"Perfectly the nature o' t'; and ye'll no dare to contradict or argue wi' her, whatever she may say."

"It would be of no avail; besides, it would be somewhat cruel to the dear young lady,—an' so I just give a look to the minister or so, and say nothing."

"O but ye're a sensible, wise woman, Mrs. Chapman! what a treasure you must be to that puir demented leddy!"

"Hush—sh! But you must not suppose, Mrs. Dryburgh, that I have mentioned to you any thing particular; Mrs. Bannatyne is a sweet young creature, an' the minister is such a dear kind —"

"Oh, is n't he a fine-looking gentleman, the minister! he's a full head an' shoulders above Mr. Dryburgh, my stumpy gudeman—but, talking of men, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Bannatyne should never have been a minister wi' a black coat, he should have been a grand dragoon officer, wi' a red coat an' a sword,—that's aye what I say."

"He would have looked just to my mind in the cavalry dress, certainly," said the widow delighted with the thought: "but hush—speak low; it is likely Mrs. Bannatyne will shortly waken, and it would be as well, Mrs. Dryburgh, that you were not found here alone with me."

"Ye say right, Mrs. Chapman," added Lady Bicknel, rising; "an', dear me now, what ye tell me about your lady, is just what I was afraid of, whenever Miss Prior became a married woman."

"Remember, I have not told you any thing particular, Mrs. Dryburgh," continued the widow, looking wise; "for family affairs are what I shall never speak of."

"You are a discreet woman, Mrs. Chapman, I see that; but just trust to me, for I ha'e more sense, after all, than ye maybe would expect, when ye come to find me out."

"It is evident you have a deal of sense, ma'am," said the widow, sily, "and it's a great blessing, Mrs. Dryburgh," she went on, in a louder tone, "to be possessed of one's senses; for if the mind is in any way astray, and

the reason out of joint, what a chaos does it not make in the whole system of our mental comprehension!"

"What a beautiful style of language you have in your speech, Mrs. Chapman!" exclaimed Lady Bicknel, with a flattering sweetness of manner, which was exceedingly enchanting to the knowing widow, only she could with much difficulty preserve herself from a burst of laughter.

"Before I was married, my style of language was allowed to be uncommonly elegant, for my father had me at Mrs. Deyelle's boarding-school, which, ye know, was the very first rate; but, when a woman gets married, Mrs. Chapman, an' especially in a country place, why, ye see, we forget our lair, an' our parley-vous, an' every thing. But farewell, mem, an' just give my kind regards to Mrs. Bannatyne, an' say, that I could not think of disturbing her, when I heard she was taking her *bon repos*. Ah, Mrs. Chapman, what a pity it is to see sae pretty a young creature as that—hush—getting quite out o' her mind. But that was the state o' her puir father before her, wha died demented, an' that is the curse o' the whole Priors of Lawford, as I've heard my father that's dead an' gone often say. What a blessing it is to be in possession of one's sound senses! You and I ought to be thankful for our wits when we look at that unfortunate leddy; an' then there's the baby too. I'm fear'd to think what it's likely to come to yet. Oddsake, mem, do you think that she could be hearing us all this time?"

CHAPTER XIV.

The truth contained in the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, that what is but sport to some is death to others, is oftener applicable than those at least, who are in the habit of looking only for sport, are, in their thoughtlessness, ready to admit: and so it was in the case of Rebecca and Mrs. Chapman, as detailed in the preceding brief chapter. To the unfeeling widow, however, it was more than sport, as has been already hinted, to work as she was doing upon the sensitive mind of the young wife; and her success was equal to the depth of her craft and the singleness of heart of her unsuspecting victim.

Rebecca, compelled as she had involuntarily been, to be an eves-dropper to that which was destructive to her own peace, had only heard distinctly a part of the conversation between the two women; but the widow, having taken this method of making her indirectly acquainted with what she desired might be believed to be her sentiments, took care to give sufficient voice to that part of the talk which she wished her lady to hear; and the way in which it was spoken, and the whispering indistinctness of the remainder, conveyed an impression to the unsuspecting Rebecca, even more deep and decided than the crafty Abigail could have anticipated. Along with that impression, the few words of caution and seeming reluctance to allow her own sentiments to escape, uttered by Mrs. Chapman, in the early part of the conversation, conveyed to the amiable mind of her lady the notion, that the widow was more her friend than, from some other indications, she had been ready to suppose; and, making allowance for the natural talkativeness of her sex, that she was a very prudent and considerate person. Whenever a suspicion contrary to this crossed her thoughts, she only treated it as a further proof of that obliquity of mind which belongs to insanity, and into which she now feared, or rather concluded, in her dread, that she was fast merging.

From this hour there was a decided change in the conduct of the unhappy Rebecca, while her doting husband (her uncle having in the mean time gone to spend a few months in Edinburgh) was obliged to notice in her what filled him with such alarm and distress of mind, as in delicacy towards the old gentleman's peace, he was actually afraid to make the subject of any communication to him for the present. Yet what he could remark in the changed lady of the mansion was not of that nature to enable him to come to a very decided conclusion. Her obstinate yet unwilling taciturnity, which, in fact, arose from her nervous dread of saying any thing which should confirm her own and his suspicion of any aberration of mind, though, at first, set down by Mr. Bannatyne to that cause, became, at length, by the insinuated representations of Mrs. Chapman, to be considered as a proof of something even more intolerable to him than the mental affliction; namely, alienation of heart from himself. What else could it be, he thought, that made her now appear studiously to avoid him; and, dwelling only over the constant contemplation of their infant, instead of being much with him as formerly in their days of happiness, to answer him with suspicious hesitation when he met and addressed her, and even palpably to shun his society?

On her part the change was even more deeply distress-

ing, forasmuch as it centred chiefly in distrust of herself. And yet, with the most rigorous examination of her own thoughts, all the self-humiliation that candour had reared upon extreme modesty could not lead her fully to conclude that a real aberration had actually manifested itself in her mind. But by this time the widow had contrived to turn her suspicions partly into another channel; and the fortune and connections of the minister, leading him, of late, into occupations of a public nature, which took him occasionally from home, the wily woman, with her usual art, contrived, by degrees, to insinuate into the mind of the secluded Rebecca, that Mr. Bannatyne was no longer the man he used to be; and to render her even more guarded than ever, in her behaviour, when in his presence, by the broadly asserted suspicion, that, in consequence of the mental imbecility that she had lately shown, his mind was beginning to be quite estranged from her.

And yet, sometimes, she thought, he looked kindly, and, as she imagined, with compassion, upon her, and addressed her inquisitively, yet with an expression of anxious affection; but this very manner, again, threw her mind back upon her suspected aberration, and she dreaded to reply to him, lest she should further betray something of the malady of her family. But malady, the actual malady, seemed now undeniably to be coming over her, as she would sit wistfully contemplating her slumbering baby in her chamber, the fruit of the love between her and her Lewis, in days when as yet her mind was sound and his affections were to her all in all. And then, when her chosen solitude grew irksome to her, she would steal up to that shut-up chamber, where the portraits of her ancestors, who had died in that dreadful state, glared melancholy around upon her from their dusty frames, and seemed to look piteously down to another hapless daughter of a hapless house, who, with fatal infatuation, had made herself another link to continue the chain of their misery to future generations.

"Is Mrs. Bannatyne not coming to-day also, to meet us at dinner, Mrs. Chapman?" said the minister one evening, as he sat down with the widow to their solitary meal. "Truly, this is very sad and uncomfortable."

"She bade me excuse her again, sir," said the widow, mysteriously; "besides, she complains of being ill."

"What am I to think of this? And is Mrs. Bannatyne really so ill? I will go and speak to her."

"Indeed, sir, excuse me," said the widow, "but it were better not."

"Why, Mrs. Chapman? did she say she would not see me?"

"Something to that purport, sir. But not by any means these words. Excuse me, sir; but I have already said all I could to Mrs. Bannatyne."

"But she seemed obstinate."

"I do not say, obstinate, sir. Mrs. Bannatyne seems to be ill."

"How unfortunate it is that Dr. Heywood is not here! alas, what a case am I in!"

"Shall I go and speak to your lady again, Mr. Bannatyne? I would do any thing to see you happy, sir."

"I know you would, Mrs. Chapman. My obligations to you are infinite. I cannot express my sense of your attention to my poor Rebecca. But you need not go to her again. It might irritate her mind. Heaven will enable me to bear this trial; and time and patience may yet bring her to herself and me. Excuse me Mrs. Chapman, but I cannot partake of these viands;" and, seizing his hat, the distressed Lewis rushed forth, to seek calm to his mind in the woods of Lawford.

He saw Rebecca at night, but only for a few moments, although the crafty widow was constantly in his way. In two days after, he was preparing to depart for Edinburgh, to attend the meeting of his presbytery, his fortune enabling him by this time to have an assistant in his clerical duties; and his communications with Rebecca being now chiefly through Mrs. Chapman, he sent for that lady to enquire if it would be agreeable for Mrs. Bannatyne to see him, that he might take his leave.

"Your lady will see you, sir," said the widow, with seeming joy, after making the enquiry; "but it might be advisable to say but little to her at present, and, above all, not to ask her any particular questions."

"I will attend to your suggestion, Mrs. Chapman," said the minister: "but how will you entertain my poor Rebecca during all the time of my absence?"

"Ah, sir, she will not be entertained, that is the misfortune. But I will do all in my power, and there is Mrs. Dryburgh visits her occasionally."

"Mrs. Dryburgh! and is my Rebecca reduced so low as to take pleasure in the company of Mrs. Dryburgh! Alas! But as for you, madam, I cannot express what I

owe to you for this self-denied attention to my poor wife—I trust her entirely to you."

When he entered her chamber to take leave as permitted, he found Rebecca bent over their infant, and her eyes gleamed with joy as she rose to meet him. But she pressed his hands in silence, and looking up in his face, seemed ready to burst into tears.

"How are you, Rebecca? How are your feelings to-day? I am sorry to see you look so pale."

"Are you really sorry for me, Lewis?"

"Truly I am, but——" here a look from the widow admonished him to say little.

"I am going to part with you for some time," he went on; "but I leave you with good attendance in this worthy lady."

"Going to leave me, Lewis—and never told me till this moment?"

"I told Mrs. Bannatyne, sir, but she forgets," said the widow, with a nod to the minister.

"You told me? How can you say so, Mrs. Chapman?" said Rebecca; a slight flush of indignation passing over her pale countenance—"would I forget such news as my husband's going to leave me?"

"My dear lady, I did tell you several times," said Mrs. Chapman, compassionately, "but your mind is——" and she ended with a look towards the minister.

"Is it indeed so, Lewis?" said the unfortunate lady, with moving pathos, as she perused with alarm the countenance of her husband.

"Be tranquil and be happy, until my return, Rebecca; and this excellent lady will, I trust, be a constant comfort to you. Farewell!"

"That is not the way he used to bid me farewell in my happy days," said Rebecca, within herself, as she withdrew her hand silently from his,—"but those days are gone."

He stepped forward to caress their infant—for a moment looked sadly in her face as he passed, offering her his hand again, which she was too much absorbed to take: he then left her in melancholy silence, and went on his journey.

"With what sad thoughts do I leave my home now, which was once so happy!" he murmured to himself as he rode, musing on his solitary way, leaving behind him his beloved village of Hillington. "I wish I had said something more to my poor Rebecca, she looked in my face so sadly, as if something oppressed her. Can it be possible that I am deceived? I feel a strange dissatisfaction with myself, I can scarcely tell why. But yet I might have spoken more to her—I thought she looked disappointed; and my own heart yearned to caress her as I used—but that unhappy malady! What if I have been to blame in increasing her sorrow! I could almost go back this instant, to enquire further concerning her, and judge for myself. But in two weeks I must return to Hillington, and surely by that time her state of mind will be more decided."

With such reflections as these, Mr. Bannatyne pursued his solitary journey to Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a melancholy time to Rebecca, that, while Lewis was from home, and she was left entirely to the brooding abstraction of her own thoughts, and to the constant society of the crafty Mrs. Chapman. "Oh if I could but see my uncle," she would sometimes say to herself; "and now another month must surely bring him to Lawford. But yet I am almost afraid to see him, if this horrid despondency be indeed that unhappy affliction which has been the misery of our house—I have not courage to write to him, to hasten his return."

"Yet surely," she would think within herself, as she sometimes took an airing abroad in the carriage, "this sadness cannot, after all, be decided insanity, for the breeze of heaven seems as delightful to me as ever, and the fragrance of the hills comes as refreshing to my senses; the woods of Lawford look still lovely and green, and the birds on the branches pipe sweetly as I pass. There is not a flower that 'adorns the green valleys,' but I know and delight in as the silent friend of my youth; and the broom that grows yellow on the braes of Greenwood speaks a language as solacing to my poetic apprehension, as does the pretty spire and solemn burying-ground of the old church of Hillington, to the heavenward aspirations of my wounded spirit."

"But I will not be positive in that difficult judgment which is founded merely on my own consciousness; and if the affections of my husband have not yet deserted me, the malady of my family may never come upon me in that full and frightful measure, that shall destroy that

reason which preserves my responsibility to Heaven that is above me—the great and merciful Heaven—which does not disdain to watch over the wanderings even of a heart like mine."

But heavy clouds and shadows of despondency would again come over her reflective spirit, as she sat solitary in her chamber; and thoughts would arise in her weary abstractions, which almost convinced her that it was indeed no misrepresentation, that she was really astray in her mind. And then, as she watched the nursing of her beloved infant, and her heart was lightened by his interesting playfulness, she would look through the obscure vista of future time, to the days when the babe might be a man, and the proprietor of Lawford—till the portraits of her ancestors in the deserted chamber seemed, in her thoughts, to prophesy of the child's after-destiny; and the dreadful imagination of his yet being a raving maniac before he left the world, to carry forward to another generation the fatality of her house, would close with anticipated horrors the fancies that oppressed her.

Nearly three weeks had passed away since Mr. Bannatyne left Lawford, and the sacrament Sunday at Hillington church was now at hand, and still the minister had not yet come home. It was a long and sad period to Rebecca; but at length, as the sacrament week advanced, the minister did arrive, in company with another clergyman, one of his intended assistants in the ensuing solemnity.

"Where is Mrs. Chapman? how is my Rebecca?" were the first questions he asked on stepping once more into the hall at Lawford.

"Mrs. Bannatyne, I am sorry to say, is in a very peculiar state," said the widow, who was already in a way.

"Let me see her; I wish to speak to her," said the minister, eagerly.

"Pardon me, sir, but it might not be wise all at once to break in upon your poor lady, in the state she is."

"What state is she in, Mrs. Chapman? Inform me quickly, for this is worse than I had imagined."

"I am no physician, sir, and I cannot describe her state in a way that, perhaps, you could well understand. But, sir, she is very silent and low. I have, however, Mrs. Dryburgh to visit her sometimes, and that lady is with her now."

"And may I not see her, as well as Mrs. Dryburgh?"

"Certainly, sir, if it is your wish—but——"

"What would you say, Mrs. Chapman?"

"You know, sir, that it is a peculiarity of those who have unhappily fallen into that state, that they have a distaste at those whom they formerly loved the most, and that the very sight of them irritates their disorder."

"Gracious Heavens! and has it come to that with my poor Rebecca?"

"I do not absolutely say so, sir; but from some expressions she has used——"

"I understand you, Mrs. Chapman, and perceive the considerate delicacy by which you are actuated. Alas! and this is, at length, the state of my adored wife!"

"But I will hint to her cautiously, that you are come home, sir," continued the widow, happy at the success of her diabolical insinuations, "and see if it would be at all safe for you to see her; and surely she will consent to meet you. Then, if you take no notice of what she may say, you may see the dear lady for a few minutes with little danger."

"God bless you, Mrs. Chapman, do what you can to enable me to see her without aggravating the state of her mind. And in the mean time, pray say to Mrs. Dryburgh, that I should be glad if she would step this way."

"I feel for you much in this affliction, sir," said Mr. Bryce, the clergyman, whom he had brought with him, when the widow had withdrawn. "But as, in the world, we require oftener to be reminded than interested, allow me the liberty of reminding you of the necessity now for exercising the much talked of virtues of fortitude and resignation."

"I thank you for counsel, sir," said Lewis, sadly; "but do you think I am right in giving way to the judgment of this woman, in abstaining from seeing my poor wife in her affliction?"

"The lady speaks sensibly, and with much apparent reason," said the stranger clergyman; "and, certainly, I have heard of cases wherein the patients could not bear the sight of those who once were the most dear to them; but I would have you to make enquiry of the other lady who visits Mrs. Bannatyne, and if she confirms the opinion of this Mrs. Chapman, no private feelings which you must naturally have, ought to be gratified at the risk of aggravating the disorder of your unhappy wife."

Lewis agreed, with a sigh, to the opinion of his friend; and, as they were talking, Mrs. Dryburgh entered the apartment.

"I am obliged by your attention to my unfortunate lady, madam," said Lewis, as she came forward; "and, pardon me, Mrs. Dryburgh, but as you have had opportunity of seeing her often in my absence, may I ask you if you think she is so ill, that my seeing her now might be injurious to her tranquillity?"

"I am much afraid o' 't, sir; and, indeed, it would be a black danger and detriment the way the pair lady is in," said Lady Bicknel, having received her cue from the widow: "and, mair than that, sir, as I was saying to that worthy woman, Mrs. Chapman, if ye would take my advice, ye would take away that bonnie bairn o' yours frae her, or at least watch her very carefully anent it."

"What mean you, Mrs. Dryburgh?"

"If ye had heard, sir, what strange talk she was talking to the infant, one day when she thought I was not hearing her; and she looked at the dear bairn wi' such eyes! Lord preserve us, sir, but I could na but think o' that dreadful story o' Lady Belldowie, that ye may hae heard o'."

"What story do you allude to, madam? this is strange talk."

"Did you never hear of Lady Belldowie, sir, that lived at the Point o' Garnoch, by the sea-side, in the next shire. The pair woman, sir, went clean out o' her senses; for, ye see, it was in the family, and she actually murdered her ain bairn!"

"Mrs. Dryburgh," said Lewis, with a look of more than horror, "I hope you did not tell this story to my unhappy wife."

"Ne'er a bit, sir; but she *did* hear it, and that when I could na hae thought she was minding me telling it to Mrs. Chapman; an' if ye had just seen, sir, how she scream'd, as it were, into hersel' an' wrung her hands together fearfully!"

Mr. Bannatyne rose, and paced the room, in dreadful agitation.

"But have you heard Mrs. Bannatyne talk in such a manner of me, madam—you will excuse me," said Lewis, stopping, and fixing his eyes on Mrs. Dryburgh—"as to induce you to suppose, as Mrs. Chapman does, that I ought not to see her for the present?"

"I have never heard the pair lady talk much at all; an', indeed, she'll hardly speak to me: but I see plainly that the least iota would put her clean into the hysterics, an' I would advise you, sir, not to go near her until Mrs. Chapman, who understands her far better than I, give you permission."

"I think that advice is safest, sir, under all the circumstances," said the stranger clergyman, "however painful it may be to your own feelings."

By such reasoning was Mr. Bannatyne—after despatching letters to her uncle and Dr. Heywood, requesting, if possible, their instant return to Hillington—restrained from visiting his unhappy Rebecca, until the following Sunday morning; when, just as he was preparing to go to his church, to attend the solemn ministrations of the sacrament, he found his mind so depressed, and uneasy with himself, that he intimated his determination to risk a short interview with her, having learned that she was already up, and engaged in her devotions, and he requested Mrs. Chapman to prepare her for his coming.

The widow, somewhat alarmed by the minister's determined manner, did prepare Rebecca, agreeably to what she had so carefully insinuated since his return; and soon Lewis, accompanied by Mr. Bryce, his friend, found himself once more in the presence of his spouse.

Rebecca did not rise as he entered, although she gave a slight start upon first setting her large liquid eyes again upon him, as if the sight was almost too much for her now; but immediately observing that he was accompanied by a stranger, she turned her face towards the book that was before her, and appeared to take no notice of his presence.

"Rebecca!—Rebecca, my love!"—he said, drawing near, "will you not speak to me, when, in my anxiety for you, I have at last come to pay you a visit?"

"I cannot recognise a visit of ceremony from you, Lewis, as my husband," she said; "and this, I perceive, is perfectly such; as besides the formality of announcement, you have, I observe, come to me with a suite behind you."

This speech was so sensible, both as to its matter and the tone in which it was spoken, and the reproach in it was so reasonable, upon a supposition of her sanity, that Mr. Bannatyne was perfectly thunderstruck. But, fear-

ing to give a direct reply, until he saw further into her state of mind, he only said,—

"I wish you were sensible how much it is the contrary of what you say, Rebecca. But you are attired for going abroad. Are you really well enough to venture forth this morning?"

"I would be ill indeed," she replied, "if that prevented me from attending the Hillington sacrament. It is good for those who are broken in spirit to go up betimes to the Lord's house, for he spreads a table in the wilderness, even for those who are left without a comforter; and the deeply depressed under the world's sorrows he strengthens, and raises up from the depths of despair, and fills their mouths with songs of deliverance."

"Rebecca," said Lewis, more and more astonished, "I did not expect to find you in this placid spirit. There is always hope for those who turn to Heaven in their sorrows, for the consolations of religion are neither few nor small."

"And it is consolation I am in need of, Lewis," she said, hardly able to articulate; "since I have lost your affection."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak thus, Rebecca. I am under some delusion. For Heaven's sake do not give way to this emotion."

"You have been four days at home without coming to speak to me, Lewis. I am an outcast and a spectacle in my own house!—but go away to the table of the Lord. Dispense with your own hands the sacred symbols of affliction and humiliation. It well becomes you, after the sorrow you have brought to my heart."

"You must not allow yourself to be thus agitated, sir," cried Mr. Bryce, as the distressed young clergyman smote his forehead, and looked wildly, first at Mrs. Chapman and then at Rebecca. "Remember the duties that you have this day to perform, and there is the Sabbath bell already sounding from Hillington kirk. Postpone, I beseech you, this trying matter, at least, until the services of the day are ended." And saying this, Mr. Bryce, along with the now rallied Mrs. Chapman, succeeded in withdrawing Mr. Bannatyne from his wife's apartment.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was with a sad and perplexed spirit, on the same quiet Sabbath morning, that the Reverend Mr. Bannatyne proceeded to Hillington kirk, and mounted his pulpit to commence the public worship of the day. The reasoning of Mr. Bryce, on their way to the village, benevolently intended to calm his mind regarding his conduct to Rebecca, by urging, in extenuation, the deceptive nature of the malady with which she was suspected to be afflicted, and the probably ignorant zeal of Mrs. Chapman, by whom he had suffered himself to be persuaded, had but little effect against the cutting conviction of having caused suffering to her whom he loved above all objects on the earth, which now stung him with a thousand almost intolerable regrets.

Never before had the beloved minister of Hillington begun the solemn duties of a sacramental occasion with such an uncomfortable and disturbed mind. There may have been some cause, he thought, for the representations of Mrs. Chapman; but, at least, Rebecca had had reason enough left to feel bitterly the systematic cruelty with which he appeared to have treated her; and, if she were now returning to perfect mental health, he was conscious of having caused her, perhaps, irreparable misery, at a time when he ought to have been her comfort and her stay. 'Tis true, his regret was in some sort needless, as applying to what could not now be recalled; but when, in the course of his preaching, he unavoidably cast his eyes to where she now sat, as formerly, looking up in his face, and drinking in the word of Divine consolation from his lips, as she had ever done, his heart yearned towards her, as the best beloved of his soul; and he could have gladly undertaken any personal suffering, if that could make up for one pang that he had unwittingly caused her to feel.

What Mrs. Chapman had, by degrees, insinuated into Rebecca's mind, to string it up to the pitch at which it was on this Sabbath morning, it were tedious now at any length to particularise. But with all the understood weakness and softness of her sex, the very intensity of her feelings upon a subject so precious to her, and so interwoven into her heart, as her husband's affections, gave her mind a strength, or at least, a tension, upon that particular point, of which her Lewis could have had no idea. She heard, therefore, his discourse this day with all the piety which the subject matter of it was calculated to promote; but, instead of yet reading his compunction in his countenance, every thought that he

uttered, that she was constrained to admire, only sent, with the approbation of it, an additional pang to the core of her heart, from the feeling that she had alienated and lost the regard of so admirable a man, and so deeply beloved a husband.

When the sermon was ended, she felt an exhaustion coming over her, and pressed forward, on the opening of the tables, to take the sacrament on its first dispensation, in order the more speedily to retire to her home. By this time her mind was in a strangely excited state, and while the people sung the preliminary psalm, she was pressed forward among a few others, who were filling up the upper end of the tables, just at the time when Lewis was descending from his pulpit to preside at the first, after the manner of the Scottish church; and, from the politeness of those around, or some chance cause, she was placed at the head almost beside her husband, and next to Mr. Bryce, who was, after the pastor, to officiate at the tables.

When Mr. Bannatyne took his seat at the upper end of the tables, and found his Rebecca, whom he had been considering as a lunatic, and with whom he had had so unsatisfactory a scene in the morning, seated so near him at this ordinance, his feelings were such as it would not be easy by any words to convey a just idea. A series of events, very unlooked for, had made his wife and himself, who had for so long been to each other like the apples of their eyes, almost perfect strangers for several weeks; and the pleasure that he felt in seeing her thus recovered, and seated beside him at this sacred ordinance, was strangely dashed by what he knew was the state of her feelings with regard to himself. But the long extempore prayer was immediately proceeded in, and the abundance of the heart of the deeply-impressed minister gave forth things, in his fervent address to the Deity, which took their tone much from the emotions that struggled in his bosom with reference to her, whose case lay now so heavily on his spirit.

It was no common prayer offered to the Father of mercies and the God of all grace and consolation, which now ascended up to Heaven from the burning heart of the pious minister of Hillington. It was an unbecoming of himself, and on the part of his people, to the Deity, which touched the hearts of all present, with an unction and a fire almost beyond utterance. He knew he was praying both for Rebecca and himself, as well as for his beloved communicants around, now also deeply affected; but what she felt at every word that he uttered while standing trembling under the influence of her feelings, almost by his side, it would not be easy to find language to express.

The assembly sat down; and the bread was broken and distributed to the disciples, while the whole congregation was melted in tears, and all thought they never had witnessed such deep feeling in their minister. But not a tear would come from the eyes of Rebecca, although the crowding emotions which struggled for vent in her bosom were mounting fast to something surpassing the mastery of human infirmity. Continuing speaking to the communicants the words of consolation, while the elders went down the paces with the elements, as is the manner of the Scottish church, Mr. Bannatyne next "took the cup," and gave one to the clergyman on his right; but, in handing the other to his left, he was so strangely overpowered and confused in his thoughts, that, instead of giving it to Mr. Bryce, who was the person next to him, he handed it at once to his own beloved wife.

Rebecca, who was looking up in his face at the moment, took the cup from his hand, and, putting it to her lips, drank of the symbolic wine, under the influence also of overpowering and absorbing feelings, which prevented her from being sensible to any impropriety, while the elders, who stood looking on, and the other people near, were quite struck with this strange and unexpected communication.

To both, this was a peculiar and an awful moment. It was a solemn communion of both with their Heavenly Father; but it was also an involuntary communion between husband and wife, expressing thoughts and feelings which language could not evolve. "He whose death we are now commemorating," went on Mr. Bannatyne, in his exhortation at the time to the communicants, "who was himself deeply touched with a feeling of our infirmities, enters into the closet of our inmost spirits, and draws the poison from the wounded mind; for, knowing our frame, and remembering that we are but dust, he forgiveth all our wanderings and healeth all our sorrows; and when heart and flesh do faint and fail, he has promised to be himself the strength that we need and our comfort for ever; that comfort and support,

which all who love Him ought, also, in this world of trial, to be constantly to each other."

At this moment the still solemnity of the communion was broken by a scream, which appalled every heart, to the outermost aisles of the church; and the people simultaneously rose to look round them for the cause. The scream was from Rebecca; and what must have been passing in her bosom, while her Lewis uttered these words, no language can describe; but her cry was so loud, and yet so impetuous in its expression, that every heart was pierced as with a sharp instrument, to the very extremity of the assembly, and all were horrified at the suspicion of what could have taken place to the lovely wife of their much-regarded minister.

It was, indeed, a sad moment for him, and an awful interruption of the solemn services of the day. The working emotions of Rebecca, which she had mastered in her solitary chamber at Lawford, and borne up against during all the time of the supposed alienation of her husband's affections, proved too strong for the cutting conviction that she had on that morning been blaming him wrongfully; and thus, all that was favourable to exciting the malady of her family, meeting together in her breast at the moment of their mutual communion, overpowered that reason, at last, of which she had so long been jealous; and the unhappy Rebecca was obliged to be carried out of Hillington church, now evidently, at length, in the masterless paroxysms of insanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a strange tale that was told from mouth to mouth through all the parish of Hillington, that the minister's lady had gone out of her mind on the sacrament Sabbath day, and had screamed out in the kirk at the very communion table. It was a sad event to all but one within the walls of the ancient mansion of Lawford.

Every suspicion regarding her, which had been infused by the crafty widow, and which the affectionate minister had so deeply repented of indulging, was now fully confirmed, to Mrs. Chapman's infinite gratification, by the manner which the unhappy lady evinced, during the frightful insensibility of madness. The experience of the past would not from henceforth allow Mr. Bannatyne to absent himself from her: she now exhibited a general alarm whenever he came near her; and when, in particular, he spoke to her with kindness, she seemed ready to hide herself in the very stone of the wall, in her maniac anxiety to flee from his presence.

Rebecca now, with the wild but pathetic obstinacy of the peculiar state of her mind, took up her abode in the chamber next to that deserted one before alluded to, which contained the portraits of her line of ancestors, most of whom had spent the last days of their unhappy existence in that very apartment to which she from this time would cling and claim as her own. In the mean time, letters with the painful intelligence of what had occurred had reached her uncle, and, in three days after the event, the old gentleman had returned to Lawford, in company with the valued friend of the family, Doctor Heywood.

It was a sad sight for the worthy doctor, who had taken so much interest on behalf of Mrs. Bannatyne, to see her as he did on his arrival at Lawford; and it was a sadder meeting which took place in that ominous chamber between her and her excellent and grieved uncle. Yet she was perfectly tranquil, and even wildly sensible. Her face was pale and her eyes were dilated; and though she said little and looked humbled and sad in their faces, there was a touching pathos in the tones of her voice, which melted the hearts of her visitors with sorrow.

"Uncle, good uncle," she said, caressingly hanging on the old man, "how long is it since I have seen you? Many a weary day have I spent in Lawford since you left us; and are you really come back to see me at last? Bless you, uncle! but I am happy to see you! Yes, I am very happy. I am quite happy now! for I always knew it was ordained I should come to this little room at last. And here I shall remain by day and by night, until the ladder is let down for me to climb to heaven by; and then I shall mount—mount—aspire and struggle:—how finely saith the poet,

'Oh, the pain—the bliss of dying!'

What makes you look so sad, sir?"

"I am sad for you, Rebecca. I wish you would leave this room, and come down stairs again."

"Oh, no, no, dear uncle! are not these all our ancestors' pictures in that next room, that I am so well acquainted with? Did not my father and grandfather live in this room, and look out at this little window, till the day of their deaths? Did not my grand-aunt live in this room

—and see you there abroad—is that not the Lady's Linn on the height, where she drowned herself, poor soul! when the evil spirit mastered her? I will not leave this room, sir—never till the last!"

"God help her, poor heart!" said Mr. Prior, turning away his head, and wiping off the tears which started into his eyes.

"And I am happy to see you too, doctor—good doctor," she continued, smiling with melancholy wildness in that gentleman's face, as she clung to his arm, "and I love you—love you much, Doctor Heywood, for you were the man that got my Lewis and me married. These were happy days, doctor! but Lewis has quite changed, and hates me now; does he not, goody?—you told me so," she said, with a bitter expression, as she turned towards Mrs. Chapman. "But I thought he had made it up with me one Sabbath day in Hillington church, when he gave me the red wine to drink, out of the silver cup, with his own hand, and the tables were covered with a white linen cloth before me; but a darkness came across my eyes, and a ringing rung in my ears, and the owls seemed to scream from the rafters of the kirk, and voices sounded from the hollows of the steeple, and the minister and all left me alone at the Lord's table, and I've never seen him since. Alas, for me!"

The gentlemen descended, much affected, to the room below, where the melancholy minister waited to receive them; and a serious and lengthened consultation took place as to what was to be done in regard to the unfortunate lady.

One of the first things that struck Doctor Heywood, on his entrance once more into Lawford House, and especially on his ascending to the apartment which Rebecca had chosen, was a palpable error in his own management in regard to her who might now be called his patient, and which arose from the character of his mode of philosophising upon insanity, as was briefly hinted at several chapters back. The doctor had accustomed himself so much to generalise the application of principles which he understood with perspicacity, that he overlooked those details of practice and those considerations of exception and individuality, which so essentially change the bearings of many general conclusions. Had he attended, as he ought, to the *history of the maladic héréditaire* of the Priors of Lawford, he would have seen at once the great effect of the constant presence of those objects which handed down to each generation a crowd of associations, calculated to keep constantly before the mind all the sad circumstances which that history furnished; and, in venturing to advise the marriage of Rebecca, he would have carefully withdrawn her, from that moment, from the scene of the afflictions which had almost destroyed the house of Lawford.

There were other things that occurred to him, in consequence of what fell from Rebecca as well as from what was related by the minister himself, that made him resolve carefully to sift the conduct of those who were much in the way of his patient; but, before he could obtain opportunity of any other than a general conversation with Mrs. Chapman, he heard with surprise that the latter lady had talked of giving up her charge, for what cause he could not learn, while, in the mean time, chance threw him in the way of a very familiar and unexpected *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Dryburgh. Having, besides, perceived something in the manner of Rebecca, which quite cheered him as to what could be done for her, and having found little satisfaction in what he could learn from Mrs. Chapman, he was well pleased, for the present, to encourage the communicative spirit of the loquacious Lady Bicknell.

"Weel, sir, dear me, doctor," said the lady, "but it's a pity that ye ha'e gien up the doctor trade; ye'll excuse me, for I hear you so much roosed up for your skill an' sense, an' ye ha'e sic a notion of the women's complaints, and sic a handiwork about them, Mr. Heywood, that it mair be a perfect pleasure to see you lay your finger on a pulse. But I'm thinking the minister's wife is in a state that's beyond your skill. Ae, but she's a heavy handfu' to the pair minister, an' she never was a wife for the like of him. Noo, if anything was happening her—which would be a great relief, nae doubt, frae the way she's in—I'm just thinking what the minister would do, the dear gentleman:—what think ye, doctor?"

"Really, Mrs. Dryburgh, I have formed no opinion; but what makes you talk upon such a supposition?"

"Oo, sir, it's no a'thegither my supposie—it's Mrs. Chapman's supposie, too; for the pair demented creature canna live lang in yon way, for she eats just nothing. Now, if ought was happening, I ken somebody that would jump at the minister. Oo, but I maybe shouldna tell you, sir."

"Why not tell me, Mrs. Dryburgh, if I'm such a man about the women as you say?"

"Deed, sir, as you're a jocosie sort o' man, an' likes a crack, I can tell you, that that sneek-drawing widow would gie the very eye out of her head for the minister's little finger, if that dowie creature the present Mrs. Bannatyne were awa', an' I dinna see but ye might speak a gude word for her yoursel, Mr. Heywood, (if anything should be likely to happen,) an' if she got an inkling o' that, I'm sure the very thought o' it would gar her wait on this demented lady, till see what might turn about."

A light flashed across the mind of Doctor Heywood, at this conclusion of the speech, that raised thoughts and suspicions on the instant, the bare idea of which almost took his breath from him. But, suppressing any indication of the ideas that had struck him, he merely said,—

"I've certainly heard of such things as parties speculating about prospective marriages in this way, but, having no skill in matchmaking, I cannot pretend even to form an opinion upon the subject: but now, Mrs. Dryburgh, allow me to ask you, if, in your intercourse backwards and forwards with Mrs. Chapman, and as far as you had opportunity of observing Mrs. Bannatyne, before the period of her screaming out in the church, you witnessed any particular repugnance, on her part, to the company of her husband?"

"Why, sir, as to repugnance, ye see, sir, I canna just say, doctor; but if you would make your meaning a wee thought clearer, and not use such lang-uebbid words, I would answer you to the best o' my pith; for, to tell you the truth, although I was weel brought up at the besting schools, an' the tip-top masters, I have not what ye ca' much dictionary learning."

"Have you ever observed, madam," said Mr. Heywood, with some shortness of manner at the dawdling lateness of Lady Bicknell, "that Mrs. Bannatyne seemed to have a dread to meet with her husband, as did you ever hear her express alarm at the idea of his visiting her?"

"Why, sir, to speak the honest truth, I never heard her speak much at all. But Mrs. Chapman told me that she was quite against his seeing her, which I thought very unnatural. And yet, one day, now when ye're in mind me—"

"Well, madam?"

"I thought it very odd after that; for I heard her say, see pitiful, to Mrs. Chapman, 'Does my Lewis never offer to come to see his forlorn Rebecca?' that was the very words, and the pair young lady looked see wistful. But then ye ken, sir, she was not hersel, an' quite madder in her mind."

"And what did Mrs. Chapman say to that?"

"I didna hear ony reply, sir, an' I think the widow only shook her head."

Doctor Heywood rose hastily, and began with long and rapid strides to pace up and down the room.

In a few minutes after, he was out and through the house, looking for an opportunity of speaking privately with Mr. Bannatyne.

"Have you attended to my wishes, sir," he said, somewhat abruptly, on meeting him, "not to go near your lady's apartment, since my return to Lawford?"

"I have never seen my poor Rebecca since your arrival here, sir," said the minister, with a melancholy expression, "and your injunctions are exceedingly painful: besides, were it not for my confidence in you, I should be strongly inclined to doubt of their wisdom."

"You speak, as most men do, from your feelings and wishes only, and little from reason, my dear sir," said the doctor: "you must give me your entire confidence, Mr. Bannatyne; for this is the physician's first requisite for success: have I it, or not?"

"You have it unreservedly, sir," said the minister: "for heaven's sake do as you will in my house, only restore to me, if it be possible, my beloved Rebecca."

"Then, sir, remain where you are until I return," and without another word the doctor left him alone.

But a few minutes elapsed, in painful mental suffering, when the doctor again entered the room, accompanied by Mr. Prior.

"I have brought you together, gentlemen," he said, "in order that you may both judge of the result of a conversation I have just had with that viper, Mrs. Chapman. You start, as all good men do, at unexpected treachery; but had you seen as much as I have of the baseness of the base, of the cruelties practised upon those who are least able to bear mental pain, and that on the conventional plea of their insanity, you would be no way astonished at what I have now discovered. In two words, I am convinced that this woman, whom we all treated, when

I was the means of recommending to this respected family, has been practising on the mind of her unhappy lady, for the purpose of sending her ultimately to the grave, with the presumptuous hope of one day sitting in her own chair at the head of Mr. Bannatyne's table! Well may you be astonished, sir, living as you have lived, and occupied as you have been. Even I would be incredulous, after all I have seen, did I not know that the whole struggle of selfishness in this world consists in one species of mind taking advantage of another,—the cunning deceiving the upright and virtuous,—the coarse fattening upon the sufferings of the fine,—the obtuse and cruel making a prey of the sensitive; until the capacity to feel is justly regarded as a misfortune, and one half of the world is almost driven to insanity by the oppression of the other.

"Your astonishment silences you," continued the doctor, after a pause, "and you wish to be further satisfied? You *shall* be so, fully, else I am mistaken, if you will observe the result of my communication with this person, and the representation she is likely to make to her most injured lady. This you shall soon do, if you will condescend to place yourselves where you can overhear what they say. You consent? Then follow me. We can get, unobserved, into the recess, immediately contiguous to Mrs. Bannatyne's apartment."

They all proceeded towards the chamber: but while the minister expressed the relief that Doctor Heywood's opinion had given to his mind, he almost feared when he reverted to the painful scene in the church, that the surmise was too joyful to be true; and put further questions as to the likely nature of the disorder, as well as to the necessity of such a mode of satisfying themselves, as they now were unwilling about to adopt.

"Did you know, sir," said the doctor, "how many persons have been persuaded that they were insane, or actually made so by others, when under the influence of strong feeling, you would not spare any pains to get at the bottom of the character of those who are chiefly about the person of your lady. My suspicion now is, that more depending hypochondriasis, which may be transient in its duration like a fit of passion or of sorrow, is all that at present divides her from her family, and has been entirely brought on, I conceive, by the cunning arts of this horrid woman. But haste, and we shall speedily ascertain."

When the gentlemen had mounted the stairs, and placed themselves where they could plainly hear what passed between Mrs. Chapman and Rebecca, the low murmuring tone of plaintive sorrow, in which the latter spoke in answer to the widow, struck upon the heart of Lewis with such affecting impression, that he was with difficulty prevented from rushing at once into the room.

"To leave me again, did you say?" said Rebecca, her voice rising as she seemed to meditate upon the widow's words; "you cannot mean so, Mrs. Chapman! Not, surely, without seeing me and his child."

"I heard no wish of the kind expressed," said the widow: "truly, madam, I pity you deeply. She who has outlived the affections of a husband that she loves, has little inducement to prolong a neglected existence."

"What a change has come over the spirit of my life!" said Rebecca, resuming her plaintive tone: "even this very morning I rose unusually refreshed, for my dreams were of Lewis and my lovely baby, and the thoughts that used to hang like a heaviness on my heart seemed to have vanished before some unusual sunshine. But now all is gone again, and I am weary, weary of my life. Forgotten!—lost the affections of my husband?—was not that the word you said, Mrs. Chapman?"

"Yes, madam, that was the word; and before I should be so used, I would—would do some rashness—I am a strong passioned woman, but—"

"Why don't you say it all?"

"I would slip out of this room when the gloaming came down, and end my life and my wrongs at the bottom of that linn there on the height among the trees."

"What frightful temptation is this coming over me?" said Rebecca, with a shudder. "Woman, what is this to hint at? I see something horrid in your face."

"The widow merely looked at her, and shook her head."

"Surely, Mrs. Chapman, you are not advising me to be away the life that God hath given me! And have not a baby—a lovely baby, and my Lewis will not leave me and see him or me? Neglect! pity! what words are those that I have been hearing of late? and from you? Your pity, woman! that art eating my bread, and ought to comfort me under my trials. What is this? and this be called insanity? Am I a maniac because I love my husband? Woman, you are imposing upon me;

answer me one question—did Mr. Bannatyne really say he would not see me?"

"Not exactly, madam; but I told him—that—"

"Wretch! there is guilt in your face! your tongue filters, and your eye quails at my questions. What thought is this breaks upon me? Now I remember the horrible insinuations you uttered to that ignorant creature, Mrs. Dryburgh, while I lay on my sick couch. Now I see it all! You have made me contemptible in the eyes of my beloved husband! You have persuaded me against my own convictions almost into madness itself. When I think of all that I can now recollect, a crowd of horrible suspicions rises into my brain, that I can hardly attribute to humanity. Out, vile woman! that speakest to me of the drowning pool of the lady's linn, and hast put evil and alienation between me and my husband!"

What an impression there is in talent! what a majesty in truth! As Rebecca spoke, her delicate figure seemed to tower upwards into the size of an incensed queen, while the quailing widow sunk lower and lower, until, overwhelmed with confusion that the other had penetrated her, she at last sunk in supplication at her feet.

"You wrong me, lady," said the alarmed widow; "your own mind is wronging us both. If Mr. Bannatyne was as before, surely—"

"I will not hear you, widow! You are deceiving me about Lewis. He loves me still: I know he does; for, when we sat together at the table of the Lord in Hillington church, I myself saw the affection that beamed in his eye: and he prayed for me—I know it was for me, until the big tears rolled down his trembling lips, and he gave me the cup with his own hand. I will go down this instant and humble myself before him. I will confess that my poor mind has wandered, and that my temper requires indulgence. Give me my shawl. Nay, attempt not to prevent me—for a woman's affection is strong as death, and mighty as the grave—as the grave, woman! where it only can be ended."

Voices were now heard in the adjacent apartment:—"Stand back—come forth!" said Mr. Heywood, as the panting minister came forward, eager to receive into his arms his distracted wife; and, as they retired a few paces into the large ante-room, the door burst open, and Rebecca, followed by the widow, issued hastily forth.

Her start at the sight of the three gentlemen was neither so sudden nor so alarmed as that of Mrs. Chapman. Standing stock-still for a moment, while no one had as yet the power to move, she gave a slight scream of joy, and threw herself forward into her husband's arms.

"I knew you would come to see me! I was sure you would not quite desert me! Oh! Lewis," she said, looking piteously in his face, as she held him round the neck, "forgive and pity the wandering and the weakness of your poor Rebecca."

"I have been deceived, Rebecca," he said, at length, as he dried his eyes, while Mr. Prior, and even the physician, were also affected to tears. "I have been abused. I have been misrepresented. I never wished to desert you. I will watch over you myself from hence, and be a stay to you in all your wanderings; for you are my wife—my valued, my adored wife. Now, come down with me, and away from that detestable woman, and this day shall be a day of rejoicing at Lawford."

"And my uncle, too!" she said, grasping hold of his hands—"my dear uncle: surely I am not quite astray in my mind, or I should not so feel the joy of this happy moment. And has this woman been deceiving you too? Alas, widow, it was cruel of you to vex the hearts of those who loved as we have done."

"Hence, cockatrice!" exclaimed Doctor Heywood, swelling with indignation, as he looked on the abashed and confounded widow. "Woman, you are not fit to live in a world where there is already so much misery, when you could have the heart to drive to temporary madness such a sweet spirit as this!"

Why need we tell further what more happened at Lawford, to the joy and pleasure of all the kind hearts who dwelt far and near in the parish of Hillington? Whatever distraction of the mind had happened to Rebecca was soon dispelled by the affectionate conduct and constant society of her husband, and the judicious attention of Doctor Heywood; the latter, after Mrs. Chapman was disgracefully dismissed, insisting upon an entire change of scene to Rebecca, and that she might be taken from beside the unpleasant associations connected with the history of her ancestors. The health of her mind was fully completed by an easy excursion to the capital, and was insured by the ultimate removal entirely from the old mansion of the family.

Months and years, since those events took place, have

now passed away, and Rebecca is still the beloved wife of Mr. Bannatyne, without experience, or dread, of any mental aberration; living in tranquillity and happiness, mother of a numerous family of promising sons and daughters, who, the uncle having died at a good old age, have since grafted the name of Bannatyne, with good hopes and prospects, upon the ancient designation of the Priors of Lawford.

Note.—The names and local allusions in this story, as in that of Lady Barbara of Carloghie, are entirely imaginary, and we abstain from all particulars, for reasons which must be obvious to the reader. That in forming a connection so interesting as marriage, however, attention should be given to many enquiries of the deepest importance to individuals, both for their own sakes and that of generations of posterity, will be evident from a little consideration of what experience has ascertained, and physiological enquiries have set forth. This is indeed the true moral of many painful cases of the sort we allude to, that have come within our personal enquiries, and which we have endeavoured to illustrate in the Dominie's tale.

The facts illustrative of the well-established doctrine of the transmission from generation to generation of peculiar qualities, both physical and mental, are not only most curious and interesting, *philosophically*, but deserves a much greater degree of attention *practically*, than they usually meet with from a thoughtless world, unwilling to learn what is most important for it to know, and constantly swayed, upon such a subject, by some predominating motive of passion, which, for the time being, is all in all.

That, in the transmission of life, both animal and vegetable, every thing is uniformly *after its kind*, is a rule of nature observed from the beginning; and to its extreme importance to ourselves and our posterity in the formation of unions, and the entailing of existence, we would do well to take heed. Hence the decided characteristics observable in families, not only in bodily form or strength, but for virtue or for vice, for feebleness or for capacity, especially where their position obliges them much to marry among each other. "In this way," says Dr. Gregory (not to speak at present of the obvious mental qualities by which many of the prominent families of Europe are distinguished), "parents frequently live over again in their offspring; certainly children are born similar to their progenitors, not only in expression of countenance and form of body, but also in the character of their minds, and their virtues and their vices. The imperial Claudian family, for a long time flourished at Rome, brave, fierce, proud: it produced the cruel Tiberius, who was a most gloomy tyrant; it numbered among its members a Caligula, a Claudius, an Agrippina, and at last, after a duration of six hundred years, terminated in Nero himself."—*Gregory's Consp. Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, p. 4. Edin. 1815.

Not only are the mental qualities very generally transmitted (though rarely to all their extent of power), but also the peculiar conformations of the person.

"It appears to be a general fact," says Dr. Prichard, "that all connate varieties of structure, or peculiarities which are congenital, or which form a part of the natural constitution impressed on an individual from his birth, or rather from the commencement of his organisation, whether they happen to descend to him from a long inheritance, or to spring up for the first time in his own person,—for this is perhaps altogether indifferent,—are apt to reappear in his offspring. It may be said, in other words, that the organisation of the offspring is always modelled according to the type of the original structure of the parent."

"On the other hand, changes produced by external causes in the appearance or constitution of the individual are temporary, and, in general, acquired characters are transient; they terminate with the individual, and have no influence on the progeny."

This transmission, through families, of original conformation, applies not only to external form and peculiarities of shape, &c., but to the type of character and disposition, or even to some malformations of the mind or constitution, usually denominated disease. Of the former sort many curious instances are on record, as the case mentioned by Maupertius and adverted to by Prichard, of two families in Germany which had been distinguished, for several generations, by six fingers on each hand, and as many toes on each foot. The instance of the family of Jacob Riche, the surgeon of Berlin, belonging to one of these, is curious, who had the twelve toes and fingers. He inherited this from his mother and grandmother: the latter was married to a man of the

ordinary make, to whom she bore eight children, four of whom had only the ordinary number of these, like the father, and the other four had the long and short sizes like the mother.

There are even instances of similar peculiarities running through families mentioned by Pliny. The Philosophical Transactions record an instance where the writer had known of the transmission of supernumerary fingers and toes for four generations; and in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, vol. iv., is an account of a family at Iver who for nine generations had transmitted a peculiarity of this sort, in general only through the women. The imperial house of Austria has had transmitted through it, for many centuries, as we learn from Archdeacon Coxe, a singular thickness of the upper lip, which is believed to have been originally introduced into the Hapsburg family by an intermarriage with the ancient house of Jagellon.

But it is a singular and wise provision of Nature, that though she transmits, until accident terminates them, these *her own original formations*, she never transmits the external mutilations or alterations performed by man, as in the case of cutting off of limbs or splitting of ears, or docking of the tails of animals. Were she to do this, human caprice, fancy, or fashion, would soon throw all nature into monstrous confusion.

But the liability of the peculiarities of the mind, and even of some of the more rooted diseases interwoven into the constitution, to be transmitted and entailed upon one's posterity, deserve a degree of attention which the subject seldom receives even from the more thinking part of mankind.

"It is well known to medical practitioners," adds Dr. Prichard, "that (the doctrine of transmission) equally applies to those minute varieties of organisation which give rise to peculiarities of habit or temperament, and predispose to a variety of morbid affections, as deafness, scrofulous complaints, and the whole catalogue of disorders in the nervous system. Even those singular peculiarities termed *idiosyncrasies* are often hereditary, as in the instance of a remarkable susceptibility of the action of particular medicines, such as mercury."—*Prichard's Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, vol. ii. p. 539., &c.

Insanity, as a disease, like other diseases which, being inwrought into the physical constitution, is transmissible, would seem, from its connection with the brain, to partake of the hereditary qualities both of body and mind. Upon the general subject, however, we have been favoured, since the foregoing story was written, with a communication from our respected friend, Sir Andrew Halliday, of Hampton Court, M. D., formerly physician to his majesty, when Duke of Clarence, then living at Bushy, and himself author of some tracts on insanity,—which we consider peculiarly valuable. Sir Andrew, speaking of the admitted effects of families constantly intermarrying among each other, says, "That it deteriorates the race, is a fact known to all men; and that diseases accidentally engendered very soon become hereditary, is equally well established; and insanity, as a bodily disease, is one of those that are easily continued from one generation to another. Yet the fact seems not so well known, or is not attended to as it ought, that it is the physical qualities of the male parent, whether good or bad, that are chiefly formed in the offspring, and the mental endowments of the mother: that is, a strong healthy father will have a strong healthy son, even though the mother may be so diseased or delicate, as not to survive the birth: but a puny father will never have a healthy progeny, even though married to the finest woman in the nation."

"Insanity," he goes on, philosophically, "arises from physical causes, that is, weakness or irregularity in the construction of the instruments of the mind. The healthy strong energetic father gives the instruments which, when cultivated in earliest infancy, by the sound mind of a superior mother, forms the man of talent; and nothing else will do it."

The extensive observation of Sir Andrew, both at home and on the continent, as well as his sound natural sagacity, entitles his opinion, on such subjects, to the highest consideration; and had these important conclusions been as widely made known as it is our wish to make them, many painful cases of family distress, from the apprehension of insanity, which have come under our own observation, where sensitive and high-minded females were the sufferers, might have been gently mitigated, or rather, as we believe, entirely saved.

With regard to the effects of particular families marrying for many generations continually among each other, considered to be so deteriorating to any race,

which forms such an objection to hereditary honours, and which furnishes such men as the late President Jefferson with his republican sneer against the sovereigns of Europe, we have met with many facts that we consider curious and interesting, but none so little known or so applicable as two for which we are indebted to the same authority. When the first De Bruise, grandfather of the Scottish hero, obtained from David I. the lordship of Annandale, north of the Tweed, the Celtic inhabitants, whom he found on his new property, were too proud and independent to do any menial labour for a Saxon, as Bruise originally was; consequently, when he planned his castle of Lochmaben, he was obliged to import from England all his domestic establishment to do the work of building. These he located near him, and as they increased he formed them into four divisions, founding for them towns, which are known to this day by the names of the Four Towns of Lochmaben. The people who formed this English colony were, by the natives around, so despised, that they were shunned as if they had been lepers, and obliged constantly to marry among themselves: they have long formed a distinct race, and are called by their common appellation, although all the reasons that originally made them so have for centuries ceased to exist. These people are so evidently inferior to all around them, that no one has ever risen up among them who has shown any qualities to remove the stigma by which they are known. They are even lower in stature than the usual standard of Scotsmen; and Sir Andrew thinks they have less than common physical strength, besides being known in the neighbourhood as "*a quarrelsome and litigious race*,"—characteristics certainly bespeaking no enlarged capacity.

The other instance is to be found in the small island of Lismore, in Argyshire, where a colony of English was originally planted by the Bishop of the Isles, under similar circumstances. These foreigners being despised and avoided for the menial services they performed for the priesthood, and forced to continue intermarrying among themselves, became so deteriorated in every manly quality, as to obtain the local sobriquet of the *Lismore sheep*; and, to cry "*baa*," like that animal, in the presence of a native of this island, is so mortal an offence, that, during the American war, when some of them had enlisted in the army, bloody quarrels were often the consequence of this trick upon the Lismore men. Some other instances of similar effects from colonisation in the isles are given, as we believe, by Colonel David Stewart, in his "*Sketches of the Highland Regiments*."

EXCERPTS.

About one hundred and fifty millions of people are calculated to exist in Europe; double the number in Africa; more than treble the amount in Asia. Supposing that America and the Australian territories only contain one half of what Europe possesses, we may boldly assert that more than 100,000 individuals die every day on this globe. A man whose life has not exceeded thirty years, must have escaped about 1400 times this frightful destruction.

No man would wish to be alone in this world, not even the miser, although he could possess all—not even the envious man, although surrounded by ruins.

The modest man has every thing to gain, the proud man has every thing to lose; for modesty always comes in contact with generosity—pride with envy.

Morality raises a more lofty and more imposing tribunal than the laws of man; religion not only ordains that we should do no evil, but that we should do good; not only that we shall appear virtuous, but that we should be so in reality—depending not upon public esteem, which may be acquired, but upon our own esteem, which never deceives us.

The number of individuals who have received the title of Pope has been 354; a long "succession."

The follies of philosophy have been the equaring the circle, the perpetual motion, the inextinguishable lamp, attraction and repulsion, the philosopher's stone, the universal solvent, the elixir of life, the influence of the stars, and the raising of spirits. These several subjects have absorbed in the last fifty generations, the lives of at least 10,000 men in each, and the veneration or fear of the vulgar in all ranks.

In 1829, the British and Foreign Bible Society had circulated, in twenty-five years, eleven millions of copies of the Jewish Scriptures, in one hundred and fifty languages; a calculation has been made that the cost of editing and printing was a million sterling; paper another million, and in binding £825,000, in round numbers fourteen millions of dollars. Where is the result?

THE

Infirmities of Genius

ILLUSTRATED

BY REFERRING THE ANOMALIES IN THE LITERARY CHARACTER TO THE HABITS AND CONSTITUTION. A PECULIARITY OF MEN OF GENIUS.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

Author of "*Travels in Turkey*," &c.

INTRODUCTION.

The following work is of a literary character superior to the general productions of the press, and of that kind which it is part of the plan of the "*Library*" to make known in places where such works might otherwise never penetrate.

Whether the seat of the mind is in the brain, the spine, or the stomach, has long been a debated point; it will be found that Mr. Madden places it in the digestive organ, and the instances he has selected are well chosen for his theory. Instead of pitying the mental sufferings of men of genius, our author calls upon us to extend sympathy to their physical ills. The bodily afflictions of Burns, Cowper, Byron and Scott, are forcibly drawn, and Cowper's afflictions traced to religious monomania. The tone of the remarks is candid, and the whole essay exhibits research, and is written in a philosophical spirit.

An able London critic, speaking of the *Infirmities of Genius*, says,—"*This is a very valuable and interesting work, full of new views and curious deductions.*" Again;—"*These volumes ought to be read by every literary person, and we dismiss them with cordial approbation.*"

The chapter on the advantages of literary pursuits contains some observations of striking import—the *arm against ennui* furnished by good books are truly invaluable; books are a resource in every privation to those who have learned their value, and have a cultivated taste for their enjoyment. Seneca might well exclaim that "*leisure without books is the sepulchre of the living soul.*"

The Author has dropped the title of M. D.; he is however a physician, and the following pages give evidence that he has been a student of no ordinary kind. His previous work, *Travels in Turkey*, exhibits him in the character of a medical man;—popular as that book was, we imagine the present will be more generally sought after.

CHAPTER I.

THE EFFECTS OF LITERARY HABITS.

It is generally admitted that literary men are an irritable race, subject to many infirmities, both of mind and body; that worldly prosperity and domestic happiness are not very often the result of their pursuits.

Eccentricity is the "*badge of all their tribe*;" and so many errors accompany their career, that fame and frailty would almost seem to be inseparable companions. Perhaps it is wisely ordained that such should be the case, to check the pride of human intellect, and to render the humbler capacities contented with their lot, to whom nature has denied the noblest of her gifts.

It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to enmesh the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men. Their knowledge of the world is, in a great measure, derived from books, not from an acquaintance with its active duties; and the consequence is, that when they venture into its busy haunts they bring with them a spirit of uncompromising independence, which arrays itself at once against every prejudice they have to encounter: such a spirit is but ill calculated to disarm the hostility of any casual opponent, or in the circle where it is exhibited "*to buy golden opinions*" of any "*sorts of people*." If the felicitous example of the poet of the drawing room seduce them into the haunts of fashionable life, they find themselves still less in their element; the effort to support the dignity of

genius in a common-place conversation, costs them, perhaps, more fatigue than the composition of half a volume would occasion in their study. Or if any congenial topic engage attention, they may have the good sense to subdue their ardour, and endeavour to assume an awkward air of fashionable nonchalance; they may attempt to be agreeable, they may seem to be at ease, but they are on the stilts of literary abstraction all the time, and they cannot bow them down to kiss the crimson robe of good society with graceful homage. But these are the minor inconveniences that arise from long indulgence in literary habits; the graver ones are those that arise from impaired health and depressed spirits, the inevitable consequences of excessive mental application. Waywardness of temper, testiness of humour and capriciousness of conduct, result from this depression; and under such circumstances the errors of genius are estimated too often by their immediate consequences, without any reference to predisposing causes. The fact is, the carriage of genius is unlikely to conciliate strangers, while its foibles are calculated to weary even friends, and its very glory to make bitter rivals of its contemporaries and comrades.

Accordingly we find that its ashes are hardly cold, before its frailties are raked up from the tomb, and baited at the ring of biography, till the public taste is satiated with the sport. It is only when its competitors are gathered to their fathers, and the ephemeral details of trivial feuds, of petty foibles, and private scandal, are buried with their authors, that the conduct of genius begins to be understood, and its character to be fairly represented.

The luminary itself at last engages that attention which had previously been occupied with the speck upon its disc. It was nearly a quarter of a century before "the malignant principles of Milton" gave the world sufficient time to ascertain there was such a poem in existence as *Paradise Lost*. Only three thousand copies of it were sold in eleven years, while eight thousand copies of a modern novel have been disposed of in as many days; but we need not go back to the age of Milton for evidence of the tardy justice that is done to genius. Ten years ago the indiscretions of Shelley had rendered his name an unmentionable one to ears polite; but there is a reaction in public opinion, and whatever were his follies, his virtues are beginning to be known, and his poetry to be justly appreciated. It unfortunately happens that those who are disqualified by the limits of their capacities for the higher walks of learning, are those who take upon them the arduous duties of the literary *Rhadamanthus*, and at whose hands the "masters of the world" generally receive the roughest treatment. The competency of such a tribunal, however, must not be questioned, even when a Byron is at its bar: genius has not the privilege of being judged by its peers, for the difficulty would be too great of impaneling a jury of its fellows.

But how few of those who fasten on the infirmities of great talent, for the purpose of gnawing away its fame, like those northern insects that prey

"On the brains of the elk till his very last sigh"—

how very few who track the errors of genius to the tomb, take into consideration, or are capable of estimating the influence on the physical and moral constitution of studious habits inordinately pursued, of mental exertion long continued, of bodily exercise perhaps wholly neglected! How little do they know of the morbid sensibility of genius, who mistake its gloom for dreary misanthropy; or the distempered visions of "a heat oppressed brain," for impersonated opinions; or the shadows of a sickly dream, for the real sentiments of the heart! How few of the fatal friends who violate the sanctity of private life to minister to the prevailing appetite for literary gossip, ever think of referring the imperfections they drag into public notice, (yet fail not to deplore,) to a temperament deranged by ill-regulated, or excessive, mental application, or of attributing "the variable weather of the mind, which clouds without obscuring the reason" of the individual, to the influence of those habits which are so unfavourable to health! Suicide might, indeed, have well had its horrors for that bard, who was even a more sensitive man than "the melancholy Cowley," when he was informed that one of his best-natured friends was only waiting for the opportunity to write his life. But how devoutly might he have wished that "nature's copy in him had been eternal," had he known how many claims were shortly to be preferred to the property of his memory, and how many of those who had crawled into his confidence were to immortalise his errors, and to make his imperfections so many pegs for disquisitions on perverted talents.

Of all persons who sacrifice their peace for the attain-

ment of notoriety, literary men are most frequently made the subject of biography; but of all are they least fitted for that sort of microscopic biography which consists in the exhibition of the minute details of life. The Pythones, we are told, was but a pitiable object when removed from the inspiration of the tripod, and the man of genius is, perhaps, no less divested of the attributes of his greatness when he is taken from his study, or followed in crowded circles. We naturally desire to know every thing that concerns the character or the general conduct of those whose productions have entertained or instructed us, and we gratify a laudable curiosity when we enquire into their history, and seek to illustrate their writings by the general tenor of their lives and actions. But when biography is made the vehicle, not only of private scandal, but of that minor malignity of truth, which holds, as it were, a magnifying mirror to every naked imperfection of humanity, which possibly had never been discovered had no friendship been violated, no confidence been abused, and no errors exaggerated by the medium through which they have been viewed, it ceases to be a legitimate enquiry into private character, or public conduct, and no infamy is comparable to that of magnifying the faults, or libelling the fame of the illustrious dead.

"Consider," says a learned German, "under how many categories, down to the most impertinent, the world enquires concerning great men, and never wearies striving to represent to itself their whole structure, aspect, procedure outward and inward. Blame not the world for such curiosity about its great ones; this comes of the world's old-established necessity to worship. Blame it not, pity it rather with a certain loving respect. Nevertheless, the last stage of human perversion, it has been said, is, when sympathy corrupts itself into envy, and the indestructible interest we take in men's doings has become a joy over their faults and misfortunes; this is the last and lowest stage—lower than this we cannot go."

In a word, that species of biography which is written for contemporaries, and not for posterity, is worse than worthless. It would be well for the memory of many recent authors, if their injudicious friends had made a simple obituary serve the purpose of a history.

It is rarely the lot of the wayward child of genius to have a Currie for his historian, and hence is it that frailties, which might have awakened sympathy, are now only mooted, to be remembered with abhorrence. It is greatly to be regretted that eminent medical men are not often to be met with qualified, like Dr. Currie, by literary attainments, as well as professional ability, for undertakings of this kind. No class of men have the means of obtaining so intimate a knowledge of human nature, so familiar an acquaintance with the unmasked mind. The secret thoughts of the invalid are as obvious as the symptoms of his disease: there is no deception in the sick chamber; the veil of the temple is removed, and humanity lies before the attendant, in all its truth, in all its helplessness, and for the honourable physician it lies—if we may be allowed the expression—in all its holiness. No such medical attendant, we venture to assert, ever went through a long life of practice, and had reason to think worse of his fellow-men for the knowledge of humanity he obtained at the bed-side of the sick. Far from it, the misintelligence, the misapprehension, that in society are the groundless source of the animosities which put even the feelings of the philanthropist to the test, are here unknown; the only wonder of the physician is, that amidst so much suffering as he is daily called to witness, human nature should be presented to his view in so good, and not unfrequently in so noble, an aspect.

It is not amongst the Harveys, the Hunters, or the Heberdens of our country, or indeed amongst the enlightened physicians of any other, that we must look for the disciples of a gloomy misanthropy.

In spite of all the Rochefoucaults, who have libelled humanity,—in spite of all the cynics, who have snarled at its character, the tendency of the knowledge of our fellow-men, is to make us love mankind. It is to the practical, and thorough knowledge of human nature, which the physician attains by the exercise of his art, that the active benevolence and general liberality, which peculiarly distinguishes the medical profession, is mainly to be attributed. "Do I," says Zimmerman, "in my medical character feel any malignity or hatred to my species, when I study the nature, and explore the secret causes of those weaknesses and disorders which are incidental to the human frame; when I examine the subject, and point out, for the general benefit of all mankind as well as for my own satisfaction, all the frail and imperfect parts in the anatomy of the human body?"

The more extensive our knowledge of human nature is, and the better acquainted we make ourselves with that strong influence which mind and body mutually exert, the greater will be the indulgence towards the errors of our species, and the more will our affections be enlarged. How slight are those alterations in health—almost imperceptible to the ordinary observer—which have produced or aggravated the gravest mental infirmities! And how incapable is he of forming a just idea of them, who is unable, not only to detect, but to estimate the importance of those apparently trivial physical derangements with which they are so intimately connected!

It would be a folly to imagine that an ordinary disease exerts such an absolute dominion over the mind, that the moral perceptions are overpowered or perverted, and that the individual ceases to be responsible for his errors. When the intemperate man "puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his senses," and under its maddening influence commits a violent assault upon his neighbour, no one doubts but that a state of temporary insanity was productive of the offence; nevertheless, the offender knew that such insanity was the inevitable consequence of intemperance, and he is punished for it accordingly.

The literary man who indulges in habits prejudicial to his health, cannot be supposed ignorant of the effects that must arise from excessive application; and who can say he is guiltless of the infirmities he drags upon him?

There is a case in our criminal records of a thief going out in the middle of the night to rob a hen-roost, and being attacked by a dog, he fired at the animal, and chanced to kill a servant of its owner, who had concealed himself behind the kennel. There was no malice; the mischief was unpremeditated, but the last degree of violence was incidental to the first, and the law did not hold him guiltless of the murder.

The studious man sets out with stealing an hour or two from his ordinary repose; sometimes perhaps more; and finishes by devoting whole nights to his pursuits. But this nightwork leads to exhaustion, and the universal sense of sinking in every organ that accompanies it, suggests the use of stimulants, most probably of wine; alcohol, however, in some shape or other. And what is the result? Why, the existence that is passed in a constant circle of excitement and exhaustion, is shortened or rendered miserable by such alternations; and the victim becomes accessory to his own sufferings.

These are, indeed, extreme cases, yet are they cases in point; in all, are the offenders held responsible for their crimes or errors, but nevertheless they are entitled to our pity.

In a word, if the literary man consume his strength and spirits in his study, forego all necessary exercise, keep his mind continually on the stretch, and even, at his meals, deprive the digestive organs of that nervous energy which is then essential to their healthy action; if the proteiform symptoms of dyspepsia at last make their appearance, and the innumerable anomalous sufferings which, under the name of nervous and stomachic ailments, derange the viscera, and rack the joints of the invalid; if by constant application, the blood is continually determined to the brain, and the calibre of the vessels enlarged to the extent of causing pressure or effusion in that vital organ; in any case, if the mischief there is allowed to proceed slowly and steadily, perhaps for years, (as in the case of Swift,) giving rise to a long train of nervous miseries—to hypochondria in its gloomiest form, or mania in its wildest mood, or paralysis in the expressionless aspect of fatuity, (that frequent termination of the literary career;)—who can deny that the sufferer has, in a great measure, drawn the evil on himself, but who will not admit that his infirmities of mind and body are entitled to indulgence and compassion?

The errors of genius demand no less. "A vigorous mind," says Burke, "is as necessarily accompanied by violent passions, as a great fire with great heat." And to such a mind, whatever be its frailties, the just and the charitable will be inclined to deem it, like poor Burns,

"Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven,
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

CHAPTER II.

ADVANTAGES OF LITERARY PURSUITS.

A distinction has been made between literary men and men of letters; the former title has been given to authors, the latter to the general scholar and lover of science.

In these volumes the term literary is applied to all

"to drop through a small capillary tube, the moment you electrify the tube, the fluid runs in a full stream. Electricity," he adds, "must be considered as the great vivifying principle of nature, by which she carries-on most of her operations. It is the most subtle and active of all fluids—it is a kind of soul which pervades and quickens every part of nature. When an equal quantity of electricity is diffused through the air, and over the face of the earth, every thing is calm and quiet, but if by accident one part of matter has acquired a greater quantity than another, the most dreadful consequences ensue before the equilibrium can be restored: nature is convulsed, and thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and whirlwinds ensue."

But it is not the elements only that are thrown into disorder, by these electrical changes in the atmosphere; every thing that is organic suffers by them; the vigour of plants is diminished, the animal functions are disturbed, and the nervous system, of delicate individuals, strangely and unaccountably depressed.

Who has experienced the influence of the sirocco of the south of Europe, the poisonous kamsin of the East, or even the summer southeast wind of our own clime, without feelings of indescribable lassitude, which are not to be accounted for by any alteration in the temperature, but solely to the variation in the quantity of electricity diffused through the atmosphere? In the prevalence of these winds, the air is nearly deprived of it altogether, and the nervous system is simultaneously deprived of its elasticity. In damp weather likewise, when it becomes absorbed by the surrounding humidity, every invalid is well aware how unaccountably dejected his spirits become, and how feebly the various functions of the body are performed, especially those of the digestive organs. This state of morbid irritability of the whole frame continues till the north or west wind, as Brydone has well expressed it, "awakens the activity of the animating power of electricity, which soon restores our energies and enlivens all nature, which seemed to droop and languish in its absence."

In very frosty weather, on the other hand, when the atmosphere is surcharged with electricity, there is a corresponding elevation of spirits, which sometimes amounts to an almost painful state of excitement. In our temperate climate, this phenomenon, perhaps, is seldom experienced, but, in a certain degree, its influence in very cold dry weather is evident enough. On a frosty day, for one melancholy mien we observe, we meet a hundred smiling faces, the hilarity of whose expression is due to no other cause than that which has been just named. Rousseau has eloquently described the extraordinary elasticity of spirits which he experienced in ascending some of the higher regions of the Alps. Every traveller is aware of the more than usual lively sentiment of existence which he feels within him when he is traversing a lofty mountain.

The painful effects arising from too much electricity in the air, were experienced by Professor Saussure and his companion, while ascending the Alps: they were caught amidst thunder clouds, and were astonished to find their bodies filled with electricity, and every part of them so saturated with it, that spontaneous sparks were emitted with a crackling noise, and the same painful sensations which are felt by those who are electrified by art.

Larrey, in his memoirs of the Russian campaign, mentions his having seen similar effects, from the excess of the electric fluid. On one occasion he says, when the cold was excessive, the manes of the horses were found electrified in a manner similar to that described by Saussure.

Altogether it is truly wonderful that an agent that exerts so powerful an influence on vitality, should have met with so little enquiry from the time of Priestley to that of Davy, or at least that no discovery, except that of electro-chemical agency, should have resulted from any enquiry that may have been attempted. And that wonder is the greater, when we recall the prophetic enthusiasm with which both of those illustrious men, whom we have just named, have spoken of the results which science has to expect from the enlargement of our knowledge of the elements of electricity.

Mr. Faraday, however, we are happy to find, has lately taken up this neglected branch of science, and made discoveries which are likely to lead to most important results.

Sir Humphry Davy concludes the account of the extraordinary effects he had experienced by the application of electrical agency to chemical action, in these words: "Natural electricity has hitherto been little investigated, except in the case of its evident and powerful concentration in the atmosphere. Its slow and silent operations

in every part of the surface of the globe will probably be found more immediately and importantly connected with the order and economy of nature; and investigation on this subject can hardly fail to enlighten our philosophical systems of the earth, and may possibly place new powers within our reach."

Priestley sums up his opinions on this subject in these emphatic terms:—"Electricity seems to be an inlet into the internal structures of bodies, on which all their sensible properties depend: by pursuing, therefore, this new light, the bounds of natural science may possibly be extended beyond what we now can form any idea of. New worlds may be opened to our view, and the glory of the great Sir Isaac Newton himself may be eclipsed, by a new set of philosophers, in quite a new field of speculation."

Before we conclude this subject, there is a circumstance respecting Davy and his biographer, Dr. Paris, deserving of attention. It appears that Davy, in common with many enlightened philosophers and physicians of the present day, was dissatisfied with the explanation which is commonly given of the physiology of respiration, and the mode in which heat is supposed to be evolved by that process. Where Davy doubted, he was not a man likely to be stopped in the search of truth, by the jargon of science or the plausible fallacies of physiology. He accordingly applied himself to the discovery of a more satisfactory theory of respiration, and the result of his enquiry was, that the *nervous fluid* was identical with electricity, and that the heat that was supposed to be evolved by the process of respiration, was extricated by electrical agency.

This theory of the identity of the nervous fluid with electricity, we look upon as a conjecture (discovery it cannot be called) which will one day lead to more important results than have arisen from the grandest of his electro-chemical discoveries.

His biographer tells us that "in considering the theory of respiration, Davy supposed that phos-oxygen combined with the venous blood without decomposition; but on reaching the brain that electricity was liberated, which he believed to be identical with the nervous fluid; supposing sensations to be motions of the nervous ether, or light, in the form of electricity exciting the medullary substance of the nerves and brain."

This opinion Dr. Paris calls "a theory which has scarcely a parallel in extravagance and absurdity!!!" These are strong terms. Science, we think, should discard the use of harsh ones; but whatever be the fate of this opinion of Davy, the commentary has no parallel in presumption.

The theory of the identity of the nervous and electric fluid may receive little countenance for a time; it may be too much condemned to attract even the notoriety of opposition to its doctrine; it may be buried in oblivion for half a century, but the ghost of this opinion will rise again, though it may not be in judgment against its impugnors—their peaceful slumbers will probably be too profound to be incommoded by the resurgam of the opinion they opposed. Perhaps when Davy propounded it, he might have thought like Kepler, "My theory may not be received at present, but posterity will adopt it. I can afford to wait thirty or forty years for the world's justice, since nature has waited three thousand years for an observer;" for Davy like Kepler, had his moments of "glorious egotism," but like the astronomer, he had genius to redeem his vanity.

CHAPTER VI.

INFLUENCE OF STUDIOUS HABITS ON THE DURATION OF LIFE.

It is a question whether different kinds of literary pursuits do not produce different diseases, or at least different modifications of disease; but there is very little doubt, that a vast difference in the duration of life is to be observed in the various learned professions, and the several directions given to mental application, whether by the cultivation of poetry, the study of the law, the labours of miscellaneous composition, or the abstraction of philosophical enquiries. "Every class of genius," says D'Iserli, "has distinct habits; all poets resemble one another, as all painters, and all mathematicians. There is a conformity in the cast of their minds, and the quality of each is distinct from the other; the very faculty which fits them for one particular pursuit is just the reverse required for the other."

An excellent old author, who wrote on the diseases of particular vocations about two centuries ago, has spoken in the following terms of the diseases of literary men. "Above all the retainers to learning, the bad influence of study and fatigue falls heaviest upon the writers

of books for the public, who seek to immortalise their names: by writers I mean authors of merit, for there are many, from an insatiable itch for notoriety, who patch up indigested medleys, and make abortive rather than mature productions, like those poets who will throw you off a hundred verses, '*Stantes in pede uno*,' as Horace has it. It is your wise and grave authors, day and night, who work for posterity, who wear themselves out with labour. But they are not so much injured by study who only covet to know what others knew before them, and reckon it the best way to make use of other people's madness, as Pliny says of those who do not take the trouble to build new houses, but rather buy and live in those that are built by other people. Many of these professors of learning are subject to diseases peculiar to their respective callings, as your eminent jurists, preachers and philosophers, who spend their lives in public schools."

For the purpose of ascertaining the influence of different studies on the longevity of authors, the tables which follow have been constructed, in which the names and ages of the most celebrated authors in the various departments of literature and science are set down, each list containing twenty names of those individuals who have devoted their lives to a particular pursuit, and excelled in it. No other attention has been given to the selection than that which eminence suggested without any regard to the ages of those who presented themselves to notice. The object was to give a fair view of the subject, whether it told for or against the opinions that have been expressed in the preceding pages. It must, however, be taken into account, that as we have only given the names of the most celebrated authors, and in the last table those of artists in their different departments, a greater longevity in each pursuit might be inferred from the aggregate of the ages than properly may belong to the general range of life in each pursuit. For example, in moral or natural philosophy, a long life of labour is necessary to enable posterity to judge of the merits of an author; and these are ascertained not only by the value, but also by the amount of his compositions. It is by a series of researches, and re-casts of opinion, that profound truths are arrived at, and by numerous publications that such truths are forced on the public attention. For this a long life is necessary, and it certainly appears from the list that is subjoined, that the vigour of a great intellect is favourable to longevity in every literary pursuit, wherein imagination is seldom called on.

There is another point to be taken into consideration, that the early years of genius are not so often remarkable for precocity, as is commonly supposed, and when it is otherwise, it would seem that the earlier the mental faculties are developed, the sooner the bodily powers begin to fail. It is still the old proverb with such prodigies, "So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long." Moore says, "the five most remarkable instances of early authorship, are those of Pope, Congreve, Churchill, Chatterton, and Byron." The first of these died in his fifty-sixth year, the second in his fifty-eighth, the third in his thirty-fourth, "the sleepless boy" committed suicide in his eighteenth, and Byron died in his thirty-seventh year.

Mozart, at the age of three years, began to display astonishing abilities for music, and in the two following years composed some trifling pieces, which his father carefully preserved, and like all prodigies, his career was a short one—he died at thirty-six. Tasso from infancy exhibited such quickness of understanding, that at the age of five he was sent to a Jesuit academy, and two years afterwards recited verses and orations of his own composition; he died at fifty-one. Dermody was employed by his father, who was a schoolmaster, as an assistant in teaching the Latin and Greek languages in his ninth year; he died at twenty-seven. The English prodigy, Lucretia Davidson, was another melancholy instance of precocious genius, and early death. She wrote several pieces before he was fifteen, and only reached his twenty-fifth year. The ardour of Dante's temperament, we are told, was manifested in his childhood. The lady he celebrated in his poems under the name of Beatrice, he fell in love with at the age of ten, and his enthusiasm terminated with a life at fifty-six. Schiller, at the age of fourteen, was the author of an epic poem; he died at forty-six. Cowley published a collection of his juvenile poems, called "Poetical Blossoms" at sixteen, and died at sixty-nine.

But it would be useless to enumerate instances in proof of the assertion, that the earlier the development of the mental faculties, the more speedy the decay of the bodily powers.

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CHAPTER VII.

PRECOCIOUS TALENTS.

No common error is attended with worse consequences to the children of genius than the practice of dragging precocious talent into early notice, of encouraging its growth in the hot-bed of parental approbation, and of endeavouring to give the dawning intellect the precocious maturity of that fruit which ripens and rots almost simultaneously. Tissot has admirably pointed out the evils which attend the practice of forcing the youthful intellect. "The effects of study vary," says this author, "according to the age at which it is commenced; long-continued application kills the youthful energies. I have seen children full of spirit attacked by this literary mania beyond their years, and I have foreseen with grief the lot which awaited them; they commenced by being prodigies, and they ended by becoming stupid. The season of youth is consecrated to the exercise of the body, which strengthens it, and not to study, which debilitates and prevents its growth. Nature can never successfully carry on two rapid developments at the same time. When the growth of intellect is too prompt, its faculties are too early developed, and mental application is permitted proportioned to this development; the body receives no part of it, because the nerves cease to contribute to its energies; the victim becomes exhausted, and eventually dies of some insidious malady. The parents and guardians who encourage or require this forced application, treat their pupils as gardeners do their plants, who, in trying to produce the first rarities of the season, sacrifice some plants to force others to put forth fruit and flowers which are always of a short duration, and are inferior in every respect to those which come to their maturity at a proper season."

Johnson is, indeed, of opinion, that the early years of distinguished men, when minutely traced, furnish evidence of the same vigour or originality of mind, by which they are celebrated in after life. To a great many memorable instances this observation does not apply, but in the majority it unquestionably holds good, and especially in those instances in which the vigour which Johnson speaks of displays itself in the development of a taste for general literature, and still more for philosophical enquiries.

Scott's originality was early manifested as a story-teller, and not as a scholar; the twenty-fifth seat at the high school in Edinburgh was no uncommon place for him. Yet was the future writer of romance skilful in the invention and narration of tales of knight-errantry, and battles, and enchantments!"

Newton, according to his own account, was very inattentive to his studies, and low in his class, but was a great adept at kite-flying, with paper lanterns attached to them to terrify the country people of a dark night with the appearance of comets; and when sent to market with the produce of his mother's farm, was apt to neglect his business, and to ruminate at an inn over the laws of Kepler.

Bentham, we are told, was a remarkably forward youth, reading Rapin's England at the age of three years, as an amusement; Telemachus, in French, at the age of seven; and at eight the future patriarch of jurisprudence, it appears, was a proficient on the violin.

Professor Lesley, before his twelfth year, had such a talent for calculation, and geometrical exercises, that when introduced to Professor Robinson, and subsequently to Playfair, those gentlemen were struck with the extraordinary powers which he then displayed.

Goethe, in childhood, exhibited a taste for the fine arts; and at the age of eight or nine wrote a short description of twelve scriptural pictures.

Franklin, unconsciously, formed the outline of his future character from the scanty materials of a tallow-chandler's library; and the bias which influenced his after career, he attributes to a perusal in childhood of Defoe's Essay on Projections.

All these, with the exception of Scott and Lesley, arrived to extreme old age; but there is nothing in the early indication of the ruling pursuit of their after lives, that was likely to exert an unfavourable influence on health. Those early pursuits were rather recreations than laborious exertions, and far different in their effects from those we have spoken of in the preceding instances of precocious talent. That difference in the various kinds of literary and scientific pursuits, and the influ-

ence of each on life, the following tables are intended to exhibit; each list of names, it being remembered, containing twenty names, and the amount at the bottom of each the aggregate of the united ages.

TABLE I.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHERS.			POETS.		
Name.	Age.		Name.	Age.	
1 Bacon, R.	78		1 Ariosto	59	
2 Buffon	81		2 Burns	38	
3 Copernicus	70		3 Byron	37	
4 Cuvier	64		4 Camoens	55	
5 Davy	51		5 Collins	56	
6 Euler	76		6 Cowley	49	
7 Franklin	85		7 Cowper	69	
8 Galileo	78		8 Dante	56	
9 Halley, Dr.	86		9 Dryden	70	
10 Herschel	84		10 Goldsmith	44	
11 Kepler	60		11 Gray	57	
12 La Lande	75		12 Metastasio	84	
13 La Place	77		13 Milton	66	
14 Lowenhoeck	91		14 Petrarch	68	
15 Leibnitz	70		15 Pope	56	
16 Linnaeus	72		16 Shenstone	50	
17 Newton	84		17 Spenser	46	
18 Tycho Brahe	55		18 Tasso	52	
19 Whiston	95		19 Thomson	48	
20 Wollaston	62		20 Young	84	
Total	1494		Total	1144	

TABLE II.

MORAL PHILOSOPHERS.			DRAMATISTS.		
Name.	Age.		Name.	Age.	
1 Bacon	65		1 Alfieri	55	
2 Bayle	59		2 Corneille	78	
3 Berkley, G.	79		3 Goethe	82	
4 Condorcet	51		4 Massinger	55	
5 Condillac	65		5 Marlow	32	
6 Descartes	54		6 Otway	34	
7 Diderot	71		7 Racine	60	
8 Ferguson, A.	92		8 Schiller	46	
9 Fichte, J. T.	52		9 Shakspeare	52	
10 Hartley, D.	52		10 Voltaire	84	
11 Helvetius	57		11 Congreve	59	
12 Hobbes	91		12 Colman, G.	61	
13 Hume	65		13 Crebillon	89	
14 Kant	80		14 Cumberland	80	
15 Kaimes	86		15 Farquhar	30	
16 Locke	72		16 Goldoni	65	
17 Malebranche	77		17 Jonson, B.	63	
18 Reid, T.	86		18 Lope de Vega	73	
19 Stewart, D.	75		19 Moliere	53	
20 St. Lambert	88		20 Murphy	78	
Total	1417		Total	1249	

TABLE III.

AUTHORS ON LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.			MISCELLANEOUS AND NOVEL WRITERS.		
Name.	Age.		Name.	Age.	
1 Bentham	85		1 Cervantes	70	
2 Blackstone	57		2 Le Sage	80	
3 Butler, C.	83		3 Scott	62	
4 Coke	85		4 Fielding	47	
5 Erskine	73		5 Smollet	51	
6 Filangieri	36		6 Rabelais	70	
7 Gifford	48		7 Defoe	70	
8 Grotius	63		8 Ratcliffe	60	
9 Hale	68		9 Richardson	72	
10 Holt	68		10 Sterne	56	
11 Littleton	75		11 Johnson	75	
12 Mansfield	88		12 Addison	48	
13 Montesquieu	66		13 Warton	78	
14 Redesdale	82		14 Steele	59	
15 Romilly	61		15 Tickell	54	
16 Rolle	68		16 Montaigne	60	
17 Tenderden	78		17 Bathurst, R.	84	
18 Thurlow	74		18 Thornton	44	
19 Vatel	53		19 Hawkesworth	59	
20 Wilmot	83		20 Hazlitt	58	
Total	1394		Total	1257	

TABLE IV.

AUTHORS ON REVEALED RELIGION.			AUTHORS ON NATURAL RELIGION.		
Name.	Age.		Name.	Age.	
1 Baxter	76		1 Annett	55	
2 Bellarmine	84		2 Bolingbroke	79	
3 Butler, John	60		3 Cardan	75	
4 Bossuet	77		4 Chubb	65	
5 Calvin	56		5 Drummond, Sir W.	68	
6 Chillingworth	43		6 Dupuis	67	
7 Doddridge	54		7 Freret, N.	61	
8 Fox, G.	67		8 Gibbon	58	
9 Knox, John	67		9 Herbert, Lord	68	
10 Lowth	77		10 Jacobi	56	
11 Luther	63		11 Paine	72	
12 Massillon	79		12 Pomponatius	63	
13 Melancthon	64		13 Roussau	66	
14 Paley	63		14 Spinoza	45	
15 Porteus	77		15 St. Pierre	77	
16 Priestley	71		16 Shaftesbury	42	
17 Sherlock	67		17 Tindal	75	
18 Wesley	88		18 Toland	53	
19 Whitefield	56		19 Vanini	34	
20 Wycliffe	61		20 Volney	66	
Total	1350		Total	1245	

TABLE V.

MEDICAL AUTHORS.			PHILOLOGISTS.		
Name.	Age.		Name.	Age.	
1 Brown, J.	54		1 Bentley	81	
2 Corvisart	66		2 Burton	64	
3 Cullen	78		3 Casaubon	55	
4 Darwin	72		4 Cheke	44	
5 Fordyce	67		5 Hartshorn	70	
6 Fothergill	69		6 Harman, J.	77	
7 Gall	71		7 Heyne	84	
8 Gregory, John	48		8 Lipsius	60	
9 Harvey	81		9 Parr	80	
10 Heberden	92		10 Panw	61	
11 Hoffman	83		11 Pighius	84	
12 Hunter, J.	65		12 Porson	50	
13 Hunter, W.	66		13 Raphaelengius	59	
14 Jenner	75		14 Salustianus	66	
15 Mason Good	64		15 Scaliger, J. J.	69	
16 Paracelsus	43		16 Sigonius	60	
17 Pinel	84		17 Stephens, H.	71	
18 Sydenham	66		18 Sylburgius	51	
19 Tissot	70		19 Vossius	73	
20 Willis, T.	54		20 Wolfius	64	
Total	1368		Total	1323	

TABLE VI.

ARTISTS.			MUSICAL COMPOSERS.		
Name.	Age.		Name.	Age.	
1 Bandinelli	72		1 Arne	68	
2 Bernini	82		2 Bach	66	
3 Canova	65		3 Beethoven	57	
4 Donatello	83		4 Burney	88	
5 Flaxman	71		5 Bull	41	
6 Ghiberti	64		6 Cimarosa	41	
7 Giotto	60		7 Corelli	60	
8 Michael Angelo	96		8 Gluck	75	
9 San Sovino	91		9 Gretry	72	
10 Verocchio	56		10 Handel	75	
11 Caracci, A.	49		11 Haydn	77	
12 Claude	82		12 Kalkbrenner	51	
13 David	76		13 Keiser	62	
14 Guido	67		14 Martini	78	
15 Raphael	37		15 Mozart	36	
16 Reynolds	69		16 Paisello	75	
17 Salvator Rosa	58		17 Piccini	71	
18 Titian	96		18 Porpora	78	
19 Veronese, Paul	56		19 Scarlatti	78	
20 West	82		20 Weber	40	
Total	1412		Total	1289	

The following is the order of longevity that is exhibited in the various lists, and the average duration of life of the most eminent men, in each pursuit.

	Average years.	Average years.
Natural Philosophers	1494	75
Moral Philosophers	1417	70
Sculptors and Painters	1412	70
Authors on Law and Jurisprudence	1394	69
Medical authors	1368	68
Authors on Revealed Religion	1350	67
Philologists	1323	66
Musical Composers	1284	64
Novelists and Miscellaneous authors	1257	62½
Dramatists	1249	62
Authors on Natural Religion	1245	62
Poets	1144	57

CHAPTER VIII.

LONGEVITY OF PHILOSOPHERS, POETS, AND ASTRONOMERS.

From these tables it would appear, that those pursuits in which imagination is largely exerted is unfavourable to longevity. We find the difference between the united ages of twenty natural philosophers, and that of the same number of poets, to be no less than three hundred and sixty years; or in other words, the average of life to be about seventy-five in the one, and fifty-seven in the other.

Natural philosophy has, then, the first place in the list of studies conducive to longevity, and it may therefore be inferred, to tranquillity of mind, and bodily well-being: and poetry appears to occupy the last. Why should this be so? Is natural philosophy a less laborious study, or calls for less profound reflection than poetry? Or is it that the latter is rather a passion than a pursuit, which is not confined to the exertion of a particular faculty, but which demands the exercise of all the faculties, and communicates excitement to all our feelings? Or is it that the throes of imaginative labour are productive of greater exhaustion than those of all the other faculties?

Poetry may be said to be the natural language of the religion of the heart, whose universal worship extends to every object that is beautiful in nature or bright beyond it. But this religion of the heart is the religion of enthusiasm, whose inordinate devotion borders on idolatry, and whose exaltation is followed by the prostration of the strength and spirits.

"Poetry," as Madame De Stael has beautifully expressed it, "is the apotheosis of sentiment." But this deification of sublime conceptions costs the priest of nature not a little for the transfiguration of simple ideas into splendid imagery; no little wear and tear of mind and body, no small outlay of fervid feelings. No trifling expenditure of vital energy is required for the translation of fine thoughts from the regions of earth to those of heaven, and by the time that worlds of invention have been exhausted and new imagined, the poet has commonly abridged his life to immortalise his name. The old metaphysicians had an odd idea of the mental faculties, and especially of imagination, but which is fully as intelligible as any other psychological theory. They believed, we are told by Hibbert, that the soul was attended by three ministering principles—common sense, the moderator, whose duty it was to control the sensorium—memory, the treasurer, whose office it was to retain the image collected by the senses—and fancy, the handmaid of the mind, whose business it was to recall the images which memory retained, and to embody its conceptions in various forms. But as this handmaid was found to be very seldom under the control of the moderator, common sense, they attributed the constant communication between the heart and brain to the agency of the animal spirits which act through the nerves, as couriers between both. At one period conveying delightful intelligence, at other times melancholy tidings, and occasionally altogether misconceiving the object of their embassy. By this means both head and heart were often led astray, and in this confusion of all conceived commands and all concocted spirits—the visions of poets, the dreams of invalids, and the chimeras of superstition, had their origin. The greatest truths may be approached by the most fanciful vehicles of thought. Be these chimeras engendered where they may, in whatever pursuit the imagination is largely exercised, enthusiasm and sensibility are simultaneously developed, and these are qualities whose growth cannot be allowed to exuberate without becoming unquestionably unfavourable to mental tranquillity, and consequently injurious to health.

Again, we find the cool dispassionate enquiries of moral philosophy, which are directed to the nature of

the human mind, and to the knowledge of truths whose tendency is to educate the heart by setting bounds to its debasing passions, and to enlarge the mind by giving a fitting scope to its ennobling faculties, are those pursuits which tend to elevate, and at the same time to invigorate our thoughts, and have no influence but a happy one on life. We need not be surprised to find the moral historians occupying the second place in the list of long-lived authors.

But, if the list of natural philosophers consisted solely of astronomers, the difference would be considerably greater between their ages and those of the poets, for the longevity of professors of this branch of science is truly remarkable. In the *Times Telescope* for 1833, there is a list of all the eminent astronomers, from Thales to those of the last century; and out of eighty-five only twenty-five had died under the age of sixty, five had lived to between ninety and a hundred—eighteen between eighty and ninety—twenty-five between seventy and eighty—seventeen between sixty and seventy—ten between fifty and sixty—five between forty and fifty—and four between thirty and forty. In no other pursuit does the biography of men of genius exhibit a longevity at all to be compared to this. No other science, indeed, tends so powerfully to raise the mind above those trivial vexations and petty miseries of life, which make the great amount of human evil. No other science is so calculated to spiritualise our faculties, to give a character of serenity to wonder, which never suffers contemplation to grow weary of the objects of its admiration. The tyranny of passion is subdued, the feelings tranquillised; all the trivial concerns of humanity are forgotten when the mind of the astronomer revels in the magnificence of "this most excellent canopy, the air; this brave o'rhanging firmament—this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire;" when he beholds worlds on worlds of diversified forms, rolling, in fields of immeasurable space: the planets that encircle the sovereign of our skies; the queen of night, that walks in beauty along the starry plain of heaven, and the innumerable specks, that may be suns to other systems! When he reflects on the display of the Almighty power and wisdom, in the immutability of the laws which regulate the motions of every orb; the wonderful velocity of some planets, and the astonishing precision of the complicated movements of the satellites of others, his faculties are bound up in astonishment and delight; but every emotion of his heart is an act of silent homage to the Author of this stupendous mechanism. Though he advances to the threshold of the temple of celestial knowledge, he knows the precincts which human science cannot pass; reason tells him, these are my limits, "so far may I go but no farther;" but he turns not away like the vain metaphysician, bewildered by fruitless speculations; for the voice of the spirit, that lives and breathes within him, encourages the hope that futurity will unveil the mysteries which now baffle the comprehension of science and philosophy. There glitters not a star above his head that is not an argument for his immortality; there is not a mystery he cannot solve that is not a motive for deserving it. And to the brightest luminary in the heavens, in the confidence of that immortality, he may say in the beautiful language of Campbell,

"This spirit shall return to him,
That gave its heavenly spark,
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No; it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death."

CHAPTER IX.

LONGEVITY OF JURISTS AND DRAMATISTS.

The lists of the law authors and the dramatists present a striking contrast in respect of age. Here we find a difference of one hundred and forty-six years: the gentlemen of the gown being so much longer lived than those of the sock and buskin. And here, again, the unfavourable influence of pursuits, in which imagination is largely exercised, is to be observed. Though law has occasionally to do with fiction, it is only in Ireland that it has to deal with fancy; so that the gentlemen of this profession have little to apprehend from the influence we have just spoken of; nevertheless, the result of this calculation in favour of the longevity is what we certainly did not expect. Generally speaking, no professional

people have less salubrious countenances, or more of the sickly cast of thought in their complexions, than lawyers; and if Hygieia were to descend upon earth with the emblem of health in her right hand, in quest of half-a-dozen wholesome looking votaries, Westminster-hall is the last place the daughter of Esculapius would think of visiting. That famous letter of Xlander, the lawyer, prefixed to the work of Plombius, "*De toenda valetudine togatorum*," has admirably described the ill and uncomfortable conditions of that sort of life which the members of the legal profession generally lead. The work is so rare in this country, that we have been induced to transcribe the greater portion of the prefatory epistle. "I readily comply with your request, and willingly proceed to relate those infirmities and obstacles to health which seem most to follow the bustling life we lawyers are wont to lead, that you may be able to lay down for us more accurate rules and modes of managing our health, in the treatise you are about to publish on the disorders of the members of our profession.

"A country life is not only more agreeable but more healthful than that spent in town, in the discharge of public duties, which drag peculiar diseases after them. Stomachic and nephritic affections, and innumerable other ills that follow in their train, are the consequences of the sedentary habits of our city life. The sources of all our disorders is easily traced; that which murders us is the constant sitting that is unavoidable in our profession: we sit whole days like lame-cobblers, either at home or in the courts of justice; and when the meanest fellow in the state is either exercising his body, or unending in mind we must be in the midst of wrangling disputes.

"Though the condition of all men too busily employed is miserable, yet are they most miserable who have no leisure to mind their own affairs. The torment of the constant babbling in the courts is pleasantly of itself in that old play, where one complains to Hercules—'You know what wretchedness I underwent when I was forced to hear the lawyers plead. Had you been compelled to listen to them, with all your courage you would rather have wished yourself employed in cleansing the Augean stable.'

"It is an ugly custom we have brought into us of getting into a coach every foot we have to go; if we did but walk the fourth part of the distance that we ride a day, the evils of our sedentary habits might be greatly obviated by such exercise. But the world is come to the pass, that we seem to have lost the use of our feet, and doubtless you will think it necessary to recommend an ancient method of perambulating.

"Martial thought it madness for a hale young man to walk through the town on the feet of a quadruped. Another of our disadvantages is, that our doors are kept continually by a crowd of people. The most disgusting pettifoggers, and brawlers by profession, are over-teasing us with their outrageous jargon of the law. Now Seneca says a man cannot be happy in the midst of many people, for it fares with him as it does with a tranquil lake, which is generally disturbed by visitors.

"Another unreasonable annoyance of ours, is to be interrupted in our meals by business; and Hippocrates condemns all study soon after meals, especially in those of a bad digestion. So taken up are we—with the contentions of our clients, our own incessant cogitations, and daily attendance in courts and chambers, that we have no leisure to unbend our mind or to act the part of plain simple men in private life, but are obliged to personate a certain character; for our profession obliges us to be constantly observant of our steps. But as the philosopher again remarks—'those who exist under a mask cannot be said to lead pleasant lives,' for the pleasure of life consists in that open, sincere simplicity of mind and manner, that rather shuns than seeks observation.

"As for my way of living, it inclines to no extreme: a spare diet is perhaps fittest for the life we lead, for Celsus wrote not for us when he said, that men should eat much meat—though he subjoins the caution—provided they can digest it. Though we are not great drinkers in general, yet sometimes we give way to jollity in company, and mingle our wisdom with wine, without observing the nice limits of sobriety. But how far these things are to be allowed or avoided—how far it may be advisable to exercise the body, to correct the evils of repletion, to walk in the free air to expand the chest with plentiful breathings; how far it may be necessary occasionally to change scene or climate to renovate our strength and spirits—these are things in which we expect to be directed by your wisdom. Truly, it is most reasonable to advise us to take air and exercise, and to recreate our minds: holidays were set apart by public authority for that purpose. But we are like slaves, who

have no remission from labour; on some festivals, indeed, we alternate our toil, but we do not lay it aside; we must attend to business in some shape or other, whether in listening to depositions abroad, or in giving opinions at home; we are like the persons described by Euripides—we are the slaves of the public, and our lives are in the hands of the people.

"Let us profit by the melancholy example of those who have tarried too long on the bench, or at the bar; and as years gain on us let us contract our toils, and secure an honest retreat for our old age, for its latter days are the lawyer's only holidays. In proper time, let us bid our long farewell to the bench and to the court.

"The first and middle terms of existence we sacrifice to the public—why should we not bestow the latter on ourselves? Let us take in due time the counsel of the Roman:—Pack up our awls at the approach of old age—and having lived in straits the greater portion of our days, let us die in harbour."

Such is the *Sieur Xilander's* account of the toils of the profession of which he was a distinguished member. But with all its labours, we find that our list of eminent lawyers indicates a length of life considerably greater than that of the imaginative pursuits of the poets, dramatists, novelists, and musical composers.

The distinction has been made between dramatists and poets, because the most numerous instances of advanced age are found amongst the former. The toils of the dramatist and those of the general poet are of a very different character; every dramatist, indeed, must be a poet, but many of the greatest poets have proved very indifferent dramatists. The list of the latter gives an amount of one hundred and five years more than the poets, and that of the dramatists two hundred and fifty-five years less than the natural philosophers. Though the difficulty of succeeding in this branch of poetry is infinitely greater than in any other, and imagination in no small degree is essential to its successful cultivation, it is still to a happy combination of other qualities, and the exercise of other and more sober faculties, that this art is indebted for success. The business of the dramatist is to realise the images of fancy, to clothe the airy conceptions of poetry in the garb of real life.

The aim of tragedy is to give breath and animation to exalted sentiments, to bring the dim shadows of imagination into being, and give to legendary exploits the vivid character of actual events. The office of Comedy, on the other hand, is to catch the living manners as they rise, to place the peculiarities of national character in their strongest light, to make the follies of the time the food of wit, and in the correction of malevolent absurdity to make ridicule do that for which reason may not be appealed to. In a word, to mingle mirth with morals, "to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own image, vice her own deformity, the very age and body of the time its form and pressure."

That the labours of dramatic composition have not the same depressing influence on the energies of life as those of the other branches of poetry, may be inferred from the astonishing fertility of dramatic invention, and likewise of the longevity of many of its authors. *Lope de Vega* is said to have written eighteen hundred pieces for the theatre; forty-seven quarto volumes of his works are extant, twenty-five of which are composed of dramas: he died of hypochondria in his seventy-third year; and little is it to be wondered at, that the literary malady should have closed the career of so voluminous an author. *Goldoni* wrote two hundred plays, which are published in thirty-one octavo volumes. Had *Shakespeare* attained the age of *Goldoni*, he would probably have been as prolific an author;—thirty-seven dramas have immortalised his short career, and these productions have to boast of a fate which those of no other dramatist, ancient or modern, ever met with. After an interval of two hundred years, five-and-twenty of his pieces still keep possession of the stage.

CHAPTER X.

LONGEVITY OF MEDICAL AUTHORS, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

The amount of the united ages of the medical authors exceeds that of the novelists and essayists by one hundred and twelve years; and here again, the authors "of imagination all compact" are found very nearly at the bottom of the list, while those, into whose pursuits imagination little enters, in point of longevity rank high above them. It may be truly said, without any hyperbole, that every pursuit which ennobles the mind, has

a tendency to invigorate the body, and by its tranquillising influence, to add to the duration of life.

That study which carries the contemplation of its followers to the highest regions of philosophy, we have already seen, is the pursuit, of all others, the most conducive to longevity. But the mechanism of the heavens is only more wonderful than that of the human form, because the magnitude of the scale on which the movements of that mechanism are carried on, require the greatest effort which the mind is capable of making, even imperfectly to conceive. But what is there more wonderful in the laws which regulate the motions of innumerable worlds, than that principle of life which animates the dust of which one human being is compounded? What is there more stupendous in the idea of the power that gives precision, velocity, and effluence to the swiftest and the brightest of those orbs, than in the conception of that power, which bestows the spirit of vitality and the attribute of reason on man? Infinite wisdom is only differently displayed; it matters not how, whether in the revolutions of the planets, or the circulation of the blood, in the transmission of solar light and heat, or in the mechanism of the eye, or the sensibility of the nerves, the enquiring mind is ultimately carried to the same creative power. But above all philosophers, to the medical observer what a miracle of wisdom is the formation of the human body, and the wonderful faculties superadded to its organisation! "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" In a word, the tendency of the pursuits of the physician is to enlarge his understanding, and to enlighten his views on every subject to which they are directed.

The list of miscellaneous writers is equally divided between the novelist and essayist. The former, whom we may consider as the regular practitioners of literature, appear to enjoy a greater length of days than their periodical brethren who cannot boast the voluminous dignity of the acknowledged novelist. The result, however, shows that the compulsory toil of periodical composition has a greater influence on health than voluntary labours to a far greater amount. This opinion is corroborated by an observation of *Dr. Johnson*, no mean authority on any subject connected with literary history. "He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease; he will labour on a barren topic till it is too late to change it; for in the ardour of invention, his thoughts become diffused into a wild exuberance which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce." There is, indeed, no labour more destructive to health, than that of periodical literature, and in no species of mental application, or even of manual employment, is the wear and tear of mind and body so early and so severely felt. The readers of those light articles which appear to cost so little labour in the various literary publications of the day, are little aware how many constitutions are broken down in the service of their literary taste.

But with the novelist, it is far different; they have their attention devoted, perhaps for months, to one continued subject, and that subject neither dry nor disagreeable. They have no laborious references to make to other books, they have to burthen their memories with no authorities for their opinions, nor to trouble their brain with the connection of any lengthened chain of ratiocination. They have but to knock at the door of their imagination to call forth its phantasies, and if the power of genius is present, "to collect, combine, amplify, and animate" the ideas these phantasies suggest; which, after all, are the creations of that faculty "without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert." To weave these phantasies into fiction, to call new worlds of imaginary being into existence, to endow an *Anastasio* or a *Corianno* with thoughts that breathe and words that burn, to picture a *Rebecca*, gazing from her dizzy casement on the tide of battle rolling beneath the castle walls, to bring the very spot to the mind's eye, where "death has broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse:"—to invest the soldier of the cross, in his panoply of steel; like *Cervantes*, to carry the exaltation of knight-errantry to the extremest verge of credible absurdity, to array it against windmills; to couch the lance of the cavalier, and send his gallant steed against an army of soldadoes, or a

flock of sheep, or to give the shadowy forms of mental entrancement a spiritualised being, made up of beauty and romance, or of baleful passions—a *Flora M'ivor* or a haggard *Elspeth*:—this is the business of the novelist, and it must be allowed no unpleasing occupation is it.

So far as the labour we delight in physics pain, pleasant unquestionably it is, but light and amusing as it may seem, still is it laborious.

The author of the *Rambler* has justly observed, it is no unpleasing employment "to write when one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expression present themselves at the first summons; but such happiness the greatest genius does not always attain, and common writers know it only to such a degree as to credit its possibility." In fact, there is no man, however great his powers, to whom extensive composition is not a serious labour; and in fiction, those productions, like *Sterne's*, which seem to be the very outpourings of the mind, are generally those which cost the greatest effort.

The most accurate observer of nature, is generally the most painful thinker; the deepest thinker is seldom the best talker; and he whose memory draws least on his own imagination, (paradoxical as it may seem,) is often the most fluent writer. "Those animals," says *Bacon*, "which are the swiftest in the course are nimblest in the turn."

But the great evil of every department of literature which deals in fiction, is the habit the imagination acquires of domineering over sober judgment.

"In time," says the great moralist, "when some particular train of ideas has fixed the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind, in weariness or leisure, recurs constantly to the favourite conception, and feasts on the luscious falsehood, whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of fancy is confirmed. She grows first imperious, and in time despotic. Then fiction begins to operate as reality, false opinions fasten on the mind, and life passes in dreams of rapture or anguish."

Such is the progress, but its origin is in the infatuation of the pursuits which draw him into labour beyond his strength, and causes a prolonged application to composition, because the interest of the subject renders the mind insensible to fatigue. *Scott* seldom exceeded fifteen pages a day, but even this for a continuance was a toilsome task, that would have broken down the health of any other constitution at a much earlier period. *Byron*, in his journal, says he wrote an entire poem, and one of considerable length, in four days, to banish the dreadful impression of a dream—an exertion of mind and body which appears almost incredible.

Pope boasts in one of his letters of having finished fifty lines of his "*Homer*" in one day; and it would appear to be the largest number he had accomplished.

Cowper, however, in his blank verse translation of the same author, for some time was in the habit of doing sixty lines a day; and even in his last illness, of revising one hundred lines daily. But of all literary labour that of *Johnson* appears the most stupendous. "In seven years," to use his own language, "he sailed a long and painful voyage round the world of the English language," and in that brief term produced his dictionary. The similar French performance occupied forty academicians nearly as many years.

During the period that *Johnson* was thus employed, he found leisure to produce his tragedy, to complete the "*Rambler*," the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," and several minor performances. At the latter period, he speaks of having written forty-eight octavo pages of the "*Life of Savage*," in one day, and a part of the night.

Such labours as these, if they do not shorten life, are calculated to make it wretched, for hypochondria invariably follows close upon them.

CHAPTER XI.

LONGEVITY OF POLEMICAL AUTHORS—PHILOLOGISTS.

In the list of polemical authors we find the longevity of those of fixed opinions on the subject of religion greater, by a hundred and five years, than that of authors of unsettled sentiments on this important inquiry after truth. The only wonder is, that the ages of the former have not furnished a still larger amount, when the different effects on health and life are taken into account, of certainty of opinion on the most important of all subjects; of tranquillity and peace of mind on the one hand; and on the other, of inquiries that present difficulties, doubts, or disbelief—of mental anxiety, and of the insecurity of the virtue of those whose sole dependance is on worldly honour, whose

only guidance is the philosophy of men as fallible as themselves.

The list of philologists exhibits very little difference from that of the divines in the amount of the united ages of each. Though many of the former have been devoted solely to scholastic pursuits, these pursuits to a great extent are necessary to qualify the latter for their profession. But seclusion from the world, and sedentary habits, can alone enable the philologist to make his memory the store-house of the erudition of past ages, or furnish the necessary materials for that vast pyramid of classical erudition, which is based on a catacomb of ancient learning, and has its apex in a cloud that sheds no rain on the arid soil beneath it.

The more we contemplate so wonderful a structure, the greater must be our disappointment if we fail to discover its utility, and the larger the surface over which its shadows are projected, the more must be questioned the advantage of the erroneous expenditure of time and labour that was necessary for the erection of such a pile. If Cobbett should ever deign to peruse these volumes, he will pardon our metaphor for the sake of its application; but none can be more sensible of the misfortune of entitling an opinion of the inutility of any branch of learning to the approbation of that gentleman than we are; but, nevertheless, we are inclined to question the advantage of a whole life's devotion to the study of the dead languages.

What good to science, or to society, has accrued from Parr's profound knowledge of the dialects of Greece? What original works, even on the subject of his own pursuit, have issued from his pen? A few tracts and sermons, and a new edition of "Bellendenus," are his only title to the remembrance of the next age.

Languages are but the avenues to learning, and he who devotes his attention to the formation of the pebbles that lay along the road, will have little leisure for the consideration of more important objects, whose beauty or utility arrest the attention of the general observer.

We have been carried away from the subject of the effects of sedentary habits to which the pursuits that are carried on in cloisters of ancient learning are apt to lead; but in truth, there remained little to be said on the subject. If such habits appear less injurious to health in this branch of study than might have been expected, it is only because memory and not imagination, industry and not enthusiasm, have to do with the pursuits of the philologist.

CHAPTER XII.

LONGEVITY OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS, SCULPTORS, AND PAINTERS.

Finally, we have to observe the extraordinary difference in the longevity of the musical composers, and that of the artists. We find the amount of life in the list of the sculptors and painters larger, by one hundred and twenty-eight years, than in that of the votaries of Euterpe.

Music is to sensibility what language is to poetry, the mode of expressing enthusiastic sentiments, and exciting agreeable sensations. The more imagination the composer is able to put into his music, the more powerfully he appeals to the feelings. Sensibility is the soul of music, and pathos its most powerful attribute.

Pythagoras imagined that music was the soul of life itself, or that harmony was the sum total of the faculties, and the necessary result of the concert of these faculties, and of the bodily functions.

Musical composition, then, demands extraordinary sensibility, an enthusiastic imagination, an instinctive taste, rather than deep thought. The same qualities differently directed make the poet. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that we should find the poets and the musical composers considerably shorter lived than the followers of all other learned or scientific pursuits, whose sensibility is not exercised by their studies, whose imaginations are not wearied by excessive application and enthusiasm? The term "*genus irritabile*" deserves to be transferred from the poetical to the musical tribe; for we take it that an enraged musician is a much more common spectacle than an irritated bard, and infinitely more rabid in his cholera.

Generally speaking, musicians are the most intolerant of men to one another, the most captious, the best humoured when flattered, and the worst tempered at all other times. Music, like laudanum, appears to soothe the senses when used in moderation, but the continual employment of either furries and excites the faculties, and often renders the best natured men in the world, petulant, irritable, and violent.

In the list of artists the sculptors and painters have been placed apart for the purpose of showing the greater longevity of the former. The united ages of both exceed the poet's amount of life by no less than three hundred and thirty-two years—an ample indication of the difference of the influence of the imagination and the imitative art on health. Many, we are aware, think that imagination enters as largely into the pursuits of painting as into poetry. But, if such were the case, sculpture might indulge in the vagaries and chimeras of fancy without being obliged to have recourse to the centaurs and satyrs of poetry for its monsters, and painting might not have had to borrow its most beautiful subjects from the servid description of Madonnas and Magdalens in the monkish records of the middle ages. It has been truly observed by an intelligent traveller, that "what the ancient poets fancied in verse, the sculptors formed in marble; what the priests invented afterwards in their cells, the painters have perpetuated on canvass. And thus the poetic fiction and the sacerdotal miracle—the ancient fable and the modern legend, by the magic influence of the chisel and the pencil, are handed down from age to age." A vivid perception of all that is sublime and beautiful in imagination is essential to the artist; but it does not follow because Hogarth had an excellent perception of the ridiculous, that nature had endowed him with the comic talent of a Liston. The elements of painting are said to be, invention, design, colouring, and disposition. But, if invention implies here original creative power, independent of the imagery of nature and poetry, or of events detailed in history, the term is erroneously applied. The sublimest effort of pictorial art that can be adduced in favour of the received opinion of the inventive genius of painting, is that wonderful picture of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. But the majesty and glory, the terror and despair, that are depicted in it, are not invented, but embodied. The original of each outline is in the Sacred History, and our wonder is not more at the execution of such a design than at the boldness of the genius that had the courage to undertake it. Imagination is the power which the artist is least necessitated to call into action; judgment is the master excellence which is requisite to regulate and direct the minor qualities that are given by nature, or acquired by experience. "Good sense and experience," says Burke, "acting together, find out what is fit to be done in every work of art." Painting, in a word, is the adaption of poetry to the eye, the concentration of natural imagery—the skilful combination, in a limited space, of the idea of infinity, with the perception of objects that are visible at a glance. Many of the ancient painters, it is true, were tolerable poets. Michael Angelo and Salvator Rosa were good ones; but it does not follow that imagination is essential to the production of art. Some of the most eminent lawyers wrote excellent verses. Sir Thomas More, Jones, Blackstone, Erskine, and Curran, had considerable talents for poetry. But poetry has very little to do with law; neither has it with chemistry, and yet Sir Humphry Davy has left effusions of this kind behind him which would not be discreditable to any bard.

We may conclude with Goethe, "there is a difference between the art of painting and that of writing; their bases may touch each other, but their summits are distinct and separate." And from the list that have been noticed of the painters and poets, we have seen there is a wide difference between the influence of an imitative art and an imaginative pursuit, on health.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Though to the moralist it is of much less importance how a man dies than how he lives, it is nevertheless a matter of more than curiosity to enquire how far the words and actions, the theoretical philosophy and the practical conduct of men correspond in their last moments. In such moments, what influence has mental cultivation on the conduct of individuals? Or, is there indeed any perceptible difference between the bearing of the cultivated and uncultivated mind in the last scene of all? Generally speaking, the influence of literature and science over the mind and the demeanor of men, is at no period displayed to such advantage as at that of the close of life. What medical man has attended at the death-bed of the scholar, or the studious man, and has not found death divested of half its terrors by the dignified composure of the sufferer, and his state one of peace and serenity, compared with the abject condition of the unenlightened mind in the same extremity? Those,

perhaps, who relinquish life with the most reluctance, paradoxical as it may appear to be, are to be found in the most opposite grades of society—those in the very highest and lowest walks of life. In different countries, likewise, it is singular in what different degrees people are influenced by the fear of eternity, and in what different ways the pomp of death, the peculiar mode of sepulture, reasonable views of religion, and terrifying superstitions, affect the people of particular countries. The Irish, who are certainly not deficient in physical courage, support bodily suffering, and encounter death, with less fortitude than the people of this country. A German entertains his fate, in his dying moments, more like a philosopher than a Frenchman. And, of all places in the world, the capital of Turkey is it, where we have seen death present the greatest terrors, and where life has been most unwillingly resigned. The Arabs, on the other hand, professing the same religion as the Turks, differ from them wholly in this respect, and meet death with greater indifference than the humbler classes of any other country, Mahomedan or Christian. It is truly surprising with what apathy an Arab, in extremity, will lay him down to die, and with what pertinacity the Turk will cling to life—with what object inportunity he will solicit the physician to save and preserve him.

In various epidemics in the East, we have had occasion to observe the striking difference in the conduct of both in their last moments, and especially in the expedition of Ibrahim Pasha to the Morea, when hundreds were dying daily in the camp at Suda. There the haughty Moslem went to the society of his colonial hordes like a miserable slave, while the good-humoured Arab went like a hero to his long last home. The difference in their moral qualities, and the moral superiority of the Egyptian over the Turk, made of the distinction.

The result of the observation of many a closing scene in various climes, leads to the conclusion that death is envisaged by those with the least horror, whose lives have been least influenced by superstition or fanaticism, as well as by those who have cultivated literature and science with the most ardour. "Of the great number," says Sir Henry Hallford, in his *Essay on Death*, "to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to 'the undiscovered country, from whose bowels no traveller returns.'"

And probably, were it not for the adventitious terrors which are given to death—for all the frightful paraphernalia of the darkened chamber, the hideous vesture of the corpse, and the lugubrious visages of the funeral performers, the solemn mutes who 'mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad,' and all the frightful 'pomp and circumstance' of death—the sable pall, the waving plumes;—were it not for these, and the revolting custom of heightening the horrors of sepulture, the formal mode of doing violence to the feelings of the friends who stand over the grave, death might be divested of half its terrors, and its approach even hailed as a blessing by the majority of mankind—by those, at least, who are weary of the world, whatever portion of it they may be. Is it not Johnson who has said, there is probably more pain in passing from youth to age, than from age to eternity?

Professor Hufeland, whose observations on this subject are worth all the essays that have lately obtained a temporary notoriety, and that too without any chemical clap-traps or shreds and patches of ancient scholarship, has well observed in his work on longevity, "that many fear death less than the operation of dying. People, he says, form the most singular conception of the last struggle, the separation of the soul from the body, and the like. But this is all void of foundation. No man certainly ever felt what death is; and as inensibly as we enter into life, equally inensibly do we leave it. The beginning and the end are here united. My proof are as follows. First, man can have no sensation of dying; for, to die, means nothing more than to lose the vital power, and it is the vital power which is the medium of communication between the soul and body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness; and we cannot lose life without at the same time, or rather before, losing our vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tenderest organs. We are taught also by experience, that all those who ever passed through the first stage of death, and were again brought to life, unanimously as-

asserted that they felt nothing of dying, but sunk at once into a state of insensibility."

"Let us not be led into a mistake by the convulsive throbs, the rattling in the throat, and the apparent pangs of death, which are exhibited by many persons when in a dying state. These symptoms are painful only to the spectators, and not to the dying, who are not sensible of them. The case here is the same as if one, from the dreadful contortions of a person in an epileptic fit, should form a conclusion respecting his internal feelings: from what affects us so much, he suffers nothing."

"Let one always consider life, as it really is, a mean state, which is not an object itself, but a medium for obtaining an object, as the multifarious imperfections of it sufficiently prove; as a period of trial and preparation, a fragment of existence, through which we are to be fitted for, and transmitted to, other periods. Can the idea, then, of really making this transition—of ascending to another from this mean state, this doubtful problematical existence, which never affords complete satisfaction, ever excite terror? With courage and confidence we may, therefore, resign ourselves to the will of that Supreme Being, who, without our consent, placed us upon this sublimity theatre, and give up to his management the future direction of our fate."

"Remembrance of the past, of that circle of friends who were nearest and always will be dearest to our hearts, and who, as it were, now smile to us with a friendly look of invitation from that distant country beyond the grave, will also tend very much to allay the fear of death."

There is one point connected with this subject—the brightening up of the mind previously to its dissolution; or, to use the common expression, "the lightness before death,"—on which a few words remain to be said. The notion that dying people were favoured beyond others with a spiritualised conception of things, not only relating to time, but likewise to eternity, was familiar to the ancients, and was probably borrowed by the Jews from the Egyptians, amongst whose descendants the words and wishes of a dying man are still regarded as manifestations of a spirit of wisdom that has risen superior to the weaknesses and passions of humanity. The doctrine, however, shared the fate of all similar opinions that are specious without being solid, and entertaining without being true: it was forgotten till revived by Aretæus; and from his time to that of Sir H. Hallford, millions of people were born and buried, and no indications of a prophetic spirit exhibited by the dying, or recorded of them, till the learned baronet produced his essay on the subject. In truth, this lighting up of the mind amounts to nothing more than a pleasurable excited condition of the mental faculties, following perhaps a state of previous torpor, and continuing a few hours, or oftentimes moments, before dissolution. This rousing up of the mind is probably produced by the stimulus of dark venous blood circulating through the arterial vessels of the brain, in consequence of the imperfect oxygenation of the blood in the lungs, whose delicate air-cells become impeded by the deposition of mucus on the surface, which there is not sufficient energy in the absorbents to remove, and hence arises the rattling in the throat which commonly precedes death."

The effect of this new stimulus of dark-coloured blood in the arterial vessels, appears strongly to resemble the exhilarating effects of the opium, inasmuch as physical pain is lulled, the sensations soothed, and the imagination exalted. Long-forgotten pleasures are recalled, old familiar faces are seen in the mind's eye, and well-remembered friends are communed with, and the imaginative power of giving a real presence to the shadowy reproductions of memory is busily employed, and a sort of delirium, or rather of mental exaltation, is the consequence, in which a rapid succession of ideas, in most instances apparently of an agreeable nature, pass through the mind, and the sense of bodily pain to all appearance is wholly overpowered. These phenomena were, perhaps, never more strikingly exhibited than in the case of the late Mr. Salt. The last three or four days of his life his mind seemed to have regained all its former activity. He spoke in various languages to his attendants, some of which, as the Amharic, he had not used for many years; he composed some verses that referred to his previous offerings, and repeated them with great energy to the friend who accompanied him. The prophetic spirit which, to some degree is supposed, by the authors we have alluded to, to be attained by the dying, was likewise aimed

at, though not attained in this instance—for poor Salt frequently predicted that he would die on a Thursday, but the prediction was not accomplished.

Some of the following brief accounts of the closing scene of men of genius, may tend to illustrate the preceding observations, and to show how far a predominant passion or favourite pursuit may influence the mind even at the latest hour of life. In nearly every instance, "the ruling passion strong in death" is found to be displayed.

Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature.

Addison's dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to inveigh against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquillity a Christian can die!"

Roscommon uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of "Dies iræ."

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Bead died in the act of dictating.

Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line.

Waller died repeating some lines of Virgil.

Metastasio, who would never suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears, that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Lucan died reciting some verses of his own *Pharsalia*.

Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest; and when he came, he said to him with great affability, "Have the kindness to look in to-morrow—I trust death will wait four-and-twenty hours."

Napoleon, when dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, reproved his sceptical physician for smiling, in these words—"You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every one who can be an atheist." The last words he uttered—Head—Army—evinced clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Ta-so's dying request to Cardinal Cynthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he had but one favour, he said, to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works, and commit them to the flames, especially his *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a book in his hand.

Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life.

Chaucer died ballad making. His last production he entitled, "A Ballad, made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish."

Barthelemy was seized with death while reading his favourite Horace.

Sir Godfrey Kneller's vanity was displayed in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says, he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; he was sitting up in his bed, contemplating the plan he was making for his own monument.

Wycherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bed-side, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. There is every reason to believe, though it is not stated in the account, that so reasonable a request could not be denied at such a moment.

"Bolingbroke," says Spence, "in his last illness, desired to be brought to the table where we were sitting at dinner; his appearance was such that we all thought him dying, and Mrs. Arbuthnot involuntarily exclaimed, 'This is quite an Egyptian feast.'" On another authority he is represented as being overcome by terrors and excessive passion in his last moments, and, after one of his fits of cholera, being overheard by Sir Harry Milmay complaining to himself, and saying, "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?"

Keats, a little before he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daisies growing over me."

In D'Israeli's admirable work on "Men of Genius," from which some of the preceding accounts are taken, many others are to be found, tending to illustrate more forcibly, perhaps, than any of those instances we have

given, the soothing, and if the word may be allowed, the benign influence of literary habits on the tranquillity of the individual in his latest moments.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IMPROVIDENCE OF LITERARY MEN.

If the misfortunes of men of genius were unconnected with their infirmities, any notice of them, however brief, would be irrelevant to the subject of these pages. In literature itself, there surely is nothing to favour improvidence, or to unfit men for the active duties of life; but in the habits which literary men contract from excessive application to their pursuits, there is a great deal to disqualify the studious man for those petty details of economy and prudence, which are essential to the attainment of worldly prosperity. "It is incongruous," says Burns, " 'tis absurd to suppose that the man, whose mind glows with sentiments lighted up at the sacred flame of poetry—a man whose heart distends with benevolence to all the human race, who soars above this little scene of things, can condescend to mind the paltry concerns about which the terre-filial race fret, and fume, and vex themselves." Poor Burns had evidently his own improvidence in view when he made this observation, but he must have been the most simple-minded of bards if he expected to disarm the censure of the world by it. Its charity may sometimes extend to the eccentricities of genius, but seldom to the poverty that springs from its improvidence. The greatest explosion of periodical morality that we remember to have occurred for some years, took place in most of the newspapers of the day, not many months ago, on the occasion of the appearance of the life of a celebrated bard, in which the biographer had unfortunately spoken of the poetic temperament as one ill calculated to favour the cultivation of the social and domestic ties. Many men of genius have unquestionably been every thing that men should be in all the relations of private life; therefore, with those outrageous moralists, there was no reason why all men of genius should not be patterns of excellence to all good citizens, husbands, fathers, and economical managers of private affairs. No reason can be given why they should not be such. We only know, that such the majority of them unfortunately are not; and, indeed, in the varied distribution of nature's gifts, when we generally find the absence of one excellence atoned for by the possession of another, it would be in vain to expect a combination of all such advantages in the same individual. Nature cannot afford to be so profusely lavish even to her favourites. It is somewhat singular, that those instances of pre-eminent genius, accompanied by well-regulated conduct and domestic virtues, which are adduced in opposition to the notion that the temperament of genius exerts an unfavourable influence on the habits of private life, are of persons who never took upon them the ties of husbands or of fathers. And had they done so, who knows what their conduct might have been in these relations? Newton, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Locke, Hume, Pope, never married; neither did Bacon, Voltaire, and many other illustrious men, who either distrusted their own fitness for the married state, or were afraid to stake their tranquillity on the hazard of the matrimonial die.

Whatever doubt there may be, whether the man who lives *sibi et musis* in his study, and not in society, who communes with former ages, and not with the events which are passing around him, is eminently qualified for the duties and offices of married life, it cannot be denied that his habits, and the tendency of his pursuits, are ill calculated to make him a provident or a thrifty man.

In all ages and in all countries, poverty has been the patrimony of the muses. Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Butler, commenced their literary career in garrets, from which, no doubt, they had as unimpeded a prospect of the workhouse as the summits of Parnassus are said to afford. Even Addison wrote his Campaign in a garret in the Haymarket. Camoens died in an almshouse, and fifteen years afterwards had a splendid monument erected to his memory. It was with the poor man of genius in that day as the present: "And they who loathed his life, might gild his grave." Chatterton lies buried in Shoe-lane workhouse, and Otway expired in a pot-house. The Adventurer goes so far as to state, that not a favourite of the Muses, since the days of Amphion, was ever able to build a house. Poor Scott, however, did more than build one, and the example is certainly not encouraging to authors.

But perhaps there is not another instance, even in this land of wealth, of an author by profession dwelling in a habitation of his own erection.

Burton ascribes the heedlessness of literary men, of

* In the Quarterly Review for April, the explanation of the phenomena here glanced at is sensibly and intelligibly given, and may be referred to with advantage for larger information on this subject.

their own affairs, and consequently their poverty, to the unhappy influence of the Muses' destiny. "When Jupiter's daughters," he says, "were all married to the gods, the Muses alone were left solitary, probably because they had no portions. Helicon was forsaken of all suitors, and Calliope only continued to be a maid, because she had no dower." Petronius, he narrates, knew a scholar by the meanness of his apparel. "There came," saith he, "by chance into my company, a fellow not very spruce to look on, whom I could perceive, by that note alone, to be a scholar, whom commonly all rich men hate. I asked him what he was? and he answered—I a poet. I demanded, why he was ragged? he told me this kind of learning never made any man rich."

"All which our ordinary students," says Burton, "right well perceiving in the Universities, how unprofitable are these poetical and philosophical pursuits of theirs, apply themselves, in all haste, to more commodious and lucrative professions. They are no longer heedful of knowledge—he who can tell his money, hath arithmetic enough: he is a true geometrician, who can measure a good fortune to himself: a perfect astrologer, who can cast the rise and fall of others, and turn their errant motions to his own advantage: the best optician, who can reflect the beams of a great man's favour, and cause them to shine upon himself."

Æneas Sylvius says he knew many scholars in his time "excellent, well-learned men, but so rude, so silly, that they had no common civility, nor knew how to manage either their own affairs, or those of the public."

"They are generally looked down upon," continues Burton, "on account of their carriage, because they cannot ride a horse, which every clown can manage; salute and court a gentlewoman; carve properly at table; cringe and make conceits, which every common swasher can do." They cannot truly vaunt much of their accomplishments in this way; they belong to that race, of one of whom Pliny gave the description—"He is yet a scholar: than which kind of men there is nothing so simple, so sincere, and none better."

But the miseries of Grub-street are no longer known; well-fed authors may be daily encountered in "the Row," and no writer of any repute perambulates the town, at least within a rood of Bond-street, in a thread-bare coat. In short, there is a general opinion that literature has of late become a lucrative employment; that God has mollified the hearts of booksellers—"hearts," which in by-gone times had "become like that of Leviathan, firm as a stone, yea hard as a piece of nether mill-stone."

It is commonly imagined, that because it has become the fashion for people of rank to write books, there are no poor authors, no "patient merit" unrewarded in the metropolis—no unfortunate men of genius condemned to bear "the whips and scorns of the time," to hawk about their intellectual wares from publisher to publisher, till they are tempted, like poor Collins, to consign them to the flames; to dance attendance on some bashaw of "the trade," who rubs his soft hands, while he is sifting, not the merit of the performance, but the politics and connections of the author; and when he has duly ascertained that he is dealing with a man of the principles which every author who is a gentleman is supposed to profess, he then may be open to an offer for the work, and perhaps in as many weeks as days have been promised,—(and if the author is a very poor and modest man,) in as many months—the manuscript may be examined, and in all probability very civilly declined by one whose promises may have proved the bitter bread of disappointment, and who never may have known what it is to feel that sickness of the heart which arises from hope deferred. Or perhaps the poor author may try his fate elsewhere, and his heart may die away within him, while he is kept waiting in an ante-room for the customary period of solitary confinement, that is sufficient to subdue the ardent expectations of an author, before he is admitted to the presence of "the great invisible." But when at length his form is revealed to the author's eye, emerging from a pile of fashionable publications, to be frozen to death by inches by the cold civility of his smile, to be asked in "bated breath and bondsman key," for the nature of the influence that is to push the book, and in default of an aristocratic name, and a fashionable acquaintance, to be bowed like a mandarin to the outer door, is what he has to expect, and to be assured all the time that the work is a very good work in its way, but that authors who would be read, must have titles as well as their books, and that nothing short of a baronetcy will go down in a title-page.

If it be imagined there are no authors now-a-days, pining as in former times, in want and wretchedness, because their destitution is not so much obtruded on the public as it formerly was wont to be, little is the condi-

tion of a vast portion of the literary men of London known. Because shame may not allow them to parade their poverty before the eyes of their fellow-men in Regent street or Hyde Park, because their seedy garments and attenuated forms are not to be seen in public places, forsooth they exist not!—alas! they are to be found elsewhere, and their familiar companions are still but too frequently

*Pallentes morbi, luctus, curæque laborque
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas
Terribiles visu formæ.*—

But it would be absurd, as well as unjust, to attribute the misfortunes of literary men to the conduct of those whose business it is to cater for the literary taste of the public. If authors have to complain, it is of the system on which the book trade is carried on, and not of the individuals who are employed in it: generally speaking, it must be acknowledged, men more liberal and more honourable are not to be met with.

It cannot be denied that literary men are too often desirous to cover their own imprudence by taxing the world with neglecting merit, by railing at fortune for the blind distribution of her gifts. "Many of the English poets," says Goethe, "after spending their early years in folly and licentiousness, have afterwards thought themselves entitled to deplore the vanities of human life. It is unreasonable of those who have wholly devoted themselves to the acquisition of fame, and not of fortune, to expect the advantages that are solely in the latter's gift. Forson, in his embarrassment, thought it a hard case, that with all his Greek, he could not command a hundred pounds; and Burns, in his letters, whines about his poverty, as if he had expected, by the cultivation of poetry, to have amassed a fortune."

The most sensible observations we have ever seen on this subject are those of a lady, whose reputation deservedly ranks high in the literary world, and such is their merit, that we may be permitted to end this subject with their insertion.

"The poet complains of his poverty when he sees a rich booby wallowing in wealth, forgetting such wealth is acquired or retained by such paltry arts as he disdains to practise; if he refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where wealth, ease, fame, and knowledge, are exposed to our view. Our industry and labour are so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, choose, or reject the wares, but stand to your own judgment, and do not like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another, which you did not purchase. If you would be rich, you must put your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain and household truths. You must keep on in one beaten track, without turning to the right hand or the left. 'But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it.' 'Tis well to be above it then, only do not repine that you are not rich."

"Is knowledge the pearl of price? you see that too may be purchased by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. 'But,' says the man of letters, 'is it not a hardship that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto on his coach, shall raise a fortune, and make a figure, while I have little more than the common necessities of life?'"

"Was it in order to raise a fortune you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. 'What reward have I then for all my labours?' What reward!—A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices, able to interpret the works of man and God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heavens! and what reward can you ask beside?"

"If a mean dirty fellow should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation, is it a reproach upon the economy of Providence? Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it, and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in show and equipage? Lift your head with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, 'I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied.'"

CHAPTER XV.

APPLICATION OF THE PRECEDING OBSERVATIONS.

The history of men of genius affords abundant proof that the habits of literary men are unfavourable to health, and that constant application to those studies, whose acknowledged tendency is to exalt the intellect, and to enlarge the faculties of the mind, are nevertheless productive of consequences similar to those which arise from physical infirmities. "The conversation of a poet," says Goldsmith, "is that of a man of sense, while his actions are those of a fool."

There is no reason why folly should emanate from poetry; but we have reason enough to know that many mental infirmities arise from sedentary habits and their accompanying evils; yet in the face of modern biography, it requires a little courage to assert that bodily disease has an influence over the feelings, temper, or sensibility of studious men, and that it gives a colour to character, which it is often impossible to discriminate by any other light than that of medical philosophy. In the following pages we purpose to illustrate this opinion, by referring to the lives of a few of those individuals, the splendour of whose career has brought, not only their frailties, but their peculiarities into public notice, and by pointing out, in each instance, those deviations from health which deserve to be taken into account in fairly considering the literary character.

The most frequent disorders of literary men are dyspepsia and hypochondria, and in extreme cases, the termination of these maladies is in some cerebral disorder, either mania, epilepsy, or paralysis, and these we intend to notice in the order of their succession in the following brief sketches of the physical infirmities of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and, lastly, Scott, in whose case the absence of the ordinary errors of genius may be ascribed in a great measure to well-regulated habits, which certainly were not those of the others here mentioned.

POPE.

For about three quarters of a century the public laboured under the delusion that Pope was a poet, and moreover a man of tolerable morals, till an amiable clergyman, instigated no doubt by the most laudable motives, took upon himself to disabuse the world of its error, and to pull down the reputation of Homer's translator from the eminence it had undeservedly attained. It was an adventurous task, and one which required a mind fraught with all the fervour of literary controversy, and actuated solely by an honest detestation of false pretensions and flagrant imposition. He had to invade the title of an impostor to literary immortality; he had to impugn the character of a man who is supposed to have had some virtues, and whose failings had unfortunately been almost forgotten; and verily, the task was performed with signal intrepidity, though not perhaps with complete success. A troublesome opponent took the field in defence of a brother bard's disparaged fame, and he laid about him like one who was accustomed to spare no critic in his rage, and no reviewer in his anger. The distinction of being attacked by such an adversary was the only advantage to be gained by the contest; but this advantage was purchased at the expense of considerable punishment. The controversy was a hot one, and the fame of the individual who was the subject of the quarrel had to pass through an ordeal of fire; but phoenix-like, the character of the poet rose triumphant from the flames, albeit the conduct of the man came forth, not altogether unscathed by the conflagration. Not even Byron's genius could rescue the memory of Pope from the obloquy of the long forgotten errors that had been piled up by the indefatigable industry of his opponent; for in attempting to palliate those errors, the bodily infirmities of the victim of the controversy were overlooked, and no satisfactory explanation was given of that peevishness of temper, and waywardness of humour, which unquestionably tarnished the character of this favourite—we had almost said, this spoiled child of genius.

The following references to his habits and temperament may probably throw some little light on the nature of his failings, and tend even to remove the impression which the animadversions of Mr. Bowles may have produced. "By natural deformity, or accidental distortion," we are told by Johnson, "the vital functions of Pope were so much disordered, that his life was a long disease." The deformity alluded to arose from an affection of the spine, contracted in infancy, and to which the extreme delicacy of his constitution is to be attributed.

When it is recollected that the nerves which supply

the abdominal viscera with the energy that is essential to their functions, are derived from the spinal column; the cause of the disorder of his digestive powers during the whole of his life is easily conceived. As he advanced in life the original complaint ceased to make any further progress, and its effects on his constitution might have been removed by due attention to regimen and exercise; but instead of these, active medicines and stimulating diet were the means he constantly employed of temporarily palliating the exhaustion, and obviating the excitement consequent on excessive mental application. None of his biographers, indeed, allude to his having suffered from indigestion; and it is even possible that he might not have been himself aware of the nature of those anomalous symptoms of dyspepsia, which mimic the form of every other malady; such symptoms of giddiness, languor, dejection, palpitation of the heart, constant headache, dimness of sight, occasional failure of the mental powers, exhaustion of nervous energy, depriving the body of vital heat, and the diminution of muscular strength, without a corresponding loss of flesh, he frequently complains of; and every medical man is aware, that they are the characteristic symptoms of dyspepsia.

One patient calls his disorder spleen, another nervousness, another melancholy, another irritability: the medical nomenclature is no less prolific, but all their titles are for a single malady, and "not one of them," says Dr. James Johnson, in his admirable treatise on the "Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach," "expresses the real nature of the malady, but only some of its multifarious symptoms. Of all these designations, indigestion has been the most hackneyed title, and it is, in my opinion, the most erroneous. The very worst forms of the disease—forms in which the body is tortured for years, and the mind ultimately wrecked, often exhibit no sign or proof of indigestion, in the ordinary sense of the word, the appetite being good, the digestion apparently complete."

The fact is, that where pain is not the character of the disease, the attention of the patient is carried to the symptoms in organs, perhaps the remotest from the cause; and in this particular disorder the patient is seldom or ever sensible of pain in the actual seat of it.

We are told by Pope's biographer, "that the indulgence and accommodation that his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasant and unsocial qualities of a valetudinarian man." And in various other passages we are informed that he was irascible, capricious, peevish, and resentful; often wanton in his attacks, and unjust in his censures; that he delighted in artifice in his intercourse with mankind, so that he could hardly drink tea without a stratagem; that his cunning sometimes descended to such petty parsimony as writing his composition on the backs of letters, by which perhaps he might have saved five shillings in five years, (a crime against stationery, by the way, which he shared in common with Sir Walter Scott), that although he occasionally gave a splendid dinner, and was enabled to do so on an income of about eight hundred a year, his entertainment was often scanty to his friends, and he was capable of setting a single pint upon the table, and saying to his guests when he retired, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." We are told, moreover, that his satire had often in it more of petulance, personality, and malignity, than of moral design, or a desire to refine the public taste.

These are serious charges against the justice and amiability of his character; and probably there is a great deal of truth in them, but they only apply to his character, not to his disposition.

There is a paradox in the conduct of literary men, which makes it necessary to draw a distinction between their actions, and their sentiments, between the author with a pen in his hand, and the man without it; between the character that is formed by the world, and the disposition which is only known by private friends.

Johnson has pictured Pope as he really appeared to the world; but Bolingbroke spoke of him when he was in his death-bed, not as he appeared to be, but as he knew him to have been, when he said to his weeping attendants,—"I have known him these thirty years; he was the kindest hearted man in the world." Who knows under what paroxysm of mental irritation of that disease which, more than any other, domineers over the feelings of the sufferer, he might have written those bitter sarcasms which he levelled against his literary opponents? Who knows in what moment of bodily pain his irascibility might have taken the form of unjustifiable satire, or his morbid sensibility assumed the sickly shape of petulance and peevishness? Who knows how the strength of the strong mind might have been cast down by his sufferings, when "he descended to the artifice" of imitating on a bookseller, and of "writing those letters for

effect which he published by subterfuge?" Who, that has observed how the vacillating conduct of the dyspeptic invalid imitates the vagaries of this proteiform malady, can wonder at his capriciousness, or be surprised at the anomaly of bitterness on the tongue, and benevolence in the heart, of the same individual?

But Pope's biting sarcasm was only aimed at his enemies. Byron little cared whether friend or foe was the victim of his spleen; those he best loved in the world were those who suffered most from the bitterness of his distempered feelings. To read those injurious lines on "Rogers," that have lately appeared, and which never ought to have been dragged into public notice, is to fancy the malignity of Byron greater even than Milton's, which (we are falsely told) was sufficient to make hell grow darker at its scowl.

But whose, in this instance, was the greater malignity of the two—the writer of productions, penned, in all probability, under the excitement of mental irritability and bodily infirmity, without a moment's forethought, or an aim, or an object, beyond the miserable gratification of seeing on paper the severest thing he could say of his best friend: an exercise of melancholy, to try how far poetic ingenuity could exaggerate the foibles of those he knew to be exempt from grave defects—written without premeditation, and never intended for publicity;—or the deep deliberate malignity of the literary jackal, that panders to the rage of the noble-hearted lion, and then prowls about his lair, and steals away, when the creature sleeps, the provender of the mangled *disjecta membra humanitatis*, for the "omni vorantia et homicida gula" of the savage community of his own species?

Who might not wish that "a whip were placed in every honest hand," to punish the offender, who, reckless of the feelings of the living, and regardless of the fame and honour of the dead, dragged those effusions into light which were born in the obscurity of the study, and never meant to be sent beyond its precincts? No malignity is comparable to his, for whom there is no sanctity in the grave, in friendship no respect, and no restraint on the pen that perpetuates a slander that had otherwise been forgotten.

But what have the failings of Lord Byron, or the perfidy of his friends, to do with our subject?—little more, indeed, than to break up the monotony of the task of recording the infirmities of his brother bard. That these had their origin in his dyspeptic malady, we have little doubt.

"From numerous facts," says Dr. James Johnson, which have come within my own observation, I am convinced that many strange antipathies, disgusts, caprices of temper, and eccentricities, which are considered solely as obliquities of the intellect, have their source in corporeal disorder.

"The great majority of those complaints which are considered as purely mental, such as irascibility, melancholy, timidity, and irresolution, might be greatly remedied, if not entirely removed by a proper system of temperance, and with very little medicine. There is no accounting for the magic-like spell, which annihilates for a time the whole energy of the mind, and renders the victim of dyspepsia afraid of his own shadow, or of things, if possible more unsubstantial than shadows.

"It is not likely that the great men of the earth should be exempt from these visitations any more than the little; and if so, we may reasonably conclude that there are other things besides 'conscience' which 'make cowards of us all'; and that by a temporary gastric irritation many an 'enterprise of vast pith and moment' has had 'its current turned awry,' and 'lost the name of action.'

"The philosopher and the metaphysician, who know but little of these reciprocities of mind and matter, have drawn many a false conclusion from, and erected many a baseless hypothesis on, the actions of men. Many a happy thought has sprung from an empty stomach; many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth in consequence of an irritated gastric nerve.

"Thus health," continues the author we have just quoted, "may make the same man a hero in the field, whom dyspepsia may render imbecile in the cabinet."

It was under the influence of this malady that Pope's better judgment was occasionally warped, and that his feelings, for the time, swayed to and fro with his infirmities. On no other supposition can the anomalies in his character be reconciled. Both of his early biographers admit that his writings, especially his letters, were at variance with his conduct; they exhibit, we are told by Johnson, a distaste of life, a contempt of death, a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular affection; "but it is easy," he adds, "to despise

death, when there is no danger, and to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given."

But surely it is not so very heinous an offence against the epistolary statute of sincerity, to "assume a virtue," even "when we have it not;" and Johnson, himself, even questioned the truth of the common opinion, that "he who writes to his friend, lays his bosom open before him. Very few," he says, "can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered, but a friendly letter is a calm, deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude; and surely no man sits down to depreciate, by design, his own character. By whom can a man wish to be thought so much better than he is, than by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less restraint."

But though his letters are filled with those ordinary topics of literary correspondence, a sense of the worthlessness of his own productions, a spirit of invulnerability against the shafts of censure, nevertheless though censure is the tax, according to Swift, which a man pays to the public for being eminent, no one paid that tax with a worse grace than Pope. "There are but three ways," (he remarks elsewhere,) "for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible—the universal practice is for the second." Pope, forsooth, did practise the second with a vengeance, but to use the expression Johnson applied to another of the *genus irritabile*, he still was "a sapling on the summit of Parnassus, blown about by every wind of criticism."

How severely he suffered from his malady may be inferred from the account Johnson has given of his habits and condition about the middle of his life. "His constitution," he says, "which was originally feeble, became now so debilitated that he stood in perpetual need of female attendance; and so great was his sensibility of cold, that he wore a kind of fur doublet under a shirt of very coarse warm linen. When he rose he was invested in a bodice made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till it was laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and he neither went to bed nor rose without help." This extraordinary necessity for artificial warmth was an evident indication of the deficiency of nervous energy; and what could be expected from the prostration of mental and bodily power, the inevitable consequence of such a miserable condition of the system, but irritability of temper, peevishness, and petulance? "It is said," says Dr. James Johnson, "and I believe with justice, that an infant never cries without feeling some pain.

"The same observation might be extended to maturer years, and it might be safely asserted that the temper is never unusually irritable without some moral or physical cause—and much more frequently a physical cause than is suspected. A man's temper may undoubtedly be soured by a train of moral circumstances, but I believe that it is much more frequently rendered irritable by the effects of those moral causes on his corporeal organs and functions. The moral cause makes its first impression on the brain, the organ of the mind. The organs of digestion are those disturbed sympathetically and re-act on the brain; and thus the reciprocal action and re-action of the two systems of organs on each other produce a host of effects, moral as well as physical, by which the temper is broken, and the health impaired."

Head-ache was the urgent symptom which Pope constantly complained of, and this he was in the habit of relieving by inhaling the steam of coffee. It is difficult to conceive on what principle this remedy could alleviate his sufferings; but from the manner in which he aggravated them by improper diet, it is very probable that his remedy was no better than his regimen. It appears that, like all dyspeptic men, he was fond of every thing that was not fit for him. "He was too indulgent to his appetite," says his biographer; "he loved meat highly seasoned, and if he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach by repletion; and though he seemed to be angry when a dram was offered him, he did not forbear to drink it: his friends, who know the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury which he did not suffer to stand neglected. We are told by Dr. King, his contemporary and friend, that his frame of body promised any thing but long health, but that he cer-

tainly hastened his death by feeding much on high seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

From the various accounts given of his mode of living, and of the sufferings it entailed on him, it was evident that his appetite was depraved by indigestion; and it is no less obvious, that constitutional debility induced by that deformity, either natural or accidental, under which he laboured from his cradle, had given the predisposition to this disorder. His frequent head-aches, and the sensation of confusion and giddiness after application to study, or excess in diet, those premonitory symptoms of dyspepsia, he appears to have looked upon as his original disease, whereas the stomach was the seat of his disorder, and the affection of the head only sympathetic with it. Yet it must be admitted, that when literary men are the subjects of this disorder, that it is very often exceedingly difficult to determine whether the head or the stomach is primarily affected; but in whichever of them is its origin, so immediate is the influence of the one on the other, that the treatment is not materially embarrassed by our uncertainty of the primary seat of the disease. It is the nature of parts sympathetically affected to become disordered in their functions, rather than organically diseased: at least it is a considerable period before any alteration of structure in a symptomatic disorder takes place. The interval between the two results is occupied by a long train of anomalous ills, which are generally denominated nervous. The term is vague and unmeaning enough for all the purposes of nosology. It implies a host of sufferings which sap the strength and sink the spirits of the invalid, and this hydra-headed malady may continue for years an incubus on his happiness, which utterly destroys not health, but renders valetudinarianism a sort of middle state of existence between indisposition and disease. The symptomatic affection of the head only becomes an organic disease, when the long-continued cause has given it such power that the effect acquires the force of a first cause in its influence on an organ previously weakened or predisposed to disease. It is then easily conceived how the simple head-ache, in the case of Pope, continued for years symptomatic of a disorder of the stomach, aggravated by mental excitement and improper diet; till the disturbance of the functions of the brain ultimately debilitated that organ, and left it no longer able to resist the effects of the constant exercise of the mental faculties. The result of such long-continued disturbance of the cerebral functions, there is generally great reason to apprehend, will be either alteration in the structure, softening of its substance, or effusion serous or sanguineous.

There is great reason to believe that one of these terminations took place in the case of Pope several years before his death, as it was found to have done in the case of Swift, and more recently in that of Scott. Even when Pope was apparently in the enjoyment of tolerable health, he had evident symptoms of pressure on the brain, or at least of an unequal and imperfect distribution of the blood in that organ. Those symptoms are only noticed by his contemporaries as curious phenomena connected with his habits of life. Spence says he frequently complained of seeing every thing in the room as through a curtain, and on another occasion of seeing false colours on certain objects. At another time, on a sick bed, he asked Doddsley what arm it was that had the appearance of coming out from the wall; and at another period he told Spence, if he had any vanity, he had enough to mortify it a few days before, for he had lost his mind for a whole day. Well might Holingbroke say, "the greatest hero is nothing under a certain state of the nerves; his mind becomes like a fine ring of bells, jangled and out of tune!"

The debility of his constitution in his latter years rendered his existence burthensome to himself and others; his irritability increased with his infirmities, and the peevishness of disease was aggravated by the unkindness and unfeeling conduct of the woman who had been his companion and attendant for many years. The frequent expression of his weariness of life hardly deserves the suspicion of affectation which Johnson entertained of its sincerity. Surely there must have been no little inherent melancholy in the temperament of a man who, in Johnson's own words, "by no merriment either of others or his own, was ever seen excited to laughter."

For five years previous to his decease he had been afflicted with asthma; his constitution was completely shattered, and at length dropsy, the common attendant on long sufferings and extreme debility, made its appearance. He was for some time delirious, but a day or two before his death he became collected. He was asked whether a Catholic priest should not be called to him; he replied, "I do not think it is essential, but it will be very right, and I thank you for putting me in

mind of it." The calm self-possession, the dignity, and the decorum of his reply, well became the last moments of a Christian philosopher; the forms of his religion had no hold of his affections, but that was no reason why its duties should be neglected, or why the feelings of those who believed in the efficacy of its forms should be outraged. Death at length happily terminated the sufferings of a life which was a long disease, for such was the career of Pope, from his cradle to the tomb, in which he was deposited in his fifty-sixth year.

Whatever were his infirmities, however great their influence on his temper or his conduct, it appears that neither his irascibility, nor his capriciousness, had ever estranged a real friend. His biographer, who has spared none of his failings, has admitted this fact. The cause of his defects was too obvious to those who were familiar with him, to be overlooked; they knew that ill-health had an unfavourable influence on his character, and that knowledge was sufficient to shield his errors from inconsiderate censure, and uncharitable severity.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHNSON.

"There are many invisible circumstances," says the author of the Rambler, "which, whether we read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our science, or increase our virtue, are more important than public occurrences. All the plans and enterprises of De Witt are now of less importance to the world, than that part of his personal character which represents him as careful of his health, and negligent of his life."

There are three peculiarities in Johnson's character which every one is aware of, his irascibility, his superstition, and his fear of death; but there are very many acquainted with these singular inconsistencies of so great a mind, who are ignorant, or at least unobservant, of that malady under which he laboured, from manhood to the close of life, the symptoms of which disease are invariably those very moral infirmities of temper and judgment, which were his well known defects. Few, indeed, are ignorant that he was subject to great depression of spirits, amounting almost to despair, but generally speaking, the precise nature of his disorder, and the extent of its influence over the mental faculties, are very little considered.

There are a train of symptoms belonging to a particular disease described by Cullen, and amongst them it is worth while to consider whether the anomalies that have been alluded to in the character of Johnson are to be discovered. The following are Cullen's terms:

"A disposition to seriousness, sadness, and timidity as to all future events, an apprehension of the worst and most unhappy state of them, and, therefore, often on slight grounds, an apprehension of great evil. Such persons are particularly attentive to the state of their own health, to every the smallest change of feeling in their bodies; and from any unusual sensation, perhaps of the slightest kind, they apprehend great danger and even death itself. In respect to these feelings and fears, there is commonly the most obstinate belief and persuasion." It is needless to say, the disease that is spoken of is hypochondria. Whether Johnson was its victim, or whether the defects in his character were original imperfections and infirmities, natural to his disposition, remains to be shown in the following pages.

We have a few words to say of the nature of hypochondria, which need not alarm the general reader; so little is known of anything relative to it besides its symptoms, that very little can be said upon the subject. In the first place it may be as well to acknowledge that the seat of the disorder is unknown. Secondly, be the seat where it may, the nature of the morbid action that is going on, we likewise know not; and, thirdly, that it is a disorder little under the influence of medicine, almost all medical authors do admit. These admissions, we apprehend, bring the question to very narrow limits; to limits which trench on the boundaries of every literary man's estate: for, indeed, the most important points left for consideration are whether men of studious habits are more subject than other men to this disorder; and if more so, whether the moral infirmities of the hypochondriac are entitled to more indulgence than those of an individual who labours under no such depressing ailment.

In proof of the first assertion, we have only to say, that Hippocrates places the seat of the disorder in the liver; Boerhaave in the spleen; Hoffman in the stomach; Sydenham in the animal spirits; Broussais in the intestines; and Willis in the brain. In corroboration of the second, we have but to adduce Sydenham, describing it

as a disease of debility; Dr. Wilson Phillip, as one of chronic inflammation; and Dr. James Johnson, (and, perhaps, with the most reason,) as one of morbid sensibility: but, like taste, there is no accounting for theories.

For the truth of our last proposition, we appeal to general experience, for the confirmation of the opinion, that time and temperance are the two grand remedies of morbid melancholy. The symptoms of hypochondria are generally preceded by those of indigestion, though not in very many cases accompanied by them, and not as frequently do those of hypochondria degenerate into one form or other of partial insanity; in short, hypochondria is the middle state between the vapours of dyspepsia and the delusions of monomania. One of the greatest evils of this disorder is the injustice that is invalid is exposed to from the common opinion that it is the weakness of the sufferer, and not the power of the disease, which makes his melancholy "a thing of life apart;" and the neglect of exerting his volition, which enables it to take possession of his spirits, and even of his senses. His well meaning friends see no reason why he should deem himself either sick or sorrowful, when his physician can put his finger on no one part of his frame, and say, 'Here is a disease;' or when the patient himself can point out no real evil in his prospect, and say, 'Here is the cause of my dejection.' It is vain to tell him his sufferings are imaginary, and must be conquered by his reason, and that the shapes of horror, and the sounds of terror, which haunt and harass him by day and night, are engendered in his brain, and are the effects of a culpable indulgence in gloomy reveries. In his better moments he himself knows that it is so, but in spite of every exertion those reveries do come upon him; and instead of recoiling from the gulf they open beneath his feet, he feels like a timid person standing on the verge of a precipice, irresistibly impelled to fling himself from the brink on which he totters. It were than useless to reason with him about the absurdity of his conduct—his temper is only irritated: it is cruel to laugh at his delusions, or to try to laugh him out of them—his misery is only increased by ridicule.

It may be very true, that he exaggerates every feeling; but, as Dr. James Johnson has justly observed, "all his sensations are exaggerated, not by his voluntary act, but by the morbid sensibility of his nerves, which he cannot by any exertion of his mind prevent." Railery, remonstrance, the best of homilies, the gravest lectures, do not answer here; the argument must be addressed to the disordered mind, through the medium of the stomach. A well regulated regimen, and an aromatic aperient, may do more to remove the delusion of the hypochondriac, than any thing that can be said, preached, or prescribed to him.

Indigestion is often one of the accompanying symptoms of hypochondria; but, as we have before remarked, it may be often wanting in the severest forms of the disorder, yet there is great reason to regard hypochondria in no other light than that of an aggravated form of dyspepsia. At all events there is no shape of this disease, as Dr. J. Johnson has observed, which is not aggravated by intemperance in diet, and not mitigated by a salutary regimen. Burton's account of the horrors of hypochondria, is one of the most graphic of all the descriptions of its sufferings. "As the rain," said Austin, "penetrates the stone, so does this passion of melancholy penetrate the mind. It commonly accompanies men to their graves; physicians may ease, but they cannot cure it; it may lie hid for a time, but it will return again, as violently as ever, on slight occasions as well as on casual excesses. Its humour is like Mercury's weather-beaten stature, which had once been gilt; the surface was clean and uniform, but in the chinks there was still remnant of gold: and in the purest bodies, if once tainted by hypochondria, there will be some relics of melancholy still left, not so easily to be rooted out. Solon does this disease procure death, except (which is the most grievous calamity of all) when the patients make away with themselves—a thing familiar enough amongst them when they are driven to do violence to themselves to escape from present insufferable pain. They can take no rest in the night, or if they slumber, fearful dreams astonish them, their soul abhorreth all meat, and they are brought to death's door, being bound in misery and in iron. Like Job, they curse their stars, for Job was melancholy to despair, and almost to madness. They are weary of the sun and yet afraid to die, *ricore nati et mori neant*. And then, like Esop's fishes, they leap from the frying-pan into the fire, when they hope to be eased by means of physic;—a miserable end to the disease when ultimately left to their fate by a jury of physicians furiously disposed; and there remains no more

to such persons, if that heavenly physician, by his grace and mercy, (whose aid alone avails,) do not heal and help them. One day of such grief as theirs, is as an hundred years: it is a plague of the sense, a convulsion of the soul, an epitome of hell; and if there be a hell upon earth it is to be found in a melancholy man's heart! No bodily torture is like unto it, all other griefs are swallowed up in this great Euripus. I say of the melancholy man, he is the cream and quintessence of human adversity. All other diseases are trifles to hypochondria; it is the pith and marrow of them all! A melancholy man is the true Prometheus, bound to Caucasus; the true Tityus, whose bowels are still devoured by a vulture."

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

Our attention was some time ago called to the peculiarities of Johnson's malady, by an attack which we heard made on his feelings and infirmities by one of the greatest of our living poets: and one of those literary ephemeras who flutter round the light of learning.

We heard it asserted that Johnson "was far behind the intelligence of his age; that his mind was so imbued with the legends of the nursery, and the fables of superstition, that his belief extended to the visionary phantoms of both." In short, that he had neither the heavenly armour of religion, which is hope and confidence in the goodness of the Deity—nor the earthly shield of honour, which is freedom of spirit and fearlessness of death.

The minor critic, with supercilious air, spoke of the ferocious powers of the great bear of learning, the unrepresentable person of the "respectable Hottentot," who had knocked down his bookseller with one of his own folios. He inveighed against the coarseness of his manners, the tyranny of his conversation, and the uncouthness of his appearance: had the present been his day, he would hardly be tolerated in good society. An author so ignorant of the "lesser morals" as to be capable of thrusting his fingers into a sugar-basin, of rolling about his huge frame in company, to the great peril of every thing around him, would certainly not be endured westward of Temple Bar; and none but Boswell could be mean enough to put up with his vulgar arrogance.

We listened with patience so long as the bard was disparaging his brother; but when the minnow of literature had the audacity to assail the Triton of erudition, to use an elegant Scotticism—our corruption rose, and though the memory of the doctor had been reviled no less by the bard than the gentleman just spoken of, we could not help expressing an opinion in an audible voice, that it was something after all to be torn to pieces by a lion, but to be gnawed to death by a rat, was too loathsome a fate for the worst malefactor.

That an author of the doctor's outward man and uncompromising manners would cut a very sorry figure in Holland house, is very possible. If Foscolo got into irretrievable disgrace for standing on a chair in the library to reach a volume, how surely would the doctor, by some unhappy exploit, some sturdy opinion or unfortunate disposition of his members, bring the vengeance of offended patronage, and outraged delicacy, on his head!

Nevertheless, Johnson was not behind the intelligence of his age, though his manners were uncompromising, his energy of character oftentimes offensive, his person ungainly, though his "local habitation" had been even eastward of Temple Bar, and though his "name" has become associated in some minds with the idea of a rcondite savage. There is something in the expression "uncouth appearance" which implies vulgarity, and therefore is it that one like Pope, with a distorted figure, or like Byron with a deformed foot, is less subject to disagreeable observations, than one so "unfashionably made up" as the great lexicographer. The uncouthness of Johnson's appearance, however, was the effect of disease, and arose from no natural imperfection: "His countenance," Boswell tells us, "was naturally well formed, till he unfortunately became afflicted with scrofula, which disfigured his features, and so injured his visual nerves, that he completely lost the sight of one of his eyes." Miss Seward says, that "when at the free school, he appeared a huge, over-grown, mis-shapen stripling, but still a stupendous stripling, who even at that early life maintained his opinions with sturdy and arrogant fierceness." But the picture is overcharged, and is probably painted in the colours of his subsequent character. At a very early age he was attacked with a nervous disorder which produced twitchings and convulsive motions of the limbs that continued during life, and which have been noticed and ridiculed as eccentric habits, and

tricks of gesture, that he had accustomed himself to. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "these tricks of Dr. Johnson proceeded from a habit which he had indulged himself in, of accompanying his thoughts with certain untoward actions, and those actions always appeared to me as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct." An odd way certainly of reprobating it; but there is no occasion to refer these motions to so mysterious an origin: the cause was unquestionably the disorder of his nervous system. The violence of his temper, and the gloom which overcast his religious feelings throughout his life, were no less evidently the effects of that morbid irritability which ultimately became a fixed and permanent hypochondria. "This malady," says his biographer, "was long lurking in his constitution, and to it may be ascribed many of his peculiarities in after life: they gathered such strength in his twentieth year as to afflict him dreadfully. Before he quitted Lichfield, he was overwhelmed with his disorder, with perpetual fretfulness, and mental despondency, which made existence miserable. From this malady he never perfectly recovered."

So great was the dejection of his spirits about this period, that he described himself at times as being unable to distinguish the hour upon the town-clock. As he advanced in life this depression increased in intensity, and diffused very little from the early symptoms of Cowper's malady: the only difference was in the quality of the minds which the disease had to prey upon; the different powers of resistance of a vigorous and a vacillating intellect. On one occasion Johnson was found by Dr. Adams in a deplorable condition, sighing, groaning, and talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room; and when questioned about his state, declaring "he would consent to have a limb amputated to recover his spirits."

The limits which separate melancholy from madness were brought to so narrow a compass, that had his malady advanced another step, it is lamentable to think that its mastery over the powerful mind of the sufferer would probably have been permanent and complete. The tortured instrument of reason was wound up to its highest pitch, and nothing was wanting to jangle the concord of its sweet sounds but another impulse of his disorder. His peace was wholly destroyed by doubts and terrors: he speaks of his past life as a barren waste of his time, with some disorders of body and disturbance of mind very near to madness. "His melancholy," says Murphy, "was a constitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was at times overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity." When to this is added, that "Johnson about the age of twenty, drew up a description of his infirmities for Dr. Swinfen, and received an answer to his letter, importing that the symptoms indicated a future privation of reason, who can doubt that an apprehension of the worst calamity that can befall humanity hung over his life, like the sword of the tyrant suspended over his head?" No one, indeed, can wonder that this terrible prognostic of insanity should cast its shadows before all his future hopes of worldly happiness: the only wonder is, that a physician could be found so ignorant of the moral duties of his calling, or so reckless of the feelings of a melancholy man, as to implant the very notion in his mind which it was his business to endeavour to eradicate if already fixed there; namely, that madness was to be the termination of his disease. Was this doctor simple enough to imagine, that there is any thing in genius which renders the intellect better able to support prospective evil, or the undisguised prognosis of a fearful malady, than the humble faculties of an ordinary mind? Simple indeed he would be to think so, and little acquainted with human nature.

But the error, we well know, is daily committed by the inexperienced, of supposing that literary men are possessed of strength of mind that may enable them to rise superior to the fears and apprehensions of the common invalid, and, consequently, that all reserve is to be laid aside, and the real condition of such patients freely and fearlessly exhibited to their view. This is a great mistake: the most powerful talents are generally united with the acutest sensibility, and in dealing with such cases the considerate physician has to encourage, and not to depress, the invalid: to temper candour with delicacy; and firmness above all things, with gentleness of manner, and even kindness of heart. If it be essential in one disease more than another for the physician to command the confidence of his patient, to engage his respect, and to convince him of the personal interest that is taken in his health and well-being—that disease is morbid melancholy.

Johnson was wont to tell his friends, that he inherited

"a vile melancholy" from his father, which made him "nrad all his life—or, at least, not sober." Insanity was the constant terror of his life; the opinion of Dr. Swinfen haunted him like a spirit of evil wherever he went; and at the very period, as Boswell observes, when he was giving the world proofs of no ordinary vigour of understanding, he actually fancied himself insane, or in a state as nearly as possible approaching to it.

Johnson's malady and Cowper's were precisely similar in the early period of each, as we have before remarked; the only difference was in the strength of mind of either sufferer. Cowper at once surrendered himself up to the tyranny of his disorder, and took a pleasure in parading the chains of his melancholy before the eyes of his correspondents, even when "immuring himself at home in the infected atmosphere of his own enthusiasm;" while Johnson struggled with his disease, sometimes indeed in a spirit of ferocious independence, and very seldom complained to his most intimate friends of his "humiliating malady." In no point was the vigour of his intellect shown in so strong a light as in this particular; for in no malady is there so great a disposition to complain of the sufferings that are endured, and to over-state their intensity, lest, by any possibility, they should be underrated by others.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

Johnson's disorder (if we may be allowed the expression) had three phases, the character of each of which distinguished a particular period of his career, or rather predominated at a particular period, for it cannot be said that the hues of each were not occasionally blended. At twenty, however, his despondency was of a religious kind: about forty-five "his melancholy was at its meridian," and then had the shape of a fierce irritability, venting itself in irascibility of temper, and fits of capricious arrogance.

At the full period of "three-score years and ten," the leading symptom of his hypochondria was "the apprehension of death, and every day appeared to aggravate his terrors of the grave." This was "the black dog" that worried him to the last moment. Metastasio, we are told, never permitted the word death to be pronounced in his presence; and Johnson was so agitated by having the subject spoken of in his hearing, that on one occasion he insulted Boswell for introducing the topic; and in the words of the latter, he had put "his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with comparative safety, but at last had it bitten off."

"For many years before his death," says Arthur Murphy, "so terrible was the prospect of death, that when he was not disposed to enter into the conversation that was going forward, whoever sat near his chair might hear him repeating those lines of Shakespeare—

"To die and go we know not where."

He acknowledged to Boswell he never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him; and even at the age of sixty-nine he says he had made no approaches to a state in which he could look upon death without terror.

At seventy-five, we find him writing to his friends to consult all the eminent physicians of their acquaintance on his case. To his kind and excellent physician, Dr. Brocklesby, he writes, "I am loth to think that I grow worse, but cannot prove to my own partiality that I grow much better. Pray be so kind as to have me in your thoughts, and mention my case to others as you have opportunity." Boswell, at the same time, in Scotland, was employed in consulting the most eminent physicians of that country for him. In his last illness, when a friend of his told him he was glad to see him looking better, Johnson seized him by the hand, and exclaimed, "You are one of the kindest friends I ever had." It is curious to observe with what sophistry he sometimes endeavoured to persuade himself and others of the salutary nature of his excessive terrors on this head: he tells one friend that it is only the best men who tremble at the thoughts of futurity, because they are the most aware of the purity of that place which they hope to reach. To another, he writes that he never thought confidence with respect to futurity, any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. His executor, Sir John Hawkins, who lets no opportunity pass to blacken his character, speaks of his fear of death in terms which imply some crime of extraordinary magnitude weighing on his heart; it was with difficulty, he says, he could persuade him to execute a will, apparently as if he feared his doing so would hasten his dissolution. Three or four days before

his death, he declared he would give one of his legs for a year more of life. When the Rev. Mr. Sastres called upon him, Johnson stretched forth his hand, and exclaimed in a melancholy tone, "Jam moriturus!" But the ruling passion of his disease was still strong in death; for at his own suggestion, when his surgeon was making slight incisions in his leg with the idea of relieving his dropsical disorder, Johnson cried out, "Deeper, deeper; I want length of life, and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not value."

"On the very last day of his existence," says Murphy, "the desire of life returned with all its former vehemence; he still imagined that by puncturing his legs relief might be obtained. At eight in the morning he tried the experiment, but no water followed." If Johnson's fear of death were not the effect of disease, it would be impossible to contemplate his conduct either in sickness or in sorrow, in his closet or in his death-bed, without feelings of absolute disgust. What other sentiment could be entertained

"For him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Clings to his couch, and sickens years away,"

and shudders at the breath of every word which reminds him of the grave? The bravest man that ever lived may not encounter death without fear, nor the best Christian envisage eternity with unconcern; but there is a difference between the feelings of either, and the slavish terrors of a coward in extremity. There is a distinction, moreover, which is still more worthy of observation—the wide distinction between the fear of death that springs from an inherent baseness of disposition, and that apprehension of it which arises from the depressing influence of a disease. Who can doubt that Johnson's morbid feelings on this point were occasioned by hypochondria? and what medical man, at least, is not aware that the fear of death is as inseparable a companion of hypochondria as preternatural heat is a symptom of fever?

We have now a few observations to make on the subject of Johnson's superstition; and we preface them with an observation of Melancthon, which deserves the attention of all literary men. "Melancholy" (says this amiable man, who had been himself its victim) "is so frequent and troublesome a disease, that it is necessary for every body to know its accidents, and a dangerous thing to be ignorant of them." One of these "accidents" is to confound the ideas of possible occurrences with those of probable events—a disposition to embody the phantoms of imagination, to clothe visions of enthusiasm in forms cognizable to the senses, and familiar to the sight; in short to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

This disposition was the secret of Rousseau's phantom, that scarcely ever quitted him for a day; of Luther's demons, with whom he communed in the solitude of his study; of Cowper's messenger, bearing the sentence of eternal reprobation; of Tasso's spirits gliding on a sun-beam; of Mozart's "man in black," the harbinger of death, who visited him dwelling a few days before his decease; and of Johnson's belief in the existence of ghosts, and the ministering agency of departed spirits. His sentiments on these subjects, though expressed in a work of fiction, are well known to have been his deliberate opinions. "That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There are no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related or believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth."

This is the language of the hypochondriac, not of the moralist, who in the exercise of a sober judgment must have known that the concurrent testimony of all experience and philosophy was opposed to the opinion that those who are once buried are seen again in this world.

There are many of what are called the peculiarities of Johnson's superstition, which excite surprise, but are not generally known to be the characteristic symptoms of hypochondria. "He had one peculiarity," says Boswell, "of which none of his friends ever ventured to ask an explanation. This was an anxious care to go out or in at a door, or passage, by a certain number of steps from a certain point, so as that either his right or left foot, I forget which, should constantly make the first actual movement. Thus, upon innumerable occasions, I have seen him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with deep earnestness, and when he had neglected, or gone wrong, in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion."—"Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him

go a long way about rather than cross a particular alley." His piety, we are told by Murphy, in some instances bordered on superstition, that he thought it not more strange that there should be evil spirits than evil men; and even that the question of second sight held him in suspense. He was likewise in the habit of imposing on himself voluntary penance for every little defect, going through the day with only one cup of tea without milk, and at other times abstaining from animal food.

He appears likewise to have had a superstitious notion of the efficacy of repeating a detached sentence of a prayer over and over, somewhat in the manner of a Turkish devotee, who limits himself daily to the repetition of a particular verse of the Koran. "His friend, Mr. Davies," says Boswell, "of whom Churchill says, 'that Davies hath a very pretty wife,' when Johnson began his repetition of 'lead us not into temptation,' used to whisper Mrs. Davies, 'you, my dear, are the cause of this.'" Many of these habits, however, if they were weaknesses, were the weaknesses of a pious and a good man, and were the result of early religious impressions, instilled into his mind by his mother "with assiduity," but, in his opinion, "not with judgment." Sunday, he said, was a heavy day to him: when he was a boy he was confined on that day to the perusal of the *Whole Duty of Man*, from a great part of which he could derive no instruction. "A boy," he says, "should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and other excellences of composition; that the mind being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects, may not grow weary." Be this as it may, his superstitious notions and observances were encouraged, if not caused, by his disease.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

The indefatigable Burton has ransacked all medical authorities ancient and modern, for the symptoms of hypochondria; and amongst those he has enumerated, there is not one of Johnson's mis-called peculiarities, which is not to be found. "Many of these melancholy men," says Burton, "are sad, and not fearful—some fearful and not sad."—(Johnson, for instance, groaning in his chamber, as Dr. Adams found him, and at another period knocking down a bookseller in his own shop.) "Some fear death, and yet, in a contrary humour, make away with themselves." (Johnson, indeed, did not commit suicide, but his fear of death was never surpassed.) "Others are troubled with scruples of conscience, distrusting God's mercies, thinking the devil will have them, and making great lamentations." (Similar qualms and apprehensions harassed the doctor to his latest hour.) "One durst not walk alone from home for fear he should swoon or die." (The terror of such an occurrence probably contributed to confine the great moralist for so many years to his beloved Fleet Street.) "A second fears all old women as witches, and every black dog or cat he sees he suspecteth to be a devil." (Whether he believed in the witchery of old women, or young, we know not, but he was unwilling however to deny their power, and the black dog that worried him at home was the demon of hypochondria.) "A third dares not go over a bridge, or come near a pool, rock, or steep hill." (Johnson dared not pass a particular alley in Leicester Square.) "The terror of some particular death troubles others—they are troubled in mind as if they had committed a murder." (The constant dread of insanity we have already noticed, and the construction put on his expressions of remorse by Sir John Hawkins.) "Some look as if they had just come out of the den of Trophonius, and though they laugh many times, and look extraordinary merry, yet are they extremely lumpsy again in a minute; dull and heavy, *semel et simul*, sad and merry, but most part sad." (The den of Trophonius was his gloomy abode in Bolt Court, whence he sallied forth at night-fall, on his visit to the Mitre, and the gaiety and gloom have a parallel in the state of his spirits when at the university, such as extorted the melancholy denial to Dr. Adams of having been a "gay and frolicsome fellow" at college—"O, sir, I was mad, and violent, but it was bitterness which they mistook for frolic.") "Yet, for all this," continues Burton, summing up his account of the "madness of melancholy," in the words of an old author, "in all these things these people may be wise, staid, discreet, and do nothing unbecoming their dignity, place, or person—this foolish and ridiculous fear excepted, which continually tortures and crucifies their souls."

The habits of Dr. Johnson were most unfavourable

to health—he was a late riser, a large eater, indolent and inactive. In the intervals of his disorder he laboured for a time to counteract the effects of these habits, and he so far succeeded in controlling his disease as to be able to divert those distressing thoughts, which it was a folly, he said, to combat with. To think these down, he told Boswell, was impossible, but to acquire the power of managing the mind he looked upon as an art, that might be attained in a great degree by experience and exercise. "Upon the first attack of his disorder," says Boswell, "he strove to overcome it by forcible exertion, and frequently walked to Birmingham and back again, and tried many other expedients, but all in vain; his expression to me was, 'I did not then know how to manage my disorder.'" One of the ways he proposed accomplishing this end was by continually occupying his mind, without fatiguing it, either by day, repeating certain words, in counting a certain number of steps; or at night, when wakefully disturbed, by burning a lamp in his bed-room, taking a book, and thus composing himself to rest. His grand precept was, "if you are idle be not solitary, if you are solitary be not idle." The great secret, however, of this management of mind appears to have been a periodical fit of abstinence, persevered in so long as the violence of any new attack of his malady was upon him. He was far from temperate in the pleasures of the table; he could drink his three bottles of wine, he says, and not be the worse for it; the capacity of his stomach we doubt not, but its insensibility is very questionable. The doctor, like the "great child of honour," was a "man of an unbounded stomach." Generally speaking, he fed grossly; he even boasted of his veneration for good living, and spoke of "an un-mindful of his belly as likely to be unmindful of every thing else." He sometimes talked with contempt of people gratifying their palate. Yet, when at table, Boswell says, "he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks were riveted to his plate, nor would he hardly speak a word, or pay any attention to what was said by others till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intemperance, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and the perspiration on his features was visible." Nothing could induce him to go to an evening conversation, where there were no refreshments. "It will never do, sir; a man does not like to go to a place from which he comes out exactly as he went in." There can be very little doubt but that he aggravated his disorder by improper living, and drank more port wine than was likely to be of service to a man of sedentary habits—this was his favourite potation. "Bordeaux was a wine," he said, "in which a man might be drowned before it made him drunk; claret for me, sir—poor stuff—it is the liquor for boys. Port is the drink for men."

At fifty, however, his increasing ailments obliged him to give up wine altogether for near twenty years, but at the age of seventy-two he returned again to the use of it. "Still every thing about his character," says Boswell, "was forcible and violent, there never was any moderation; many a day did he fast, many a day did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat, he was voraciously—when he did drink, it was copiously." During the period that he abstained from wine, he took himself to the use of tea, but he was as intemperate a tea-drinker, as he had been formerly a wine-bibber. "The quantities," says Boswell, "which he drank of it at all hours was so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an immoderate use of it." But, perhaps, one of the most injurious of his habits was the late hours, at all periods of his life, that he was in the habit of keeping. Like all hypochondriacs, he was a bad sleeper, and when sleepless he was accustomed, to use his own words, "to read in bed like a Turk"—not one of the doctor's happiest similes by the way—the Turk neither reads in bed nor out of it. In one of his letters, he says, "his life, from his earliest years, was wasted in a morning bed." "He has been often heard to relate," we are told by Murphy, "that he and Savage walked round Grosvenor Square till four in the morning; in the course of their conversation reforming the world, &c. until fatigued at length they began to feel the want of refreshment, but could not muster more than four-penny half-penny." There is a trifling inaccuracy in this account; St. James's, and not Grosvenor Square, was the scene of their nocturnal ramble. Poor Savage has been unjustly charged with being the cause of all the doctor's disorders, but at the age of forty-three we find him as disposed as ever for a ramble at unseasonable

hours. On one occasion Beauclerk and Langton rapped him up at three in the morning, to prevail on him to accompany them. "The doctor," says Boswell, "made his appearance in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining that some ruffians had come to attack him; when he discovered who they were, and what their errand, he smiled with great good humour and agreed to their proposal. 'What! is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.'" These habits, and the excesses they led to, were the fuel which fed his hypochondria; his occasional abstinence the damper which every now and then controlled its fury.

On his first arrival in London, abstemiousness was forced upon him by poverty, and in all probability it was his temperance at that critical period of his disorder, that enabled him to lay in a stock of bodily vigour which he might not have otherwise possessed. The man who could style himself *Impransus*, in his application to a publisher, or who was so reduced as to be arrested for a debt of five pounds, for the common necessities of life, could not have been very luxurious in his living. Yet this was one of "the sweet uses of adversity," he might then have little dreamt of, for the necessary abstemiousness he then practised, gave his constitution time to repair its shattered energies, and to invigorate him for a long and arduous campaign in the literary world. Subsequently, when the gloom of his disorder drove him into company to escape from the tyranny of his own sad thoughts, he contracted habits of conviviality, and to use one of his own grandiloquent terms, of gulosity, which rendered his vigils not only pleasing to the rosy god, but his taste for the good things of the table, a passion which "a whole synod of cooks" could hardly gratify. Poor Boswell complained that he was half killed with his irregularities in the doctor's company. Port, and late hours with Johnson, had ruined his nerves; but his friend consoled him with the assurance that it was better to be palsied at eighteen, than not keep company with such a man.

Quo ad vinum, Johnson loved his wine probably better than Burns did his whiskey; our great moralist loved it for its flavour, but the unfortunate bard liked it for its effects. The one flew to it for enjoyment, the other for relief; it was the difference between food and physic—between mirth and madness. The power of abstaining from "the inordinate cup that is unblest" contrasts the vigor of Johnson's mind with the lamentable weakness of Burns: the one could not abstain for a single day, while the other could give up his wine for twenty years, although he seemed to think not a little of the deprivation. It was a great deduction, he told Boswell, from the pleasures of life, not to drink wine.

CHAPTER XX.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

His health began to break down about fifteen years before his death. "In 1766, his constitution," says Murphy, "seemed to be in a rapid decline, and that morbid melancholy which often clouded his understanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a visit in this situation, and found him on his knees with a clergyman, beseeching God to continue to him the use of his understanding." From this period to his seventy-third year his fits of melancholy were frequent and severe, though he continued to go into society as before; but lively as his conversation was at all times, his gaiety, he said, was all on the outside. "I may be cracking my jokes, and yet cursing the sun—sun, how I hate thy beams!"

In 1782, he complains of being "afflicted with a very irksome and severe disorder, that his respiration was impeded, and much blood had been taken away." His disorder was asthma: it appears that he was repeatedly bled for it, and subsequently the only relief he could obtain was by the daily use of opium to the extent of three or four grains. The propriety of this bleeding, at the age of seventy-three, for a spasmodic malady, which was capable of being relieved by opium, is more than questionable; there can, indeed, be very little doubt that it was fatal to the powers of his constitution, and that the palsy and dropsy which very soon ensued, were the effects of the debility so great a loss of blood occasioned. The diseases of old men whose vital energies have been expended in literary pursuits are seldom to be remedied by the lancet, and when employed in such cases, it is very often "the little instrument of mighty mischief," which Reid has termed it. About a year after his first attack of asthma, during which time he was frequently bled for the disorder, he was seized with paraly-

sis, that malady which literary men more than any others have reason to guard against. The vigour of his great mind was manifested on this occasion in communicating the intelligence of his calamity to one of his friends. A few hours only after his attack, while he was deprived of speech, and of the power of moving from his bed, he so far triumphed over his infirmities as to write to Dr. Taylor the following account of his condition. "It has pleased God, by a paralytic stroke in the night, to deprive me of speech. I am very desirous of Dr. Heberden's assistance, as I think my case is not past remedy. Let me see you as soon as it is possible; bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourself at all events. I am glad you are so well, when I am so dreadfully attacked. I think that by a speedy application of stimulants, much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech to action. As it is too early to send, I will try to recollect what I can that may be suspected to have brought on this dreadful disease. I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatic complaint, but have forborne some time by Dr. Peppy's persuasion, who perceived my legs beginning to swell."

How strongly is the powerful intellect of Johnson, (yet unimpaired by his disorder,) shown in these few emphatic words! The urgency of the case, the necessity for prompt assistance, and the consciousness of the debility that had been brought on his constitution by so much depletion; and yet what extraordinary ignorance of the common principles of medicine is exhibited in the remedial plan he proposes for his relief! The merest tyro in the medical art would have seen nothing in the administration of the vomit vigorous and rough, but the prospect of aggravated danger, of increased determination to the head, and even of sudden death, though he might be aware that such a remedy had the sanction of some recent authorities.

The treatment of diseases is not, however, the subject we have to do with; we have only noticed a circumstance which proves how very ignorant of the principles of medicine, and of the nature of a disease which literary men are especially subject to, the most learned persons are frequently found to be.

Johnson survived his attack of paralysis a year and a half, during which time he laboured under a complication of disorders, gout, asthma, and dropsy, which rendered his life miserable, but yet did not prevent him from performing a journey to his native town, and from engaging on his return in his literary pursuits.

Johnson was one of those few fortunate children of genius who have not to complain of the tardy justice of their times: his great merit in his lifetime was universally acknowledged, and public as well as private admiration and gratitude were not limited to the justice that his memory was entitled to, but were displayed in acts of generosity that were calculated to reward the exertions of the living man, and to increase his comforts in sickness and distress. There was no subscription at his death for the purchase of his Bolt-court tenement, to be set on Mrs. Lucy Porter, of Lichfield, and her descendants—there was no appeal made to the pockets of the public for the erection of a pillar to perpetuate his fame; but the bounty of his sovereign was extended to him in his indigence, and in the hour of sickness the beneficent hand of private friendship and of public benevolence was held forth to him. When there was a question of enabling him to visit Italy for the recovery of his health, Lord Thurlow, we are told, offered five hundred pounds to meet the expenses of his journey: and his amiable physician, Dr. Brocklesby, signified his intention of adding a hundred a year to his income for life, in order that he might not want the means of giving to the remainder of his days tranquillity and comfort. The conduct of Brocklesby was worthy of the just and elegant compliment which Johnson paid to his profession, in his life of Garth. "I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusions of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art where there is no hope of lucre."

Johnson continued to struggle with his complaints till the latter part of 1784. His earnest and constant prayer, that he might be permitted to deliver up his soul unclouded to God, was granted: he died in his perfect senses, resigned to his situation, at peace with himself and in charity with all men, in his seventy-fifth year.

The circumstances that we have noticed, connected with the disorder of this great and good man, are amply sufficient to show that the many striking inconsistencies and eccentricities in his character and conduct, were occasioned by disease, or fostered by its influence. His original disorder, it is evident, was a scrofulous affection,

which in early life debilitated his constitution, and gave that predisposition to hypochondria which dogged his whole career.

Hahneman, one of the best observers of disease (whatever his character as a pharmaceutical theorist may be) that medical science has to boast of, attributes half the disorders of humanity to a scrofulous or scorbutic taint in the constitution, and that such a taint is calculated to nurture and develop the seeds of an hereditary disease like that of Johnson's hypochondria, there can be little doubt. At all events, if proof were requisite, we trust sufficient has been adduced to show that Johnson's failings were largely influenced by the infirmities of disease, and were foreign to the original complexion of his disposition and the character of his noble nature.

CHAPTER XXI.

BURNS.

Every quarter of a century a revolution takes place in literary taste, the old idols of its worship are displaced for newer effigies, but the ancient altars are only overthrown to be re-established at some future time, and to receive the homage which they forfeited, on account of the fickleness of their votaries, and not in consequence of any demerits of their own.

It is not in the nature of Burns' productions that his fame should altogether set aside the remembrance of his follies; yet so ably and so philosophically has his biographer discharged his duty to the public and to the individual, whose genius he helped to immortalise, and so truly, in the spirit of a philosophical historian, has he traced the infirmities of Burns to their real origin, that were it only for the noble effort to vindicate the character of genius, Currie's Life of Burns would still deserve to be considered one of the best specimens of biography in the English language. And so long as its excellence had the freshness of a new performance to recommend it to the public, and to lay hold of its attention, the character of Burns was treated with indulgence, and his poetry was duly and justly appreciated.

But of late years there has been a tendency, in literary opinion, to underrate the merits of the Scottish bard, and even to exaggerate the failings of the man. The vulgarity of his errors and his unfortunate predilection for pipes and punch-bowls, it is incumbent on every sober critic to reprobate. Byron, who, in his aristocratic mood, had no notion of a poor man "holding the patent of his honours direct from God Almighty," could not tolerate the addiction of a bard to such ungentelemanly habits, and Burns was, therefore, in the eyes of the proud lord, a "strange compound of dirt and deity;" but his lordship, at the time of the observation, was in one of his fits of outrageous abstinence, and to use his own language, "had no more charity than a vinegar cruet."

Bulwer has also lately joined in depreciating the poor exciseman. It is the more to be regretted, as he has the credit of possessing more generosity of literary feelings, and less of the jealousy of genius, than most of his contemporaries.

Burns' fame has certainly declined in the fashionable world; but if it be any consolation to his spirit, his poetry continues as popular as ever with the poor. Its exquisite pathos has lost nothing of its original charm, but no volume is less the book of the boudoir—the fastidious imagination can hardly associate the idea of poetry with that of an atmosphere that is redolent of tobacco smoke and spirituous liquors.

The frailties of Burns are unfortunately too glaring to admit of palliation; but manifest as they are, much misapprehension we are persuaded prevails as to their character; a dog with a bad name is not in greater peril of a halter, than a poor man's errors are in danger of exciting unmitigated disgust.

In fashionable morality it is one thing to drink the "inordinate cup that is unblest" of claret or champagne, but quite another to "put an enemy in the mouth to steal away the senses" in the shape of whisky; similar effects may arise from both, but the odium is not a little in the quality, and not the quantity, of the potation. In the parlance of convivial gentlemen, to have a bout at the Clarendon is to exceed in the pleasures of the table; but to commit the same excess in a country ale-house, is to be in a state of disgusting intoxication. There is no question, however, but that wine is a "more gentlemanly tippie" than any kind of ardent spirits, and that its intoxicating effect is an "*amabilis insaniam*" of a milder character than the "*rabis furibunda*" which belongs to the latter. The excesses of the wine-bibber, moreover, are generally few and far between, while those of the dram-drinker are frequent, and infinitely more injurious

to mind and body. In this country the poor man is debarred the use of wine; spirits are unfortunately the cheaper stimulant; but were it a matter of choice, he might prefer the former, as well as the French and Italian peasant.

There is one circumstance, however, which deserves consideration in forming any comparative estimate of intemperate habits. Different constitutions are differently effected by the same excitants. Johnson could boast of drinking his three bottles of port wine with impunity; but the doctor's was an "omni vorantia gula." Dr. Parr could master two without any inconvenience, but probably had Burns dined with either of them, he would have found the half of a Scotch pint might have caused him in the morning "to have remembered a mass of things, but nought distinctly," and to conclude he had been drinking the "*vinum erroris ab ebriis doctoribus propinatum*," as St. Austin denominates another inebriating agent. The sin of intemperance is certainly the same whether it be caused by one bottle or three, or whether the alcohol be concentrated in one form, or more largely diluted in another.

In Burns' time intemperance was much more common in his walk of life than it now is. In Pope's day we find not a few of his most celebrated contemporaries and immediate predecessors addicted to drunkenness. "Cowley's death (Pope says) was occasioned by a mean accident while his great friend Dean Pratt was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who (according to the fashion of the times) made them too welcome. They did not set out on their walk home till it was too late, and had drank so deep, that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off."

Dryden, like Burns, was remarkable for sobriety in early life, "but for the last ten years of his life, (says Dennis,) he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than he ever used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end." Yet in his case, as Byron's, wine seems to have had no exhilarating influence. Speaking of his melancholy, he says, "Nor wine nor love could make me gay." And Byron speaks of wine making him "savage instead of mirthful."

Parnell, also, (on Pope's authority,) "was a great follower of drama, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries, (his excesses, however, only commenced after the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved,) and "those helps," he adds, that sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died in his thirty-sixth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity, somewhat we presume in the way

"Of Lord Mount-Coffee-house, the British peer,
Who died of love with wine last year."

But another account describes Parnell's taking to drunkenness on account of his prospect declining as a preacher at the queen's death, "and so he became a sot, and finished his existence."

Churchill was found drunk on a dunghill.

Prior, according to Spencer, "used to bury himself for whole days and nights together with a poor mean creature, his celebrated Chloe," who, unlike Ronsard's Cassandra, was the bar-maid of the house he frequented. And even Pope, we are told by Dr. King, hastened his end by drinking spirits.

Precedents, however, are no plea for crime, and to multiply them would be useless for any other purpose than to deprecate the infliction of an excessive penalty in a single instance, because the latest though not perhaps the most enormous.

If Burns' irregularity deserved the name of habitual intemperance, it was only during the latter years of his life. Till his three-and-twentieth year, he was remarkable for his sobriety, no less than for the modesty of his behaviour. Had he continued at the plough, in all probability he would have remained a stranger to the vices that his new career unfortunately led him into. It was only, (he tells us,) when he became an author, that he got accustomed to excess, and when his friends made him an exciseman, that his casual indulgence in convivial pleasures acquired the dominion of a settled habit.

In early life he laboured under a disorder of the stomach, accompanied by palpitations of the heart, depression of the spirits, and nervous pains in the head, the nature of which he never appears to have understood, but which evidently arose from dyspepsia. These sufferings, be it remembered, are complained of in his latter years before he had committed any excess; and so far from being the consequence of intemperance, as they are generally considered to have been, the exhaustion they produced was probably the cause which drove him in his

moments of hypochondria, to the excitement of the bottle for a temporary palliation of his symptoms.

No one but a dyspeptic man, who is acquainted with the moral martyrdom of the disease, can understand the degree of exhaustion to which the mind is reduced, and the insupportable sense of sinking in every organ of the body which drives the sufferer to the use of stimulants of one kind or another. Whether wine, alcohol, ammonia, or the black drop, it is still the want of a remedy, and not the pleasure of the indulgence which sends the hypochondriac to that stimulant for relief.

In one of Burns' letters to Dr. Moore, he mentions being confined by some lingering complaints originating in the stomach, and his constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months he was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who had received their final mittimus. From the period of his first committing "the sin of rhyme," which was a little previous to his sixteenth year, to the age of three-and-twenty, the excitement of the tender passion, which he appears to have felt not unfrequently in the fits of his hypochondria, seem to have had the effect of soothing the dejection, which in later life he employed other means to alleviate.

His biographer has noticed, as a curious fact, that his melancholy was always banished in the presence of women. "In his youth," we are told by his brother Gilbert, "he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver; but these connections were governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty, from which he never deviated till his twenty-third year. He was only anxious to be in a situation to marry: nor do I recollect," he says, "till towards the era of his commencing author, when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company, to have ever seen him intoxicated, nor was he at all given to drinking. No sooner, however, was he led into intemperance than his disorder became aggravated, and his dejection, from being a casual occurrence, became continual."

"The gaiety," says Currie, "of many of Burns' writings, and the lively and even cheerful colouring with which he has portrayed his own character, may lead some persons to suppose that the melancholy which hung over him toward the end of his days was not an original part of his constitution. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that this melancholy acquired a darker hue in the progress of his life; but independent of his own and his brother's testimony, evidence is to be found among his papers that he was subject very early to those depressions of mind which are, perhaps, not wholly separable from the sensibility of genius, but which in him arose to an extraordinary degree."

At the age of twenty-two he writes to his father, "that the weakness of his nerves has so debilitated his mind, that he dare not review past events, nor look forward into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation in his head produced most unhappy effects on his whole frame." This was previous to his intemperance.

In 1787 Dugald Stewart occasionally saw him in Ayrshire; "and notwithstanding," says the professor, "the various reports I heard during the preceding winter of Burns' predilection for convivial and not very select society, I should have concluded in favour of his habits of sobriety from all of him that ever fell under my own observation: he told me indeed himself, that the weakness of his stomach was such as to deprive him entirely of any merit in his temperance. I was, however, somewhat alarmed about the effects of his now sedentary and luxurious life, when he confessed to me, the first night he spent in my house, after his winter's campaign in town, that he had been disturbed, when in bed, by a palpitation of the heart, which he said was a complaint to which he had of late become subject."

His winter campaign in town had been injurious indeed to his habits, and he was so conscious of the perils he was daily encountering, as to be desirous of fleeing from the scene of temptation.

Having settled with his publisher, Burns found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, two hundred of which he immediately lent to his brother, who had taken upon himself the support of their aged mother; with the remainder of his money he purchased the farm of Ellisland, on which he determined to settle himself for life. His first act was to legalise his union with the object of his early attachment, which union then imperatively called for a public declaration of marriage.

The natural fickleness of his disposition, however, was soon manifested in his new career; and he had hardly entered upon the peaceful enjoyment of country life before he pined after the distinction of a maiden author's brief reign in literary society. The state of his feelings

may be gathered at the time from his common-place book. "This is now the third day that I have been in this country. Lord! what is man? What a bustling little bundle of passions, appetites, ideas and fancies!—and what a capricious kind of existence he has here! I am such a coward in life—so tired in the service, that I would almost at any time, with Milton's Adam,

"Gladly lay me in my mother's lap at ease."

"His application to the cares and labours of his farm, (says Currie,) was interrupted by several visits to his family in Ayrshire, and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed, and a little time temptation assailed him nearer home. He was not long before he began to view his farm with dislike and despondence."

He now applied to his friends to procure him some appointment; by the interest of one of them he procured the post of an exciseman, or gauger, in the district in which he lived.* It was an unfortunate employment for a man like Burns, and one which threw all the temptations in his path, which a judicious friend might have wished him removed from as far as possible. It must have been a sorry exhibition to have seen the poor poet, his mind probably communing with the rime, scampering over the country in pursuit of some paltry defaulter of the revenue, or travelling from ale-house to ale-house to grant permits, and do the other drudgery of his office: such business is rarely transacted without refreshment, and sometimes the refreshment of man and horse is the only business attended to.

It would have been difficult to have devised a more occupation for the poor poet, or to have found a man less fitted for its duties than Burns.

After occupying his farm for nearly three years and a half, he found it necessary to resign it, and depend on the miserable stipend of his office—about fifty pounds a year, and which ultimately rose to seventy.

"Hitherto," says Currie, "though he was addicted to excess in social parties, he had abstained from the

* In the Edinburgh Review some time since, we marked the following striking sentences in relation to Burns:—"And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging alebarrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on, before another such is given us to waste." The same writer, after summing up Burns' attainments, says, "He had as much scholarship, we imagine, as Shakespeare, and far better models to form his ear to harmony, and train his fancy to graceful invention."

Burns is undoubtedly entitled to the rank of a great and original genius. He has in all his compositions great force of conception; and great spirit and animation in its expression. He has taken a large range through the region of fancy, and naturalised himself in almost all her climates: He has great power, great powers of description, great pathos, and great discrimination of character. Almost every thing that he says has spirit and originality; and every thing that he says well is characterised by a charming facility, which gives a grace even to occasional rudeness, and communicates to the reader a delightful sympathy with the speculative soaring and conscious inspiration of the poet. He found himself originally in the deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model, or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain for ever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest: the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf believed a steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.—Though a Titan, to the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given, and the world has rarely witnessed a sadder scene than this noble, generous, and great soul wasting itself away in hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which closed closer and closer around him, till only Death opened him an outlet.—Ed.

habitual use of strong liquors, and his constitution had not suffered any permanent injury from the irregularities of his conduct. But in Dumfries, temptations to the sin that so early beset him threw themselves in his way, and his irregularities grew by degrees into habit." In his own words, "he had dwindled into a paltry excise-man, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind."

From this period poverty, and its attendant ills, were seldom from his door; the irritability of his temper increased, and, as is generally the case, the irregularity of his conduct. He became more reckless and inveterate in his disorders than ever: "He knew his own failings," says Currie, "he predicted their consequence; the melancholy foreboding was never absent from his mind, yet this passion carried him down the stream of error, and swept him over the precipice he saw directly in his course."

"The fatal defect in his character," adds his biographer, "lay in the comparative weakness of his volition—that superior faculty of the mind, which governs the conduct according to the dictates of the understanding, and alone entitles us to be denominated rational."

"The occupations of a poet," he continues, "are not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that sensibility which requires perpetual control, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion, as well as the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately, the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities, to nourish that lofty pride which disdains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order, and, by indulgence, to increase that sensibility which, in the present form of our existence, is scarcely compatible with peace and happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune!"

This is worth all that has ever been said on the subject of "the poetic temperament," and no apology, we trust, is needed for the length of the quotation.

The rapid progress of his disorder, both bodily and mental, is exhibited in the desponding tenor of his letters, from the period of his relinquishing his agricultural pursuits. Indolence, the baneful attendant of morbid sensibility, aggravated his hypochondria. Indolence became preferable to a distasteful occupation; and idleness, as usual, was followed by miseries which rendered existence intolerable without excitement. There is no habit gains so imperceptibly on the hypochondriac as that of intemperance. The melancholy man flies to stimulating draughts for a momentary relief, but the remedy must be increased in proportion to the frequency of its repetition; and in proportion as the spirits are exalted by any stimulant the stomach is debilitated: in course of time the irritability of the latter organ, extending to the brain, the senses become tremblingly alive (if the expression may be used) to external impressions; in a word, the sensations are diseased, and the result is morbid sensibility. Burns' biographer has described the progress of this disorder in language which needs not our feeble praise to recommend it. "As the strength of the body decays, the volition fails; in proportion as the sensations are soothed and gratified, the sensibility increases; and morbid sensibility is the parent of indolence, because, while it impairs the regulating power of the mind, it exaggerates all the obstacles to exertion." And, in the preceding observation, in speaking of morbid sensibility, as being the temperament of general talents, and not of poetry exclusively, as some would have it, he deprecates the indulgence in indolence, which men of genius are generally prone to, as the immediate occasion of the infelicity of all their tribe. "The unbidden splendors of imagination," he says, "may indeed at times irradiate the gloom which inactivity produces; but such visions, though bright, are transient, and serve to cast the realities of life into deeper shade." Those who would trace the horrors of hypochondria, that symptom, or synonyme of indigestion, aggravated by indolence and intemperance, have only to peruse the letters of Burns; he will find in them the usual incongruous mixture of mirth and melancholy which generally prevails in the conversation and correspondence of dyspeptic men.

In one epistle he figures as the miserable wretch, described by Cicero, *Ipse suum cor edens hominum vestigia vitans*. And perhaps in the next

"His bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all the day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts him above the ground with cheerful thoughts."
Hypochondria is the malady in which extreme pas-

sions meet. The most ludicrous lines Cowper ever wrote, to use his own words, were written in the saddest mood; and but for that saddest mood, had never perhaps been written at all. Such burst of vivacity are by no means incompatible with the deepest gloom. In one of his letters, Burns thus speaks of his dejection: "I have been for some time pining under secret wretchedness; the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, and some wandering stabs of remorse, settle on my vitals like vultures, when my attention is not called away by the claims of society, or the vagaries of the muse. Even in the hour of social mirth my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner." In another letter he speaks of "his constitution being blasted *ab origine* with a deep incurable taint of melancholy that poisoned his existence."

To Mr. Cunningham he writes, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul lost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy enquiries after me?" And to the same correspondent, about a fortnight before his death, he speaks of his sufferings in a sadder strain. "Alas! my friend, the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more!—You would not know me if you saw me—pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair.—My spirits fled! fled!—but I can no more on the subject." He finishes by alluding to the probable reduction in his salary, in consequence of his illness, to five and thirty pounds. He entreats his friend to move the commissioners of excise to grant the full salary. "If they do not," he continues, "I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*. If I die not of disease, I must perish of hunger!"

It is needless to extract more. It has been truly said, "there is not among all the martyrologies that ever were penned so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets." Burns, we are told by his biographer, "though by nature of an athletic form, had in his constitution the peculiarities and the delicacies that belong to the temperament of genius. He was liable, from a very early period of life, to that interruption in the process of digestion which arises from deep and anxious thought, and which is sometimes the effect, sometimes the cause, of depression of spirits. Connected with this disorder of the stomach, there was a disposition to headache affecting more especially the temples and eye-halls, and frequently accompanied by violent and irregular movements of the heart. Endowed by nature with great sensibility of nerves, Burns was in corporeal, as well as in his mental system, liable to inordinate impressions—to fever of body as well as of mind. This predisposition to disease, which strict temperance and diet, regular exercise and sound sleep, might have subdued, habits of a very different nature strengthened and inflamed."

In this brief observation is concentrated all the knowledge that is to be gathered from books on the subject of the literary malady, as indigestion may be pre-eminently called. There is not a word of it which demands not the most serious attention from every individual who is employed in literary pursuits; he may gather from it that excess in wine is not the only intemperance; but that excessive application to studious habits is another kind of intemperance no less injurious to the constitution than the former.

Burns wrestled with his disorder in want and wretchedness till October 1795; about which time he was seized with his last illness—a rheumatic fever. The fever, it appears, was the effect of cold caught in returning from a tavern benumbed and intoxicated. His appetite from the first attack failed him, his hands shook, and his voice trembled on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and hands, and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Too much dejected in his spirits, and too well aware of his real situation to entertain hopes of recovery, he was ever musing on the approaching desolation of his family, and his spirits sunk into a uniform gloom. In June he was recommended to go into the country, "and impatient of medical advice," says his biographer, "as well as every species of control, he determined for himself to try the effects of bathing in the sea." Burns, however, distinctly says in two of his letters, this extraordinary remedy for rheumatism was pre-

scribed by his physician; "The medical men," he wrote to Mr. Cunningham, "tell me that my last and only chance is bathing and country quarters, and riding."

For the sake of the faculty, I trust that Burns was mistaken in the matter, for no medical man of common sense could think that a patient sinking under rheumatism, and shattered in constitution, was a fit subject for so violent a remedy as the cold bath. No medical man can consider, without shuddering, the mischief it must have produced in the case of Burns. At first he imagined that the bathing was of service; the pains in his limbs were relieved, but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever, as well might have been expected, and when he returned to his own house in Dumfries on the 18th of July he was no longer able to stand upright. At this time a tremour pervaded his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the 2d and 3d day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the 10th the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance.

Thus perished Burns in his thirty-seventh year. Let those who are without follies cast the first stone at his infirmities, and thank their God they are not like the other poor children of genius, frail in health, feeble in resolution, in small matters improvident, and unfortunate in most things.*

CHAPTER XXII.

COWPER.

A few centuries ago, the clergy were entrusted with the care of the health of the community, either because the healing art was held in such respect, that it was derogatory to its dignity to suffer laymen to perform the high duties of so noble a profession, or because the lucrative nature of a medical monopoly was as well understood by the church in the dark ages, as it is by the college in those enlightened times. The faculty, however, flourished in the cloister, and the learned monk and the skillful leech were one and the same person. A great deal of good, and no doubt a certain quantity of evil resulted from the combination of the two vocations: of the good, it is sufficient to remember that the clergy acquired a two-fold claim to the gratitude, and also to the generosity, of the public; of the evil, we need only reflect on the extent of the influence conjoined—of the priest and the physician—to tremble at the power as well as at the result of their coalition. We know not, however, whether this evil may not have been counterbalanced, in some degree, by the advantage of the superior opportunities afforded the medical divine, of distinguishing the nature of moral maladies combined with physical, or confounded with them; and of discovering the source of those anomalies in both, which puzzle the separate consideration of the doctor and the divine. Plato, indeed, says that "all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul;" if such were the case, physic should prefer the service of theology to the ministry of nature. But the quaintest of authors, and at the same time most orthodox of churchmen, dissents from the opinion of the philosopher. "Surely," he says, "if the body brought an action against the soul, the soul would certainly be cast and convicted, that, by her supine negligence, had caused such inconvenience, having authority over the body." Be this as it may, Time, the oldest radical, who revolutionises all things, has remodeled the constitution of physic; the divine has ceased to be a doctor; and Taste, no less innovatory than Time, has divested the former of his cowl, and the latter of his wig: but science, it is to be hoped, has gained by the division of its labour, as well as by the change of its costume.

We had however, almost forgotten the point to which we meant our observations to apply.

Cowper's malady being connected with certain delusions on the subject of religion, the attention of serious people has been very much called to his history, and the result has been, that most of the biographical details and memoirs of him, have been written by clergymen. Hayley's "Life" is an exception, and a recent one by Taylor, which, in a religious point of view, is unexceptionable. But its fault, like that of all the others of its class, is, that while the character of Cowper is tried by all the tests that morality can apply to it, the specific malady which occasioned or influenced his hallucinations is left unno-

* Strikingly speaking, perhaps, no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men, as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.—Ed.

ticed; and the mystery of his religious despondency is still involved in the same obscurity in which they found it. They have looked upon his gloom as a supernatural visitation, and not a human infirmity, which was explicable on any known principle of medical science. One of them has even hinted at the impropriety of referring his religious gloom to any physical peculiarity. The consequence is, that Cowper's fate has not even the advantage of furnishing a salutary example of melancholy, exasperated into mania, partly by the concurrence of unpropitious circumstances, but still more by the indulgence of its victim in the errors of those "anatomists in piety who destroy all the freshness of religion by immuring themselves in the infected atmosphere of their own enthusiasm."

The object of the following observations is to point out the peculiar character of his malady, and to show how far his mental aberrations were caused or encouraged by religious enthusiasm. It will be necessary to take a brief view of his unhappy career, and to give a short transcript of those passages in his history which are wound up with the consideration of his infirmities. But previously it behoves us to be in a condition to be able to pronounce an opinion on the nature of his disorder; and for this purpose we need only refer to the summary character of the phenomena of mania. Our enquiry extends not beyond the general knowledge of the subject that is to be found in the common definitions of the disorder. In a medical point of view we have little to do with it; our business is with the character of Cowper, and not with the history of a disease.

Insanity, according to Locke, is a preternatural fervour of the imagination, not altogether destructive of the reasoning powers, but producing wrongly combined ideas, and making right deductions from wrong data: while idiocy can neither distinguish, compare, or abstract, general ideas. And "herein lies the difference between idiots and madmen—that madmen put wrong ideas together, and so make wrong propositions; while idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all."

"Mental aberration," says Dr. Conolly, "is the impairment of one or more of the faculties of the mind, accompanied with, or inducing, a defect in the comparative faculty."

Dr. Battie's notion is more to the purpose. "Insanity," he says, "consists in the rising up in the mind of images not distinguishable by the patient from impressions on the senses." Or in the few and expressive words of Hiebert, of "Ideas rendered as vivid as actual impressions."

Cullen's idea of mania is, that its leading character is a false judgment of the relations of things, producing disproportionate emotions.

Dr. Pritchard's opinion is applicable to a wider range of mental derangements. The confounding the results of memory and imagination, and mistaking the reveries of the latter for the reflections of the former; these he considers the distinguishing feature of madness.

Dr. Hawkesworth calls lunacy a condition of the mind in which ideas are conceived, that material objects do not excite; and those which are excited, do not produce corresponding impressions on the senses.

In ancient times, insanity was looked upon as a sort of transmigration of the feelings and phantasies of evil spirits into the bodies of human beings; as in the case of those demons in the scripture, who wandered about naked, and roamed amongst sepulchres, making hideous noises.

The Greeks held the same opinion of its origin. Zenophon uses the word demon for frenzy; and Aristophanes calls madness kakodaimonian.

But the two definitions of this malady, which may be found to apply to the case of Cowper, are those of Locke and Mead. The former, after noticing the characteristics of general insanity, says: "A man who is very sober, and of a right way of thinking in all other things, may in one particular be as frantic as any man in Bedlam, if either by any sudden or very strong impression, or long fixing the fancy upon one sort of thoughts, incoherent ideas become cemented together so powerfully as to remain united." Dr. Mead regards madness as a particular malady of the imagination, which arises from intense and incessant application of the mind to any one object.

Such are the authorities we have thought it necessary to adduce; because a general notion of the character of mania is requisite to enable us to come to a just conclusion on the subject before us, and because it is the collective information of all we have quoted, rather than the particular opinions of any one of them, that is like-

ly to lead us to a correct knowledge of the nature of Cowper's affliction.

But there is one thing to be considered in every inquiry into the insanity of an individual, which limits that inquiry to a very short and simple investigation of two obvious matters;—namely, what degree of eccentricity constitutes madness, and what amount of madness incapacitates the sufferer for the performance of the duties of his station, or for the management of his affairs?

CHAPTER XXIII.

COWPER CONTINUED.

We now proceed to the sad history of Cowper's mental affliction, with those sentiments of pain and even reluctance which all must feel who approach this subject, but disclaiming those feelings of false delicacy and morbid sensibility which are commonly paraded before similar inquiries.

Cowper was the son of a clergyman, of a family of some distinction; his early education appears to have been strictly religious, but it does not appear that his peculiar gentleness of disposition was duly observed and considerably treated by his father. In his sixth year he was deprived of an excellent mother, and left to the guidance of persons ill qualified for the difficult task of bringing up a youth of great delicacy of constitution, and extraordinary sensibility. Nevertheless, at the tender age of six years, this timid boy was taken from home, and placed at a public school, where he became the victim, real or imaginary, of juvenile persecution. He speaks in his letters of the tyranny of one boy in particular, as having been the terror of his existence; so much so, that he never had the courage to look him in the face all the time he was at school, such an impression did the savage treatment of this boy make upon him.

"The whole of his early life," says Stebbing, "appears to have been misdirected, by a most culpably erroneous judgment in those who had the superintendence of his education. Cowper, from his earliest youth, was a prey to ill health, and gave signs, it is said, in infancy, of that nervous sensibility which, as his years increased, gradually assumed the character of morbid melancholy."

After remaining two years at this school, he was removed from it in consequence of an inflammation in his eyes, which he remained subject to the whole of his life at intervals. This, combined with other circumstances in his medical history—the fairness of his complexion, and lightness of his hair—render it probable that there was either a scorbutic or scrofulous taint in his constitution, which his peculiar delicacy of habit might not have allowed to develop itself externally, but which, neglected or overlooked, might have made inroads or internal textures, even on those of the brain itself. Hayley corroborates this opinion when speaking of the suddenness of the attacks of his malady. "It tends," he says, "to confirm an opinion that his mental disorder rose from a scorbutic habit, which, when his perspiration was obstructed, occasioned an unsearchable obstruction in the finer parts of his frame."

Cowper was now sent to Westminster, where he remained till his sixteenth year; all that time his timid and inoffensive spirit totally unfitting him for the hardships of a public school. On leaving Westminster he was articulated to a solicitor. It would have been impossible to have chosen for him a more unsuitable profession than that of the law. At the expiration of his term he made his entry in the Temple, to qualify himself for the lucrative place of clerk to the house of lords—which post the interest of his friends had procured for him. During his early residence in the Temple, he associated with Churchill, Colman, and other persons of literary habits, and appears to have been gay and sociable in his intercourse with them. But this mode of life, his friend, Mr. Newton, told both him and the public at a later period, in a preface to the first edition of his poems, written at the request of Cowper, "was living without God in the world," albeit his conduct at this time appears to have been neither profligate nor depraved. It was in the Temple, however, he was seized with the first attack of his disorder; "with such a dejection of spirits," he himself says, "as none but those who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. The classics had no longer any

charm for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it." A change of scene was now recommended to him; he accordingly proceeded to Southampton, where he spent several months; and here it was that the first shadow of insanity obscured his mind, and that the fervour of his enthusiasm on a single subject assumed the settled character of monomania. This is not the place to inquire into the nature of the malady; it is enough to know that monomania is a partial aberration of intellect, a delusion on a particular point, which has been dwelt on with such intensity that the mind magnifies its importance, till its ultimate aspect becomes distorted. The malady may continue for life without abatement, or it may disappear and return at various intervals. As "the variable atmosphere of the mind" may be affected by alterations in the general health of the individual, and the whole course of the disease is compatible with the exercise of a sound judgment in every other matter but that particular one, which has been over-rated in importance, magnified in form, and distorted in its appearance.

This brings us to two important questions. Did Cowper labour under monomania, or did he not? And was religious enthusiasm the point on which his reason was disordered? All other questions that have been mooted, concerning the mystery of his melancholy, are comprised in these two. And it is only to their solution that we can look for a satisfactory explanation of his extraordinary gloom.

With regard to the first question, it may be borne in mind that all his biographers admit their inability to account for his dejection, and that all of them reject the supposition that religious enthusiasm had any thing to do with its production. How far their opinion of its inexplicability is a just and necessary conclusion, remains to be shown; at this stage of the subject any judgment would be premature. From facts alone can any opinion be formed, and those which are of most importance in the life of this afflicted man, the reader will now find laid before him.

He had spent some time at Southampton, apparently little improved by the change, when in one of his paroxysms of melancholy, on a particular occasion, he imagined his indifference to the duties of religion was signally, yet mercifully, rebuked by the Almighty, in an almost miraculous manner.

"We were about a mile from the town, (as he himself describes it): the morning was clear and calm, the sun shone brightly on the sea, and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was, as if another sun had been created that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit. I felt the weight of my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport, had I been alone; I must needs believe the Almighty fiat, and nothing less could have filled me with such inexpressible delight, not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of his life-giving countenance."

This strong impression, which obviously derives its colouring from the enthusiasm of a poetical imagination, excited by the beauty of splendid scenery and sudden sunshine, was unquestionably such a one as many individuals of devotional feelings might have experienced under similar circumstances; but the powerful hold it took on Cowper's imagination was such, as to confound the revelation of mercy with the terrors of inexorable justice; to make a transitory emotion of religious joy the precursor of a futurity of remorse and misery. In the reaction of enthusiasm, a feeling of unspeakable wretchedness succeeded the delightful emotion he had just described.

"Satan," he says, "and his own wicked heart, quickly persuaded him that he was indebted for his deliverance to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place; and by this means had turned the blessing into a poison."

CHAPTER XXIV.

COWPER CONTINUED.

From this time his mind became distracted with religious doubts, and ultimately with remorse. He believed that he had committed "the unpardonable sin" and incurred the dreadful penalty of eternal reprobation, for neglecting to improve to his advantage in communion of his sinful spirit with the Almighty.

Southampton. In every future paroxysm of his disorder throughout his whole existence, the terrific notion, that, by his conduct on this occasion, he had forfeited every claim to the promised blessings of the gospel, became the constant, undeviating theme of his madness; but strange it is that his religious friends and biographers should consider it necessary to give these first symptoms of fervid enthusiasm the pure and unimpassioned character of religion, and to ascribe the emotions of the enthusiast to the manifestations of the spirit of truth and wisdom. The fact is, that Cowper's mind was early imbued with devotional feelings; at the particular period we are speaking of, and for some years previously to it, they might have been latent in his bosom, and the forms of religion have been unattended to at that season, when its duties too often are neglected. But Cowper was the least likely man in the world, so far as we can judge from the goodness of his nature, to have wanted the grace of ultimately recurring to those habits of morality and religion, which had been instilled into his early mind. Those who encouraged his first delusion, were greatly answerable for its melancholy consequences; but it was Cowper's misfortune to have ever been under the guidance of injudicious people, of friends exclusively serious; of people, on the whole, albeit the best and most amiable of mankind, the worst fitted to enliven the dejection, or to remove the delusion, of the melancholy poet.

In speaking of the period we are alluding to, the Rev. Mr. Stebbing says, "There is nothing in the correspondence of Cowper that should induce us to believe that either enthusiasm or melancholy had been the consequence of his deep and fervent piety." "Every thing," he continues, "that we know of the life of this amiable man, tends to convince us that no abstract opinions of any kind could reasonably be assigned as the cause of his gloom, either at the period of which we are speaking, or at any other. His melancholy, indeed, might strongly influence his religious belief, might embitter the waters of life, even as they were poured out fresh into his cup. It might make him think of God, as of man, with terror, and imagine the dark shadow of his earthly fate was thrown far as he could see over the abysses of futurity, but it could do no more; religion never clogs the veins, nor distempers the intellect; and when its revelations are made a subject of unnatural fear, it is when the sun and stars are as fraught with signs, as the scriptures with declarations of destruction."

Now this, if it means any thing, means that a state of previous excitement was necessary to the development of that disorder, which, if it did not combine the characters of enthusiasm and madness, certainly confounded the narrow limits which separate them. But divested of sophistry, the opinion that is meant to be established by the reverend author, and all his followers, is that Cowper's malady was neither caused nor aggravated by religious enthusiasm. But facts speak for themselves, and we appeal to them from partial views, if not from prejudiced opinions. The account of his own feelings proves them to have been those of an enthusiast. "So long," he says, "as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a little pleasure from any thing in my life—if I am delighted it is in the extreme. The consequence of this temperament is that my attachment to my occupation seldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue."

Cowper, after the death of his father, having but little fortune to inherit, found it necessary to augment his income by procuring a public appointment; accordingly the office of reading clerk in the house of lords, a place of considerable emolument, was procured for him. No sooner, however, was he fairly installed in it, than he became overpowered with terror at the necessity of making a public appearance at the bar of the house. The cause of his terror appears to have been totally inadequate to the effect produced upon him; he describes the agony of his apprehension in such extravagant terms as to render his conduct inexplicable on any other supposition but that of insanity. He threw up his appointment, and accepted the inferior one of clerk of the journals; but he had scarcely entered on the duties of his office when it occurred to him he might be subjected to a public examination, respecting his qualifications for the office, and all his former horrors and groundless apprehensions returned. The continual misery at length, he says, "brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; even a finger raised against me seemed more than I could bear."

"To his disordered perception," says one of his biographers, "there appeared no possibility to escape from the horrors of his situation but by an escape from life itself. Death, which he had always shuddered at before, he began ardently to wish for now: he could see nothing before him but difficulties perfectly insurmountable, and he now meditated on the fatal expedient urged on his shattered intellect." A circumstance occurred at this time which evidently shows that he was labouring under insanity. His attention was called one day to a satirical letter in the newspaper, which he immediately imagined himself to be the subject of, although it had no reference whatever to him; he doubted not, however, but that the writer had darkly alluded to his weariness of life, his intention to end it, and had, in fact, only written the article in question, to hasten the execution of the deed he meditated. Taylor says, "that before the dreadful day approached he so greatly apprehended, he had made several attempts at the escape above alluded to; most mercifully for himself and for others, they were only attempts."

His disorder now presented so decided a character, that his friends were obliged to acquiesce in the propriety of his immediately relinquishing his situation. He was, at this period, visited by his brother, who employed every means to soothe and comfort him, but he had no success; he found him overwhelmed with despair, and tenaciously maintaining, in spite of all remonstrances to the contrary, that he had been guilty of the unpardonable sin, in not properly improving the mercy of God towards him at Southampton. If this is not mania, religious monomania, we know not what it is. It does not appear that any medical advice was had recourse to, but a learned divine was sent to him, who was to reason "his veins to health," and "with an argument new set a pulse."

Dr. Madan, we are told, had a long conference with him, in which he urged on him the necessity of a lively faith; but Cowper could only reply in these brief and melancholy words,—"most earnestly do I wish it would please God to bestow it on me." This and subsequent interviews with the doctor, in which various religious subjects were discussed, or rather expatiated upon, appears to have been attended with still more melancholy consequences to the invalid. In the words of Taylor, "about this time he seemed to feel a stronger alienation from God than ever. He was now again the subject of the deepest mental anguish; the sorrows of death seemed to encompass him, and the pains of hell to get hold of him; his ears rang with the sound of the torments that seemed to await him; his terrified imagination presented to him many horrible visions, and led him to conceive that he heard many dreadful sounds; his heart seemed at every pulse to beat its last, his conscience scared him, the avenger of blood seemed to pursue him, and he saw no city of refuge into which he could flee: every morning he expected the earth would open and swallow him up."

It is with no feeling of irreverence or distrust in the efficacy of religious means in moral infirmities, that we question the utility of the discussions that were forced on the attention of the dejected Cowper, at the very moment he was standing on the brink of madness, and that we doubt if the cares of the physician of the body might not have been better adapted to the sick man's state.

After vainly endeavouring to establish a lasting tranquillity in his mind, by friendly and religious conversation, it was found necessary to remove him to St. Albans; and this removal implies that he was placed in a private lunatic asylum, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Cullen. This was in 1763, and two years afterwards we find him so much improved in health and spirits, as to be able to remove to the town of Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with the family of a clergyman, his intimacy with whom led to one of the most singular friendships on record, the most lasting, and of the purest nature. "The attachment of Cowper to Mrs. Unwin," says Hayley, "the Mary of the poet, was an attachment perhaps unparalleled; their domestic union, though not sanctioned by the common forms of life, was supported with perfect innocence." Of such a friendship it may be indeed said, "*L'amour n'est rien de si tendre, ni l'amitié de si doux.*"

CHAPTER XXV.

COWPER CONTINUED.

In a letter about this time he describes himself as perfectly recovered, and that his affliction has taught him a road to happiness which, without it, he should never have known. "How naturally," he says, "does affliction make us Christians! But it gives me some concern, though at the same time it increases my gratitude, to reflect, that a convert made in Bedlam is more likely to be a stumbling block to others, than to advance their faith."

On the evening of his arrival at Huntingdon he walked into the country, and finding his feelings powerfully affected by a sudden impulse of devotion, he knelt under a bank and prayed for a considerable time. The result was, a second impression of a miraculous manifestation of mercy, like the former at Southampton. A load of wretchedness was immediately removed from his mind, and on arising he looked upon himself as standing redeemed and regenerated in the presence of his Maker. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of the insanity of poor Smart, said to Boswell, "Madness often discovers itself by unnecessary deviations from the usual modes of the world; my poor friend Smart showed his by falling on his knees in the street and saying his prayers." The mystery of Smart's aberration is traced by Johnson to its proper source, and called by its plain name.

Cowper was now received into the house of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, an amiable and pious family, but living in complete seclusion from the world, and mixing entirely with persons of a serious cast: a state of society, it must be allowed, ill calculated to improve the dejected spirits of one in Cowper's condition, or to lead attention exclusively devoted to a single subject, to a more general acquaintance with the pleasing pursuits of literary people. But unfortunately his new friends completely debarred him from all intercourse with men of letters, and from all concerns except those too strictly of a spiritual nature. Surely the solitude of such society must have greatly tended to increase his melancholy, by constantly entertaining one particular train of ideas; "the reading," as Locke says, "of but one kind of books, the falling into the hearing of but one set of opinions, and constantly conversing on but one sort of subjects." This surely was a state of things which must have eventually tended to have concentrated the clouds of insanity that had hitherto been hovering over his mental horizon.

He had hardly been two years with these good people, for such they really were, when Mr. Unwin was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse, and Cowper was deprived of an estimable friend. The widow retired to a small cottage at Olney, and Cowper became a permanent inmate of her house. About this time he formed an intimacy with Mr. Newton, the curate of the village, which had no little influence on his future life. With great worth and goodness of disposition, there was still a spirit of austere piety in this gentleman, and even of devotional enthusiasm, which failed not to gain a powerful ascendancy over Cowper's debilitated mind. We accordingly find him deferring to the opinion of this gentleman in all matters, even those of a literary kind; and on his becoming an author, of committing to him the singular task of writing the preface to his poems. In that preface, the public are informed, that the poet had "been long living without God in the world, till in a memorable hour the wisdom which is from above visited his heart."

The inference that is drawn from this change in his moral condition is, that an amendment in his physical one had been signal and complete, and that health and happiness had succeeded infirmity and misery; but nothing could be more erroneous than this reasoning. His subsequent wretchedness was greater than it ever had been, "owing to some cause," says Taylor, "for which we are unable to account." Cowper's correspondence with his friends became much less frequent after his settlement at Olney than it had been formerly. Probably it might be attributed to his intimacy with Mr. Newton, for we are told they were seldom seven waking hours apart from each other.

Shortly after the death of his brother, in 1769, notwithstanding he appears to have borne the loss with considerable fortitude, he became again depressed, and Mr. Newton thought that the composition of a book of hymns was the best means he could adopt to divert his dejected thoughts. "Mr. Newton," says Taylor, "had felt the want of a volume of evangelical hymns, on experimental subjects, suited for public and private worship; he mentioned the subject to Cowper, and pressed him to undertake it. Cowper did so; but he had only composed sixty-eight of these hymns, when he was seized by an alarming indisposition—a renewed attack of his former malady." The pleasure which we derive from the perusal of these beautiful compositions (far the most exquisite poetry that Cowper ever penned is to be found in some of these hymns) must be chequered with regret that so unseasonable a time should have been chosen for their composition, that he should have been occupied with so serious an employment while he was yet suffering from the first shock of his brother's death. One would have thought that literary employment of a lighter kind would

have been just then better adapted for him; but Mr. Newton, neither in this, nor indeed in any other matter connected with his friend's health, appears to have acted a judicious part.

His second paroxysm of monomania occurred in 1773, and its symptoms very nearly resembled those under which he laboured at the time of his removal from London. After enduring unmitigated misery for the space of five years, his sufferings became gradually alleviated, and his reason was at length restored. During all his illness Mrs. Unwin watched over him with the kindness of a mother, and for fourteen months his friend, Mr. Newton, kept him at the vicarage, and bestowed on him indefatigable attention. In this case, as in his former illness, his biographers endeavour to prove his mania was not of a religious character. "Various causes have been assigned," says his biographer, "by different writers, for the melancholy aberration of mind to which Cowper was now, and at other seasons of his life, subject; but none are so irreconcilable to every thing like just, pure, and legitimate reasoning, as the attempt to ascribe it to religion." "His views," he continues, "so far from being visionary or enthusiastic, on the contrary were perfectly scriptural and evangelical." To this there is a plain and simple answer: if his views were not visionary or enthusiastic, their tendency unquestionably would help to support rather than depress his mind; but how comes it, if he had taken no visionary view of religion, that his opinion on a particular religious point was perverted, and that he believed himself doomed to eternal reprobation for an imaginary insult to religion? This, in common parlance, is religious madness; the term is undoubtedly a bad one, for rational views of religion can never produce insane ideas; but erroneous notions of its tenets, and exaggerated ideas of its penalties, may produce insanity, and does so every day, as the reports of our lunatic asylum but too evidently prove. A living poet, whose advocacy of any opinion he espouses is entitled to respect, even when the energy with which it is undertaken carries him beyond the bounds of sober judgment, has likewise spurned at the idea of Cowper's malady being occasioned by religious enthusiasm, because the error on which he stumbled was in direct contradiction to his creed. The argument is plausible, but the inference is erroneous; for even granting that his error was in direct opposition to his creed, that is yet no proof of the assertion, that religious enthusiasm did not exist.

There is a very common species of monomania which mercantile men are especially subject to—an inordinate apprehension of abject poverty without a cause. The victim of this kind of delusion may be a man of strong mind in all other matters, excepting those that concern his circumstances; he may be possessed of considerable wealth, and it may be invested in securities which nothing short of a national bankruptcy can endanger; yet may that man pine away in secret melancholy, under the impression that his property is in daily jeopardy, and every commercial view of his may terminate in the vista of the poor-house; yet the error on which he stumbles is in direct contradiction to his commercial creed, and to his former opinions.

His medical attendant might see plainly enough that excessive anxiety about a multiplicity of matters connected with his business, had harassed his mind to the extent of perverting his judgment on a single point of paramount importance. To one of the milder forms of a dyspeptic malady, Abernethy has given the term of the "city disease." *Ceteris paribus*, the term of religious mania, objectionable though it is, may be applied to Cowper's malady. But to return to the observation of the living poet we have alluded to. We find his following remarks no less inconclusive than the first, and his reasoning more characteristic of the nature of impassioned poetry, than of philosophical enquiry. "In spite," he continues, "of the self-evident impossibility of his faith affecting a sound mind with such hallucinations, though a mind previously diseased might as readily fall into that as any other; in spite of chronology, his first aberration having taken place before he had tasted the good word of God; in spite of geography, that calamity having befallen him in London, where he had no acquaintance with persons holding the reprobated doctrine of election and sovereign grace; and in spite of facts utterly undeniable, that the only effectual ameliorations which he experienced under his first or subsequent attacks of depression, arose from the blessed truths of the gospel.

"In spite of all these unanswerable confutations, of the ignorant and malignant falsehoods, the enemies of

Christian truth persevere in repeating that too much religion made poor Cowper mad. If they be sincere, they are themselves under the strongest delusion, and it will be well if it prove not on their part a wilful one. It will be well if they have not reached that last perversity of human reason, that of falsehood of their own invention."

These are "words, mere words,"—strong words indeed, but not convincing ones. The invective is pointed, though not poetical, and some of the epithets are forcible, but not "familiar to ears polite." Ignorant and malignant falsehood, enemies of Christian truth, were once very good expressions to settle a difference of opinion, to confound an opponent, and stigmatise his character; but in these degenerate times dispassionate argument is made to do the violent business of abuse in literary discussions, and it is customary to encounter a literary opponent without setting up the war-whoop of infidelity at the onset of the engagement, or of using our pens as we would tomahawks, for the purpose of scalping the victim who has the temerity to differ from us in the complexion of his thoughts.

But there are assertions in the preceding observation to which the author has given the air of facts, and in the manner he has done so, there is an earnestness which is very likely to impose on many, and to render that which is plausible persuasive and convincing. Without a shadow of evidence to support his assertions, or to bear out his opinion, he jumps at the conclusion that it is a self-evident impossibility that religious enthusiasm could have affected Cowper's mind with any morbid hallucinations. The most eloquent of all modern orators has said, "Truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress; but error is in its nature flippant and compendious: it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion."

Had Cowper's mind been sane, no rational views of religion could unquestionably have produced the hallucination; but when his mind was clouded with hypochondria, as in early life before it had taken any definite form, nothing was wanting to convert his melancholy into monomania, and to change the wandering reveries of the former into the settled gloom of the latter, but the exclusive application of enthusiasm to a single subject.

But then chronology and geography are triumphantly appealed to, in order to invalidate this supposition; the former, forsooth, because his first aberration was previously to his having devoted himself to religious meditation. The aberration here alluded to was that which occasioned his removal to the asylum at St. Alban's; but here the author falls into the prevalent error of dating a disease from the period of having recourse to medical assistance. He has lost sight of the aberration which long before that period he laboured under the temple, when the terrors of a possible contingency, a public appearance in the house of lords, completely overwhelmed his reason, and caused him to relinquish an appointment on which all his future hopes depended. So much for the appeal to chronology; let us see if the geographical argument is better grounded. Cowper's calamity "having befallen him in London, where he had no acquaintance with persons holding the reprobated doctrines of election and sovereign grace," it is inferred that the insane notion of his perpetual exclusion from divine favour which haunted him at intervals even to the end of his life, was taken up in London when he was supposed to be little, if at all religiously disposed. We have elsewhere said that Cowper was brought up in the very hot-bed of piety, and that early religious impressions are with difficulty ever wholly eradicated from the mind in after life, however little influence they may appear to have upon the conduct in the season of youthful levity. But the calamity, instead of befalling him in London, befell him in Southampton at the period (as he deemed) of his miraculous conversion; but while conversion was unfortunately coupled with the imaginary commission of "the unpardonable sin." Here then is geography likewise at fault: both time and place disprove the assertions they were called on to corroborate, and the simple fact remains irrefragable, that *Cowper was a man of a melancholy temperament, whose mental gloom degenerated into monomania, and that religious enthusiasm was the source of his delusions.*

And in taking leave of this painful subject, we close it with a very sensible observation of Mr. Hayley: "So wonderfully and fearfully are we made, that man perhaps in all conditions ought to pray that he may never be led to think of spiritual concerns either too little or too much, since human misery is often seen to arise equally from

an utter neglect of religious duties, and from a wild extravagance of devotion."

CHAPTER XXVI.

COWPER CONTINUED.

During five years Cowper's dreadful depression continued without any abatement. During this period he was paid unremitting attention by Mrs. Unwin: but her kindness to him was, at length, repaid by a gradual improvement in his health.

Mr. Newton, at this time, was removed from the neighbourhood of Olney; before his departure, however, he triumphed over Cowper's extreme reluctance to see strangers, and succeeded in installing the Rev. Mr. Ball a dissenting clergyman, in the acquaintance of his friend.

It is to be regretted, the first use this gentleman made of his influence over the mind of the dejected invalid was to prevail upon him to translate a collection of spiritual songs from the religious poetry of Madame De Guyon. "If devotional excitement," says his biographer, "had been the cause of Cowper's malady, no recommendation could have been more injudicious."

Most injudicious it undoubtedly was. The French authoress in question was a complete enthusiast. Cowper himself speaks of the necessity he was under of guarding in his translation against the danger of error, "not feeling," he says, "to represent her as dealing familiarly with God, but foolishly, irreverently, and without due attention to his majesty, of which she is somewhat guilty."

He was fortunately induced, however, to employ his leisure in original compositions, and the result was the production of his three great poems.

From the time of his fierce attack in 1773 to his fifth year, his malady had the character of a mild melancholy, with occasional paroxysms of a graver nature. At the age of fifty he became an author; but no poem, it is observed, ever appeared before the public in that character with less anxiety. "As to the fame, and honour, and glory," he says in one of his letters, "that may be acquired by poetical feats of any kind, God knows, but I could lay me down in my grave, with hope at my side, or sit with this companion in a dungeon for the remainder of my days, I would cheerfully waive them all."

In 1782, his friend, Lady Austen, fixed her abode in his neighbourhood, and Cowper became delighted with her society; his dejection was banished in her company, and his health and spirits evidently improved. Lady Austen was precisely the companion he so much needed: her vivacity, affability, kindness of heart, and mental accomplishments, were the qualities that were best calculated to revive the spirits and soothe the morbid sensibility of the dejected bard.

During his short intercourse with this lady, his mind was in its healthiest state, we are told by Hayley; and her sprightly and captivating conversation was often the means of rousing him from his fits of melancholy. She was accustomed to play on the harpsichord, to distract his gloomy reveries, and to engage him in the composition of songs, suited to the airs she was in the habit of playing to him. On one occasion, when she found him in low spirits, she endeavoured to enliven him by reciting the ludicrous story of 'Johnny Gilpin,' which she had heard in childhood; and next morning he informed her that convulsions of laughter, brought on by the recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greater part of the night, and that he had composed a poem on the subject.

At another time she solicited him to write a poem in blank verse, which he consented to undertake, if she would furnish him with a subject. "You can write upon any thing," said the lady; "why not write upon this one?" The command was obeyed, and the world is indebted to Lady Austen for Cowper's production of "The Task," the most pleasing perhaps of his poems. The translation of "Homer" was likewise undertaken at her suggestion, and partly at Mrs. Unwin's. Thus was he rescued from his misery for a time, by literary occupation, and the mischievous effects of his seclusion mitigated by the society of an amiable and accomplished woman.

Had he found such a companion at an earlier period, how different might have been his fate! and had he enjoyed the advantage of such an acquaintance for a longer period, how much wretchedness might he have not been spared! "The accounts," says Mr. Stebbing, "of his situation at this period afford a refreshing contrast to the details of his condition, both in the earlier and later periods of his existence. In the society of a few friends he now divided his time between the pleasures of conversation and the gentle exciting labour of composition. His mind thus gradually assumed a more cheerful cast."

How far Cowper's heart was engaged in the intimacy with Lady Austin is another matter. In his letters to his friends he speaks of her in very guarded terms; but still at times in terms of more than ordinary warmth. That the lady was not indifferent to his merits and amiability is more than probable, and that the tender interest she took in his welfare would have warmed into a stronger attachment, and led to a permanent union, there is reason to suspect, had not the feelings and the interests of a third person been opposed to a consummation, that was most devoutly to be wished by every other friend of Cowper.

She had taken a house, adjoining the Unwins, with the intention of making it a permanent abode; but unpleasant circumstances arose which ultimately led to her removal from Olney, and to a final separation from Cowper, after an uninterrupted intercourse of two years.

The part that Mrs. Unwin took in this affair is differently represented; that she was the cause of the separation there seems to be little doubt, but whether her interference was very blameable is questionable. In common fairness it must be admitted, that the relation in which Cowper stood to this lady, (strictly decorous as their intimacy might have been,) the feelings of Mrs. Unwin were concerned in the business, and had a right to be consulted. That they were consulted by her friend is proved by the result.

Albeit, it is allowed by his biographer, that "he could not entertain the idea of parting with Lady Austin without extreme disquietude; but that immediately on perceiving that separation became necessary for the maintenance of his own peace, and to ensure the tranquillity of his faithful and long-trying friend, he wisely and firmly, (the wisdom is very doubtful,) took the necessary steps, though at the cost of much mental anguish."

His anguish, however, seems to have been of a very transitory nature, for in a few days after the separation he writes to one of his friends—"We have lost, as you say, a lively and sensible neighbour in Lady Austin; but we have been so long accustomed to a state of retirement within one degree of solitude, and being naturally lovers of still life, we can relapse into our former duality without being unhappy in the change. To me, indeed, a third individual is unnecessary, while I can have the faithful companion I have had these twenty years."

This is certainly a frigid piece of philosophical penmanship. It exhibits a cool mode of parting with a kind friend, and somewhat of a selfish way of consoling one's self for the loss of an intimate acquaintance, which we can hardly contemplate with pleasure. But nothing throws a stronger light on the morbid state of Cowper's feelings than does this letter. The fact is, his sensibility was acute, but his individual sufferings were too great to enable him to employ it far from home. Had he the sensibility of ten poets, his own great misery was more than sufficient to occupy it all. Fear was in the right, "infirmary" truly "forgets all office," the sick man's affections are swallowed up in the sense of his own bodily afflictions, and pain protracted leads as insensibly to selfish feelings, as does old age. Cowper, more than any man, one would think, would have been affected by the loss of a bosom friend, or the death of a dear relative; yet the death of his father, we are told, preyed less on his spirits than any one could have imagined. We find him at the bed-side of his brother, performing the last duties of a Christian relative, but more in the character of a minister of religion, than of a man occupied by the feelings of fraternal solicitude. And even when the spirit of "his own Mary" is quivering on her lips, we hear of him wrapped up in his own wretchedness, inquiring if there is life still in her body; and when that life is extinct, paying one visit to the death-chamber, and never more uttering the name of his old companion.

His silence on this occasion, we are well aware, might have proceeded from the intensity of his sorrow; but it is from the general tenor of his feelings on other similar occasions, the inference is drawn, that Cowper's sensibility was barely sufficient for his own sufferings.

But even had he never laboured under hypochondria, there was a sort of catholicity in his benevolence which embraced mankind with innumerable tendrils, but there was no one branch of affection capable of clinging to a single object, of pressing it to the heart's core, and pos-

seised of sufficient strength, even "in the grasp of death, to hold it fast."

CHAPTER XXVII.

COWPER CONTINUED.

It should be remembered by those who read the history of the errors of other men of genius by the light of Cowper's virtues, that if he had few vices he had likewise few strong passions; or if he had the merit of subduing such passions, that seclusion and almost solitude suffered few temptations to cross his path. But it is, nevertheless, questionable whether the qualifications for a monastic institution are essential requisites or advantageous acquirements for society in any Christian country. Hayley, indeed, says that "Nature had given Cowper a warm temperament, but a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, had thrown a cloud on his juvenile spirit; thwarted in love, the natural fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion, and had been successful in early love, it is probable he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health, but that the smothered flames of passion, uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy in the fervour of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity in the performance of the bodily and mental functions which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendour and of darkness to his mortal career, and made Cowper at times an idol of the purest admiration, and at times an object of the sincerest pity."

No sooner, however, was he deprived of the society of Lady Austin, than his spirits began to fail, and the loss of her cheerful conversation was followed by a return of his former dejection. He writes to Mr. Newton at this period, "My heart resembles not the heart of a Christian, mourning and yet rejoicing; pierced with thorns, yet wreathed about with roses: I have the thorn without the rose. My brier is a wintry one; the flowers are withered, but the thorn remains. My days are spent in vanity, and it is impossible for me to spend them otherwise."—"I should rejoice that the old year is over and gone, if I had not every reason to expect a new one similar to it; but even the new year is already old in my account. I am not as yet able to boast by anticipation an acquaintance with the events of it yet unborn, but rest assured, that be they what they may, not one of them comes the messenger of good to me. If even death itself should be of the number, he is no friend of mine; for loaded as my life is with despair, I have no such comfort as would result from a probability of better things to come, were life once ended."

The remainder of this letter puts the character of his mania in a clearer point of view than any other of his epistles. All the peculiarities of monomania are plainly exhibited. On one particular point his reason is clouded, his perceptions distorted, his inferences erroneous. On every other subject he thinks, talks, and acts, sanely and sensibly; he speaks of the certainty of his eternal misery calmly and collectedly. All the "method of madness" is in his language; in the words of Locke, he "argues rightly on a wrong principle," and endeavours to convince the clergyman to whom he writes, that the misery of his hypochondria is a mystery of divine ordination, which is physically inexplicable. It is greatly to be suspected that the mode in which this insane idea was combated by his correspondent, and by most of his religious friends, tended to fix the impression on his mind, and to produce the effect which they desired to avoid.

"Of Cowper's letters in general, we may safely assert, that we have rarely met with any similar collection, of superior interest or beauty. Though the incidents which they relate be of no public magnitude or moment, and the remarks which they contain be not uniformly profound or original, yet there is something in the sweetness and facility of the diction, and more perhaps in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind, that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretension. Taylor's Life of Cowper, recently published, may be referred to with profit by all who admire the writings, and respect the character of Cowper. A good American edition of this work has been issued.—Ed.

"You will tell me," says poor Cowper, "that the cold gloom of winter will be succeeded by a cheerful spring, and endeavour to encourage me to hope for a spiritual change resembling it, but it will be lost labour. Nature revives again, but a soul once slain lives no more. The hedge that has been apparently dead is not so: it will burst into leaf and blossom at the appointed time—but no such time is appointed for the stake that stands in it. It is as dead as it seems, and will prove itself no dissembler. The latter end of next month will complete a period of eleven years, in which I have spoken no other language. It is a long time for a man, whose eyes were once opened, to spend in darkness; long enough to make despair an inveterate habit, and such it is in me. My friends, I know, suspect that I shall yet enjoy health again. They think it necessary for the existence of divine truth, that he who once had possession of it should never finally lose it. I admit the solidity of this reasoning in every case but my own; and why not in my own? For causes, which to them it appears madness to allege, but which rest upon my mind with a weight of immovable conviction. If I am recoverable, why am I thus?—why crippled and made useless in the church just at the time of life, when, my judgment and experience being matured, I might be most useful? Why cashiered and turned out of service, till, according to the course of years, there is not enough life left in me to make amends for the years I have lost—till there is no reasonable hope left that the fruit can ever pay the expense of the fallow? I forestall the answer,—God's ways are mysterious, and he giveth no account of his matters,—an answer that would serve my purpose as well as theirs who use it. There is a mystery in my destruction, and in time it will be explained."

Such was Cowper's melancholy frame of mind at this period; and yet immediately after the receipt of the letter we have just quoted, we find Mr. Newton soliciting him to favour the editor of the Theological Magazine with occasional essays, and rather reproaching him for not entering upon such subjects as may be inferred from the reply. "I converse," says poor Cowper, "as you say, upon other subjects than despair, and may therefore write upon others. Indeed, my dear friend, I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible, for the sake of my company; but I will venture to say it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day. I do not mean to say that I am never cheerful: I am often so—always indeed when my nights have been undisturbed for a season. You will easily perceive that a mind thus occupied is but indifferently qualified for the consideration of theological matters. The most useful and the most delightful topics of that kind are to me forbidden fruit; I tremble as I approach them. It has happened to me sometimes that I have found myself imperceptibly drawn in, and made a party to such discourse. The consequence has been dissatisfaction and self-reproach." It is difficult to conceive a more injudicious request than that of Mr. Newton. To set a man to write theological essays, who was sinking under the weight of religious despondency, was certainly not the way to alleviate his morbid enthusiasm.

In 1785 his prospects were enlivened by the expectation of a visit from his amiable relative, Lady Hesketh. From the moment Cowper heard of the intention of this lady to visit Olney, the delight he anticipated from the interview is expressed over and over in his letters, in the most joyful terms. "I shall see you again," he writes to her, "I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects—the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks; every thing that I have described." He tells her about the reception he is making for her in his green-house. "I line it," he continues, "with nets, and spread the floor with mats, and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine, and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. We now talk of nobody but you. And now I have nothing to do but to wish for June—and June, my cousin, never was so wished for since June was made. I shall have a thousand things to hear, and a thousand things to say, and they will all rush into my

mind together, till it will be so crowded with things impatient to be said, that for some time I shall say nothing. But no matter, sooner or later they will all come out. Confidently, and most comfortably, do I hope that, before the fifteenth of June shall present itself, we shall have seen each other. Is it not so? And will it not be one of the most extraordinary eras of my extraordinary life? Joy of heart, from whatever cause it may arise, is the best of all nervous medicines; and I should not wonder if such a turn given to my spirits should have even a lasting effect of the most advantageous kind upon them. You must not imagine, neither, that I am on the whole, in any great degree, subject to nervous affections; occasionally I am, and have been these many years, much liable to dejection, but at intervals, and sometimes for an interval of weeks, no creature would suspect it. *When I am in the best health*, my tide of animal sprightliness flows with great equality, so that I am never, at any time, exalted in proportion as I am sometimes depressed. My depression has a cause, and if that cause were to cease, I should be as cheerful, thenceforth, and perhaps for ever, as any man need be."

Who could imagine it was the same Cowper penned this cheerful letter to Lady Hesketh who had written the preceding gloomy epistle to Mr. Newton? but Cowper seems to have suited his spirits to his correspondents, not only on this but on most other occasions; and no greater proof is requisite to show what a powerful influence the habits, feelings, and dispositions of those with whom he was in communion, had upon his mind; and very little doubt can be entertained that the society of such persons as Lady Hesketh, and Lady Austin, and his later friend, Mr. Hayley, might have prevented half the evils which his sequestered way of life, in the solitude of Olney, was the means of bringing on him.

After a separation of twenty-three years, Cowper had the pleasure of beholding Lady Hesketh, and all the delight he anticipated from the renewal of their acquaintance was realised. "My dear cousin's arrival," he writes to one of his correspondents, "as it could not fail to do, has made us happier than we ever were at Olney. Her great kindness in giving us her company, is a cordial that I shall feel the effect of, not only while she is here, but while I live."

Lady Hesketh had not long been at Olney before she became dissatisfied with the poet's residence; she thought it a situation altogether unsuitable for a person subject to depression. Cowper himself had often entertained the same opinions regarding it. He speaks of it as a place built for the purposes of incarceration, and that it had served that purpose, through a long long period; that they had been prisoners there, but a jail delivery was at hand, and the bolts and bars were about to be loosed.

Lady Hesketh had taken a cottage at Weston, in a pleasant situation, and he expresses his delight at the prospect of removing to it. "Here," he says, "we have no neighbourhood—there we shall have much agreeable society. Here we have a bad air, impregnated with the fumes of marsh miasmas—there we shall breathe an untainted atmosphere. Here we are confined from September to March—there we shall be on the very verge of pleasure-grounds. Both Mrs. Unwin's constitution and mine have already suffered materially by such close and long confinement, and it is high time, unless we intend to retreat into the grave, that we should seek out a more wholesome residence. We are both, I believe, indebted for our respective maladies to an atmosphere encumbered with raw vapours, and we have, perhaps, fared the worse for sitting so often, and sometimes for several successive months, over a cellar filled with water. We have lived at Olney till mouldering walls and a tottering house warned us to depart; we have accordingly profited by the hint, and taken up our abode at Weston."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COWPER CONTINUED.

In this wretched house at Olney, and unwholesome situation, was poor Cowper incarcerated, as he justly terms it, for nearly twenty years. What a situation for the abode of a hypochondriac! a gloomy house, and an atmosphere tainted with malaria. Little wonder, indeed, is it if the spirits of the sensitive poet sunk under the depressing influence of both: never were the infirmities of a mind like Cowper's fastened upon him all through life, by so many circumstances unfavourable to his well-being. No sooner had Lady Hesketh convinced him of the necessity of changing his abode, than his

injudicious friends endeavoured to dissuade him from removing. Mr. Newton, among the rest, his biographer informs us, on being apprised of his intended removal from Olney, expressed apprehensions that it would introduce him to company uncongenial to his taste, if not detrimental to his piety. And poor Cowper had the humiliating necessity of writing a long letter to this gentleman, in reply, to his objections, that his correspondents and companions were only his near relatives, from whom he was unlikely to catch contamination.

"Your letter," he says, "to Mrs. Unwin, concerning our conduct, and the offence taken at it in our neighbourhood, gave us both a great deal of concern; if any of our serious neighbours have been astonished, they have been so without the slightest occasion. Poor people are never well employed when they are occupied in judging one another; but when they undertake to scan the motives of those whom Providence has raised a little above them, they are utterly out of their province and their depth. They often see us get into Lady Hesketh's carriage, and rather uncharitably suppose that it always carries us into a scene of dissipation, which in fact it never does."

The humiliating task of replying to such trivial accusations as those of Mr. Newton on this occasion, must have been irksome and annoying, even to so amiable a man as Cowper; but the futile charge, and the simple, though dignified, reply to it, are ample illustrations of the difference between a narrow and a noble mind.

In the beginning of 1787, Cowper was visited with another severe paroxysm of his mental disorder, which for more than six months suspended his translation of Homer, on which he had been for some time deeply occupied, and precluded the conversation of those with whom he was intimately associated. In his letters to his cousin he describes the first symptoms of his attack. "I have had a little nervous fever lately, that has somewhat abridged my sleep; and though I find myself better than I have been since it seized me, yet I feel my head lightish, and not in the best order for writing."

During this attack he continued shut up in the solitude of his chamber, refusing to see any human being but his kind attendant. In the autumn, however, his health and spirits were so far restored as to enable him to resume his correspondence. Speaking of his sufferings at this time, he says, "My head has been the worst part of me, and still continues so,—it is subject to giddiness and pain; maladies very unfavourable to poetical employment."

It is well worthy of observation, that in this and every other similar attack of his dreadful depression, head-ache and giddiness are spoken of as the premonitory symptoms of his disorder. But it does not appear that local depletion, or any other effective means, were ever resorted to, to obviate or prevent his sufferings, which were evidently the effects of determination of blood to the head, or probably the chronic effects of that determination—of effusion and pressure on the brain—the not unlikely source of all his miserable feelings. On one of those occasional attacks, the composition of theological essays are recommended to him; on another, the translation of spiritual songs; on another, the production of a volume of original hymns; but at any of these periods the service of a cupper, and the judicious care of a physician, might have proved of more advantage.

He had scarcely recovered from his late illness, before the Rev. Mr. Bull imitated the example of Mr. Newton, and importuned the unfortunate bard to compose a set of hymns for particular occasions. "Ask possibilities," replied poor Cowper, "and they shall be performed; but ask not hymns from a man suffering with despair as I do. I would not sing the Lord's song, were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a remoteness from his presence, in comparison to which, the distance from east to west is no distance, but vicinity and cohesion. I dare not, either in prose or verse, allow myself either to express a frame of mind, which I am conscious does not belong to me."

Lady Hesketh remained at Weston the greater part of two years, contributing greatly to revive the drooping spirits of Cowper, and to encourage him to complete the vast undertaking of Homer's translation. At the approach of January, 1790, he appears to have relapsed into his dejection: he had a superstitious terror of this month, and he never could get over the idea that some dreadful calamity in this month was always impending. On the whole, however, during the time he was occupied with his Homer he adverts less frequently in his letters to his gloomy feelings than he had formerly done. He speaks to one of his correspondents, of his sufferings, only as singularities which might surprise him if he knew them.

"I must say, however," he adds, "in justice to myself, that they would not lower me in your good opinion, though perhaps they might tempt you to question the soundness of my upper story."

In the beginning of 1791, he had another attack of what he calls his nervous fever, a disorder which he dreaded above all others, because it was invariably followed by a melancholy perfectly insupportable. Soon after the publication of his Homer, a literary correspondence with Mr. Hayley led to a personal acquaintance with that gentleman. He was then in his sixty-first year, and Hayley says he appeared to feel none of the infirmities of advanced life, but was active and vigorous both in mind and body. And speaking of the affectionate veneration and kindness of Mrs. Unwin for the poet, it was hardly possible, he says, to survey human nature in a more touching and a more satisfactory point of view.

In January, 1794, in that gloomy month which he always spoke of with such terror, his sad forebodings were at last realised. A severer attack of his malady than any he had yet experienced overwhelmed his spirits, and almost wholly paralysed his mental powers. His despair became permanent, and continued unmitigated through the remainder of his life. Nothing could be now more desolate than his situation. Mrs. Unwin had been reduced to a state of second childhood by a paralytic affection, and poor Cowper shunned the sight of every other person except the individual who was incapable of rendering him any assistance. For some time he had refused food of every kind, except now and then a very small piece of toasted bread, dipped generally in water, sometimes mixed with a little wine; at length, however, he was induced to sit down to his ordinary meals, but he persisted in refusing to take even the medicines that were indispensably required, and strongly urged upon him. At this period the famous Dr. Willis was consulted by Lady Hesketh on the subject of his malady, and at the instance of Lord Thurlow this eminent physician was induced to visit the invalid at Weston, but no amelioration ensued: his disorder at the time was beyond the reach of art. He continued in the same distressing state till the summer of 1795, when change of scene and air was recommended, both for him and Mrs. Unwin, and they were accordingly conducted by his kind relative, Mr. Johnson, to a village on the Norfolk coast, and from this place they were removed to his own residence, and subsequently to a cottage within a few miles of Swaffham. These little changes were somewhat beneficial to Cowper, though his depression continued unabated. He suffered Mr. Johnson to read to him several works of an amusing tendency, but nothing could induce him to resume his pen, not even for the revision of his favourite Homer. But a stratagem tried by Mr. Johnson to rouse his attention; he placed a volume of Wakefield's new edition of Pope's translation on a table in a room through which Cowper had to pass, and the plan was not without success. He discovered, the next day, that Cowper had not only found those passages in which there was a comparison between Pope's translation and his own, but had corrected several of his lines at the suggestion of the critic. From this time Cowper regularly engaged in a revival of his own version, and for some weeks produced almost sixty new lines a day. His friends began to entertain hopes of his recovery, but they were of short duration, for in a few weeks he relapsed into his former misery.

CHAPTER XXIX.

COWPER CONTINUED.

In the following December, his old and faithful companion, Mrs. Unwin, was taken from him. This most amiable and pious woman died, in the seventy-second year of her age, and was buried in Dereham Church, where a marble tablet was raised to the memory of Mary—the beloved Mary of Cowper. The day before she expired, he sat a considerable time in her apartment, and though he appeared to the attendants so absorbed in his own wretchedness as to take hardly any notice of her condition, it was evident he was aware of her approaching dissolution; for the next morning, when the servant was opening the window of his chamber, he said to her in a plaintive tone, "Sally, is there life above stairs?" He saw the dying woman for the last time about an hour before she expired. "In the dusk of the evening," says Hayley, "he attended Mr. Johnson to survey the corpse, and after looking at it for a few moments, he started suddenly away with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow. He spoke of her no more."

From the anguish he would have felt on this melancholy occasion, he was so far preserved, continues Hayley, by the marvellous state of his own disturbed health.

that instead of mourning the loss of a person, in whose life he had seemed to live, all perception of that loss was mercifully taken from him, and from the moment when he hurried away from the inanimate object of his filial attachment, he appeared to have no memory of her having existed, for he never asked a question concerning her funeral, nor even mentioned her name. Amongst other pious and learned individuals who charitably attempted, though personally unknown to him, to revive his dejected spirits, and to reason with him on the subject of the unfortunate notion which had taken possession of his mind, was the Bishop of Llandaff: he endeavoured, says his biographer, evangelically to cheer and invigorate the mind of Cowper; but the depression of that mind was the effect of bodily disease, so obstinate, that it received not the slightest relief.

By frequent change of scenery, and the incessant attentions of Mr. Johnson, he was sometimes roused to a little mental exertion—so much so as to write without solicitation to Lady Hesketh; and though his letter is the very essence of despair, yet is it apparently the production of a mind sane on every subject but the melancholy one that overwhelmed him.

In plain language, it was the letter of a monomaniac. "You describe," he says, "delightful scenes, but you describe them to one who, even if he saw them, could receive no delight from them—who has a faint recollection, and so faint as to be like an almost forgotten dream, that once he was susceptible of pleasure from such causes. The country that you have had in prospect has always been famed for its beauties; but the wretch who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantage of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any. In one day, in one minute, I should rather have said, nature became an universal blank to me; yet with an effect as difficult to remove as blindness itself."

The sudden attack of his malady, as it is described in this letter, which Hayley ascribes to a scorbutic affection, is immediately attributable to sudden determination to the brain, or pressure on that organ, and certainly might be remotely ascribed to the cause which his biographer has assigned. If there be any truth in Spurzheim's theory of the separate and distinct existence of the cerebral organs, which are supposed to be the seat of the individual faculties of the mind, how much light does that theory throw on the nature of monomania, which is certainly inexplicable on any other hypothesis, and how easy is it to conceive the injury that may be done to a particular organ without involving the whole apparatus of the mind in general confusion. In what narrow limits does it circumscribe the difference between monomania and madness, between the effects of a partial and a general disorder of the mental faculties! One of the strange circumstances in cases of mental aberration which not unfrequently occurs, is an improvement in the bodily health of the sufferer, when the infirmities of the mind become permanently confirmed. Cowper's general health, at this period, was not only improved, but his bodily vigour was greater than it had been for years. In the instance of Smart, Dr. Johnson observed the same phenomenon: after visiting him in Bedlam, he speaks of his incurable insanity; but poor Smart, he says, had grown fat upon it since he had last seen him. Cowper's disorder, however, had not so entirely overpowered his faculties, but that, in the midst of his deepest melancholy, he was able to employ himself at intervals in literary pursuits. His last original production was "The Cast-away," a poem of considerable merit, but too plainly illustrative of his own misery. "The only amusement that he appeared to have admitted, without reluctance," says Hayley, "was the reading of Mr. Johnson, who, indefatigable in the supply of such amusement, had exhausted an immense collection of novels, and at this time began reading to the poet his own works. To these he listened in silence, and heard all his pieces recited in order, till the reader arrived at the history of John Gilpin, which he begged him not to proceed with." At length, however, his strength began to break down—a complication of new maladies had set in. A dropsical appearance in his legs was observed: medical advice was now had recourse to, but it was with the greatest difficulty the sufferer could be persuaded to take the remedies that had been prescribed. His weakness rapidly increased. On the 19th of April, Mr. Johnson, apprehensive of his immediate dissolution, ventured to speak to him on the subject. He consoled, or endeavoured to console him with the prospect of an approaching eternity of peace and happiness, of the just grounds for his

dependence on the merits of the Redeemer; but poor Cowper passionately entreated of him to desist from any further observations of a similar kind, clearly proving, says his biographer, that though he was on the eve of being invested with celestial light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit. The three following days his debility continued to increase. The last words he uttered were addressed to his attendant, when pressed to put some refreshment to his lips—"What can it signify?" On the third of May, 1800, he calmly expired, in his sixty-ninth year, and was interred in the same church where the remains of his "Mary" were deposited.

Briefly as we have sketched the sad history of this most amiable, highly gifted, but most unhappy of the children of genius, enough has been said to render any commentary on the sufferings we have had to speak of unnecessary. We have endeavoured to divest his malady of the obscurity and mystery in which it has been involved; we have called it by its proper name, we have referred it to its true cause, and endeavoured to point out how far his symptoms were aggravated by the counsel and conversation of injudicious people, and how far his symptoms were suffered to develop themselves and to acquire strength, by an unfortunate and perpetual concurrence of most unfavourable circumstances. The leading events in the history of his sufferings, so far as they concerned his health and consequently his happiness, may be summed up in a very few words. Cowper, from his earliest years, was delicate in constitution, and timid in his disposition. Excessive application to professional studies in the Temple increased the delicacy of his health, the nervous system and the cerebral organs became disturbed or disordered in their functions, and his natural timidity merged into a morbid sensibility which wholly disqualified him for the active duties of that profession in which he had been so improperly placed. The derangement of his health obliged him to go to the sea-coast; he visited Southampton, and in one of his walks the unexpected spectacle of a magnificent prospect, and the sudden appearance of a burst of sunshine in all the "uncertain glories of an April day," overpowered his imagination, and filled his heart with a rapture of devotional enthusiasm. The splendour of the scene was taken for the effulgence of the Deity, and the wrapt spectator believed that the vision was expressly intended for a merciful warning to lead him to the remembrance of that Being, whom, in his friend's words, he had been living without in the world. He returned to town, the momentary excitement passed away, and the warning was forgotten—a public appointment was procured for him, but the terror of a public appearance at the bar of the house of lords completely overwhelmed him, and he was obliged to renounce his employment. His nervous disorder returned with increased strength; he became the victim of hypochondria, and his friends deemed it necessary to place him under the care of Dr. Cottin. During the time that he remained in this private asylum, his condition appears to have been similar to that of Dr. Johnson in his early life, his dejection as severe, but certainly not more so, and no indication, even in his worst moments, of general insanity. His improvement in health and spirits at length led to his removal to a country village, and here he became domiciled in the family of a clergyman, in which he continued for the remainder of his life. The character of the society into which he was thrown was exclusively serious, or what is called evangelical. The story of the miraculous vision at Southampton was told to his friends, and the importance which was attached, and the credit that was given to it, fixed the impression stronger than ever on his mind, that it was a divine warning, and that he had neglected it.

Repentance, indeed, ensued, and remorse followed so closely upon it, that the latter took possession of all the faculties of his mind, and permanently, though partially disordered it. The dreadful idea became fixed, that in rejecting that warning he had committed the unpardonable sin, and that there was no hope for him here or hereafter. This was the commencement of his monomania: the disorder of his nervous system which had previously been only the derangement of the functions of that system, now probably proceeded to the disease of the organ itself, and all the after circumstances of his life and the tenor of his conversation with those around him, with few exceptions, were unfortunately calculated to fix the idea which preponderated in his mind over every other thought. That, under happier circumstances, and with due attention to the digestive organs, Cowper might have been rescued from the misery he endured through life, there is every reason to believe, and that,

like Johnson, he might have acquired the power of "managing his mind," and even of "mastering its ailments" to a great extent. But all through his disorder, the digestive organs were impaired and neglected; to use the words of his biographer, "the process of digestion never passed regularly in his frame during the years he resided in Norfolk"—and this little paragraph is the essence of the "history and mystery" of Cowper's malady. This was indeed the true source of his hypochondria; and to whatever gulf the torrent of his dejection might have flowed, whether of insanity or eccentricity, religious enthusiasm was but the tributary stream which found a ready channel to receive its troubled waters. The original current might indeed have swelled with their increase, till the banks of reason were broken down by its aggravated fury; but the source of the mischief must be traced to the fountain-head, not to the feeble stream that fed its violence.

CHAPTER XXX.

BYRON.

That tax of censure which is laid on the eminence of genius, has been pretty rigidly enforced in all ages, and in all countries; but of late years it has fallen more heavily than usual on literary men. The privilege of levying this odious impost on private habits, for the public entertainment, has become a vested right; and no man's memory is entitled to immortality till his character has been duly cudgelled, to extract the last particle of earthly dross, in order to qualify it, by this purgatorial process, for its future happiness; so that, even in these times, there is a species of killing which is no murder, and of taxation which is no tyranny. Whatever Lord Milton may think on the subject of other taxes, there is no withholding of this particular one on eminence—there is no stopping the public supplies of scandal, for there are no other means of satisfying the public creditor—curiosity. But, if ever there was a man's memory entitled to a discharge in full of all demands upon his character, that man's memory is Lord Byron's.

Eight years have hardly elapsed since his death, and year after year, with unprecedented avidity, the public have swallowed lives, last days, recollections, conversations, notices, and journals, professing to delineate his character; and the last effort of biography commands as much attention as the first. And yet, with all the lights those various volumes have shed upon his peculiarities, how is it that, with many, his character still remains a problem? No man's errors were ever more closely observed by his best friends, nor more carefully recorded by his worst enemies. No man's vices were ever less effectually palliated by the partiality of his biographers, nor his virtues, except in a single instance, more cautiously admitted by his *soi-disant* admirers. The fact is, Byron had few, if any friends, amongst his intimate acquaintances. It is only in domestic life that kindness of heart redeems unevenness of temper; but in literary friendship there is no love superior to the caprice of a sullen disposition, or the sallies of a satirical one. The greatest defect in Byron's character was a propensity to ridicule his absent friends; a biting jest was never lost, at any expense of violated friendship. Poor Parry's "love of brandy," Moore's "love of lords," Leigh Hunt's "*rimini piminis*," and even Galt, "the last person in the world on whom any one would commit literary larceny," are specimens of the railery which abound in his letters; and there are few, if any, of the friends who have become his biographers, who did not suffer from it. The easy and natural absurdity which he had the power of throwing over the subjects of his ridicule, is apparently free from any malevolent design; but who can doubt that the subjects of the best humoured railery are not pained by its infliction, and however they may affect to laugh at the annoyance, that they are not secretly chagrined, and that their affections are not insensibly estranged by such ridicule? It would be too much to suppose that Byron's conduct to his friends excited no soreness of feeling in his biographers, however incapable they might be of magnifying his errors. However desirous they might be to exaggerate nothing, or set down aught in malice, it is greatly to be suspected that the remembrance of these injuries had much to do with the recollection of his frailties, and that the latter would never have been so prominently set before the public eye, had their memories not been refreshed by their offended feelings. Byron might well say to Lady Blessington, when deploring the loss of some early friends, "But perhaps it is as well that they are gone; it is less bitter to mourn their death than to have to regret their alienation, and who knows that had they lived they might have become as faithless as

those that I have known? Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own, who can know no change, are those over whom the grave has closed—the seal of death is the only seal of friendship." With such sad experience he might well anticipate the fate his memory had to suffer; for, like Pope, he had reason to apprehend the common fortune of extraordinary geniuses, "to be more admired by their friends than to be loved." This observation is, however, by no means applicable to the feelings of Moore for his noble friend. He seems to have set about the life of Byron with no other motive but a sincere desire to do justice to his memory; yet it is a matter of doubt, whether the character of the latter has suffered more from the open uncompromising hostility of Hunt, or from the fatal candour and the unsuccessful palliation of Moore. Few, we believe, rise from the perusal of the former gentleman's volume with a changed opinion of Byron's kind-hearted disposition; but very many, we believe, carry away a fixed impression from the work of the latter, of the inordinate vanity and egotism of the victim of the poetic temperament. Public opinion may be erroneous and prejudiced for a season, but ultimately the power of truth is certain to prevail over all its mistaken views of things and persons, and "even-handed justice is sure to commend the ingredients of the poisoned cup" of criticism back to its own envenomed lips. But there is more danger of prejudice taking root when the sincerity of the effort to remove it is beyond suspicion. The fidelity of Moore, as a biographer, and his affection for Lord Byron, no one questions; and therefore, any failure in the palliation of the errors he so minutely details, is attributed rather to the difficulty of the task, than to the injudiciousness of the mode of undertaking it. Byron may have been all that which Moore represents him to have been, (not indeed in so many specific words, but in the inference he has left his readers to draw from the documents he has set before them),—inconstant, vain, irascible, sarcastic, and dissolute, altogether an indifferent man, and a very aristocratic lord; but surely "the poetic temperament" is no sufficient shield to fling before the face of so many large defects; or, if there be any advantage in it as a protection to error against the censure of its assailants, the name at all events is an absurdity, for the "poetic temperament" means nothing more than a peculiar constitutional state, arising from a predominant passion for poetry, and implying certain evils peculiar to the cultivation of that particular art. But the evils in question are not peculiar to any branch of literary pursuits; they belong not exclusively to poetry, but to every species of intellectual labour, too long continued, or too intensely followed, and the result is a state of morbid sensibility, arising from bodily disease; but in the biography of Byron, the origin of his morbid sensibility is referred not to its true cause; we are simply told that his temperament was a poetic one, and that it was unfavourable to the due performance of his social and domestic duties. It is, however, only by tracing either physical or moral phenomena to their remotest origins, that any intelligible idea can be formed of them. Moore has indeed recorded, and seems to have delighted in recording, every thing that was good in Byron's character; but has he not given an immortality to his frailties which no other person had the means of giving them? Has he not made the anatomy of his melancholy a public demonstration of trivial errors—a minute dissection of all those infirmities which no one but a friend could have been familiar with? "He best can paint them who has felt the most."

The public has a right to expect such a general outline of his private history as might illustrate his character, and manifest its influence on his writings; but if literary curiosity demanded more, it deserved not the gratification of its morbid appetite. A fondness for literary gossip has grown up of late years; biographers must cater for it, and in their calling they may imagine they are honestly contributing to the public entertainment when they are pandering to its sickly taste. It is surprising how the moral public may suffer the severity of its decorum to be softened down by a delicate detail even of outrages on delicacy itself. Names, it is said, are not things, but it is a foolish saying; a liaison of Byron with an Italian countess is a very different thing from the profligacy of an actor, with the lady of an alderman; and may be illustrated by letters of no common tenderness, and yet be read without any impropriety.

The amours of Lord Byron, in royal quarto, are indeed very different from the exploits of Don Juan in duodecimo, and splendid sins are equally distinct from low-lived errors. Far be it from us to quarrel with the tolerating spirit of society; but the errors of Lord Byron, however

they may be designated, and however diligently collected and recorded, are not likely to receive any general immunity from public charity, perhaps at least for half a century to come.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BYRON CONTINUED.

The biographer of a man like Byron is often little aware of the difficulty of the task he undertakes. It is one of the common eccentricities of genius to mystify its character for the capricious pleasure of bewildering the observation of those who are most familiar with its privacy. "It cannot be denied," says Galt, "that there was an innate predilection in the mind of Lord Byron to mystify every thing about himself." If such was the case, how difficult was it for those who imagined themselves in his confidence to form a just opinion of his character, and how likely was the superficial observer to estimate his sentiments by his mode of conversing on any subject that he was wont to play with! If a literary man of celebrity converses without any restraint or affectation of singularity, even with his intimate acquaintances, he is fearful of endangering his confidence and diminishing the respect of his private circle. If Johnson had not been in the habit of perplexing Boswell by the paradoxical opinions he so gravely and sententiously maintained, the veneration of the latter might have declined in a ratio with the facility of comprehending the oracles of his idol.

Burns, long before intemperance disordered his sensibility, was accustomed to astonish his correspondents at the expense of his character, by affecting remorse for imaginary errors, and by magnifying common cares into overwhelming troubles.

Pope, we are told by Johnson, in the prime of life courted notoriety, by playing the fictitious part of a misanthrope before it became him; and even Swift was constrained to tell him he had not yet suffered or acted enough in the world to become weary of it.

"The melancholy Cowley" had a similar propensity for visionary persecutions, and imaginary amours. "No man," says his biographer, "need squander his life in voluntary dreams or fictitious occurrences; the man that sits down to suppose himself charged with treason or peculation, and beats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he was never within the possibility of committing, differs only in the unfrequency of his folly, from him who praises beauty which he never saw, and complains of jealousy which he never felt."

Byron, in his early eagerness for notoriety, affected singularity so strongly, that by dint of deceiving others he actually became the dupe of his own delusions. Day after day he alludes in his journal to the recurrence of a dream, whose horrors would seem to be the fitting companions of the terrors of a murderer. "I awoke from a dream—well, have not others dreamed? Such a dream—but she did not overtake me! I wish the dead would rest for ever. Ugh! how my blood chilled—I do not like this dream! I hate its foregone conclusion!"

In another page:—"No dreams last night of the dead or the living. So I am 'firm as the marble founded on the rock, till the next earthquake.'"

Elsewhere, speaking of the "Bride of Abydos," he says, "It was written in four days to distract my dreams from * * * ; were it not thus it had never been composed: and had I not done something at the time, I must have gone mad by eating my own heart—bitter diet."

In another place, speaking of the most tragical of his poems,—"Had it not been for Murray it would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the groundwork of it—beigh ho!"

Alluding to his state of mind at this period, he says, "My ostensible temper is certainly improved, but I must shudder, and must to my latest hour regret the consequences of it, and my passions combined. One event—but no matter; there are others not much better to think of also—to them I give the preference. But I hate dwelling upon incidents; my temper is now under management, rarely loud, and when loud, never deadly."

Even at seventeen the rage for fictitious misery was upon him.

"Oh memory, torture me no more,
The present's all o'ercast;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
In mercy veil the past."

Such are the lines of a boy at seventeen.

In Stendhal's account of Byron in the "Foreign Lite-

rary Gazette," in speaking of the poet's fictitious remorse, he asks, "Is it possible that Byron might have had some guilty stain upon his conscience, similar to that which wrecked Othello's fame? Can it be, have we sometimes exclaimed, that in a frenzy of pride or jealousy he had shortened the days of some fair Grecian slave faithful to her vows? Be this as it may, (he adds,) a great man once known, may be said to have opened an account with posterity.—Such questions can no longer be injurious but to them who have given them birth. After all is it not possible that his conscience might have only exaggerated some youthful error?"

The just and charitable conclusion of the foreigner will be admitted by most people; some there may be who have a character for malignant consistency to preserve, and may therefore withhold that charity from the memory which they denied to the living man. It may not be wondered at if those who have exhausted a world of common crimes should now "imagine new," or still invest the character of Byron with every sombre hue which he gave to his own heroes.

The recklessness, however, of his capricious nature furnished his enemies with this weapon against him, in seeking to impersonate his own errors, or the crimes which others attributed to him, and affecting to stand before the world in all the dark Murillo-tints of his own fancy—

"Himself the dark original he drew."

This weakness of endeavouring to appear to others worse than we really are, is a species of simulation, but practised for its singularity, but which ultimately becomes so fixed a habit as almost to border on insanity. Poets and religious enthusiasts are peculiarly prone to this apparent self-abasement; the fervid zeal of Cooper, the inspiration of Byron, tended to the same exaltation of imagination, the same exaggerated views of their own errors. The fanatic feels a spiritual pride in humiliating humanity and himself, before an admiring multitude; the poet recreates his fancy in bewildering the world with the marvellous anomalies in his character. But even while he affects to immolate his vanity, self is ever his god of his idolatry; and whatever obliquity he may pretend to cast upon the idol, he still adores it with a certain loving respect, and even in his anxiety to be thought sincere, though he flings the censor at the base of the effigy he repudiates, it is only in order that the incense may ascend the higher. In a word, Byron's nature had no more to do with the misanthropy his glowing mind delighted to depict, than Milton's humanity had to do with the malignity of the devils which it was the place of his leisure so sublimely to describe. We doubt if the personal dispositions of an author are much less discernible in the productions of his imagination, than the qualities of an actor are discoverable in the characters he assumes.

"Is the moralist," says D'Israeli, "a moral man's is the malignant who publishes satires? Is he a liberator who composes loose poems? And is he, whose imagination delights in terrors and in blood, the very monster he paints?" A reference to the dissimilar character of men and authors, furnishes a reply to each question. "La Fontaine," he tells us, "wrote tales fertile in intrigues, yet has not left a single amour on record. Many of Smollet's descriptions were not only pure but delicate, yet his character was immaculate. Cowley loved to boast of the variety of his mistresses, but wanted the courage to address one." A living poet has left Catullus in the shade, and yet proved the most constant of husbands; and yet, on the other hand, behold "Sardan," an usurer of seven millions, writing on moderate desires. Sallust declaiming against the licentiousness of his age, yet accused in the senate of habitual debaucheries. Demosthenes, recommending the virtues of his ancestors, yet incapable, says Plutarch, of imitating them. St. Thomas More preaching toleration, yet in practice a fierce persecutor. Young constantly condemning profligacy, and yet all his life pining after it, the most sombrous of poets, yet a most trivial punster." For the vagaries of the tragic and comic muse, we have but to glance at Rowe, stalking solemnly in sock and buskin, and yet, according to Spence, laughing all day long, and doing nothing else but laugh. And Moliere, the first of comedians, setting the theatre in a roar, yet decorous, even in gravity, in private life. These instances may serve to throw a little light on the dissimilar character of the author, as he presents himself before us in his literary role, and the private individual in the every-day dress of common life. And they may also serve to show the fictitious nature of Byron's misanthropic self-drawn character.

It now remains to show how far the character of Byron was influenced by disease, and what the nature of that

disease was. That he laboured under a specific malady, which gravely affected the mental faculties, and influenced, if it did not determine, his conduct on very many occasions, is a fact as obvious as his defects; yet, strange to say, the existence of such a malady is very little known, and has never been distinctly pointed out. His symptoms have indeed been noticed under various names, when productive of any extraordinary and palpable effect, but they have been so indefinitely described, that nothing but medical investigation is competent to a solution of the difficulties they present. In one place we read of his being subject to an hysterical affection, in another of his being carried out of a theatre in a convulsive swoon; elsewhere, of an apoplectic tendency, attended with temporary deprivation of sense and motion; at another time, of nervous twitches of the features, and the limbs following any emotion of anger, and from trivial excitement, and slight indisposition, of temporary aberrations of intellect, and delirium; but no where do we find the cause of these phenomena plainly and intelligibly pointed out, nor the real name given to his disorder, till his last and fatal attack. The simple fact is, he laboured under an epileptic diathesis, and on several occasions of mental emotion, even in his early years, he had slight attacks of this disease. If feelings of delicacy induced his biographers to conceal a truth they were aware of, or deemed it better to withhold, their motive was unquestionably a good one; but it was nevertheless a mistaken delicacy; for there are no infirmities so humiliating to humanity as those irregularities of conduct in eminent individuals; and the only palliation they admit of is often precluded by our ignorance of the bodily disorders under which they may have laboured.

Epilepsy (so called from the suddenness of its seizure) was termed by the ancients "the sacred disease," "from its affecting the noblest part of the rational creature." Aræteus says, because it was imagined, that some demon had entered into the man; and this is the doctrine and the prevailing opinion of the vulgar, in many countries, even to the present day. This disorder is sometimes symptomatic of irritation in some other part of the body: more especially in the stomach, inducing a temporary plethoric state of the bloodvessels of the head, and by pressure on that organ producing sudden deprivation of sense, attended with convulsions.

It is called idiopathic when regarded as a primary disease arising from some specific injury to the brain, caused by some internal irritation, a spicula of bone, a tumor, or effusion, the consequence of which is, a recurrence of the paroxysms at certain intervals. In both forms the presence of convulsions is the circumstance which distinguishes epilepsy from apoplexy—and this merits attention, for both maladies in their milder shapes are frequently confounded: (this was the case in Byron's instance, more than once.)

The symptomatic form of epilepsy was that which Byron most probably laboured under: it is often hereditary, and the predisposition to it renders the two extremes of a plethoric and a debilitated habit equally productive of its attacks. There is much reason to suspect that Byron's was an hereditary taint, and was derived from his unhappy-tempered mother. An epileptic tendency is very frequently associated with partial mania. Dr. Mead says, that "after an epilepsy often comes on madness of a long standing, for these diseases are very nearly related." Little is known of the early history of Mrs. Byron, but quite enough of the extraordinary violence of her temper, and its effects upon her health after any sudden explosion of cholera, to warrant the belief that some cerebral disease occasioned that degree of excitability which is quite unparalleled in the history of any lady of sane mind.

With such a temperament, if we hear of her falling into fits after the occurrence of any violent emotion, although nothing of their nature may be told, there is great cause to suspect that an epileptic diathesis might have tended to their production.

On one occasion we are told by Moore, that at the Edinburgh theatre she was so affected by the performance, that she fell into violent fits, and was carried out of the theatre screaming loudly. At all events, whether Byron's epileptic diathesis was hereditary or not, the question of its existence is beyond dispute; he had no regular recurrence of its paroxysms like those that belong to a confirmed case of the primary form of this disease; his seizures were generally slight, occasioned by mental emotion or constitutional debility, induced by the alternate extremes of intemperance and abstemiousness. In boyhood, the most trivial accident was capable of producing sudden deprivation of sense and motion. On one occasion, a cut on the head produced what he calls a

"downright swoon;" a similar effect was the consequence of a tumble in the snow at another time. In later life, the same constitutional tendency is to be observed. One evening, on the lake of Geneva with Mr. Hobbouse, an oar striking his shin caused another of those "downright swoons;" he calls the sensation "a very odd one, a sort of gray giddiness first, then nothingness and total loss of memory." At Bologna, in 1819, he describes one of his attacks in one of his letters in these terms: "Last night I went to the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra*, the last two acts of which threw me into convulsions; I do not mean by that word a lady's hysterics, but an agony of reluctant tears, and the choking shudder which I do not often undergo for fiction." This attack appears to have been of a graver nature than the description of it implies, for a fortnight after we find him complaining of its effects. He was seized with a similar fit at witnessing Keane in Sir Giles Overreach, and was carried out of the theatre in strong convulsions. At Ravenna, in 1821, on some occasion of annoyance, he says he flew into a paroxysm of rage which had all but caused him to faint. And the same year, complaining of the effects of indigestion, he says, "I remarked in my illness a complete inaction and destruction of my chief mental faculties; I tried to rouse them, but could not—and this is the soul. I should believe that it was married to the body, if they did not sympathise so much with each other."

Ellis, the American artist, alludes to a convulsive and tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath as one of his peculiarities; and we are informed by Lady Blessington, whose accurate observation of Byron's character we have reason to place great dependence upon, that any casual annoyance gave not only his face, but his whole frame, a convulsive epileptic character. In 1823, in speaking of an indisposition of his daughter, caused by a determination of blood to the head, he told Dr. Kennedy it was a complaint to which he himself was subject; and Moore justly observes, that there was in Byron's state of health at that time, the seeds of the disorder of which he afterwards died. The details of the last attack of epilepsy which preceded his dissolution are more minutely described than any former illness. "He was sitting," says Galt, "in Colonel Stanhope's room, talking jestingly with Captain Parry, according to his wonted manner, when his eyes and forehead discovered that he was agitated by strong feelings, and on a sudden he complained of weakness in one of his legs, then rose, but finding himself unable to walk, he called for aid, and immediately fell into a violent convulsion, and was placed on a bed. While the fit lasted, his face was hideously distorted, but in a few minutes the convulsion ceased, and he began to recover his senses; his speech returned, and he soon rose apparently well. During this struggle his strength was preternaturally augmented, and when it was over, he behaved with his usual firmness." This was on the 19th of February, and on the 19th of April he was a corpse.

Here are all the symptoms of epilepsy regularly detailed; the nature of the attack is not to be mistaken, and it leaves the character of the preceding ones, however slightly manifested, in little doubt. It has been already stated that the seat of this disorder is in the brain, while the source of the excitement which leads to it is frequently in the stomach. The injury done to the latter by violent transitions from intemperate habits to rigid abstemiousness, by an ill-judged regimen and excessive mental exertion, could not fail to call into activity the dormant malady to which he was predisposed, and when so eliminated to aggravate its symptoms.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BYRON CONTINUED.

Of all these symptoms, the earliest, the most constant, and yet, generally, the most misunderstood, is melancholy. This is not the place to treat of its anatomy; every one who has lived *sibi et musis*, whose days for any length of time have been spent in study, whose vigils have been devoted to books, sooner or later must be acquainted with it. There is something in literature of a sacred, yet sombre character, which diffuses a pleasing melancholy over the mind, so insensibly progressive, that one is scarcely aware of its effects before he becomes its victim. If a predisposition to any cerebral disease is latent in his constitution, how insidiously his spirits are undermined, and how surely does melancholy degenerate into the morbid sensibility of confirmed hypochondria! For such a man society has no charms; he makes a merit of his aversion from social intercourse, he prides himself on being independent of the frivolous amusements of the world. His self-concentration causes him to think his

mind is all-sufficient for his individual felicity, and a refined selfishness becomes the most prominent feature of his isolated feelings. He persuades himself, like Thomson, that "a serene melancholy is the most noble and the most agreeable situation of the mind." It is in vain to argue with him on the danger of indulging this depressing passion. He will tell you perhaps, in the language of Rogers,

"You may call it madness, folly;
You cannot chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

Of all writers, old Burton has given the most graphic description of this "*amabilis insania*," as he is pleased to call it. "Melancholy," says our quaint author, "is that irrevocable gulf to which voluntary solitariness gently leads us, like a syren; it is most pleasant at first, to those who are given to this passion, to keep their chamber, or to walk alone in some secluded grove, meditating upon whatever may affect them most. *Amabilis insania*, a most incomparable delight is it to such persons so to melancholise and build castles in the air, and go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they strongly imagine represented in reality. In such fantastical meditations, and ever-musing melancholising, they are carried along like one that is led—like a Puck about a heath. They run on indulging their humours, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden; they can endure no company, they can ruminate only on distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, and weariness of life, surprise them at last—they can think of nothing else; no sooner are their eyes open than this infernal plague of melancholy seizes on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object, which by no persuasion can they avoid—the arrow sticks in their flesh, they cannot get rid of it." In no very gentle terms he goes on deprecating the indulgence of literary men in seclusion and loneliness—"va soli!" He continues, "We be to him that is long alone! As the saying is, '*homo solus aut deus, aut demon*.' These wretched creatures degenerate from social beings, into moody misanthropes; they do even loathe themselves, and hate the company of others; and we may say to them, as Mercurialis said to his melancholy patient, 'Nature may justly complain of thee, that, whereas she gave thee a wholesome temperament, and a sound body, and, above all, the noble gift of a reasonable soul, thou hast perverted those gifts by solitariness, by idleness, and excess; thou art a traitor to God and nature, and thou thyself art the efficient cause of thine own misery.'" This was rather harsh language for a doctor to hold to his melancholy patient, or for Burton to apply to his fellow-sufferers, for he acknowledges himself to have been a victim to melancholy; and, indeed, it was impossible to have made the acquisition of his wonderful erudition without the sacrifice of his health and spirits. In the succeeding chapter, however, he somewhat mitigates the severity of his censure, and admits that these melancholy feelings are often born and bred with us by habit, and that we often have them from our parents by inheritance; but religion, education, and philosophy, can mitigate and restrain them "in some few men at some times," but for the most part that they overwhelm reason, and bear down all before them, like a torrent; and that their disorder oftentimes degenerates into epilepsy, apoplexy, convulsions, or blindness, if once it possess the ventricles of the brain.

Byron's temperament resembled that of the great majority of the *genus irritabilium*. But, whether it was that he took too much pleasure in parading his melancholy before the public eye, or that public attention was more directed to it than it ever had been to the infirmities of any of his predecessors, from the greater interest he excited by his superior genius, certain it is that his mental gloom was more observed and less charitably considered than it ought to have been. There was indeed nothing extraordinary in its nature but its intensity, and nothing more of malignity in its character than is to be found in the dejection of thousands of other literary men of similar habits. The only wonder is, that it should ever have grown into such importance, even under the magnifying lens of public observation.

Byron was "the observed of all observers," and it was the wayward pleasure of his misery to expose it unnecessarily to the public gaze. It is impossible to peruse his biography without carrying away a conviction of his egotism; and the reason is, that no man's privacy would bear the scrutiny which his had been so minutely subjected to. The self-esteem of authors is proverbial; even mediocre talents are seldom without vanity; but there never was a great poet who was not an egotist. Tully

said to Atticus "that a true poet never thought any other better than himself. Ovid and Horace afford specimens of this sort of self-complacency, *'exegi monumentum æri perennius.'*" *Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira,*" &c. But, we need not travel out of our own times for instances of this besetting sin of vain-glory: among the best and most amiable of our bards there probably exists but one splendid and solitary exception to the rule,—a man of genius without passions, and consequently without vices, without fervid enthusiasm, the calm and even current of whose life for half a century had hardly an impediment to its tranquillity. But this was not the lot of Byron—the child of passion—born in bitterness,

"And nurtured in convulsion,

all the elements of domestic discord were let loose upon his youth—a home without a tie to bind his affections to its hearth—a mother disqualified, by the frenzied violence of her temper, for the offices of a parent; and if he would escape from the recollection of that violence, no father's fondness to fall back upon, and no virtue coupled with his memory to make its contemplation a pleasure to his child, for he

"Had spoiled his goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever dignified to taste."

It is difficult to conceive more unfavourable circumstances for the development of a mind like Byron's; the only wonder is, that any of the noble qualities of his nature escaped perversion. These circumstances are alluded to with exquisite pathos in *Childe Harold*,

"I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame,
And thus untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned."

Many, however, imagined that Byron's melancholy was purely fictitious, and that the poet put on the vesture and garb of woe, as poor Maturin, after the battle of Waterloo, would one day put his arm in a sling, and another day wrap a silk handkerchief round his knee, and parade the town, to excite the sympathies of the gentle passengers. But it was not the "windy suspiration of forced breath, nor the dejected 'haviour of his visage," that constituted his gloom. His misanthropy, at all events, was only in his pen, but his melancholy was in his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BYRON CONTINUED.

The intensity of Byron's hostility to a fellow-creature, on any occasion, could never have entitled him to the love of our great moralist—he was a bad hater! So genuine was his gloom, that Burton himself might have revelled in its anatomy, for it was the very epitome of melancholy. The first time Moore saw him, he was struck with the spiritual paleness of his features, and the habitual melancholy of their expression. To ordinary observers there is nothing more inexplicable than the mirth of melancholy; the good people of Abdera would have it that Democritus was merry even to madness, because in the bitterness of his heart he could not choose but laugh at the follies of his time; but Hippocrates told them that they were fools, for the man was neither mad nor mirthful. Goethe's "capricious temper," to use his own words, "was ever fluctuating between the extremes of sadness and petulance;" Byron's capricious humour was ever alternating between the extremes of excitement and exhaustion.

"Though I feel tolerably miserable," he says, in his journal, "yet am I subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, which I can neither account for nor control; and yet I am not relieved by it, but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits."

On one occasion, we hear of his asking Lady Byron, with an attempt at light-heartedness, if he was not after all a very good-humoured man, and of the damper to his spirits in the shape of a reply; "No, Byron, you are the most melancholy man I ever knew."

Wilkie has taken subjects less ludicrously pathetic for his pictures, than the melancholy poet attempting to be jocose, and enquiring of his wife, if he is not mirthful; and the lady with a rueful countenance, in the serious act of expressing her dissent.

In one of his letters to Moore, he says, he feels as Curran said he felt before his death, a mountain of lead

upon his heart; and when Moore rallies him for his dejection, and tells him he could not have written the "Vision of Judgment" under the depression of much melancholy, "There," replied Byron, "you are mistaken; a man's poetry is a distinct faculty or soul, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration of the Pythoness, when removed from her tripod."

Byron was in the right; the author and the man are seldom one and the same being in the complexion of their humour; the vapours of the bard, and the vagaries of the muse have very little in common. What more dissimilar identities is it possible to imagine than Don Quixote wandering over Spain in quest of ridiculous adventures, and Cervantes pining in a dungeon; or John Gilpin performing antics on his diverting expedition to Edmonton, and Cowper wrapped up in his own miseries at Olney? What can be more contradictory in the nature of the same individual than Sterne, in the words of Byron, whining over a dead ass and neglecting to relieve a living mother; or Prior addressing the most romantic sonnets to his Chloe, and indulging a most unsentimental passion for a bar-maid; or Swift, breaking the heart of Vanessa, by his cold-hearted behaviour, while he was filling the world with the praises of her wit and beauty; or Petrarch, abandoning his family, while directing his labours to purify the poetry and refine the feelings of his countrymen, having the honours of paternity twice conferred upon him, and each time the distinction the reward of a different attachment; or Zimmerman, inculcating lessons of beautiful benevolence, while his tyranny was driving his son into madness, and leaving his daughter an outcast from her home; "his harshness," says Goethe, "towards his children was the effect of hypochondria, a sort of madness or moral assassination, to which he himself fell a victim after sacrificing his offspring. But, be it remembered," continues Goethe, "that this man, who appeared to have so vigorous a constitution, was an invalid during the greatest part of his life; that this skilful physician, who had saved so many lives, was himself afflicted with an incurable disorder."

Would that every biographer, in a similar spirit, scrutinised the infirmities of genius, and decided not on their errors before they enquired into the ailments which may have clouded reason, or weakened the powers of volition! We need not have recourse to the stars, like the amiable Melancthon, for the origin of melancholy; we are infinitely more likely to find it in the stomach; but wherever it be, the distaste of life, which is one of its most obvious symptoms, we are told by Goethe, is "always the effect of physical and moral causes combined; and while the former claims the attention of the physician, the latter demands the attention of the moralist." To investigate the phenomena of both is the province of the medical philosopher; and if the object of his enquiry be to preserve the character of genius from the obloquy which ignorance and uncharitableness too frequently cast upon it, however imperfectly he execute the task, the motive which led him to it should at least disarm censure, though it fail to procure him commendation.

The question of Byron's hypochondria no one can dispute, who has perused his journals. Its various Protean forms are there set forth in language which affectation could not forge, nor fiction mimic. "What can be the reason," he says in his journal, "I awake every morning in actual despair and despondence? In England, five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst, that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in a night, after going to bed." This unaccountable dejection without a cause, this constant waking in low spirits, he frequently alludes to, and expresses an apprehension of insanity; in his own words, of "dying like Swift, at the top first."

In one of his letters from Italy, after speaking of a slight intermittent, he again recurs to his melancholy. "What I find worst, and cannot get rid of, is the growing depression of my spirits, without sufficient cause. I ride, I am not intemperate in eating or drinking, my general health is as usual, except a slight ague, which rather does good than not. It must be constitutional, for I know nothing more than usual to depress me to that degree."

In another, with some truth, he attributes his hypochondria to an hereditary taint. His mother was its victim in its most furious form, her father "was strongly suspected of suicide;" and another very near relative, of the same branch, swallowed poison, but was saved by antidotes. And Byron was said to have more resembled his maternal grandfather than any of his father's family. In fact, all the symptoms of hypochondria, the effect of

some cerebral disorder, were his; the restlessness of disposition, which renders every change a momentary relief, the aversion from the world which drives the sufferer into solitude, and yet makes solitude insupportable without the excitement of mental occupation, or such employment of the imagination as may divert the individual's attention from his own sad thoughts; without such employment, Byron was the most miserable of men. It was for this relief that one of his poems was produced in a single night, and to one of these paroxysms of melancholy the public are indebted for one of the most memorable of his productions. "I must write," he says in his journal, "to empty my mind, or I shall go mad."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BYRON CONTINUED.

There is no question that Byron's disorder was grievously aggravated by ill-regulated habits; on the subject of regimen he held most ridiculous opinions; he believed the rigid abstemiousness of an anchorite to be compatible with the most profuse expenditure of nervous energy, and that the exhaustion of the mind was only to be balanced by a corresponding depression of the corporeal powers, so as to preserve a wholesome equilibrium. In very early life, by carrying this absurd opinion into practice, he so weakened the digestive organs, that without the strongest stimulants the stomach was unequal to the retention of food except of the very simplest kind and in the smallest quantity. In a word, dyspepsia was induced, and the original, and probably hereditary disease which was latent in his constitution, was developed. We believe it was much less for the sake of his personal appearance that Byron was so rigidly abstemious, than most people imagine. In early youth it might have been vanity inspired him with such a dread of obesity, but in his maturer years it was the sufferings from indigestion that followed every occasional excess which drove him to abstemiousness. But there was no moderation in his regimen; he was extreme in all things: the reason he gave Lady Blessington for the austerity of his diet was, "that when the body is fat the mind becomes fat also." In his early letters he dwells with great complacency on his rigid regimen and its lowering effects: but much as his anxiety for his personal appearance might have been with his abstemiousness, it is highly probable it was his suffering in his head whenever his habit became phthoric that drove him to the other extreme of an insufficient diet. In 1807, he boasts of having reduced himself by violent exercise, much physic, and blood-letting, twenty-seven pounds. In 1808, he lost two stone more; and on another occasion he writes exultingly to Dr. Keble that he has reduced himself from fourteen stone seven pounds to ten stone and a half. Poor Lord Byron was little aware that by these violent measures he was sapping his constitution, and slowly and surely undermining his strength and spirits. At the time, so far from suffering any inconvenience, he describes his agreeable sensations, and seems to have furnished himself with the idea of augmenting his happiness. But like Hesiod he hold! for felicity he had bitter grief. After writing in his journal, his diet for a week, tea and dry biscuits six per diem, "I wish to God," he says, "I had not done now, it kills me with heaviness, and yet it was but a pint of Buncellas and fish. O my head! how it aches! the horrors of indigestion!" And elsewhere, "This head, I believe, was given me to ache with." In the last part of his journal, after a fit of indigestion, he says, "I've no more charity than a vinegar cruet; would that I were an ostrich, and dieted on fire-irons!" And the melancholy diary finishes with these words—"O fat! I shall go mad!"

In Venice, in 1816, his system of diet was regulated by an abstinence almost incredible: "A thin slice of bread," says Moore, "with tea, was his breakfast; a light vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer-water, tinged with *vin de grise*, and in the evening a cup of green tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance; the pangs of hunger he appeased by chewing tobacco, and smoking cigars."

In 1819, he complains of being in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it. When Shelley visited him in Ravenna, in 1821, his health was improved by better living; "but he had almost destroyed himself in Venice," continues Shelley, "and such was his state of debility that he was unable to digest any food."

Even in his last journey to Greece he carried the same absurd notion of starving himself into practice; his diet at Missolonghi was sparing in the extreme; a few pounds worth of bread, fish, and olives, was the daily allowance

for his table. Such a regimen might have suited the rectory of La Trappe, but it was ill-adapted for the board of one who had assumed the casque and not the cowl, and who had the toil and peril of an opening campaign to provide strength and spirits for. It is unnecessary to add, that the physical debility occasioned by this mode of living, from time to time produced such extreme exhaustion that he was obliged to have recourse to stimulants which afforded a temporary excitement, and, by reaction, in their turn augmented the sufferings they were taken to assuage. Ardent spirits, wine, and laudanum, were had recourse to, often in excess, and as often laid aside for an opposite mode of living equally pernicious. Byron, like Johnson, could practise abstinence, but not temperance. He describes the effects of these stimulants on his spirits in one of his letters. "Wine," he says, "exhilarates me to that degree that it makes me savage, and suspicious, and even quarrelsome; laudanum has a similar effect, but I can take much of it without any effect at all. 'The thing that gives me the highest spirits, it seems absurd but true, is a dose of salts.'" It was early in life that he appears to have become addicted to the use of opium. In 1821, after speaking of exhilarating spirits and strong liquors, he says, he no longer takes laudanum as he used to do. At a later period, informing his friend of some slight indisposition, he tells him he has again lowered his diet, and taken to Epsom salts.

It would be useless to produce further proofs of the irreparable injury done to the constitution of Lord Byron by his injudicious regimen and ill-regulated habits; and when we find him, in the course of his travels, frequently attacked by local fevers and at various intervals suffering from their recurrence, we may fairly conclude that his constitution had been predisposed to the reception of their miasma by his debilitating regimen. In those countries where intermittents most prevail, low living is thought to be most unfavourable to health, and there can be very little question but that Byron's constitution was shattered by the frequency of those attacks of fever. In 1810, he was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, and like most of the cures he attributes to the absence of physicians, he says his life was saved in this instance by his Albanian followers frightening away the doctors.

On another occasion he had a similar fever at Patros, and speaking of his doctors, he says, he protested against both the assassins when he was seized with the disorder. On his second visit to Greece he was attacked by a similar local fever, and when he swam across the Hellespont he contracted an ague from which he appears to have suffered long afterwards. In 1817, he complains of the recurrence of a fever in Venice which he caught some years before in the marshes of Elis. In 1819, he writes from Venice, "I have been ill these eight days with a tertian fever caught in a thunder-storm. Yesterday I had the fourth attack; it is the fever of the place and the season." The Countess Guiccioli says he was delirious the whole time; he fancied his mother-in-law haunted his bed-side; yet in his ravings he composed some excellent verses which he subsequently burnt. In 1821, he had another intermittent fever when setting off for Pisa, and he describes it as "bowing to him every two or three days, but not upon intimate terms" with him; he finishes by saying, "I have an intermittent generally every two years," and when the climate is favourable, as it is here, he speaks of his ague as doing him positive good. His last illness was the suite of another fever, of remittent rheumatic character, caught only the day previous to his arrival at Missolonghi. On the vessel coming to an anchor among some little islands on the coast, he bathed in the open sea, on a cold night in January, and continued in the water for a considerable time, although the storm had hardly subsided in which the vessel had been nearly wrecked only a few hours before. Speaking of the circumstance, Fletcher says, "I am fully persuaded it injured my lord's health; he certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days he complained of pains in his bones, which continued more or less to the time of his death." And let us take this opportunity of doing justice to the good sense and good feeling that is to be found in every observation of this faithful servant. Fletcher's fidelity to his master survived his loss, while that of his historians has been fatal to his memory.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BYRON CONTINUED.

In the foregoing account there are fevers enough recorded to have shattered the vigour of half a dozen constitutions; and Byron's constitution, indifferent at the

best, and debilitated by an ill-judged regimen, was so enervated by these various intermittents, as to have rendered the treatment of any serious disorder that might befall him, perplexing, in the extreme, to a young physician, and even difficult enough to the best experienced: this must be allowed in justice, as well as in charity, to the medical attendants of Lord Byron in his last illness.

Whenever death is the termination of disease, the world is too apt to call the nature of the medical treatment into question, and in many cases, to judge the inevitable issue of life and death as a matter between man and man, with little reference to an overruling agent. When one mode of treatment has been unsuccessful, we naturally suppose that another might have answered better, and, reasoning from antecedent facts, nothing is easier than to say, the result has been unfortunate, but another course might have produced a different effect. God is the only judge of this, and the judgment of man is always partial, and oftentimes presumptuous. It is with a full conviction of this truth, with an eager desire to avoid the assumption of arrogant pretension, and the suspicion of professional animosity, that we venture to speak on the subject of Byron's last illness, and of the manner in which he was treated. There are circumstances, however, connected with his last illness, which render an enquiry into its nature and result a matter of more than temporary interest, or of idle curiosity. It is not a simple question of skill or inability, of a disease mistaken or understood, but one of climate and constitution, and the modifying influence of both over disease.

The medical attendants of Byron were young practitioners; they had little experience in the treatment of the disorders of the Levant, and they had little, if any, previous acquaintance with the constitution and peculiarities of their patient. The best informed European physician who commences practice in the East, finds his knowledge at fault when he trusts to the same remedies in the latter, which he has found efficient in the former, in similar diseases. He will find those which he was accustomed to consider inflammatory in the one, characterised in the other by symptoms of irritability, or of general disturbance of the nervous system, contradistinguished from inflammation by the inefficacy of antiphlogistic measures. If any general observation holds good in that science, to which general rules are seldom, if ever, applicable, the assertion may be hazarded, that nine tenths of the maladies of hot climates are to be remedied without the lancet. The nervous energy suddenly depressed is with difficulty raised, and in a shattered constitution with still more difficulty repaired. The ignorance of this fact may have subjected Byron to injudicious treatment, for that his disorder was maltreated there appears much reason to apprehend.

From the effects of the bathing on "the cold night in January" he appears never to have recovered. By Fletcher's account, he was subsequently "one day well, another day ailing, though still able to go abroad." His symptoms were those of a febrile remittent and rheumatic character for some weeks, till at length, harassed in mind by continual vexations, tormented by the turbulence of the Suliote barbarians who were in his pay, and thwarted in all his endeavours to serve Greece by the rapacious chiefs, and the jealous Franks who were about him, his irritability increased, and concurred, as Moore has well expressed it, "with whatever predisposing tendencies were already in his constitution, to bring on that convulsive fit which was the forerunner of his death." The fit he alludes to was that epileptic seizure which we have elsewhere noticed, and which, after depriving him of sense and speech, and violently convulsing his whole frame, left him in a state of such excessive weakness, that his strength never again rallied. The morning succeeding it he was found to be better, but still pale and weak: he complained of a sensation of weight in his head; leeches were applied to his temples, but a much larger quantity of blood was abstracted than his physicians had intended, for all their efforts to check the bleeding were completely baffled. We are told that blood continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted; and it appears to have been on this very day, in the midst of his sufferings, that his life was threatened by his own soldiers. Colonel Stanhope has well described the scene. "Soon after his dreadful paroxysm, when faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken; the mutinous Suliotes, their splendid attire covered with dirt, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and loudly demanding their wild rights. Lord Byron, electrified by this sudden act, seemed to recover from

his sickness, and the more the Suliotes raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

The excessive bleeding above noticed, under all the circumstances of the case, was unquestionably fatal to Lord Byron; the death-blow was given to his shattered constitution, and the little strength that he had left to combat with the slow insidious malady which had been lurking in his frame for many days, was totally and irretrievably destroyed.

Captain Parry was the only person about him who seems to have been aware of the nature of his attack, and understood the treatment that ought to have been adopted. "His lordship," he says, "had not eaten any thing but cheese, fish, vegetables, and bread, for several days. His disease was epileptic, and arose from debility and bad diet." The language of this rough soldier is that of a man of common sense: he understood the constitution of Byron probably better than any of his attendants; and when Byron still spoke to him of the necessity of low living, he said to him, "You must not live too low, my lord; in this swampy place some stimulus is necessary; but your physicians should know best."—"I considered," he continues, "there was some difference between his constitution and those of the persons whom Dr. Bruno was accustomed to treat;" (and with less courtesy than might have been desired, he adds,) "had he turned his doctors out of doors, and returned to the habits of an English gentleman as to his diet, he would probably have survived many years." With the latter part of this opinion we entirely agree.

Alluding to his state of health in the middle of March, Moore observes, "from the period of his attack in February he had been from time to time indisposed, and more than once had complained of vertigoes which made him feel as if intoxicated. He was also frequently affected with nervous sensations, with shiverings and tremors which were apparently the effects of excessive debility, and proceeding upon this notion," continues Moore, "he abstained almost wholly from animal food, and ate little else but dry toast, vegetables, and cheese."

The grievous error of attributing to a plethoric state of the constitution such symptoms as have been just described, no one acquainted with the simplest principles of medicine could possibly have fallen into; but of these Byron, with all his various knowledge, was lamentably ignorant.

Plutarch has well advised all literary men to study the science of health. It is one of the anomalies in modern education, that total ignorance on so important a subject as the preservation of health, or the prevention of disease, should be compatible with a reputation for general erudition; it is strange, indeed, that while the science soars above the clouds in quest of the knowledge of the heavens, or seeks in the lower strata of the earth an elucidation of the mystery of its formation, that the wonders of the animal economy should attract no portion of its attention, and that while the elements of every other art are acquired in our colleges, not even a superficial knowledge of the first principles of medicine is a necessary part of a gentleman's education. Students may come from Cambridge and Oxford with all "the blushing honours of the university thick upon them." They may come forth "decked with the spoils of every art, and the wreath of every muse;" champions of theology, prodigies of erudition, masters of the wisdom of former times, and yet be actually ignorant of the theory of the circulation of the blood. They may have wasted the best years of youth, and the first of life's blessings, in the acquisition of unspoken tongues, and yet not know how to obviate the evil effects of studious habits on their health, to check disease,

"Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BYRON CONTINUED.

We are now arrived at the last illness of Lord Byron. Its immediate cause appears to have been long exposure to rain on the 19th of April. It is well to bear in mind that the night bath we have elsewhere alluded to was on the 4th of January; the 15th of February he was seized with the epileptic fit, and on the 9th of April commenced the illness which terminated in death on the 19th.

Immediately after his return home on the 9th, he was seized with shivering; he complained of fever and much head-ache. Dr. Bruno proposed bleeding; to this he objected, and Parry seconded his remonstrance. "I was confident," says Parry, "from the mode in which he had lately lived, and had been lately tormented, that to

bleed him would be to kill him. *He was fairly worn out, and the momentary heat and symptoms of fever were little more, I believe, than the expiring struggles, or the last shakings, of an ardent spirit.*"

Parry's opinion is not couched in medical phraseology, but it is the language of common sense—and common sense at the bedside of the sick is more valuable than technical absurdity, or theoretical erudition without experience.

The following day he was thought to be so much better, as to be allowed to go abroad, but on his return he had perpetual shuddering, and was unusually dejected in his spirits. On the 11th he was very unwell, had shivering fits continually, pains over every part of his body, particularly in his head; he talked a great deal, and rather in a wandering manner. Dr. Bruno saw no danger, but Parry became alarmed for his safety, and wrung his unwilling consent to go immediately to Zante for change of air.

The two following days the fever rather decreased; he rose during the day, and even left his bed-room. In the meantime a vessel was prepared for his departure, but a hurricane ensued, and it was impossible to leave the port; "and it seems," says Parry, "as if the elements had combined with man to ensure Lord Byron's death."

On the 14th Dr. Bruno, having exhibited soporifics without advantage, again urged the necessity of bleeding, but his patient would not hear of it; he arose and left his bed-room for a short time, but returned to it exhausted, and he came out no more; he was occasionally delirious in the evening; "but his delirium," says Parry, "arose not from inflammation. It was that alienation of mind which is so frequently the consequence of excessive debility."

"There was no symptom of violence in the early period of his disease, such as I have seen in other young men attacked with fever—such as I believe would have been most severe in Lord Byron's case; the delirium," he continues, "at every stage arose from extreme debility." Had he said from nervous irritability, he might have spoken more technically; but the substance of his opinion could not have been more correct.

Byron's delirium was no more to be removed by anti-inflammatory means, than the raving arising from exhaustion in typhus fever, or from excessive irritability in delirium tremens. Dr. Bruno, having for the last two days endeavoured in vain to persuade him to submit to bleeding, Mr. Milingen, a young surgeon, was sent for, to prevail on the patient to undergo the operation. Mr. Milingen says he tried every means that reasoning could suggest towards attaining his object, but his efforts were fruitless.

"Is it not," said Byron, "asserted by Dr. Reid, that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet, that minute instrument of mighty mischief? And do not those other words of his apply to my case?" he continued, "where he says, 'the drawing of blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the chords of a musical instrument whose tones already fail for want of sufficient tension?' Who is nervous if I am not? do with me whatever else you like, but bleed me you shall not. I have had several inflammatory fevers in my time, when more robust and plethoric, yet I got through them without bleeding; this time also will I take my chance."

After much entreaty, however, Mr. Milingen extorted a promise, that if his symptoms increased he would submit to the remedy.

On the 16th he was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious. "He spoke," says Parry, "English and Italian, and very wildly. I implored the doctors not to bleed him, and to keep his extremities warm, for in them there was already the coldness of coming death. I was told there was no doubt of his recovery, and I might attend to my business without apprehension."

Mr. Milingen now pressed on him the necessity of submitting to be bled, and he certainly employed the argument that was most likely to weigh with Byron; he gave him plainly to understand that utter and permanent deprivation of reason might be the consequence of his refusal. "I had now," says Mr. Milingen, "hit on the sensible chord, and, partly annoyed by our importunities, partly persuaded, he cast at us both the fiercest glance of vexation, and, throwing out his arm, said in an angry tone, 'There; you are, I see, a damned set of butchers—take away as much blood as you like, but have done with it!'"

"We seized the moment," continues Mr. Milingen, "and drew about twenty ounces; on coagulating, the blood presented a strong buffy coat, yet the relief obtained did not correspond to the hopes we had formed. The

restlessness and agitation increased, and the patient spoke several times in an incoherent manner."

No doubt his symptoms were increased; and as little doubt is there that the inference that was drawn from the buffiness of the blood was fallacious, inasmuch as any appearance of coagulated blood in a hot climate is an imperfect criterion of febrile action; and even in this country, few physicians, we apprehend, would consider the buffiness of the blood an indication for further depletion without other concomitant phenomena in the temperature, the appearance and the temperament of the patient, to corroborate the proof of inflammation.

On the 17th the bleeding was twice repeated, "and the appearance of inflammation on the brain," says Moore, "were now hourly increasing." If there was any inflammation in the case, it is strange that the cerebral symptoms should on every occasion have been aggravated after the bleeding. "Each time after the depletion," says Parry, "he fainted; his debility became so excessive that his delirium assumed the appearance of a wild rambling manner, and he complained bitterly of want of sleep. Blisters were applied to the lower extremities, but their application was too late to have proved beneficial."

It appears that there was neither order nor quiet in his apartment: that all the comforts of the sick chamber were wanting; that his attendants were so bewildered as to be totally disqualified for their painful duty, and that Parry, the only one of them whose attendance might have been beneficial to his friend, was either otherwise employed, or his presence little desired, except by the invalid. But in Parry's occasional visits the two or three last days of his life, he speaks of "such confusion and discomfort in the sick man's chamber as he never wished to see again."

On the 18th, in the afternoon, he rose, and supported by his servant, was able to walk across the chamber, and when seated, asked for a book, read for a few minutes, and found himself exhausted: he then took Tita's arm and tottered to his bed. A consultation was proposed; Byron on being told that Mavrocordato advised it, unwillingly gave his consent. Dr. Frieber, Mr. Milingen's assistant, and Luca Vaya, a Greek physician, were accordingly admitted, on condition of asking no questions. They promised to be silent: the business of the finishing ceremony was gravely performed; one of the doctors was about to speak, but Byron reproved him. "Recollect," said he, "your promise, and go away."

The following is Mr. Milingen's account of the consultation. "Doctors Bruno and Luca proposed having recourse to anti-spasmodics and other remedies, employed in the last stage of typhus; Frieber and I maintained that they would hasten the fatal termination; that nothing could be more empirical than flying from one extreme to the other; that if we all thought the complaint was owing to the metastasis of rheumatic inflammation, the existing symptoms only depended on the rapid and extensive progress it had made in an organ previously so weakened and irritable. Antiphlogistic means could never prove hurtful in this case; they would become useless only if disorganisation were already operated; but then, since all hopes were gone, what means would not prove superfluous? We recommended the application of several leeches behind the ears and along the course of the jugular veins; a large blister between the shoulders, and sinapisms to the feet, as affording the last hope of success. Dr. Bruno being the patient's physician, had the casting vote, and prepared the anti-spasmodic potion which Dr. Luca and he had agreed upon: it was a strong infusion of valerian and ether. After its administration, the convulsive movement, the delirium increased, but notwithstanding my representations, a second dose was given, and after articulating confusedly a few broken phrases, the patient sunk shortly after into a comatose sleep, which the next day terminated in death. He expired on the 19th of April, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BYRON CONTINUED.

Now in Parry's account, Dr. Frieber, so far from coinciding in opinion with Mr. Milingen, had warmly condemned the mode in which Lord Byron had been treated. "It was by his recommendation and advice," says Parry, "I believe that it was now resolved to administer the bark. I was sent for to persuade Lord Byron to take it." From an intimate acquaintance of several years with Dr. Frieber, as he is termed, but whose true name was Schrieber, we are enabled to corroborate the observation of Captain Parry. Parry may have been mistaken about the medicine, but at the pe-

ried of its administration, whatever it might have been, it was too late to have produced any effect: when Parry was inducing him to swallow a few mouthfuls of it he found his hands were deadly cold. It was now evident Byron knew he was dying. Tita, his affectionate servant, stood weeping by his bed, holding his hand, and turning away his face from his master, while Byron, looking at him steadily, exclaimed, "O questa è un bella scena!" When Fletcher came to him he endeavoured to express his last wishes, and between his anxiety, says Moore, to make his servant understand him, and the rapid failure of his powers of utterance, a most painful scene ensued. On Fletcher asking him whether he should bring pen and paper to take down his words, "O no!" he replied, "there is no time;" his voice became hardly audible: for a considerable time he continued muttering to himself a few names of the friends who were most dear to him. After a feeble effort to explain his wishes, he exclaimed, "Now I have told you all!"

"My lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word!"

"Not understood me!" said the dying man, with a look of the utmost distress, "what a pity—then it is too late—all is over."

"I hope not," said Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done."

"Yes, not mine," replied Byron! He then tried to utter a few words, of which none were intelligible except "My sister! my child!" When Parry loosened the bandage that was tied round his head, he appeared to revive a little; he shed tears after it was loosened, he took Parry's hand, uttered a faint good night, and then sank into a slumber.

"It is plain," says Moore, "that this person had, by his blunt practical good sense, acquired far more influence over his lordship's mind than was possessed by any of the other persons about him." During the evening he occasionally slumbered, and when he awoke he returned to himself rapidly and incoherently. For the next twenty-four hours he lay in a comatose state, incapable of sense or motion; life was only indicated for some hours by the rattling in his throat; at length it ceased, and Byron was a corpse at sunset!!!

The autopsy of his remains was conducted by his medical attendants; their prognosis was borne out by the appearances they discovered or described—indubitable appearances of inflammatory action on the brain were stated to have been observed. They might have been deceitful—they may have been imaginary; the attention of the examiners was pre-eminently directed to the brain, and with all their anxiety to look for facts, the forms of preconceived opinions might have presented themselves to the senses, with all the vivid force of actual impressions. Anatomists well know that in the most violent disorders death is very frequently unaccompanied by the visible lesion of any organ, and that even where actual disorganisation is discovered, the cause of death may have been elsewhere. The spine may be gorged with blood—the vessels of the brain may be likewise torpid. The agony of death, and not the disease, may have occasioned these appearances, or the position of the body after death may account for them. From the post-mortem examination, in this case, the existence of inflammation has been generally inferred, and the treatment has been censured only for the tardy employment of the lancet. The writer of an elaborate article in the Westminster Review has adopted the notion, that Byron died in consequence of an inflammation of the brain; at least, he adds, "if the appearances really were as described, that he might have been saved by early and copious bleeding is certain. That his medical attendants had

* With feelings of regret, we have to add that this unfortunate gentleman, whose goodness of heart and straight forward conduct Byron was wont to speak of in the highest terms, is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum. A long series of misfortunes, the cause or consequence, we know not which, of intemperate habits, had "steeped him in poverty to the very lips," and ultimately deprived him of reason. A friend of ours, who had known him in better days, when lately visiting the wards of Bethlem, heard his name pronounced as he passed one of the cells, and when he turned to the speaker and tried to recognise his features, the wretched man exclaimed, "Do you forget poor Parry?" If this note should fall under the eye of any friend of Byron, who would willingly do that which, if Byron were within the influence of earthly feelings, could not fail to be pleasing to his spirit, he may probably be induced to enquire into the fate of this poor gentleman, and have the charity, if it be practicable, to relieve his misery.

ot, until it was too late to do any thing, any suspicion of the true nature of his disease, we are fully satisfied." So less fully satisfied are we that the writer of this article is as ignorant of the true nature of the disease of Byron, as he presumes his physicians to have been, and not bleeding at any period of the disorder would not only have been ineffectual, but injurious. The indication, we take it, from the commencement of the disorder, was the levitation of excessive nervous irritability, arising from local remittent fever, slowly developed, and indistinctly marked in all its symptoms. Mild aperients, antimonial andorifics, the occasional exhibition of camphor and ammonia, and even more direct stimulants than the diffusible, when the exhaustion was extreme; the use of anodynes when the nervous symptoms were increased, and even of opiates when irritability was such as to produce insomnolency, and that kind of cerebral excitement which resembles *delirium tremens*.

This is the treatment in similar disorders of the Levant we have seen successfully adopted, and which we believe was far better adapted to the case before us than the opposite plan that was practised. At this distance of time, from the event to which it refers, were the question mooted with the unworthy motive of calling professional ability into question, for the purpose of cavilling with its conduct, because its efforts were unsuccessful, these observations would merit any obloquy that might befall them. But, they have been written with other views, and we trust, at least, that the younger part of our professional brethren, who visit climes dissimilar to their own, may profit by the experience which others may have reached by the road of error, and may be instrumental to the preservation of lives of perhaps greater value to the world than their own.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The celebrated John Bell has said in one of his works, that the sight of an unskilful operation was more serviceable to the spectators than that of the

* The following passage from Miss Berry's admirable work, entitled "Social Life in England and France from the restoration of Charles the Second, to the French Revolution," contains the opinion of a lady of great attainments, and of nice discrimination on the character of Lord Byron's female portraits:

"If Joanna Baillie, in her exquisitely portrayed characters of excellence and of virtuous feeling, sometimes trays an unwillingness to step into the dominion of vice, and to encounter the storm of violent and degrading passions, Lord Byron, by choice, and perhaps by his long reference for eastern subjects, has also given a sameness to many of his heroes, and reduced all his heroines to one model. They are all fond females, clinging to a protector, without the smallest discrimination, or opinion, or even vivacity, as to the character or situation of the man to whom they are attached; and this with a boldness of sexual passion, which not all the author's delicate and admirable descriptions of their personal beauty can at all conceal. He never calls on the associations, sentiments and feelings, founded on individual choice, admiration, excellence, and comparative merit. He equally neglects the combats between duty and love, in minds capable of appreciating the one, and of exalting the other in desire to passion; to say nothing of parental affection, and the yet more sublime, because more perfectly interested, sacrifices of friendship. He confines himself to paint women as the mere females of the human species, who, except that they share with man, 'that portion of animals,' superior personal beauty, are described little distinguished from the females of any other animals; inspire the same sort of blind and furious passion those of the other sex; are treated with little more comeliness while together; and are left as easily, in quest of sympathy or revenge.

"Who but must regret to find Lord Byron's muse thus tattered, instead of having taken advantage of subjects it would have opened an inexhaustible field to her various powers? for who can doubt the variety of those powers, when reading the exquisite and exalted descriptive poetry scattered over all his works—always associated; the scene he describes with the most invigorating tinctures of the human kind?"

We shall have occasion hereafter to refer to this work, *Miss B's*, which has not been published in America, is very popular in England. The modesty of the authoress concealed her name, but as Mrs. Jameson refers to in her last work, "The Beauties of Charles the Second," it can be no secret at home.—*Ed.*

most successful and expert one, inasmuch as those who witnessed the defects of the operator had the opportunity afforded them of profiting by his errors. The principle of the observation applies to the followers of literary pursuits; there is more evil to be avoided by an acquaintance with the infirmities of genius, than by the observation of the manifold advantages of the best regulated habits, and happily constituted temperaments. Nevertheless, the history of a well-ordered mind, like that of Scott, is not without its lesson; and perhaps, by the encouragement of the example it offers for imitation, exhibits the advantage and the reward of mental management, of moderated enthusiasm, and of the government of imagination, as powerfully as the calamities of Cowper and the errors of Lord Byron tend to persuade their followers to avoid their errors. In our notice of Scott, it will be unnecessary to enter into such minute, or biographical details, as the nature of our enquiry into the infirmities of Cowper and Byron led us into. In these instances the sufferings and the faults of the individuals were wound up with all the circumstances of their lives; but in the case of Sir Walter Scott, his career had the tranquillity of a summer stream, pursuing the even tenor of its way in one undeviating course. It was Sir Walter's good fortune to be born in that country, whose genius, in the language of the Irish Demosthenes, "is cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth: cool and ardent—adventurous and persevering—which wings its eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires." It was his still happier lot from his earliest years to "have known the luscious sweets of plenty, to have slept with full content about his bed, and never waked but to a joyful morning"; to have had no difficulties to struggle with in his early career, no privations to endure, no extraordinary adventures to encounter, and few disappointments, for a great portion of his life, to sear his feelings, to irritate his temper, or to sour his affections. The rare combination of splendid genius and sober judgment, whether the occasion or the consequence of his fortunate position in social life, must have unquestionably been influenced not a little by the favourable circumstances which attended his career for so long a period; but one thing is certain—the result of his temperament, however constituted, or by whatever circumstances confirmed, was the diffusion of an exuberant benevolence over his feelings, which communicated a spirit of general philanthropy to every composition that issued from his pen. This was the great charm, not only of his writings, but of his conversation—the spell by which the mighty magician of romance worked on the feelings of mankind, and bound up the faculties in wonder and enchantment.

The peculiarities of temperament, in no small degree, depend upon the health of the individual; irritability of temper, and placidity of disposition, much oftener than people imagine, are questions of bodily ailments, or the absence of them; peevishness and good humour are but too frequently matters that are relative to physical peculiarities, and timidity and resolution are qualities which are determined to a great extent by the condition of the nervous system. This doctrine, like that of phrenology, has been impugned, not because it is untrue, but because its tendency is considered to be dangerous. We, however, believe it to be otherwise; and in asserting it, we war but with the malignity which "tracks the errors of genius to the tomb," not with the morality which visits the depravity of the heart with legitimate censure. Who can peruse the biography of Pope without feeling that the irritability of his temper was the consequence of bodily infirmities, which rendered his life "a long disease?" Who can doubt, but that the moroseness of Johnson's humour, was the result of a "fierce hypochondria," and that Byron's errors and eccentricities were largely influenced by an hereditary disease, aggravated by alternate extremes of irregular and abstemious habits? And who indeed can doubt but that Scott's happy temperament was mainly indebted for its felicity to long continued health?

If ailing people were to argue from such a doctrine, that the conduct of their tempers, and the government of their passions, (being at certain intervals under the dominion of disease,) had wholly ceased to be under the control of reason—if they imagined that as invalids they were privileged to be as irritable as Pope, as morose as Johnson, as wayward as Byron, as intemperate

as Burns, or as melancholy as Cowper, not only without reproach, but with impunity; then indeed there would be danger in the doctrine, and truth itself would not justify its promulgation. But the objection is an idle one, for neither peevishness, nor moroseness, nor morbid sensibility, nor melancholy, can be indulged in with impunity; each carries with it its own punishment, and its votary (if such it could have) would soon become its victim. But even if his health suffered not from the indulgence of his capricious humours, how simple would he be, how little acquainted with the history of genius or the calamities of its children, if he expected that the world would privilege his peevishness, make allowance for his petulance, or pity his infirmities? Fool that he would be to expect its charity; what consideration do the errors or eccentricities of genius ever meet with from it?

Scott and Goethe are two of the most remarkable instances in modern times of genius so divested of its ordinary errors, that the admiration it called forth was scarcely mingled with a sound of literary hostilities. In both, the poetic temperament was seen to greater advantage than we have been accustomed to behold it. It disqualified them for no duties, public or private; it unfitted them not for the tender offices of friendship or affection, and the world for once enjoyed the rare exhibition of two great poets who were good husbands, good fathers, and good citizens. Their works were imbued with a spirit of philosophical philanthropy, which the public taste was luckily in the vein to appreciate; and if their competitors joined in their applause, it was because they had no injuries to complain of at their hands, no bitter asperity to apprehend from their criticisms, no injustice from their strictures, no ungenerous treatment from the pride of their exalted stations. In each instance a happy temperament enabled its possessor to preserve that station which his genius had attained, and in either the management of that temperament was commensurate with the enjoyment of health and vigour. It required, indeed, no ordinary stock of health to enable an author to resist the wear and tear of mind and body, which the incessant application to literary pursuits is productive of; no little vigour, both bodily and mental, to render an individual capable of the immense amount of literary labour which Scott had the courage to encounter, and the persevering industry to get through without seclusion from the world, and apparently without fatigue. By what happy means was he enabled to accomplish so much? Were his days and nights devoted to these labours? Was the midnight oil expended in their performance? Were the hours of composition stolen from his slumbers, and the freshness of the morning devoted to the reparation of exhausted strength? Was the "pale and melancholy cast of thought" spread over his features? Was the fountain of inspiration dried up for a season after his imagination had poured forth a living flood of truth or fiction? Did the enthusiasm of the poet prevail over the sober sentiments of the man? or were they so exalted by the chivalrous exploits he described, that the excitement of his feelings was followed by lassitude and depression? In short, was the enthusiasm of his page so faithful a transcript of the ardour of his breast, that in giving breath to the sweet music of romance, the sound of every striking passage was so much in unison with the tone of dearly cherished thoughts, that the vibration of every well-remembered note extended to the heart? In sooth, we believe that no such fervid emanations were called forth by "the ideal presence" of the scenery, or the heroes he called into existence. That he contemplated them with pleasure, and even with pride, is very probable; but that he suffered his raptures, either at the moment of composition, or subsequently to it, to disturb the serenity of his feelings, we greatly doubt.

Scott's enthusiasm was in his fancy, not in his feelings; his benevolence was heart-born, and his imagination was subservient to its impulses, but both were under the dominion of a sober judgment. His nervous energies, we apprehend, were seldom called on to answer the sudden demand of any inordinate or irregular affection—a demand, often repeated, which, more than any amount of literary labour, exhausts the spirits, and makes inroads on the strength of the constitution. The means by which he was enabled to accomplish so much in so wonderfully short a period were simply these: he rose early, he lived temperately, he retired to rest at seasonable hours; the forenoon was devoted to his studies, and those studies debarred neither recreation nor exercise; he entered on proper pursuits at

proper times, and the result of the well-regulated employment of less than the fourth part of the four-and-twenty hours, was, that he was enabled to perform a multiplicity of labours which we can hardly imagine the incessant employment of a whole life sufficient for the execution of. His time for composition was usually in the morning, from seven till twelve or one o'clock. The ordinary amount of a day's production was fifteen or sixteen pages, and for many years the number of his publications was from three to eight volumes a year. But, what extraordinary fertility of imagination was necessary for the series of compositions that issued from his pen with such astonishing rapidity!

CHAPTER XL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

These volumes carried with them the internal evidence of the healthy feelings of the author; they were evidently the productions of a man who was at peace with himself, "in love with his nativity," and in charity with all mankind. They smelt not of the midnight lamp, but of the rosy morning air, whose freshness was diffused as well over the feelings as the features of their author; no sickly pallor, no sentimental gloom, no morbid sensibility overclouded either, and whether we conversed with him in person or communed with him in print, our hearts acknowledged,

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
We never spent an hour's talk withal;
— For aged years played truant at his tales,
And younger hearings were quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

But there was nothing, we repeat it, of the feverish fervour of enthusiasm in the feelings of Scott, and no traces of that passion in his countenance. There was indeed as little of the celestial inspiration of the bard in the ruddy aspect of the author as can be well imagined; and but little in his regard to give the observer an idea of

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

There might be evidences indeed of deep and even painful thinking in the lines of his prominent forehead and overhanging brows; but there was more of the vigorous-minded country gentleman in the general expression of his countenance, than of the "poet of imagination all compact."

Scott's sensibility, fortunately for his felicity, was not of that intense description that its tranquillity was staked on the hazard of his literary success, or that the labour of composition was coupled with the anxieties of authorship, the ardour of enthusiasm, or the ecstasies of successful genius. In this respect Scott had the decided advantage over the majority of the *genus irritabile* of authors, whether the works of prose or poetry. Pope could not proceed with certain passages of his translation of Homer without shedding tears. Metastasio was found weeping over his Olympiad. Alfieri speaks of a whole act in one of his plays written under a paroxysm of enthusiasm, weeping while he wrote it. Dryden was seized with violent tremors after the composition of his celebrated ode. Rousseau, in conceiving the first idea of his *Essay on the Arts*, felt the disturbance of his nervous system approaching to delirium. Buffon could not enter on a work which absorbed his faculties, without feeling his head burn, and his features becoming flushed. Beattie, after the completion of a volume of metaphysics, never had the courage to look into the book when it was printed, so great was the horror of his undertaking. Goldoni says he never recovered from the exhaustion of his spirits after the production of sixteen comedies in one year. Smollet by over-excitement disordered his brain, and laboured for six months under a coma vigil. These and many other instances have been enumerated by D'Israeli in his admirable work. Scott, however, was luckily exempt from the excitement of such morbid feelings, and from the delusions which are the consequences of them. It is but a step, it is said, which separates the fervour of enthusiasm from the frenzy of insanity, and not unfrequently are the children of genius found tottering on the verge of that calamity. Tasso held a conversation with a spirit gliding on a sunbeam, and we are told by Thuanus, he was frequently seized with fits of distraction which did not prevent him writing excellent verses. Malebranche

heard the voice of God distinctly within him. Lord Herbert interrogated the Deity about the publication of his book, and in a kneeling posture calmly awaited the reply. Pascal often started from his chair at the appearance of a fiery gulf opening by his side. Luther conversed with demons, and on one occasion threw an inkstand at the Devil's head, an action which his German commentator greatly applauds, because there is nothing the devil hates so much as ink. Descartes, after long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person calling on him to pursue the search of truth. Swedenburgh not only walked over Paradise, but has given a description of the fashion of the houses; but the glorious egotism of Benvenuto Cellini, says D'Israeli, outstripped the visions of all his predecessors, for he was accustomed to behold a resplendent light hovering over his own shadow.

In short, that literary boundary of which we have spoken, which separates enthusiasm from insanity, is like the narrow bridge of Al Sirat, which leads the followers of Mahomet from earth to heaven, but by so narrow a path, that the passenger is in momentary danger of falling into the dismal gulf of hell, which yawns beneath him. But Scott was in little peril of falling into the purgatory of enthusiasm: if he ever advanced towards the boundary in question, it was with a steady step and an air of self-possession, which showed he was prepared for the dangers he approached.

But independently of the well-regulated habits by which he was enabled to accomplish so vast a number of literary performances, nature appears to have endowed his constitution with a robustness, proportioned to the vigour of his mind, which was capable of overcoming mental labour without fatigue, which would have been not only wearisome but overwhelming to another. There is something in the vigour of the higher order of genius, which contributes not only to longevity, but renders the individual equal to labours which one can hardly imagine the powers of one man capable of accomplishing.

"Those," says Tissot, "who would undertake the defence of long-continued studies, which I am far from wishing to under-rate the importance of, in pointing out the dangers to which literary men expose themselves by excessive application, may cite many instances of studious men who have attained old age, in the full enjoyment of health, bodily and mental. I am not ignorant of the history of such persons. I have even known some few, but the generality have not the same good fortune to boast of; there are few men, however happily constituted, strong enough to support with impunity such excessive toil; and if they did support it, who knows what sufferings they may not have endured, and if they might have added to their length of days, had they attached themselves to another sort of life? It is true, we must admit, that the greater portion of those great men that the human race acknowledge for its masters, had arrived to an advanced age: Homer, Democritus, Parmenides, Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Plato, Plutarch, Bacon, Galileo, Harvey, Boyle, Locke, Leibnitz, Newton, all lived to be old men,—but from this must we infer that excessive mental application is not injurious? Let us beware of drawing so false a conclusion. We may only presume that there are men born for those sorts of excursions, and perhaps that a happy disposition of the fibres which form great men, is the same as that which conduces to longevity. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. Besides it is much more by the strength of their genius, than by the assiduity of their labour, that literary men make to themselves an immortal name. Moments of delightful leisure, distractions which celebrity necessarily brings with it, exercise which the duties of their high station in the world obliges them to take,—these in a great measure tend to repair the evil which literary employment occasions."

Tissot proceeds to eulogise the well-regulated habits of an eminent professor of Oriental literature, who had just died, and had he been speaking of the author of *Waverley*, he could not have used language more suitable, or more characteristic of the subject of his notice.

"Every body remembers at this moment," he continues, "and recalls even before I name him, that great man who for more than fifty years was the ornament, and the delight of this city and its academies: he had cultivated the sciences from his earliest youth even to his last days; he was profoundly versed in all those studies which were more immediately the business of his vocation, and of which the domain is so extensive;

there was no subject on which he was not instructed; so much knowledge implied immense labour, yet his health was not injured by it; we have seen him enter on his eighteenth lustum, without having lost a particle of his genius, or of the vivacity of his senses; and will this example be adduced as an objection to my argument? It cannot be, for the recollection of the details of his life that are given here, fulfil the purposes of presenting him as a model for the contemplation of all men of genius. He knew how to be a scholar without ceasing to be a man; he knew how to acquire the profoundest knowledge, and the most various attainments, without sacrificing his duties to erudition, in performing those of a citizen, a father, a friend, a member of society, and a professor of learning, as if he had been only a simple citizen, a domestic being, and a man of the world. When wearied by his mental labours it was his custom to repair his strength and spirits by exercising his body in the cultivation of his grounds, and he supported both by that gaiety of heart, that amenity of manners, which is killed in the study, and which is only maintained by commencing with our fellow-men for our mutual advantage."

CHAPTER XLI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

The health of Scott derived no little advantage from such exercise and intercourse as Tissot speaks of. We are told by Allan Cunningham, "it was his pleasure to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree when it was marring the growth of others. He loved also to ride over the country, on a little stout gallop, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him." His passion for field sports furnished him likewise with a recreation, which was no less conducive to his well-being; his taste for such pastime is, indeed, a singularity which is not often to be met with in men of studious habits. Literature, they think, is the noblest pleasure that can be chased, and it is unfortunately the only one they pursue. There are so few instances on record of literary men indulging in the pleasures of the field, that it seems almost incongruous to speak in the warm breath of a scholar and a sportsman. But Scott was an exception; when his imagination was wearied with babbling of green fields," he betook himself to them with a right good appetite, for the wholesome recreation they afforded. With his "veteran favourite," Maids, "the fleetest of highland deer-hounds," it was his delight to sally forth, and to make the pleasures of the come to object or the excuse for many a delightful ramble over the romantic hills of his native country. Perhaps it was the frequency of such rambles which induced the *Edric Shepherd* to believe that "he had a little of the old country blood in him, and if he had been able would have been a desperate poacher and black fisher." But with all the poaching propensities of the author of *Waverley*, as Sir Thomas Lacy of his neighbourhood suffered from them; he only hunted deer, but we are not informed by the worthy Shepherd that he ever stole them.

The fact is, that exercise was essential to his health, and in combining it with field-sports, he gave the charm of a manly and wholesome recreation to what might be considered a duty to his constitution. If there be an antidote to the toil of composition it is exercise; and if there be a preventive of the ills which literary flesh is heir to it is regimen. Scott well knew the advantages of both, but most sadly are they overlooked by authors in general. An hour or two in the afternoon devoted to a few calls on their friends is deemed sufficient for the repatriation of nervous energy, exhausted by the unintermitting labours of six or seven hours; they feel they are unequal to fatigue, for muscular strength is the barometer of the vital powers, and therefore the employment of the locomotive organs is wholly neglected. If the night is devoted to mental application, the morning makes amends for the hours which have been stolen from the natural period of repose, and what matters it whether the noonday sun presides over their slumbers? It is unfortunately matters much more than they imagine: they devote their nervous energies to the greatest of all labours at a period when all nature is deprived of the vivifying principle which animates every object in the animal or vegetable kingdom, and "steep their senses in forgetfulness," when every thing that has life around them is receiving a new and more lively stimulus of existence, from the influence of those beams whose electrical phenomena are more analogous to those of the

han any that we are acquainted with. If the employment of the pen of such persons is dignified by the name of an elegant pursuit, which is supposed to soften the manners, and to refine the taste of the votaries of science, they deem it better to become its martyrs, than to share with the illiterate or the vulgar the blessing of rude health.

If the spirits at length become wearied by incessant application, if even during their meals the nervous energy is summoned to the brain from every other organ, especially from those where its influence is most requisite for the due performance of the process of digestion; if the appetite begins to fail, the temper to be soured, the sensibility to be morbidly increased, and that the labour of the closet, in the words of Rousseau, "les rends délicats, affaiblit leur tempérament, et quo l'âme garde difficilement sa vigueur, quand le corps a perdu la sienne; que l'étude use la machine, épuise les esprits, détruit les forces, énerve le courage, rend pusillanime, incapable de résister également à la peine et aux passions;" nothing is to be added to the demonstration of the dangers that surround their health and happiness. Yet are these premonitory symptoms of disease, of morbid irritability of the organs of digestion, of hypochondria, and all its horrors, wholly neglected and overlooked. If they have only strength enough to pursue the avocation which insidiously undermines their constitution, they dream not that disease is a possible occurrence so long as bodily pain is not endured: they know not that the fiercest paroxysm of hypochondria, the severest attacks of dyspepsia, are seldom accompanied by physical sufferings. But if they are reminded by the dejection of their spirits, or the diminution of bodily strength, of the injury their health has sustained, and is daily sustaining, from the over-exertion of one organ, and the total inactivity of every other, then indeed they have recourse to the physician, or rather to the faculty, for they commonly travel through every sign in the zodiac of privileged empiricism, from the balance, the sign in which the daily allowance of bread and meat is doled out to the invalid, to Aquarius, the sign of the water-gruel system, where the advantages of thin potatoes are magnified, and extolled "to the very echo that doth applaud again." If they go still further, and knock at the door of Ursa Major, they will probably find the Great Bear of the profession hugging his own doctrine to death, and in the midst of many unparaly gambols, extending his great paw over an ample sofa me, and dismissing his visitors with a good-natured growl—the customary intimation to go about their business, and read his book. And accordingly, they go at the first growl and read "the book," and swallow blue pills every night, and black draughts every morning, till some new star in the medical constellation out-twinkles the old bear, and it becomes the fashion to consult the last discovered luminary.

But, in sober seriousness, the use of powerful remedies in disorders of the stomach, is seldom followed by a more than temporary relief: eventually their effects are injurious; how can they be otherwise, when injudiciously employed, or the principle mistaken on which they are recommended, or that principle too general in its application to meet every peculiarity of age, condition, and constitution? "*Alitem aham, aliud factum sanemur*," says Plautus, but not so the fashionable dietetic doctor; there is but one mode of treatment for the numerous and dissimilar symptoms of a disease; no matter whether the patient is young or old, male or female, of a sanguine or a saturnine temperament, of a vigorous or a debilitated constitution—no matter where the seat of the disorder be, the head, the stomach, or the liver, he is doomed to go through the same undeviating routine either of blue pill and black draught, of carbonate of soda, or subcarbonate of iron; and if the remedies, like the torture of Procrustes, are not fitted to the sufferer, the sufferer is fitted to the remedies—that is to say, the feeble powers of his constitution are habituated to them. But verily and truly, we believe that more injury is done by medicine to dyspeptic patients, than would arise to the constitution from its total non-employment. The celebrated Hufeland carries this notion to a far greater extent, and applies it to the whole range of chronic maladies, without impugning the character of that profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments in Germany.

CHAPTER XLII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

The fault in a great measure lies in the victims of the malady we are speaking of—the literary malady;

they are generally heedless enough of present health, but anxious in the extreme about prospective and imaginary ills. Forthcoming evils are continually casting their shadows before them, and every feeling of malaise is magnified by fear into a symptom of some serious disorder. The consequence is, on trivial occasions they are continually having recourse to unnecessary and even injurious medicines; either, volatile ammonia, spirituous tinctures, carminatives, and ultimately laudanum,—are the remedies which "nervous people" constantly have recourse to; but again and again do we repeat it, there is no antidote but exercise for the disorders of the studious, and no preventive but regimen. By these only may the effects of excessive study be obviated and new vigour infused into the constitution, so as to enable it to sustain for any length of time the daily toil of mental labour. Sydenham has given a very imposing and somewhat scholastic account of his regimen, which appears certainly not to have been remarkably abstemious; but to its regularity the good effects are due which Sydenham ascribes to it. "In the morning when I arise, I drink a dish or two of tea, and then ride in my coach till noon; when I return home I immediately refresh myself with any sort of meat, of easy digestion, that I like, (for moderation is necessary above all things.) I drink somewhat more than a quarter of a pint of Canary wine immediately before dinner every day, to promote my digestion, and to drive the gout from my bowels. When I have dined, I betake myself to my coach again, and when business will permit, I ride into the country for good air. A draught of small beer is to me instead of a supper, and I take another draught when I am in bed, and about to compose myself to sleep."

"There is a wisdom," says Bacon, "in regimen, beyond the rules of physic. A man's own observation of what he finds good, and what he finds hurtful, is the best medicine to preserve health. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician had he not been a wise man, when he gives it as one of the great precepts of health, that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the more benign extreme; to use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught mysteries."

"Beyond the general rules of low moderate diet," says Heberden, "which every practitioner must be acquainted with, all people best know what agrees with them, and can ascertain it as well, if not better, than the doctor."

Every man, indeed, of common sense is the best judge of his own digestion, and every thing that agrees with it he may safely conclude is good for him; he has no need of diet books to regulate his mode of living. To make general laws for the diet of individuals, to legislate for the stomach, and for each legislator to lay down particular rules and ordinances at variance with his neighbours, for one to issue his fiat against farinaceous food in every instance, and another to preach up a medical crusade against all vegetable substances: for a third to obtest mankind by the love they bear their lives to abstain from wine; and a fourth to sing peans (not perhaps quite so poetical as "O fons Blandusie") in praise of water; this is, indeed, to suppose that one set of rules is applicable to every form of a disease, or that the same organ at all times is in the same condition, and similarly affected at different periods, and under different circumstances, by the same agents.

In a word, a popular diet-book, based on such a presumption, is the mere impertinence of physic. We may conclude with old Burton, that in what regards our regimen, "our own experience is the best physician; so great is the variety of palates, humours, and temperaments, that every man should observe, and be a law unto himself. Tiberius, we are told by Tacitus, did laugh at all those who, after thirty years of age, asked counsel of others concerning matters of diet."

At forty, says the adage, a man is either a fool or a physician; but at any age the individual is likely to become a valetudinarian for life, who lives by medicine, and not by regimen.

We have been carried away from our subject, but our observations are not perhaps altogether irrelevant to it, nor wholly unimportant to our readers. The unbroken vigour of Scott's constitution throughout the greater portion of a life of literary labour, was unquestionably owing to the regularity and temperance of his habits, and to wholesome exercise. But without that exercise, even the "*ventrem bene moratum*," which Seneca proclaims the advantages of, would not have been sufficient for the

preservation of his health, or the reparation of the vigour that was exhausted in his study.

The common error of the studious was not his, of devoting day after day, or night after night to some literary pursuit, and of wearying out the body in the constant service of the "indefatigable mind": "of compelling (as Plutarch observes) that which is mortal to do as much as that which is immortal; that which is earthly, as that which is ethereal." Scott's regular recreations, on the contrary, put the body in a state to obey the suggestions of the stronger and the nobler part. Not an hour did he occupy himself in planting or embellishing his grounds, not a morning did he allot to the pleasures of the chase, nor set apart a portion of his leisure for a joyous ramble in the country, that he did not return from the "*deambulatio per amana loca*," with recruited spirits, for the encounter of new toil, and invigorated powers that had shaken off the temporary senectitude of study.

In many points the habits of Milton resembled those of Scott; he was no less temperate, no less sober-minded, but unfortunately the acrimony of party strife sometimes steeped his pen in bitterness approaching to malevolence. The sufferings, however, of a painful malady, might have had not a little to do with the asperity of his politics. The labour moreover of composition, as might be expected from the nature of his productions, was intense, and frequently deprived him of repose. "He would oftentimes," says Richardson, "lie awake whole nights together, but not a verse could he make; at other times he would dictate perhaps forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number. He held an absurd opinion that his poetic vein never flowed happily, but from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, and that the coldness of this climate was unfavourable to the flights of his imagination. Till his infirmities confined him to the house, he was in the daily habit of taking exercise in his garden, but in the intervals of his gouty pain, being unable to leave his room, he used to swing in a chair, and sometimes play on an organ; and even this mode of exercise most people will deem preferable to that of Lord Monboddo, who for the sake of his health was accustomed to rise every morning at four o'clock, and then walk about his room, divested of his habiliments, with the window open, for the purpose of enjoying what he called his air bath. But Johnson's idea of exercise was certainly a more agreeable one than either Milton's or Monboddo's; he told Boswell with becoming gravity, "that if he had no duties here, and no reference to futurity, he would spend his life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman." But, much as we admire the doctor's taste, we rather believe that Scott's mode of taking exercise was the more salubrious of the two.

Those "*labores hilares venandi*," (as Camden terms the field sports of Staffordshire,) which Scott took delight in, were more likely to produce the effect which Galen has so strongly pointed out the beneficial results of: the promotion of pleasurable excitement by the general diffusion of the animal spirits, as it were, over the whole frame; by the use of exercise, till the whole body tingles with the glow of incipient perspiration—"*usque ad ruborem, sed non ad sudorem*." This is indeed the grand point that is to be observed in taking exercise—to take as much as the individual is capable of bearing without fatigue.

It is a folly to think that the necessity for bodily activity may be superseded by means of medicine, or regimen, or habits, in other respects the best regulated in the world. Exercise is, indeed, indispensable to health; and without health ask the sick man where is happiness, and he may tell you, at least, where it is not, when he points to his own bosom.

But how is exercise to be taken by those who dwell in the busy haunts of the literary world—who are confined to their closets by their pursuits the greater part of the day, or without necessity indulge their literary indolence in the immurement of their study, with the same feelings of veneration for its imprisonment which King James gave such eloquent words to, when he visited the library of Sir Thomas Bodley: "If I were doomed to be a prisoner, and the choice were given me of my prison, this library should be my dungeon; I would desire to be chained by no other bonds than the clasps which incarcerate these pages, and to have no other companions in my captivity than these volumes!" How then are the studious to escape from their fascinating pursuits, to devote even an hour to bodily exercise? The first law of nature is said to be self-preservation—the first law of life is motion—its most essential requisite, activity. "Do not be inactive," says the Arab poet, El Wardi, "for water becomes putrid by

stagnation, and the moon, by changing, becomes bright and perfect."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

The same idea, but somewhat amplified, is found in "the Anatomy of Melancholy," in an argument for the necessity of exercise: "The heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and the planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow: doubtless, for the purpose of their conservation, to teach us that we should ever be in action." The ancients had so much faith in the good effects of exercise, that many of their disorders were treated solely by medical gymnastics. Germanicus was cured of an atrophy by riding, Cicero of a grievous infirmity by travelling. The Roman physicians sent their consumptive patients to Alexandria, and the Greeks shipped their nervous ones to Anticyra—nominally for change of air, but really for the advantages of exercise and recreation. The father of physic was the first who introduced medical gymnastics into practice; he described various sorts of these exercises, but those on which he placed most dependence were friction of the whole frame—somewhat similar to the process of shampooing, and a swinging motion of the hands and arms. The advantages of both modes of promoting the insensible secretion of the skin, and of maintaining the bodily vigour, by the activity of almost every muscle, are but too little known, and consequently but little practised. And not the least advantage of such modes of exercise is, that every one may employ them, whatever be his occupation, or however constantly confined to the house.

The literary man, who has a horror of the feral amusements of the field, or who thinks a ride on horseback, or a ramble on foot, more fatiguing than the weariness of the soft-cushioned elbow-chair, in which the worst weariness of life is often felt, will find in these employments a salubrious occupation, an invigorating exercise, even in his closet. No in-door activity is indeed comparable to that which is taken in the open air; but unquestionably health may be preserved, and strength maintained for a very long period, by devoting ten minutes, night and morning, to those frictions Hippocrates so strongly recommends, and which are to this day in such general use in those eastern countries, where they are not half so essential to health, as they are in colder climates; and likewise by the occasional use, at least every fourth or fifth hour, of that other mode of exercise which has been described, or what perhaps is still better, of employing it in that manner in which sailors are accustomed to exercise their arms in cold weather.

The chest, which has been contracted and compressed by a hurtful posture, is expanded by the vigorous action of the muscles; in fact the whole of them are called into active exercise by it.

This form of medical gymnastics, with the windows of the apartments thrown open while it is employed, and a few brisk turns in the chamber, if unfortunately no garden is at hand, is, indeed, the only substitute for those recreations which combine the advantages of wholesome air with the charms of delightful scenery.

The thews and sinews of the brawny blacksmith, who stirs not more than one day in seven from the precincts of his forge, to a certain extent illustrates the invigorating effects of this sort of exercise; and we are persuaded that the exemption of the people of the East from many European disorders, from gout, dyspepsia, and phthisis, is not wholly due to the peculiarity of climate, or to temperate habits, but in a great measure to the process of shampooing, either in the bath, to which the latter is subservient, or in their private houses, in which it is every day in use.

In all probability the mode of applying friction by means of the flesh-brush in this country, has caused it to fall into such general disuse—it is neither efficient nor agreeable; a simple glove, made of common white druggot, without divisions at the fingers except for the thumb, as the woollen mittens of children are commonly made, is the best thing that can be used for the extremities; and a common flesh-brush, covered with the same material, with a handle about fifteen inches in length, is by far the most convenient and effectual mode of applying friction to the body. We are so thoroughly convinced of the utility of the chafing glove, that however misplaced the mention of its advantages may seem to be in these pages, we still most strenuously venture to recom-

mend its employment to those who have most need of exercise, and least inclination, or perhaps opportunity, to take it; to those who are deprived, by their pursuits, of that insensible secretion of the skin, which is essential to health, and the obstruction of which, (as we have seen in the case of the unfortunate Cowper,) is frequently the cause of the gravest maladies which afflict humanity.

So few of the infirmities of genius were the portion of Sir Walter Scott, that if we have wandered from our subject, it is because there is hardly an untoward circumstance in the fortunate career of this great man up to a late period of his life, which is calculated to illustrate the argument which it was the aim of the preceding pages to establish. But though there are few errors of conduct to be noticed, and still fewer physical infirmities to be connected with them, no indulgence to be demanded for the one, and no charitable feelings to be appealed to for the other, there is still a moral in the secret of his happiness to be found in the record of his virtues, his moderated passions, and well regulated habits, which has the strong persuasion of an admirable example to recommend it in lieu of the awful lesson of a life of error, and of suffering for the enforcement of a warning.

The period, however, arrived when fortune began to weary of her smiles, and the long unclouded horizon of Sir Walter became darkened by adversity. He had unfortunately connected himself with the house of Constable, and the failure of that house was the means of involving his affairs in what might have been considered irretrievable ruin. This disastrous circumstance is plainly and succinctly described in the notice that is prefixed to the Abbotsford subscription, but with, perhaps, a pardonable leaning to the imprudence which led to the calamity.

"The crisis which took place in commercial affairs generally, and which particularly affected every person engaged in literary undertakings, involved Sir Walter Scott in losses alike unexpected and unprepared for, to the amount of 120,000*l*. Ruinous as this demand must have been, it is yet obvious, that after surrendering, to its payment, the whole of his property, he might have secured to himself and his family the fruits of his subsequent exertions, and realised from his later works not less than 70,000*l*. The whole of this sum, with whatever more a lengthened life might have enabled him to obtain, he with manly and conscientious feeling appropriated to the benefit of his creditors. In thus devoting his talents to the acquittal of obligations not originally, though legally his own, he laboured with a degree of assiduity, and an intenseness of anxiety, which shortened his existence by overstrained intellectual exertion."

It is only to be wondered at, how a sober-minded man (which Scott unquestionably was) could have been so incautious as to have entangled his fortune in the speculations of his publishers; but in all probability, the mania of building, embellishing, planting, and collecting objects of antiquity, (which led to an expense exceeding fifty thousand pounds,) was the cause of his embarrassment, by compelling him to have recourse to other plausible means of increasing his income than those of literary emoluments, immense as his were.

In the five years that succeeded the bankruptcy of Constable, from 1826 to 1831, he produced no less than one and thirty volumes, the profits of which, and of the new edition of his novels, which amount to the surprising number of seventy-four volumes, were devoted to the diminution of his debt, and by his indefatigable literary labours, (almost exclusively,) he was enabled to pay off fifty-four thousand pounds. His life had been ensured in favour of his creditors, for twenty-two thousand pounds. Further payments out of his personal property still further reduced that debt, so that the whole does not now exceed twenty thousand pounds. From the period of his embarrassments it was evident Sir Walter was writing less for the public than for his creditors, but unfortunately more for either than for his fame. From the publication of his last novel in 1826, every succeeding work was a fainter emanation of his extraordinary genius, and perhaps the last of his productions was the feeblest gleam of its departing glory.

"The prodigious labours," says the author of the admirable sketch of his life in the Penny Magazine, "which these numerous and voluminous works necessarily required, was too much, however, even for the most ready intellect and robust frame. The present writer, when he saw Sir Walter for the last time, in 1830, was struck by the change which a comparatively short period had produced in his personal appearance. A few years previously he looked a hale and active man in mid-

dle life—now at the age of sixty, he appeared at least ten or twelve years older. When told of the death of a gentleman of his acquaintance, by paralysis, a few days previously, he appeared much struck, and made a remark which seemed to indicate some secret apprehension in his own mind, of the fatal malady that was then lurking in his own over-wrought mind." At length the springs of life, so long over-taxed, began to give way. During the ensuing winter, (1831,) symptoms of gradual paralysis, (a disease, it seems of which his father had also died, but at an advanced age,) began to be manifested. His lameness became more distressing, and his utterance began to be obviously affected. Yet even in this afflicting and ominous condition he continued to work with undiminished diligence. During the summer of 1831, he grew gradually worse; his medical attendants strictly forbade mental exertion, yet he could not be restrained from composition. In the autumn, a visit to Italy was recommended; he was with difficulty prevailed on to leave Scotland, but at length he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and sailed in the following October. His health seemed improved by the voyage, but after visiting Naples and Rome, at both of which cities he was received with almost regal honours, his desire to return to his native land became irrepresible, and he hurried homeward with a rapidity, which in his state of health was highly injurious, and doubtless accelerated the catastrophe which perhaps no degree of skill or caution could have long delayed. He experienced a further severe attack (a second paralytic seizure) in passing down the Rhine, and reached London in nearly the last stage of physical and mental prostration. Medical aid could only, it was found, for a short period prove a solution; and to gratify his most ardent dying wish he was conveyed by the steam packet to Leith, and more reached his favourite house at Abbotsford—but in such a pitiable condition that he no longer recognised his nearest and dearest relations. After lingering in this deplorable state till, in the progress of this melancholy malady—this living death—mortification had been some time proceeding in different parts of the mental frame—he expired without a struggle, on the 21st of September 1832, in his sixty-second year."

We have a few observations to make on the nature of the malady which terminated the existence of this great and good man, without entering into any medical disquisition on the subject, but simply for the purpose of directing the attention of the general reader to a malady which literary men are more subject to than persons of any other avocation.

How many instances are recorded in the obituary of genius of the fatal visitation of this humiliating disease! How many awful examples of its power and its tyranny, not only over life but over all the ennobling attributes of humanity! The angel of death hovers not over the head of a man in so terrible a form; the blow is struck, and he who was but yesterday the master-spirit of his age, "the foremost man of all the world," is to-day the object of its pity, the living emblem of life and death, a melancholy spectacle of the light of intellect fading into darkness—of vitality and death,—or at least, the semblance of each in the corresponding members of the same body. Who can contemplate the fearful phenomena of power and immobility, of animation and the extinction of its attributes in the same form, and the sad exhibition of a great man's mind, tottering on the ruins of its lofty throne, and eventually brought down, "quite, quite down, to the level of the lowest capacity, without feeling the pride of reason confounded at the sight, and the softer feelings of nature utterly overpowered?"

It is indeed "a sorry sight," but yet is it one which the friends of the martyrs to literary glory but too frequently have to witness. Copernicus, Petrarck, Linnaeus, Lord Clarendon, Rousseau, Marmontel, Richardson, Steele, Phillips, Harvey, Reid, Johnson, Forster, Dr. Wollaston and Scott, are a few of the many eminent names of those who have fallen victims to excessive mental application, by paralysis or apoplexy. Are the generality of literary men sufficiently acquainted with the nature of this disorder to be able to discern its premonitory symptoms, and to obviate or diminish those predisposing causes which lead to it? We believe they are not; or if they are acquainted with its characteristics, the frequency of such attacks, unattended as they are by immediate dissolution, causes them to under-rate the importance of familiar facts, to extenuate the peril of an evil of too common occurrence, but which it is very possible to avoid, though it may not be so to remove the effects of, if once they have occurred.

Those maladies which arise from a disturbance of the nervous functions of the brain, have not only a common

character, but in a great measure an intimate connection. Apoplexy and palsy, epilepsy and hysteria, hypochondria and mania, though they stand not in the relation of cause or effect, are at least modifications of disease, arising from a morbid condition of the nervous system, and generally connected with functional disorder in the digestive organs. The three distinguishing characters of epilepsy, apoplexy, and palsy, are convulsion, coma, and loss of voluntary motion.

But all of these disorders are referred by medical writers to one common source, namely, pressure on the delicate substance of the brain, arising either from a fulness of the vessels of the head, or a rupture of them; but at all events, to a plethoric state of the brain, either chronic or acute and accidental. But we are strongly inclined to believe that this doctrine with respect to palsy, in the great majority of cases in which paralysis is the consequence of excessive mental application, is not only erroneous, but the treatment which is founded on it worse than ineffectual—even highly injurious.

The paralytic seizure in the cases we allude to, supervenes on the exhaustion of mind and body, and its conquest is over the ruins of a broken-down constitution; and so far from originating in a plethoric condition of the circulating system, its origin, we believe, and every day's experience confirms the conviction, is an imperfect supply of blood to the brain, and an irregular distribution of it. Under such circumstances, general blood-letting would certainly be an objectionable remedy—under all circumstances we fear that it is resorted to, at least on the onset, without discrimination, and without advantage. No matter whether the patient is of a sanguineous or a saturnine temperament; of a vigorous or an enervated constitution; blood-letting, even to the abstraction of pounds of this vital fluid, is fearlessly recommended to be adopted in cases wherein the principle of vitality is already half extinguished.

There may be, indeed, few cases of paralysis in which any mode of treatment has the power of preventing the recurrence of an attack eventually fatal. But we have seen many instances in which its recurrence has been prevented for a period of many years, and the patient, in the interval between the first and second seizure, left in the enjoyment of tolerable health, where the very opposite mode of treatment has been used: where the diffusible stimulants, and aromatic tonics, and aperients, had been exhibited from the commencement, combined with the strictest regularity of regimen without abstemiousness, for even generous living is compatible with the rules of a well-ordered regimen.

From Mr. Savory, formerly of Bond-street, we remember to have heard an account, eight or nine years ago, of a friend of his, a baronet, well-known in the gay world, having been seized with paralysis, and finding himself, on his return from a convivial party, suddenly deprived of speech, and the power of moving one side of his body. Either from feelings of desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, the gentleman had a bottle of port wine brought to his bed-side, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side and went to sleep. That gentleman is now living, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever was; and he still daily discusses his bottle or two of port wine with apparent impunity.

Few, we imagine, would have the folly, or the recklessness of life which this gentleman exhibited, to think, under similar circumstances, of following his example; we would not recommend them: our only wonder is, that in this instance it was not fatal. But nevertheless, how can we reconcile the impunity with which this powerful stimulant was taken at such a moment, with the notion of the malady arising from a plethoric condition of the cerebral vessels?

Dr. Powell, in an elaborate paper in the College Transactions, has brought forward a mass of evidence, to prove that paralytic affections, both partial and general, do frequently originate in a peculiar condition of the nerves alone: that they are independent of any morbid affection of the blood-vessels of the head, and that they are produced either by sympathy with irritability of the stomach, or the sudden impression of cold on the surface of the body. If this hypothesis be correct, which there is great reason to believe—namely, that it is a nervous, and not a vascular disorder—the inutilty of treating it on the principle of an inflammatory or plethoric state of the latter system is obvious, and the necessity of considering it as a disturbance of the nervous system, occasioned by the depression of its energies, and followed by an imperfect supply of blood to the brain, and an unequal distribution of it, is no less evident; and these observations will not be without advantage if one medical man is

induced to pause, before he has recourse to the lancet, in the treatment of a malady which is incidental to the exhausted vigour of a shattered constitution.

Palsy and apoplexy are so closely connected, that they stand in the relation of cause and effect; still is it difficult to say which is the precursor and which the consequence. Palsy, however, is generally looked upon as a minor degree of apoplexy, and its attacks, says Dr. Gregory, in his most admirable work on the practice of physic, is commonly preceded for several days, or even weeks, by some of the symptoms which are the forerunners of apoplexy, such as giddiness, drowsiness, numbness, dimness of sight, failure of the powers of mind, forgetfulness, and indistinctness of articulation.

But the facts which have perplexed physicians for ages remain in the same condition as they were left by Hippocrates twenty-one centuries ago. The reason why the power of sensation should remain perfect while that of voluntary motion is wholly lost is still a mystery; why the loss of that motion should be on the right-hand side of the body, while the injury in the brain, either from effusion or hæmorrhage, is on the left; and *vice versa*, on the left of the body when the pressure is on the right, we know not; we surmise, it may arise from the decussation of the nervous fibres, but we are unable to trace it. Why the senses should be hardly affected, while the mental faculties are invariably impaired, we cannot tell; we only know, that the mind which was once powerful and resolute, becomes weak and timid. The post mortem examination of those who have died of paralysis, has thrown no additional light on our knowledge of its nature. When paralysis quickly terminates in apoplexy, the ordinary appearances of the latter disorder are met with, the rupture of a vessel and serous or sanguineous extravasation; but in palsy of long standing the morbid appearance in the brain may be a discolouration of the striated portion, and a corresponding softness of its substance, serous effusions in the ventricles: but in a vast number of cases no preternatural appearance whatever is to be observed, except a flaccidity of the substance of the brain.

This was the appearance which the brain of Sir Walter Scott presented on the post mortem examination: the whole left side of the medullary substance was found in a soft and flaccid state, and globules of water were found distributed over the surface of the same side. In all probability his excessive application went on slowly producing this mischief in the brain during the last five or six years of his existence, when he was driven by his pecuniary embarrassments to literary labour, which was too much for the strength of any human being.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

With the last of the preceding notices we conclude these pages. In glancing at such parts of the biography of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Scott, as seemed to be connected with the history of their health, we endeavoured to point out its influence on the mind of each, and to show how far the power of disease had controlled the conduct, or chequered the career, of most of them.

The object we had in view was to rescue the character of men of genius from the unmerited severity which it daily encounters at the hands of shallow criticism, and also from the unmitigated censure which is bestowed upon its imperfections by the enmity of invidious ignorance.

How far we may have succeeded in the attempt, will be determined by the fate of this little work; but whatever that may be, the least partial of our judges cannot deem more humbly of the ability displayed in these pages to do justice to such a subject than we do. And we are well aware, that we have barely touched on many an important topic connected with that subject, which in abler hands might have afforded sufficient matter for its ample illustration.

But, however briefly and imperfectly our task has been accomplished, we have at least the consolation of feeling that no other but a laudable motive induced us to undertake it, and we have the greatest of all literary authorities for the opinion that great enterprises are laudable, even when they are above the strength that undertakes them.

Had we known of any other English work of a similar tendency, the present one would probably have never seen the light. Tisot's admirable treatise, "*Avis aux Gens des Lettres*," so far as it goes, leaves nothing to be desired on the subject of the health of studious people. But of all who have written on the subject of the

literary character, Currie, to our mind, in his brief life of Burns, has evinced the best knowledge of his subject. After Currie, and only not before him, because the light of medical philosophy was wanting to the "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," Burton deserves to rank. And next to these, the author of the "*Curiosities of Literature*" would probably have ranked, had the advantages, which both the others derived from their professions, been his; had he the same opportunity of tracing the analogies of mental and physical infirmities—or of speculating like Burton, daily and hourly on the effects of the latter, and of the influence of the literary malady in his own person, on the chief mental faculties. Our opinion, however, of the excellence of these authors, is to be gathered in the preceding pages from the frequent reference we have made to their works, and which, if we have failed in any instance to have acknowledged, we have done so from inadvertency.

But there is one motive we have had in view, which we did not think it necessary to parade before the reader at the outset of his perusal of these pages—namely, the opportunity which a literary subject of general interest afforded, of introducing here and there some medical observations, of sufficient importance to every literary person to deserve attention, though unfortunately of too little interest, in the form of a dry disquisition on a medical topic at any length, to engage it.

It was, therefore, our object to convey information of a medical kind, on many subjects connected with the infirmities of genius, without seeming so to do, or at least without wearying the attention of the general reader with details on any subject of a professional character. This we trust we have accomplished, and in making the lives of those eminent persons we have made choice of, the vehicle of opinions respecting the health of literary men, and its influence on their happiness: we humbly hope the delicacy of that subject has not been forgotten, and that in endeavouring to vindicate the literary character, there is nothing to be found in "*The Infirmities of Genius*" which the moralist at least may have to censure.

THE END.

EXTRACTS

FROM

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S LECTURES ON POETRY.

Poetry is the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It was the first fixed form of language; the earliest perpetuation of thought: it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valour, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was invented to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it.

The art of constructing easy, elegant, and even spirited verse, may be acquired by any mind of moderate capacity, and enriched with liberal knowledge; and those who cultivate this talent may occasionally hit upon some happy theme, and handle it with such unaccustomed delicacy or force, that for a while they outdo themselves, and produce that which adds to the public stock of permanent poetry. But habitually to frame the lay that quickens the pulse, flushes the cheek, warms the heart, and expands the soul of the hearer,—playing upon his passions as upon a lyre, and making him to feel as though he were holding converse with a spirit; this is the art of Nature herself, invariably and perpetually pleasing, by a secret and undefinable charm, which lives through all her works, and causes the very stones, as well as the stars, to cry out—

"The hand that made us is divine."

Poetry transcends music in the passion, pathos, and meaning of its movements; for its harmonies are ever united with distinct feelings and emotions of the rational soul; their associations are always clear and easily comprehensible: whereas music, when it is not allied to language, or does not appeal to memory, is simply a sensual and vague, though an innocent and highly exhilarating delight, conveying no direct improvement to the heart, and leaving little permanent impression upon the mind.

Sculpture is the noblest, but the most limited of the manual fine arts; it produces the fewest, but the greatest effects; it approaches nearest to nature, and yet can present little beside models of her living forms, and those principally in repose.

Selections

FROM

FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,

SECOND AND THIRD SERIES.

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

INTRODUCTION.

Captain Hall, since his work of Travels in America, has been, we dare say, very little more of a favourite with our readers than with ourselves; but his prejudices apart, he is a very pleasant writer, as will be seen from the following chapters selected from the second and third series of his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, the latter of which has just been issued from the British press. Too much stress is probably laid upon the name an author has acquired, when selecting a book to read. A writer sometimes woefully mistakes his own powers, while his next effort on a subject where he is at home may be entirely successful. Such is the case in the present instance; the captain got among the breakers, if we may so speak, when he wrote upon our social institutions; but fairly at sea, he is in his element, and exceedingly lively and entertaining.

The first series of his "*Fragments*" has been published some time in this country; those sketches were rather addressed to the youthful mind; the present two series are better in every respect, and are now for the first time printed here. The scenes in India, on ship board, and in company with Sir Walter Scott, are characterised by intelligence, and extensive information. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the chapters omitted relate to matters respecting which no interest is felt by our countrymen—discussing the relative duties of the various officers of the British navy, and other dry details, which the volumes would be better without for the general reader. In his descriptions of incidents the captain is surely very happy though not laconic; his pictures are almost tangible, and few will rise from their perusal without the acknowledgment of their being better informed, and in better humour with an author whom they have had previous cause to think of but slightly. Captain Hall has furnished many texts for criticism—he has not yet atoned for his wholesale aspersions, but we hope his previous malversations may not deter any one from the gratification to be derived from the following exciting details.

The London New Monthly Magazine thus characterises the second series:

"With Captain Hall's well known political opinions we have no desire to meddle in reviewing one of the most agreeable and instructive books it has ever been our fortune to peruse. Few have a more enviable tact at communicating knowledge. He has not alone skimmed the surface of things, but he has entered deeply into their nature, although it would at first appear that he satisfies himself, and seeks to satisfy others by detailing only such circumstances as are amusing and possess interest. He is thus a very profitable acquaintance, from whose long experience and eventful life rational enjoyment and useful information may be derived. There is perhaps no writer who tells an anecdote more pleasantly, or with more graphic power."

CHAPTER I.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S EMBARKATION AT PORTSMOUTH IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

Of all the voyages and travels I ever made in my life, the most interesting by far was a trip to Portsmouth, when I had the honour of attending Sir Walter Scott, to assist him in his embarkation for Italy. The circumstances were quite accidental which led to my being em-

ployed in so delightful a manner, as rendering even the slightest services to an author who has laid the whole world under such deep obligations.

The extraordinary interest which the public feel in every thing relating to this wonderful man induces me to believe that a simple narrative of the mere fact connected with his embarkation may to many prove acceptable. In due season, it is to be hoped, his accomplished son-in-law will favour the world with a complete life of Sir Walter Scott; and as it is impossible to suppose that any person can have enjoyed such ample means of studying his character, and making himself acquainted with his unedited writings, as Mr. Lockhart, we may reasonably expect a work of the highest description of literary and philosophical interest, from opportunities so favourable in the hands of a writer of taste, genius, and cultivated talents.

In the summer of 1831, it became but too well known to the public that Sir Walter Scott had suffered greatly from more than one severe attack of illness; and towards the autumn of that year it was generally understood that his medical attendants in the north strongly recommended his going abroad. There occurred much difficulty, however, in arranging this matter. In the first place, Sir Walter himself, it appears, felt extremely unwilling to move from home. Perhaps he knew quite as well as his doctors, that he had not long to live; and it is certain that he experienced a strong wish not to breathe his last away from his beloved Abbotsford—which, like one of his romantic novels, might be called the creation of his own hands! In the next place, the state of his bodily health rendered a long journey by land inexpedient, especially over the rough roads of France and Italy; and still further to add to the difficulty, great doubts arose if any of the ordinary sea conveyances would be likely to prove more suitable. The most favourable resource, and one which seemed obvious to every person but the Great Unknown himself, was a passage in a ship of war; but as he felt the strongest reluctance to making any application for such a favour, his friends in Scotland were reduced to an exceedingly awkward dilemma. The physicians, however, continued positively to declare, that Sir Walter must, by some means or other, be removed from Abbotsford, if he were to have the smallest chance of recovery. So long as he remained at home, it was clear to them, and to every one else, that his incessant literary exertions were only augmenting the alarming disease under which he was suffering.

At last, one of his most intimate friends, Mr. Robert Cadell, the publisher of his works, wrote to consult me confidentially on the occasion, entreating me to discover in what way a passage in a ship of war going to the Mediterranean might be obtained. Owing to some accident, it was late in the day before this letter was delivered to me; but, although it was long past office hours, I thought it would be wrong to stand upon etiquettes when the health of such a man was at stake. As the shortest way, therefore, of settling this pressing matter, I walked straight to the Admiralty, where I was told that the first lord, Sir James Graham, had gone to his room to dress for dinner, and could not be seen. Nevertheless I took the liberty of writing him a short note, stating that I had just received a communication from a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, the contents of which I felt extremely desirous of communicating to him without delay, from a belief that his assistance on this occasion might essentially contribute to preserve one of the most valuable lives in the country.

As I anticipated, Sir James received me instantly; and even before I had time to read half through the letter from Scotland, he assured me, that whatever was considered likely to promote Sir Walter Scott's recovery, should undoubtedly be granted by government. On my stating the afflicting details of the case, he mentioned that, as a ship was shortly to sail from for Malta a passage in her might be considered certain.

"How the details are to be arranged," added Sir James, "is of no great consequence. Leave all that to me. I am personally well acquainted with Captain Pigot of the *Barham*, which is the frigate going to the Mediterranean, and therefore, at all events, I can manage it as a private favour, should any unexpected official difficulties occur. In the meantime, as it seems to be important that Sir Walter should have as much leisure to prepare as possible, and as the ship is actually under sailing orders, I beg you will write to him at once; and pray make an effort to save to-night's post. Say to Sir Walter that his passage shall be arranged in the manner most agreeable to his wishes, and that he may set out on his journey south as soon as he can make it convenient to do so, certain that all things shall be got in readiness for him."

I wrote a letter to Sir Walter accordingly, which, by help of a swift cab, I succeeded in getting into the General Post-office at half-past seven. This was on the 13th of September.

Next day, it appears to have occurred to Sir James Graham, that although Captain Pigot, or any other officer in the Navy, would, of course, have been delighted to give Sir Walter Scott a passage in his ship, it might not be altogether agreeable to Sir Walter himself to be under such extensive personal obligations to a perfect stranger. At least, I infer, from the following note to me, that such were Sir James Graham's reflections.

(Private.)

"Admiralty, Sept. 15, 1831.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received the commands of his majesty to order a free passage in the *Barham* to Malta for Sir Walter Scott and his daughter; and I have had the greatest pleasure in communicating to Sir Walter himself, the gracious terms in which his majesty was pleased to convey his consent on this occasion.

"I have been sincerely glad of an opportunity of evincing my respect for Sir Walter on this occasion; and I thank you for giving me the information which has enabled me to prove the sincerity of these feelings.

Very faithfully yours,

(Signed)

J. R. G. GRAHAM.

"CAPTAIN BASIL HALL."

If it afforded so much pleasure to the first lord of the admiralty and others, who were merely the channels of communication through which the royal favour circulated from the throne to the most distinguished of its subjects, we may conceive the satisfaction with which our kind-hearted monarch himself exercised his power. And, probably, there never was an act of condescension more universally or more justly applauded throughout the country.

Had a similar fate befallen Shakspeare, and had his health in his latter years required the removing of a sea voyage, with what gratitude would not all posterity have looked back to the kindness and sagacity of a good Queen Bess? Had she, like our present gracious sovereign, anticipated the wishes of her subjects and their descendants, by placing a ship of war at the great poet's command! That the Author of *Waverley* will be viewed by our posterity in no small degree as we now view Shakspeare, there can be little doubt; and, probably, there will be handed down to future times no circumstance better calculated to afford lasting gratification, than the graceful conduct of his majesty upon this occasion. We might the following lines of Lord Byron, forming part of his beautiful sonnet to George IV. be addressed to his successor:

"Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such trails!

For who would raise a hand except to bless?

Were it not easy, sir, and isn't sweet,

To make thyself beloved?"

Who can forget the sensation produced at the time, by the delicacy and good taste with which the interests and convenience of a private individual were thus gracefully converted into a public concern? Every one, indeed, appeared really to feel as if a personal favour had been done to himself; and, certainly, no monarch ever gained more genuine popularity than was accorded to William IV. for this well-timed attention to the wishes of the country.

Sir Walter, from the first, had been very averse to any application being made from him to government, so that he was much relieved by understanding that the whole affair was the spontaneous and hearty act of the highest authorities, the instant it was suggested to them that his health might be benefited by the proposed change of air. At bottom, it is probable that this diffidence on his part arose more from his secret reluctance to root himself up from his house and home, his dearly beloved black-letter library, his musty papers, and his cherished plantations, in which he took infinitely more delight than in all the society and scenery of the rest of the world besides. If indeed, he would have consented to desist from overworking his mind, and could have been prevailed upon to agree for a time to pass his days in rambling about the rising woods of Abbotsford, every tree of which was planted by himself, it would have been the most gratifying thing imaginable to have sought to move him from home. But, in the fervour of his manly anxiety to fulfil his pecuniary engagements, he considered each hour mispent which did not directly contribute to the accomplishment of that noble end.

At last, the eager desire to work himself out of debt seemed to have become a sort of fascination which he could not resist. One day, Dr. Abercrombie of Edin-

burgh, (than whom none can more ably 'minister to the mind diseased,') urged upon him the necessity of greater moderation in his mental labours :

"Sir Walter," said the kind physician, "you must not write so constantly; really, sir, you must not work."

"I tell you what it is, doctor," said the Author of Waverley,—"Molly, when she puts the kettle on, might just as well say, 'Kettle—kettle, don't boil!'"

What the result might have proved had no change of residence taken place, it is perhaps idle now to consider. It is sufficient to know, that the reiterated and earnest recommendations of the ablest medical men in the country were fully acted upon; and that Sir Walter, with many a sigh, but, I suspect, no great hopes of amendment, set out from Abbotsford, and, after an easy journey, reached London.

As I had been in some degree the proximate cause of his coming to town, I instantly waited on him, and offered my services to accompany the party to Portsmouth to assist in the embarkation. A free passage, indeed, had been ordered; and I knew Captain Pigot of the Barham to be, of all the officers of the navy, one of the very best suited to do the honours to such a guest; yet experience had shown me, that on such occasions there are many little odds and ends relating to the outfit of passengers which cannot be fully understood by a perfect stranger to ship matters, but which minute details it was scarcely fair to expect the captain to attend to at the busiest of all busy moments, when preparing his ship for sea.

Sir Walter at first declined my offer, saying that he had already given me and all his other friends a great deal too much trouble. It was impossible to make him understand that what might have been considered indifferent or even troublesome in any other case, must become a high honour as well as a pleasure in his. Nor do I think he would even at the last have accepted my services, had it not been for an accidental difficulty that arose in London, for the solution of which he called me in. Some friend who, with the best intentions, no doubt, must have been totally ignorant of the state of feeling in the navy, had, it appears, suggested to Sir Walter the propriety of his making the captain of the ship some present at the end of the voyage.

"Now," said he, in some perplexity, "is this right? Is it usual in such cases? and, if so, what am I to give? It looks odd, I confess," he added, "but I wish to do all that is proper."

I of course informed him that such a thing was not only unusual and improper, but that the effect would inevitably be the very reverse of what was intended, and, so far from gratifying his host, would inevitably offend him. He looked mightily puzzled, and at last said,

"But may I not give the captain a copy of the Waverly Novels, for instance, with an autograph inscription?"

I assured him he might do this with great propriety and safety, but repeated my advice to him to keep clear of all such presents as a pipe of Madeira, or a hogshhead of sherry, which had been suggested to him. This communication appeared to relieve him so much, that, thinking I might again be useful to him, I took advantage of the opportunity to repeat my offer to accompany him to Portsmouth, adding, that I thought he ought to take me at my word, were it only to give convoy back again to those ladies of his family who did not accompany him further. This he accordingly agreed to, and on Sunday morning, the 23d of October, 1831, the party left town, in as rainy, windy, and melancholy a day as ever was seen.

No particular adventures occurred on the way, except that at one of the stages, Guildford, I think, where a short halt was made, a blind horse, when turning suddenly into the stable-yard, pushed right against Sir Walter, threw him violently to the ground, and had well-nigh killed him on the spot! What a fate would this have been, had the author of Waverley—perhaps the foremost man of all the world—been trodden to death by a decayed post-horse! And yet who shall say that, upon the whole, even such a catastrophe might not have proved a blessed exemption from much subsequent suffering and sorrow, at which the nations wept?

The mysterious influences of disease strike at the mind not less surely, though often more slowly, than those which destroy the body. Of this fatal progress he was himself probably aware, for when he related this incident to me next morning, though his account was touched with his wonted humour, I saw, or almost fancied I saw, in his tone and manner, a trace of regret that he had escaped a swifter destruction than that which, I

verily believe, he even then fully knew was darkly overtaking him.

In order to have all things ready for Sir Walter's reception, I hastened forward to Portsmouth in the Rocket coach, and having found the principal inn, the George, quite full, engaged rooms for him at the Fountain. Mr. Nance, the landlord, and the other worthy folks there, who had little expected such an honour, were so enchanted, that they prevailed on one whole family to turn out of their rooms, in order the better to accommodate Sir Walter's party.

Next morning, Captain Pigot waited on him, as he said, to receive orders, and to beg him to consider that every officer, man, and boy in the Barham, was solicitous, above all things, to render his passage agreeable. Sir Walter was much pleased with the frankness of these offers, but declared he knew nothing at all about a ship, and must trust to those of his friends who did. Upon which Captain Pigot asked the ladies if they would like to go on board the frigate to see the accommodations. But as the weather was rather rough, this was declined, and I undertook the first visit on their account.

I found that on each side of the ship a most commodious set of cabins had been put up by order of the Admiralty. Although these apartments had been very handsomely furnished by Captain Pigot, and were nearly ready for the party, he begged me again and again to look over every thing, and point out what was still wanted, stating that he would reckon it the greatest favour if I would consider him completely at Sir Walter's service. As, however he was then exceedingly busy, he requested I would take every opportunity of discovering Sir Walter's wishes, and put them in train, without consulting him.

"This," said he, "will answer the same end, and perhaps it will even be more agreeable to my illustrious guest. Do, therefore, oblige me," continued this considerate and kind-hearted officer, "by finding out either from himself or from the ladies of his family, any thing and every thing that will add to his comfort on the voyage, and let me know it; or if I be not in the way, apply to the first lieutenant, who will attend implicitly to all your suggestions. By the way, cannot you see any thing now," said he, "to remark upon? Is there nothing in these arrangements which Sir Walter might find inconvenient?"

As Captain Pigot seemed so desirous that I should remark something to add or to alter, I cast my eyes about to discover defects where every thing seemed perfect. At last I said, "It strikes me that these little gratings which form the steps of your quarter-deck ladder will bother Sir Walter, who is so dependent upon his stick, that if the point of it goes into one of these holes, he may tumble down head foremost on the main deck."

Captain Pigot merely turned to the first lieutenant and said "Mr. Walker, will you attend to that?" But before I left the ship, and indeed almost before I could have supposed the planks planed, I found the gratings gone, and solid boards substituted in their stead.

It was the same with every thing else, and a sort of magical celerity appeared to belong to the execution of Sir Walter's slightest wish, or supposition of a wish.

Many people may not be aware that there are certain things which it is usual for passengers to provide themselves with, even though ordered a free passage in a ship of war; such as beds, sheeting, and various other minor articles of furniture. These, with the captain's permission, I took care to send on board without troubling Sir Walter. When all was completed, Captain Pigot prevailed on the ladies to take a final survey of the accommodations, in order to discover whether, by possibility, any thing had been omitted which seemed calculated to be useful or agreeable to them on their passage. The orders of the admiralty, however, had been so precise; the dock-yard people had worked so well; and the captain and officers of the ship had taken so much pains with all the details; that not the smallest omission could be spied out. We had only therefore to corroborate the captain's report to Sir Walter, that all was ready for him to embark whenever the wind should shift.

While these things were going on afloat, every person on shore seemed to vie with his neighbour in doing honour to the illustrious stranger. The lieutenant-governor, Sir Colin Campbell, and the other local authorities, called upon him almost as if he had been a royal personage, to place at his disposal all the means in their power to render his stay at Portsmouth pleasant. The port-admiral, Sir Thomas Foley, waited on him to say, that his yacht, the Sylph, and the flag-ship's barge, were at his orders, should he or his family wish to sail about. The commissioner, also, Sir Michael Seymour, offered his

services, and begged to know if there was any thing in the dock-yard which he wished to see.

"I am so weak myself," said Sir Walter, "that I cannot hope to visit your establishment; but I believe some of my family are anxious to see an anchor made."

Nothing more passed, but next day a message was received to say that a large anchor was to be forged, if the ladies would name the hour.

The lords of the admiralty happened to be at Portsmouth on a tour of inspection, and they too waited upon Sir Walter to learn if any thing further could be done to meet his wishes. An idea at that time prevailed that an armament was about to be fitted out against Holland, or, at all events, it was supposed the ships at Spithead and Plymouth might be called away to rendezvous at the Downs. When this news came, I remember thinking that I had detected a lurking sort of hope on Sir Walter's part, that the frigate prepared for his reception would be one of those ordered away, and that he might thus have an excuse for not leaving the country. To the measure of removing him from home, indeed, as far as I could see, he never gave his hearty concurrence, though he submitted to the positive dictation of his physicians, and the earnest entreaties of his friends. This glimpse of hope of an interruption to his banishment, as I heard him call it once, and only once, was demolished by a demi-official notification from the high authorities charged with the regulation of such affairs, who happened to be still present, that the Barham should not be diverted from her original destination except in the last extremity, for while there could be found another available ship in England, Sir Walter Scott might reckon on nothing interfering with his plans.

I observed a very slight shrug of the shoulders, and a transient expression of provocation in his countenance, as this flattering message was delivered to him; but it instantly passed off, and he expressed himself in the highest degree flattered by such attention. It is pleasing and instructive to recollect, that from the hour of this communication to the moment of his sailing, his spirits appeared to recover their wonted elasticity. The evil—so he had viewed the necessity of leaving home—was now inevitable, and he made up his mind to meet it; though I am persuaded he had not the slightest hope of deriving any benefit from the voyage. I one day heard him mention how curious it was that two of our greatest novelists had gone abroad only to die—Fielding and Smollet. And the same evening he asked me to step over to Mr. Harrison's, the bookseller, to get for him Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*. "That little book," said he, "the last he wrote, is one of the most entertaining and wittiest of all Fielding's productions, though written during a period of great pain and sickness. Indeed," he continued, "I hardly know any more amusing book of travels than Fielding has contrived to compose out of a subject apparently so scanty and threadbare as a voyage down the Thames, through the Downs to St. Helen's Roads, and then across the Bay of Biscay."

One day, speaking of the knights of Malta, he begged me to send for a history of that island; and as the waiter was going off to the bookseller's some one called out, "Tell Mr. Harrison to send over also any amusing works he has at hand."

"If we do not take care," said another, "they will send us a pile of the Waverly Novels."

"Ay!" cried out the author himself, "that would be sending coals to Newcastle indeed!"

Nothing could be more good-natured than the manner in which he allowed himself to be made the lion. The Portsmouth Philosophical Society, feeling naturally desirous to enrol such a name on their list of members, wrote to request that honour. By some accident, however, the deputation charged with this communication arrived at the Fountain Inn when Sir Walter was in the middle of dinner.

"Shall I say that you will receive them by and by, sir?" I asked, "or to-morrow morning?"

"Oh no," said he, "they may feel disappointed—or perhaps they may have a meeting to-night—show them in, I pray."

In they came accordingly; and as the opportunity was too good to be omitted of getting a sight of Sir Walter Scott, the deputation of philosophers was by no means a small one. He talked, however, to each of these gentlemen, appeared to take the greatest interest in the history of their town and its curiosities; and having drank a glass of wine with them, and shaken hands with each, he dismissed them, enchanted with his urbanity and good-nature.

One day, when the ladies were setting out to return

the visit of Lady and the Miss Seymours in the dock-yard, he said,

"Some of you write my name on a card, and leave it with Sir Michael Seymour for me, as I cannot conveniently go so far. No—stay," cried he, with one of his sly looks of good humour at his own ingenuity, "give me the pen—I'll write it myself—the young ladies may wish to have it as an autograph."

Though Sir Walter walked but little, and with some difficulty, he appeared to have no objection to seeing company. The Fountain accordingly overflowed all day long. Every mortal that could by any means get an introduction, and some even without, paid their respects; and during the last three days, when his spirits revived, he had something to say to every visiter. He declined seeing no one, and never showed any thing but the most cordial good will, even to those who came professedly to see the show. One day an old acquaintance of mine, a seaman of the name of Bailey, the admiral's messenger, after much humming and hawing, and excuse-making, asked whether it were possible for him to get a sight of Sir Walter Scott, "in order to hear him speak." Nothing, I told him, was more easy; for when, as usual, he brought the letters from the post-office, he had only to send up word to say, that he wished to deliver them in person. Next morning, accordingly, the waiter said to me at the breakfast-table, "Bailey, sir, says he must deliver Sir Walter's letters to himself, and that you told him so." Sir Walter looked towards me and laughed; but when the honest fellow's wishes were explained, he desired him to be sent up, and, shaking hands with him, said, "I hope you are satisfied now you have heard me speak."

"I sent three men off yesterday, sir," said Bailey, "to enter for the Barham—all because you are going in her."

"They'll at all events find a good ship and a good captain, that I am very sure of," replied Sir Walter.

"That's something of a compliment, certainly," he continued, when the door was shut; but I hold that the greatest honour yet which has been paid to my celebrity was by a fishmonger in London last week, who was applied to by the servant of the house in which I was living for some cod, I believe, for dinner; but it being rather late in the day, there was none left. On the servant's mentioning who it was wanted for, the fishmonger said that altered the matter, and that if a bit was to be had in London for love or money, it should be at my disposal. Accordingly, the man himself actually walked up with the fish all the way from Billingsgate to Sussex Place, in the Regent's Park. Now, if that is not substantial literary reputation, I know not what is!"

Sir Walter's health was such that he could take but little exercise. He complained chiefly of weakness in his legs; but he managed generally once a day to walk for about half an hour on the ramparts between the platform and the southeast bastion, that on which the flag-staff is planted. He used generally to rise between six and seven, and then to come to the drawing-room, where he commenced writing his diary in a thick quarto book bound in calf-skin. I took care always to be up and dressed before he left his room, ready to give him my arm, without which assistance he found it difficult at times to get along. I saw him once attempt to walk, without even his stick, from the breakfast table to that on which his writing-desk stood; but he made poor work of it, and I heard him say, as he crept along, with more bitterness of tone than usually entered into his expressions, "It is hard enough (or odd enough) that I should now be just beginning again, at sixty years of age, what I left off, after my severe illness, at ten."

He said to me one morning, pointing to his MS. book, "Do you keep a diary? I suppose, of course, you have kept one all your life?" I mentioned what my practice had been in that respect, and added something about the difficulty of writing any thing while engaged with the printer's devils.

"Ay! ay! that's true," he ejaculated, with a sigh—"too true. For I fear that a great part of my present illness has been brought on by too much working. Let me warn you, captain, it is a very dangerous thing to over-work."

He then began a conversation about his affairs; and upon my accidentally mentioning the name of his publisher, Mr. Robert Cadell of Edinburgh, he said, with another sigh, "Ah! if I had been in our excellent friend Cadell's hands during all the course of my writing for the public, I should now undoubtedly have been worth a couple of hundred thousand pounds, instead of having to work myself to pieces to get out of debt."

I ventured to remark, that, but for the illness of which he spoke, it was perhaps all the better; for, ever since the period of his difficulties, he had been influenced by a

more generous and disinterested motive for exertion than any which a mere wish to make money could supply.

"Perhaps so," he answered; "no writer should ever make money his sole object, or even his chief object. Money-making is not the proper business of a man of letters. Yet, on the other hand, the professed money-making gentlemen (my creditors I mean) must admit, that although I have been working in their line lately, it has been for their benefit, not my own. In fact, as I said before, I think I have overdone the thing, and may have brought on some of this illness by excess of mental exertion. Where it will all end, I know not. I am giving myself a chance, I understand, by making this journey—and one can die any where."

"It occurs to me," I observed, "that people are apt to make too much fuss about the loss of fortune, which is one of the smallest of the great evils of life, and ought to be amongst the most tolerable."

"Do you call it a small misfortune to be ruined in money matters?" he asked.

"It is not so painful, at all events, as the loss of friends."

"I grant that," he said.

"As the loss of character."

"True again."

"As the loss of health."

"Ay, there you have me," he muttered to himself, in a tone so melancholy that I wished I had not spoken.

"What is the loss of fortune to the loss of peace of mind?" I continued.

"In short," said he playfully, "you will make it out that there is no harm in a man's being plunged over head and ears in a debt he cannot remove."

"Much depends, I think, on how it was incurred, and what efforts are made to redeem it—at least, if the sufferer be a right-minded man."

"I hope it does," he said, cheerfully and firmly.

In order to give the subject a bend towards something less serious, I observed, that I thought a whilow on the tip of an author's fore-finger on the right hand (which was my case at the moment) was no small misfortune.

"Yes," remarked Sir Walter; "for it certainly is any thing but an amusement to write with the left hand."

It may be interesting to persons engaged in literary pursuits to mention, that several years before the period of which I am now speaking, when Sir Walter Scott dined with me in Edinburgh, I took an opportunity of asking him how many hours a-day he could write for the press with effect.

"I reckon," he answered, "five hours and a half a-day as very good work for the mind, when it is engaged in original composition. I can very seldom reach six hours; and I suspect that what is written after five or six hours' hard mental labour is not worth much."

I asked him how he divided these hours.

"I try to get two or three of them before breakfast," he said, "and the remainder as soon after as may be, so as to leave the afternoon free to walk, or ride, or read, or be idle."

This conversation, it is material to observe, took place in Edinburgh, before Sir Walter gave up his office as clerk of session, and his answers, I suspect, referred chiefly to those holiday portions of the year which he spent at Abbotsford when the court was not sitting. But, from something he said at the time, I was led to infer that he adopted the same limitations on his mental labours even when fixed in Edinburgh by the law courts. The duties of his office being of a light or mechanical nature, which required no great effort of thought, were probably not taken into the calculation.

But after he quitted the court of session, and was left completely free, I have reason to believe that his intense and chivalrous anxiety to disentangle himself from debts, which would have driven most other men to despair, led him greatly to exceed the judicious limits he formerly considered necessary, not only to his health, but, according to his own showing, to the good quality of his writings. I have even heard, that, latterly, with the same noble spirit, he sometimes actually worked for ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a-day, instead of five or six! And from many expressions he let fall at Portsmouth, I am satisfied that he ascribed the demolition of his health mainly to this cause.

I have already mentioned, that during the last three days of his detention at Portsmouth by contrary winds, Sir Walter rallied or plucked up, as it is called, amazingly; looked and talked with cheerfulness, cracked his jokes, and told his old stories, with almost as much brilliancy as I ever remember to have witnessed before. He began about that time also to speak of the voyage with interest, and his eye sparkled as in old times, when he mentioned

the probability of his visiting the pyramids of Egypt, and perhaps Athens and Constantinople. At such moments, and while he was sitting down, a stranger might have imagined there was nothing the matter with him; but when he rose, or attempted to rise, his weakness became distressingly manifest. One evening, after he had been chatting for an hour with the greatest vivacity, he expressed a wish to retire; but although I gave him my arm, and did all I could to assist him, it was not till the third attempt that he gained his feet. While endeavouring to rise, he muttered, "This weakness increases me, confound it!" And after a pause, he added, "It is rather hard, that just at the moment—at the very first moment of my whole life, that I could call myself free to go any where or do any thing I pleased, I should be knocked up in this style, and prevented from even crossing the street, were the greatest curiosity in the world placed there."

Next morning, however, the 28th of October, when I was sitting in the drawing-room, about half-past six or seven o'clock, in he stepped stoutly enough; and waving his stick, he called to me to give him my arm, as the morning was fine, that he might take a walk on the ramparts. On reaching the platform, he turned round and said,

"Now show me the exact spot where Jack the painter was hanged."

I pointed out the locality, now occupied by a post or pilot-beacon on the inner part of Blackhouse Point, in which I remembered having seen Jack's bones hanging in chains more than nine-and-twenty years before, when I first went to sea as a wee middy. He seemed so familiar with all Jack the painter's exploits, and especially his setting fire to the dock-yard, that I asked if he had been reading about him lately. "Not for these last thirty or forty years, certainly," he answered.

As we strolled along the ramparts, he looked often towards Spithead, and at last he stopped, and desired me to show him where the celebrated Royal William used to lie during the war.

"Where did the Royal George go down?" he next asked.

I pointed out to him the buoy; upon which, as I was telling his memory, he murmured, in a voice scarcely audible, a line or so of Cowper's verses on that melancholy catastrophe;—

"His fingers held the pen, his sword"—

"No!" said he correcting himself, "that won't do!"

"His sword was in its sheath—

His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down

With twice four hundred men."

He was in great glee during the whole of this walk, and told some five or six of his best stories, and all in a very best manner. Most of these, indeed, I had heard before; but their dress was new, and their points were as sharp as ever. One, however, he told about himself, which I had not heard till then, though I think it has since been published in one of the volumes of the new edition of the Waverley novels. At the age of two years, it seems, he was placed under the charge of a nursery-maid, and sent to his grand-uncle's in the country, for the benefit of his health, he being then in a very feeble and rickety state. "My ailments, however," he went on to relate, "were nearly being brought to a speedy conclusion, for my nurse, whose head appears to have been turned by some love craze or another, resolved to put me to death. In this view, she carried me to the moor, and having laid me on the heather, pulled out her scissors, and made the necessary preparations for cutting my throat."

"Well, sir," said I, astonished at the cool manner in which he described the process, "what deterred her?"

"I believe," replied he, "that the infant smiled in her face, and she could not go on."

"Would not this moment in the history of the author of Waverley form a good subject for a picture?" said some one to whom I related the story. Which question, by the way, reminds me, that Sir Walter, most good-naturedly, allowed me one morning to make a set of camera lucida sketches of him standing, as he said, "all his imperfections on his feet." My brother, Mr. James Hall, a young artist in London, having conceived the novel and bold idea of representing Sir Walter exactly as he appeared in company, without any of the triviances by which other painters have studiously concealed the defect of his right foot, he begged me to secure some careful jottings with the camera for this purpose. I told Sir Walter the reason why I wished

sketch him, leg and all; at which he laughed repeatedly, and said his young friend's idea was not a bad one. While I was putting the apparatus in order, he said to himself, "I wonder what sort of a defect it was that old Æsop had?" I asked if his lameness had ever given him any inconvenience as a boy? "No, scarcely any," he replied; "I used to climb up and down all the most difficult parts of the Castle Rock of Edinburgh with any boy at the school."

Upon another occasion I heard him say,

"An illness, when I was not above two years old, brought on this disagreeable lameness of mine," touching his foot with his stick as he spoke; "and I remember quite well, that there was an idea that I might be cured by having my whole body wrapped up in a raw sheep's skin. The unpleasant sensation caused by the contact of the sin, just taken from the animal's back and applied to my body, I shall never forget. I don't fancy it did me much good."

Immediately after breakfast, on the morning of the 29th of October, Captain Pigot landed from the Barham, to mention to Sir Walter Scott, that although the wind was not, strictly speaking, fair—inasmuch as it was a dead calm—yet he thought the opportunity should be taken to embark. Sir Walter was all compliance, and appeared, indeed, rejoiced to get away. "We have been kept here as prisoners at large during the last week, and I long to get into what you call blue water, Captain Pigot. Pray give my compliments to the commissioner, and say I shall feel obliged to him to send the barge which he offered, to take us on board."

But while he spoke, Mr. Gayton, the flag-lieutenant, came in with Admiral Sir Thomas Foley's compliments, to say, that on his hearing that the Barham was ready, and that Captain Pigot had gone to announce that it was time to embark, the signal had been made to the Britannia to send her barge, to convey Sir Walter Scott and his family to Spithead.

He himself was soon ready; but the rest of the party, who had trunks to pack, and other dispositions to make, necessarily took longer time. Meanwhile, the author of Waverley sat in the drawing-room in the highest spirits I ever remember to have seen him—chatting with every one who came in about his voyage, the beauty of the day, and the kindness of the king, the admiralty, the admiral, the captain of his ship, and, in short, he exclaimed, laughing, "It is really quite ridiculous the fuss you are all making about one person." Ever and anon, as any one came into the room to pick up things, he was sure to fire off some good-humoured scold about the sin of tardiness, and the proverbial length of time it took to get ladies under-weigh, with their endless bonnets and band-boxes. No one of us escaped, indeed, male or female. But there ran through all his observations such an air of humour and drollery, mixed occasionally with a slight dash of caustic sarcasm, in the funny style of his own dear Antiquary, that the resemblance was at times complete. I never remember to have seen Sir Walter more cheerful, and even animated, than he was on the morning of his embarkation; and in fact, there appeared so little trace of illness, that the hopes of his ultimate and full recovery seemed, for the hour, to rest on surer foundations than ever.

At a little after eleven in the forenoon he stepped into the barge at the Sally Port, and was rowed off to Spithead on a most beautiful morning. The surface of the sea appeared to have tranquillised itself for the occasion—for I scarcely ever before saw Spithead, even in summer, so smooth or so completely without swell. The whole surface of the immense anchorage lay as polished in appearance as the speculum of a telescope, while the only ripple visible in any direction was that which glanced far off to the right and left from the oars, and from the barge's cutwater, as she glided, with a faint hissing noise, faster than I remember to have known a boat rowed before. For the men, who seemed well aware of the honour done them, gave way together in such style, that their oars bent like bows, while Sir Walter pointed to the beauties of the Isle of Wight, looked long at Haslar Hospital, asked minutely about the pilotage round the different buoys on the shoals, and made us explain the distinction between the anchorages of St. Helen's, Spithead, and the Mother Bank. Nothing escaped him, and it was

really quite satisfactory to see our venerable friend, at the hour of parting, apparently so light-hearted and contented.

On reaching the Barham, we found, that although an accommodation ladder had been fitted, the officers, with the ready consideration of men of business, had slung an arm-chair, that Sir Walter might have the option of walking up or being hoisted in. He preferred the chair as less fatiguing; and as we adjusted the apparatus, I observed that a new and stouter rope than usual had been rove for the occasion. This precaution may have been accidental, but it was quite in keeping with the incessant and eager desire manifested by every person on board to do honour to their illustrious guest.

After he had looked over the cabins intended for his accommodation, with which he expressed himself very much pleased, he came again on deck, and sat abaft the mizen-mast in conversation with his family till it was time to take leave, as a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was getting quickly under-weigh.

I shall not soon forget the great man's last look, while he held his friends successively by the hand, as he sat on the deck of the frigate, and wished us good-bye one after another, in a tone which showed that he at least knew all hope was over!

During the week, when I was in attendance upon Sir Walter Scott at Portsmouth, I had frequent opportunities of speaking to him about his different novels, a subject upon which I was glad to find he had no objection to converse. I mentioned to him one day, that I considered myself very fortunate in having become the possessor of his original manuscript of the Antiquary. His observation was very remarkable. "I am glad of that, for it is the one I like best myself, and if you will let me have it for a few minutes, I shall be glad to write a word or two upon it to that effect."

I told him it was in town, but that I should write off for it express, and hoped to receive it in time. Meanwhile, I asked him one or two questions about the Antiquary, and begged to know if it had cost much trouble in the composition.

"None whatever," was his reply; "I wrote it 'currente calamo' from beginning to end."

I asked him if he had ever actually witnessed or known of any scene resembling that of the baronet and his daughter going round the headland, and nearly being swept away by the tide coming in?

"O no!" he said, rather impatiently, I thought, as if the whole were obviously imaginative.

I next asked him if ever he had been present at such a scene as that in the hut of the fisherman, whose son is represented as lying dead in his coffin?

"No," he replied; "not exactly as there described; not exactly in all respects. I have, however, been in cottages upon similar occasions."

"Is Rab Tull, sir, the parish clerk, a real name; for, I observe at page 65 of the first volume of the MS. that this person's name was originally written Rab Dozend?"

"No," he said, "it is not a real name. Tull is a common name in that part of the country—Dundee."

He laughed when he repeated the word Dozend, but said he could not recollect why he had changed it to Tull. I did not like to tease him with further questions.

By the mail early next morning I received the precious MS. and having taken my station in the drawing-room, an hour before the usual time of Sir Walter's appearance, in order to secure the fulfilment of his promise, I waited impatiently till he came in. I was delighted to see him looking hearty and cheerful, as if he had passed a good night; and as soon as he had taken his station at the writing-desk, I placed the autograph manuscript of the Antiquary before him, and reminded him of his offer to state in it the reasons of his preference of that novel.

He at once took his pen, and, in the course of somewhat less than an hour, wrote two pages. When he had finished, I said,

"You would add great value to this writing, Sir Walter, if you would be so kind as to put your name to it." He instantly wrote his signature.

"The date also," I added, "would give it still further value."

"True," he replied; "I had forgotten that." And, resuming his pen, he wrote, "Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831."

The following is a copy, word for word, of this very curious document, which possesses a high degree of interest, not only from its being the very last thing he wrote on the shores of England, but from its containing a pleasing glimpse of that matchless vigour of thought, linked with bewitching playfulness of humour, which, in the opinion of many people, distinguish the Antiquary above all his other works.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL,

"As the wind seems determinately inflexible, I cannot employ my spare time better than in making a remark or two on this novel, which, as you are kind enough to set an ideal value upon [it] will perhaps be enhanced in that respect, by receiving any trifling explanations and particulars, (and by your learning) that among the numerous creatures of my imagination, the author has had a particular partiality for the Antiquary. It is one of the very few of my works of fiction which contains a portrait from life, and it is the likeness of a friend of my infancy, boyhood, and youth—a fact detected at the time by the acuteness of Mr. James Chalmers, solicitor at law in London. This gentleman, remarkable for the integrity of his conduct in business, and the modesty of his charges, had been an old friend and correspondent of my father's, in his more early and busy days; and he continued to take an interest in literary matters to the end of a life prolonged beyond the ordinary limits. He took, accordingly, some trouble to discover the author; and when he read the Antiquary, told my friend, William Erskine, that he was now perfectly satisfied that Walter Scott, of whom personally he knew really nothing, was the author of these mysterious works of fiction; for that the character of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarrow, was drawn from the late George Constable of Wallace Craigie of Dundee, who dined, when in Edinburgh, twice or thrice with my father every week, and used to speak of my sayings and doings as [those of] a clever boy. I was extremely surprised at this detection, for I thought I had taken the utmost care to destroy every trace of personal resemblance. I had no reason to suspect that any one in London could have recollected my friend, who had been long dead, and [who had] lived in strict retirement during the last years of his life. I took an opportunity to enquire after the general recollection which survived of my old friend, on an occasion when I chanced to be 'o'er the water,' as we say. His house was in ruins, his property feued for some commercial [purpose,] and I found him described less as a humourist—which was his real character—than as a miser and a misanthrope, qualities which merely tinged his character. I owed him much for the kindness with which he treated me. I remember particularly, when I resided for a time at Prestonpans with my aunt, Miss Janet Scott—one of those excellent persons who devote their ease and leisure to the care of some sick relation—George Constable chose to fix his residence [in the neighbourhood]—I have always thought from some sneaking kindness for my aunt, who, though not in the van of youth, had been a most beautiful woman. At least, we three walked together every day in the world, and the Antiquary was my familiar companion. He taught me to read and understand Shakespeare. He explained the field of battle of Prestonpans, of which he had witnessed the horrors from a safe distance. Many other books he read to us, and showed a great deal of dramatic humour, [I have mentioned [this] in the recent, or author's edition [of the Waverley Novels,] but less particularly than I would wish you to know.

"The sort of preference which I gave, and still give, this work, is from its connection with the early scenes of my life.—And here am I seeking health at the expense of travel, just as was the case with me in my tenth year. Well! I am not the first who has ended life as he began, and is bound to remember with gratitude those who have been willing to assist him in his voyage, whether in youth or age, amongst whom I must include old George Constable and yourself—

"WALTER SCOTT"

"Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831."

CHAPTER II.

EXCURSION TO CANDELAIR LAKE IN Ceylon.

The fervid activity of our excellent admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, in whose flag-ship I served as lieutenant from 1812 to 1815 on the Indian station, furnished abundant materials for journal-writing, had we only known how to profit by them. There was ever observable a boyish hilarity about this great officer which made it equally delightful to serve officially under him, and to enjoy his friendly companionship; in either case, we always felt certain of making the most of our opportunities.

Scarcely, had we returned from alligator hunt, near Trincomalee, when Sir Samuel applied himself to the collector of the district, who was chief civilian of the place, and begged to know what he would recommend us to see next.

"Do you care about antiquities?" said the collector.

"Of course," replied the admiral, "provided they be genuine and worth seeing. What have you got to show us in that way? I thought this part of the country had been a wild jungle from all time, and that the English were only now bringing it into cultivation."

"On the contrary," observed our intelligent friend, "there are manifest traces, not very far off, of a dense and wealthy population. At all events, the inhabitants appear to have understood some of the arts of life, for they formed a huge tank or pond for the purpose of irrigation; so large, indeed, that there still exists, in one corner of it, a sheet of water extensive enough to deserve the name of a lake."

"Let us go and see it," exclaimed the admiral. "Can we ride? Order the horses; who minds the heat of the sun?" For, like almost all new comers, Sir Samuel cared nothing for exposure, and laughed at the precautions of more experienced residents. It was this habitual indifference which, I believe, two years after the period I am now speaking of, cost him his life. When travelling in the interior of India, near Seringapatam, he reached a station at which a fresh set of palankeen-bearers were to have met him, but where, owing to some accident, they had not been posted. "It matters not," cried the energetic chief, "let us walk." And sure enough he set off, to perform on foot a stage which even on horseback it might have been dangerous to undertake; for the sun had risen nearly to the meridian, and there was hardly a breath of wind. Possibly no mischief might have ensued from this fatal march, had not the admiral been previously residing for some days in Tipoo Sultan's palace on the island of Seringapatam, the most unhealthy spot in Mysore; and it appears to be a curious circumstance connected with the malaria of that noxious district, that its effects frequently lie dormant till some time after the traveller has quitted the region in which he breathed it. Sir Samuel Hood did not escape; but he felt no inconvenience till after he descended the Ghauts and entered the Carnatic. At Madras, the jungle fever, of which the fatal seeds had been sown at Seringapatam, and quickened into growth by subsequent exposure, attacked our noble friend, and in a few days carried him off.

The collector of Trincomalee soon satisfied the admiral that an expedition to Candela Lake, as the ancient tank of the natives was called, could not be undertaken quite so speedily. Boats and horses indeed were all ready, and tents could easily be procured; but it was likewise necessary to prepare provisions, to pack up clothes, and to send forward a set of native pioneers to clear the way through brushwood otherwise impenetrable. The admiral was in such ecstasies at the prospect of an adventure which was to cost some trouble, that he allowed nobody rest till every thing had been put in train. Early in the morning of the next day but one, we accordingly set out in several of the flag-ship's boats, accompanied by a mosquito fleet of native canoes to pilot and assist us. Lady Hood, whom no difficulties could daunt, accompanied Sir Samuel; the captain of his ship, and his flag-lieutenant, with the collector as pilot, and one or two others, made up the party; and our excursion, though nearly destitute of adventures vulgarly so called, proved one of the most interesting possible.

The early part of our course lay over the smooth and beautiful harbour of Trincomalee, after which we passed through a series of coves forming what is called the lake of Tamblegam, a connecting bay or arm of the sea, though far out of sight of the main ocean. We soon lost ourselves amid innumerable little islands clad thickly in the richest mantles of tropical foliage down to the water's edge, and at many places even into the water; so that, as not a stone or the least bit of ground could

be seen, these fairy islets appeared actually to float on the surface. This kind of scenery was not altogether new to many of our party, who had been in the West Indies and at Bermuda; but it belonged to that class which the eye of a traveller never becomes tired of. The scene which followed, however, proved new enough to us all. We had to row our boats through a dense aquatic forest of mangroves for nearly a mile, along a narrow lane cut through the wood expressly for us the day before by the natives. These fantastical trees, which grow actually in the water, often recall to the imagination those villages one sees in countries liable to frequent inundation, where each house is perched on the top of piles. We saw with astonishment clusters of oysters and other shell-fish clinging to the trunk and branches, as well as to the roots of these trees, which proves that the early voyagers were not such inventors of facts as folks suppose them, nor far wrong in reporting that they had seen fish growing, like fruit, on trees!

Shortly before entering this watery wilderness, we encountered a party of native pearl-divers; and the admiral, who was at all times most provokingly sceptical as to reported wonderful exploits, pulled out his watch, and insisted on timing the best diver amongst them, to see how long he could remain under water. In no case did the poor fellow make out a minute complete; upon which the admiral held up his watch exultingly in his triumph, and laughing to scorn the assurances that at other parts of the island divers might be found who could remain five minutes at the bottom. "Show me them! show me them!" cried he, "and then, but not till then—begging your pardon—I shall believe it."

This challenge, I am sorry to say, was never answered. The method used by these divers is to place between their feet a basket loaded with one or two large lumps of coral, the weight of which carries them rapidly to the bottom. The oysters being then substituted for the stones, the diver disengages his feet, and shoots up to the surface again, either bringing the full basket with him, or leaving it to be drawn up by a line.

Nothing could be imagined more wild and Arabian-Night-like than the mangrove avenue through which we rowed, or rather paddled, for the strait was so narrow that there was no room for the oars when pushed out to their full length. The sailors, therefore, were often obliged to catch hold of the branches and roots of the trees, to draw the boats along. The foliage, as may be supposed where perennial heat and moisture occur in abundance, spread overhead in such extraordinary luxuriance, that few of the sun's rays could penetrate the massy net-work of leaves and branches forming the roof of our fairy passage. Not a single bird could be seen, either seated or on the wing; nor was even a chirp distinguishable above the dreamy hum of millions of mosquitoes floating about in a calm so profound, that it seemed as if the surface of the water had never been disturbed since the creation. The air, though cool, felt so heavy and choky, that by the time we had scrambled to the end of this strange tunnel or watery lane, we could scarcely breathe, and were rejoiced to enter the open air again,—although, when we came out, the sun "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky," and beat fiercely and hotly upon the parched ground, from which every blade of grass had been scorched away.

The village of Tamblegam, to which we soon came, is inhabited by a colony of Hindoo emigrants from the coast of Malabar. It is a neat little place, of which the huts, formed chiefly of branches of the tamarind-tree and leaves of the plantain, standing under prodigiously high cocoa-nuts, are so very diminutive, that the whole looks more like a child's toybox village than the residence of grown people. The principal edifice, which we failed not to visit forthwith, is a pagoda built of stone, exactly ten feet square. Not fancying there could be any harm in taking such a liberty, we entered the pagoda unceremoniously, and one of our artists set to work sketching the bronze image which the natives worship as a deity. This strange figure is in pretty good keeping with the rest of the establishment, being not quite three inches in height. But the Hindoos were shocked at our impiety, and soon ousted the admiral and his party, who then turned towards a little tank or pool of water, beautifully spangled over with the leaves and flowers of the water-lily, or lotus, so celebrated in Persian poetry. In the midst of these, several elegant groups of Indian girls had assembled themselves, and appeared to be enjoying the coolness of the water in a style which we envied not a little.

The eastern fashion of bathing differs much from ours. Instead of plunging in and swimming about, one person sits down, while others pour pitchers of water over the

head. We took notice also of one particularly interesting party of young and most beautifully formed damsels, who waded in till the water reached nearly to their breasts. Each of these girls held in her hands a clay or water-pot, shaped somewhat like an Etruscan vase, the top of which barely showed itself above the level of the pool. Upon a signal being given by one of the party, all the girls ducked out of sight, and at the same time raised their water-jars high in the air. In the next instant, just as their heads began to reappear above the surface, the vessels were simultaneously inclined so that the water might pour out gradually, and in such measure that by the time the bathers again stood erect, the inverted jars might be quite empty. Nothing could be more graceful than the whole proceedings; and we sat in the shade of the pagoda looking at these nymphs for half an hour in great admiration, and thinking what a fine subject such beautiful figures would have formed for sculpture.

In the mean time a slender pole, forty feet in height, had been erected by a set of native tumblers, who presently exhibited before us various feats of extraordinary agility and strength—some of these are almost too curious to be believed by those who are not aware of the flexibility and dexterity of the Hindoos. We were most surprised and amused by the exploits of a lady of forty, which is considered a very old age in that climate, who ran up the pole more like a monkey than a human being, and then sticking herself on the top horizontally like a weathercock, whirled herself round to the great astonishment of the European beholders. What tickled us particularly on this occasion was the good lady accompanying her strange movements with a noise so easily like that of our old and respected friend Punch, who drubbed by his faithful wife Judy, that we all burst out laughing. Our shout occasioned a momentary embarrassment to the tumbler, who little guessed, poor old soul, how far off the point of the joke lay. Every traveller, I am sure, must have remarked, that it is these chance touches of home interest which most strongly excite his feelings when wandering in distant countries, and where he least expects to have his national sympathies awakened.

As the sun had by this time fallen past that particular angle in the sky above which it is considered by its bearers inexpedient to travel, we nestled ourselves into our respective palankeens, and proceeded on the journey through what seemed to us a very respectable forest growing on lands which had once been under the plough, but apparently very long ago. To our inexperienced eyes and European associations, it seemed as if a century at least must have elapsed from the time such a mass of wood first supplanted the labours of the husbandman; but our friend the collector soon explained to us, that any spot of ground in that rich district were neglected for a very few years, natural trees, as tall as those we now admired so much, would soon shoot up spontaneously and occupy all the soil. We shook our heads at this with the confident scepticism of ignorance, and exchanged glances amongst ourselves at the expense of our official companion; but in the course of a few hours we were compelled, by the evidence of our own eyes, to alter our note of disbelief. On coming to the real untouched virgin forest of the climate, we beheld a most noble spectacle indeed, in the way of scenery, such as I at least had never seen before, and have but rarely met with since. I do not recollect the names of the principal trees, though they were mentioned to us over and over again; nor does it matter much, for these would not help the description. The grand Banyan, however, with which European eyes have become so correctly familiar through the pencil of Daniell, (which is quite matchless in the representation of the scenery, people, and animals of India,) rose on every side, and made us feel, even more decidedly than the cocoa-nut trees had done in the morning, that we were indeed in another world. I may remark, that the cocoa-nut, as far as I know, flourishes only near the shore. It seems, indeed, to delight in holding out its slender and feathery arms to embrace the sea-breeze as it passes. All my associations, at least, connected with the appearance of the graceful tree, are mingled up with the cheerful sound of the surf breaking along interminable lines of snow-white beaches, formed of coral sand and pebbles torn by the waves from the ledges almost every where fringing the coasts of the ever-delicious islands of the east.

Shortly after we had left the Indian village, the night fell, and while we were threading the gigantic forest by the light of torches, the only thing at all like an atmosphere promised to occur to us: but it ended in nothing. The party consisted of six palankeens, each attended by

eight bearers, though only four at a time, or at most six, supported the poles; there trotted along by the side of the bearers between two and three dozen coolies or porters, carrying provisions and torches.

With a mixture of vague alarm and curiosity we now listened to the accounts of wild elephants in these woods, though in the morning we had heard the same stories with indifference and incredulity; while the old hands of the party, who had felt rather piqued at our distrust of their marvellous narrations, pointed out with malicious satisfaction the recent foot-marks of these undisputed and formidable lords of the manor.

Sir Samuel and Lady Hood, with some of their staff, had left their palankeens and walked forward on the path, which barely admitted two people abreast, in order to enjoy the exceeding beauty of the Indian jungle, lighted up with the blaze of our torches. Suddenly the headmost musalgies or torch-bearer paused, listened, and then retreated precipitately upon the hinder ranks. Nothing was said by them, and nothing could we hear in the woods to explain the cause of this panic, which, however, soon became general amongst the natives. The bearers set down the palankeens, and in an instant they, as well as all the coolies, took to their heels, while the torches flitted about in the forest in a style which, had there been no apprehension, might have been acknowledged as very picturesque. Sir Samuel not only stood fast himself, but ordered all of us to do so likewise—remarking, that until we knew what to fly from, we might only be making matters worse by moving. Presently the loud crashing of the underwood of the forest, and a heavy thumping on the ground, gave abundant evidence that a wild elephant was close to us.

Some of the natives told us afterwards, that they had seen the monster; but although we peered into the forest with all our eyes, none of us could honestly take upon us to say we actually saw him—though assuredly we heard his footsteps as he broke his way through the jungle. Robinson Crusoe and his wolves in Tartary came to our recollection; and upon our asking the natives what effect fires really had on wild beasts, they all assured us that hardly any animal, however ferocious, would come up to a light, and that we were safe so long as we kept near a torch. This might be consolatory reasoning for the musalgies, each of whom carried a light, but it afforded little security to us, who, it was evident, would again be left in the dark should an elephant cross our path a second time. The admiral, therefore, and by his desire all of us, made an attempt to carry the torches ourselves. But we were soon so plagiarily smoked and scorched for our pains, that we rested content with the risk, and the bearers having gradually crept back to the palankeens, we once more moved on. In spite of all that had passed, some of the party remained so doggedly sceptical, from being habitually distrustful of all things wonderful, that they declared the whole affair a mere matter of panic, and dared to swear there could not be found an elephant within fifty miles of us. Scarcely had this opinion, so injurious to the honours and glories of our late adventure, been uttered, when the commander-in-chief, who, as usual, was leading the way, snatched a light from one of the men's hands, and waved it over what the geologists call a "recent deposit."

"There!" exclaimed the admiral, better pleased than if he had found a pile of rupees. "Will that evidence satisfy you? How many hundred yards off do you think can the fellow be who left this trace of his proximity?"

It was past ten o'clock when we reached our tents, which had been pitched in the morning on the borders of the celebrated lake we came to visit. All the party were well fagged, and so ravenously hungry, that we shouted for joy on seeing supper enter just as we came to the ground. It is the greatest mistake possible to suppose that people, when they are very hungry, are indifferent or insensible to the merits of good cookery. It is true they will then eat, and even relish things which at other seasons they might not choose to touch; but I have invariably observed, that it is when the appetite is keenest that the perception of choice viands becomes the most acute—exactly as a really good bed is most enjoyed when we are most fatigued.

"This," said our excellent caterer, the collector, "is the dish upon which we pride ourselves most at Trincomalee. It is the true Malay curry—rich, as you perceive, in flavour, and more than half of it gravy—which gravy, I beg you particularly to take notice, is full of minced vegetables, while the whole is softened with some of the youngest kind of cocoanut, plucked this very evening since the sun went down. The capital 'artiste,' as I suppose they would call him at Paris, who dressed this superb mess, served many years as master-cook to the sul-

tan of Djocjocatra, in the interior of Java. The rogue was captured with a stew-pan in his hand when the brave General Gillespie stormed the lines round the palace. That rice, which fills the dishes flanking the curry, comes from India—one kind from Patna, the other from Pilibet."

These praises fell far short of the merits of this glorious supper; nor can I remember any thing in the way of gourmandise in any part of the world comparable to this exquisite midnight feast.

While we are on the subject of curry, a word or two on the history of this most delicious of all the varieties of the family of stews may prove acceptable to true lovers of good eating. In the first place, I dare say it will surprise most people—old Indians inclusive—to learn that the dish we call curry—pronounced kari by the natives—is not of Indian, nor, indeed, of Asiatic origin at all. It is not known to the Persians, Arabs, Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, or to any of the Indian islanders. Neither is it known, even at this day, to the inhabitants of Hindustan itself, except to such as are in frequent communication with Europeans. Even the word curry, or kari, is not supposed to be of genuine Indian origin—in short, there is reason to believe that curries were first introduced into India by the Portuguese, and this view is in some degree supported by the consideration that chilies or capsicums, so invariably one of the most important ingredients, are known to be natives not of Asia, but of America.

I have so often watched the palankeen-bearers and other natives preparing their supper, which, after the fashion of the Romans, is their great meal, that I think, upon a pinch, I could make a tolerable curry myself. I would set about it thus: I would first pound together twelve parts of coriander seed, two of black pepper, one of cayenne, three of cummin, and five of pale turmeric; then add a few cloves, a bit of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, and two or three onions. In India—I mean on the continent of Hindustan—the liquid or gravy which is added to these spices, before the fish or meat is put in, consists generally of ghee, which is boiled or clarified butter. This ghee, which is a considerable article of commerce in India, is preferred to butter in making curries, and that which is formed from the milk of the buffalo is considered superior to that made from cow's milk. In the northern provinces of India it is common to add a little milk or cream, and still more frequently a little curdled and acidulated milk, called dhye. The Malays generally make the gravy of their curries of the ground kernel of the fresh cocoanut, instead of using butter or ghee.

As to the kinds of rice which are eaten with curry, they are innumerable. They differ in almost every province of India, in each of which, also, there are upwards of a dozen varieties. What is curious enough, the inhabitants are so attached to the particular kinds of rice produced amongst themselves, that it is with extreme difficulty they can be made to eat any other kind. Thus, at the first establishment of our new settlement of Singapore—at the extreme or southern end of the Malay peninsula—the native troops or sepoy would not touch a grain of the beautiful rice of Java, Siam, and Cochin China, although the Europeans preferred it greatly to that of Bengal. Mr. Crawford, the governor of Singapore, from whom I have procured most of these details, had the greatest difficulty in prevailing on the Bengal convicts to eat the fine rice of China—just as if the superintendent of the hulks in the Thames were to find coercive measures necessary to induce the Pats and Sanderses of their gangs to eat the wheaten bread of Kent, instead of the potatoes and oaten cakes of their native land!

The finest rice in Hindustan, in the opinion of many persons, is produced in the province of Bahar, commonly called, from the capital, Patna rice. This is cultivated in about the latitude of twenty-six degrees north. But the finest of all is grown considerably further north in the province of Rohileund, and called, from its principal market, Pilibet, a town lying between the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth degree of north latitude. And it is a singular fact that these, which are undoubtedly the two best kinds of rice, should be produced in countries and in latitudes where it is only an occasional object of culture. Rice is not the staple corn in any country lying beyond the tropic.

At the door and windows of our supper tent were hung up by the neck sundry well-bowed goglets of spring water, cheek by jowl with a jolly string of long-necked bottles of Lafitte and Chateau Margaux, joyously fanning themselves in the thorough draught of the cool night-breeze, breathing so gently along, that we could just hear it whispering through the leaves of the damp forest,

and sweeping towards the lake past the tents, the curtains of which it scarcely stirred.

The wine perhaps was almost more chilled than a fastidious wine-fancier might have directed; nevertheless, it flowed over our parched palates with an intensity of zest which I do not believe it is in mortals to be conscious of enjoying, till they have toiled a whole day in the sun within half a dozen degrees of the equator. Bottle after bottle—each one more rich and racy than its valued and lamented predecessor—vanished so fast, that, ere an hour had elapsed, we felt as if a hundred wild elephants would have stood no chance with us!

As we straggled off to our respective beds, made up in the palankeens, according to the custom of the country, we became sensible of a serious annoyance, of which we had taken but little notice while baling in the hot curries and cool clarets within the tent. A most potent and offensive smell was brought to us by the land wind; and the admiral, who was not a man to submit to any evil capable of remedy, insisted on an immediate investigation into the cause of this annoyance.

After hunting about in the wind's eye for a short time in the jungle, with torches in our hands, we came upon a huge dead buffalo, swollen almost to double his natural size. Upon seeing this, the bearers and servants shrugged their shoulders, as if the case had been hopeless. Not so the gallant admiral, who, in his usual style of prompt resource, called out, "Let us bury this monster before we go to bed." And, sure enough, under his directions, and by his assistance (for, though he had but one hand, he plied it better than most other men's two,) we contrived, in a quarter of an hour, to throw sand, earth, and leaves enough over the huge carcase to cover it completely. "There's a cairn for you!" exclaimed the admiral, throwing down his spade, "and now let us turn in; for by the first peep of the morning we must have a touch at the wild ducks and peacocks on the side of the lake, and perhaps we may contrive to have a shot at a buffalo or a stray elephant."

Accordingly, next morning, actually before it was light, I felt the indefatigable admiral tugging at my ear, and bidding me get up, to accompany him on a shooting excursion, and as he said, "mayhap we shall get sight of some of those elephants, the existence of which you presumed to doubt last night. Come, Mr. Officer, show a leg! I know you are a bit of a philosopher, and curious in natural history; so rouse up and come along with me."

Most cordially did I then anathematise all philosophy, and wish I had never expressed any curiosity on the score of wild beasts, peacocks, or ancient tanks; but as the admiral was not a person to be trifled with, I made a most reluctant move, and exchanged the delightful dream of hot curries and cool sherbet for the raw reality of a shooting match, up to the knees in water, at five in the morning. At one place, such was his excellency's anxiety to secure a good shot at some ducks, that he literally crawled for a couple of hundred yards along the muddy shore of the lake on his knees, and at the end expressing himself fully repaid by getting a single capital shot at a wild peacock! He was also gratified by bringing down a magnificent jungle-cock—a bird which resembles our barn-door fowl in form, but its plumage is vastly more brilliant, and its flight more lofty and sustained, than any of which the bird can boast in its tame state. Our scramble in the mud brought us within sight of a drove of several hundred buffaloes. We saw also several troops of wild deer; but, to our great disappointment, not a single elephant could we catch even a glimpse of. We counted, at one time, several dozens of peacocks—some perched on the trees, some high in the air; we fired at them repeatedly, but, conscientiously, I do not believe any came within shot. Their plumage exceeded that of our tame peacocks less in the brilliancy of the colour than in the wonderful fineness of the gloss—a characteristic of animals of all kinds in their native state. We scarcely saw one small bird during our whole excursion, or heard a single note but the hideous screams of the peacock and parrot—tones which dame Nature, in her evenhanded style of doing things, has probably bestowed upon these dandies of the woods, to counterbalance the magnificence of their apparel.

Perhaps this absence of smaller birds may be accounted for at the time of our visit by the unusually long drought which had occurred, with the consequent failure in the paddy, or rice-crop. While discussing this point, the collector took occasion to point out to us the great importance of such artificial means of irrigating a country as the ancient lake of Candelay, by the side of which we were now encamped, must have furnished to agriculturists of those forgotten days, when its precious waters

were not allowed to run to waste, but were husbanded and drawn off by careful means to fertilise the surrounding country.

This stupendous monument of the wealth and industry of some former race, is placed on ground slightly elevated above the districts lying between it and the sea, which, in a direct line, may be distant about twelve or fourteen miles. We could not ascertain exactly what was the precise elevation, but, from the remains of trenches, sluices, and other contrivances for drawing off and distributing the water, it appeared that the fall in the ground must have been sufficient to enable the husbandmen to irrigate the fields at pleasure; though, to our eyes, no inclination could be perceived. The lake itself is now greatly diminished in extent, from the dilapidations in its "bund," or retaining embankment, but still it stretches over many square miles of area. On three sides it is confined by the swelling nature of the ground, and it is only on the fourth that any extensive artificial means have been resorted to for confining the water. At this place, across a flat broad valley, there has been thrown a huge embankment, constructed chiefly of oblong stones, many of them as big as a sofa, extending in a zig-zag line for several miles. At some places it rises to the height of thirty or forty feet, and the courses of stone being laid above one another with considerable regularity, this great retaining wall assumes the appearance of a gigantic flight of steps, and being crowned at top by an irregular line of tall trees, it breaks the sky-line beyond the lake in a manner extremely picturesque. Here and there lateral gaps between the hills occur in the other sides, all of which are filled up with similar embankments.

Near one end of the principal wall we could distinctly trace the ruins of a considerable tower, beneath which the great tunnel or outlet used for tapping the lake most probably passed. It is said that some early European settlers, a century or two ago, impressed with an idea that treasure was hid in this building, had torn it down to get at the gold beneath. I remember believing this at the time, and abusing the Dutch accordingly, although nothing like evidence had been adduced to substantiate the charge.

I found afterwards, in travelling over India, and other countries which had changed hands repeatedly, that the poor predecessors of the existing rulers were very convenient persons upon whose shoulders to rest the extra blame of deeds which would not bear the light. It is possible enough, that the early Dutch settlers may have demolished the tower in question, but they could hardly be so silly as to expect to find treasure in the foundation. The true treasure at that spot—and hence, probably, the report and the misconception—consisted in the enriching property of the water, judiciously saved and applied to the grounds on a lower level. All this appears so obvious, that one is lost in conjecturing what motives could induce any people to take the trouble to destroy so noble a work.

Nothing appears to be known of the age in which the work in question was raised; and, indeed, the course of vegetation is there so rapid, that, without considerable care and many allowances, no safe inference can be drawn from external appearances. The exposed faces of the stones seemed greatly weathered; but on turning one of them round by means of poles, we could distinguish the marks of a sharp-pointed chisel—a sight which, while it really told nothing of dates, was enough to carry the imagination far back into the depths of time lying beyond tradition, and respecting which we know nothing except what these feeble, but distinct evidences, afford us of the hand of man having actually been there.

On beholding these ancient chisel marks at Candelay in Ceylon, at Pæstum in Italy, or at Stonehenge in England, of whose origin and history all trace is lost, we experience a sensation akin to what we feel on examining the fossil remains of animals in the strata of the earth. There is no need of further evidence than that of our senses to satisfy us that the birds, beasts, and fishes which we see imbedded in the rocks, must once have been alive and merry; but when, and where, and under what circumstances, are questions which baffle the boldest fancy. It may have been a million years ago, or ten hundred millions of years—that is to say, we know nothing precisely about the matter! Such, no doubt, is the case at present. We know well, that the date of these phenomena must lie beyond certain periods, as we know that the fixed stars lie beyond certain distances from the earth. But I am willing to believe, that both in geology and in astronomy, the investigating powers of man will eventually penetrate many secrets which are now hid even deeper than these; and that the time may possibly one day come, when the rise, progress, and relative dates

and intervals between the remotest and the most recent geological phenomena shall be ascertained with as much precision as the velocity of light, or the complicated motions of the moon. The precise epochs of these occurrences may, indeed, like the actual distance of the fixed stars, very long continue to baffle human investigation; but even these will probably yield at last to the researches of laborious man, and become as simple, and as easy of practical application, as the law of gravitation, or the perplexing theory of the tides.

CHAPTER III.

GRIFFINS IN INDIA—SINBAD'S VALLEY OF DIAMONDS—A MOSQUITO HUNT.

On the evening of the 18th of November, 1812, we sailed, in his majesty's ship *Illustrius*, from the magnificent harbour of Trincomalee. In attempting to get out we were sadly baffled by light shifting winds, which knocked us about from side to side of the entrance, in which, unfortunately, no good anchorage is to be found, owing to the great depth of water and the rocky nature of the ground. This serious evil of a rocky bottom is now almost entirely obviated by the admirable invention of iron cables, when the water is not too deep. The links of the chain merely acquire a polish by their friction against the coral reefs and other sharp ledges, by which the best hempen cables of past times would be cut through in ten minutes.

The chain cable, however, is difficult of management in deep water, that is to say, when the soundings are more than twenty or twenty-five fathoms. Nothing is so easy as getting the anchor to the bottom in such cases: it is the "*facilis descensus*," with a vengeance! But when the anchor is to be pulled up again, then comes the tug. I once let go my anchor with a chain cable bent to it in forty-five fathoms, without having calculated on the probable effects of the momentum. Though the cable was bitten, all the stoppers snapped like pack-thread; and the anchor, not content with shooting to the bottom with an accelerated velocity, drew after it more than a hundred fathoms of chain, in such fearful style that we thought the poor ship must have been shaken to pieces. The noise was like that of rattling thunder, and so loud that it was impossible to hear a word; indeed it was even difficult to speak, from the excessive tremour caused by the rapid and violent passage of the links, as the chain leaped or rather flew, up the hatchway, flashing round the bits, and giving out sparks like a fire-work. Finally, it tore its way out at the hause-hole, till the whole cable had probably piled itself on the anchor in a pyramid of iron at the bottom of the sea. The inner end of the cable had of course been securely shackled round the heel of the mainmast, but the jerk with which it was brought up, made the ship shake from end to end as if she had bumped on a rock, and every one fully expected to see the links fly in pieces about the deck, like chain-shot fired from a cannon. It cost not many seconds of time for the cable to run out, but it occupied several hours hard labour to heave it in again. The ordinary power of the capstan, full manned, scarcely stirred it; and at the last, when to the weight of chain hanging from the bows there came to be added that of the anchor, it was necessary to apply purchase upon purchase, in order to drag the ponderous mass once more to the bows.

When we got fairly clear of the harbour of Trincomalee, and caught the monsoon, we dashed along shore briskly enough; and having rounded the south point of Ceylon, well named or called Dondra Head, or thunder cape, we paid a visit to Point de Galle, celebrated for its breadfruit and cocoa-nuts. We then passed on to Colombo, the capital or seat of government of the island. Ceylon, I may take occasion to mention, is not considered by our countrymen of the East to be in India. We stared with all our eyes when this unexpected information was first given us, and fancied our merry friends were quizzing us. But we soon learned that in the technical language of that country, Ceylon does not form a part of India; still less does Sumatra, Java, or any, indeed, of the islands in the great tropical Archipelago; and far less still is China talked of as constituting a part of India. Newcomers are, of course, a good deal perplexed by these and sundry other local peculiarities in language and manners, which they at first laugh at as a good joke, then ridicule as affected, and lastly conform to as quite natural and proper, because universally understood amongst those whom it most concerns.

The same thing takes place, I believe, in the technicalities of every profession as much contradistinguished

from ordinary life as that of the British in India. I have seen a party of tourists from the inland counties of England prodigiously tickled at Portsmouth, on going ashore to find a rope called a sheet, to see gigs moving about without wheels, and to hear the people on board ship talking of saddles, bridles, bits and martingales! But to return to the East: I may mention that the term India is confined, amongst the English residents there, to the peninsula of Hindustan, and does not include Ceylon, probably from that island being immediately under the king's government, and not a part of the company's possessions. The straits of Malacca, Sunda, and so on, together with the China sea, and those magnificent groups of islands, the Philippines and Moluccas, are all included in the sweeping term—"To the eastward."

At almost every part of this immense range I found further local distinctions, of greater or less peculiarity and extent according to circumstances. At one place I was puzzled by hearing the name of a whole country appropriated to a single spot. At Bombay, for example, I remember it was the custom, at a certain season of the year, to talk of going to the Deccan, which word properly includes an immense region consisting of many provinces; whereas those who used this expression meant, and were understood to express, only one point in it—a little watering place. Mere local words, in like manner, come to have a much more expanded signification. The word Ghaut, I believe, means, in strictness, a pass between hills—and hence, some bold etymologists pretend, comes our word gate! The term, however, is now applied to the whole range of mountains which fringe the western coast of India, just as the more gigantic *Andes* of the Andes guard the shores of the Pacific.

I remember well, that one of the most striking peculiarities to a stranger's ear on landing in India, was the appropriation of all Europe when speaking of the country of England—as if in England we were to speak of Asia when we meant only Calcutta or Madras. If you ask a man whether that is a "Europe" newspaper which he is reading, he may reply, "No—it is the *Frankfort Journal*." The word *England*, or *English*, is hardly ever used. Were any one inadvertently to talk of having a pair of English shoes, in contradistinction, we should suppose, to "country shoes," or those made in India, to mistake in language would at once betray his being a griffin. He ought to say "Europe shoes." The use of the word "employment," I remember also thinking quite strange for a time. In other countries it signifies occupation or actual work; but in India it means exclusively being in office under government. I have seen men very busy fellows, overwhelmed with business from morning till night, but complaining all the while that they had "no employment."

But whether Ceylon be in India or not, all the world knows that this island is celebrated for precious stones; indeed, there are writers who believe that Mount Ophir of the Scripture is Adam's Peak of Ceylon. Be this, also, as it may, our ever-enterprising and active-minded admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, determined to bring this reputation to the proof, and, one day at dinner at the governor's table, actually announced his intention of having a hunt for the sapphires, rubies, *tourmalines*, *chrysoberyls*, *corundums*, and so on, for which the island has been long celebrated. His excellency, with the suavity of a courteous host, smiled, and wished the admiral success. Her excellency, the governor's lady, smiled, too, at this vain fancy of the admiral's, and created a promise of a ring set with the stones which the proposed expedition was to yield. Even the well-bred aides-de-camp and the knowing secretaries exchanged quizzical glances at the admiral's expense. The company at large scarcely knew, as yet, whether to treat the quiver as a proposal as a joke or as a serious affair. Sir Samuel, however, was not a man to be quizzed out of his purposes; and he therefore begged to have a party of workmen sent to him next morning to accompany him to a river not far off, along the banks of which, he had somewhere heard it reported, most of the finest stones in Ceylon had been found. He begged also that each of the men might be furnished with a basket, a request which naturally produced a second titter; for it was made in such a tone as led us to fancy the worthy admiral expected to collect the rubies and garnets in as great confusion as his far-famed predecessor, Sinbad the Sailor, found them in the Valley of Diamonds.

His precise plan he kept to himself till he reached the river, the alluvial strip of ground bordering which was formed chiefly of fine gravel, mixed with sand, loam, and mud. He then desired the men to fill their baskets, and to carry the whole mass, just as they picked it up, to one of the ship's boats, which he had directed to meet

him at the landing place. This cargo of dirt and rubbish, on its reaching the ship, was put into a large sack, and carefully stowed away, as the admiral's poulterer reported, and the whole ship's company believed, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the hencoops—an idea not unnaturally conceived, for it is precisely with such gravel that fowls, as every one knows, are supplied at sea, as regularly as with food.

Not a word more was said on the subject at Government-house, nor on board the ship, till a couple of days after we had left Colombo, when the admiral ordered the bag of gravel into his cabin, along with a great tub of water and half a dozen wash-deck buckets. The whole stuff collected on shore was now thoroughly cleaned, and when only the gravel remained, it was divided into a number of small portions, and laid on plates and dishes on the table of the fore-cabin. As soon as all was arranged, the admiral, who superintended the operation, called out—

"Send for all the young gentlemen in the ship, and let every one take a plateful of gravel before him, to catch what jewels he can."

Before the party had time to assemble, the delighted admiral had himself discovered in his own dish three or four small garnets, one ruby, and several small crystals of corundum. By the aid of his young friends, to the astonishment of every one, a collection was soon made, which afterwards not only furnished the promised ring to the governor's lady, but made half a dozen others of equal beauty and perfect purity of materials. These precious stones were certainly not of the largest dimensions; but, for all that, the admiral, as he was wont in every thing he attempted, completely established his point.

It was the fashion at Colombo to dine early, say at half-past three or four, in order to command the whole evening for riding or lounging about in the open air. The grand place of resort in those days was a sort of esplanade looking to the south, and called, if I recollect right, the "Galle Face," from being turned towards Point de Galle. The collection of people in the evenings at this spot afforded pleasing studies for every eye. All ranks and parties, from the governor to the lowest cooly, appeared to be assembled to see the sun go down upon the western waters, at an hour, when the sea breeze having died away, the surface scarcely showed a ripple. Multitudes of the natives, too, not only of the island, but of many parts of India and of the eastern archipelago, drove about in their peculiar conveyances, hackeries and bandies, or chose to be carried in palankeens. Later in the night came the governor's parties and balls, where only the Europeans were assembled, and where, contrary to expectation, we generally found the coolest and most airy apartments. Indeed, it is only in cold countries that one meets with overheated ball-rooms. In India, every door and window being thrown open, a thorough draught sweeps through the house; or, if it be calm, an artificial breeze is produced by the waving of a dozen punkahs overhead, and every thing is kept fresh and agreeable. Instead, therefore, of the ball-rooms in that country being choky and unwholesome, as they almost invariably are in cold climates, they are as airy as if they were erected on the open esplanade.

It is a curious fact, that this admirable contrivance of the punkah, which is merely a large fan suspended to the roof, and extending nearly the whole length of the rooms in India, is not only a purely English invention, but is very modern. It was first devised and introduced by the Bengal officers who served with Lord Cornwallis in the war of Mysore against Tippoo in 1791-92. The punkah afterwards became general under the Madras and Bombay presidencies, but not for some time; and it was only in 1811 they were introduced by the English into Java, on the conquest of that island. I believe the natives of India have not, as yet, any where adopted the fashion. But in truth the Hindoos are wretchedly behind the Europeans in every article of real luxury, for which all their noisy pomp and tinselly show is but a poor substitute.

This and many other devices which have been fallen upon by the ingenious, wealthy, and luxurious Europeans, to counteract the heat of the climate, are so successful, that, with a very few exceptions, I have hardly ever felt the temperature of India seriously oppressive. It is true that some people delight in hot weather, and suffer so much from cold, that they consider it almost a point of honour and conscience not to complain, however high the thermometer rises. I cordially sympathise with these chilly folks, so that my testimony on this matter is not the best. I do own, indeed, that I have very often experienced a most disagreeable allowance of heat when exposed to the sun's rays on duty, either in a

boat, or when keeping watch in a calm on the burning quarter-deck of a line-of-battle ship. In spite of the awnings spread fore and aft, the fierce sun of those climates will make his power felt. But as the evil effects of such exposure are very great, every discreet commanding officer will take the utmost pains to avoid employing his officers or people unnecessarily during the heat of the day, a period when the hardest are the most apt to suffer, and the most experienced (paradoxical as it may appear) generally among the least fitted to stand the sun with impunity.

It is very strange, that during the first year, and in some cases longer, most new comers are hardly conscious of any ill effects arising from the influence of the sun's direct rays; and accordingly they walk and ride about, go to the marshes for snipe-shooting, bathe in the surf, and commit all sort of folly, not only without inconvenience, but with much real enjoyment; while the older hands make themselves hoarse with preaching to these griffins that they are guilty of suicide. The ruddy-cheeked griffin, in his turn, laughs and quizzes the yellow-visaged old Indian, and having trudged off to the swamps, passes the whole morning up to the knees in water so industriously, after a snipe, that he is brought home at three or four o'clock with a coup de soleil! Even if he escapes this sudden fate, he is pretty sure to feel, about a year and a day after his arrival, a severe twinge in his right shoulder, a pain in his side, and all the horrid symptoms of the fatal liver complaint.

"I tell you what it is, young fellows," said a venerable sun-dried officer to some of those gay Johnny Newcomes, "you shoot all day, you walk, and ride about in the sun; you poke along the streets without your palankeens; you play cricket on the esplanade at noon; you swell Hodgson's pale ale, claret, and sangaree, till you drive yourselves into the liver complaint, of which you die; and then, forsooth, we have the trouble of writing home to your friends that the climate did not agree with you!"

The fact is simply this: the climate of India will certainly not agree with those who are utterly careless about it, as too many are, and will give it no fair play: or who, from peculiar temperament, are predisposed to diseases incident to great heat; or, lastly, whose duties are of such a nature, that whether they will or not, they must be exposed to the sun, without having the power of changing their place of residence frequently. The constant shifting about is, I believe, one of the chief causes of the superior healthiness of seamen in India over fixed residents on shore, though apparently of equal constitutional strength. This idea seems to be confirmed by the fact of most European troops employed in the wars of India being comparatively healthy, however much exposed to the sun, when in active service, and constantly moving from one encampment to another.

But whether on shore or afloat, it seems admitted to be of the greatest importance not to employ soldiers or sailors in the sun more than is absolutely necessary for the public service. It is a most painful thing, therefore, and exceedingly destructive to the health of a ship's crew, who have been for some time in that country, when she falls under the command of an inexperienced officer, just arrived from Europe, and who, from being himself at first almost entirely insensible to the disagreeable effect of the heat, considers the objections which other people make to exposure as mere fancies. Under this impression, he admits of no difference being made in the hours of work, but employs his people aloft, and in the boats, when sailing through the Straits of Sunda, or moored in Madras Roads, with as much unconcern as if he were navigating the British Channel, or lying snug at Spithead. The officers, and especially the surgeon remonstrating in vain; poor Jack of course can say nothing; but in a few months, or it may be, in a few weeks or days, half the ship's company find themselves in the doctor's list. Many die of dysentery, others sink under the liver complaint, and the slightest cuts often produce locked jaw; while many more, broken down by the climate, are invalided and sent home, having become useless to the service and to themselves for life! A judicious captain, under exactly similar circumstances, will not, perhaps, lose a man, nor need his crew be broken up and his ship rendered unserviceable.

From half past nine or ten, till two or three o'clock, an officer of experience and consideration, if he can help it, will never allow a seaman's head to appear above the hammock-railing, but will discover some employment for the men on the main and lower decks. If the ship be at anchor, he will lay out a line, and warp the ship broadside to the sea breeze, that the cool air may sweep freely through all parts of the decks, and

render every thing fresh, sweet, and wholesome. No boats will be sent away from the ship during that fiery interval; or if any duty absolutely requires exposure, it will be got over with the utmost expedition. In the event of the men getting wet by a shower of rain, it is always right to make them shift their clothes instantly, and to muster them afterwards to see that their things are dry and clean. These, and a hundred other little precautions, all of which are well known to old stagers, ought to be industriously sought after by new comers, and adopted implicitly and at once with scrupulous attention. At all events, the officer who has the means of enforcing these precautions, and yet does not choose to adopt them, has much to answer for if any of his crew die in consequence of needless exposure. He may rely upon it, that the fatal effects of a hot climate on the European constitution, unless very carefully watched, are inevitable. When I have seen regiments reduced to mere skeletons, and ships so weakened in their crews that they could scarcely weigh the anchor, I have often thought of Dr. Johnson's graphic description, in his paper on the Falkland Islands, of those unseen evils of war in uncongenial regions, of which so few people in high latitudes take any account: "By which," says he "fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away!"

Persons living on shore, however, and who possess the means of purchasing the ordinary luxuries of an oriental life, need scarcely ever suffer much inconvenience from the heat. The dress of Europeans, which consists of the lightest and whitest materials, reflects a great part of the heat. The rooms are always large and airy, without carpets, and stuck so full of open doors and windows, that when there comes the slightest breath of wind from the sea it is sure to be felt; but all these are carefully closed up when the air is hot. The sun is excluded by various contrivances, chiefly by a shady verandah, ten or twelve feet wide, which generally runs quite round the house, so that no direct rays can strike into the apartments. And the painful glare of the lower sky, or, which is nearly as distressing to the eyes, the dazzling reflection from bright objects on the ground, is cut off by painted mats made of split rattan imported from China. These devices, which scarcely intercept the wind, effectually prevent the admission of more light than is absolutely required. In some parts of India, a large open frame-work is placed in a sloping position against the top of the verandah, and resting on the ground on the windward side of the house. This frame being covered over thickly, but loosely, with a layer of a peculiar kind of sweet-scented grass, called I think, "cuscus," is kept well drenched with water. The process of evaporation caused by the hot and arid wind passing through the wet matting produces a more considerable degree of cold than any one who has not enjoyed the surpassing luxury of these coolers, or tatties, can form any conception of. I have heard it said, indeed, that the damp cool air which streams through this wall of grass, though the most delightful thing in the world at the time, is apt to give colds, stiff necks, and the whole family of rheumatic twitches, to those who are in the habit of catching cold readily. But I will believe none of these stories against the exquisite tatties, under the lee of which I have seen people so often sitting, gasping for breath and praying for a breeze; for I need not remark, that during a calm they are useless.

Persons long accustomed to watch those periodical changes in the wind, which occur in hot climates with such wonderful regularity every day, can often tell, by some intuitive consciousness, not capable of communication to inexperienced senses, almost the very moment when the long looked-for sea breeze is coming. I remember, at Madras, sitting one day in the inner room of a friend's house, who had been my school-fellow a dozen years before—now, alas! nearly twenty years in his grave. He was telling me of his quickness of perception in this matter, as we sat baking and stewing in what is called a garden-house on the far-famed Choultry Plain. My friend's quickness of sight beat that of the pig's, (who, every one knows, can see the wind,) for he declared he could see the calm, and, calling me to the verandah, pointed out this wonderful sight. The whole landscape appeared to have given way, like molten silver, under the heat, and to be moving past more like a troubled stream than the solid ground. The trees and shrubs seen under a variety of refractions, through differently heated strata of air, seemed all in violent motion, though probably not one leaf of the highest coconut tree, nor a single blade of the lowest grass, stirred

in reality. The buildings in the distance looked as if their foundations had been removed, while the shattered and broken walls danced to and fro, as if under the influence of some magical principles of attraction and repulsion; whilst many patches of imaginary water—the celebrated “mirage” of the desert—floating where no water could have existed, mocked our sight in this fantastic landscape.

Not a human being was then to be seen. The blue-skinned buffaloes, and the queer looking Indian bullocks with humps on their shoulders, squeezed themselves under the skirts of the aloe and bamboo hedges. Others, pre-eminently happy, poor beasts! in order to escape the intolerable misery of the mosquitoes, immersed themselves in the muddy tanks or ponds, beneath the surface of which they contrived to hide every part of their bodies except the top of their nostrils, with just as much of their eyes as they could keep clear by the brush of their eye-lids. Even our native bearers, who in general seem marvelously indifferent to the sun, had lifted the palankeens into the shade, and with their wrappers over their heads, lay sleeping about the steps of the verandah in the coolest corners they could find. I tried first one chair then another; then flung myself on a cane-bottomed sofa, seeking for rest, but all in vain. I next stretched myself flat on my back on the polished chunam floor, directly under the punkah, with my white jacket thrown open, neck-cloth cast away, and collar unbuttoned. It was still to no purpose! The more moves I made, the worse became the oppression of the heat; and, for once in my life, I had very nearly confessed that it might possibly be rather too hot—when, just in time to save my credit for consistency my friend clapped his hands and exclaimed, “Here comes the sea-breeze! I see it! I feel it! I hear it! Huzza for your life!” I, however, could see nothing, nor feel any thing; yet it was evident that all the experienced men of the party did. The bearers stationed to cast water on the tatties had already commenced their operations, and a slight touch of the aromatic perfume of the delicious cuscus began to pervade the room. On walking towards the opening between two of the tatties, and looking towards the sea, I could distinctly perceive the intermediate scenery settling into its natural position by the more uniform arrangement of the various strata of air forming the medium through which the objects were viewed.

I believe all the curious phenomena of the mirage are easily explained, upon the supposition, that under certain circumstances, the lower stratum of air may become actually lighter than those which are next above it. The effect of this will be obvious to those who have attended to the subject of atmospherical refraction, the usual effect of which, as every one knows, is to elevate objects, or make them seem higher than they really are. But the unusual effect, or that caused by the contact of hot ground rendering the lowest portion of the air specifically lighter than the superincumbent layers, is to make high objects seem to the eye lower than they really are. Thus, what we fancy to be water between two ridges of sand highly heated, is nothing more than a portion of the clear sky, the rays from which, in passing through the intermediate atmosphere, having entered the warm and rarefied stratum in contact with the sand, are refracted to the eye in a manner which impresses on the sense of vision an image of the sky; and this so closely resembles the surface of still water, that the deception becomes at times quite complete. The tendency of the colder and heavier air above to mix with that which is hotter and lighter beneath it, is of course very considerable: the consequence is, that near the line of contact of the two media, there occurs an intermixture of air differing in density, and therefore in refractive power. Hence every object viewed through this troubled or heterogeneous part of the atmosphere must inevitably seem broken, distorted, and in motion.

Dr. Wollaston, who was, I conceive, the first to explain all these, and many other attendant phenomena, has also, with his usual ingenuity, suggested several popular experiments to prove the truth of his theory. (See the Philosophical Transactions for 1800.) One is, to place some water, or clear syrup, in a square phial, and then add spirits of wine, or any other fluid of a different specific gravity, taking care not to allow them to intermix too suddenly, but to arrange matters so that the adjustment may take place gradually. Objects viewed through the phial, as the intermixture takes place, will undergo inversions and other variations in form and position similar to those of the mirage.

In the sleeping apartments of India, great care is

taken to secure coolness. The beds, which are always large and hard, are generally placed as nearly as may be in the very middle of the apartment, in the line of the freest thorough draught which open doors and open windows can command. I speak now, of course, of the beds of men who live in single blessedness. In other cases a simple contrivance has been devised, which, if it does render the sleeping-room a little less airy than that of the free and solitary bachelor, nevertheless accomplishes a good deal, and secures all the properties. The door, which is shut, has its upper half cut away, so that the air enters freely above; and the windows, also, being high, are always left open.

Round each bed is suspended a gauze curtain, without which sleep would be as effectually murdered as ever it was by any tragedy king. For if even one villainous mosquito contrives to gain admission into your fortress, you may, for that night, bid good-bye not only to sleep, but to temper, and almost to health. I defy the most resolute, the most serene, or the most robust person that ever lived between the tropics, to pass a whole night in bed, within the curtain of which a single invader has entered, and not to be found, when the morning comes, in a high fever, with every atom of his patience exhausted. Temper, under such circumstances, is really out of the question; the most placid creature on earth, even old Uncle Toby himself, would be driven into a rage!

The process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush or switch, generally made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and, by the light of the cooco-nut-oil lamp (which burns on the floor of every bed-room in Hindustan) you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse-tail; and, before proceeding further, you must be sure you have effectually driven the enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals—it is really difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them—these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, or, to borrow Jack's phrase, “as if the devil kicked you on end!” Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters.

If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eye-lids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when in deceitful slumber you hear something like the sound of trumpets.

Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are

again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each time gaining upon you one inch, till, at length, he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again.

In less than ten seconds, however, the very same flea whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been steadily bit in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insolent manner in which they have been inflicted. You spring on your knees—not to pray, heaven knows—but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spasmodic rage, and after whisking it round and round, and ending it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend.

In this unequal warfare you pass the live-long night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself—frustrating and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places!

At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satisfied monster clinging to the top of your bed—an easy, but useless, and inglorious prey!

CHAPTER IV.

CETLONIAN CANOES—PERUVIAN BALSAS—THE PHANTOM WINDLASS OF THE COROMANDEL FISHERMEN.

The canoes of Ceylon, as far as I remember, are not described by any writer; nor have I met with many professional men who are aware of their peculiar construction, and of the advantages of the extremely elegant principle upon which they are contrived, though capable, I am persuaded, of being applied to various purposes of navigation.

Among the lesser circumstances which appear to form characteristic points of distinction between country and country, may be mentioned the head-dress of the men, and the form and rig of their boats. An endless variety of turbans, sheepskin caps, and conical bonnets, distinguish the Asiatics from the “Topce Wallas” or hat-wearers of Europe; and a still greater variety exists amongst the boats of different nations. My purpose just now, however, is to speak of boats and canoes alone; and it is really most curious to observe, that their size, form, cut of sails, description of oar and rudder, length of mast, and so on, are not always exactly regulated by the peculiar climate of the locality, but made to depend on a caprice which it is difficult to account for. The boats of some countries are so extremely ticklish or unstable, and altogether without bearings, that the smallest weight on one side more than sets the other upsets them. This applies to the canoes of the North American Indian, which require considerable practice, even in the smoothest water, to keep them upright; and yet the Indians cross immense lakes in them, although the surface of those vast sheets of fresh water

is often as rough as that of any salt sea. The waves, it is true, are not so long and high; but they are very awkward to deal with, from their abruptness and the rapidity with which they get up when a breeze sets in.

On those parts of the coast of the United States where the seasons are alternately very fine and very rough, our ingenious friends, the Americans, have contrived a set of pilot boats, which are the delight of every sailor. This description of vessel, as the name implies, must always be at sea, as it is impossible to tell when her services may be required by ships steering in for the harbour's mouth. Accordingly, the Baltimore clipper and the New York pilots defy the elements in a style which it requires a long apprenticeship to the difficulties and discomforts of a wintry navigation in a stormy latitude, duly to appreciate. In the fine weather, smooth water, and light winds of summer, these pilot-boats skim over the surface with the ease and swiftness of a swallow, apparently just touching the water with their prettily formed hulls, which seem too small to bear the immense load of snow-white canvass swelling above them, and shooting them along as if by magic, when every other vessel is lost in the calm, and when even taunt-masted ships can barely catch a breath of air to fill their sky-sails and royal studding-sails. They are truly "water witches;" for, while they look so delicate and fragile that one feels at first as if the most moderate breeze must brush them from the face of the ocean, and scatter to the winds all their gay drapery—they can and do defy, as a matter of habit and choice, the most furious gales with which the rugged "sea-board" of America is visited in February and March.

I have seen a pilot-boat off New York, in the morning, in a calm, with all her sails set, lying asleep on the water, which had subsided into such perfect stillness that we could count the seam of each cloth in the mirror beneath her, and it became difficult to tell which was the reflected image—which the true vessel. And yet, within a few hours, I have observed the same boat, with only her close-reefed foresail set—no one visible on her decks—and the sea running mountains high, threatening to swallow her up. Nevertheless, the beautiful craft rose as buoyantly on the back of the waves as any duck, and, moreover, glanced along their surface, and kept so good a wind, that, ere long, she shot ahead and weathered our ship. Before the day was done, she could scarcely be distinguished from the mast-head to windward, though we had been labouring, in the interval, under every sail we could possibly carry without risk of the masts.

The balsas of Peru, the catamarans and masullah boats of the Coromandel coast, and the flying proas of the South Sea Islands, have all been described before, and their respective merits dwelt upon by Cook, Vancouver, Ulloa, and others. Each in its way, and on its proper spot, seems to possess qualities which it is difficult to communicate to vessels similarly constructed at a distance. The boats of each country, indeed, may be said to possess a peculiar language, understood only by the natives of the countries to which they belong; and, truly, the manner in which the vessels of some regions behave, under the guidance of their respective masters, seems almost to imply that the boats themselves are gifted with animal intelligence. At all events, their performance never fails to excite the highest professional admiration of those whom experience has rendered familiar with the difficulties to be overcome.

Long acquaintance with the local tides, winds, currents, and other circumstances of the pilotage, and the constant pressure of necessity, enable the inhabitants of each particular spot to acquire such masterly command over their machinery, that no new comer, however well provided, or however skilful generally, can expect to cope with them. Hence it arises, that boats of a man-of-war are found almost invariably inferior, in some respects, to those of the port at which she touches. The effect of seeking to adapt our boats to any one particular place, would be to render them less serviceable upon the whole. After remaining some time at a place we might succeed in occasionally outsailing or outrowing the natives; but what sort of a figure would our boats cut at the next point to which the ship might be ordered—say a thousand miles farther from, or nearer to, the equator, where all the circumstances would inevitably be found totally different from what they were at the last port? We should have to change again and again, losing time at each place, and probably not gaining, after all, any of the real advantages which the natives, long resident on the spot, alone know the art of applying to practice.

It has been somewhere remarked, that when the human frame is compared with that of the inferior animals, it is found that, while in swiftness it is beaten by one, in ascent by another, in strength by a third, yet does it contain by far the most admirable and varied combination of all those qualities severally possessed by the unintellectual animals. Thus man, upon the whole, is far better fitted than any of them for enduring the boundless varieties of climate which distinguish the different quarters of the globe, and for bringing into useful effort those inherent energies, both of body and mind, with which he is gifted, and which in the end render him the undisputed master of all other living things. So it is (to compare great things with small) in the case of the boats of ships of war which are most ingeniously contrived to be useful in all climates, in all seas, on every coast, and at all times and seasons. It is true they seldom, if ever, match the boats of the ports at which they anchor, either in sailing or in rowing. But they are invariably found to accomplish these purposes well enough for real service, besides securing many other advantages which the local boats cannot command. They are likewise sufficiently well adapted to all seas and all weathers, and can either carry heavy loads or sail quite light. They are so strongly built that they can take the ground without injury, and yet are not so heavy as to be troublesome in handling. While they are strong enough to bear the firing of a cannon in their bow, they are capacious enough to carry water casks or provisions, or to disembark troops, without being inconveniently cumbersome when stowed on the booms, or suspended from the quarters. Like the hardy sailors who man them, they are rough and ready for any service, in any part of the world, at any moment they may be required.

It is not likely that we shall ever essentially improve the build or equipment of our boats; but it must always be useful to seafaring men to become acquainted with such practical devices in seamanship as have been found to answer well, especially if they seem capable of being appropriated upon occasions which may possibly arise in the course of a service so infinitely varied as that of the navy. It is partly on this account, and partly as a matter of general curiosity, that I think some mention of the canoes of Ceylon, and the balsas of Peru, may interest many persons for whom ordinary technicalities possess no charm. At least there appears to be an originality and neatness about both these contrivances, and a correctness of principle, which we are surprised to find in connection with perfect simplicity, and an absence of that collateral knowledge which we are so apt to fancy belongs only to more advanced stages of civilization and philosophical instruction.

The hull or body of the Ceylonese canoe is formed, like that of Robinson Crusoe's, out of the trunk of a single tree, wrought in its middle part into a perfectly smooth cylinder, but slightly flattened and turned up at both ends, which are made exactly alike. It is hollowed out in the usual way, but not cut so much open at top as we see in other canoes, for considerably more than half of the outside part of the cylinder or barrel is left entire, with only a narrow slit, eight or ten inches wide, above. If such a vessel were placed in the water it would possess very little stability, even when not loaded with any weight on its upper edges. But there is built upon it a set of wooden upper works, in the shape of a long trough, extending from end to end; and the top-heaviness of this addition to the hull would instantly overturn the vessel, unless some device were applied to preserve its upright position. This purpose is accomplished by means of an out-rigger on one side, consisting of two curved poles, or slender but tough spars, laid across the canoe at right angles to its length, and extending to the distance of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet, where they join a small log of buoyant wood, about half as long as the canoe, and lying parallel to it, with both its ends turned up like the toe of a slipper, to prevent its dipping into the waves. The inner ends of these transverse poles are securely bound by thongs to the raised gunwales of the canoe. The out-rigger—which, it may be useful to bear in mind, is always kept to windward—acting by its weight at the end of so long a lever, prevents the vessel from turning over by the pressure of the sail; or, should the wind shift suddenly, so as to bring the sail a-back, the buoyancy of the floating log would prevent the canoe from upsetting on that side by retaining the out-rigger horizontally.

So far the ordinary purpose of an out-rigger is answered; but there are other ingenious things about these most graceful of all boats, which seem worthy of the at-

tention of professional men. The mast, which is very taunt, or lofty, supports a lug-sail of immense size, and is stepped exactly in midships, that is, at the same distance from both ends of the canoe. The yard, also, is slung precisely in the middle; and while the tack of the sail is made fast at one extremity of the hull, the opposite corner, or clew, to which the sheet is attached, hauls aft to the other end. Shrouds extend from the mast-head to the gunwale of the canoe; besides which, slender backstays are carried to the extremity of the out-rigger; and these ropes, by reason of their great spread, give such powerful support to the mast, though loaded with a prodigious sail, that a very slender spar is sufficient. If I am not mistaken, some of these canoes are fitted with two slender masts, between which the sail is triced up, without a yard.

The method of working the sails of these canoes is as follows. They proceed in one direction as far as may be deemed convenient, and then, without going about, or turning completely round as we do, they merely change the stern of the canoe into the head, by shifting the tack of the sail over to leeward, and so converting it into the sheet—while the other clew, being shifted up to windward, becomes the tack. As soon as these changes have been made, away spins the little fairy bark on her new course, but always keeping the same side, or that on which the out-rigger is placed to windward. It will be easily understood that the pressure of the sail has a tendency to lift the weight at the extremity of the out-rigger above the surface of the water. In sailing along, therefore, the log just skims the tops of the waves, but scarcely ever buries itself in them, so that little or no interruption to the velocity of the canoe is caused by the out-rigger. When the breeze freshens so much as to lift the weight higher than the natives like, one, and sometimes two of them, walk out on the horizontal spars, so as to add their weight to that of the out-rigger. In order to enable them to accomplish this purpose in safety, a "man rope," about breast high, extends over each of the spars from the mast to the backstays.

Of all the ingenious native contrivances for turning small means to good account, one of the most curious, and, under certain circumstances, perhaps the most useful, is the Balsa, or raft of South America, or, as it is called on some parts of the coast, the catamaran. This singular vessel is not only very curious in the eyes of persons who have attended at all to such things as amateurs, but is calculated also to furnish some useful hints to professional seamen. The simplest form of the raft, or balsa, is that of five, seven, or nine large beams of a very light wood—say from fifty to sixty feet long—arranged side by side, with the longest spar placed in the centre. These logs are firmly held together by cross bars, lashings, and stout planking near the ends. They vary from fifteen to twenty, and even thirty feet in width. I have seen some at Guayaquil of an immense size, formed of logs as large as a frigate's fore-mast. These are intended for conveying goods to Païta, and other places along shore. The balsa generally carries only one large sail, which is hoisted to what we call a pair of sheers, formed by two poles crossing at the top, where they are lashed together. It is obvious, that it would be difficult to step a mast securely to a raft in the manner it is done in a ship. It is truly astonishing to see how fast these singular vessels go through the water; but it is still more curious to observe how accurately they can be steered, and how effectively they may be handled in all respects like any ordinary vessel.

The method by which the balsas are directed in their course is extremely ingenious, and is that to which I should wish to call the attention of sailors, not merely as a matter of curiosity (although on this score, too, it certainly has great interest,) but chiefly from its practical utility in seamanship. No officer can tell how soon he may be called upon to place his crew on a raft, should his ship be wrecked; and yet, unless he has been previously made aware of some method of steering it, no purpose may be answered but that of protracting the misery of the people under his charge. We all recollect the horrid scenes which took place on the raft which left the French frigate *Méduse*, on the coast of Africa, in 1816; and yet it is perfectly obvious, from the state of the wind and weather, that if any one of that ill-fated party had been aware of the principle upon which the South American balsas are steered, they might easily have reached the land in a few hours, and all the lives, so horribly sacrificed, might have been saved.

Nothing can be conceived more simple, or more easy of application, than the South American contrivance. Near both ends of the centre spar there is cut a perpendicular slit, about a couple of inches wide by one or two

feet in length. Into each of these holes is a broad plank, called *Guaras* by the natives, inserted in such a way that it may be thrust down to the depth of ten or twelve feet; or, at pleasure, it may be drawn up entirely. The slits are so cut, that, when the raft is in motion the edges of these planks shall meet the water; or, in mathematical language, their planes are parallel with the length of the spars. It is clear, that if both the *guaras* be thrust quite down, and there held fast in a perpendicular direction, they will offer a broad surface towards the side, and thus, by acting like the leeboards of a river barge, or the keel of a ship, prevent the balsa from drifting sidewise or dead to leeward. But while these *guaras* serve the purpose of a keel, they also perform the important duty of a rudder, the rationale of which every sailor will understand, upon considering the effect which must follow upon pulling up either the *guara* in the bow or that in the stern. Suppose, when the wind is on the beam, the foremost one drawn up; that end of the raft will instantly have a tendency to drift to leeward from the absence of the lateral support it previously received from its *guara* or keel at the bow; or, in sea language, the balsa will immediately "fall off," and in time she will come right before the wind. On the other hand, if the foremost *guara* be kept down while the sternmost one is drawn up, the balsa's head, or bow, will gradually come up towards the wind, in consequence of that end retaining its hold of the water by reason of its *guara*, while the stern end, being relieved from its lateral support, drifts to leeward. Thus, by judiciously raising or lowering one or both the *guaras*, the raft may not only be steered with the greatest nicety, but may be tacked or wore, or otherwise directed, with a degree of precision which appears truly wonderful to those who see it for the first time; nor is this contrivance less a subject of admiration after the principles have been studied.

I never shall forget the sensation produced in a ship I commanded, one evening on the coast of Peru, as we steered towards the roadstead of Payta, so celebrated in Anson's voyage, and beheld an immense balsa dashing out before the land wind, and sending a snowy wreath of foam before her like that which curls up before the bow of a frigate in chase. As long as she was kept before the wind, we could understand this in some degree; but when she hauled up in order to round the point, and having made a stretch along shore, proceeded to tack, we could scarcely believe our eyes. Had the celebrated Flying Dutchman sailed past us, our wonder could hardly have been excited more.

In Ulloa's interesting voyage to South America, a minute account is given of the balsa, which I recommend to the attention of professional men. He winds up in these words:—

"Had this method of steering been sooner known in Europe, it might have alleviated the distress of many a shipwreck, by saving numbers of lives; as in 1730, the *Genoea*, one of his majesty's frigates, being lost on the *Vibora*, the ship's company made a raft; but committing themselves to the waves without any means of directing their course, they only added some melancholy minutes to their existence."—*Ulloa*, book iv. chap. 9.

I have lately seen a model of a raft devised some years ago, expressly in imitation of the South American balsa, by Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, K. C. B., to be made out of the spare spars with which every ship of war is supplied. He proposes to form each of the *guaras*, or steering boards, of two of the ship's company's mess tables joined together by gratings and planks. But he sees no reason why these should be limited in number, and thinks that they might perhaps be usefully distributed along the entire length of the centre spar, so as effectually to prevent leeway or drift. In this manner, Sir Frederick is of opinion that a raft, capable of carrying a whole ship's crew, might be navigated for a considerable distance with ease and security. And I am glad to find myself anticipated by an authority deservedly so high with the profession, in this practical illustration of an idea that has appeared to me extremely feasible, from the first moment I saw the Peruvian balsas.

It will generally be found well worth an officer's attention to remark in what manner the natives of any coast, however rude they may be, contrive to perform difficult tasks. Such things may be very simple and easy for us to execute, when we have all the appliances and means of our full equipment at command; but as circumstances may often occur to deprive us of many of those means, and thus, virtually, to reduce us to the condition of the natives, it becomes of consequence to ascertain how necessity, the venerable mother of invention, has taught people so situated to do the required work.

For example, it is generally easy for a ship of war to pick up her anchor with her own boats; but it will sometimes happen that the launch and other large boats may be stove, and then it may prove of consequence to know how a heavy anchor can be weighed without a boat at all.

We happened, in his majesty's ship *Minden*, to run upon the Coleroon shoal, off the mouth of the great river of that name, about a hundred miles south of Madras. After laying out a bower anchor, and hauling the ship off, we set about preparing the boats to weigh it in the usual way. But the master-attendant of Porto Novo, who had come off to our assistance with a fleet of canoes and rafts, suggested to Sir Samuel Hood, that it might be a good opportunity to try the skill of the natives, who were celebrated for their expertness in raising great weights from the bottom. The proposal was one which delighted the admiral, who enjoyed every thing that was new. He posted himself accordingly in his barge near the spot, but he allowed the task to be turned over entirely to the black fellows, whom he ordered to be supplied with ropes, spars, and any thing else they required from the ship. The officers and sailors, in imitation of their chief, clustered themselves in wondering groups in the rigging, in the chains, and in the boats, to witness the strange spectacle of a huge bower anchor, weighing nearly four tons, raised off the ground by a set of native fishermen, possessed of no canoe larger than the smallest gig on board.

The master-attendant stood interpreter, and passed backwards and forwards between the ship and the scene of operations—not to direct, but merely to signify what things the natives required for their purpose. They first begged us to have a couple of spare topmasts and topail-yards, with a number of smaller spars, such as top-gallant-masts and studding-sail booms. Out of these they formed, with wonderful speed, an exceedingly neat cylindrical raft, between two and three feet in diameter. They next bound the whole closely together by lashings, and filled up all its inequalities with capstan-bars, handspikes, and other small spars, so as to make it a compact, smooth, and uniform cylinder from end to end. Nothing could be more dextrous or seaman-like than the style in which these fellows swam about and passed the lashings; in fact, they appeared to be as much at home in the water as our sailors were in the boats or in the rigging.

A stout seven-inch hawser was now sent down by the buoy-rope, and the running clinch or noose formed on its end, placed over the flue of the anchor in the usual way. A couple of round turns were then taken with the hawser at the middle part of the cylindrical raft, after it had been drawn up as tight as possible from the anchor. A number of slow ropes, I think about sixty or seventy in all, were next passed round the cylinder several times, in the opposite direction to the round turns taken with the hawser.

Upwards of a hundred of the natives now mounted the raft, and, after dividing themselves into pairs, and taking hold of the slow ropes in their hands, pulled them up as tight as they could. By this effort they caused the cylinder to turn round till its further revolutions were stopped by the increasing tightness of the hawser, which was wound on the cylinder as fast as the slow ropes were wound off it. When all the ropes had been drawn equally tight, and the whole party of men had been ranged along the top in an erect posture, with their faces all turned one way, a signal was given by one of the principal natives. At this moment the men, one and all, still grasping their respective slow ropes firmly in their hands, and without bending a joint in their whole bodies, fell simultaneously on their backs, flat on the water! The effect of this sudden movement was to turn the cylinder a full quadrant, or one quarter of a revolution. This, of course, brought a considerable strain on the hawser fixed to the anchor. On a second signal being given, every alternate pair of men gradually crept up the spars by means of their slow ropes, till one half of the number stood once more along the top of the cylinder, while the other half of the party still lay flat on the water, and by their weight prevented the cylinder rolling back again.

When the next signal was given, those natives, who had regained their original position on the top of the cylinder, threw themselves down once more, while those who already lay prostrate gathered in the slack of their slow ropes with the utmost eagerness as the cylinder revolved another quarter of a turn. It soon became evident that the anchor had fairly begun to rise off the ground, for the buoy-rope, which at first had been bowsed taught over the stern of our launch, became quite slack. But Sir Samuel would not allow his people in the launch to assist the natives, as he felt anxious to see whether or

not they could accomplish single-handed what they had undertaken. Accordingly, the slack of the buoy-rope merely was taken in by the launch's crew.

I forget how many successive efforts were made by the natives before the anchor was lifted; but in the end it certainly was raised completely off the ground by their exertions alone. The natives, however, complained of the difficulty being much greater than they had expected or had ever encountered before, in consequence of the great size of our anchor. In fact, when at length they had wound the hawser on the cylinder so far that it carried the full weight, the whole number of the natives lay stretched on the water in a horizontal position, apparently afraid to move, lest the weight, if not uniformly distributed amongst them, might prove too great, and the anchor drop again to the bottom by the returning revolutions of the cylinder.

When this was explained to Sir Samuel Hood, he ordered the people in the launch to bowse away at the buoy-rope. This proved a most seasonable relief to the poor natives, who, however, declared, that if it were required, they would go on, and bring up the anchor fairly to the water's edge. As the good-natured admiral would not permit this, the huge anchor, cylinder, natives, launch, and all, were drawn into deep water where the ship lay. The master attendant now explained to the natives that they had nothing more to do than to continue lying flat and still on the water, till the people on board the ship, by heaving in the cable, should bring the anchor to the bows, and thus relieve them of their burden. The officer of the launch also was instructed not to slack the buoy-rope till the cable had got the full weight of the anchor, and the natives required no farther help.

Nothing could be more distinctly given than these orders, so that I cannot account for the panic which seized some of the natives when close to the ship. What ever was the cause, its effect was such that many of them let go their slow-ropes, and thus cast a disproportionate share of burden on the others, whose strength, a rather weight, proving unequal to counterpoise the load, the cylinder began to turn back again. This soon brought the whole strain, or nearly the whole, on the stern of the launch, and had not the tackle been smartly let go, it must have been drawn under water and swamped. The terrified natives now lost all self-possession, as the mighty anchor shot rapidly to the bottom. The cylinder of course whirled round with prodigious velocity as the hawser unwound itself, and so suddenly had the catastrophe occurred, that many of the natives, not having presence of mind to let go their slow-ropes, held fast and were of course whirled round and round several times alternately under water beneath the cylinder and on the top of it, not unlike the spokes of a coach-wheel warring the rim.

The admiral was in the greatest alarm, lest some of these poor fellows should get entangled with the rope and be drowned, or be dashed against one another, and beaten to pieces against the cylinder. It was a great relief, therefore, to find that no one was in the least degree hurt, though some of the natives had been noised most soundly, or, as the Jacks said, who grinned at the whole affair, "keel-hauled in proper style."

In a certain sense, then, this experiment may be said to have failed; but enough was done to show the feasibility of the method, which, under the following modifications proposed by our great commander—who was one of the best sailors that ever swam the ocean—I have no doubt might be rendered exceedingly effective on many occasions.

"In the first place," said Sir Samuel, "you must observe, youngsters, that this device of the natives is neither more nor less than a floating windlass, where the buoyant power of the timber serves the purpose of a support to the axis. The men fixed by the slow-ropes to the cylinder represent the handspikes or bars by which the windlass is turned round, and the hawser takes the place of the cable. But," continued he, "there appears to be no reason why the cylinder should be made equally large along its whole length; and were I to repeat this experiment, I would make the middle part, round which the hawser was to be passed, of a single topmast, while I would swell out the ends of my cylinder or raft to three or four feet in diameter. In this way a great increase of power would evidently be gained by those who worked the slow-ropes. In the next place," said the admiral, "it is clear that either the buoy-rope, or another hawser also fastened to the anchor, as a 'preventer,' ought to be carried round the middle part of the cylinder, but in the opposite direction to that of the weighing hawser. The second hawser should be hauled tight at the end of each successive quarter turn gained by the men. If this were

done, all tendency in the cylinder to turn one way more than the other would be prevented; for each of the hawsers would bear an equal share of the weight of the anchor, and being wound upon the raft in opposite directions, would of course counteract each other's tendency to slew it round. The whole party of men, instead of only one half of them, might then mount the spars; and thus their united strength could be exerted at each effort, and in perfect security, against the formidable danger of the cylinder whirling back by the anchor gaining the mastery over them, and dropping again to the bottom. But without using their clumsy, though certainly very ingenious, machinery of turning men into handspikes, I think," said he, "we might construct our floating windlass in such a way that a set of small spars, standing-sail booms, for instance, might be inserted at right angles to its length, like the bars of a capstan, and these, if swifted together, could be worked from the boats, without the necessity of any one going into the water."

While speaking of the dexterity of the natives of India, I may mention a feat which interested us very much. A strong party of hands from the ship was sent one day to remove an anchor, weighing seventy-five hundred-weight, from one part of Bombay dock-yard to another, but, from the want of some place to attach their tackle to, they could not readily transport it along the wharf. Various devices were tried in vain by the sailors, whose strength, if it could have been brought to bear, would have proved much more than enough for the task. In process of time, no doubt, they would have fallen upon some method of accomplishing their purpose; but while they were discussing various projects, one of the superintendents said, he thought his party of native coolies or labourers could lift the anchor and carry it to any part of the yard. This proposal was received by our Johnnies with a loud laugh; for the numbers of the natives did not much exceed their own, and the least powerful of the seamen could readily, at least in his own estimation, have demolished half-a-dozen of the strongest of these slender-limbed Hindoos.

To work they went, however, while Jack looked on with great attention. Their first operation was to lay a jib-boom horizontally, and nearly along the shank of the anchor. This being securely lashed to the shank and also to the stock, the whole length of the spar was crossed at right angles by capstan bars, to the ends of which as many handspikes as there was room for were lashed also at right angles. In this way, every cooly of the party could obtain a good hold, and exert his strength to the greatest purpose. I forget how many natives were applied to this service; but in the course of a very few minutes their preparations being completed, the ponderous anchor was lifted a few inches from the ground, to the wonder and admiration of the British seamen, who cheered the black fellows, and patted them on the back as they trotted along the wharf with their load, which appeared to oppress them no more than if it had been the jolly-boat's grapnel!

CHAPTER V.

THE SURF AT MADRAS.

From Ceylon we proceeded after a time to Madras roads, where we soon became well acquainted with all the outs and ins of the celebrated surf of that place. This surf, after all, is not really higher than many which one meets with in other countries; but certainly it is the highest and most troublesome which exists as a permanent obstruction in front of a great commercial city. The restless ingenuity and perseverance of man, however, have gone far to surmount this difficulty; and now the passage to and from the beach at Madras offers hardly any serious interruption to the intercourse. Still, it is by no means an agreeable operation to pass through the surf under any circumstances; and occasionally, during the northeast monsoon, it is attended with some degree of danger. For the first two or three times, I remember thinking it very good sport to cross the surf, and sympathised but little with the anxious expressions of some older hands who accompanied me. The boat, the boatmen, their curious oars, the strange noises they made, and the attendant catamarans to pick up the passengers if the boat upsets, being all new to my eyes, and particularly odd in themselves, so strongly engaged my attention, that I had no leisure to think of the danger till the boat was cast violently on the beach. The very first time I landed, the whole party were pitched out heels over head on the shore. I thought it a mighty odd way of landing; but supposing it to be all regular and proper, I merely muttered with the sailor whom the raree show-

man blew into the air,—“What the devil will the fellows do next?” and scrambled up the wet sand as best I might.

The nature of this risk, and the methods adopted by the natives to prevent accidents, are easily described. The surf at Madras consists of two distinct lines of breakers on the beach, running parallel to each other and to the shore. These foaming ridges are caused by a succession of waves curling over and breaking upon bars or banks, formed probably by the reflux action of the sea carrying the sand outwards. The surf itself, unquestionably, owes its origin to the long swell of the ocean-swell coming across the Bay of Bengal, a sweep of nearly five hundred miles, from the coasts of Arracan, the Malay peninsula, and the island of Sumatra—itsself a continent. This huge swell is scarcely perceptible far off in the fathomless Indian sea; but when the mighty oscillation—for it is nothing more—reaches the shelving shores of Coromandel, its vibrations are checked by the bottom. The mass of waters, which up to this point had merely sunk and risen, that is, vibrated without any real progressive motion, is then driven forwards to the land, where, from the increasing shallowness, it finds less and less room for its “wild waves’ play,” and finally rises above the general level of the sea in threatening ridges. I know few things more alarming to nautical nerves than the sudden and mysterious “lift of the swell,” which hurries a ship upwards when she has chanced to get too near the shore, and when, in consequence of the deadness of the calm, she can make no way to seaward, but is gradually hove nearer and nearer to the roaring surge.

At last, when the great ocean wave approaches the beach, and the depth of water is much diminished, the velocity of so vast a mass sweeping along the bottom, though greatly accelerated, becomes inadequate to fulfil the conditions of the oscillation; and it has no resource but to curl into a high and toppling wave. So that this moving ridge of waters, after careering forwards with a front high in proportion to the impulse behind, and, for a length of time regulated by the degree of abruptness in the rise of the shore, at last dashes its monstrous head with a noise extremely like thunder along the endless coast.

Often, indeed, when on shore at Madras, have I lain in bed awake, with open windows, for hours together, listening, at the distance of many a league, to the sound of these waves, and almost fancying I could still feel the tremor of the ground, always distinctly perceptible near the beach. When the distance is great, and the actual moment at which the sea breaks ceases to be distinguishable, and when a long range of coast is within hearing, the unceasing roar of the surf in a serene night, heard over the level plains of the Carnatic shore, is wonderfully interesting.

Long afterwards, when within about five miles in a direct line from the Falls of Niagara, I remember thinking the continuous sound of the cataract not unlike that produced by the surf at Madras. What rendered the similarity greater, was the occasional variation in the depth of the note, caused by the fitful nature of the intervening flaws of wind, just as the occasional coincidence in the dash of a number of waves, or their discordance as to the time of their occurrence, or finally, some variation in the strength of the land-breeze, broke the continuity of sound from the shore.

But it must fairly be owned, that there is nothing either picturesque or beautiful—though there may be a touch of the sublime—in the surf when viewed from a boat tossing about in the middle of its deafening clamour, and when the spectator is threatened every instant to be sent sprawling and helpless amongst the expectant sharks which accompany the masallah boats with as much regularity, though for a very different purpose, as the catamarans. These primitive little life-preservers, which are a sort of satellites attending upon the great masallah or passage-boat, consist of two or three small logs of light wood fastened together, and capable of supporting several persons. In general, however, there is but one man upon each, though on many there are two. Although the professed purpose of these rafts is to pick up the passengers of such boats as may be unfortunate enough to get upset in the surf, new comers from Europe are by no means comforted in their alarm on passing through the foam, to be assured that, in the possible event of their boat being capsized, the catamaran men may probably succeed in picking them up before the sharks can find time to nip off their legs! I grievously suspect that it is the cue both of the boatmen and of these wreckers to augment the fears of all Johnny Raws; and possibly the sly rogues occasionally produce slight accidents, in order to enhance the value of their services, and thereby to strengthen their claim to the two or three

fanams which they are enchanted to receive from you as a toll.

Any attempt to pass the surf in an ordinary boat is seldom thought of. I remember hearing of a naval officer who crossed in his jolly-boat once in safety, but on a second trial he was swamped, and both he and his crew well-nigh drowned. The masallah boats of the country resemble nothing to be seen elsewhere.

They are distinguished by flat bottoms, perpendicular sides, and abruptly pointed ends, being twelve or fourteen feet long by five or six broad, and four or five feet high. Not a single nail enters into their construction, all the planks being held together by cords or laces, which are applied in the following manner. Along the planks, at a short distance from the edge, are bored a set of holes through which the lacing or cord is to pass. A layer of cotton is then interposed between the planks, and along the seam is laid a flat narrow strip of a fibry and tough kind of wood. The cord is next rove through the holes and passed over the strip, so that when it is pulled tight the planks are not only drawn into as close contact as the interposed cotton will allow of, but the long strip is pressed against the seam so effectually as to exclude the water. The wood of which these boats are constructed is so elastic and tough, that when they take the ground, either by accident or in the regular course of service, the part which touches yields to the pressure without breaking, and bulges inwards almost as readily as if it were made of shoe leather. Under similar circumstances, an ordinary boat, fitted with a keel, timbers, and planks, nailed together, not being pliable, would be shattered to pieces.

At the after or sternmost end, a sort of high poop-deck, passes from side to side, on which the steersman takes his post. He holds in his hand an oar or paddle, which consists of a pole ten or twelve feet long, carrying at its extremity a circular disc of wood about a foot or a foot and a half in diameter. The oars used by the six hands who pull the masallah boat are similar to that held by the steersman, who is always a person of long experience and known skill, as well as courage and coolness—qualities indispensable to the safety of the passage when the surf is high. The rowers sit upon high thwarts, and their oars are held, by grumets or rings made of rope, to pins inserted in the gunwale, so that they can be let go and resumed at pleasure, without risk of being lost. The passengers, wretched victims! seat themselves on a cross bench, about a foot lower than the seats of the rowers, and close in front of the raised poop or steersman's deck, which is nearly on a level with the gunwale.

The whole process of landing, from the moment of leaving the ship till you feel yourself safe on the crown of the beach, is as disagreeable as can be; and I can only say for myself, that every time I crossed the surf it rose in my respect. At the eighth or tenth transit I began really to feel uncomfortable; at the twentieth, I felt considerable apprehension of being well ducked; and at about the thirtieth time of crossing, I almost fancied there was but little chance of escaping a watery grave, with sharks for sextons, and the wild surf for a dirge! The truth is, that at each successive time of passing this formidable barrier of surf, we become better and better acquainted with the dangers and the possibilities of accident—somewhat on the principle, I suppose, that a veteran soldier is said to be by means so indifferent as a raw recruit is to the whizzing of a shot about his ears.

However this may be, as all persons intending to go ashore at Madras must pass through the surf, they step with what courage they can muster into their boat alongside the ship, anchored in the roads a couple of miles off, in consequence of the water being too shallow for large vessels. The boat then shoves off, and rows to the “back of the surf,” where it is usual to let go a grapnel, or to lie on the oars till the masallah boat comes out. The back of the surf is that part of the roadstead lying immediately beyond the place where the first indication is given of the tendency in the swell to rise into a wave; and no boat not expressly fitted for the purpose ever goes nearer to the shore, but lies off till the “bar-boat” makes her way through the surf, and lays herself alongside the ship's boat. A scrambling kind of boarding operation now takes place, to the last degree inconvenient to ladies and other shore-going persons not accustomed to climbing. As the gunwale of the masallah boat rises three or four feet above the water, the step is a long and troublesome one to make, even by those who are not encumbered with petticoats—those sad impediments to locomotion—devised by the men, as I heard a Chinaman remark, expressly to check the rambling propensities of

the softer sex, always too prone, he alleged, to yield to wandering impulses!

Be this, also, as it is ordained, I know to my cost, in the shape of many a broken shin, that even gentlemen bred afloat may contrive to slip in removing from one boat to the other, especially if the breeze be fresh, and there be what mariners call a "bubble of a sea"—a term redolent in most imaginations with squeamishness and instability of stomach and footing. In a little while, however, all the party are tumbled, or hoisted into the masallah boat, where they seat themselves on the cross bench, marvelously like so many culprits on a hurdle on their way to execution! Ahead of them roars and boils a furious ridge of terrific breakers, while close at their ears behind, stamps and bawls, or rather yells, the steersman, who takes this method of communicating his wishes to his fellow-boatmen, not in the calm language of an officer intrusted with the lives of so many harmless and helpless individuals, but in the most extravagant variety of screams that ever startled the timorous ear of ignorance. In truth, no length of experience can ever reconcile any man, woman, or child, to these most alarming noises, which, if they do not really augment the danger, certainly aggravate the alarm, and add grievously to their feeling of insecurity on the part of the devoted passengers.

I need scarcely say, that the steersman is the absolute master for the time being, as every skipper ought to be, whether he wear a coat and epaulettes, or be limited in his vestments, as these poor masallah boatmen are, to the very minimum allowance of inexpressibles. This not absolutely naked steersman, then, as I have before mentioned, stands on his poop, or quarter-deck, just behind the miserable passengers, whose heads reach not quite so high as his knees. His oar rests in a crutch on the top of the stern-post, and not only serves as a rudder, but gives him the power to slew or twist the boat round with considerable rapidity, when aided by the efforts of the rowers. It is necessary for the steersman to wait for a favourable moment to enter the surf, otherwise the chances are that the boat will be upset, in the manner I shall describe presently. People are frequently kept waiting in this way for ten or twenty minutes, at the back of the surf, before a proper opportunity presents itself.

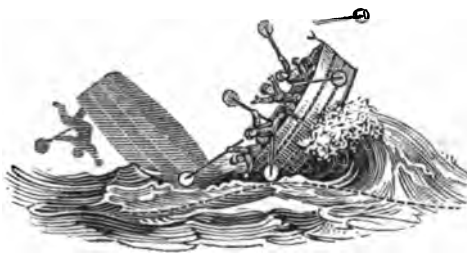
During all this while the experienced eye of the veteran skipper abaft glances backwards and forwards from the open sea, to the surf which is breaking close to him. From time to time he utters a half word to his crew, with that kind of faint interrogative tone in which a commanding officer indulges when he is sure of acquiescence on the part of those under him, and is careless whether they answer or not. In general, however, he remains quite silent during this first stage of the passage, as do also the rowers, who either rest the paddles horizontally, or allow their circular blades to float on the surface of the water. Meanwhile the boat rolls from side to side, or is heaved smartly upwards as the swell, just on the eve of breaking, lifts her into the air, and then drops her again into the hollow with the most sea-sickening velocity. I should state, that during this wofully unpleasant interval, the masallah boat is placed sideways to the line of surf, parallel to the shore, and, of course, exactly in the trough of the sea.

I have often watched with the closest attention to discover what were the technical indications by which these experienced boatmen inferred that the true moment was arrived when it was safe to enter the surf, but I could never make out enough to be of much professional utility. It was clear, indeed, that the proper instant for making the grand push occurred when one of the highest waves was about to break—for the greater the dash, the greater the lull after it. But how these fellows managed to discover, before-hand, that the wave, upon the back of which they chose to ride in, was of that exact description, I could never discover. On the approach of a swell which he knows will answer his purpose, the steersman, suddenly changing his quiet and almost contemplative air for a look of intense anxiety, grasps his oar with double firmness, and exerting his utmost strength of muscle, forces the boat's stern round, so that her head may point to the shore. At the same time he urges his crew to exert themselves, partly by violent stampings with his feet, partly by loud and vehement exhortations, and partly by a succession of horrid yells, in which the sounds Yarry! Yarry!! Yarry!!! predominate—indicating to the ears of a stranger the very reverse of self-confidence, and filling the soul of a nervous passenger with infinite alarm.

These fearful noises are loudly re-echoed, in notes of the most ominous import, by all the other men, who strain themselves so vigorously at the oars, that the boat, flying

forwards, almost keeps way with the wave, on the back of which it is the object of the steersman to keep her. As she is swept impetuously towards the bar, a person seated in the boat can distinctly feel the sea under him gradually rising into a sheer wave, and lifting the boat up—and up—and up, in a manner exceedingly startling. At length the ridge, near the summit of which the boat is placed, begins to curl, and its edge just breaks into a line of white fringe along the upper edge of the perpendicular face presented to the shore, towards which it is advancing, with vast rapidity. The grand object of the boatmen now appears to consist in maintaining their position not on the very crown of the wave, but a little further to seaward, down the slope, so as to ride upon its shoulders, as it were. The importance of this precaution becomes apparent, when the curling surge, no longer able to maintain its elevation, is dashed furiously forwards, and dispersed into an immense sheet of foam, broken by innumerable eddies and whirlpools into a confused sea of irregular waves rushing tumultuously together, and casting the spray high into the air by impinging one against the other. This furious turmoil often whirls the masallah boat round and round, in spite of the despairing outcries of the steersman, and the redoubled exertions of his screaming crew, half of whom back their oars, while the other half tug away in vain endeavours to keep her head in the right direction.

I have endeavoured to describe the correct and safe method of riding over the surf on the outer bar upon the back of a wave, a feat in all conscience sufficiently ticklish; but wo betide the poor masallah boat which shall be a little too far in advance of her proper place, so that, when the wave curls over and breaks, she may be pitched head foremost over the brink of the watery precipice, and strike her nose on the sand-bank. Even then, if there happen, by good luck, to be depth of water over the bar sufficient to float her, she may still escape; but should the sand be left bare, or nearly so, as happens sometimes, the boat is almost sure to strike, if, instead of keeping on the back or shoulder of the wave, she incautiously precedes it. In that unhappy case, she is instantly tumbled forwards, heels over head, while the crew and passengers are sent sprawling amongst the foam.



Between the sharks and the catamaran men a race then takes place—the one to save, the other to destroy—the very Brahmas and Shivas of the surf! It is right, however, to mention, that these accidents are so very rare, that during all the time I was in India I never witnessed one.

There is still a second surf to pass, which breaks on the inner bar, about forty or fifty yards nearer to the shore. I forget, however, exactly the method by which this is encountered. All I recollect is, that the boatmen try to cross it, and to approach so near the beach, that, when the next wave breaks, they shall be so far a-head of it that it may not dash into the boat and swamp her, and yet not so far out as to prevent their profiting by its impulse to drive them up the steep face of sand forming the long-wished for shore. The rapidity with which the masallah boat is at last cast on the beach is sometimes quite fearful, and the moment she thumps on the ground, as the wave recedes, most startling. I have frequently seen persons pitched completely off their seats, and more than once I have myself been fairly turned over, and with all the party, like a parcel of fish cast out of a basket! In general no such untoward events take place, and the boat at length rests on the sand, with her stern to the sea. But as yet she is by no means far enough up the beach to enable the passengers to get out with comfort or safety. Before the next wave breaks, the bow and sides of the boat have been seized by numbers of the natives on the shore, who greatly assist the impulse when the wave comes, both by keeping her in a straight course, and likewise by preventing her upsetting. These last stages of the process are sometimes very disagreeable, for every time the surf reaches the boat, it raises her up and lets her fall again, plump on the ground, with a violent jerk.

When at last she is high enough to remain beyond the wash of the surf, you either jump out, or more frequently descend by means of a ladder, as you would get off the top of a stage-coach; and turning about, you look with astonishment at what you have gone through, and thank heaven you are safe!

The return passage from the shore to a ship, in a masallah boat, is more tedious, but less dangerous than the process of landing. This difference will easily be understood, when it is recollected that in one case the boat is carried impetuously forward by the waves, and that all power of retarding her progress on the part of the boatmen ceases after a particular moment. In going from the shore, however, the boat is kept continually under management, and the talents and experience of the steersman regulate the affair throughout. He watches, just inside the surf, till a smooth moment occurs, generally after a high sea has broken, and then he endeavours, by great exertions, to avail himself of the moment of comparative tranquillity which follows, to force his way across the bar before another sea comes. If he detects, as he is supposed to have it always in his power to do, that another sea is on the rise, which will, in all probability, curl up and break over him before he can row over its crest and slide down its back, his duty is, to order his men to back their oars with their utmost speed and strength. This retrograde movement withdraws her from the blow, or, at all events, allows the wave to strike her with diminished violence at the safest point, and in water of sufficient depth to prevent the boat taking the ground injuriously, to the risk of her being turned turturvy. I have, in fact, often been in these masallah boats when they have struck violently on the bar, and have seen their flat and elastic bottoms bulge inwards in the most alarming manner, but I never saw any of the planks break or the seams open so as to admit the water.

It is very interesting to watch the progress of these honest catamaran-fellows, who live almost entirely in the surf, and who, independently of their chief purpose of attending the masallah boats, are much employed as messengers to the ships in the roads, even in the worst weather. Strange as it may seem, they continue, in all seasons, to carry letters off quite dry, though in getting across the surf, they may be overwhelmed by the waves a dozen times. I know of nothing to be compared to their industry and perseverance, except the pertinacity with which an ant carries a grain of corn up a wall, though tumbled down again and again.

I remember one day being sent with a note for the commanding officer of the flag-ship, which Sir Samuel Hood was very desirous should be sent on board; but as the weather was too tempestuous to allow even a masallah boat to pass the surf, I was obliged to give it to a catamaran-man. The poor fellow drew off his head a small skull-cap made apparently of some kind of skin, or cloth, or bladder, and having deposited his despatches therein, proceeded to execute his task.

We really thought, at first, that our messenger must have been drowned even in crossing the inner bar, for we well nigh lost sight of him in the hissing yeast of waves in which he and his catamaran appeared only at intervals, tossing about like a cork in a pot of boiling water. But by far the most difficult part of his task remained after he had reached the comparatively smooth space between the two lines of surf, where we could observe him paddling to and fro as if in search of an opening in the moving wall of water raging between him and the roadstead. In fact, he was watching for a favourable moment, when, after the dash of some high wave, he might hope to make good his transit in safety.

After allowing a great many seas to break before he attempted to cross the outer bar, he at length seized the proper moment, and turning his little bark to seaward, paddled out as fast as he could. Just as the gallant fellow, however, reached the shallowest part of the bar, and we fancied him safely across, a huge wave, which had risen with unusual quickness, elevated its foaming crest right before him, curling upwards many feet higher than his shoulders. In a moment he cast away his paddle, and leaping on his feet, he stood erect on his catamaran, watching with a bold front the advancing bank of water. He kept his position, quite undaunted, till the steep face of the breaker came within a couple of yards of him, and then leaping head foremost, he pierced the wave in a horizontal direction with the agility and confidence of a dolphin. We had scarcely lost sight of his feet, as he shot through the heart of the wave, when such a dash took place as must have crushed him to pieces had he been by his catamaran, which was whisked, instantly afterwards, by a kind of somersault, completely out of the water by its rebounding off the sand bank. On casting our

eyes beyond the surf, we felt much relieved by seeing our shipwrecked friend merrily dancing on the waves at the back of the surf, leaping more than breast-high above the surface, and looking in all directions, first for his paddle, and then for his catamaran. Having recovered his oar, he next swam, as he best could, through the broken surf, to his raft, mounted it like a hero, and once more addressed himself to his task.

By this time, as the current always runs fast along the shore, he had drifted several hundred yards to the northward farther from his point. At the second attempt to penetrate the surf, he seemed to have made a small miscalculation, for the sea broke so very nearly over him, before he had time to quit his catamaran and dive into still water, that we thought he must certainly have been drowned. Not a whit, however, did he appear to have suffered, for we soon saw him again swimming to his rude vessel. Many times in succession was he thus washed off and sent whirling towards the beach, and as often obliged to dive head foremost through the waves. But at last, after very nearly an hour of incessant struggling, and the loss of more than a mile of distance, he succeeded, for the first time, in reaching the back of the surf, without having parted company either with his paddle or with his catamaran. After this it became all plain sailing; he soon paddled off to the Roads, and placed the admiral's letter in the first lieutenant's hands as dry as if it had been borne in a despatch-box across the court-yard of the admiralty, in the careful custody of my worthy friend Mr. Nudland.

I remember, one day, when on board the *Minden*, receiving a note from the shore by a catamaran lad, whom I told to wait for an answer. Upon this he asked for a rope, with which, as soon as it was given him, he made his little vessel fast, and lay down to sleep in the full blaze of a July sun. One of his arms and one of his feet hung in the water, though a dozen sharks had been seen cruising round the ship. A tacit contract, indeed, appears to exist between the sharks and these people, for I never saw, nor can I remember ever having heard of any injury done by one to the other. By the time my answer was written, the sun had dried up the spray on the poor fellow's body, leaving such a coating of salt, that he looked as if he had been dusted with flour. A few fanams—a small copper coin—were all his charge, and three or four broken biscuits in addition, sent him away the happiest of mortals.

It has sometimes occurred to me, that professional men, both in the army and in the navy, ought to study all the tactics of these masallah boats, and to make themselves acquainted with the principle of their construction. Of what infinite importance to the army, for instance, might not fifty or a hundred of these boats have proved, when our troops were landed, through the surf, at the mouth of the Adour in 1814?

It is matter of considerable surprise to every one who has seen how well the chain pier at Brighton stands the worst weather, that no similar work has been devised at Madras. The water is shallow, the surf does not extend very far from the beach, and there seems really no reason why a chain pier should not be erected, which might answer not only for the accommodation of passengers, but for the transit of goods to and from the shore.

Before quitting this subject, I think it may be useful to mention, that by far the best representation of this celebrated surf which I have ever seen, is given in the noble *Panorama of Madras*, painted by Mr. W. Daniell, and exhibited last year. I rejoice to learn that this highly characteristic work will again be open to the public, in a more accessible situation than that in which it formerly stood.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUNNYASSES.

If by means of any contrivance, a man were to visit the moon, and afterwards, on returning to the earth, to set about giving us an account of his trip, the chances are, if he adhered to strict truth, that his narrative would prove a mighty dull one. A similar fate, and probably for the same reason, but too often attends those books about India which have nothing but bald and naked matter of fact to recommend them. It is not that in the East there are no objects of eminent curiosity in themselves, and well worthy of observation and record; but, unfortunately, they are generally not such as we in England can sympathise with. From wanting this link in the chain, the topic is deprived of that familiarity which alone can render distant descriptions either amusing or instructive; for we all know, that the nearer we approach

to our own firesides, the more vivid the interest of any narrative becomes.

We read, for example, with the utmost avidity, the account of a riot in Piccadilly, in which a policeman of the C division is killed, while we skip carelessly over the adjacent paragraph in the same newspaper giving the details of a battle in Syria between the pacha of Egypt and the grand seignor, in which five thousand men on each side have left their bones to whiten in the wilderness. The solitary death of the poor constable affects us not only from its proximity, but from all its localities being familiar to us. We can readily imagine ourselves on the identical spot, and can even fancy the angle of the brick-bat which did the mischief coming in contact with our own scone. Those prime ministers to our curiosity, the reporters, have merely to touch in a light, or a shade, or a tint of exaggeration here and there, and the picture of all that passed stands as palpably before our mind's eye, as if Teniers, or Ostade, or, better still, our own inimitable Wilkie, had drawn the whole affray from the life.

In short, it matters not much whether recorded incidents be great or small—their interest in our eyes will ever be measured either by their actual geographical distance, or by that moral approximation in the sentiment belonging to them which at once brings home to our feelings the workings of the most remote relations between man and man. Nothing, indeed, can so effectually awaken our attention, or keep it permanently alive, as that which engages our familiar sympathies.

Of these truths we have a striking example in the case of Bishop Heber, who, evidently without study, but merely by giving the reins to his own exquisite taste, fancy, and learning, describes to us Indian scenery and manners, in a way of which we possess no other example. He wastes none of our thoughts by claiming attention to dry descriptions of fact, but trusting unconsciously, to that artless simplicity both of thought and expression, and to that entire singleness of purpose which distinguished this most benevolent of men, he touches those chords only which are in unison with our most habitual and domestic feelings. It will be recollected that the unceasing object of this accomplished writer's labours was to fulfil the solemn injunctions of his Divine Master, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And as Bishop Heber probably considered that he possessed far higher opportunities for the accomplishment of this glorious end than perhaps any other man has enjoyed since the days of the apostles, so we at home feel our brightest hopes kindle under the inspiration of such an example. Without much exaggeration, we may be said to follow his footsteps with almost as much confidence in his truth as we should do those of an angel sent to administer peace on earth and good will towards men. Every thing which he touches partakes of the brilliant colouring of his own glowing but well-regulated imagination; and, what is still more important and useful, every thing he says is modified into practical application by the business-like sagacity of his most ordinary reflections upon what he describes. At the same time, the heartiest and most devout zeal may be traced in every line he writes; and as there never occurs any thing wild or over-enthusiastic, we go along with him cheerfully and unreservedly, and travel in his company not only without fatigue, but with perpetual and varying delight in the companionship. Thus, step by step, we are taught to take a new and unexpected interest in things from which heretofore we have often turned with indifference or distaste.

It certainly is very fortunate that we possess Bishop Heber's journal, fresh and entire as it was written on the spot; for had the press been corrected by himself, though we might have obtained something very good, we should hardly have been allowed to peruse the unpremeditated expression of those sentiments and opinions which appear to have crowded to the surface in the unbounded fullness of his topic. Many of these must have been irretrievably chilled by the sober touch of subsequent reflection.

I remember, even on the spot itself, at Madras, being frequently made sensible how exceedingly small the interest of some of the most extraordinary of the native customs appeared, in comparison to that of the commonplace usages in the Bungaloes of my own countrymen. A game at brag; a very moderate flirtation; even a sober cup of tea with an old friend; an evening drive along the Mount road, or a glance at the stars from Mr. Goldingham's observatory, generally proved an overmatch for the most curious ceremonies of the Hindoo population. With the whole Black Town at command as a field of local enquiry, I never entered it but twice. The first

time I was obliged to sound a hasty retreat, in consequence of the crowd, heat, and the most villanous compound of smells that ever offended nostril. On the second occasion, I merely passed through it hastily, and not at all in quest of adventures, but in order to take tiffin or luncheon with a friend, who resided to the northward of the town.

After riding for some distance, I half repented of my purpose, for it was raging hot, and the first airs of the young sea breeze had scarcely begun to fan the surface of the water along a narrow strip of the sea parallel to the beach. Only those native boats, called pattyamars, and one or two other small coasters, whose shallow draught of water enabled them to approach the shore, could avail themselves of these fitful swirls, which swept from time to time towards the land, and then died away again, for a full hour before the regular sea breeze blew in from the offing. As yet, however, not a leaf of any tree was put in motion, and not a bird could be seen; all nature, indeed, seemed to have fallen asleep—not a sound was to be heard except the ceaseless dash of the restless surf.

I rode slowly along, well-nigh suffocated for want of air, scarcely shaded from the direct rays of the sun by my old friends, the cocoa-nuts, and tormented by the dazzling reflection from the coral sand, almost as white as snow, which seemed to burn the horse's feet. So entire was the solitude, that I had not the least expectation of meeting a single soul, native or European; and I might reasonably enough have recorded the fact, that at such a season not only every kind of work was discontinued in India, but even their religious ceremonies were intermitted.

Just as I had made this reflection in the generalising spirit which is so very tempting, my ear caught the sight of a set of tom-toms, or native drums, sounding at a distance in the wood; and after advancing a few hundred yards farther, I came to an opening facing the sea, in which were assembled at least a thousand natives. In the centre of the area stood a pole or mast, some thirty or forty feet high, bearing across its top a long yard of beam, slung nearly in the middle, and stretching both ways to the distance of forty or fifty feet. One end of the yard was held down by several men, so low as nearly to touch the ground, while the other rose proportionably high into the air. Near the upper extremity of this yard, underneath a canopy gaudily ornamented with flowers and loose festoons of drapery, I was astonished to observe a human being suspended, as it seemed, by two slender chords. He was not hanging perpendicularly, like a criminal, by the neck, but floated, as it were, horizontally in the air, as a bird flies, with his arms and legs moving freely about. Round his waste there was slung a bag, or basket, filled with fruits and flowers, which he scattered from time to time amongst the delighted crowd beneath, who rent the forest with shouts of admiration.

On approaching nearer to the ring, I discovered, with no small astonishment and horror, that the native who was swinging about the air, though apparently enjoying his elevation, was actually bung upon hooks passing through his flesh! There was nothing, however, in his appearance or manner indicating pain, though he must have been in no small suffering, I should suppose; for no rope or strap passed round him to take off the weight, and the only means of suspension consisted in two bright hooks, inserted in his back. At first I felt unwilling to advance, but the natives, who appeared to be enchanted with the ceremony, begged me to come on.

The man, who was sailing about in the air at the time of my arrival, having been lowered down and unhooked, another fanatic was summoned. He was not dragged along reluctantly and with fear, but advanced briskly and cheerfully from the pagoda, in front of which he had prostrated himself flat on his face. A native priest then came forward, and with the tip of his finger marked out the spot where the hooks were to be inserted. Another officiating priest now began to thump the victim's back with his hand, and to pinch it violently, while a third dexterously inserted the hooks under the skin and cellular membrane, just below the shoulder-blade. As soon as this was effected, the devotee leaped gaily on his feet, and, as he rose, a basin of water, which had previously been dedicated to Shiva, was dashed in his face. He was then marched in procession from the pagoda towards a little platform on one side of the area in which the mast and yard were placed. Numerous drums and shrill-sounding pipes, mixed with the sound of many voices, gave token of his approach.

On mounting the platform, he tore away a number of chaplets and coronals of flowers by which he had been ornamented, scattering the fragments amongst the eager

crowd. His dress, if such it can be called, besides the usual langooti or slight band round the waist, consisted of nothing but a very short jacket, covering the shoulders and half of the arm, and a pair of drawers, reaching nearly to the knee, both being made of an open net-work, the meshes of which were an inch wide.

As the natives, so far from objecting to my being present, encouraged me to come forward, I mounted the scaffold, and stood close by to make sure there was no deception practised. The hooks, which were formed of highly polished steel, might be about the size of a small shark-hook, but without any barb; the thickness being rather less than a man's little finger. The points of the hooks being extremely sharp, they were inserted without lacerating the parts, and so adroitly, that not a drop of blood flowed from the orifices; in fact, the native, who appeared to suffer no pain, conversed easily with those about him. I may add, as the contrary has often been reported, that there was not, on this occasion at least, the slightest appearance of intoxication. To each hook was attached a strong cotton line, which, after certain ceremonies, was tied to the extremity of the yard-arm, drawn to the scaffold by ropes. As soon as the lines had been made fast, the opposite end of the yard was again gradually pulled down by men on the other side of the ring, and thus the Sunnyass was raised fifty or sixty feet over the heads of the admiring multitude, who all shouted as he ascended.

To show his perfect self-possession, he took from the pouch tied round his waist handfuls of flowers, and, occasionally, a single lime, which, with a merry countenance and a cheerful voice, he jerked amidst the crowd. Nothing could exceed the eagerness of the natives to catch these holy relics; and, in order to give all of them an equal chance, the men stationed at the lower end of the yard walked with it round the ring, so as to bring the swinger successively over the different parts of the circle. To enable them to make this circuit, the centre of the yard was made to traverse on a double pivot, which allowed it not only to be lowered down at the ends, but to be carried round horizontally. In this way the suspended fanatic, who really appeared to enjoy it as a sport, was wheeled round three times, each circuit occupying about two minutes; after which he was lowered down to the platform, and the lines being cast off, he walked back to the pagoda, accompanied, as before, by the tom-toms and squeaking pipes. The hooks were then removed from his back, and he joined the crowd who accompanied the next man from the pagoda to the platform—exactly as if he had not himself been exposed only the minute before to a trial which, let people say what they like of it, must have been very severe.

I remained near the spot for about an hour, during which four other men were hooked up in the same manner, and swung round, not one of them exhibiting the slightest symptom of uneasiness. During the whole time, I never detected any thing even like impatience, except once, when one of the men in the air appeared to fancy that the persons who were walking along with the lower end of the yard moved too slowly. He called out to them to quicken their pace, but with nothing angry in his tone, or any tremour in his voice, indicating suffering.

About four years after this time I had another opportunity of witnessing, near Calcutta, a number of these swingings, and a great variety of other tortures, to which these Sunnyasses exposed themselves, either in honour of their gods, or in pursuance of some idle vow.

The effect of such exhibitions as that just described, at Madras, when witnessed for the first time by a stranger from Europe, is that of unmixed wonder, and of curiosity highly gratified; but when he sees the same things repeated on an extensive scale, together with many hundreds of other examples of voluntary bodily exposure to sword, scourge, and even to fire, the degree of melancholy which it inspires in the traveller is very great. If it were possible to suppose that many thousands of persons of all ages could be subjected, by the agency of tyrannical force, to these severe sufferings, such a scene would be inconceivably horrible; but when the people themselves not only invite these tortures, but press eagerly forward to claim the honour of being first cut to pieces, or pierced with irons, or burned with hot spikes, or swung round in the air by hooks, or, in the extremity of their zeal, leap from scaffolds upon the points of naked swords—the sentiment of indignation is changed into commiseration. For it is impossible not to feel grieved upon seeing a population so deplorably degraded; and surely there must mingle with this feeling a strong desire to ameliorate the condition of people sunk so low in the scale of human nature.

These reflections naturally give rise to the two important questions—What harm do these exhibitions really produce? And in what manner are they to be checked? For we must recollect, that it is not always by official mandates that the habits of a nation can be suddenly changed; and even the East India Company, though exercising infinitely greater authority, both military and moral, over those countries than ever Zengis Khan or Tamerlane possessed, cannot effectively interfere to change, on the instant, the manners and customs of their Hindoo subjects. They may upset one dynasty and reconstruct another—they may crush armies of hundreds of thousands of disciplined men, and even climb the Himalah mountains to dispossess other conquerors of lands which have been won by the sword of brave men. What is of far more importance, and far more difficult of execution—they may extend, and indeed have already extended the empire of law and justice far and wide over their vast possessions, and have given peace, security of person and property, and a wonderful degree of contentment, to the millions upon millions of their subjects. But with all this weight of influence, arising not merely from the possession of faithful armies and abundant wealth, but from the still higher source of authority—opinion, they dare not rashly interfere to stop many of those mischievous and superstitious proceedings of the natives, until all, or nearly all, the parties concerned are agreed in condemning them.

It becomes therefore the business of a statesman in India to watch his opportunity, and if he has reason to believe that the time has arrived when, with safety to the well-being of the state, he can interpose the high arm of authority to check abuses, he ought to act promptly and vigorously. The practice of Hindoo infanticide—thanks to the energy and sagacity of the late Colonel Walker—has been long abolished in India. In this way, also, the extensive local experience of the present governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, showed him that in suppressing the abominable practice of Suttees, or widow murder and suicide combined, he should carry with him the sympathies of the intelligent Hindoos themselves, and in no respect weaken our own political authority. He, therefore, boldly issued a regulation (dated 4th December, 1829,) positively forbidding the practice—and declaring its abettors to be murderers. Thus, by a single stroke of the pen, at the right moment, one of the most shocking and deteriorating of all the Hindoo usages was totally and effectually abolished.

If future authorities shall act with equal discretion, and only take care to time their interference with equal skill, there can be no doubt that very great ameliorations may be safely effected among the natives of India. If, for example, the improvements in the judicial and revenue systems, already alluded to, be carried forward very gradually, and in that right spirit which seeks only to apply practical remedies to admitted evils, we may hope to see, even in our own day, no small moral change for the better in the vast population of our splendid Eastern empire.

CHAPTER VII.

PALANKEEN TRAVELLING—IRRIGATING TANKS IN THE MYSORE COUNTRY.

It was my rare good fortune, while actually serving in my proper calling as a naval officer in India, and without the loss of a single day's time, to make two land journeys across the peninsula of Hindustan, and thus to see the interior of the country, which is seldom visited by sailors.

"Fair friends make fair winds," says the sea proverb, and so it proved in my case; for my kind patron Sir Samuel Hood, who, in true Nelson style, was always endeavouring to discover what would be most agreeable and useful to those under him, bethought him of a method of serving me professionally, at the same time putting it in my power to make one of the most delightful trips possible.

About the middle of the year 1813, his majesty's ship Cornwallia, a seventy-four gun ship, built of teak-wood from the coast of Malabar, was launched at Bombay, on the western side of India. The captain who was appointed to this new ship then commanded the Theban, at that time lying in Madras Roads, on the eastern side of the peninsula. But as this frigate required repairs which could be given her only at Bombay, she was ordered round to that port. Fortunately for me, the officer appointed to command the Theban happened at this juncture to be cruising in another ship far away to the eastward, amongst the Moluccas or the Philippine Islands; and Sir Samuel Hood offered me the temporary appoint-

ment as acting commander until her proper captain should join.

"You will have to go to Bombay," he said, "to reft the frigate and to bring her back to this side of India; but you may go either by sea, in the ship herself, or you may run over by land across the continent, only taking care that you reach Bombay in good time to relieve the officer in command of the Theban, that he may be free to go on board the Cornwallia."

I, of course, gladly availed myself of the alternative which enabled me to visit so interesting a part of India as the Mysore country, the scene of Hyder Ali's and Tip. poo Sultan's wars, and so well known in Europe by the splendid catastrophe of Seringapatam.

The preparations for the journey were very soon made, and I hurried away from Madras as fast as I could, being stimulated into extraordinary despatch, not only by the wish to make the most of my opportunities, but by a latent apprehension that there must be some mistake in this piece of good fortune. I felt, indeed, as if it were all a dream, and could scarcely persuade myself that I was really and truly on the eve of making a journey through the interior of India, and that in a week or ten days, I might actually be sleeping in the palace of Tip. poo, or scrambling over the breach where that formidable enemy of the British name was found slain under a vast pile of his devoted adherents.

I knew little or nothing of the mode of travelling in the East, and my stock of the language was as yet but small, albeit I had studied sedulously to acquire some knowledge of Hindustance, which, although not the colloquial dialect of all parts of the country I was to pass through, I was told might be used for the purposes of travelling in every village. The cutwal, or head man, one of whose offices it is to assist travellers, can always speak this language, which, as I have been told, is a jargon, or lingua franca, consisting of Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, a little sprinkling of Portuguese, and a still smaller dash of English, with here and there a stray word of Malay origin. Unfortunately all languages are nearly equally difficult to me; and certainly, had I not travelled in the country, I should never have advanced beyond the elementary sentences, "Give me a glass of water;" "Bring the palankeen;" "Go faster;" and so on, together with a moderate stock of those truncated little oaths which every one seems so soon to acquire, and without effort. But on a journey made quite alone, even the least apt mouth for languages is forced to model itself to the current speech of the high road. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue, are famous teachers of foreign dialects, and in all journeys there must occur many accidents which not only try the temper, but put the traveller on his mettle to explain his wants, or to extricate him from scrapes; and the emphatic lessons thus drilled into him, fix themselves on his memory, let it be ever so slippery.

The utility of languages to a naval officer is so great, not merely as a source of utility and enjoyment to himself, but of occasional advantage to the public service, that I would fain see it established as an admiralty regulation, that no midshipman should be allowed to pass for lieutenant who, besides French, could not read and speak moderately well either Spanish, Italian, or Hindustance, the four great dialects with which naval men are likely to be much concerned. Such a regulation would cause a famous hilla-balloo amongst the rising generation of officers, and many a deep curse would be launched at the suggester of such a measure; but, on long, both these execrators and the public service would feel the advantages of the rule.

My first thought was to cast about for letters of introduction; but an experienced Indian traveller told me not to mind such things, that they were scarcely ever required, and that my uniform alone would be an ample introduction.

"Take a passport with you," said my friend, "in case of accidents, and your blue coat, merely to show who and what you are, but nothing more; you will find a welcome, and a hearty one too, at every station, civil and military, over the whole country. You cannot possibly go wrong," he added; "and if at any time you should be at a loss, you have only to apply to the nearest English station for assistance, and straightway all the resources of the spot will be at your command."

With this comfortable assurance I set off; but I confess I felt queerish the first night, when jogging along all alone on the high road, in a country totally unknown to me, and of whose language I knew so very little. After tumbling and tossing about, greatly to the annoyance of the bearers, for about an hour, I fell asleep, but only to dream of tigers and robbers, till at length the pal-

keen was suddenly and violently jerked on one side, and then thrown on the ground. I awoke, of course, in great alarm, and on thrusting out my head, I saw a snake twisting about amongst the feet of the foremost bearers, who had dashed down their load, and were leaping to the right and left into the jungle. As my sword lay on one side of the palankeen, I lost no time in drawing it forth, and before the catiff could effect his escape, cut him in twain, to the great admiration of the bearers, who dropped back again, one by one, to the road. It is singular enough that this was the only snake, so far as I recollect, which I ever saw in a wild state in India, though I must have travelled many thousands of miles in that country.

Palankeen travelling may be compared in some respects to sea voyaging; inasmuch as the traveller carries his house, furniture, kitchen, and wardrobe with him. He is not dependent, indeed, on the wind for his progress; but he is almost as much influenced in his comforts by the weather as if he were at sea; while the bearers, though docile enough to a certain extent, can no more be put out of their own particular way than the monsoons or trade winds. They must be allowed to travel at certain hours and at a certain rate, and they claim the privilege of making as much noise as they please during their progress, greatly to the discomposure of new-comers, but, it is said, greatly to their own relief. Every resident possesses a palankeen as a matter of course, just as we in Europe own a hat or an umbrella. A gig or a saddle-horse might seem better comparisons; but in England, alas! many people sport neither gig nor horse;—in India, no person moves without his palankeen. Those who can afford to do things in style, or who choose to be stylish whether they can afford it or not, keep a dozen bearers; but moderate men, except on a journey, content themselves with half a dozen.

The palankeen, which is generally kept in the verandah of the house, is taken up by the bearers in the morning, who brush it out, wash it if necessary, place it near the door in some shady spot, and, if their master be not ready to start immediately after breakfast, they stretch themselves on the ground, in the shade, and either go to sleep, or continue chatting to one another in a low rumbling under-tone, in which the words are scarcely articulated. On the appearance of their master, they instantly bestir themselves without bidding—for it is one of the delights of Indian service, that the attendants seem to possess an intuitive faculty of discovering what is wanted; and it very rarely happens that they require to be spoken to or lectured. In truth, no one, until he has visited India, can form any just notion of the immense comfort of being waited on by those truly angelic fellows, the white-robed serving men of the East, or estimate the positive addition it makes to the sum of human happiness to be exempted from the wear and tear of looking after the habits, and studying the temper and humours of European domestics.

The palankeen-bearers, who form, I believe, a caste or class by themselves, are a faithful and diligent race of men; and as it is their invariable custom to be honest, a traveller may leave any thing loose in the palankeen with perfect safety. I have heard that it is not quite safe or fair to leave the brandy bottle too much exposed, as, poor human nature, under whatever colour of the skin it may be hid, is said never to be proof against the seductions of that wonderful tippie. For my part I do not believe I ever tasted it till I came to travel in India, and then I was as much taken in as the savage king, so cleverly described by Captain Cook, who mistook a bottle of this new-found beverage for an avatar of one of his gods. A worthy friend of mine at Madras, just as I was starting, thrust his head into my palankeen, and cried out,

"Why, man, you have got no brandy! You cannot possibly get on without some support, as we call it."

And running back to the house, he unlocked his private store, and deposited with me a small square nicely cut crystal bottle of cogniac, so delicious, that, he declared, it would bring a dead man alive again.

I forgot all about this supply till some days afterwards, during a sultry, choky afternoon in the jungle, when there was hardly a breath of wind aloft of sufficient force to stir even the tremulous leaf of the bamboo-tree; while down below, where the ground was parched up and riven into a net-work of crevices by the heat, the still air had reached that suffocating pitch which makes one feel close to death's door. The bearers had stopped at a sparkling well, or rather a natural fountain, from which a small stream of cool water gurgled and splashed over the rocks, and spread its refreshing influence for many yards on either side. Being burnt up with thirst, I leaped out, and in the next minute would have plunged my face into

the basin formed by the falling drops, and drank down the water to my own destruction, had not one of the bearers gently interposed himself, and recommended me to put some brandy with the cold spring. I had no objection to this modification; but as I longed for a deep potation, I put only a couple of thimblefuls into a tumbler, and then filling it to the brim with water, swallowed the whole at one delectable gulp. The sensation produced by this experiment was so agreeable and new, that I could not well resist the temptation of repeating it; and although the veteran bearer who dipped the water for me a second time, smiled as he filled the glass, I did not comprehend the meaning of his expression of countenance till some time afterwards. I also told him to fill one of the goglets, and to carry it in his hand, that it might enjoy the benefit of the breeze caused by our rapid advance. By and by I felt an irresistible desire to take another drop of the very weakest brandy and water; and as it proved three times more delicious than the first, but left behind it a treble degree of thirst, I tried it again. I now became impatient, and called to the bearers to go faster.

"Go faster still!" I said, rather sharply. Upon this they moved on so quickly that I was nearly jerked out. I then desired them to stop; an order more easily obeyed than the first. I took advantage of the pause to mix one more glass of what seemed very weak grog.

"Go faster!" I roared out—"go faster!" as I emptied the glass. But their utmost speed seemed to me a snail's pace; and after a few more exclamations, reproaches, and threats, I leaped out of the palankeen, and rushing forward to enforce my orders, fell flat on my face in the dust! The terrified bearers dropped the palankeen on the road, and scampering into the forest, left me all alone to crawl back to my nest as I best could.

I know not how long I slept, but on waking I perceived that the bearers had again lifted the palankeen, and, having come to the termination of their night's journey, were just setting me down by the side of a tank, twenty or five-and-twenty miles from the spot where I had frightened them away the evening before.

The sun's rays were beginning to flicker through the lowest brushwood, dripping with dew; and the air felt so cool and elastic, that I begged to have a bath, to clear my noodle. I undressed myself accordingly; and while I sat on the steps in front of the pagoda, allowed the bearers to pour in succession a dozen large jars of water over my head. After this, as soon as I was dressed, I called the men together, distributed the remainder of the brandy amongst them, and in spite of my friend's assurance at starting, found I got on a great deal better ever afterwards.

When a journey of more than thirty or forty miles is to be made in India, it is usual to acquaint the palankeen-boys with this intention, that they may make the fitting preparations, in the shape of torches and oil, besides rice and curry stuff, and sundry other matters for themselves. Their cook, also, who makes the thirteenth man amongst them if it be a full set, sees his pots and pans in order for the march. A person—I think one of the bearers—is also got in readiness with a bamboo across his shoulder, to each end of which he attaches a light travelling trunk, made generally of basket-work covered with green wax-cloth. The night season, for obvious reasons, is generally chosen for travelling in India, both by bearers and travellers. The heat of the day interferes both with the length and speed of the journey; and although the person inside of the palankeen is shaded from the direct rays of the sun, he is sure to be well-nigh suffocated with the heat, or choked with the dust thrown up by the bearers' feet. At night, even in the hottest season, there is generally some dew to lay the dust, and the air is of course cooler.

People generally start after an early dinner; and as the night falls, the torch is lighted and held by one of the bearers, who runs along with it by the side of the palankeen. The torch, at first, may be about four feet long, and nearly as thick as a man's arm; it is made of rags and strips of cotton, well saturated with oil and grease, and then wound into a firm cylinder. The flame is supplied with oil from a tin vessel carried in the torch-bearer's other hand. Unfortunately for the traveller, it happens to be more convenient for the men that the torch should be held on the windward side of the palankeen than on the lee side, and consequently the smoke of ten blows right in upon him. During the early part of my journey, I endeavoured, by the wonted artillery of commands, scolds, entreaties, and bribes, to reform this matter, but all without effect. "Bap ke dostoor," was the only answer I got—"It is father's custom." The truth is, that if the torch be carried by a man to leeward, his

shadow interferes with its light if he holds it in one hand, and the flame burns him if he holds it in the other. I often made the musallee change sides; but I could hear him chattering and growling sadly until he fancied me asleep, and then round he went again to windward. At length I discovered that it was much the best way to submit with what patience I possessed—which was not much—for I never found my stock of this virtue improved by attempting, in wretched Hindustanee, to explain to persons who did not wish to understand, the propriety of doing that which they believed improper, and felt to be exceedingly inconvenient. In some parts of the country, these torches are made of long slips of well-dried bamboo, occasionally of faggots bound up; and at other places they consist of long thick reeds. I could seldom prevail upon the bearers to use a lantern, unless when their stock of faggots had been burned out. The light, they said, was not sufficient for the safe guidance of their feet.

The palankeen is about six feet long by two and a half wide, and serves at night-time for a bed, in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part of the interior is fitted a broad shelf, underneath which a drawer pulls out, and over the shelf a net is stretched, such as we see in travelling carriages. In the after-part, as a sailor would call it, there is generally fixed a shelf for books, a net for fruit or any loose articles, and hooks for hats, caps, towels, and other things. There are two doors, or sliding partitions in each side, fitted with Venetian blinds in the upper pannel; and in each end of the palankeen are placed two little windows. Many travellers choose to have a lamp fixed in one corner, with a glass face turned inwards, but trimmed from without, either for reading or for sleeping by—for your Indian must always have a light to see how to shut his eyes, as Pat said. The bottom, or seat, is made of strips of rattan, like that of a chair, over which is laid a light elastic mattress, made either of horse-hair, or, which is still better, I believe, of the small shavings used in dressing the bamboo and rattan.

Across the palankeen, at the distance of a foot and a half from the end, is hung a flat square cushion, buttoned tightly from side to side, for the traveller's back to rest against; while his feet are prevented from slipping forwards by a cross-bar, similar in principle to the stretchers in a boat, against which the rowers plant their feet. This bar, which slides up and down in slits cut at the sides of the palankeen, is capable of being shifted nearer to or further from the end, according to the length of the voyager's legs, or to his choice of position. In the space behind the cushion or rest for the back, are stowed away, in the day-time, the sheets, blankets, pillow, and other night-things; and in the net above, two or three changes of clothes, in case of any accident separating the traveller from his heavy baggage. In the drawers may be kept shaving articles, and such nick-knacks as a compass, thermometer, sketch-book. On the shelf behind, a few books—among which, of course, will be found a road-book and a Hindustanee vocabulary—joistling with a tea-pot and sugar-canister. Under the mattress, an infinity of small things may be hid, provided they be flattish. In each corner of this moving house are placed little round sockets for bottles and glasses. Many other odds and ends of comforts and conveniences suggest themselves as the journey advances, or may be found cut and dry in expensive palankeens, I speak merely of what mine possessed, and it was a very ordinary affair—cheap and strong, and not too heavy. Along the top, on the outside, is laid a wax-cloth cover, which, when not in use, is rolled up; but in rainy weather, or when the night air becomes chill, this cloth is let so loose as to envelope the whole palankeen.

At each end there is fixed a single strong smooth bar, which rests on the bearers' shoulders. This pole, which is somewhat thicker than a man's arm, is possessed of none of the elasticity which gives such an unpleasant motion to a sedan chair, being secured tightly to the corners of the palankeen by iron rods. To one of these poles there is generally suspended a beautifully shaped rattan basket, holding a goglet or water-pitcher, which is still further defended from injury by an open tracery of split rattans, resembling not a little the work in relief on the buttresses and pinnacles of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. This goglet is hung in front, that the dew which exudes from its pores may be evaporated by the current of air it encounters as the bearers move on; and thus, even in the hottest weather, a cool draught of water may always be obtained. Under the pole behind are hung a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and a curious but useful kind of wash-hand basin, imported from

China, of a cylindrical shape, made of wood highly varnished.

Some people add a brace of pistols to the equipment of their palankeen; but I preferred, if it came to the push, rather to be robbed in peace, than to fight a pitched battle with desperadoes about a trumpery watch, or a handful of pagodas. At the very best, one could only hope to repel the boarders, and perhaps put one or two of them to death; in return for which, a broken pate, or a slice with a grass-cutter's knife, would remain as lasting evidences of the traveller's prowess in the jungle. As for tigers, I was assured that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, they are quite as glad to make off from man as man is glad to get off from them; and in truth their instinct must be but small, or their hunger inordinately great, if they have not learned by this time, that Mr. Homo is much more than a match for Mr. Brute, with all his claws and teeth. Of this fact I saw ample proofs in the course of my journey, as I shall have occasion presently to relate in describing a great native festival near Seringapatam, where animals really wild, and not such tame creatures as are to be seen in our misnamed "wild beast" shows, were exhibited and baited for our edification, within twenty-four hours after being caught in the forest.

If the journey to be made in the palankeen be a short one, say thirty or forty miles, it may be run over in the night, with only one stop, during which the bearers light a fire and dress their supper. Including this delay, I have made, between eight in the evening and half-past six in the morning, a journey of full forty miles—that is, from Madras to the Seven Pagodas, or Mahabalipooram, the city of the great god Bali. On ordinary occasions, for short distances between house and house, when you are going out to dinner, only a couple of men run under each pole, and at such times the palankeen is carried at the rate of four or five miles an hour. But on journeys, there are generally three men to each pole, which employs six men out of the twelve, while the others run by their side, ready to relieve their companions at intervals. During the whole time they are in progress, they make a noise which is not easy to describe. Sometimes it consists of a long, deep, but slightly varied groan, in which the whole party join in correct time. Mostly, however, the men in front use one kind of groan or grunt, which is answered by another from those behind. These sounds often approach to a scream, and frequently include words of warning against stones in the way, or pools of water; but these are articulated so indistinctly, that it is difficult to catch them. I remember one exclamation frequently used, "Kurab high!" Occasionally, when it is wished to make a great exertion, the leader of the song suddenly calls out some such word as "Shabash!" to which every one answers, and away they spring at double speed, while the tone of the music, so to call it, is changed from a dull sort of grumbling bass, to an angry and sharp intonation, mixed with something almost insulting or reproachful in its tone.

A stranger, or griffin, as he is called, on first getting into a palankeen at Madras, is naturally much alarmed, and often rather distressed, at these hideous sounds, as he naturally fancies the men must be suffering dreadfully under their load. There have even been instances of Johnny Newcomes so prodigiously sensitive, or spoony, as actually to get out and walk in the sun, to the particular amusement of the bearers, who, it is alleged, make their yells doubly horrible when they fancy they have caught a griffin. I do confess, that at first, it feels a little queer to be carried along on men's shoulders; but this is a great waste of sympathy, inasmuch as every man so carrying you is not only a servant at will, but a very well-paid, contented servant, and one of a caste whose greatest anxiety and pleasure is to be so employed—who makes money by it, and saves it, and buys land, and becomes, in time, a gentleman in his way. I never remember to have heard the brawny Highlanders, who carry people about in chairs in Edinburgh, Bath, and elsewhere, accused of any extra servility, because they lifted the box containing their employer, instead of driving the horses which dragged the carriage holding the same personages. In short, all these matters turn on usage, and the deuce is in it if the parties most concerned are not the best judges of what, upon the whole, is most to their mind. But the fashion now-a-days is to cram compassion down contented people's throats, and, in the true spirit of the philosophers of Laputa, or the needy knife-grinder's friend in the Antijacobin, to make happy men miserable, in order that they may be reconverted to happiness by some patent general principle—an invaluable process, always best known, it would ap-

pear, to those who are personally ignorant of all the practical details of the subject!

This song, or cry, or groan, or whatever it be, of the palankeen-bearers of India, is different in different parts of the country; while, at some places, as at Bombay, they use none at all, but move along quite quietly. There seems to be as much art in carrying a palankeen, as in driving a carriage, or riding a horse. Some bearers shake you to pieces, while others glide along so gently, that you are scarcely conscious of any motion. In every part of the country which I have visited, except Cananore and Mangalore, on the coast of Malabar, the palankeen is carried in a straight-forward direction, that is, parallel to the road, or so that the hind-bearers follow exactly the footsteps of those in front. But at the places alluded to on the western coast, they carry it nearly across the road, so that the hind-bearers are but little astern of the others, the poles making an angle with the direct line of about seventy-five degrees. This crab-kind of fashion of moving sideways, which resembles that of the abominable Omnibuses of Europe, is any thing but agreeable. I well remember the first time I encountered it feeling quite sick, and a little giddy. It was in the evening, about sunset, and I had shut to the doors to take a nap, when, after a little time, I thought there was something very odd in the motion, and I sat up to consider what it could be. On opening one of the doors, and looking out, I beheld all the objects passing by me at such a strange obliquity of angle, that I began to suspect I must have been again taking to the brandy bottle!

When a long journey is to be made, you must decide upon one of two ways, and either travel through with one set of bearers, which is the slowest method; or you must make arrangements for having relays of fresh men laid for you at different stations on the road. If one set go all the way, and be good of their kind, they will undertake to carry a moderate-sized traveller about twenty-five miles a-day for a continuance, which is surely great going. Travelling by dawk, as it is called, or when the bearers are laid, is the most expeditious way of proceeding, but, of course, much the most expensive. Before starting, you must write letters to the different collectors of the various districts through which you mean to pass, stating the time you mean to set out, and the route you are to follow. It seems to signify little whether or not you are personally acquainted with these gentlemen, for it is the universal fashion in India to be obliging and hospitable. The bearers written for will therefore always be found waiting for you at their assigned stations. It sometimes answers equally well, and saves time and trouble, to send on as many sets of bearers as may be required to make the journey. Thus, when I left Madras on my second journey overland, I sent forward one set to the Mount, eight miles distant; another to Sri Paramatara, twenty miles further; a third to Baul Chitty's Choultry, twenty-four miles further, which was about twenty short of Arcot, my first halting-place. I have already mentioned, that each set of bearers consists of thirteen men, when a journey is to be made. The ordinary price of this description of labour, when I was in India, and I don't suppose it has changed materially since, was three fanams (or about six pence and a farthing) to each bearer for every ten English miles, or six shillings and nine pence for the whole thirteen, which is about eight pence per mile. An additional sum is paid for those sets which are sent on past the first stage, and of course something extra is paid to them daily when they are kept waiting.

Fanams, rupees, and pagodas, form the money current at Madras. There are twelve fanams in a rupee, and forty-five in a pagoda. The word rupee (or rupiya) means silver, and is applied to that metal generally. What we term fanam, I remembering being told was called "fullum" by the natives; this, as etymologies go, is but a small shift. But where the word pagoda came from, I believe is not known; the coin so called by us is named "hoon," or "hoong," by the natives; but the temples which we style pagodas, are called by them "dewul." In China, the sacred edifices also receive at our hands the name of pagoda, though, in the European slang of the spot, they are called Joss-houses—evidently from the Portuguese Dios. The word gentoo, like that of pagoda, is also, I believe, entirely of European origin; but though much used by Orme and other writers on India, I do not think it is any where a current word in that country, even amongst the English. I have indeed heard the name of Gentooes applied to the athletic race of palankeen-bearers who belong to a district north of Madras. They are naturally drawn to the presidency, which is the most wealthy spot in the country, just as the gallogos

of the northwest of Spain are drawn to Lisbon, and other large cities of the European peninsula; or like the hardy race of Pats and Donalds of our own country, to the rich foci of London and Edinburgh.

When travelling dawk or post, the same set of men will rattle you along for about twenty miles, without stopping, in five or six hours at most; and then, if all things have been well ordered, the palankeen will be transferred to the new set without its being allowed to touch the ground. You pay your bearers at the end of the stage—and it is amusing enough to trace a characteristic resemblance between these Asiatics and an animal apparently so dissimilar to them; I mean an English postboy, or a French postilion. If you pay them their exact customary due, they make you a profound salaam, and are perfectly contented; but if you give them a single fanam over and above their allowance, they instantly smoke you to be a griffin or an ignoramus, or both, and therefore fair game for plucking. So they either begin to beg for more money, or petition for a sheep for supper—their choicest feast—for they are not of the Banyan race, who eat no animal food. They also exhibit such wretched looks of supplication, and make so many signals of starvation, that your purse opens even if your heart does not, and at last you yield to their machiavellian opportunity. Here, however, the comparison with the post-boy ceases; for if you give him an expressly coin shilling, or a mug of ale to warm him, he drinks your honour's health, and looks pleased. But I never was contrived, by any stretch of over-payment, to extort or bribe a smile out of the palankeen-bearers of India. On the contrary, the more you give, the more discontented they look; alternately eyeing the cash and the road travelled over, and then, after glancing sulkily at one another, in the most provoking style possible, they slowly turn about and march off.

There is a current Joe Miller story in the East, of a gentleman who laid and lost a bet, that he would not easily satisfy but astonish his bearers, whom he had taken only ten miles. In order to make sure as he supposed, he gave them, besides their pay, a whole pagoda as a gratuity, being more than double their hire. They stood stock still, however—turned the pieces of money over in their hands, as if it had been a base coin;—and at length, with that dissatisfied tone and manner with which people so often shipwreck their prospects, by substituting the word claim for the word favour, they whistled out, "Perhaps master will give us a sheep?"

I have mentioned that the travelling is generally at night; and, I believe it is so stipulated, when you are making with only one set of bearers, that they shall be allowed the entire choice of the hours of motion and rest. When the bearers are posted on the road there is no necessity for this limitation; and the secret of agreeable travelling appears to lie chiefly in contriving to reach some military or civil station about the hour of breakfast, tiffin, or dinner. I have mentioned before, that I carried no letters of introduction [with me, but trusted entirely to the habitual hospitality of the authorities scattered over the country, nor was I ever disappointed. I remember, one morning at sunrise, coming in sight of Nundydroog, perhaps the most remarkable of those huge round-backed hill forts for which India is celebrated. It looks like a considerable mountain; for though only twelve hundred feet high, it rises so abruptly from the plain, that it appears double its real altitude. The morning air was cold and clear, and all things about us lay glistening with dew, which had settled on every leaf and every blade of grass, during one of those serene and starlight evenings, of which the month of October boasts, I think, more than any other in the whole year. This applies to almost all parts of the northern hemisphere which I have visited, from the Missouri to the Yellow Sea.

Between the fort of Nundydroog and the rising ground on which we stopped to view the prospect, there extended a valley some six or eight miles across, the whole bottom of which was marked with a succession of artificial tanks, used for irrigating myriads of rice-fields lying below the level of these huge ponds. But as the best specimens of the picturesque and beautiful, or useful, always stand but a poor chance against the claims of a sharp-set appetite, I urged my fellows to jog on merrily, in hopes of reaching the military station in time for the commandant's breakfast; and, instead of admiring the landscape, I kept feasting my imagination all the way with visions of curries and hot rolls, and almost fancied I could smell at a league's distance the aromatic perfumes of the delicious hookah.

"How shall I attack the commandant?" said I to myself; "for I have no letter to him, neither know I my friend's name, nor even his rank."

As we entered the suburbs we fell in with a sepry, of whom I asked whereabouts the commanding officer's house lay? "That is Captain Dowglas's house," he said, pointing to a bungalow near us. So in my bearers trotted without more ado, smorting and groaning with a double dose of yells, as if they had an inkling of my being an unbidden guest, and wished to give timely warning that a stranger was approaching. The owner of the mansion came forward in his white jacket to receive me.

"Sir," said I, to the commandant, "I am an officer of Sir Samuel Hood's ship, travelling towards Mysore, and I have done myself the honour of waiting upon you with my passport."

"Have you breakfasted?" was the characteristic reply, as he unfolded the paper and glanced slightly over it to learn my name. On my saying that I had not, he called out, "Boy! let us have breakfast instantly; put the palankeen into the verandah: we have a good deal to show you here, and there are some pleasant people, whom I shall be glad to introduce to you."

My host, I found, had been seventeen years in India; and it was pleasant to be able to give him, in return for his hospitality, a budget of news from Antrim and Belfast. By and by several of his brother officers, and some of his friends in the civil service, came dropping in, all as anxious to be useful to the stranger in his researches, as if they had known him for years. I thus soon felt myself completely at home. A young officer accompanied me next day to the rock; and as I had previously been "reading up," or cramming myself with the histories of Orme, Wilks, and Dirom, I surprised my friend by the minuteness of my knowledge of all the technicalities and the military events. What interested me, however, fully as much as the traces of Lord Cornwallis's siege and successful storming of the fort of Nundydroog in 1792, was the view from the top of the rock, and particularly the sight of a vast number of those extraordinary tanks, or artificial ponds, for irrigating the rice-fields for which that part of the peninsula is so remarkable.

The table-land of Mysore, which stands several thousand feet above the level of the sea, is not strictly a flat plain, as the name would seem to imply; neither is it mountainous, or even very hilly; and yet the surface is extremely uneven, being moulded into gently sloping ridges, which form between them a succession of long valleys slightly inclined, broad and shallow, and winding about in all directions. Across almost every one of these valleys the natives have thrown embankments, some of them of very ancient date, though some are even so recent as the dynasty of Hyder. These walls, or bunds, as they are called, are made of considerable strength, and when of small extent, they generally curve upwards, so as to offer their convex side to the pressure of the water; but if they be a mile or several miles in length, the embankments assume a waving, snake-like shape, in what particular view I know not, but I suppose from some idea of strength. One valley was pointed out to me, which might be about a mile broad, and forty miles long from end to end: this included between thirty and forty tanks, some large and some small, every square yard of the intermediate space between the bunds being richly cultivated, while the surrounding country appeared to be condemned to nearly perennial sterility; indeed, I believe that almost the whole rice crop of Mysore is derived from artificial irrigation.

This vast supply of water is gained partly by the method of tanks just described, and partly by tapping the Cauvery and other rivers by means of subaqueous dams, called *annacuts*, built, during the dry season, diagonally across the bed of the stream. The effect of these dams is to direct a portion of the river into lateral trenches stretching far and wide over the country. From these it is again drawn off to water the rice-fields. I remember hearing a traveller describe the manner in which the great river Indus is tapped, or drawn off in this manner to the right and left, for the purposes of agriculture, till the unhappy river is sometimes fairly exhausted, and its channel left dry! One is so much accustomed to consider the mighty mass of waters forming a river of any magnitude as something beyond the power of man to control, that it requires good evidence to satisfy our incredulity on this point. But if the Indus, in the districts alluded to, resemble the Mississippi and many other streams flowing over extensive alluvial countries, there need be no difficulty in conceiving such a transfer of the whole of its waters from the ordinary bed of the stream to the fields on either side; because rivers which traverse deltas almost invariably flow along the summits of ridges somewhat higher than the adjacent country. These ridges, it is true, are so wide and flat, that their elevation at most places can scarcely be detected by the eye; but

still the inclination of their sides is abundantly sufficient to admit of water draining away from, instead of flowing towards the river.

The Cauvery, after traversing the Mysore country, and forming, by one of its fantastic loops, the celebrated island of Seringapatam, is precipitated, over the edge of the table-land, into the Carnatic, in a series of magnificent falls, which I visited in the course of my journey. It then flows along quietly to the sea, past Trichinopoly and Tanjore, and joins the sea near Tanquebar. During the fierce struggles between the French and English in the south of India, the embankments of the river Cauvery were frequently cut, and the whole country, in consequence, laid under water. To explain this, it must be mentioned that, as rivers which run along deltas, or along ground nearly level, are liable to flow over their banks during the rainy season, it becomes necessary, in order to prevent the country being inundated, to raise walls or embankments to confine the stream. These (which are called, in Louisiana, *levees*, in India, *bunds*), being raised a little higher than the surface of the river at its highest, confine the stream within proper limits. But as the floods of each successive year bring down a prodigious mass of gravel and sand—the wear and tear of the mountains, fields, and forests, through which the tributary streams have passed—a certain portion of the largest and heaviest of these materials must subside, and remain at the bottom when the river reaches the low grounds, where its rate of motion is much diminished. This addition, though it be small in any one year, gradually raises the bed of the river. If this rise were not carefully met by a correspondent annual elevation of the artificial embankment, it is obvious that the water, in the course of time, would periodically flow over and submerge the country. The consequence of these alternate struggles between the waters trying to escape and man insisting upon confining them, has been to lift the whole body of the Cauvery, in its passage across the Carnatic, several feet above the highest level of the surrounding country. The power of deluging the adjacent district was therefore a very obvious though a dreadful weapon in the hands of which ever party held possession of the banks during those formidable wars in which the French and English contended for the sovereignty of Hindustan. In the long period of peaceful and secure repose which those regions have enjoyed since the contest has been terminated by the unquestioned supremacy of one party, the supply of water, so curiously raised into the air, has been appropriated exclusively to the irrigation of the country.

In the upper lands of Mysore, the peasants are dependent chiefly on their tanks for moisture, as the rains are uncertain in quantity, and transient in their effects. The stock of water collected in these numberless and extensive tanks or ponds, many of which well deserve the name of lakes, is capable of being distributed in the precise quantity and at the precise times required. I have often been amused at observing with what scrupulous care the persons appointed to distribute the water let it off from these magnificent reservoirs. The thirsty soil of Mysore, parched and riven by the heat, drinks up the fluid with a grateful kind of relish, a sort of animated enjoyment, at which I was never tired of looking.

In describing things which lie so much out of the ordinary course of observation, one becomes sensible of the poverty of language. Thus the word "tank" suggests to most people the idea of a common cistern attached to a dwelling-house, and filled with rain-water from pipes along the roof. The word "pond," again, recalls images of muddy water, dragged post-horses, rank weeds, and a combined fleet of ducks and geese engaged in common warfare against frogs and worms. To call the tanks of Mysore by the name of lakes would be nearer the mark, for many of them well deserve that appellation. The Moota Talou, for example, or Rich Tank, near Seringapatam, I understand is nearly thirty miles in circumference. I never saw that particular sheet of water: but many of the artificial lakes which I did examine measured six, eight, and ten miles round; and so vast are their numbers, that I remember counting considerably more than a hundred at one view from the top of Nundydroog, nor do I believe that the least of these could have been less than two or three miles in circuit.

Dr Buchanan, in his journey through those countries, made by order of Lord Wellesley in 1800, shortly after the capture of Seringapatam, describes minutely the formation of these tanks, or *erays*, as they are called in the Tamul language. The Saymbrumbacum tank, not far from Madras, he says, is eight miles in length by three in width, and its contents are sufficient to supply with

water the lands of thirty-two villages for eighteen months' supposing the usual rains to fail.

I have mentioned the manner in which a traveller in India may get a breakfast or dinner, bed, board, lodging, and troops of friends, when he happens to be near any military or civil station of the East India Company. But it will sometimes fall out that he cannot exactly nick the hour of breakfast or dinner, and then he must trust to his own wits and those of his bearers. Such, however, is the style of doing things in that fertile and populous country, that he must be a sorry traveller indeed who need ever experience any real difficulty on this score. I remember enjoying many of these campaigning kind of meals almost as much as I did the premeditated luxuries of the Residences and other head stations of the interior—those true palaces of enjoyment, wherein we find all that plenty, good taste, a fine climate, and hospitality grown into a habit, can produce.

After a night's run, in a part of the country remote from an English station, and just as the day is beginning to dawn, the weary bearers look out for some village on the road. Instead of entering it, they make for the little grove or tope which marks the position of the pagoda and tank always to be found near a native village. The palankeen is then set down under the most shady tree which is to be found near these cherished nooks. The traveller, if not awake before, is of course roused by the grating sound of the palankeen on the ground. He steps out in his slippers and sleeping trowsers, and speedily plunging into the clear pool, proceeds, after a good swim, to make his toilet, with his shaving apparatus, glass, and basin, ranged on the top of his moveable house.

While he is thus engaged, one of the bearers on the opposite side of the palankeen takes out the blankets, sheets, and pillows, to give them a good shaking, and after the interior has been well swept out, to arrange all things for day travelling, by stowing away the night furniture, hanging up the back cushion, and placing the foot-rest across. A couple of the men are likewise despatched to the village for milk and eggs; and if, by good fortune, there be a running stream near, they may bring a newly-caught fish. By the time these foragers have returned, a fire has been kindled, the little kettle set a boiling, and the tea made. The eggs are then put on, the fish split and grilled on the embers, and the milk heated. Countless slices of toast are now prepared in rapid succession; and the nipping morning air having quickened the hungry edge of the traveller's appetite, he casts himself on the corner of his cloak, spread out for a tablecloth, and feasts away right joyously.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUSSEERA FESTIVAL AT MYSORE.

I think I have already mentioned, that little or no intercourse of a domestic nature takes place between the natives of India and the Europeans resident among them. The habits, in fact, of the two races of men are so dissimilar in all respects, that it is scarcely possible to conceive much agreeable or useful association. Some missionaries, indeed, by adopting the dress and language of the people, and by conforming to all their customs, have succeeded in domesticating themselves with the Hindoos; but the great points they aimed at were little, if at all, accomplished by such unwonted degradation—for it is a degradation—and, what is more to the purpose, has always been so considered by the natives. Curiosity may be gratified by such an experiment, but nothing more. The taste, even of a very coarse-minded European, must revolt at usages so foreign to his ideas of delicacy; and the influence which he might readily acquire, by other means more consistent with his own station, must vanish under this sort of condescension. The Abbé du Bois, and others, furnish us with enough, and more than enough, of the details of the private life of this singular people; and I can safely refer the curious in such matters to the Rev. W. Ward's book on the history, literature, mythology, manners, and customs of the Hindoos.

The usages of savage life in the cold regions of the world—for example, of the Esquimaux or the Cherokees—are essentially revolting in every shape, whether in reality or in description. Pretty nearly the same thing may be said of the domestic manners of the Asiatics, which are only less disagreeable to us, I suspect, from their being unaccompanied by the misery and filth which belong peculiarly to cold climates. The Hindoo, who is eternally bathing his person, cleaning his house, and scouring his brass kettles, casts over his shoulders his light and graceful wrapper, as white as snow; while your western savage would consider it a disgrace to

wash his hands. The Equimaux, after gorging himself with the raw flesh of a seal, draws the monster's skin round him, and goes to sleep in the mud. In this case, as there occurs nothing but what is disgusting, we dismiss the subject as speedily as we can, without a wish to see or hear more of it. In truth, though these savages be human in form and speech, they seem so close to the brute creation, that any sympathy with them is out of the question.

It is so far different with the Orientals, whose civilization, in some respects, is considerable. Our wonder, indeed, is often excited by the most anomalous mixture of pure barbarisms with refinements of a high order. The institution of castes, and the rigorous ceremonial discipline which it imposes, appear fatal to any improvement in manners, by rigidly defining the course of every action. The utter extravagance, also, and measureless absurdity of their superstitions, which pervade every thought, word, and deed of their lives, seem effectually to place a bar against amelioration in that quarter. What time and change of political circumstances may bring about, it is difficult, if not impossible, to say.

The public festivals, and other out-of-door habits of the Hindoos, however, do certainly include some points of transient interest. But they are so entirely without taste or fancy, that the attention of a European becomes fatigued, as soon as his mere curiosity is satisfied. I remember experiencing this process in the interior of the South of India, on two different occasions, between which an interval of more than a year elapsed. My head-quarters, in both cases, was the British resident's house, or residency, at Mysore, a town about ten miles from Seringapatam. The country of Mysore, after we had conquered it from Tippoo, was restored by us, as I have already mentioned, to the original native dynasty of the Hindoos. As a measure of precaution, however, we retained the island of Seringapatam, in the river Cauvery, garrisoned it, and kept the British flag flying on the forts. It was stipulated, also, that a subsidiary force, consisting of several thousand men, partly European and partly native, but all officered by English, and under the command of a general officer, should be maintained by the company in the heart of the country. The object of this subsidiary force (so called from a subsidy being paid by the native power to maintain it), was to prevent invasions from abroad, and also to render it unnecessary for the Hindoo government to keep an army in the field. The civil administration, however, of the country, the collection of the revenue, the execution of the laws, the appointment to office—in short, every detail of government, was left in the hands of the native rulers. In order to secure compliance with the various stipulations of the treaty—re-establishing the Hindoo dynasty on the throne of Mysore, a British resident was appointed to live at or near the court, to watch what was going on; and, in case of need, to interfere by remonstrance, or, in extreme cases, by force.

This was certainly not independence, nor was it intended to be so. It was essential to our political existence in India, that we should retain a preponderating influence in Mysore, and other countries similarly circumstanced; but the same course of measures which secured our authority, afforded peace, security, and, it was hoped, contentment to the great mass of the nation. That some of the chiefs should sigh for more uncontrolled authority, according to the despotic customs of the East, is not to be wondered at, nor ought it to be disregarded; on the contrary, it requires the greatest delicacy of treatment, on our part, to keep them in tolerable good humour. Sir John Malcolm well remarks on this subject, that "while we are supported by the good opinion of the lower and middling classes, to whom our government is indulgent, our power has received the rudest shocks, from an impression that our system of rule is at variance with the permanence of rank, authority, and distinction in any native of India. This belief," he adds, "which is not without foundation, is general to every class, and its action leaves but a feverish existence to all who enjoy station and high name. The feeling which their condition excites, exposes those who have left to them any portion of power and independence, to the arts of the discontented, the turbulent, and the ambitious. This is a danger to our power which must increase in the ratio of its extent, unless we counteract its operation by a commensurate improvement of our administration."—*Central India*, Appendix, No. xviii. p. 434.

As the British resident, of course, wished to keep on the best terms, personally, with the native ruler near whose court he was stationed, he introduced, on all

occasions of ceremony, such private friends as might chance to be living with him; and the Rajah, on his part, was no less careful to mark, by his reception of such guests, the high consideration in which he held the officer appointed to watch him. Both parties might, at heart, be hating one another like cat and dog; but none of this came to the surface, for your Asiatic, like a Spaniard, knows well how to be courteous under almost every trial of temper.

I had the good fortune to arrive at Mysore during the Dussera feast, a celebrated Hindoo festival in honour of Shiva, and known to the natives by the name of "Nuwwee Ratree," or nine nights—though the word Dussera means "tenth." I lost the first four days, but I saw more than enough in the last five to satisfy me. The Rajah's palace, in the fort of Mysore, lay at the distance of half a mile from the British residency, from which the resident and his suite set out generally about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was not considered etiquette to move till we had been summoned by a message from the Rajah, stating that he was ready to receive us. As soon as the order to march was given, off we scampered to the door; and while some of us flung ourselves into the palankeens, others mounted their horses, and the whole moved along as fast as the crowd would permit. The bearers set off at a full run, shouting and screaming as usual, and preceded by about fifty men carrying spears in their hands fourteen feet long. At the head of the procession, a fellow, blessed with powerful lungs, sounded a long slightly curved sort of trumpet, called a colley horn, to announce the resident's approach. The blast sent forth by this wild instrument rung far over the plain with a note such as I never heard before, rising towards its close into a pitch of shrillness which pierced the head from ear to ear. As we rushed along towards the gate of the fort, the palankeens, to the number of a dozen or twenty, frequently came into smart collision with one another. As the road contracted, there remained only room for three abreast; but as all seemed equally anxious to get in first, the mêlée became trying enough for those who possessed weak nerves. Besides our own party and immediate attendants, there pranced along the resident's body-guard of troops, and many hundreds of native horsemen—all struggling for admission, and casting up clouds of dust as high as the topmost pinnacle of the adjacent pagoda—every man shouting, screaming, and jostling, apparently trying who should make most noise, and occasion most disorder.

Within the gate a little more room was found; and the apprehension of being upset and trodden under foot diminished for a time; but the row and risk proved even worse as we entered the quadrangular court of the palace, in the centre of which the ring for wild beast bathing was fixed. On the outside of the ropes such a dense mass of the multitude were jammed, that the poor Sepoy guards stationed there to keep a lane clear for us to pass, could with great difficulty obtain an opening barely large enough for two of the party. Into this narrow strait, however, four or five palankeens used to make a determined rush together; and on one occasion, such was the momentum of their charge, that both the protecting lines of soldiers were toppled down exactly in the fashion of the child's play at cards, known by the title of Jack sent for mustard. The palankeens were instantly closed upon by the crowd, like the hosts of Pharaoh when the Red Sea collapsed upon them; but in spite of the chance of being squeezed to death, it was impossible for us not to laugh. I can remember to this minute the shout which a merry countryman of mine set up—o'erlapping all but the skirl, as he called it, of the colley horn.

On reaching the inner-side of the palace square, we rolled out of our palankeens dusted over like millers, at the bottom of the stairs, where the resident was received by the prime minister or dewan, Ram Row by name, and another high officer of state, whose name and station I forget. It appeared to be the practice first to make a salam to these functionaries, and then to shake hands with them—ceremonies, doubtless, typical of the mixed nature of a subsidiary government—half native, half English. As soon as we had all been received, the resident and the dewan—unquestionably the two most important men of the country, and the real managers of all public affairs—moved on, while we followed up stairs according to our rank and consequence, such as it was. At the top, we entered a long gallery, or verandah, open towards the court. A row of pillars in front sustained a low roof, richly gilt, and gaudily painted with flowers; to match which, a brilliant set of cotton

carpets had been spread under foot—so gay, indeed, that one felt it almost a shame to tread upon them.

In the middle of the front row sat his highness the Maha Rajah, Kistna Rajee Oudaveer, on a throne of gold, silver, and ivory. This gorgeous seat was shaded by a canopy of similar materials, supported by four polished steel pillars, and festooned round its edge with such strings of such pearls as might have drawn sighs from a dozen grand duchesses. On the top of all sat a bird, composed, as it seemed to our dazzled view, entirely of precious stones, the eyes sparkling to the life, being two diamonds of a brilliancy far surpassing all the rest.

It was more satisfactory than I can well describe, to behold the Rajah thus rigged out in the very garb which youthful imaginations bestow upon all monarchs, but in which, to the mortification of many a youth and many a maid, few monarchs actually exhibit themselves. Except, indeed, in the shop of Messrs. Russell and Bridges, so many jewels are rarely to be seen collected in one space; at least, I never but once beheld such a load of riches on the person of any individual. In the front part of his Hindoo Highness's turban blazed a battery of diamonds, twice as large as the splendid ornament which most of the present generation may remember to have seen on the forehead of that great Raneer, or queen of song, Catalani, valued at ten thousand guineas. From the right side of the Rajah's turban rose a curved pedestal of gold, from the projecting part of which hung down a cluster of enormous pearls, at different strings, forming a bunch larger than one last could grasp. This weight of wealth gave his majesty a slight "list to starboard," but, as one of our party remarked, a man might be content to go with a *cravat* in his neck for the remainder of his life, in consideration of the honour and glory of such ballast. Our royal host, however, was also pretty well weighted below, for over his neck and shoulders he had cast about a dozen chaplets of precious stones, some of them reaching to his middle, and others clasping his throat. From each ear was suspended a thick ring of virgin gold, five three inches in diameter, carrying a huge ruby, sparkling above all the other jewels which loaded his person. To his left arm, from the wrist to the elbow, there appeared to be fitted a broad gold plate, like a piece of armour; but what its purpose might be we knew not. On each day of the festival the Rajah's turban and his robes were different: one day his tunic consisted of a white ground, with small red spots; another day it was entirely red; and on a third, the whole consisted of gold cloth. But the jewels seemed to be the same on each day, and thence our inference was, that the whole stock of "barbaric pearl and gold" belonging to the crown of Mysore was produced on these occasions.

On entering the gallery, we marched up in a row to the foot of the musnud or throne, saluting all the way; and after shaking hands with his highness and saluting again, we backed away stern foremost, exactly as in European courts, to the seats assigned for us in the first row. The space behind us, between our chairs and the wall, was occupied by the sovereign's family and officers. Close to the Rajah, on the right hand, sat the Dewan, the British resident on his left, and then various near relatives and official folks—not to mention two attendants of high rank, whose sole business appeared to consist in popping into his highness's mouth, from time to time, the proper portion of betel-nut!

I forget exactly at what stage of the interview an officer of the household despatched by the Rajah came along the line and cast over our necks a chaplet of white flowers, each person, of course, rising and saluting towards the throne as this high honour was conferred upon him. Next followed an attendant bearing a silver dish on which were laid some bits of betel-nut, with a few leaves, and the proper proportion of lime to chew with them. Some of the party did actually go through this ceremony—on the principle, I suppose, of Captain Cook, who ate and drank every thing. I have sometimes, by the way, thought, in reading the accounts of our great voyager, that he must have been blessed with the stomach of an ostrich, to whom spike-nails are no harder of digestion than asparagus, as is said and believed on board ship! Close behind the betel-nut bearer came an attendant with a tray of small nose-gays, followed by a boy with a bottle of highly perfumed oil, one drop of which he bestowed on each bunch of flowers, thus literally "adding a perfume to the violet."

Last of all came a most important personage, whose office every one could appreciate. The business of this welcome messenger consisted in throwing a pair of the

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finest cachemere shawls over each of our shoulders! Never shall I forget the effect which this present produced on my mind and feelings. Up to that moment I had been in the habit of thinking as ill as possible of the Rajah of Mysore; and with the ready indiscretion of youth, and all the confidence of recently acquired and partial knowledge, had never failed to state in company, without any measure in the terms, that the government of his highness Sree Kistna was most oppressive. But ever since feeling the delicate pressure of these beautiful shawls, I have been unable to bring myself to say one word against the giver.

The East India Company very judiciously take care that none of their servants shall be exposed to such temptations: for every present whatsoever, given to any officer, civil or military, in their employ, must immediately afterwards be handed over to a person appointed to receive it. An exact equivalent being, as a matter of course, presently returned, in some shape or other, to the treasury of the Rajah, Sultan, or other native authority who gave the present. As I was not within reach of this provoking ordinance, I was allowed to keep my pair of shawls, and, though rather the worse for twenty years' wear, they still figure on the necks of some fair friends of mine at home.

Many a time have I witnessed the intense mortification of the wives of East India Company's servants, on their being obliged to relinquish the beautiful presents which they and their husbands brought home from the Durbar. I remember once seeing, or thinking that I saw, a tear or two drop and mingle with a handful of pearls which a lady was in the act of returning, according to regulation.

"Why?" said I to her, "what does it matter? What could you do with the jewels here? You have no society amongst whom you could desire to wear such valuable ornaments?"

"No," she replied, "that is very true; but my two poor girls at home, whom I have not seen for these three long, long years, would look so becoming in them!" And then the mother's tears flowed fast and in earnest, as she thought of her children, between whom and her rolled ten thousand miles of sea!

The rajah having ordered the sports to commence, we turned our eyes to the area below with much curiosity, to see what should first happen. In the middle of the great square, an enclosure or ring, about thirty or forty yards across, had been formed by means of a double line of posts, ten feet apart and ten feet high, over which was cast a strong netting, forming a secure wall of ropes, but so loose that it hung in folds to the ground. The populace filled the rest of the square, along with the guards, some mounted, some on foot, and I am afraid to say how many elephants there might be—twenty or thirty, at the least, together with numerous bodies of policemen bearing long poles with flags at the end. These, I presume, were intended for show; but another set carried immense long whips, with which the sovereign people were kept from pressing in too great numbers upon the ropes. A dozen native bands of music, consisting of sharp sounding drums, and a number of shrill pipes, resembling in squeak that of our penny trumpets, only most painfully louder, and all playing at once, grievously disturbed us during the whole exhibition.

On one side of the space within the ring two beautiful leopards stood chained to separate posts. As these animals had been caught in the jungle the day before, nothing could be more sleek and glossy than their coats. Near these noble beasts, as if in contrast, were turned in, quite loose, two jackasses, each of which drew behind him, tied to his tail, a globular empty leathern bottle called, I think, a dubbah, about as large as a man could grasp in his arms. Into these machines a handful of gravel or dried peas had been inserted, to make a noise as the poor donkeys moved about. On the other side of the arena two painted wooden figures of men were placed in a leaning posture against stakes fastened in the ground.

Exactly opposite to the rajah, at the further side of the ring, a huge cage, composed of strong wooden bars, had been wheeled close to the ropes. A door on that side of the cage which faced us being now drawn up, we discovered a large royal tiger sitting in the attitude

of the sphinx, apparently all ready for a spring. He looked exceedingly fierce, and no wonder, for the poor wretch had been kept with little or no food ever since his capture in a pitfall in one of the great teak forests of the Malabar Ghauts upwards of two days before. The royal animal seemed very ill disposed to afford sport to folks who had treated him so uncourtously, for not an inch would he budge even when the netting was drawn up, and a clear course opened for him into the ring. Perhaps he felt alarmed at the dreadful hubbub of so many thousands of people bawling out, drums beating, and horns sounding, rows of elephants tossing up their trunks, and horses snorting and prancing all round. Possibly, too, he might not have felt much tempted by the dainty company of the jackasses with their bottles of peas. At all events, no poking of sticks or thumping on the cage could make him start back or sheet, till his hind-quarters were blown up by a handful of squibs and crackers cast into his den.

The instant the explosion took place the tiger gave a tremendous roar, and sprung forwards with great violence into the circle, where he stopped suddenly, and then glared his eyes round and round with a most suspicious scowl. After surveying the ground for a few seconds, he turned tail, and, in a most cowardly fashion, ran back; but observing the door of his den closed, he swerved on one side, and leaped with prodigious violence against the ropes. Had the cords not been left so loose that his force became expended before they were drawn tight, I verily believe he might have broken through the meshes, or pulled down some of the posts. Instead of this he merely got entangled with the lines, and losing all his patience, if he ever possessed any, he raged and roared, lashing his tail about in the most furious style till he got free. Then turning round, he shot across the area like a Congrove rocket, and after making an immense cat-like spring, pounced upon one of the mock figures of men, the head of which he twisted off in an instant. During this proceeding he gave utterance to a fierce growl, or murmur of satisfaction, enough to make one's blood run cold. As soon as he detected the trick, he first flung the head violently from him, and tore the figure all to pieces with his claws, then made another attempt to break through the enclosure, but with no better success than at first.

I really thought at one time he would have effected his escape, by climbing over at the place where his cage stood. Both his fore paws were actually on the roof, and, with no great struggle, he might have gained the top, from whence his leap into the midst of the crowd must have produced a pretty tolerable sensation, I guess! Fortunately, a courageous little boy, about twelve years old, who had perched himself on the cage to see the fun, stood quite firm when all his older companions scattered to the right and left, in terror of the tiger's open jaws close to them. This bold young fellow held in his hand a short stout club, and the instant the tiger showed himself above the ropes, he lent him such a sound rap on the nose, that the animal fell back again into the enclosure, heels over head, with a sort of inverted somersault. While a shout of applause rung over the whole space, an old Mahometan soldier, an officer of the extinct dynasty, remarked to us in a whisper, that this exploit was just the sort of thing which his former master, Hyder Ali, might have been expected to do in his youth.

The baffled tiger now attacked the other figure of a man, and wrenched off his head as he had done that of the other; but instead of getting into a passion, as he had done on the first occasion, when he discovered the cheat, he stood perfectly still, with his tail on the ground, his head drooped and turned away from the figure, as if he felt ashamed of having been twice deceived. In this attitude he remained several minutes, with his eyes half closed, slightly moving his head from side to side; after which he deliberately laid himself down. A dozen yelping dogs were now turned in, some of which prudently contented themselves with taking a distant look at the royal beast. Not one of them approached him except an English grayhound, and even he was not such a fool as to press matters too far, but merely barked and snarled; once or twice he came so close to the tiger's nose that we wondered the monster had not laid his paw upon him, and crushed him at a blow. Meanwhile, the rest of the dogs, in a body, attacked one of the chained-up

leopards—a most unfair contest; but as he had the good fortune to catch one of them on the hip, he gave such evidence of his capacity, that the barkers, leaving the nobler game, one and all scampered off in chase of the donkeys. These poor beasts, terrified by the sound of the bottles at their tails, and worried by the dogs, were soon dragged to the ground, after which a distant action was recommenced against the leopards, with no results, as military men express it.

By this time, probably the rajah, and certainly his company, were pretty well tired of so much nonsense; and his highness, turning to one of his courtiers, desired him to go down to the court with a bow and arrow which was handed to him. The officer descended accordingly, and having passed round to that side of the ring where the tiger lay, very deliberately shot an arrow at the unoffending animal. He immediately sprang at the ropes; but upon receiving another arrow in his breast, the poor creature fell back, and stood locking reproachfully at his opponent. This gave the unconcerned courtier time to draw a third arrow from his quiver, and so on, till the wretched beast was literally bristled all over like a porcupine; yet, to our great surprise, he still kept his feet. As the arrows pierced his side, he merely turned round his head, and broke them off with his mouth, leaving the barb far within. We observed one arrow pass clean through his body from side to side, and could not but remember the old song of Chevy Chase, where the gray goose-quill, a cloth yard long, is wet with the heart's blood of a warrior. As nothing could be more disagreeable than this method of putting so noble an animal to death, some of us sent up a petition to the rajah, that one of the party might be allowed to go down for the purpose of despatching him à l'Anglaise. This favour was readily granted; and it was curious to observe how instantaneously death followed the passage of a single musket-ball, though eight or ten arrows had already gone through and through him without producing any visible effect.

Persons who have only seen those beasts which are called (ironically, I suppose,) wild, though the tamest and most docile of God's creatures, can form but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the skin and the nobleness of the air of those truly wild inhabitants of the tropical forests, thus inhumanly "butchered to make an Indian holyday." We had a good opportunity of studying the habits of the tiger at the British residency hard by, where one of the most remarkable specimens of his tribe was kept in the open air. He had been brought as a cub from the jungle a year or two before, and being placed in a cage as large as an ordinary English parlour, in the centre of the stable-yard, had plenty of room to leap about and enjoy the high feeding in which he was indulged. He devoured regularly one sheep per day, with any other extra bits of meat that happened to be disposable. A sheep in India is rather smaller—say ten per cent—less than our Welsh mutton; so this was no great meal for a tiger four feet high. The young hands at the residency used to plague him occasionally, till he became infuriated, and dashed with all his force against the bars, roaring so loud that the horses in the surrounding stables trembled and neighed in great alarm. Indeed it was very difficult even for persons who were fully satisfied of the strength of the cage, to stand near it with unmoved nerves. He would soon have made famous mince-meat of half a dozen of us, could he but have caught the door open for a moment.

But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalising him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist from sheer pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move, till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged

him to start; but instead of pacing leisurely across his den, or making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage!

I heard afterwards, with much regret, that this noblest of tigers had been put to death. One day, a drunken, useless fellow of the soodra caste, the lowest rank amongst the Hindoos, happened to be passing through the court-yard, and not being able to steer very straight, he ran foul of the cage. In the stupidity of his intoxication, he allowed one of his arms to pass between the bars, upon which the tiger, naturally supposing this was an invitation to help himself, snapped off the man's arm in a moment, and before assistance could arrive the man bled to death. The British resident, very properly considering that the feelings of the natives would be outraged if, after such an accident, the animal were permitted to live, ordered him to be shot.

We were promised a grand day's sport one afternoon, when a buffalo and a tiger were to be pitted against each other. The buffalo entered the ring composedly enough; but after looking about him, turned to one side, and rather pettishly, as if he had felt a little bilious, overturned a vessel, placed there expressly for his use. The tiger refused for a long time to make his appearance, and it was not till his den was filled with smoke and fire that he sprang out. The buffalo charged his enemy in a moment, and by one furious push capsize him right over. To our great disappointment, the tiger pocketed this insult in the shabbiest manner imaginable, and passing on, leaped furiously at the ropes, with which his feet became entangled, so that the buffalo was enabled to punish his antagonist about the rump most ingloriously. When at length the tiger got loose, he slunk off to a distant part of the area, lay down, and pretended to be dead. The boys, however, soon put him up again, and tried to bring him to the scratch with aquibs and crackers; and a couple of dozen of dogs being introduced at the same moment, they all set at him, but only one ventured to take any liberty with the enraged animal. This bold dog actually caught the tiger by the tail, but a slight pat of the mighty monster's paw crushed the yelping cur as flat as a board. The buffalo, who really appeared anxious to have a fair stand-up fight, now drove the dogs off, and repeatedly poked the tiger with his nose, and even turned him half over several times with his horns.

As the gentleman showed no pluck, the rajah requested one of us to step down to give him the coup de grace. I accordingly loaded a musket which was placed in my hands, but on reaching the area I felt rather unwilling to fire, as I had just heard a story of a gentleman who, the year before, in firing at one of the animals in the ring by the rajah's directions, not only shot the animal, but also killed an old woman who stood on the other side of the ring, the ball having continued its course after piercing the tiger's head. On my expressing a wish to try, in the first place, the effect of cold iron upon his tough hide, a very sharp-pointed spear was given me, and I tried with my utmost force to pass it through his hide, but in vain. He rose, however, on being pricked by the steel, and by making a violent effort to clutch my hand, thrust his head fairly through one of the meshes of the net, to my no small dismay. Either the ropes were not very strong, or the seizings weak, for they began to break, and in the next minute, as it appeared to me, the infuriated monster might have forced his whole body through. In this emergency I quite forgot all about humanity and old women, and catching up the musket, placed the muzzle of the piece at the tiger's head, and blew his brains out in a moment.

A more manly, though not a pleasing kind of sport succeeded, in which the Jetties, or native Athletes, exhibited before us. Mysore is the only part of India, as far as I know, in which these oriental prizefighters are still kept up. The Jetties, whose institution is said to be of very ancient origin, constitute in Mysore a distinct caste of persons, trained from their infancy daily in the most laborious exercises, or what we should call gymnastics, but far more varied and extraordinary than any I ever saw in Europe. Whether they spring from a peculiarly handsome stock, or whether it be that the nature of their unremitting exercises develops the beautiful points of the human form, I know not; but certainly nothing except the statues of antiquity go beyond them in symmetry. The beau ideal, if I understand the term correctly, consists in the appropriation and just disposition of the most characteristic forms of each department, selected, not from one or two individual specimens, but from the whole class. Judged by such a severe test, every one of these Jetties would, of course, be found wanting in many re-

spects. But I cannot doubt, on the other hand, that a sculptor or painter in search of materials to fill up, by observation of actual nature, his own conceptions of ideal excellence, would consider the exercising room of these singular people a capital studio. At all events, their attitudes, and even some parts of their limbs, recalled to me so strongly the surpassing wonders of the Elgin marbles, that I went very often to their quarters to see them rehearse.

The Jetties intended for the real combat are brought forward, two at a time, wearing no other dress than a pair of light orange coloured drawers, extending half way down the thigh. The right hand of each is furnished with a weapon which may be called a cæstus; for though it is somewhat different, I believe, from the Roman instrument of that name, its object appears pretty nearly similar. Colonel Wilks, in his History of Mysore, says it is composed of buffalo horn fitted to the hand, and pointed with four knobs resembling very sharp knuckles, and corresponding to their situation, with a fifth of greater prominence at the end nearest the little finger, and at right angles with the other four. This instrument, if properly placed, would, he conceives, enable a man of ordinary strength to cleave open the head of his adversary at a blow; but the fingers being introduced through the weapon, it is fastened across them at an equal distance between the first and second lower joints, in a situation which does not admit of attempting a severe blow without the risk of dislocating the first joints of all the fingers.

The set-to or battle consists of a mixture of wrestling and boxing, but the head is the only object allowed by the rules of the ring in India to be aimed at. The Jetties are led into the arena and placed in front of the rajah, by the two masters of the fight, always old stagers, who have fought in their day. The right hands of the two combatants being then held up by the masters, to show that all is fair, the Rajah nods his approbation, and this is considered a signal to commence. The Jetties may either strike at arm's length, or close and grapple, or, if they can, they may throw each other down—every thing, in short, is considered fair, except striking with the cæstus lower than the head. The guards for defence, I have heard persons skilled in boxing say, are all of them extremely good and scientific. These refinements, like the niceties of English boxing or French fencing, are, I need scarcely confess, quite unintelligible to ignorant eyes. However this be, there is no mistaking the nature of a successful blow, though it often baffles the quickest observation to discover how it was given. Every such out lays the skin open, rattles smartly on the skull, and sends down a stream of blood from top to toe of the wounded man. This is all very disagreeable, but we were assured never dangerous. The wrestling part of these contests was really admirable, and being unmixt with any thing painful, interested us much more than the savage cutting and maiming alluded to. Sometimes the combatants continued for several minutes prancing round a common centre, in attitudes very like those of our boxers, facing one another, each eyeing his antagonist with the utmost intentness, and watching for a favourable opportunity to close with him. During these movements, which frequently recalled to my mind the figures in the Spanish bolero, the fingers of the left hand were kept in perpetual motion, and that arm constantly waved about in the most graceful way possible, the purpose of each fighter being to catch the eye of the other, and so to draw away his attention from the meditated point of attack. The whole muscles of their bodies, at this period of the fight, appeared to be made of highly elastic springs; for as their feet touched the ground, their bodies rose again into the air, as if they had become actually buoyant.

Suddenly one of the parties, seizing his moment, rushes in, makes his blow, and having cut a gash into the other's head so deep as to show for an instant, by a bright white line, that the skull is laid bare, he grapples his antagonist by the shoulders, or clasps him round the body, or even seizes him by the leg, and tries to throw him over. This is by far the most interesting part of the battle. The elasticity of the muscles already alluded to, seems now quite gone, for every fibre appears to have become as rigid as a bar of steel. The violent exertion of the limbs swells out the muscles between the joints into firm knobs almost as hard as the buffalo's horn of the cæstus. For a long time the centre of gravity of the two bodies keeps within the well-marked base carved deeply in the sand by their feet during the struggle; but at length, down they go together with a most formidable crash. It is not always, I took notice, that the wrestler who is undermost comes worst off; for it frequently happens,

that the upper one is obliged to weaken his guard in order to keep the other down, and thus, although he has the superiority in position, he gets many a severe pecking from the armed knuckles of his prostrate antagonist. In this manner they lie rolling about in the mud for a long while, struggling to regain their feet, and occasionally giving each other such blows on the head that they become dreadfully disfigured.

After battling in this way for some time, without my decided advantage on either side, they cast up many pitting looks to the rajah, who at length makes a signal for them to desist. The victor, if there happens to be an obvious superiority, generally goes off the ground in half a dozen somersets, to show his undiminished vigour, as our champions in the prize-ring cast up their hats when they have won, and say they are ready for a fresh fight. Meanwhile, the loser puts on a pathetic or wistful look; and first bending towards the rajah, makes a low salam towards the lattices, behind which the ladies of the court are seated, so as to view the sport, while they themselves keep out of sight of the profane world. Presents, consisting of gilt or silver armlets, turbans, veils of cloth, and so on, are then thrown down from the throne to the Jetties, upon which the bleeding combatants again prostrate themselves in the dust before the rajah, and make similar obeisances on both sides of the court to the invisible ladies above.

Immediately after these rather painful exhibitions, we were entertained with stilt dancing by a set of men, the soles of whose feet were raised, on slender poles, more than seven feet from the ground. They stalked about amongst the crowd, and in this elevated position went through the whole series of what are called the *Perris* exercises. One strong fellow, thus elevated, presented himself before the rajah with a couple of fall-stead ploughs on his shoulders, a feat which called forth much admiration. We had then a fight between two buffaloes, which ran their heads against each other with a crash that one could fancy shook the palace to its very foundation; indeed, the only wonder was how both animals did not fall down dead with their skulls fractured; but there appears to be a wonderful degree of thickness & hardness in this part of the animal structure both in beast and in man, for just after these buffaloes had given evidence of the hardness of their heads, a dozen persons came forward, and placed themselves before a large pile of cocoa-nuts stripped of their outer husks. These being cast successively high into the air, were caught in their descent by these hard-pated fellows, who stood erect, and received the cocoa-nuts, I presume, on their "bumps of resistiveness." In every case the shell was literally dashed to pieces, and the milk scattered in showers over the crowd. Such a cracking of heads I never heard, except once at a fair in Ireland. Thus, our careful mother, Dame Nature, it should seem, has taken good care to defend the brain, though it may perhaps be surmised, that folks who furnish such hazardous evidence of the thickness of their skulls, have no great stock of brains to protect.

The prettiest game, to our taste, during the whole of this long and rather wearisome festival, was one which might be imitated with some effect by the figures of our own opera. From a ring in the middle of a pole stretched horizontally over the centre of the area were suspended eight differently coloured silk strips, the ends of which were held in the hands of as many little boys. Upon a signal being given, and music striking up, these eight young persons commenced a dance, the purpose of which was to plait up the separate cords into one rope. After working about a couple of feet of this line, the music changed, and the little weavers, inverting the order of their dance, undid the silken strands of their party-coloured rope, and stood ready to lay them up again, according to the same or any other pattern which might be ordered by his highness the Maha Rajah of Mysore.

CHAPTER IX.

GRANITE MOUNTAIN CUT INTO A STATUE—BAMBOO FOREST—RAJAH OF COORG.

During my stay in Mysore, I made an excursion thirty miles north of Seringapatam, to examine a large statue of solid granite, nearly seventy feet in height, & a place with a name almost as long as the statue itself—Shrivanabalagol. It is wonderful how indifferent most people, living on any given spot of the earth's surface, become to the sights in their immediate neighbourhood; for when I asked at the Mysore residency for information about this extraordinary colossal statue, which lay within one night's journey, I found the greater number

of the party had never seen it; nor could I prevail on any person to accompany me on the expedition. I set out, accordingly, alone, about sunset, went to bed in my palankeen, and never awoke till the bearers set me down, next morning, on the pavement of a choultry near the spot. As I could see nothing of the statue, however, for an intervening grove of trees, I ran to the corner of the wood, where I suddenly obtained a view of this astonishing work of art, standing up boldly against the sky, and howing itself above a low range of intermediate hills.



I certainly never saw any work of man before or since, which gave me so complete an idea of a giant, as his extraordinary statue. It has sometimes been described as an image of Doodh; but I understand that it represents Gomuta Raya, a celebrated saint of the Jains—a sect of Hindoos, differing in some important respects from the Brahminical, and also from the Boodhist varieties of oriental superstition.

I possessed no exact means of measuring its height; but the authorities I have consulted on this point vary between sixty-seven feet and seventy feet three inches, which is the height stated by Dr. Buchanan; and, from such estimates as I could make, I am sure it cannot be much less. It is admirably placed for effect, as it stands on the summit of a conical granite hill about two hundred feet high, which serves for a pedestal. The statue still constitutes a part of the solid rock, which originally may have been three hundred feet high, the stone which formed the upper part of the mountain having been carved away, until nothing but the figure remained. The original shape of the hill cannot, indeed, be correctly inferred from any thing we now see, but it probably formed a steep cone, or peak, of which the bold sculptor has taken such magnificent advantage.

I have often, when travelling since in foreign countries, been struck with natural forms and positions, which, by the hands of a man of genius, might easily be turned to account for the construction of similar colossal figures, calculated, under certain circumstances, to produce a much greater effect, at incalculably less cost than the ordinary methods of casting or carving can accomplish. I was therefore much rejoiced to hear a great modern sculptor declare, that he had long entertained a project of constructing such a statue in this country. On my showing him the sketches I had made of the gigantic figure in Mysore, and describing it as minutely as I could, he remarked to himself: "I'll beat this big Indian nan yet."

In looking at Buchanan's account of Mysore, for a description of the statue at Shrivanasabalagol, I found the following remark: "Sir Arthur Wellesley visited the place lately;" and on enquiring amongst the officers who had belonged to the army which marched from Seringapatam to the Mahratta country, some time after the fall of Tippoo, I learned that the general had actually gone upwards of thirty miles out of his way to see the statue, and then galloped back to rejoin the troops, whose march was never interrupted.

I had also the curiosity lately to ask the Duke of Wellington himself, whether this account was correct, and what he thought of the statue? He said it was quite true, and added, that he had never seen any thing so

magnificent in its way. It will therefore be interesting enough if Mr. Chantrey, with such an example before him as the Indian statue, and such a subject at hand, shall make good his boast of beating the Oriental sculptor.

During my stay at the residency of Mysore, I took many trips to Seringapatam, for I never felt tired of wandering amongst the fortifications and other spots so celebrated in our Eastern history. I got hold of an intelligent old corporal, a pensioner, who had actually entered the breach as one of the storming party when the place was taken in 1799. I easily induced him to go regularly through the whole siege, Uncle Toby fashion, from the beginning to the end—from the first hour the ground was broken, to the capture of the city and the discovery of Tippoo's body. The trenches and breaching batteries, of which scarcely any traces now exist, had been formed on the right bank of the river, not far below the spot where the river divides itself into two streams, which, after running apart for about three miles, again unite, and thus form a loop, within which stands the island of Seringapatam. On the upper end of this island, which is sharp like a spear-head, is erected the fortress, by no means in a good situation, as I understand from military men, nor well constructed in itself. That, however, signifies little, as it is now dismantled. The breach had been built up; but although fourteen years had elapsed since the siege, the difference in colour of the modern masonry rendered the spot quite distinct. We could even count numerous shot-marks and shot-holes on the different faces of the bastion adjacent to the breach, which was made in the curtain of the work. The river happened to be so low, that Corporal Trim and I managed, at the expense of a pretty good wetting, to follow the exact line of the storming party across the bed of the stream, and over the Fausse Braye wall. We were obliged to make a little circumbendibus to enter the works, for we carried no scaling ladders with us.

The readers of the history of the campaign, which terminated so gloriously, will remember that a huge ditch was found within the ramparts by the astonished storming party, and, had it not been for a few planks inadvertently left by the troops of Tippoo, they might never have been able to cross, and the besiegers have been repulsed. As the waters rose in the river to seventeen feet in depth, within a day or two afterwards, the fort might then have long withstood its assailants, had the moment of attack been deferred.

On these visits to Seringapatam, I slept in one of Tippoo Sultan's palaces, called the Dowlat Baug, or garden of riches; but I paid dearly for my temerity. Indeed, I believe that island is nearly the most unhealthy spot in the East Indies. What is curious, however, I felt none of the evil effects of the malarial poison as long as I remained on the high level of the Mysore country; but within a few days after reaching the sea-coast of Malabar, was seized with what is called the jungle fever, of which I feel the consequences to this hour. The Duke of Wellington (then Colonel Wellesley), when governor of Seringapatam, lived in the same palace, which he rendered more commodious than it had ever been in the days of Tippoo Sultan or even of his father Hyder Ali. He filled it with European furniture, and made it less unhealthy by placing glass sashes in all the windows, by which some portion of the noxious air of the night could be kept out.

A characteristic touch of the same hand was pointed out to me in the Dowlat Baug. On the walls of the verandah, on that side of the palace which is most conspicuous, there had been represented, with much minuteness of detail, but with a total absence of perspective, the native version of Colonel Baillie's defeat—a disaster, which, as I have elsewhere mentioned, occurred some twenty years before, (1780,) under the reign of Hyder. As the success, upon that occasion, was undoubtedly on the side of the Mahometans, there could be nothing fairer, in the way of nationality, than blazoning the victory on the walls of the palace. By the same right of conquest, the new governor of the island might undoubtedly have ordered a brush to be passed over the original painting, and have substituted in its stead the storming party in the breach where Tippoo fell. The English warrior's taste, however, was of a different description. He sent for the best native artists in Seringapatam, and made them carefully restore the original work, which had been much destroyed, desiring them to omit no item which the fallen dynasty had sanctioned. In consequence of this fresh painting, I saw, so late as 1813, the whole disastrous story displayed to public view, in the glaring colours in which Hyder had originally delighted to exhibit the prowess of his arms.

In the same manly taste, though possibly with higher political motives, the custom, which antecedent to our conquest of Mysore had been religiously observed, of reading the Koran several times a-day beside the tomb of Hyder, was continued by the Duke of Wellington; and, in fact, it is continued to this hour. During the few days I lived in the palace, I went repeatedly to hear these moolahs offer up their prayers. All the Mussulman priests of the subverted dynasty were pensioned by the British government, and also most of the principal officers and civilians of Tippoo's court. This wise policy included the celebrated old Purneah, the late sultan's prime minister—the Talleyrand of India—who, though he served at different times many different masters, behaved to each and to all with rigid fidelity, and stood by them heartily as long as they kept their respective heads above water.

After remaining about a fortnight, wandering over the Mysore country, I turned my steps to the westward, with the intention of passing the Ghauts and reaching the coast, where I considered it would not be difficult to procure a sea conveyance to Bombay. The resident at Mysore advised me to call at the Rajah of Coorg's capital on my way, and furnished me with a letter of introduction to that native prince.

Early in the morning, therefore, of a beautiful day in the latter end of September, I set out from the bare tableland of Mysore, and proceeded towards the hilly and thickly wooded regions overhanging the Malabar country. When I awoke in my palankeen, I knew not very distinctly where I had got to, for I had been dreaming all night about the monstrous statue at Shrivanasabalagol. I sat up, drew the door gently back, and, looking out, found myself in the midst of one of the most curious and magnificent scenes which my eyes had ever beheld. It seemed as if I were travelling among the clustered columns of some enormous and enchanted Gothic cathedral, compared to which the minster at York, or the cathedral at Winchester, would have seemed mere baby-houses. The ground extended on all sides as smooth, and flat, and clear of underwood, as if the whole had been paved with gravestones. From this level surface rose on every hand, and as far as the eye could penetrate into the forest, immense symmetrical clusters of bamboo, varying in diameter at their base from six feet to twenty or thirty, and even to twice that width, as I ascertained by actual measurement. For about eight or ten feet from the ground, each of these clusters or columns preserved a form nearly cylindrical, after which they began gradually to swell outwards, each bamboo assuming for itself a graceful curve, and rising to the height, some of sixty, some of eighty, and some even of one hundred feet in the air, the extreme end being at times horizontal, or even drooping gently over, like the tips of the feathers in the Prince of Wales' plume. These gorgeous clusters stood at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards from one another, and being totally free from the interruption of brushwood, could be distinguished at a great distance—more than a mile certainly, in every direction, forming, under the influence of an active imagination, naves and transepts, aisles and choirs, such as none but a Gothic architect ever dared to conceive. Overhead the interlacing curves of the bamboos constituted as complete a groined roof as that of Winchester or Westminster, on a scale of grandeur far beyond the bold conception even of those wonderful artists who devised that glorious school of architecture, which, in the opinion of many people, has raised the dark centuries immediately subsequent to the era of the crusades almost to the level of the days of Pericles.

On counting the separate bamboos in some of the smallest, and also in some of the largest clusters, I found the numbers, to vary from twenty or thirty to upwards of two hundred, and the height generally from sixty to a hundred feet from the ground to the point of intersection of the curves overhead. Most of the bamboos were somewhat thicker than a man's thigh at the ground, where, as I have before said, they are clustered so close as to be almost in contact. They then taper off very gradually to the extreme end, where the point is not thicker than a quill. There occurs a joint at about every foot and a half, distinguished not only by a slight flat ring or fillet, but by a set of small branches, eight or ten feet long, striking out at right angles to the main bamboo. These minor shoots are again divided into joints, from which minor series of shoots, still more minute, are thrown out; and so on for many successions, the last always terminating in a sharp-pointed narrow leaf two or three inches long, and half an inch wide in the middle, not unlike a large tea-leaf when spread out.

As each bamboo of the hundred or more forming the

cluster sends out shoots from every joint, and as all the joints of these subordinate branches do the same, a compact mass is formed by these innumerable little branches, which cross one another at every possible angle. If a person were to fill a hat full of pins or needles, and shake it about for some minutes, it might give a notion of the inextricable confusion which is presented to the eye on looking into one of these clustered columns of bamboos. It is only at the top, where the bend takes place, that the foliage has full room to play, or where the tapering arms of this magnificent plant form, by their meetings and crossings, a complete system of pointed arches.

What surprised me very much, and greatly puzzled me at first, was to observe that, notwithstanding the multitude of lateral shoots from each of the main bamboos, and from all the subordinate branches, not a single trace of displacement, or the slightest obstruction to the growth of any branch, could be detected. Every person must have heard of the astonishing rapidity of the growth of the bamboo. It is said, indeed, that in one season it starts up to its whole length. I do not know if this be true, but am quite certain that if one of the main bamboos were to spring from the ground in the centre, or even near the sides of the cluster, and that from its joints there were at the same time to sprout out the lateral branches I have described, it would be impossible for the main stem to force its way through the obstructions presented by the network, formed by the little branches growing from the joints of the other bamboos in the cluster.

After examining a considerable number of the clusters, however, we can, I think, discover how nature manages this difficult affair. When the bamboo first springs out of the ground, it is about as thick as a man's wrist, but it is armed with a very sharp point, not unlike that of a wooden instrument called a fid, which sailors make use of in splicing ropes. As this point is extremely hard, and the bamboo always highly polished, it readily makes its way through the very thickest masses of the little branches, as one might thrust a sword through a quickset hedge. Thus, the bamboo, whose growth is prodigiously rapid, starts upwards, and by reason of its smooth sharp end, and perfectly smooth sides, easily makes its way to its extreme length and thickness, without, as I conceive, sending out a single lateral shoot from any of its joints till the utmost extent has been gained. The subordinate branches from the joints then, but not till then, begin to start out horizontally, all these being, after the manner of the principal stem, exempted from lateral shoots at their joints till their utmost length has been reached. In consequence of this beautiful arrangement, none of these successive branches, however numerous or delicate, find any difficulty in piercing the confusion.

I saw bamboos in every different stage of this process, and, in particular, I noticed several of the main stems rising to the height of seventy feet and upwards, of a clear yellow colour, and evidently of recent growth; but without a single lateral branch growing from their joints from top to bottom; and this led me to infer that their extreme height had not yet been attained, or was just attained.

On reaching a pretty little town, with the long name of Eerajunderpet, I was received by an officer of the Rajah of Coorg, whose dominions I had entered. A guard of sepoy, with several elephants, and a most inconvenient allowance of ear-splitting music, were placed at my disposal by the soubadar, as he styled himself. I begged him, as delicately as I could, to stop the tom-toms, and then insinuated something about breakfast. I suspect this functionary had often before been sent to meet my countrymen similarly circumstanced, for I could see the ends of his huge whiskers gradually curling upwards by the muscular action of that kind of smile called a broad grin, as he listened to my demand, and pointed to the choultry, or caravansary, close at hand. In truth, in spite of the picturesque beauties of the bamboo forest, and the witchery of the still more magnificent scenery which embellishes the summit ridge, or crest of the Ghauts, I had not been able to exclude from my thoughts the chances, pro and con, of a good meal at the end of the stage. Accordingly, I felt my heart leap as I caught sight of a table-cloth, flapping in the breeze in the verandah, above which rose a goodly range of dishes, a huge tea-pot, and a bowl brim full of eggs. The attendant lifted up the covers, and displayed a pyramid of rice shining like a snow wreath in the sun, supported by a curry, the savoury smell of which spread so far as to reach the senses of the tired bearers of my palanquin, who seemed as hungry as myself. In the joy of the moment, I presented

them with a whole sheep, of the small mountain breed, for their dinner.

During the rest of this day I travelled, sometimes in the palanquin, and sometimes on the back of one of the elephants sent me by the Rajah of Coorg, for whose capital, Markara, I was now bound. The road wound about amongst the hills, or along the valleys of the Ghauts, and across numberless small streams, besides the great Cauvery, now shrunk to a rivulet, which we forded repeatedly during this journey. When the sun became disagreeably hot at those places where the woods opened, I had only to dismount and pop into the palanquin; but when we plunged into the forests, and enjoyed the shade of the teak tree, iron wood, banyan, and tamarind, I again got on the back of my elephant. She was an exceedingly fine animal, in the prime of her life, as I was told, being only fifty years old, called Bhigelee, or lightning. Your grand folks in India, upon state occasions, place a howdah, or castle, on their elephants, and ride about in triumph, like Darius in Le Brun's pictures of Alexander's battles. But for ordinary travelling, a good thick matting, or rather a pad, answers the purpose; in fact, this method is the more agreeable of the two on a journey, for there is less motion felt when one is seated close to the elephant's back, than when perched three or four feet higher, and wagged about like the head of a Chinese mandarin over a chimney-piece. Even with the pad, it is not very easy to keep on when the road is steep; and this would be impossible, were not a piece of cloth, twisted up like a rope, placed before and behind, which may be grasped by the hand, according as the inclination of the road is upwards or downwards.

An elephant is proverbially one of the surest-footed animals in the world; but we came, during this journey, to some passes so very steep, and so much covered with loose stones, empty water-courses, broken trunks of trees, and all the other debris left by mountain torrents, that I quaked not a little at times as we passed along the edges of precipices. But our trusty Bhigelee appeared perfectly self-possessed on these occasions; and as the mahout, or driver, made me remark, she never took her foot off one stone till she had made sure of a solid foundation for the next step. Sometimes she made this inspection with her trunk, sometimes with her foot; but she never once made a false move, though occasionally she slid down for a yard or two on all fours.

At one place, the bough of a tree happened to cross our path, upon which the elephant raised her trunk and wrenched it from the stem in a moment, in order to use it as a fly flap, and so brisk were her movements, that she had very nearly whisked both the mahout and myself into the valley. At another turn of the road, where we crossed a running stream, her thirsty ladyship sucked in a hoghead or two, and then, having filled her trunk, and wishing to cool herself, she squirted the contents so dexterously over her sides and back, that we were both completely drenched. For this trick Miss Bhigelee received a suitable correction at the hands of her guide, albeit his age, as he said, was less than that of the elephant by about a dozen years. He told us, that he had scarcely been absent from her a whole day since he was born; and that even when a mere crawling infant, he used to be left by his mother under the elephant's care.

It was at the close of twilight when I reached Markara, the rajah's capital; and not a little astonished was I to be shown into a large house, built in the taste of the English bungalows at Madras, furnished, also, in the European style. In one of the rooms, which was brilliantly lighted up, I found a table laid with twenty covers; and before I had been there three minutes, a sumptuous dinner was placed on the table, as if it had been brought by magic. A couple of dozen mutes, in white robes, stood round like the ivory attendants of the Black Prince in the fairy tale. I lamented that I had not twenty mouths, to do more justice to my host's ultra hospitality. As it was, however, I did pretty well; for the keen air of the Coorg mountains, and the rough riding of the elephant, had set my appetite so sharply, that I felt rather provoked to receive a summons to attend the maha Rajah of Coorg, Lingra Jender Wadee, just as I had smoked out my first chillum, and was considering whether or not to break in upon a second bottle of claret, for the rajah sported some of "Maxwell and Key's best long cork." Not a moment was to be lost, however; so I jumped up, and being shown to another suite of apartments, found a bed-room and dressing-room, for all the world like those of any hotel in Jermyn-street. I rigged myself in my best coat, tucked in my sword, screwed on my cocked hat, and rattled away to the durbar.

This worthy rajah's whim, as I soon discovered, was to have every thing in one department of his palace, as

much as possible, in the English style. In this view, the floor of the room in which he received his European guests was laid with Brussels carpets, and round the walls stood piano-fortes and organs, music books, sofas, card-tables, writing-desks, clocks of a dozen shapes and sizes, mirrors, and pictures—all English. He seemed enchanted with my amazement at this strange jumble of upholstery; nothing, however, was ordered aright, and it looked more like one of Mr. Dowbiggin's warehouses in Mount-street than an English drawing-room, which it was intended to represent. As I entered the durbar, the rajah claimed my admiration of the disposition of his goods in such a way, that it was impossible to contradict him. In one instance, indeed, the sagacity of the native outran his taste; and in the midst of much that was trashy, and even childish, betokened a degree of knowledge of character for which, indeed, the Hindoos are peculiarly distinguished. He led me up to a picture of Sir Arthur Wellesley, sent to him by the general, at the rajah's request, after the great campaign against Tippee.

"There," said he, "look at that picture; there is the portrait of the greatest man we have ever known in India."

Just as these words were interpreted, I was surprised to hear a band of music strike up the tune called, I think, "The Hunting of the Stag," of which song the burden is, "Hey ho, chevy!" To this most incongruous tune, a set of Indian figurantes, or notch girls, were made to dance before us, and very strange work they made of it! After a short audience, the rajah observed that I must be tired with the day's journey, and allowed me to retire.

Next morning I got up betimes, and took a survey of the grounds, which satisfied me, that although nothing could be more picturesque in the way of mountain scenery, a more absurd spot for a strong-hold could not have been selected in Asia. It would indeed be a fine place to keep a state prisoner in, for the fort stands in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, each overlooking, and either commanding it, or the approaches to it, within half cannon shot. I returned to the fort, after standing on the top of one of these knolls for about half an hour, watching the mist as it gradually stole out of the valleys, and became invisible in the higher air, whenever it mixed with sunbeams as they peeped over the eastern ridges of the Ghauts. Meanwhile, the light wind, which generally flits about at that hour, shook down the dew drops from the branches of the well-steeped forest; and I had almost forgotten, in the coolness of the air, and more than Alpine beauty of the Indian landscape, how far I had wandered from the scenes which it recalled. At the door of the bungalow, I was met by half a dozen attendants, who saluted me to the ground, and led the way to the parlour, where a feast sufficient to have satisfied twenty half-pay officers was laid on the table. I counted eighteen dishes, and I forget how many silver tea-pots, cream-jugs, besides crockery enough to have equipped an Indian—such was the magnificent pleasure of the Rajah of Coorg.

In due season, a message came to me from his highness, to say he wished me to go over the new palace, which he was fitting up like an English house, and upon some of the details of which he desired to have my opinion. As things were in actual progress, I had the liberty of suggesting a few changes, with which he was greatly pleased. He had already made some very erroneous arrangements, probably from acting upon imperfect information; and as even his queer taste revolted at these incongruities, he felt delighted to have a European's authority for making further alterations.

On returning to the great square in the centre of the building, we found three chairs placed for us on a Turkey carpet spread on the ground in the open air. The rajah took a seat and made me come beside him, after placing his son, a nice little boy nine or ten years of age, on my right hand. This young fellow was gaily dressed, with a huge overspreading turban. A dark circle about the tenth of an inch broad, was painted round each of his eyes, which gave him a strange staring look; and on his cheeks, brow, and chin, were placed small black marks, or beauty spots, about twice as large as the head or dot of a note in music.

The whole area of the court was now begirt with soldiers, each holding as high as his face an immense bill-hook or knife, the blade of which, near the extremity, could not be less than three inches wide, and diminishing gradually towards the hilt. This formidable instrument, well known in Indian warfare under the name of the Coorg-knife, is often used as a sword, and when handled by men who are not afraid to close with their antagonists, is said to be a most efficient weapon.

On a signal given by the rajah, a folding door was

thrown open on one side of the court, and in stalked two immense royal tigers, held by several men on each side by long but slight ropes attached to collars round the animals' necks. These beasts appeared very tractable, for they allowed themselves to be led close to us. I confess I did not much like this degree of propinquity, and eyed the slender cordage with some professional anxiety. Meanwhile the rajah and his son, and the officers of the household, appeared quite unconcerned, though the tigers passed within a few yards of them, and, as it seemed to me, might easily have broken loose. What degree of training these animals had undergone, I know not; but after a little while the rajah, probably to increase the surprise of his guest, directed the men to let go the ropes and to fall back. There we sat, in the midst of the open court, with a couple of full-sized tigers in our company, and nothing on earth to prevent their munching us all up! The well-fed and well-bred beasts, however, merely lounged about, rubbed their noses together, and then tumbling on the ground, rolled about like a couple of kittens at play. I could, however, detect the rajah spying at me out of the corner of his eye, and half-smiling at the success of his trick. After a time the men were recalled and the tigers dragged off.

A pair of lionesses and two furious looking buffaloes were then introduced, but nothing could be more innocent or more respectful to the rajah and his son. Like Falstaff, indeed, they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the true prince. Yet, for all this, I caught myself several times edging my chair back a little bit, and looking out for a clear place to escape, as the monsters stalked up and down the court, and once or twice actually touched the edge of our carpet with their feet. On these occasions, that part of the circle of guards which stood behind us advanced just so far as to bring our chairs on the outside of their ring, and to place themselves between the beasts and us. On clapping their hands and flourishing their knives, the lionesses and other beasts moved a little farther off; after which the guards again dropped to the rear. Still, this seemed rather a poor protection: at least, I had my recollection so full of the rapid motions of the same class of animals which I had seen baited at Mysore, that I could discover nothing which need have prevented the tiger from whipping off the heads of the rajah and the heir-apparent, or, at all events, that of their guest, who having no particular claims to the throne of Coorg, could reckon on none of the benefits of instinctive respect.

A troublesome story, too, respecting a touch of insanity in the rajah's family, recurred to my thoughts occasionally. I had heard somewhere of his predecessor calling for a fowling-piece one day in open durbar, and having ordered forth his cabinet-ministers, he deliberately popped them off, one by one, like sparrows—an honour to which, it is said, they submitted with edifying patience and propriety. I confess I felt rather queerish when he sent one of his family for a double-barrelled gun, a beautiful piece of workmanship, bearing the name of Joe Manton on the lock. I admired it of course.

"That piece," said the rajah, "was made here by one of my people."

I ventured respectfully to point to the name of the London maker.

"Pooh!" cried his highness, "what's in a name? The man who could make such a piece as this could surely copy a name. Bring the London gun."

And, strange to say, when the model from which one of his native gunsmiths had made the piece was placed in my hands, so exact was the imitation, I could scarcely tell which was the original, which the copy. On pulling the trigger of each, however, the difference in the viracity of the spring made the distinction apparent. I had often heard of their powers of imitation, but had no idea before of its extent.

When we had satisfied ourselves with an inspection of these pieces, the rajah gave orders for half a dozen tiger's cubs, about eight months old, and as many puppy-dogs, to be set to play before us on the carpet, while a full-grown royal tiger was at the same time dragged forward and pitted against a boar for a real battle in the open court. Any thing more disproportionate or absurd cannot be conceived than this match; and so, perhaps, the poor brutes thought, for fight they would not, although both of them were well thumped and forced against each other by the attendants. At length a brilliant thought struck the rajah.

"Tie them together!" exclaimed his majesty; and accordingly the rope which was fastened to the tiger's collar was hitched to the belly-band of the bear.

Neither party liked this. The tiger roared and the bear growled, while the rajah and his son laughed and clapped their hands in ecstasy at their own good joke. Of course the guards and courtiers joined in the mirth, and the whole quadrangle rung with mixed shouts of the soldiers, the growl of the bear, and the roar of the tiger. Of all the parties in this singular concert, the tiger appeared to be the most discomposed. His eye flashed fire, and his tail waved from flank to flank in the most ominous style. I thought at one time that this was to turn out no laughing matter; for, if the angry animal, when at length he lost all patience, had taken a direction towards us, he might have demolished the dynasty of Wadeer, or at least made a vacancy for an officer in his Britannic Majesty's Navy. Fortunately he chose exactly the opposite course, and running furiously across the court, made a flying leap right into one of the low windows of what the rajah called his English drawing-room. The glass and frame-work of the window were of course dashed to pieces in a moment, and the pianos, pictures and book-cases, must soon have shared the same fate, had not the tigers' progress been checked by the weight of the wretched bear, which hung outside, half-way between the window-sill and the ground, somewhat after the fashion of the golden fleece over a mercer's door. The tiger we could no longer see, but we could hear him smashing the furniture at a great rate.

The rajah, who naturally thought this was a little too much of a good thing, desired his people to enter the room, in order to catch hold of the ropes fastened to the tiger's collar, by which he had been brought forward in the first instance. This being accomplished, and the tiger secured, the rope connecting him and the bear was cut, upon which poor Master Bruin tumbled to the ground, no great height indeed, and off he moved very sulkily to his den. Meanwhile the tiger was dragged out of the house by main force, and sent to the rear.

As soon as order was restored, five elephants made their appearance, none of them standing less than thirteen feet high. At the bidding of the rajah, these grand fellows knelt down, prostrated themselves, rolled over on their sides, lifted their keepers in their trunks, and whirled them high in the air. In short, they went through all manner of gambols.

"Now," said the rajah, "let us have an elephant dance!"

I forgot to mention before, that on one side of the court a group of pretty dancing girls had been exhibiting all the time of the show, without attracting much notice. These ladies being ordered forwards, one of them was stationed before each of the elephants as a partner, and the keepers, slipping down from the animals' necks, seated themselves cross-legged on the ground, in front and within reach of the animals' forefeet. The music now struck up, the girls began to dance and sing, while the keepers, by touching the elephants' feet gently with little sticks, made them hobble likewise. As the unwieldy monsters jogged from side to side, they beat time with the ends of their trunks on the bare heads of their keepers, shook their monstrous ears, and stared at the girls. Never was any thing more grotesque! The effect, indeed, was so ludicrous, that even the poor Indian girls themselves appeared at a loss whether to laugh or to cry at being set to dance a jig with elephants to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," or some such exotic air—villanously played by Hindoo pipers—a glorious concourse of absurdities! The day was pretty well advanced before these sports were over, for we had still to witness sundry sheep-fights, and ram-fights, and an endless variety of antics by human tumblers.

At last the rajah broke up this queer durbar, or levee, ordered out the palankeens, wished me a safe descent of the Ghauts, and, as I thought, was about to dismiss me rather unceremoniously; but on the contrary, he did me the high honour to accompany me as far as the outer gate of the fort, on the hill, a distance of at least a mile from the palace. A double row of soldiers lined the road the whole way; and those being joined by many hundreds of labourers from the adjacent fields, the crowd became quite dense towards the end of the line. The most profound silence was observed, however, and as each person stood with his broad-bladed knife in his hands, raised nearly to his mouth, in what we should call an attitude of prayer, the palms being pressed together, the effect was very lively and striking. On reaching the gate the rajah presented me with one of the Coorg knives already described, and a handsome sandal-wood walking-stick.

The dress of these bold mountaineers is simple, and

not inelegant. On their heads they wind a long white cloth into a broad flat turban, and round their bodies wrap a loose white frock, reaching two inches below the knee. This robe or tunic is tied round the waist with a shawl of more or less richness according to the wealth of the parties.

In the evening I found my way back to Eerajunderpet, and strolled into the woods in quest of adventures. What should I meet but a Roman Catholic priest, "all shaven and shorn," speaking a strange mixture of Portuguese, Spanish, and Hindustanee! As I possessed a slight smattering of each of these languages, we got on pretty well. Although this good padre had passed much more than half his life away from Portugal, he still took a lively interest in those distant scenes, which, as he said, he never hoped to visit again. He had heard, he told me, of the peninsular war, but he knew none of the details. The worthy missionary's thoughts, indeed, were much more earnestly engaged in works of peace and charity than in those of war and conquest. He showed me his native school, where a number of boys were taught to read, and, with an air of exultation, assured me he could reckon upon there being at least nine or ten hundred Christians in the Coorg country, of which the population is said to be fifty thousand.

Next morning I descended the celebrated Poodicherum Pass in the great Malabar Ghauts—a gorgeous specimen of rugged but well-wooded mountain scenery. At the bottom of the pass I found bearers who carried me to Erricore, and so onwards to Cananore, a very interesting trip along the coast.

After various common-place adventures and worrying delays, I reached Tellicherry, and lastly Mangalore, where I considered myself most fortunate in catching an English ship just sailing for Bombay, loaded with teak timber for the dock-yard. By taking advantage of the land-winds at night, and the sea breezes in the day, we reached our port within a few hours of the time to which Sir Samuel Hood had limited my excursion.

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF PONTIANA, IN BORNEO—MR SAMUEL HOOD.

In the summer of 1814, Sir Samuel Hood made a voyage, in his majesty's ship *Minden*, to the eastern parts of his station. We called first at Achien, on the north end of the island of Sumatra, where we held some very amusing intercourse with the king of that district, whose capital the admiral visited. From thence we steered over to Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, and thence down the Straits of Malacca, entering the China Sea by the beautiful Straits of Singapore. The admiral's chief object was to visit Java; but as there lay three routes before him to choose between, viz. the Straits of Gaspar, the Straits of Banca, and the Caranata passage, he preferred taking the last and widest, which also led him near the western shore of the immense island of Borneo. On reaching the equator, he steered for the mouth of the great river Laya, which passes the town of Pontiana. The weather being very favourable, the ship was anchored, and the barge got ready for an expedition.

At four in the morning on receiving the joyful intimation that I was to be officer of the boat, I lost no time in getting together every thing likely to be useful—a sextant, artificial horizon, spy-glass, chart, compass, and Nautical Almanac, besides a Malay dictionary; for Sir Samuel, with his wonted ardour, had already commenced the study of that language, saying, and saying truly, that before our cruise amongst the eastern islands was over, he should cut us all out in speaking Malay. This boast he afterwards made good; for before he completed his travels in Java, he could maintain a conversation with the natives with very little assistance from the interpreter, merely by the help of a vocabulary, which he made for himself and carried in his pocket. He actually travelled over more than twelve hundred miles of ground on that island, during the last quarter of which, at the eastern end, I had the good fortune to accompany him. I had previously visited alone about seven hundred miles of the interior of that noisiest of all our insular possessions in the East.

It is truly grievous to think how unwittingly we allowed that magnificent possession to slip through our fingers, in 1814, at the grand settlement of affairs. But after the downfall of Bonaparte, such a game of check-farthing was played with kingdoms, that even a gigantic country like Java failed to excite its due share of notice, or was totally lost sight of in the haze which obscured

every thing at a distance from the scene of excitement. We had some difficulty in finding our way in the barge, for the mouth of the river of Pontiana lay so completely hid amongst low cane brakes, mangroves, and other aquatic trees and shrubs, which grow thickly along the western shores of Borneo, that until we came quite close, no inlet was perceptible. The first hit we made proved wrong, and lost us three or four miles; and it was not till nearly noon that we reached the rush of fresh and troubled water, which indicated the true entrance. The admiral desired greatly to observe the sun's meridian altitude, saying, he had a childish sort of anxiety to take an observation exactly on the Equatorial line. His excellency, however, though he could command many things, could not command this; for although our fellows gave way lustily, so as to stem the current running out, and we had a full half hour to spare, we could not effect a landing in good time. On reaching what had seemed the shore, no footing could be found any where. Even the little boat which we carried with us in tow of the barge, though she threaded the mangrove stems and roots, and went in much farther than the barge, could not reach any thing like dry land. As the main bank refused to afford us a resting place, we put off, and rowed as briskly as we could to a small island about half a mile from this treacherous shore; but this, too, proved a cheat, for what we took to be solid ground consisted merely of a mass of green shrubs, growing on the ridge of a soft slippery mass of mud just peeping above the water.

As the sailors, by this time, were pretty well exhausted with rowing so long in the hot sun, they hailed with great joy the sea-breeze which just then set in. They soon stepped the masts, hoisted the sails, and laid the oars in.

"Now go to dinner, men," said the considerate chief, "this rattling breeze will not carry us up far, and you will pull all the better for a good bellyful."

Just as this judicious order was given, and while we were still laughing at the recent adventure, which reminded us of Sinbad's mistaking a whale for a solid rock, our eyes were attracted by the sight of another island, much smaller than the first. It seemed, indeed, like a little grove or tuft of palm-like foliage, rising out of the water somewhat in the fashion of our Prince of Wales's feather. None of the party had ever seen such a tree before, and every one tried to guess what it might be; but all were puzzled. At length, a diminutive moving black speck showed itself at the root, or centre, from which these fairy-like branches radiated.

"It is a rock with a tree on it," cried one.

"Pooh!" said Sir Samuel, "there are no rocks hereabouts; the soil for many a league is alluvial."

"It skims along like a witch," exclaimed a third; "it is surely alive!"

"Let us sail to it whatever it be," said the admiral, waving his hand to the cockswain to shoo the barge further from the side of the river.

As we drew near, we discovered our phenomenon to consist of a fishing canoe, gliding along merrily before the sea-breeze, with no other sails than half a dozen branches of the cocoa-nut tree placed in the bow, and spread out like the feathers of a peacock's tail. These were held together by a slender bar of bamboo, and supported by small strips of bark to the stern, in which sat a naked Malay.

The admiral proved a true prophet, for the deceitful sea-breeze presently lulled, and it cost us a very hard row to accomplish our purpose against the stream. The town of Pontiana stands on a low point of land formed by the confluence of two mighty rivers, names to us unknown. This particular spot is always held sacred in India, and is known under the Hindoo name of Sungum. I suspect, however, that the Malays and other Mahomedans, who inhabit the coasts of most of the Indian Islands, acknowledge no superstitious predilections for one spot more than another, and consider such things as mere prejudices unworthy of the followers of Mahomet, their great military prophet. Probably the Sungum point has some local advantages belonging to it, as I observe it is generally appropriated by the strongest party in every country. At all events, it has the advantage of communicating directly with both the rivers, by whose junction the Sungum, or solid angle, is formed. In the instance of Pontiana, the Mussulmen had taken possession of it, though it was formerly a Dutch settlement, while the Chinese were left to occupy the corners opposite to the Sungum, on the right and left banks, respectively, of the river formed by the junction of the two streams. Thus three considerable cities had been built facing one another, and each displaying on the river a multitude of boats and

barges, canoes and proas, in crowds which would not have disgraced the show at London Bridge, and, of course, indicating considerable wealth and activity.

We came upon this grand view quite abruptly, and having no expectation of encountering any thing so magnificent, were taken rather by surprise. Two enormous Chinese junks occupied the centre of the stream, each of them rising out of the water nearly as high as the poop of a line-of-battle ship. Along the shore, on both sides, lay a fleet of eight or ten sail of junks, some of them very large, and all bearing enormous white flags, in the centre of which sprawled huge dragons and other monsters familiar to the eyes of all fanciers of old China jares.

This was the first time that many of us had seen genuine or unmixed specimens of Chinese or Malay towns on a great scale, and our admiration was great accordingly. In strict language, it cannot be said that these Chinese are at home in Borneo; but in point of fact, they certainly are so. The truth is, that China Proper is so much over-crowded, that its surplus population must find vent somewhere and somehow; and, in spite of the severest laws forbidding people to leave the celestial realm, they emigrate in vast numbers. In this respect the enactments of England against the export of guineas bear a close resemblance in their efficiency to those of China against the exportation of human beings. Be this as it may, it has so happened, that all the islands which lie to the eastward and southward of the China seas—the Philippines, the Moluccas, and the Isles of Sunda—possess large colonies of Chinese on their coasts.

I remember hearing, when I was in Batavia, that the Chinese population of that city alone amounted to thirty-five thousand. Indeed, persons who have attended much to the subject on the spot, assure me there is good reason to believe, that in process of time the Chinese will occupy exclusively the whole of the eastern islands. They are the most industrious of human beings, and are physically strong and energetic; they also possess a cheerfulness and patience of disposition which makes them careless about danger and difficulty. Nor are the Chinese entangled with any of the ritual superstitions of their Hindoo neighbours, and in that respect are even more free-souled than the Malays, their only rivals on the coasts of the Oriental archipelago—although I suspect that they are not very strait-laced Mussulmen. The Malays form at present a fringe of population round most of the islands in those seas, whatever may be the description of the inhabitants in the interior. This we certainly find to be the case along four or five hundred miles of the north coast of Java, but the moment we strike inland, a different and indigenous race appears. The Malays are the masters by sea, and, like a certain nation "throned in the West," are said to lord it in tolerably imperious style. On the other hand, the Chinese, who are the worst possible sailors, but who are agriculturists by nature and by necessity, as well as taste, are gradually outmastering the Malays along shore; and in time, I have little doubt, they will become the chief proprietors of the soil. They may then build forts at the mouths of the rivers, and bully the good folks of the interior. Thus, ages hence, Pontiana may become a second Antwerp; and protocols in Chinese, Malays, and Borneo, occupy all eastern men's thoughts from Timor to Formosa!

In the mean time, as there existed no dispute about the navigation of the River Laya, we rowed up very peaceably towards the great city of Pontiana. On our meeting a canoe with a Malay in it, the admiral, who had been studying Marsden's dictionary all the way, stood up in the barge, made the men lie on their oars, and to their great astonishment, and probably to that of the native, called out, in the Malay tongue,

"Which is the way to the sultan's house?"

To Sir Samuel's unspeakable delight the man whom he addressed understood him, and after offering to show us the landing-place, paddled off a head of us. Our fellows gave way as hard as they could, but the Malay kept the lead; and as we shot past the Chinese towns, one on each bank, the natives crowded to the beach, as much astonished, no doubt, with our strange cocked hats, swords, and oddly shaped boat, as we could be with their long tails and wild-looking junks, or with the crases which every Malay carries by his side. This fierce-looking weapon is not, in form, unlike the waving sword one sees in the pictures of the angel Michael, though it is not above a foot and a half in length.

The sultan's cousin received the admiral and his party at the gate of the palace, and led him by the hand along a causeway of flag stones to the residence of the monarch. Directly in the middle of the gateway, which was only ten feet wide and about as many in height, there stood

a 24 pounder gun. On the top of the arch there was built a small square room, from holes in which peeped out the muzzles of five or six field-pieces, the whole affair resembling very much that part of a child's box of toys which represents the stronghold or castle. Within the high wall surrounding the palace, we counted innumerable large guns scattered about, apparently with no other object than to be seen—as if the mere look of a cannon were expected to do the work of a fight! The same number of mock barrels of gunpowder, similarly disposed, would have answered the purpose equally well, or perhaps better, for there appeared no way in which the guns could be fired, without doing more injury to the besieged than to the besiegers.

On we went, till we were met by the sultan himself, at the inner side of the quadrangle. He courteously conducted the admiral to a large room or hall of audience, and having begged his guest to sit down at a small table, took a chair by his side, and began a conversation as if they had been long acquainted. Of course, in spite of the admiral's proficiency, this could not be accomplished without an interpreter; and the services of a very clever Malay boy, whom we had brought with us from the ship, were brought into requisition. The hall, in which we were first received, might have been about fifty feet square, bleak, unfurnished, and comfortless, with an uncovered mud floor. It was so feebly lighted by a few windows almost hid by Venetian blinds, that we could only discover the roof had been left bare and unfinished. After sitting for about ten minutes, the sultan rose and led the way to another apartment, apparently of still larger dimensions, but literally so dark, that, had it not been for the light entering by the door we had left, and the one behind us, we could not have moved along without breaking our shins over the stones, sticks, and other rubbish in the way. We had next to make rather a difficult transit along a precarious kind of bridge, formed of a single plank laid across an ominous-looking pool or puddle of mud, which divided these two branches of the palace from each other.

All at once we were ushered into a splendid room, seventy or eighty feet square, brilliantly lighted and not ill furnished, but strongly contrasted with the darkness and dirtiness of the suite we had passed through. This total want of keeping, it may be mentioned, is quite an Oriental taste. They know tolerably well how to be magnificent on occasions; but they never learn how to be uniformly decent. The Asiatics, and even some other nations which might be named nearer home, can seldom afford to be taken by surprise. Indeed, I am not sure if more than one country can be alluded to, in which the people are at all hours ready to receive strangers, and have no occasion to make a fuss, or to change any thing when a rap comes to the door.

In the centre of this gorgeous room, on a part of the floor raised to about a foot and a half above the level of the rest, and laid with a rich Turkey carpet, stood a long table, at the top of which the sultan placed the admiral, and then made the signal for tea. First entered as the attendant, bearing a large tray, on which were ranged several dozens of exceedingly small cups. This he placed on the carpet, and then squatted himself down cross-legged, beside it. Another attendant soon followed bearing the tea-pot, and he likewise popped himself down. After a conjuration of some minutes the cups were brought round, containing weak black tea, exquisite in flavour, but not very small in quantity. There appeared no milk, but plenty of sugar candy. Some sweet sherbet was next handed round, very slightly acid, but so deliciously cool, that we appealed frequently to the vase or huge jar from which it was poured, to the great delight of the sultan, who assured us that this was the genuine sherbet described by the Persian poets. It was mixed, he told us, by a true believer, who had made more than one pilgrimage to Mecca.

At the upper end of the apartment, in a deep recess, partly hid from our view by a rich fratoon of shawl drape, we could just discover the sultan's bed, flanked by large mirrors, beyond which, in an adjacent chamber, was probably stowed away the sultan's most favoured wife. But all this department of the establishment was thrown into such deep shade, that we could see none of the ladies, nor any of his highness's progeny, except one little boy, whom he introduced to us at supper. He appeared to be about five or six years old, very like his papa in miniature, rigged with turban and robes of cloth of gold. At first the little fellow looked somewhat startled, but he soon recovered his dignity, and sat on our knees, without much apprehension of being swallowed up.

Both the upper corners of the room were screened off

by white curtains, eight or ten feet high, so as to form smaller chambers. One of these served the purpose of a pantry, or subsidiary kitchen, at least we observed the dishes issuing from it, and thought we could distinguish the well-known sound of the cook's angry reproaches—a note which, like that of muttering thunder, is nearly the same in every climate. The other corner we soon made out to be a sort of temporary nook, from which the ladies of the palace and the young sultans and sultanas might spy the strangers. This we ascertained from seeing sundry very pretty faces thrust out occasionally between the folds of the curtain, and by the sound of many an ill-suppressed giggle amongst the peeping damsels.

A half-choked squall from some rebellious baby, or a sound thrack on the pate of an over-curious urchin, betrayed the nursery in terms not to be mistaken. Indeed, I do not wonder at their eagerness to look at the admiral, whose very appearance, in any company in the world, or under any circumstances, must have claimed no small share of admiration. The characteristic prominence of the Hood nose, so well known for a glorious half century in the navy, with the tall and gallant bearing of our lamented chief, to say nothing of the Nelson-like circumstance of his right arm having been shorn away in battle, and, I may add, the peculiar sweetness of his voice and the benignant expression of his countenance, which, while they won all hearts to him, showed a mind entirely at peace with itself. Every thing, in short, that was great and amiable, conspired to render Sir Samuel Hood one of the most interesting officers of his time.

The sultan appeared to enter into his guest's character at once, and neither overloaded him with attentions, nor failed to treat him as a person to whom much respect was due. I heard Sir Samuel say afterwards, that he was particularly struck with the sultan's good breeding, in not offering to assist him in cutting his meat. The sultan merely remarked, that few people were so expert as his guest even with both hands: adding, neatly enough, that on this account the distinction which his wound had gained for him was more cheaply purchased than people supposed. While the admiral was hunting for some reply to this novel compliment, his host remarked, that in Borneo it was considered fashionable to eat with the left hand.

The supper, which soon followed the tea, consisted of about a dozen dishes of curry, all different from one another, and a whole poultry yard of grilled and boiled chickens, many different sorts of salt fish, with great basins of rice at intervals, jars of pickles, piles of sliced pine-apple, sweetmeats, and cakes. Four male attendants stood by with goglets of cool sherbet, from which, ever and anon, they replenished our glasses; besides whom, a number of young Malay girls waited at a distance from the table, and ran about nimbly with the plates and dishes.

All persons who approached the sultan fell on their knees, and having joined their hands in the act of supplication, lowered their foreheads till they actually touched the ground. The sultan held out his hand, which the people eagerly embraced in theirs, and pressed to their lips. What they had to say was then spoken, and after again bending their foreheads to the ground, they retired. This ceremonial took place only in the outer room or hall of audience, for no one, except the strangers and one or two of the principal officers of state, was permitted to approach nearer than twenty or thirty feet of the raised part of the floor where we sat. At that distance, a group of about twenty persons, probably the nobles of the court, sat cross-legged on the ground in a semicircle facing the sultan, and in profound silence during the whole supper, no part of which appeared to fall to their share.

Soon afterwards the cloth was removed, and a beautiful scarlet covering, of the texture of a shawl, substituted in its place. This might, perhaps, give us a hint for after dinner. Instead of dull mahogany, or dazzling white, why might we not spread over the table a cloth couleur de rose for the benefit of the complexions of the company?

The sultan now produced a letter which he had received from Lord Minto, when governor-general, thanking his highness for the friendly disposition he had always manifested towards the English people trading to the great city of Pontiana, and in a particular manner expressing his obligations for the manner in which Mr. Palmer, a wealthy merchant of Calcutta, had been received by the sultan, when his ship was wrecked on the west coast of Borneo.

"Mr. Palmer," said the sultan, "lived for some weeks with me, and on returning to Calcutta, sent me these beautiful mirrors and chandeliers. But," added he,

pointing again to the governor-general's letter, "much as I value embellishments so splendid, I esteem far more this little signature, and those few words from Lord Minto. Still," continued his highness, "my wishes in this respect have never been fully satisfied. I have long desired to possess a specimen of Sir Samuel Hood's writing; and though I never ventured to hope that I should have had an opportunity of seeing his signature written with his own hand, I have always felt how essentially that circumstance would add to its value in my estimation."

It was wonderful how well the shrewd little Malay interpreter expressed all this rigmale to the admiral, who cheerfully agreed to the proposal, and desired me to send for his writing case. As I rose, the admiral whispered to me, "I wish you would contrive, at the same time, to see what the boat's crew are about. Try, also, if you can get them something to eat; the fellows must be hungry enough by this time—but mind they don't get too much today."

I found the crew seated on the mud floor of a large room close to the beach, and open on all sides, like a tent without walls. The Johnnies were in such high glee, that I feared they had already trespassed too deeply on the toddy pot; but I was glad to find that their satisfaction arose from a safer source, in the shape of a glorious hot supper, which Jack was tucking in, to the delight and astonishment of the natives, who had been ordered by the sultan to supply them with as much curry and rice as they chose to eat. The cook had no sinecure of it that evening!

I soon returned to the palace, and the admiral, having written several lines for his host's album, expressed his wish to retire to rest. The sultan instantly rose, and having conducted his honoured guest to the outer door, he left him in charge of half a score of the principal officers of the palace, amongst whom were several of the sultan's own near relatives. This guard of honour accompanied Sir Samuel to his bed-room, and it cost him a good deal of trouble and some address to free himself from his company—their intention evidently being to bestow their tediousness upon his excellency all night.

Scarcely was this party dismissed, when to our great surprise, the sultan himself came to the door of the house in which the admiral and his suite were lodged. Sir Samuel feared that he might possibly have given offence to some of the worthy connections of the sultan by dismissing them too abruptly, and that the sultan had called for "an explanation." The honest Asiatic had no such gunpowder fancies in his head. On the contrary, the object of his visit was to press upon the admiral's acceptance two large and beautiful diamonds. The poor admiral was now reduced to a great dilemma. He could not, he thought, with any official propriety, accept the present; and yet he felt very unwilling to hurt the generous sultan's feelings, especially as his highness had paddled at midnight through the mud of his own approach to make the offer. The sultan saw at a glance what a mistake he had made, and instantly withdrew, laughing, however, and saying that such was the custom of his nation. I think the admiral was sorry afterwards that he had not carried in the boat some trinkets of correspondent value, or that he had not accepted the diamonds, and afterwards sent something still more precious to the sultan.

Very early in the morning, long before there was the least peep of dawn, the admiral roused us all out of bed, ordered the boat to be manned, and declared his intention of dropping down the river while it was yet cool, so as to reach the ship before the fierce heat of the sun had set in. I suspect, also, that he wished to escape the salutes and other fussifications, of which he had seen some preparations over night. But in this he partly reckoned without his host, for scarcely had we gained the distance of two or three hundred yards from the shore, when the heavy guns of the batteries began to fire a royal salute. The night was uncommonly dark and still, and the successive flashes and reports of the cannons were followed by a long series of echoes from the edges of the damp forests lining the banks of the three different branches or forks of the river. The admiral, who had the finest perception possible for all that was picturesque or beautiful, was exceedingly struck with the grandeur of this nocturnal salute, and having made the men lay their oars across the boat, while she drifted quickly down the river, he stood up in the stern-sheets in order to enjoy the scene more completely. At each of the first dozen discharges we were near enough to be illuminated by the flash, and a smile of delight could be seen on the veteran's countenance as sounds so dear to him once more caught his ear. It is not improbable that

they recalled to his memory the glorious night action of the Nile; in which it is not too much to say, that amongst all the distinguished warriors whom Nelson had gathered round him, there was not one on whom his great chief more firmly relied in battle, or to whom, personally, he was more attached in private life.

A trifling incident occurred shortly afterwards, which suggested to our thoughts another important service of Sir Samuel Hood's, which, although it be familiarly known in the navy, may not be so fresh in the recollection of persons on shore. A question arose in the boat as to whether or not the land-wind was blowing. Some said there was a breeze up the river, while others maintained that the wind blew down towards the sea. The admiral let us go on speculating and arguing for some time, and then said, "You are both wrong; there is not a breath of air either up or down the river. At all events we shall soon see, if you will strike me a light." This was done accordingly; and the admiral, standing on the after-thwart, held the naked candle high over his head, while the men ceased rowing.

"There, you see," exclaimed he, "the flame stands quite upright, which proves, that if there be any breeze at all, it blows no faster than the stream runs down."

As he yet spoke, the flame bent from the land, and in the next instant was puffd out by a slight gust from the forest.

"Ah! that's something like!" exclaimed the commander-in-chief; adding, in an under tone, as he resumed his seat, "I have known the time when a flaw of wind not greater than has just blown out this candle has rendered good service to his majesty."

We knew what was meant, and so will every naval man; but others may be interested by being told, that early in the year 1794, when Captain Hood commanded his majesty's ship *Juno*, he had very nearly lost his ship in a most extraordinary manner. The port of Toulon, though in possession of the English at the time of his departure on a short trip to Malta, had been evacuated while the *Juno* was absent; and as the land was made in the night, no suspicion of that important change of affairs arose in the mind of any one. With his wonted decision, therefore, into the port he dashed; for, although the *Juno* carried no pilot, Capt. Hood's knowledge of every port he had once visited rendered him comparatively indifferent on that score. A couple of the sharpest-sighted midshipmen were stationed with glasses to look out for the fleet; but no ships were seen—for the best of all reasons—none were there!

One vessel, only, a small brig, could be detected, and the captain, supposing the fleet had run into the inner harbour during the recent easterly gale, resolved to push up likewise. The batteries all kept quiet, and though the brig hailed the frigate as she passed in a language so indistinct that no one could make it out, not the least suspicion was excited.

Captain Hood, in his official letter to Lord Hood, (see *Naval Chronicle* for 1807, vol. xvii. p. 11.) says, "I supposed they wanted to know what ship it was, and I told them it was an English frigate called the *Juno*." The brig, however, was not quite so courteous in return; for they merely replied by the word "Viva," but made no answer to the captain's repeated enquiry, both in English and French, as to the brig's name, and the position of the British admiral's fleet. As the *Juno* pressed under the stern of this treacherous little craft, a voice called out, "Luff! luff!" which naturally induced Captain Hood to put his helm down, from an idea that shoal water lay close to leeward of him. Nothing could have been more adroitly managed by the Frenchman, for before the frigate came head to wind, she struck fast upon the shoal, to which the words "Luff! luff!" had no doubt been intended to direct her.

A boat was now observed to proceed from the brig to the town. As there was but little wind, and the water perfectly smooth, the *Juno's* sails were clewed up and handed; but before the men were all off the yards, a gust of wind came sweeping down the harbour, and drove her off the shoal so suddenly as to give her brisk stern-way. The anchor was speedily let go, but when she tended, the after-part of her keel took the ground and the rudder could not be moved. The launch and cutter being instantly hoisted out, the usual preparations were made to lay out a kedge, to heave the ship off.

At this critical moment a boat came alongside. The people appeared anxious to get out of her, and two of them, apparently officers, came up the side. They said it was the regulation of the port, as well as the commanding officer's orders, that ships should go further into the harbour, there to perform ten days' quarantine. In the despatch relating this transaction, Captain Hood says,

"I kept asking them where Lord Hood's ship lay;" and those who remember Sir Samuel's impatient manner when any one to whom he addressed himself trifled with his questions, will easily imagine how he must have perplexed and overawed the two Frenchmen, who really knew not what to do or say next. In the mean time, one of the mid's, who happened to be thrusting his head forward after the investigating manner of this enterprising class of officers, said apart to the captain, "Why, sir, they wear national cockades!"

"I looked at one of their hats more steadfastly," says Captain Hood in his narrative, "and by the moonlight clearly distinguished the three colours."

"Perceiving they were suspected," continues Sir Samuel in his narrative, "and on my questioning them again about Lord Hood, one of them replied, 'Soyez tranquille, les Anglais sont de brave gens—nous les traitons bien; l'amiral Anglais est sortie il y a quelque temps.'"

Sir Samuel well says that it may be more easily conceived than words can express what he felt at that moment. In one instant, the situation of the poor Juno, which was almost desperate, became known throughout the ship. The officers naturally crowded round their captain to learn the worst, while the Frenchmen, bowing to the right and left, grinned and apologised for the disagreeable necessity of making them all prisoners! The rest of this singular story, unique in the history of the navy, and altogether wonderful considering the formidable nature of the trap into which the frigate had fallen, will be best told in the words of the accomplished officer himself, to whose presence of mind, courage, and professional dexterity, the escape of the ship was entirely due. The personal regard in which the captain was held by every officer, man, and boy on board, and the thorough confidence which they possessed in his talents, enabled him to undertake a service which an officer held in less esteem might have found it very difficult to carry through. It used, indeed, to be said of Hood's ship, that, fore and aft, there was but one heart and one mind.

After describing the deportment of the French officers, he goes on to say, in his despatch, that "a flaw of wind coming down the harbour, Lieutenant Webley" said to me, 'I believe, sir, we shall be able to fetch out if we can get her under sail.' I immediately perceived we should have a chance of saving the ship; at least if we did not, we ought not to lose her without some contention. I therefore ordered every person to their respective stations, and the Frenchmen to be sent below. The latter perceiving some bustle, began to draw their sabres; on which I directed some of the marines to take the half pikes and force them below, which was soon done. I believe in an instant such a change in people was never seen—every officer and man was at his duty; and I do believe, within three minutes every sail in the ship was set, and the yards braced ready for casting. The steady and active assistance of Lieutenant Turner and all the officers prevented any confusion from arising in our critical situation; and as soon as the cable was taut, I ordered it to be cut, and had the good fortune to see the ship start from the shore. The head sails were filled; a favourable flaw of wind coming at the same time gave her good way, and we had every prospect of getting out if the forts did not disable us. To prevent our being retarded by the boats, I ordered them to be cut adrift, as also the French boat. The moment the brig saw us begin to loose sails, we could plainly perceive she was getting her guns ready, and we also saw lights in all the batteries. When we had shot far enough for the brig's guns to bear on us, which was not more than three ships' lengths, she began to fire; also a fort a little on the star-board bow, and soon after all of them, on both sides, as they could bring their guns to bear. As soon as the sails were well trimmed, I bent to quarters to get our guns ready, but not with an intention of firing till we were sure of getting out. When abreast of the centre of Cape Sepet, I was afraid we should have been obliged to make a tack; but as we drew near the shore, and were ready to go about, she came up two points, and just weathered the cape. As we passed very close along that shore, the batteries kept up as brisk a fire as the witness of the weather would admit. When I could afford to keep the ship a little off the wind, I ordered some guns to be fired at a battery that had just opened abreast of us, which quieted them a little. We then stopped firing till we

could keep her away, with the wind abast the beam, when, for a few minutes, we kept up a very lively fire on the last battery we had to pass, which I believe must otherwise have done us great damage. At half-past twelve, being out of reach of their shot, the firing ceased."

The whole of this admirable piece of service was performed so quickly, and at the same time with so much coolness, that there occurred little or no opportunity for any remarkable individual exertion. Every thing, as I have heard it described by Sir Samuel Hood himself and by the officers, went on as if the ship had been working out of Plymouth sound at noonday. One little incident, however, which caused much amusement in the ship, will help to show the degree of regard in which Sir Samuel was held by those immediately about him; and to disprove the proverb of no man being a hero to his valet de chambre.

Dennis McCarty, an old and faithful servant of Captain Hood, who was quartered at one of the main-deck guns in the cabin, stood firm enough till the batteries opened on the Juno. No sooner had the firing commenced, and the shot came whizzing over and through all parts of the ship, than Dennis, to the great amaze and scandal of his companions, dropped the side tackle-fall, and fairly ran off from his gun. Nothing in the world, however, could be further from poor Pat's mind than fear—except fear for his master, behind whom he soon stationed himself on the quarter-deck; and wherever Captain Hood moved there Dennis followed, like his shadow. The poor fellow appeared totally unconscious of any personal danger to himself, though the captain was necessarily in the hottest of the fire. At length Sir Samuel, turning suddenly round, encountered the Irishman full butt.

"Ho! Master Dennis," exclaimed the captain, "what brings you here? and why do you keep running about after me? Go down to your gun, man!"

"Oh, by the powers! your honour," replied Dennis, "sure I thought it likely you might be hurt, so I wished to be near you to give you some help."

There was no resisting this; the captain laughed in the midst of the battle; and poor Dennis was allowed to take his own way, having no care for himself.

It would be quite impossible, within any moderate compass, even to enumerate the important services which Sir Samuel Hood rendered to his country, both before and after the time alluded to; nor can it be necessary to do so, for they are still so fresh in the recollection of the navy that they are often quoted as examples in every walk of duty. His forte appears to have been that invaluable quality of all great commanders, promptitude in seeing what was best to be done, and decision of purpose in carrying it into execution. At the moment of greatest doubt and difficulty, and when scarcely any one else could see through the confusion, he appears invariably to have taken those useful practical views which the almost subsequent reflection proved to have been the most expedient.

One of the most important, and also the most amusing instances of the effect of his resolute and characteristic presence of mind and boldness of manner, occurred in the summer of 1797, when Nelson attacked the town and fortifications of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. The enterprise failed; Nelson was wounded and carried on board in the only boat not captured or destroyed, while the remaining officers and men were necessarily left without any means of defence or escape. Sir Thomas Troubridge and Captain Hood now found themselves in the very heart of the town, at the head of only a handful of seamen and marines carrying merely a few pikes, but surrounded by several thousands of well-armed Spaniards. As the boats had been all demolished in the surf, or knocked to pieces by the fire of the batteries, retreat became impossible, and capture or destruction would inevitably have awaited them the moment daybreak showed their small numbers and wretched plight. In this dilemma Captain Hood went forward alone to the Spanish governor, and said he was sent by the commanding officer of the British troops and seamen within the walls to state, that as they had been disappointed in their expectation of finding treasure in the town, they were disposed to return peaceably to their ships, if boats were provided them for that purpose, but that should any means be taken to molest or retard them, they would then set fire to the town in different places, and force their way out of it at the point of the bayonet. With the utmost deliberation, and without betraying the smallest haste or anxiety, he then pulled out his watch, and said, "I am directed to give you ten minutes to consider of this offer."—See the *Naval Chronicle*, volume xvii. page 19.

Don Antonio, the governor, looked amazed at the cool-

ness of this proposal from persons whom he conceived—and with good reason—to be his prisoners. He proposed to hold a council of war immediately, and let the British commander know their determination in the course of an hour; but Captain Hood saw the impression which his argument had produced, and again holding up his watch, declared he could not spare his excellency a single second; and as the fatal minute approached, he turned round and prepared to rejoin his shipmates. The governor, alarmed at the possible consequences of driving men so commanded into extremities, acceded to the proposals made by Captain Hood, and agreed to provide the defeated party with boats.

Next morning, accordingly, the Spaniard, having once pledged himself to certain terms, kept good faith, and not only allowed them all to return to their ships, but, previously to the embarkation of the invaders, he considerably furnished each of the sailors with a bowl of wine and a biscuit, filled their boats with fruit and other refreshments, and gave orders that such of the British as had been wounded should be received into the Spanish hospital!

It is by such deeds of true nobleness that the superiority of actual war is softened, and that kindly feelings take the place of that bitterness which only excites to angry retaliation, without at all advancing the great objects for which opposing nations are contending.

I have often thought that much of this kindness on the part of the generous Don, as well as the more important part of the service, may have been due chiefly to the more personal address of Sir Samuel Hood, whose appearance and manner were at all times unspeakably winning, and especially pleasing to the well-bred Spaniards. As these outward qualities were backed by solid judgment, professional knowledge, and the most thorough disinterestedness, he became almost irresistible, even on occasions when most other men might have seen little hope of success. It is not, then, surprising that a mind like Nelson's should attach itself cordially to that of Sir Samuel Hood, or that every successive incident of their joint services should rivet more closely and firmly the alliance of such kindred spirits.

There entered into the character of Sir Samuel Hood some peculiarities which, although I have never seen them stated, appear well to deserve the attention of professional men. When it is said that he was thoroughly disinterested, it must not be thought that he was indifferent to his own share of credit which belonged to meritorious service: for he conceived his own reputation, and that of the profession, as identical with that of the country, and in proportion as he rose in fame and rank, so this obligation to preserve his renown unsullied appears to have pressed upon his mind. But whenever the accession of credit became merely individual or personal to himself, and did not seem in his eyes calculated likewise to augment the honour of the service as well as his own, he not only felt careless about it, but actually staved off the honour and glory, which other men might have eagerly courted.

Of this a remarkable instance was afforded at the battle of the Nile. Previous to entering into that great action, Nelson, as every one recollects, hailed Captain Hood's ship, and consulted him as to the best method of attack.

"What think you," said the admiral, "of engaging the enemy to-night?"

"I don't know the soundings," was the answer, "but, with your permission, I will lead in and try."

The result is well known; but I believe it is not so generally known that, in the first draft of the despatch which Nelson wrote, he gave to Captain Hood the merit of confirming him in his determination of attacking the French fleet that night. On showing this letter, however, to Hood himself, he entreated that it might be altered, saying, "that they were all brothers, engaged in the cause, and that the admiral would have received exactly the same advice from any other captain in the fleet whom he might have consulted." The paragraph was therefore omitted in the despatch. But on many accounts this omission is certainly to be regretted; for it essentially adds to the true credit of Nelson himself, instead of diminishing it, that he not only knew how to estimate such concurrence in opinion, but how to acknowledge and reward the services of men of Sir Samuel Hood's stamp.

I have this anecdote of the change in the despatch from one of his nearest connections, and one of the dearest friends to his memory. He himself particularly wished the alteration in the despatch not to be told at the time; but as the story crept out somehow, it seems very material that the facts should be well authenticated. When the circumstance was mentioned to Sir Samuel Hood many years afterwards, by the friend from whom

* Now Captain Webley Parry, C. B., long afterwards the friend and follower of Sir Samuel Hood, who, as may well be supposed, never forgot any of the men who stood by him at that most trying hour of his professional existence.

I have received authority to state it, and he was asked if they were true, he confessed that it was so; but exclaimed, "How the devil could all this have got wind? I never mentioned it before to a living soul."

As there is hardly any professional anecdote which retains its freshness of interest more entire than the memorable parley above described between Nelson and Hood on the eve of the battle of the Nile, I venture to give another version of it, which is substantially the same, and is calculated to confirm, in a pleasing manner, all that is essential. The following particulars I have been favoured with by Captain Webley Parry, then first lieutenant of the *Zealous*.

When steering for the enemy's fleet, Sir Horatio Nelson hailed the *Zealous*, and asked Captain Hood if he thought he might venture to bear up round the shoals. The answer was—

"I cannot say, sir; but if you will allow me the honour of leading into action, I will keep the lead going."

"You have my permission, and I wish you good luck," was the reply; and as Nelson said this he took off his hat. Captain Hood, in his hurry to return the courtesy of his admiral, dropped his hat overboard. He looked after it, laughed, and exclaimed, "Never mind, Webley, there it goes for luck! Put the helm up, and make all sail."

Captain Foley of the *Goliath*, being close to the *Zealous*, perceiving this manœuvre, guessed what the orders were, and bore up likewise, so that when the two ships had shaped their course, they were nearly abreast of each other. The *Goliath* being a little in advance, which of course was rather annoying, Captain Hood stood on for some time, in hopes of being able to take the lead in the *Zealous*, but finding this could not be done without jostling and confusion, he turned round and said—

"This will never do! Well—never mind; Foley is a fine, gallant, worthy fellow. Shorten sail, and give him time to take up his berth. We must risk nothing that will tend to the enemy's advantage; and we shall all soon have enough to do."

This was instantly done; the *Goliath* shot ahead, and Captain Foley had the glory of leading the British fleet into action. By some accident, however, he failed to place the *Goliath* in opposition to the headmost ship of the enemy's line. The experienced eye of Hood instantly saw the inevitable consequence, and while the *Goliath* passed on to the second in the line, Sir Samuel placed his own ship, the *Zealous*, alongside the first, exclaiming, in the joy of his heart, "Thank God! my friend Foley has left me the van ship!"

The following private letter, written some time afterwards, from Lord Nelson, is so characteristic of the writer, and so flattering to Sir Samuel, that I venture to insert it.

"St. George, March 13, 1801.

"MY DEAR HOOD,—Many thanks for your kind letter; and believe me, there is not a man breathing that loves you more than myself. I am glad you have quitted the *Courageux*; she would have drowned you in chase of an enemy's squadron. I have directed four crosses to be made, and they are this day sent to Mr. Davidson's, I expect. I send you an order (of St. Ferdinand and Merit). No; I have written to Davidson to deliver it to Troubridge, who will send it you; it is to be worn round your neck like the order of St. Anne. I send you a piece of riband to suspend it by. We sail to-morrow for Yarmouth. I only hope Cornwallis will meet the French fleet, and that you will be in company. Ever, my dear Hood, your obliged and affectionate

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"CAPTAIN HOOD."

The mixture of affection, business, playfulness, and professional allusions, in this short letter, is strikingly indicative of the intimacy and full understanding which existed between these distinguished officers. It is always delightful, when one gets a peep behind the scenes, to find such men on terms of true friendship.

The whole life of Sir Samuel Hood proves that he never took into his calculations what effect any particular measure might or might not have upon his individual reputation or fortunes, but that he looked exclusively to its probable effect upon the interests and honour of his country and the service. He possessed, it is true, the keenest possible relish for well-earned fame; but he enjoyed no applause which came unconnected with the general good; and his anxiety about his own reputation, which was very great, and to which I have already alluded, rested upon what he conceived the true view of professional principle and public spirit in its most genuine acceptance. Every action of his life showed that he

was not only far beyond the reach of any envious feeling, but that his chief pleasure was to bring forward merit wherever it was to be found, and he was always more ready to bestow distinction than to claim it for himself. Whenever it became his good fortune to act with the army, he brought these principles into the most useful play, to the advancement of the public service, and greatly to the satisfaction of his sister service.

It is also highly delightful, as well as instructive, to know that these generous sentiments were speedily participated by all those who enjoyed his confidence, and worked along with him. I am indeed persuaded that he very often converted selfish and sulky officers into useful and cheerful public servants, in no great length of time, and not unfrequently to their own great surprise. What, then, must have been the extent of his influence over the minds of men similarly disposed with himself?

When, unfortunately for the profession and for his country, he fell sick at Madras, and knew that his last moments were fast approaching, he called his faithful friend, and old follower in many ships and many actions, Lieutenant (now Captain) Walcott, to his bed side, and said to him—

"It will be too hard, Walcott, to die in this cursed place; but should I go off, let nothing deter you from going home and accounting to the admiralty for my command of the East India station."

These were nearly the last intelligible words he uttered; and they serve to show how strong, even in the hour of death, was his sense of professional duty. As Lieutenant Walcott had served during the whole of Sir Samuel's India command in the double capacity of flag-lieutenant and secretary, and had enjoyed the admiral's entire confidence, he, and he alone, possessed the means of "accounting to the admiralty" for the measures completed, or in progress, for the good of the service, and therefore the admiral suggested to him the propriety of his going home to report matters in person.

The senior officer, who succeeded to the command in the Indian seas, felt so desirous of following up the friendly intentions of his lamented predecessor, that knowing the late admiral's attachment to Lieutenant Walcott, he offered to promote him into a death vacancy, which had either actually taken place, or was certain to fall within a week or two. Moreover, he assured him, that after the necessary time had been served, he should have the first vacancy for post promotion.

These were indeed tempting offers to a young officer devotedly attached to his profession; but they had no influence over a man bred in the "Sam Hood school." The admiral's dying injunction appeared to this right-minded officer fully as binding, or, if possible, more so, than a written command must have been in his life-time.

To England Walcott went accordingly; and the difference in professional standing which it made to him was this: had he remained in India, as Sir Samuel Hood's successor proposed, he would undoubtedly have become a post-captain of 1816, instead of which, his name now stands in 1822, six years later on the list! Had it been sixty times six, however, it would have made no difference in his conduct.

Along with all this professional merit, which won for Sir Samuel Hood the devoted respect of every one who served with him, there were mingled qualities of a nature more domestic and endearing, but not less decided. The unaffected suavity of his disposition, the absence of all affectation from his manners, and the kindly alacrity with which he entered into the wishes and feelings of others, won all hearts to him, from the depths of the cockpit even to the "throne's height." Of this some pleasing examples occurred when he returned to England, immediately after the loss of his arm.

When it was decided that he should be taken ashore at Ryde in the Isle of Wight, his cot was laid on a grating, and the cabin bulk-heads being knocked down, the wounded chief was hoisted out and lowered into the boat. "The whole ship's company, man and boy, came on deck, and I shall never forget this most affecting scene," writes an eye-witness, "for you would really have thought every man in the ship was his brother!"

In the course of the same evening, a lady and gentleman called at Sir Samuel's lodgings at Ryde, not for the idle curiosity of asking how the wounded commodore was, but with the considerate purpose of mentioning what they imagined would give him pleasure. They had that day received a letter from a gentleman holding a high situation in the household of George III., stating that the good old monarch, who was much attached to Sir Samuel, had actually shed tears when he heard of his loss, and exclaimed—

"Would to God the French had their frigates again, and poor Hood his arm!"

The affectionate respect of his ship's company in the morning had touched him closely; but this extension of sympathy quite unmanned the veteran warrior.

Of his friendly disposition to all persons whom he had it in his power to oblige, I could give many anecdotes. The following little circumstance, however, is so characteristic that it may suffice.

When the army returned from Spain, after the battle of Corunna, in 1809, there were between twenty and thirty officers accommodated in Sir Samuel's cabin. Notwithstanding the almost constant pain in his leg from an old wound, he gave up his cot to one of these gentlemen who was wounded, and slept himself either on the deck, or on a carronade slide during the whole passage. It happened that amongst these officers there was a distant connection of Lady Hood's, and so remarkable did the admiral's attention to him appear, that the young man very naturally ascribed the notice he received to this circumstance. But when the father and mother of the young man afterwards called upon the admiral to thank him for the uncommon kindness he had shown to their son, they learnt that Sir Samuel had not only been totally ignorant of the connection alluded to, but did not even know that a person of that name had been on board his ship during the passage!

"Indeed," said he, "I hardly knew the names of half my guests. But who," he continued, "would make any distinctions amongst such war-worn and brave fellows?"

The curious fact is, such was his general kindness, that each of these military officers, his passengers, fancied the admiral was more civil to him than to any one else. He suspended on this occasion all the usual strict-laced etiquettes of the quarter-deck discipline, and permitted the harassed soldiers to lie down and read between the guns, or wherever they pleased. His great delight was to coddle them up, and recompense them, as far as he could, for the severe privations they had undergone during Sir John Moore's retreat, and nothing entertained him so much as seeing the relish with which these hungry campaigners partook of his hospitality! On the day after the battle of Corunna, when these gentlemen came on board, he ordered a cock to be driven into a hoghead of prime old Sherry; and his satisfaction was perfect, when his steward, with a rueful countenance, communicated to him, on arriving at Spithead, that "his very best cask of wine had been drunk dry on the passage by the soldier officers!"

CHAPTER XI.

BOMBAY.

I have seen some persons who, after losing their friends, their health, or their fortunes in India, have looked back to that bright country without pleasure; but I am not sure that I ever met any one who arrived in it without great satisfaction, or who could hail the first glimpse of a world so totally new without feelings of curiosity more than commonly excited. For my own part, I was thrown into a high fever of wonder and enjoyment; and assuredly, as long as I have a trace of memory left, must retain the recollection of that happy period carved brightly and distinctly on my mind.

Early on the morning of the 11th of August, 1812, we first made the coast of Asia; and, on steering towards the shore, discovered, close under the land, a single sail, as white as snow, of a cut quite new to our seamanship, and swelled out with the last faint airs of the land-breeze, which, in the night, had carried us briskly along shore. As we came nearer, we observed that the boat, with her head directed to the northward, was piled half mast high with fruits and vegetables, cocoa-nuts, yams, plantains, intended evidently for the market of Bombay. The water lay as smooth as that of a lake; so we sheered close alongside, and hailed, to ask the distance we still were from our port. None of the officers of the *Volage* could speak a word of Hindustanee; and I well remember our feeling of humiliation when a poor scullion, one of the cook's assistants, belonging to the governor's suite, was dragged on deck, with all his grease and other imperfections on his head, to act as interpreter. Sad work he made of it; for, though the fellow had been in the East on some ten or twelve former voyages, the languages of the countries he visited had not formed so important a part of his studies as the quality of the arrack and toddy which they produced. The word *Bombaya*, however struck the ear of the native boatmen, who pointed in the direction to which they themselves were steering, and called out "*Mombay! Mombay!*" This word, I am told by an oriental scholar, is a corruption

of Moomba-devy, or the goddess of Moomba, from an idol to which a temple is still dedicated on the island. Others, less fanciful in their etymology, say that the Portuguese gave it the name of Bom-Bahia, on account of the excellence of its port. That nation held possession of Bombay from the year 1530 to 1661, when it was ceded by the crown of Portugal in full sovereignty to Charles II.

It was not long before we came in sight of several headlands, which are so well described by that great hydrographer, my excellent friend Captain James Horsburgh, that we knew our place almost as well as if we had been sailing between the Motherbank and Spithead. When the next day broke, and the sun rose upon us over the flat-topped Ghauts, or mountains of the Mahratta country, I remember feeling almost at a loss whether I had been sleeping and dreaming during the night, or, whether the gay reality, with its boundless vista of promises, was still before my eyes. The imagination and the reason were both more or less heated by the simple facts of having actually seen the shores of India, having heard the language of the East from the mouths of its natives, and beheld the forms and figures, and that dusky aspect which induced its northern and fair-complexioned conquerors of old to style their new possession Hindoostan, or land of 'black men.' All these circumstances, though trivial, it is true, in themselves, were well calculated to give reality to pictures which, for many a long year before, I had busied my fancy with painting in colours drawn partly from the Arabian Nights and Persian Tales, and partly, if not chiefly, from those brilliant clusters of Oriental images which crowd and adorn the pages of Scripture.

Besides the mere picturesque feelings excited by such reflections, I had accidentally acquired others somewhat more substantial perhaps, and practically useful, from being thrown a good deal into the society of officers who had served in various parts of India, and called my attention to the histories and to the political arrangements of our possessions in the East. What with fiction and what with truth, therefore, my head was pretty full of combustible materials, ready to be acted upon at once by any thing and every thing that should meet the eye on landing.

Captain Cook asserts somewhere, when speaking of the delights of voyaging and travelling, that to such rovers as he and his companions, nothing came amiss; and I can safely venture to boast, that, as far as this goes, I may claim a corner of my great brother-officer's mantle. At all events, in sailing over the Indian seas, or travelling in those countries by land, I not only never met any thing that came amiss, but hardly ever met any thing which did not so much exceed in interest what I had looked for, that the grand perplexity became, how to record what was felt, or in any adequate terms to describe even the simplest facts, which struck the eye at every turn in that "wide realm of wild reality."

Of all places in the noble range of countries so happily called the Eastern world, from the pitch of the Cape to the islands of Japan, from Bengal to Batavia, nearly every hole and corner of which I have visited in the course of my peregrinations, there are few which can compare with Bombay. If, indeed, I were consulted by any one who wished as expeditiously and economically as possible to see all that was essentially characteristic of the Oriental world, I would say, without hesitation, "Take a run to Bombay; remain there a week or two; and having also visited the scenes in the immediate neighbourhood, Elephanta, Carli, and Poonah, you will have examined good specimens of most things that are curious or interesting in the East."

For this remarkable distinction, quite peculiar, as far as I know, to that one spot on the earth's surface, this presidency is indebted to a variety of interesting circumstances. Bombay, as perhaps many people may never have heard before, is an island, and by no means a large one, being only between six and seven miles long by one or two broad. It is not, however, by geographical dimensions that the wealth of towns, any more than the power and wealth of nations is determined. The harbour unites every possible desideratum of a great seaport: it is easy of access and egress; affords excellent anchoring ground; is capacious beyond the utmost probable demands of commerce; and, owing to the great rise and fall of the tides, is admirably adapted for docks of every description. The climate is healthy; and the ground, being diversified by numerous small ridges and hills, furnishes an endless choice of situations for forts, towns, bazaars, and villages, not to say bungalows or villas, and all sorts of country-houses, and some very splendid retreats from the bustle of business. The roads

which intersect this charming island were beautifully Macadamised, as I well remember, long before that grand improvement was heard of in England; and as the soil of the island is made up of that rich kind of mould resulting from decomposed basalt or lava, the whole surface affords a good sample of the perennial verdure of tropical scenery, which dazzles and surprises the new comer, while its interest seldom, if ever, fails to rise still higher upon a more prolonged and intimate acquaintance.

Such are among the eminent physical advantages enjoyed by Bombay; but even these, had they been many times greater, would have been light in the balance compared to those of a moral, or rather of a political nature, which conspired in 1812 to render it one of the most important spots in that quarter of the globe. At the time I speak of, it was almost the only possession exclusively British within several hundred miles in any direction. The enormous territory of the Mahrattas lay close to Bombay on the east; and I mention this one district because the name is more or less familiar to English ears, chiefly, perhaps, from its having been the scene of the Duke of Wellington's earliest campaign in command of an army. The brilliant course of that service was wound up by the well-known battle of Assaye, not the least hard fought of his hundred fields. Assaye is about twice as far from Bombay as Waterloo from London. To any one familiar with modern Indian history, the name of Bassoon, where one of the most celebrated treaties that ever statesmen agreed upon was signed, will be well remembered. Then who is there that has not heard of the caves of Elephanta, those singular temples of the old Hindoos, excavated on the side of a hill on an island in the very harbour, and within one hour's row from the fort?

These, and many other circumstances, some military, some historical, give a very peculiar degree of liveliness to the interest we feel in that spot; and I certainly have as yet seen very few places on the globe which fasten themselves with more tenacity on the memory. I allude chiefly to matters of taste, association, and other refinements, with which the natives of the countries surrounding Bombay have no concern. To them it possesses, or did then possess, exclusively, an interest of a different and far more important character. At that time it was almost the only spot in that range of country where persons and property were perfectly secure, and in which all men might safely display and enjoy their wealth to the utmost limits of their taste for ostentatious parade, or hoard it as parsimoniously as they pleased, without the slightest chance of arbitrary interference. In addition to this, every form of religious worship was not merely tolerated, but allowed to exercise itself with the most ample and equal freedom. Every native of Asia, or of any other country in the world, so long as he infringed none of the established laws of the presidency, was allowed equal privileges; and as the advantages of security and freedom, in the most genuine senses of these words, were enjoyed under none of the native governments adjacent, but, on the contrary, were almost entirely unknown in them all, Bombay became the natural place of resort for the wealthy from all parts of India lying on that side of the peninsula, and indeed from many other regions much more remote.

The population of Bombay is about two hundred thousand; and I think it may be said with truth, that we can see nothing in China, or Java, or the Philippine Islands, or along the Malay Peninsula, or even in the interior parts of India, any single caste, or dress, or custom, or form of superstition, or any thing else, belonging peculiarly to Eastern manners, which we may not witness at Bombay in as genuine and apparently unsophisticated a condition as on the spot to which it properly belongs. In twenty minutes walk through the bazaar of Bombay, my ear has been struck by the sounds of every language that I have heard in any other part of the world, uttered not in corners and by chance, as it were, but in a tone and manner which implied that the speakers felt quite at home. In the same short space of time I have counted several dozens of temples, pagodas, joss-houses, and churches; and have beheld the Parsees, the lineal religious descendants of Zoroaster, worshipping fire; the Hindoos, with equal earnestness bowing their heads to Baal in the shape of a well-oiled black stone, covered with chaplets of flowers and patches of rice; while in the next street the Mahometan ceremonies of the grand moharem were in full display; and in the midst of all a Portuguese procession bearing an immense cross, and other Roman catholic emblems as large as life.

I have no language competent to give expression to the feelings produced by the first contemplation of so

strange a spectacle. I was startled, amused, deeply interested, and sometimes not a little shocked. The novelty of the scene was scarcely diminished by a further inspection; which may appear a contradiction in terms, but is not so in reality. The multitude of ideas caused by the first view of such an astonishing crowd of new and curious objects, obscures and confuses the observation, in a certain sense, and prevents us from distinguishing one part from another. In like manner, I remember being almost stupefied with astonishment, when Sir John Herschel first showed me one of the great nebulae or clusters of stars in his telescope at Slough. When, however, the philosopher unfolded the results of his own observations, and ventured to separate and distinguish the different orders of nebulae and double stars, or pointed the instrument to the planet which his illustrious father discovered, and made me understand, or tried to make me understand, the revolutions of its satellites, I felt the confusion by which I was at first distracted gradually subsiding, while the fresh interest of the spectacle, strictly speaking, was greatly increased. And so I found it in India, especially at that most curious of places, Bombay, where the more I saw of the natives, the more there seemed still to discover that was new. It would be absurd to pretend that all this poetic kind of reasoning process took place at the moment, for, in truth, I was too much enchanted to speculate much on the causes of the enjoyment. I shall never forget, however, the pleasure with which I heard a native, with a bowl in his hand, apply to a dealer in corn for some of the grain called sesamé. The word, in strictness, is not the Indian name for this seed, though it is used generally in the peninsula of Hindustan, and forms one of the ingredients of curry-powder. Til is the native word for the plant from which the oil of sesamé is expressed. I need not say how immediately the sound recalled the "open, sesamé!" of the Arabian Nights; and the whole of the surrounding scene being in strict accordance with that of the tale, I felt as if I had been touched with some magic wand, and transported into the highest heaven of Eastern invention. As I gazed at all things round me in wonder and delight, I could fix my eye on nothing I had ever seen before. The dresses, in endless variety of flowing robes and twisted turbans, flitted like a van before me. The Hindoos, of innumerable castes, were there, each distinguished from the other by marks drawn with brilliant colours on his brow. There stood Persian merchants with shawls and other goods from Cashmere mingled with numerous Arab horse-dealers carrying about; Malays from the Straits of Malacca, chatting familiarly with those good-natured, merry fellows, the long-tailed Chinese, whose most ungraceful Tartar dress and tuft contrast curiously in such a crowd with the tastefully arranged drapery and gorgeous turbans of the Mahometans and Hindoos.

Some of these groups were fully as much distinguished by their sandals and slippers as by their head-gear; others arrested the attention by the sound of their voices, and many by the peculiarity of their features and complexion. It really signified little which way the eye was turned, for it could rest on nothing, animate or inanimate, which was not strange and full of interest. Most of the trees which shaded us, and especially a tall variety of the palm tribe, commonly called the *Brah*, I had never seen before. It is called by botanists *Borassus flabelliformis*, or *Tara Palm*; *Tara* or *Tair* being the native word for the toddy which is yielded by these trees. It grows, in respect to its stem, like the cocoanut, with a glorious set of projecting arms at the top. But these branches, unlike those of the cocoanut, do not send out lateral leaves along their whole length like the ostrich feather, which the cocoanut leaf resembles very much in form. They are smooth and naked to the end, and which is opened out, rather fantastically a huge circular leaf, marked with divisions like those of a fan, radiating from a centre, each ray or division being sharp-pointed.

But the chief object of attraction and I may well say of admiration, in this gay scene, was the appearance of the women, who are not only not concealed, but go about freely, and, generally speaking, occupy themselves out of doors in works not requiring any considerable strength, but a good deal of dexterity. Of course, this does not include the highest classes, who are kept quite secluded. The females appear to be the great water-carriers; and the pots or chaties, as they are called, which are invariably borne on the head, are of the most elegant form imaginable. Indeed, when standing by the side of a Hindoo tank, or reservoir, as I have often done for hours together, I have been reminded of those beautiful Etruscan vases, the discovery of which has given so great a character to modern forms. This practice of carrying

all loads on the head is necessarily accompanied by an erect carriage of body, and accordingly the most graceful of dancers, even the matchless Bigottini herself, might have

"Snatched a grace beyond the reach of art,"

from observing the most ordinary Hindoo girl on her return from the tank, with her hand sometimes just touching the vessel poised on her head, and sometimes not, so true is the balance, and so certain the bearer's step. The dress of these women consists chiefly of one strip of cloth, many yards in length. This narrow web is wound round the body and limbs with so much propriety, that while the most scrupulous delicacy could find nothing to censure on the score of deficiency in covering, it is arranged with such innate and judicious taste that even the eye of a sculptor could hardly wish many of its folds removed. The figure of the Hindoos, both male and female, is small and delicate; and, although their features are not always handsome, there is something about their expression which strikes every stranger as singularly pleasing, perhaps from its being indicative of that patience, docility, and contentment, which are certainly their chief characteristics. We see at least, in every part of our Eastern empire, that with a little care, coupled with a full understanding of their habits and wishes, and backed by a thorough disinterestedness and genuine public spirit on the part of their rulers, the above-mentioned qualities of the Hindoos may be turned to the highest account in all the arts of war, and many of the arts of peace.

Perhaps not the least curious sight in the bazaar of Bombay are the ornaments worn by the women and children, by which, with the most lavish profusion, and the most ill-directed taste, they succeed in disfiguring themselves as much as possible. And this might lead us almost to suspect that their taste in the other parts, like the gracefulness of their carriage, is the result, not of choice and study, but of happy accident. The custom of carrying their water-vessels on the head requires an erectness of gait during the performance of that duty, which may become the easiest and most natural at other times. And probably some circumstance incident to the climate may, in like manner, direct the fashion in adjusting the drapery.

Most of the women wear nose-rings of great dimensions. I have seen many which hung below the chin; and certainly to us this seems a strange ornament. I forget whether or not the Hindoo women cover their fingers with rings as our ladies do, but their principal fashion seems to consist in loading the wrists and ankles with armlets and bangles, as they are called, of gold and silver. The virgin gold generally used for this purpose, is almost always rich and grateful to the eye. But I imagine no art can make a silver ornament look any thing but vulgar. Just as we sometimes see persons in Europe crowd ring upon ring on their fingers till all beauty is lost in the heap, and all taste sacrificed for the mere sake of ostentatious display; so, in India, I have observed women whose legs were covered with huge circles of gold and silver from the instep nearly to the knee, and their arms similarly hooped round almost to the elbow. The jingle made by these ornaments striking against one another gives ample warning of a woman's approach; a circumstance which has probably led to the notion that this custom of attaching as it were, a set of bells to the heels of the ladies, may have been an institution of jealousy devised by the husbands of those warm latitudes to aid their researches after their gadding spouses. I cannot say how this theory squares with history; but I have never heard any hypothesis equally good to account for the still more ridiculous, not to say cruel, custom of covering the legs and arms of their poor little children with these rings. I have seen a girl three years old so loaded with them that she could not walk or hold out her arms; and I once counted no fewer than twenty heavy gold chains on a child's neck, besides such numbers of rings on its arms and legs that the little thing looked more like an armadillo of the picture-books than a human being. Such is the passion of some Hindoo parents for this practice that I have been assured they often convert their whole worldly substance into this most useless form of the precious metals, and thus transform their progeny into a sort of money-chest. Small happiness is it for these innocent wretches, however; who, as the head police-magistrate informed me, are not unfrequently murdered for the sake of the property they carry about with them?

I have often remarked, that when a traveller is first thrown into such a scene as I have here alluded to, although his enjoyment certainly is very great, there often

comes across him a feeling of hopelessness, when he admits to himself his total inability to record one hundredth, one millionth part, I may say, of the splendid original. Every thing is totally new to him; even the commonest implements of husbandry, the pots and pans, the baskets and barrels, the carts and carriages, all are strange to his eyes, and far beyond the reach of his pen; while things which stand higher in the scale come still less within its range. Then what is he to do with the sounds he hears, or the motion he perceives? And strange it is to admit, but true, that the interest is at times actually increased by circumstances which are in themselves very annoying. I well remember submitting even to the intense heat and glare with great patience, and almost relish, in consideration of their being strictly in character with a scene I had so ardently desired to witness. The formidable smell of assafoetida, which reigns in every Indian market, I nearly learned to bear without a qualm, for the same reason. Other annoyances I cared very little about; and had it not been for the well-cursed mosquitoes, I should not hesitate to declare, that, as far as travelling human nature is capable of happiness, I was perfectly happy when cruising about the bazaars of Bombay.

Full well am I aware that much of all this will appear to many excellent persons who have been in the East, or who may visit it after me, as sufficiently fanciful and exaggerated; and there are many who will pass through the very scenes which excited in me so much rapture, and will have no more anxious wish than to get safely out of it before they are splashed with mud from the feet of the wild-looking, blue-skinned buffaloes, or have their toes trodden upon by bullocks with great humps between their shoulders. It is impossible to expect general sympathy for such things; and accordingly my English friends at Bombay used often to laugh heartily when I returned from these Arabian Night sort of excursions, with my head brim full of turbaned Turks, Hindoo pagodas, and all kinds of oriental associations about the Indus and the Ganges, or Brahma and Vishnoo, or with speculations on the customs, languages, and manners, of the extraordinary collection of people I had been rambling amongst.

But there is one set of images and delightful illustrations, meeting the eye at every turn in India, which I have never seen any person so insensible as not to attend to with unaffected interest. I allude to those numerous every-day customs of the East so often mentioned incidentally in the Scriptures, and with which our minds have become familiar from earliest infancy. We so naturally associate these customs with the sacred writings, that we are easily drawn to link the two indissolubly together. Before visiting Eastern countries, we almost fancy that because the events related in the Bible, and the characters who acted in them, have passed away and become matter of history, so also, must the customs have disappeared which served as familiar illustrations between man and man, or between our Saviour and the human beings whom it was the object of his mission to impress with his doctrine. We are apt to be startled, therefore, when we find ourselves actually surrounded by scenes almost identical with those described in the Bible. Be all this as it may, I could never see a Hindoo female sitting by the steps of a well in India, with her arm thrown wearily over the unfilled water-pot, without thinking of the beautiful story of the woman of Samaria, the association being perhaps helped by the recollection of a well-known Italian picture, in which the figures and the scenery are represented quite in the eastern style, such as I was now beholding it for the first time.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, the other left," conveys scarcely any meaning to European readers. But in India, where we see constantly two female millers, sitting cross-legged on the ground, turning by one handle the upper of two small stones, we are at once struck with the force of the illustration used to explain the uncertainty which should prevail at the destruction of the city. It is difficult, on looking at two persons so engaged, to conceive a situation in which it would be less easy to remove the one without interfering with the other; and this point was admirably enforced by reference to a custom with which every listener in those countries must have been quite familiar. The industry of commentators on the Bible has, I observe, long ago discovered the true explanation of this, and many other passages apparently obscure, but pregnant with meaning when duly investigated. Nevertheless, I aver that a whole quarto of commentaries on the above verse could not have impressed my mind with a tenth part of the conviction which flashed upon me when I first saw two women actually "grinding at the

mill;" all unconscious, poor folks, of the cause of my admiration, and as yet ignorant, alas! of the sublime lessons, to enforce and explain which their humble task was referred to.

On the morning after my arrival at Bombay, I got up with the first blush of the dawn, and hastily drawing on my clothes, proceeded alone greedily in search of adventures. I had not gone far before I saw a native sleeping on a mat spread in the little verandah extending along the front of his house, which was made of basket-work plastered over with mud. He was wrapped up in a long web of white linen, or cotton cloth, called, I think, his cummerbund, or waist-cloth. As soon as the first rays of the sun peeped into his rude sleeping chamber, he "arose, took up his bed, and went into his house." I saw immediately an explanation of this expression which, with slight variations, occurs frequently in the Bible, in connection with several of the most striking and impressive of Christ's miracles, particularly with that of the man sick of the palsy. My honest friend the Hindoo got on his feet, cast the long folds of his wrapper over his shoulder, stooped down, and having rolled up his mat, which was all the bed he required, he walked into the house with it, and then proceeded to the nearest tank to perform his morning ablutions.

I remember mentioning this, amongst many other illustrations of the incidents recorded in Scripture to a worthy old Scottish lady, upon whom I expected it to produce the same pleasing and satisfactory effect which it had wrought on me. I made, however, a great mistake, for so far from raising myself in her estimation, on the score of correct observation, I sunk, I fear irrecoverably, in her good graces, by presuming, as she alleged, to interfere with the wonder of the miracle, the essence of which according to her, I discovered to consist, not in the recovery of "the man who was made whole," but in his being able to shoulder a four-post bed, and carry it off without inconvenience!

CHAPTER XIII.

A FAMINE IN THE LAND.

So many new and interesting objects were placed before me, on first landing in India, that I scarcely even dared to think of endeavouring to describe them, and, accordingly, the memorandums which I find amongst my papers bear strong marks of an overloaded topic. And although there can be no doubt that a superabundance of matter is a better source of composition than a scantiness of materials, yet we may even in these respects have too much of a good thing, and be cast, at first, into a sort of despair, from the utter hopelessness of being able to do the subject any kind of justice. After a time, when the novelty begins to wear off, we may expect to find leisure to study each circumstance carefully, and to record it with distinctness. How vain this hope is, every traveller, I am pretty sure, will admit. For he soon discovers, that many of the most striking points which, from first engaging his attention, it would have been so important to seize and preserve, have either faded away, never to be recalled, or, which is more probable, their place has been supplied by others still more perplexing. It is certain, also, that many of those prominent differences between the manners of distant countries which, from first striking the observer, especially a sailor, who generally comes suddenly upon them, might constitute their chief interest in description, soon lose that bewitching sort of angular sharpness due, perhaps, to novelty alone; and as the mind cannot be forced back to its original state, the later descriptions will always be more or less feeble and confused, like objects seen through an ill-adjusted telescope. If it be the traveller's wish, therefore, as it certainly appears to be his duty, to preserve, for the benefit of his friends, the more prominent differences between his own country and those he visits at a distance, he must contrive to work vigorously on his first landing, and set down, as well as he can, in order, or out of order, as many as possible of those prominent differences which actually strike him.

As far as I can recollect, the first rational thing I did at Bombay, even before I had recovered from the intoxication of this glorious draught of novelty, was to engage a moonshie, or teacher of Hindoostanee, that I might take lessons in the colloquial dialect of India. This language is said to be a jargon, or lingua franca, a corrupt compound of many others. The greater part I believe, is Persian, with a sprinkling of Arabic, a little Sanscrit, a few words of Portuguese, and here and there a faint dash of English. I remember, for example, hearing the English military words of command given to the native troops of an independent sovereign in the interior

of the country, where the language in all other respects was Asiatic. "Shoulder arms!"—"Present—Fire!" conveyed distinct practical ideas to the minds of the native soldiers; but neither they nor the officers had the slightest idea of their actual meaning.

I considered myself as very fortunate in having arrived in India just as a severe famine was beginning to make itself felt over a great part of the northwestern portion of Hindoostan. It may not be generally known, that most of the rice crops of India, though not all of them, are dependent upon the actual quantity of rain which falls in the wet season for their very existence; so that when the rains prove scanty, which misfortune occurs at irregular periods, the inevitable consequence is not merely a scarcity, but an absolute famine. In some regions of India, where mighty rivers, such as the Indus and Cauvery, are entirely sucked up in the process of artificial irrigation, that is to say, are drawn off at the sides by what are called, I think, "anicutts," this frightful evil may be averted. But, even in those cases, the most swollen rivers can supply but a comparatively narrow strip of verdure along their banks, when compared to the thousands of thickly peopled leagues of territory which must be left arid and hopeless when the windows of heaven remain unopened at their wonted season.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of those terrible scourges, the Asiatic famines, by which whole tribes are sometimes swept away, to be able to describe correctly, from personal observation, their immediate causes and consequences. I can only answer for what I saw, and from that some idea may be formed of what was passing in the interior. I have already mentioned that Bombay, being almost the only perfectly secure spot in that quarter of India, had drawn to it in the course of years many of the native inhabitants, together with much of the wealth of the adjacent countries, and that the possessors of these riches, being under no apprehensions of the jealousy or cupidity of the government, lived in happiness, and spent their fortunes freely. The natural consequences followed this extensive demand for the luxuries, as well as the necessities of life; traders of all descriptions flocked from the remotest corners of the world to reap the golden harvest, which only grew the faster and the richer for being well gathered in. Each year brought fresh and more wealthy settlers, and every sea-breeze wafted into the crowded and beautiful harbour of Bombay, ships of every port from China to Peru. The resident population of all the native classes went on increasing under this prosperity, till, at the period I speak of (1812), it was rather more than a hundred and sixty thousand, though its numbers occasionally swelled to more than two hundred thousand at periods of public excitement, or high commercial enterprise. But what strikes the imagination as curious, or at least instructive, is the fact that the produce of the whole island would not feed its ordinary inhabitants for more than a week; and yet there is not a spot, I will venture to say, on the earth's surface, where the means of subsistence are cheaper, or in greater variety, and even profusion.

The explanation is almost too simple to require statement; but the consequences which followed the occurrence of the terrible famine in Guzerat, and other districts at no great distance, in 1812 and 13, are not quite so obvious, though highly valuable. The produce of the island itself being so extremely small compared to the demand, it follows that Bombay must import all its grain, and, as a matter of course, the corn-dealers form a most important set of men. These persons draw their supplies of rice, in ordinary times, chiefly from the Malabar coast, which lies between them and Ceylon, and not very far to the southward; while they import most of their wheat, maize, and some other grain, from the high grounds of the Mahratta states, lying directly to the eastward. The interest of these great corn-merchants induces them to keep at all times a considerable stock of grain on hand, enough to feed the population for a period of more than a year. I have also some obscure recollection of the government requiring them to retain a certain quantity. Be the cause what it may, there was actually stored in the granaries of Bombay, in the autumn of 1812, rice enough to have kept the population alive for fifteen months, even had there not arrived in the port another corn-ship in the interval. This position of things gave rise to one of the most tangibly interesting questions of political economy which I ever remember to have heard discussed.

The south-west monsoon, which blows from May to September, is the rainy season in that part of India; but it was now late in August, and no rain had fallen, nor was there much hope that, if it fell so late, it would be

in time to save the rice-crop; so that, independently of the reported destruction caused by a flight of locusts in the north of India, experienced observers began to predict a famine in Cutch and Guzerat. There is perhaps no barometer, in these cases, so certain in its indications as that of hunger, and, accordingly, it was soon discovered that all the ferries between the main land and the island of Bombay were crowded with half-famished natives, streaming in converging lines from all parts of the country towards this little island, which, I have already mentioned, was not in itself capable of raising, in the whole year, one fiftieth part of the food required by its own inhabitants.

The resident native population of Bombay, at that time, may be thus stated in round numbers:

Hindoos	103,786
Mussulmen	27,811
Parsees (worshippers of fire)	13,156
Jews	781
Native Christians	14,454

Permanent native residents	159,988
Add to these the European residents, and the European officers and troops	1,700
Native troops (officered by British)	3,000

And we have for the average fixed population of the island	164,688
Add the migratory or floating portion of the natives, who come and go according to seasons and other circumstances	52,012
The additional number of total strangers driven into the island by the great famine of 1812 and 1813 appears to have been about	20,000
Making a grand total of	236,700

The area of Bombay island is about 18½ square miles, being between 7 and 8 miles long by 2 or 3 in breadth; so that taking the ordinary, or average population, there are about 9000 residents for every square mile; while in times of pestilence and famine in the adjacent states, it reaches nearly to 13,000 for each square mile. The houses may be reckoned at more than 20,000, and there occurred frequent instances of fifty, sixty, and even a hundred persons, sleeping under one roof. I remember hearing of upwards of 300 persons being stowed away within the narrow limits of one building!

The effects of the famine which was desolating the neighbouring districts soon made themselves visible at Bombay, by a very curious and painful sort of reflected, or rather what the opticians would call transmitted, light. We were living on that island in the midst of peace and plenty, while the territories north of us had become a prey to absolute want and the fiercest tumults, accompanied by bloodshed in every variety of shape. As each day broke, the wharfs and roads of our happy spot were lined with crowds of wretched, half-starved objects, who had with difficulty made their escape from the accumulated horrors of their own desolated homes. The whole of the eastern, or land side of Bombay, was strowed over with the dead and dying natives. I never saw misery on such an extensive scale, either before or since, except, perhaps, in some of the wretched villages of Spain, when the French dragoons had taught the poor inhabitants, at the edge of the sabre, to understand what the evils of war really are when brought close to their own altars and fire-sides.

The most striking, and, perhaps, I may add, most affecting circumstance connected with this glimpse we had of the famine, was the marvellous patience, or what, in other lands, we should have called Christian resignation, of the unfortunate sufferers. I mixed amongst the natives constantly, and saw them exposed to every shade of distress, but never heard a complaint, nor saw a gesture of impatience. And what was still more extraordinary, immense groups of persons actually dying of hunger would sit round the fire on which the rice provided for them had been cooked, and there wait, with perfect composure, while the several messes were measured out and distributed to them; a process that often lasted more than an hour, during which their food lay within two or three feet of them, and quite within their grasp. It was curious to observe, also, during the whole period of this famine, that in several of the squares and other open spaces in the town, immense piles of rice were

left exposed, night and day, for weeks together, without any guards, yet not a single bag was ever cut open.

I ought to have mentioned, that subscriptions to a considerable amount were made for the support of the starving multitude. And what was particularly interesting, the wealthy natives, the Banyans and Parsees, in particular, opened a subscription amongst themselves, and purchased many thousands of bags of rice for the strangers, some weeks, or, at all events, a good many days, before the English residents came forward. This, however, was partly accidental, and partly caused by the natives having a more intimate acquaintance with the pressing nature and the extent of the distress. The two parties soon combined their exertions, and the native and English committees mutually assisted each other in this work of charity. Huge boilers were provided, under a picturesque tope, or grove, of cocoa-nut trees, about half a mile from the fort; and as a Hindoo, in general, will not eat a morsel of food, even to save his life, if it has been dressed by a person of a different caste, care was taken to provide cooks whose foreheads were marked with the proper streak of red or yellow paint, as the case might require. I myself repeatedly saw natives actually expiring of hunger, who refused the food presented to them, because a doubt existed as to the hands through which it had passed.

Exceptions did occur sometimes to the strictness of this rule, as I shall have occasion to state in describing the horrors of the countries where not merely scarcity and extensive illness prevailed, but where famine and pestilence swept away whole tribes. In those wretched districts immense masses of people were reduced to absolute starvation, and every thing like law or customs, old prejudices or old manners, appears to have been disregarded. Under such dreadful circumstances, the vehemence of hunger, and the excitement of despair, drove bodies of men into the commission of crimes, which, in ordinary times, they would rather have ~~been~~ have perpetrated singly.

I remember a story which made a great stir at Bombay; and though involving something ludicrous along with much that is dreadful, it is too essentially characteristic to be omitted.

Eleven natives, belonging to one of the strictest of all the castes of Hindoos, were travelling from Cutch, through Guzerat to Bombay. They had been driven out of their own country by the famine, and were flying to the south, in hopes of reaching territories not yet desolated. By the time they passed through the village of Bhowanagar, the majority of the party were almost dead with hunger, sickness, and fatigue. On the outskirts of the town they fell in with a cow, when, instigated by the irresistible cravings of hunger, and reduced to the last stage of existence, they slaughtered the animal, and eagerly devoured the raw flesh. This proceeding will convey nothing very extraordinary or flagitious to European ears; but when it is recollected that over the whole of Hindustan the cow is held sacred, it will easily be conceived that killing and eating one of that species was an offence of the blackest die. To taste beef in any shape, or under any circumstances, is likewise an unspeakable abomination in the eyes of the Hindoos; so that the guilt of these famishing wretches was considered of a double degree of atrocity.

No punishment short of death, it seems, could expiate such complicated enormity. Had they murdered one or two of their own party to assuage their hunger whilst, possibly no particular notice would have been taken of the circumstance, considering the dreadful state to which they were reduced. But the deadly offence of killing a cow, an animal all but worshipped, was not to be forgiven! The Thakore, or chief of the village, therefore, immediately directed the whole of these eleven human beings to be executed on the spot!

All this might, perhaps, have passed off quietly, had not a curious question of local authority arisen between the orthodox native ruler and the British powers. As chief of an adjoining province, the Thakore was what is called (at the expense of a slight diplomatic contradiction in terms) an independent tributary; but being also a landholder under the British, it was thought by some that he might in that capacity have been held amenable to their jurisdiction. Bhowanagar, it appears, was situated within the British sovereignty, and the chief was certainly guilty of an offence punishable by its laws. As the government, however, fortunately for this over-anxious functionary's neck, had not yet distinctly marked the line of his allegiance as a landholder, no notice could be taken of this arbitrary act beyond a strong remonstrance on the subject, with an explicit warning against its repetition within the British territories. A regrettable

was also passed, declaring Mr. Thakore, in spite of his independence, fully amenable in future to the jurisdiction of our courts of law, as a landholder within our territories.

In the meantime, as the evils of the famine advanced, the governor in council at Bombay, with the wonted vigour and promptitude of the East India Company's administration, not only assisted, by grants of money, the subscriptions raised to subsidize the famishing natives who flocked to the presidency, but contributed another description of help which was very much wanted—I mean that of medicine and medical attendance. As pestilence invariably follows, if it does not accompany famine, several great sheds, each, I think, a hundred yards long, were erected as hospitals on the smooth green sward lying just beyond the foot of the glacis, and reaching nearly across the esplanade or clear space in front of the northern line of the fortifications. Numerous surgeons, some military, and some belonging to the civil establishment, were called in from various out-stations, and placed in charge of these and other infirmaries, which were soon filled; for it was made a rule to reject no one requiring medical aid. I often accompanied the gentlemen connected with these hospitals, and never went the melancholy round without seeing instances well calculated to excite interest in the Hindoo character. I shall never forget the touching effect produced by our encountering one day a pretty little girl, between five and six years old, who seemed quite adrift. We asked where her father was—she pointed to a crib on which her parent lay dead; and when questioned about her mother, she made a similar sign towards another figure, also dead! She had come, she believed, from the northern country, but whence she knew not exactly, neither could she tell her own name; nor had she, apparently, any other relations besides these two, who, it seems, had expired about an hour before.

I took such a feverish interest in the whole of this painful drama, too forcibly real, indeed, but still highly exciting, that I used to ride out early every morning, to watch the awful and picturesque scene which the opening day was always sure to expose to view. Along the roadside, particularly in the districts near the ferries, there lay scattered about many bodies of persons, of all ages, who had sunk during the night; others we found just dying; and it happened not infrequently that we fell in with children, who, like the poor little girl in the hospital, having survived the whole of their kindred, were toddling about all unconscious of their desolate condition. At first sight it seemed strange, that the youngest and weakest of the family should be the last to perish; but the reason probably was, that the parents may have deprived themselves of sustenance, in order to support these helpless things. This, I imagine, would happen in any country; but amongst a people, almost every act of whose lives is marked by self-denial, it seemed to follow as a matter of course. It was very consolatory to observe that these orphans were never left to wander about or to perish from want of care, but were always taken charge of by some of the natives of the caste to which the parents had belonged.

In the same way we observed that the bodies of those who had died of hunger, or disease, or fatigue, during the night, were carried away by the members of the same tribe; although, in most instances, there could have been no personal acquaintance between the parties, nor, indeed, any other means of ascertaining the caste to which they had belonged, than those painted marks on the forehead already alluded to.

These scattered bodies, as well as those of persons who died in the hospitals, or who expired from sickness or exhaustion, under the care of the natives, on different parts of the island, being straightway carried off to the beach of Back Bay, were there burned, according to the immemorial custom of the country. I am not quite sure, but I think all the different castes of Hindoos burn their dead; and although this method of disposing of the body after death is, on many accounts, repugnant to our notions of such things, it must be confessed that the ceremony itself includes much that is highly impressive, and not a little that is classical in its associations.

Few people know, probably, how soon and how readily a dead body may be consumed; and still fewer, I suspect, are aware that there remain at last, of all this goodly frame, but a few ounces of white ashes.

“Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo Invenias?”

All the rest is sublimed, or carried off, in the shape of vapour, into the atmosphere, again to be returned in due

season to the parent earth, to assist in the various processes of vegetative and animal life.

Although, of course, there was much to distress the feelings, and occasionally something to shock them, at the spot selected by the natives to perform these last melancholy rites to their departed countrymen, after the picturesque custom of their forefathers, I could not resist the temptation of going frequently to witness their proceedings. Never shall I lose the recollection of these visits, nor the wild sort of interest with which I passed along the shore, amongst those innumerable funeral piles, and seldom failed to discover a multitude of new and curious objects all crowded into one spot. I generally went alone; for few, if any, of the English gentlemen with whom I was acquainted could comprehend what possible delight any one could take in seeing a number of black fellows burned. One friend in particular, who, from his vehement curiosity in respect to every thing else relating to the natives, I had reckoned upon for companionship and sympathy in these rambles, always failed me as we approached the bend of the coast round the turn of which the fires were blazing. He lived in a delightful house, in the woods, half way up the side of Malabar Hill, just beyond the bay, and his course led him naturally near the shore; but, in spite of all I could do, he always turned his horse's head inland at the separation of the roads, and made a circuit of a mile to avoid these scenes which excited me to such a pitch, that I could never resist their fascination.

Back Bay is formed by two projecting headlands; one, which is called Malabar Point, being high and thickly wooded; the other, called Colaba, is low, and broken into pretty islets, well known to seamen by the few but conspicuous trees which distinguish them from the main land, and still more by the splendid lighthouse near the southern extremity of this low and partially wooded spit. The shore, which, between the two points, takes a semi-circular sweep, is fringed by a flat beach of sand, immediately in front of a dense belt of cocoa-nuts. The trees in this grove stand so unusually close, that they afford shade to numerous straggling huts of the natives, which are so low as scarcely to be seen amongst the rich foliage of the underwood of plantains, limes, and figs. These, however beautiful in themselves, pretend to no rivalry in stature with the lordly cocoa, the most graceful, and, after all, perhaps the most truly characteristic member of the eastern forest. It is quite a mistake to imagine its stem a more tall, straight pole, or to suppose that a grove of these singular trees resembles an overgrown fir-plantation, or the tireless pine-barrens of America. I scarcely, indeed, remember to have seen one that was quite straight, or even exactly upright, or by any means uniform in size, from the ground to the magnificent cluster of leaves spreading out at top.

The stem of the cocoa-nut tree, it will be observed, generally starts from the ground with a thickness calculated apparently to give it a great degree of strength just at the point where, from the length of the lever above, it might most naturally be broken over. But this swell rapidly melts away into the more slender stem, or stalk, as it may almost be termed, which is often a little inclined to one side at first. It then becomes more upright, or bends again the other way, but always gently and gracefully. Towards the very top, before it reaches the great cluster of fruit lying under the leaves, the stem in general becomes larger, after which it is lost in the shade of the ever-splendid top. I hardly know if we ought in strictness to describe the upper part as composed of branches or of leaves; though it is more usual, I think, to speak of the long curving arms, which extend on all sides, as leaves. These, which vary in length from ten to twenty feet, closely resemble an ostrich feather in structure, being composed of a smooth, strong, gradually tapering centre-piece, with subordinate leaves three or four feet in length growing from it on each side, and tapering in their form to the end, which is a sharp point. These lateral or small leaves become shorter and shorter towards the end of the branch. In the middle of all at top, the young leaves may often be seen sprouting up, green and vigorous, and all ready to bend over to the right and left in their turn. Occasionally a good deal of what a sketcher loves to call spirit is given to the picture by the forlorn condition of a branch, which has either been broken by the wind, or injured by some accidental cut of the Tari or toddy gatherer's knife. Such a branch, of course, speedily withers, and hangs down its head in perpendicular lines, singularly contrasted in colour and in form with the living foliage and graceful curves forming the rest of this magnificent bunch of court plumes.

Although the funeral piles of the poor Hindoos possess

none of the splendour with which the classical imagination delights to paint such things, they are sufficiently interesting, and might furnish many hints for such an artist as Turner, whose grand picture of Rizpah watching the dead bodies, has often recalled to my thoughts the scenes of this famine. For many an hour I have stood looking at the groups of natives as they emerged from the grove, bearing along the remains of a friend, or of some unknown countryman of their particular caste, found dead by the roadside, or who had expired in the hospital. While some of the party employed themselves in washing the body in the sea, others erected an oblong pile, between one and two feet high, and five or six long, out of short blocks or billets of fire-wood, on which the famine-stricken form being laid, it was covered over with a few additional pieces of fuel. I have no distinct recollection of any ceremonies or religious rites being performed by the Hindoos upon this occasion. As soon as the fire was kindled, the natives squatted on the sand, close to the pile, on the windward side, and they generally preserved the most perfect silence. I never observed in any of their countenances the slightest appearance of what we should call emotion; indeed, the most characteristic point I recollect about the Hindoos is tranquillity under every degree of suffering. On watching with attention the progress of the flames, I remarked that, after a time, the unctuous parts even of the most wasted of these bodies, as they dropped down piecemeal, assisted materially in their own conflagration. Whenever, by the action of the flames, the several limbs fell asunder, the parts were carefully replaced on the fire by the attendants, with a wonderful degree of indifference or of composure; I hardly know which to call it. I have frequently threaded my way amongst a hundred of these funeral piles blazing away at once, each attended by a party of the natives consisting of four or five men, but without hearing a single word spoken.

In ordinary times the deaths in Bombay may be taken at 17 daily, or one for every 9687 persons, making the annual mortality about 6205, or one for every 264 inhabitants. During the famine, the additional deaths in Bombay exceeded 15 a-day, the whole mortality then varying between 30 and 40 daily. Sometimes the numbers amounted to three or four times as many, when accidental circumstances augmented the arrivals from the famine countries.

The periods of the day when I visited this strange scene were either in the morning, when the damp land-wind was just dying away into a calm, or in the afternoon, when the delicious sea-breeze still blew freshly home to the bottom of the light, waving the plumes of the cocoa-nuts in fine style. In the morning the bay, not only within the two points, but quite out to the horizon, remained as smooth as a sheet of glass, without even a ripple large enough to break audibly on the sand; and as no swell rolled in from the offing, the sea, at such moments, lay so perfectly still, that all the surrounding objects on the shore, as well as those resting on the surface of the water, became reflected with a degree of sharpness in every respect like the originals.

The funeral piles being placed just within the margin of the beach, at the very water's edge, and fringing the shore, there rose up, in the most striking manner, nearly at equal intervals, a hundred pillars of smoke, as it were guarding the coast; or like tall columns stretching their heads into the air, many times higher than the highest trees of the dark, thickly planted tops, or grove, further inland, not a single leaf of which seemed now in motion.

What added something of a mysterious and unearthly character to this solemn scene, was its perfect silence. Scarcely a sound could be heard along the whole shore, though within the space of a mile many hundreds of persons might be seen flitting about. Had it not been for the frequent splash, as another and another dead body was dipped in the sea, or a low word or two escaping from the natives as they arranged the pile on which the corpse was to be consumed, or the crackling of some fire fanned into more brisk action than the rest by a casual flaw of wind whisking in from the bay, the whole might have passed for a ghost-like vision. As I moved up and down the melancholy beach, I passed apparently as totally unnoticed by the natives as if I had been invisible. On every side I could see indistinctly through the smoke and flames, heads, and arms, and half-destroyed bodies, falling down and mingling in a confused heap with the blazing faggots, each pile being surrounded and kept in order by a group of silent, ghastly, hunger-worn Hindoos. It became difficult at times not to fancy the whole scene a mere delusion of the senses!

Adjacent to this fearful spectacle, I remarked a small,

but striking circumstance, which, without dissipating these dreamy kind of fancies, brought forcibly to my mind the extent of the calamity by which that part of India was then so dreadfully scourged. In ordinary times, when the average number of deaths at Bombay is seldom so great as twenty a-day, the current supply of fire-wood in the bazaar is sufficient for all the funeral piles of the natives. But when the terrible famine of 1812 extended its ravages over Marwar, Cutch, and Guzerat, and other states lying to the northward, and the crowds of half-starved miserable Hindoos rushed to the presidency, many of them only to die, the demand for fire-wood was so great, that it became a profitable speculation to import fuel from a distance in this express view. There might always be seen, accordingly, a long line of coasting vessels, at a few hundred yards from the beach of Back Bay, anchored abreast of the fires, which never ceased to blaze night or day. These boats were loaded half-mast high with faggots and billets of timber, cut to the proper length and well dried for the occasion.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

What we saw of the remote effects of the great famine which desolated the northwestern parts of India, we had good reason to fear gave scarcely any idea of the dreadful misery which pervaded the actual scene of the calamity. For whatever may happen elsewhere, plenty and prosperity of every kind hold their permanent headquarters at the British presidencies, as Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the three seats of government, are called. Although we certainly witnessed distress enough to give a high and painful interest to the passing events, the suffering we beheld must have formed only a petty episode in the great tragedy. So little, indeed, were the effects of the famine considered of engrossing importance at Bombay, that the ordinary amusements and occupations of the natives, as well as those of strangers, went on just as if neither famine nor pestilence had been known in the neighbouring states. Crowds of dying wretches, who poured into the island daily from the province of Kattiwar and elsewhere, were soon lost sight of in the rich and benevolent population of Bombay. I really believe, that if their numbers had been ten times greater, the vast resources of that wonderful little spot, which hardly occupies the breadth of a pin's head on the map of India, would still have outstretched the occasion.

But in Guzerat itself, the unhappy region of the actual famine, the case appears to have been very different. There the persons almost in absolute want of food formed a large majority of the population, in a country destitute of the means of procuring subsistence, and not, as at Bombay, a small minority in a district abounding with resources. It may well be supposed, also, that the scenes which occurred in those devoted countries partook but little, if at all, of the picturesque though melancholy interest which engaged our attention so deeply at a distance. I remember, upon one occasion, expressing in rather strong terms the excitement, and almost the gratification I had experienced on witnessing some occurrence connected with a party of more than half-famished natives, who had just arrived after many days' march, during which their numbers had been reduced from several hundreds to a few dozens. A gentleman, who had been living in the countries from whence these people were recently driven out by sheer famine, shook his head, and remarked, that if I had only seen for one hour the horrors which he had been compelled to witness for weeks and months together, I would do every thing I could to drive their recollection from my mind, instead of courting fresh sights as a source of picturesque curiosity.

From this gentleman and others I learned various particulars of the famine, which certainly altered the character of the interest I had felt at first in the events passing under our own eyes at Bombay. We are apt, perhaps, to hear of such things without receiving much of the instruction which assuredly they are intended to convey; and I am tempted to repeat, that if we merely read of wars and famines, but all the while live in peace and plenty, we necessarily gain a very imperfect conception of the blessings we enjoy. If there could only be described, however, in adequate terms, a few of the miseries actually witnessed by travellers in different parts of the world, arising obviously out of the absence of those very circumstances which the home-croakers amongst us consider as evils, and so recklessly wish removed, not a few persons might be reconciled "rather to bear those ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of!" This, however, is perhaps a vain attempt; since it may be observed, that the authority of an eye-witness of dis-

tant scenes of misery, whether they spring from misgovernment, from the accidents of the climate, or from any other cause, seldom goes for more than the mere passing interest of his story, while ninety-nine in every hundred of his hearers adopt the good old school-boy rule, "and skip the moral."

Most people in England know nothing of locusts except what they read of them in Scripture; and even in India their habits are not generally understood. I remember meeting a gentleman who told me, that, during fifteen years' residence in the east, he had only seen locusts three times; once on the wing, and twice dressed in a curry. For my part, I never saw them at all, except in a museum; but I have conversed with persons who have seen them in all their mischievous glory. Their flights are described as resembling a heavy snow-storm, only black, and sending forth a rustling noise from millions of billions of wings, and sweeping along like a deluge in the air for three times twenty-four hours together.

Captain Beaufort, whose interesting and delightful book on Caramania every reader of travels is familiar with, told me that, when he lay at Smyrna, in 1811, he had an opportunity of forming a rude estimate of the magnitude of a flight of locusts which was drifting past from south to north. The consul had occasion to send a messenger in a due easterly direction to the Bashaw of Sardis, in Asia Minor, that is, in a course at right angles to the flight of locusts. This person rode forty miles before he got clear of the moving column of these ravenous animals. It was inferred, from observations made with a pocket telescope, that the height of the column could not be less than three hundred yards, and the rate at which it passed not slower than seven miles an hour. This continued for three days and nights, apparently without intermission! As these insects succeeded one another at an average distance of not more than three feet, and were about one foot apart above one another, it was computed that the lowest number of locusts in this enormous swarm must have exceeded 168,608,563,200,000.

The mind, however, is strained to no purpose in trying to conceive such vast sums; it is like trying to judge of the distance of the fixed stars or the velocity of the sun's rays. When we are told that light moves over a space of 192,000 miles in a second, we are quite bewildered: but if we learn that in the same interval it would pass round the earth eight times, we have something to rest upon not altogether beyond the reach of our thoughts.

In the same way, in order to assist the imagination, Captain Beaufort determined, that the locusts he saw, if formed into a heap, would have exceeded in magnitude more than a thousand and thirty times the largest pyramid of Egypt; or, if they had been placed on the ground close together in a band of a mile and an eighth in width, it would have encircled the globe!¹

My acquaintance with Cocker having become a little rusty, I found myself at a loss to state the above huge sum in words; but, in order to avoid mistakes, I wrote to one of the most distinguished astronomers and computers of this country, to beg he would enlighten my ignorance. His answer is as follows:—

"There is some difference between the French and English in their notation of millions.

"We class our numbers into periods of six, ascending in the order of thousands, millions, billions, trillions, &c. Thus, your 15 figures would be

Billions. Millions. Thousands.

1 6 8, 6 0 8 5 6 3, 2 0 0 0 0 0.

"The French class their numbers by periods of three, ascending in the order of hundreds, thousands, millions, billions, &c. So that the same 15 figures would be called by them

Trillions. Billions. Millions. Thousands.

1 6 8, 6 0 8, 5 6 3, 2 0 0, 0 0 0."

As we have been dabbled with billions and millions, I may take occasion to mention, that the prodigious sum above written is only about a fourth part as great as that which the undulations of light have been demonstrated to make in one second of time; viz. 600,000,000,000,000!!

There is some reason for supposing it not impossible that this was merely the tail of the flight, the desolating effect of whose march, in countries lying much further to the eastward than the Holy Land, I am now about to describe.

Myriads of these destructive insects appeared in the

* For some further details respecting this extraordinary flight of locusts, see an excellent little work called "Bertha's Visit to her Uncle in England."

† Herschel's Treatise on Light.

eastern provinces of Bengal about the beginning of 1814, from whence they took a northwesterly course across what is properly called Hindustan, including the upper provinces of India, but not the peninsula geographically so termed. In 1811 they first attacked the great district of Marwar, and then coasted along the edge of the western deserts of India. It so chanced that the annual fall of rain either failed entirely, or was so scanty in that year, that the locusts found it easy work to strip the country of every blade of vegetation. As soon as this was accomplished, they proceeded in a body to the northwest district of Guzerat, named Puttun, and from thence scoured the province of Kattiwar. On one occasion only they made their way as far south as the city of Baroach, on the right or northern bank of the river Nerbudda, a mighty stream which empties itself into the gulf of Cambay, a degree and a half south of the tropic, and about three degrees of latitude, or sixty leagues north of Bombay. Beyond this point the locusts were not known to extend in a southerly direction; and by the commencement of the monsoon of 1812 this dreadful plague vanished from the face of that wretched country; but whence it came, or where it proceeded to, is not known; though, as I have hinted above, it may possibly have been no more than a detachment from this very flight which Capt. Beaufort saw at Smyrna.

The destruction in Guzerat effected by these insects was almost universal. In the latter part of 1811 the whole of the western part of the province was covered, to every appearance, with a rich cultivation, though, when the crops were examined, the grain was found to be gone, and merely the stalks left, as if these had been unworthy of notice. Then came the failure of rain already alluded to in Marwar; when the drought co-operating with these abominable locusts, drove the unfortunate inhabitants of that country, in a huge living wave, tumultuously into the Guzerat territory. At the condition of the wretched outcast Marwarrees was rather improved by this change; but misery soon followed their untoward steps; for in 1812 Guzerat also experienced a failure of rain, which well nigh demolished the crops in those districts which the locusts had not visited. The demands upon the resources of the country were thus doubled, when the means of supply were reduced to one tenth part of their average amount; and in many places there was literally no crop at all.

A very graphic account of this famine is given by Captain Carnac, in the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, vol. i. article xix.; to which I must refer for many interesting particulars. He describes the result in strong and distinct language. "The exorbitant price of grain added to the apprehensions of the inhabitants, which impelled them to store their individual resources in times of such danger; and the villainies practised by the higher classes, to derive pecuniary advantage from the pressing wants of the people, soon reduced the half-famished emigrants to the greatest extremity. The endurance of hunger was supported, however, by the Marwarree people with unaccountable perseverance, which in some degree blunted the natural feelings of sympathy in their lot. Whether the ready assistance rendered to these people, on their first entrance into Guzerat, had induced them to imagine, that under such circumstances would the hand of charity be withdrawn; or whether it was from the innate indolence of their character, or the infatuation which often accompanies the extremes of misfortune, that they rejected the only means of subsistence by labour, it is notorious, that when the benevolent tendered employment to these people, it was uniformly declined, even with the certainty of death being the consequence of the refusal."

The account which all writers agree in giving of the scenes which speedily followed is almost too horrible to be repeated. Multitudes of the Marwar people, after suffering severely from famine in their own country, had wandered into Guzerat, were soon crowded like cattle, in droves, beyond the suburbs of all the great towns, or by the road-sides, the dead and the dying together, men, women, and children, packed, as it were, one mass, perishing of hunger, and almost all of them suffering under acute diseases, brought on by fatigue and want. Of these the confluent small-pox was the most general, and committed incalculable ravages, not only amongst these starving multitudes, but amongst the people into whose territories they were urged by the pressure of despair.

There was one little picture in the narrative of this dreadful scene which always struck me as being particularly touching; I mean the unavailing struggles of the infants to draw sustenance from the exhausted breasts of their starving mothers! As a pendant to this, Captain

Carnac describes another afflicting, but, upon the whole, less painful incident, which he likewise witnessed in person. A poor woman lay stretched by the side of a heartless group of her countrymen of the Marwar land, who would not spare her one drop of water, though she was herself dying, and her dead infant reposed on her breast!

The hourly recurrence of such accumulated miseries familiarized the minds of these poor people, as well as the natives in general, to every extremity of suffering which human nature could bear. "In a short time," adds Captain Carnac, "those emanations of individual feeling among themselves, which distinguished the first commencement of their sufferings, gradually abated, and the utmost indifference universally predominated." We are naturally disposed to feel more for the children than for the grown-up persons on these occasions; but in one of the dreadful group of anecdotes related by Captain Carnac, we hardly know which to sympathize most with, the parent or the infant. "I saw a child," he tells us, "not quite dead, torn away by a pack of dogs from its mother, who, unable to speak or move, lay with anxious eyes directed to the object of her fond affection. It was pursued by its former little playmates, who had shared in its extreme adversity; but the ravenous animals (which had acquired an extraordinary degree of ferocity from having fed on human bodies) turned upon these innocents, and displayed their mouths and teeth discoloured with the blood of the child. A rescue was, of course, attempted by ourselves; but the remains of life had been destroyed."

It is exceedingly curious that those feelings and prejudices which the Hindoos, in a state of ease and affluence, would assuredly not have resigned but with their lives, appear to have lost their power when the natives fell under the pressure of extreme and protracted distress. I must quote Captain Carnac's own words for what followed this relinquishment of their national and almost proverbial fortitude. This testimony on a point of some importance in national manners, is particularly valuable, from its being given as the result of actual observation.

"Distinctions of caste were preserved," he says, "until the moment when the hand of adversity bore heavy; then the Bramin sold his wife, his child, sister and connections, for the trifle of two or three rupees, to such as would receive them?"

The number of the wretched Marwarrees who died at Baroda alone was often five hundred in one day; but what is interesting on many accounts is, that in spite of the reduced means of the opulent natives of Guzerat, they subscribed their money freely to assist their countrymen as well as these wretched strangers. The native governments in those provinces also subscribed very large sums of money for the relief of the famishing multitude. I have mentioned, that at Bombay nothing could exceed the calmness or patience with which the crowds of half starved strangers waited till it came to their turn to be fed. But in the north, where the famine raged in earnest, and where, as I have before mentioned, the hungry part of the population were in a large majority, this forbearance disappeared.

"It was a cruel sight," says Captain Carnac, "to those possessed of sensibility, to witness the struggles when the doors were opened to apportion the victuals. Every sentiment of humanity appeared to have been absorbed by the crowds collected around; and it was no unusual thing to be informed, that such and such a number had fallen a sacrifice to their precipitate voracity: many, also, whose wants had been supplied, continued to devour until the means intended for their relief, proved, in the end, their destruction in a few hours. Children were often crushed to death, when attending for their pittance of food, under the feet of their own parents."

"The establishment of which I have been speaking was imitated in most of the principal towns in Guzerat, and added a few months of life to a class of beings reserved for greater miseries: indeed, subsequent events would seem to show that these people were marked for total annihilation, and that in their destruction the inhabitants of this country were to be deeply involved."

I have already had occasion to mention, that at Bombay the natives paid the utmost respect to the funeral rites, so to call them, of their deceased friends, and even of those who had no other claims upon them but such as were common to the caste to which they belonged. But all this attention to the dead appears to have vanished, along with every spark of sympathy for the dying, in Guzerat. The bodies of the poor Marwarrees who had expired during the famine were left unheeded on the spot where they had sunk; and this total apathy, Captain Carnac is of opinion, was the chief cause of the contagion experienced in 1812, and the consequent exten-

sive mortality. At Baroda, the seat of government, there was still authority and civil discipline enough to insure either the burial or the burning of the dead, although the numbers who had perished daily amounted at one time to upwards of five hundred. At Ahmedabad, however, the mortality was so enormous that these precautions were impossible. No fewer than one hundred thousand persons died in this city alone, or nearly a half of the entire population. "The demand for wood to burn the dead called for the destruction of the houses; even this was barely sufficient for the performance of the rites required by the Hindoo faith; and the half-consumed bodies on the banks of the Sabarmuttee evince at this hour (February 1815, or two years and a half afterwards) to what straits the Hindoos were reduced in fulfilling the last duties to their kindred."

It is also stated, that in the latter periods of the famine many females were engaged in removing the dead and committing them to the piles. In this there appears nothing extraordinary, however painful it be to European ears; but we learn incidentally, from the remark of the writer, how exceedingly repugnant such a practice must be to Indian habits, since he considers it worth while to mention it as a kind of climax to the intolerable miseries caused by the famine. The inference from this fact seems also to be, that women, under such circumstances, retain their strength and fortitude longer than men. It is mentioned, likewise, that in all parts of the country, with the exception of Ahmedabad, the Mahometan population did not suffer so severely as the Hindoos, an advantage ascribed to their use of animal food; and yet at Kaira the Europeans suffered still more than either Mahometans or Hindoos. The melancholy fact, however, pervading all these terrible scenes appears to be, that during seasons of famine, pestilential diseases of every description are far more rife than at any other time, and that all the ordinary causes of mortality are then urged into tenfold action. The periodical insalubrity of the climate of Guzerat, after the rainy season, is well known, and cannot be counteracted; but, unfortunately, it would seem that it may readily be augmented. The deaths, accordingly, over the province at large, during the visitation above described, were as ten to one above the average!

It seems to have been impossible to draw any thing like a correct estimate of the destruction amongst the expatriated Marwarrees; but some idea may be formed of the severity with which that unhappy country was scourged, when an impartial eye-witness, possessed of the best means of information, considers it probable that ninety-nine in every hundred perished! The following extract, which winds up the account of these fearful calamities, may serve to show that we have not been describing the worst parts of the famine; for that in another province the destruction caused by the locusts was still greater than in Guzerat.

"The influx of a large proportion of the population of a country yielding an annual revenue of £500,000 cannot be accurately ascertained. The emigrants arrived in detached bodies, and, for the purpose of convenience, spread themselves over the face of Guzerat, from the borders of the gulf of Cutch to Surat, in many instances even flocking from ports on the coast to Bombay, which they were enabled to do in consequence of native chiefs and opulent merchants granting them passages free of charge. It should be observed, however, that the larger proportion of people who resorted to the presidency (of Bombay) were from Kattiwar, which suffered from the want of rain, and the ravages of locusts, in a much greater degree than the province of Guzerat."

"It is also out of my power," adds Captain Carnac, "to give any certain account of the number of Marwarrees who perished in the famine. I have seen in an evening's ride in the suburbs of this town of Baroda, in which every practicable means for saving them were benevolently exercised, not less than fifty bodies scattered around, which the servants of government had not time to inter. I would, therefore, from a review of all the circumstances related, be inclined to estimate, that not more than one in a hundred of these poor creatures ever returned to their native country."*

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIAN NOTCH. THROWING THE COCOA-NUT.

We hear the fatal truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death" repeated so often, and in such a variety of tones, that our ear becomes accustomed to the sound, without its arresting the attention. The warning ac-

* Bombay Transactions, vol. i. p. 303.

cordingly produces but little effect upon our thoughts, and still less upon our conduct. Such being the case, it may often prove highly useful to seize upon such accidental circumstances as those described in the last chapter, in order to turn them to account, as illustrations of maxims of which no one can be said actually to doubt the truth, but to which few attach much importance, or only such as goes, practically, for little or nothing.

By a strange kind of obliquity, however, in our moral vision, it would appear that the direct view of such instruction as we may find in the beautiful text above quoted, is not always the most efficacious. For example, it must be confessed (and, I suppose, we ought to own it with shame), that we may witness even the effects of a famine without many other feelings being excited than that of intense curiosity. At all events, I fear it never occurred to me at the time to extract any moral lesson out of the wholesale work which death was then making before my eyes, till an accident induced me to turn the picture round, and I then speculated to some purpose on the reverse view which presented itself to the imagination. One day, after having passed several hours amongst the starving, dying, and burning Hindoos, I returned home strangely interested with the work of destruction; and while repeating the verse quoted above, and cudgelling my brains to extract something solemn out of the text, in order to subdue the high flow of spirits into which the novelty of this scene had thrown me, a friend called, and carried me off with him to a native dance, or notch, given by a well-known Persian nobleman, named Mohamed Ally Khan, then resident at Bombay. It is odd enough, that this brilliant spectacle, intended for the express purpose of driving away care, as it is called, should have caused at once the very feeling of melancholy which all the horrors of the morning had failed to excite.

On recently examining a set of long-forgotten memorandums and letters written at Bombay twenty years ago, during the progress of the scenes described in the preceding pages, I was more struck than I appear to have been when writing them, with the extraordinary mixture of incidents one would have supposed every way harrowing to the feelings, with gay ceremonies and amusements apparently quite incompatible with each other. I find stories of death by absolute hunger and pestilence jumbled up with dinner-parties—records of Hindoo burnings, with descriptions of evening parties—feastings, and flirtations, side by side with hospital practice, and questions on the corn-laws! Then follow long pages of rapture about oriental scenery, strewn over with a wild sort of youthful curiosity about native manners, dresses and other customs, all so much crowded before me at the same moment, and in one little spot on the earth's surface, that I appear scarcely to have known how to spread them out, or how to select them. Besides all which, I find that at the time when the feelings which those interesting objects excited, from their novelty and combination, were at their height, the power to do them any justice in expression was deplorably wanting. This sort of retrospective glance naturally makes a traveller often wish he could pass again through scenes of which he discovers he knew not the value till too late, but which he is always vain enough to fancy he could now describe much better.

My worthy friend Mohamed Ally could not speak one word of English, nor I a word of Persian; nevertheless we got on mightily well, chiefly by the aid of a smoking apparatus called a killian, which hardly differs from the well-known hookah, with eternal accounts of which old Indians are so apt to weary Europeans. The secret of the sedative or complacent power of this charming variety of the pipe lies, I suspect, fully as much in the guggle-guggle-guggling noise made by the smoke in passing through the water, as in the celestial sort of semi-intoxication produced by the fumes of the tobacco and other fragrant herbs of which the glorious "chillum" of the east are composed. Of course, all ladies abuse the use of tobacco, though, perhaps, only because they dare not indulge in it themselves. Indeed, when we look at the tranquil ecstasy, and complete self-satisfaction, of an Irish female porter in Covent Garden market, with a pipe, as black as her hand, one inch in length, clinging to the corner of her mouth, can we venture to assert, that any rank, station, or wealth in the community, boasts of a commensurate degree of luxury?

Wine, and other generous fluids, right joyous though they be in their incipient effects, generally exact such a swinging compound interest for their advances, in the shape of headaches and heartachs, duels, dyspepsias, and the devil hardly knows what besides, that I question if there is any man come to that period of life lying a little

beyond the season wofully miscalled the "years of discretion," who looks back with unmixed satisfaction to his wine-bibbing days. But it is quite another affair with the "virtuous tobacco."

I had certainly no objection to my friend Mahomed Ally's killian, when I found myself seated on his thickly-matted and treble-carpeted floor at Bombay, in the days of my youth, before the poverty of my head and stomach (and not my will!) had compelled me to abandon smoke, and all other good things, save the Hindoo diet of rice and water. Chairs there were none; but to relieve the fatigue of sitting on the ground, there lay scattered about on the floor a profusion of hard, well-stuffed, and richly-covered pillows, of different sizes and shapes. The Chinese, I think, are the only nation in the East who use chairs, tables, and sofas, like those of Europe. I must say, however, that although it is amusing enough, for a time, to loll or roll about on the floor, in the midst of a pile of bolsters, it soon becomes very tiresome practice. The Persians generally kneel, and, with their feet close together, sit on their heels, so that the soles of their feet are turned nearly upwards. This posture is said to become, after a time, a very easy and convenient one, though Europeans find it intolerably painful at first, perhaps from the tightness of their dress, compared to the looseness of that worn by Asiatics. I observed that all the company, except ourselves, left their shoes, or slippers, at the door, and I felt rather disappointed at not being obliged to conform to the customs of the country: this, however, our host would not allow us to think of; but he made no objection to our removing our hats, though he himself and his countrymen kept on their turbans.

After puffing away for a short while, we were presented with a little cup of coffee, holding about as much as would fill a couple of thimbles, but including the essence of two or three dishes of such diluted stuff as we drink in those degenerate longitudes. The coffee was as black as ink, and so rich in flavour, that it instantly filled the apartment with the most delicious aroma. It was potent, too, in another sense, and produced a slight degree of exhilaration in the spirits, just enough to set the fancy off in quest of similar meetings in the Arabian Nights. It required but little help to complete the picture, for every thing was strictly in character with those happily-described scenes, which establish such a strong hold on our young imaginations, that the presence of the reality only brightens their lustre. Disappointment on this subject, there can hardly be much, in the mind of any man not the crustiest and least easily pleased of his species. The descriptions contained in those fairy tales may be compared to the landscapes of a good painter, not servile copies either of individual forms, or of the accidental tints of nature, but judiciously selected and harmonised groups, coloured in such a way as to remove all that is vulgar in mere reality, and yet to retain much of what is essentially picturesque; the result being better, and more true to general nature, or, at all events, more pleasing, than the detached scenes themselves.

The fantastic tales alluded to are extremely apt to assume, in our fancy, the place of the originals; while the realities, when we come actually to look at them, appear like pictures. I at least, for my part, was so completely under the influence of this delusion, or poetical "mirage," that I could scarcely manage, even to the last period of my stay in India, to put things in their proper places. I seldom took a walk in the bazaar, or visited a native's house, without thinking of some fairy tale from which the incidents appeared to have been expressly got up; and, in like manner, I hardly ever passed a Hindoo's hut, before which a swarthy turbaned inhabitant of the east was whirling round the potter's wheel, without having my thoughts carried back to some of those beautiful narrations of Scripture, which fasten themselves so early and so firmly on our minds.

I had once the good fortune, as I must ever consider it, to see a workman accidentally break the pot, which had cost him no small trouble to fashion. He immediately collected the fragments, dabbed the clay together again, and, with the industry of an ant, set about the reconstruction of his vessel. As the whole process recalled an illustration I remembered to have seen used somewhere in the Old Testament, I set about hunting for the passage, and was delighted to find what I had just witnessed most graphically represented in the following text:

"The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there will I cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels; and the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it

again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.'"

Mahomed Ally's party proved to be a "Notch" or dance, where the company, unlike that of a European ball, took no share in the performance: instead of dancing, we were danced to; and, what is more, were sung to by one and the same person. The performer was a celebrated dancing-girl, well known in Western India, of great wealth and talents in the line of her art, which was as different as can be conceived, in all respects, from that displayed at the ballets of our hemisphere. In the first place, this figurante was encumbered with huge piles of dress, so much stiffened by embroidery, formed of gold and silver threads crossing its texture, that the folds stuck out nearly at right angles from her waist, and hung so low down that even her ankles were entirely hid. The shoulders, likewise, and breast, being totally eclipsed by endless folds of cloth, wound round her in such quantities, the only wonder was how she contrived to move at all under the load. I forget in what taste her head-gear was arranged; but well remembered that her nose was pierced like that of a pig, with an immense gold ring, and that her face and hair shone like a new dollar with cocoa-nut oil. Her feet were bare, and she wore no gloves on her hands, while both ankles and wrists were concealed beneath the multitude of rings or bangles by which they were encircled. I believe bells were attached to the good lady's legs; but this fact we could not ascertain by actual observation, on account of the vast profusion of petticoats already described. At all events, the sound made by the short quick stamping of this celebrated performer's feet, seemed louder than any bangles, or mere circles of gold and silver, might have been expected to produce.

Most of her dancing consisted of gesticulations with the hands and arms, accompanied by what we should call horrible contortions of the body, all of which were considered particularly fine by the admiring natives. The movement most frequently practised was executed with the hands waved, or rather twirled, round the wrists as sockets, as if all the articulations of the joints had been destroyed. A correspondent slow twisting and twining of the arms and legs, with a comical sort of wriggle of the whole body, and a sudden round turn now and then, completed the leading features of this least graceful of exhibitions. The sound of the bells, or whatever they were, attached to her legs, made us fancy at first that the damsel had concealed a timbrel or eastern tambourine amongst the folds of her huge robe, and that she gave it thumps from time to time with her knee. Occasionally the singer squatted down on the floor, where she remained for several minutes singing, or rather screaming, at the full stretch of a shrill voice, and grinning with what she doubtless considered a very languishing and winning smile. As the recovery from this low position was not an easy affair, she generally contented herself with resting on one knee as a centre, round which the foot of the other leg described a circle, in a circumference of little stamping paces, in good time, to the squalling voices of a couple of pretty young girls, further aided by the accompaniment of two very harsh-sounding stringed instruments.

An hour or two of this monotonous work is rather tiresome to witness; and I suspect that even amongst the natives it serves the purpose merely of a running bass to their bald chat while smoking their pipes, and drinking their well-cooled sherbet. I afterwards attended many of these Hindoo notches; and although there certainly appeared an occasional dancer, with a figure so graceful as to defy art to disguise it, and a simplicity of movement which no corruption of taste could altogether pervert, yet, upon the whole, it is difficult to conceive any thing less agreeable to European habits than these exhibitions. I think I may add as a general remark, that almost all dancing, except in countries where the intellect has been much cultivated, is not only ungraceful and tiresome, but generally disgusting, very often highly indecorous, and repugnant alike to good taste and good manners.

The chief interest of oriental topics, accordingly, whether of living beings, or of inanimate nature, lies almost exclusively out of doors. The domestic economy of the natives differs so totally from ours in all those points which give what we call refinements and comforts, as well as dignity, to the private relations of society, that

we are much more apt to be shocked by the indelicacy of their household matters than interested by their novelty. The consequence I believe is, that the English residents in India see scarcely any thing of the domestic customs of the Hindoos. Here and there an inquisitive European may be found, whose strange fancy leads him to take delight in the habits of the East, and who, after years of enquiry and patient observation, attains a small degree of knowledge of the interior arrangements of the Hindoo families. But the reports of these gentlemen disinclined me very soon from following their example; and, after any little trials which I made, I always came back to the open air with a strong resolution never again to cross a native's threshold.

It was, therefore, with infinitely greater pleasure, that I mingled with the enormous crowd assembled on the day of full moon to witness the grand annual ceremony of throwing the cocoa-nut. The south-west monsoon here nearly right on the western coast of India, from June to September inclusive. This is the season of rains, and of gales of wind which would be held very cheap by the hardy mariners of higher latitudes, though they are sufficient to interrupt the coasting trade of the delicate Asiatics. The day of the full moon about the end of the monsoon is always held sacred by the Hindoos of that side of India, on account of its being near the period when the bad weather breaks up, and navigation and commerce revive. The gods of the winds and the sea are then supposed to be in the fittest humour to be propitiated; and, it must be allowed, that there is no end show of taste, as well as splendour, in the ceremony itself, whatever may be the degree of its influence, as *such* says, with the "clerk of the weather office."

The whole population of the island (which, I suppose, means about one tenth part of their number, or between twenty and thirty thousand) were assembled along the shore between Malabar Point and the fort, in their best and whitest dresses, fluttering in the sea-breeze. The Brahmins, who, of course, took the lead, were collected on the beach in great crowds to officiate as priests; and the chief of the caste, having repaired to the edge of the sea, stood in the water along with his family in a circle, repeating a number of prayers, which were echoed by the other Brahmins. I could not learn what purpose the different parts of the ceremony were intended to answer, but could observe the chief of the Banyans fling rice and flowers into the air, and occasionally scatter some on the surface of the water. Such of the flowers as the wind drove back to the beach, were eagerly caught up by the multitudes in attendance. After this, portions of the different articles held in highest estimation amongst them, as the production of industry, or the reward of commercial enterprise, were cast into the waves. These we were told, consisted of rice, salt, and various spices, particularly cinnamon, from the island of Ceylon, and lies within a few days' sail of Bombay; nutmegs, black nut, and cloves, from Penang and the Moluccas. All of all came the cocoa-nut, which was not thrown into the sea till the deities were supposed to have been satisfied and flattered into the most perfect good humour by the operation of the previous complimentary proceedings.

Along the margin of the bay were collected many thousands of the natives, all anxiously waiting for the final ceremony; and it was curious to observe the eagerness with which they sought to possess a portion of the sacred nuts flung into the water by the Brahmins. At the end of the beach commences the green expanse of the fort; a fine level plain, carpeted with a short but short-bladed grass, enclosed by railings, and forming an area of half a mile square. Upon these grand occasions the esplanade presented a singular mixture of most of the different inhabitants of the earth, each wearing his own peculiar dress, speaking his own native language, following his own customs, and distinguished by many of those attendant circumstances by which he would have been accompanied at his proper home.

All sorts of European coaches, barouches, chariots, and gigs, were driving about, with every other kind of wheeled conveyance, from an artillery-wagon to an engineer's wheel-barrow. Elephants bearing castles on their backs, paced about the ground, in company with camels, and hundreds of small Arabian horses, just landed from ships arrived from the Red Sea and the gulf of Persia. Packs of coarse innumerable, might be seen traversing the field, across the path of native hackeries, and vehicles of which I then knew not the names, and did not know them not. By far the greater part of this immense crowd, however, were on foot; and I felt almost bewildered as I passed and repassed amongst them, watched their dresses and gestures, and listened to their various tongues. When I bethought me, moreover, of the singular politeness

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circumstances which had combined to bring together such a diversified multitude, from every corner of the globe, to worship strange gods, to live happy and free, and to enjoy their wealth in peace and security under the guns of an English fortress, twelve thousand miles from home, I scarcely knew how to contain the expression of wonder which this novel and brilliant scene was so well calculated to inspire.

I have only once more to repeat, that he who wishes to see all, or nearly all, which the eastern world affords, that characteristic in the dress, language, or manners, of the Asiatic nations, in the shortest time, and at the least expense of money or trouble, has only to make a run to Bombay; and if on arriving there he be not gratified far beyond his expectations, he must—to use the common phrase—be very hard to please.

CHAPTER XV.

ELEPHANTA—PANORAMAS OF INDIA.

No one is long at Bombay before making a run to Elephanta. I remember it was on a Sunday evening, though I could get no one to accompany me, which I was secretly very glad of, that I slipped away from a party, hired a bunder-boat, and, aided by a fresh wind from the south, skimmed up the harbour, dashed stem on the beach, and landed just below the spot where stood, but, I am sorry to say, no longer stands, the huge stone elephant from whence the island, in our nomenclature, has derived its title. This island, which is called by the natives Gara-poori, or Place of Caves, from two words in the Mahratta language, lies exactly six miles from Bombay castle, and five from the main shore of India; it is between three and four miles in circumference, and is composed of two long hills, with a narrow and thickly-wooded valley running between them.

The elephant stood about two hundred and fifty yards to the right of the landing place, on the side of one of the hills above mentioned, and not far from a ruined Portuguese edifice. Nothing could be more rudely sculptured than this figure, which possessed none of the gracefulness of the living elephant, though in some of the sculptures in the cave temples of India that character is exceedingly well preserved. I was in much too great a hurry at my first visit to think of measuring or drawing this singular specimen of ancient Hindoo art; but about a year afterwards, in company with Mr. William Erskine, of Bombay, complete sets of measurements of all his dimensions were made, and I also took a sketch of the figure, then almost tottering to its fall. The wood cut here inserted is from a drawing made on the spot, and, though slight, it conveys a pretty correct idea of the form and proportions of this celebrated figure. Some of the dimensions which we took are also given.



	Ft.	In.
Length from the forehead to the tail	13	2
Height of the head	7	4
Circumference at the height of the shoulders	35	5
Circumference round the four legs	32	0
Breadth of the back	8	0
Girth of the body	20	0
Length of the legs, from 5 ft. to	6	0
Circumference of ditto, from 6 feet 3 inches to	7	7
Length of the supporter	2	2
Length of the tail (not seen in the above sketch)	7	9
Length of the trunk	7	10
Remains of the right tusk	0	11

In September 1814, before I left India, the head and neck dropped off, and the body shortly afterwards sunk down to the earth; so that, I fear, all traces of our old and much respected friend will by this time have disappeared. For the sake of those who take an interest in these things, I am glad we bestirred ourselves in time, and that quite as minute an account as can be desired of the Elephant, in all his bearings, is faithfully recorded in the first volume of the transactions of the Bombay Literary Society.

Captain Pyke, who wrote in 1712, exactly a hundred years before our visit, mentions that the Elephant carried a smaller one upon him; and Anquetil describes the young elephant as still existing in 1760. Niebuhr observes, in 1764, that the Elephant had on its back something which age had worn so much that it had become impossible to distinguish what it was. I perceive it asserted in a note of mine to Mr. Erskine's account, that in 1813 the small figure on the top could not have been an elephant, but may have been a tiger! Thus it is, that the fewer and more indistinct the data we possess, the more confidently we often pronounce upon a dubious fact.

After paying my respects to this celebrated figure, I set off as fast as I could run, to save the little daylight that was left; for the sun had set before we reached the island, and I was anxious to catch a glimpse of the caves. The panting guide toiled after me in vain, and I had well nigh lost myself in the jungle from the extremity of my impatience to secure at least one glance at the stupendous wonder which I knew to be close at hand. As I scampered along, a curious species of delusion came over me, which I have experienced on several other occasions not altogether dissimilar. I allude to those agitating moments when one is on the very edge of a discovery, and just about to witness in reality something upon which the mind's eye has so long rested that its imaginative character has almost gained the ascendancy in our belief over its actual existence. Under such fantastic circumstances I have often become half afraid that some accident was still to occur to interfere with the accomplishment of a purpose so long and ardently sought after; and have felt as if some magical process were in action to carry the whole scene out of reach.

I remember, in particular, three other occasions when a very strong presentiment of this distracting nature haunted my mind, and rendered the period which preceded the events any thing but agreeable.

When summoned to Bonaparte's ante-chamber, and told that "in two or three minutes the Emperor Napoleon would give me an audience," this tormenting feeling came fully into play. While waiting in this apartment, and listening to the creak of the mighty monarch's shoes, I held my breath till I was well nigh suffocated, and trembled with a sort of dread that some untoward event would yet spring up to stand between me and a sight of him who had been so long the foremost man of all the world.

I was less fortunate the next time, when under the influence of a similar dread of being thwarted in my wish, I had always a vehement desire to see and converse with Lord Byron; and on being seized with an ague at Venice in 1818, I solicited and received the benefit of his friendly offices. But even then, when in communication with him by notes and messages, I had a strong feeling that I was never to be gratified by a sight of the noble poet himself. I once actually heard his voice in the neighbouring apartment, but was too unwell to admit him to the room, or even to raise my head. Still, I made certain that, after all, I was to be disappointed—and so it proved.

The third occasion was that of Niagara; and I remember quite well having a still stranger fancy perplexing me then. I had an idea, very vague of course, and only floating about in my brain in the most evanescent style possible, that although ten minutes would suffice to bring the cataract in sight, I might perhaps not live long enough to see it! In my anxiety to secure the first possible glimpse, I gave my neck a twist by stretching it and bending it out of the window of the carriage, as we drove along the top of the perpendicular bank, overlooking the river below the falls.

The caves of Elephanta, indeed, have hardly pretensions to stand in the same group of wonders with those

above alluded to. But when I first visited India I was about fifteen years younger, and my blood was completely on the boil with curiosity in all that related to the Eastern world. Neither did I find this high fever of orientalism ever subside while on the spot, or indeed since. On the contrary, the taste for Asiatic wonders gained fresh accessions with every new gratification, till at times I almost fancied I must have been struck by that wild calenture of the brain caused by the vertical rays of the tropical sun, which seems to turn the open sea into such beautiful green fields and fruited gardens, that the enchanted seaman is with difficulty prevented from leaping overboard.

However this may be, I am persuaded the unhappy guide who accompanied me into the great cave at Elephanta thought me utterly bewitched. At all events, he speedily made a side move towards the opening, so as to secure his retreat, and there stood, with his arms folded on his breast, the Eastern attitude of respect, gazing with a mixture of fear and astonishment at the antics I cut, and the vehement shouts I sent forth on first getting sight of the gigantic triple head which forms the principal feature in this prodigious temple.

As the night was falling rapidly, I could make no sketches, nor take any measurements of consequence. I, therefore, merely satisfied myself that the distance from the top of the nose to the bottom of the chin of the centre head was three feet and two inches, and that the length of the nose was one foot seven inches and a half. I also spanned several of the columns; and easily ascertained the height of the roof, by means of a pole, to be about sixteen feet. I then scampered round the different compartments, or chapels, into which the cave is divided, till it was almost pitch dark, and, at last, tugged myself away from a scene which, nearly as much as any I think I have ever beheld, filled up the expectations previously formed of it. It is quite true, that nothing I now saw bore the smallest resemblance to what I had been led to expect from the numerous accounts I had read; but as the whole was much more interesting than had been looked for, there could be no reasonable complaint on that score. I had seen quite enough to show that there were many good days' work before me, and came away fully resolved to return next morning, to devote myself exclusively to the cave, to cut all society, and even to give up the various objects of high and exciting interest connected with the fumine at Bombay; in short, to forget every other thing but the caves of Elephanta.

How little can we reckon upon such resolutions! It was hardly possible that any man could be more in earnest than I then was, and yet it was upwards of a year afterwards before I again entered the cave, with which I had been so much enchanted as to swear I would not forsake it! The real truth is—and this I have learned by much actual experience in every quarter of the world—that the social living interests of good company, and the mutual communications of friendship between man and man, are, to my mind at least, vastly more attractive than the most curious objects of the inanimate world. I would almost back a pleasant dinner-party, or a promising ball, against the greatest natural wonder, or even artificial curiosity, that art or nature ever turned out of hand!

It must be owned, that of all the lions of India, there are few to compare with the cave temples of Elephanta, which, from lying within less than one hour's sail of the town of Bombay, form the scene of many a pleasure-party, a circumstance which ought to add considerably to the recommendation I have already given, that any person wishing to behold at a glance all the wonders of the East, should select Bombay rather than any other place. The island of Elephanta lies only a few miles further up the harbour than the spot where the ships anchor off the fort; and as large and commodious boats, covered with awnings, are to be had at a minute's warning, nothing is so easy as to transport one's self from the midst of the European society of the presidency, or from the bustle of the crowded native bazaar, into the most complete solitude. As the island is not inhabited, the traveller finds himself at once undisturbed amidst some of the oldest and most curious, or, at all events, most striking remains of the ancient grandeur of the Hindoos, which are any where to be met with. The effect, I have no doubt, is considerably augmented by

the unusual abruptness of the change from a scene of such particular bustle to another of entire stillness. There are many points of intrinsic local interest about Elephanta which rank it very high in the scale of curiosity; yet it is one of those wonders which, although it may far exceed in interest what we expect, necessarily baffles anticipation. No drawing can represent it. Even a panorama, which, in the case of Niagara, I am convinced might convey to European senses most of the wonders of the great American cataract, could make nothing of Elephanta. The only device that could give a just conception of the form, size, colour, and so on, of these caves, would be a model of the full dimensions, similar to what Belzoni exhibited of a mummy pit in Egypt. But even such a gigantic work as the model supposed, though it might entertain some folks, would prove but a poor speculation, I suspect, in London. Not two persons in every ten thousand of those who daily pass Charing Cross ever heard of this wonderful cave; and if seduced into the show by the familiar influence of the name Elephanta, they would probably expect to see their old friend of Exeter 'Change swallowing a bushel of rice at a mouthful, or picking up a needle with his trunk.

Even were such a model, or exact copy of Elephanta to be examined by a person who really cared about such things, and had heard so much of the caves as to be interested in their details, the model would of necessity fail to produce on his mind the full effect of seeing the original on the spot. The associations of place, and other circumstances, such as climate, scenery, and historical recollections, perhaps constitute the greater portion of such interest. What could the rattle of carriages outside the brick walls containing a panorama of Elephanta furnish to the imagination, compared to the rustling of the monsoon through the branches of the mangoes, the bananas, and the tamarind, or high aloft amongst the cocoas-nuts, and the flickering fan-shaped leaves of the brab-tree! What ideas of time and place would be suggested by the presence of six or eight families of sober citizens, with their attendant swarms of little holiday cockneys, from the schools of Putney and Pentonville, compared to the bright fancies conjured up by the glow of an Indian landscape, and the presence of numerous groups of Hindoos scattered on the grass, under the shade of some broad-leaved plantain, or, more appropriate still,

"Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns,"

of the great temple once held so sacred by every worshipper of Shiva and Shakti, though now desecrated, and half destroyed by the rude hands of their heretical conquerors.

But although it be utterly hopeless to gain a just idea of Elephanta by other means than an actual visit, I must not be understood as saying any thing to depreciate panoramas of objects which fall within the range of that stupendous branch of the art. These paintings, are, in fact, the greatest possible allies to a traveller in his descriptions: witness the beautiful representation of Madras now exhibiting in London, and painted by Mr. William Daniell, an artist who, from long residence in the East, has acquired the habit of feeling his subject so thoroughly, that the power of expressing it seems a sort of instinct. I certainly never beheld any thing comparable to the taste and fidelity with which all that is characteristic of Indian climate and scenery in general, and of the Madras variety of it in particular, not forgetting the magnificent surf, has been preserved in this exquisite panorama. It is very mortifying to think that in a few months this master-piece, in its way, will be painted over, and lost for ever. It is nearly hopeless, indeed, to expect that another such painter of oriental scenery as Daniell shall start up in our day; and even if he did, it might not suit his views to paint panoramas.

If the India House possessed a circular room of adequate dimensions, it would be well worthy of their magnificent style of doing things, to rescue and fix up this painting of Madras, in evidence to future times of the splendour of their rule in these days. Is there no rich old Indian, or nobleman, or wealthy patron of the fine arts in this country, who might be tempted to step forward to snatch from destruction a work of the highest order of excellence, and calculated to live for centuries, but which, merely for the value of the base canvass on which it is drawn, will ere long be daubed over to form a ground for another picture?

* Since the above observations were written, I have learned with great satisfaction, from the distinguished

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR SAMUEL HOOD AND THE ALLIGATOR HUNT.

As soon as the Volage was refitted, and her crew refreshed, after our voyage from England of four months and a half, we sailed from Bombay to the southward along the western coast of India; and having rounded Ceylon, at the extremesouthwestern corner of which, Point de Galle, where we merely touched to land the governor's despatches, we hauled up to the northward, and, after twelve days' passage, sailed into the beautiful harbour of Trincomalee. There, to my great joy, we found the commander-in-chief, Sir Samuel Hood; who, to my still greater joy, communicated that a vacancy had been kept open for me in his flag-ship, the *Illustrious*. In a few minutes my traps were packed up, my commission made out, and I had the honour and the happiness of hailing myself a professional follower of one of the first officers in his majesty's service. It is true, I was only fifth lieutenant of the ship, and not even fifth on the admiral's list for promotion; for I came after a number of old officers who had served under Sir Samuel for many long years of patient, or rather impatient expectation. But my first and grand purpose was attained, viz. that of getting fairly into the line of promotion; and for a time I did not fret much, or consider myself the most ill-used man in the service, merely because my chance of advancement was very small, and remote.

In capstans and other machines, there is a mechanical device with which every person is acquainted, termed a pall or catch, by which the work gained by the effort last made shall be secured, and the machine prevented from turning back again. Something of this kind takes place in life, particularly in naval life; and happy is the officer who hears the pall of his fortunes play "click! click!" as he rapidly spins up to the highest stations in his profession. Proportionately deep is the despair of the poor wretch who, after struggling and tugging with all his might at the weary windlass of his hopes, can never bring it quite far enough round to hear the joyous sound of the pall dropping into its birth! I well remember most of these important moments of my own life; and I could readily describe the different sensations to which their successive occurrence gave rise, from the startling hour (thirty years ago) when my father first told me that my own request was now to be granted, for on the very next day I was to go to sea—up to that instant when the still more important and awful announcement met my ear, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

Nothing perhaps more distinctly characterises men than the different manner in which they behave on these occasions. One person acquiring fresh spirits from the consciousness of so much of his fortunes being secured, plants his foot more firmly on the deck, and grasping the handspike anew, springs aloft to command by a still more vigorous effort of his strength, the next revolution of the windlass; while another man, similarly circumstanced, remains content with the first step gained. It is wrong, however, to say that he remains content, for there is no contentment in the sluggishness with which he waits till some one helps him to accomplish that purpose which he has not energy enough to attempt single-handed. In two words: the classes of people we are speaking of may be divided into those who know how to avail themselves of the opportunities within their reach, and those who will not, or, at all events, who do not, screw up their courage to the sticking-place alluded to. There is a charming sea-song by Dibdin (that prince of nautical minstrels!) one part of which often came to my aid in seasons of professional despondency:

"So I seized the capstan-bar
Like a true-hearted tar,
And in spite of sighs and tears sung out, Yo heave ho."

"It is easy to be cheerful when one is successful," says a high authority; and there are "few people who are not good-natured when they have nothing to cross them," says another equally profound recorder of common-places; but the secret of good fortune seems to lie far less in making the most of favourable incidents, or in submitting manfully to disastrous ones, than in studying how to fill up to advantage the long intervals between these great epochs in our lives. Perhaps, therefore, there is no point of duty which affords more scope for the talents

artist himself, that although for the present he has taken down the Panorama of Madras, he has no intention of painting any thing else over it, but hopes, ere long, to exhibit it in a situation more easy of access than it has hitherto occupied.

of a superior than the useful and cheerful employment of the heads and hands of his officers and people during these trying periods of inaction which occur in every service. Sir Samuel Hood possessed this faculty in a wonderful degree, as he not only kept us all busy when there was nothing to be done, but contrived to make us happy and contented, though some of our prospects were poor enough in all conscience. My own, for example; for I was placed at the tip of the tail of his long string of private followers; and when the admiralty list came out, on which I had built so many beautiful castles in the air, my poor name was not upon it at all. I had not expected to be first or second, or even third; fourth I had reckoned upon as possible; fifth as probable; sixth as certain; so that my horror and disappointment were excessive when this kindest of commanders-in-chief broke to me the fatal news, in the following characteristic manner.

A telegraphic signal had been made from the flag-ship at the admiral's house to the ship, in these words:

"Send Mr. Hall on shore, with a crow-bar, two pickaxes, and two spades."

All the way to the landing-place I puzzled myself with thinking what on earth could be the object of these words; little dreaming, good easy lieutenant! that I was so soon to dig the grave of my own hopes. The admiral received me at the door with his coat off; and holding out his remaining hand (his right arm was shot away in action,) he squeezed mine with even more than his wonted kindness.

"I have been waiting for you with some impatience," he said, "to be present at the hunt after a white ant nest, a sort of thing I know you like. These rogues, the *Termiles bellicosos*, as I find the naturalists call them, have made their way into the house; and having carried their galleries up the walls and along the roof, have come down in great force upon a trunk of clothes, which they would have destroyed entirely before night had I not caught sight of them. Now let us to work; in I propose to rip up the floor of the verandah, in order to follow their passages and galleries till I reach their nest. If it be a mile off; won't this be a glorious piece of service?" exclaimed the admiral, as he warmed himself by anticipating the chase. He could hardly have been more delighted, I am persuaded, had he been giving orders for a fleet under his command to bear down upon the enemy's line. Of course I failed not to feign or feel the enthusiasm of my commander-in-chief—a little of both, perhaps; for the utmost possible, or even conceivable, familiarity of an admiral, will scarcely ever crack the ice of a lieutenant's reserve in his commander-in-chief's presence. We may cherish and obey him, as much, or more, than any wife ever did, or promised to do, her spouse; but I never yet saw a naval man, in uniform or in plain clothes, on shore or afloat, sober or merry, that could, even in appearance, bring himself to take liberty with one who, in times past—no matter how long—had once been his commanding officer. The truth is doubly, trebly true at moments of actual service; and though Sir Samuel was all smiles and favour, standing without his coat in the verandah with a crow-bar in his grasp, his bare breast and single arm exposed naked to the sea-breeze, then just beginning to puff at intervals over the low, red-hot isthmus or neck of land between the inner harbour and the eastern beach, I could not venture to do more than bow, and say I was much obliged to him for having so considerably thought of me at such a moment.

"Oh!" cried he, apparently recollecting himself, "but I have something else to show you, or rather to tell you, for I must not show it to you; though I fear it will not please you quite so much as the prospect of a white ant hunt. Here, Gigna," called the admiral to his steward, who stood by with a tea-kettle of hot water ready to pour over the ants, "put away that affair, which we shall not require this half hour yet; and hold this crow-bar while I step into the office with Mr. Hall."

"It is of no use to mince the matter," said the veteran, shutting the door, and turning to me with somewhat of the air which he might be supposed to have put on, had he been instructed from home to tell me that one of both my parents were dead; "it is no use to conceal the fact from you; but here is the admiralty list, just come to my hands, and your name, in spite of all your promises, verbal and written, is not on it!"

Had the admiral fired one of the flag-ship's thirty-pounders, double-shotted, down my throat, he could not have demolished more completely my bodily frame, or than this fatal announcement shattered to pieces the gilded crockery-ware of my fondest hopes. All the pyramids of command, and power, and independence, in

which I had indulged my fancy during the voyage, vanished like the shadows of a dream I vain would recall, but could not. I stood at first quite stupefied, and can remember nothing that passed for some minutes. As I recovered my scattered senses, however, I recollect gazing at the anchorage from the open window of the Admiralty House, near which we stood. The flag-ship then lay just off Osanburgh Point, with her ensign, or, as it used to be called in old books, her ancient, the "meteor flag of England," dropped in the calm, so perpendicularly from the gaff end, that it looked like a rope more than a flag; while its reflection, as well as that of the ship herself, with every mast, yard, and line of the rigging, seemed, as it were, engraved on the surface of the tranquil pool, as distinctly as if another vessel had actually been inverted and placed beneath. I have seldom witnessed so complete a calm. The sea-breeze, with which the shore had been refreshed for twenty minutes, had not as yet found its way into the recesses of the inner harbour, which, take it all in all, is one of the snuggest and most beautiful coves in the world. And such is the commodious nature of this admirable port, that even the *Illustrissimus*, though a large 74 gun ship, rode at anchor in perfect security, within a very few yards of the beach, which at that spot is quite steep-to, and is wooded down to the very edge of the water. I gazed for some minutes, almost unconsciously, at this quiet scene, so different from that which was boiling and bubbling in my own distracted breast, and swelling up with indignation against some of my truest friends at home, whom I had such good reason to believe had either betrayed or neglected me, maugre all sorts of promises.

In the midst of my reverie—which the kind-hearted admiral did not interrupt—I observed the wind just touch the drooping flag; but the air was so light and ransient, that it merely produced on it a gentle motion from side to side, like that of a pendulum, imitated in the mirror beneath, which lay as yet totally unbroken by the sea-breeze. Presently the whole mighty flag, after a faint struggle or two, gradually unfolded itself, and, buoyed up by the new-born gale, spread far beyond the gallant line-of-battle ship's stern, and waved gracefully over the harbour. It is well known to nice observers of the human mind, that the strangest fancies often come into the thoughts at a moment when we might least expect them; and though, assuredly, I was not then in a very poetical or imaginative humour, I contrived to shape out of the inspiring scene I was looking upon, a figure to soothe my disappointed spirit. As I saw the ensign uncurl itself to the wind, I said internally, "If I have but life, and health, and opportunity, I trust—for all the bitterness of this disappointment—I shall yet contrive to unfold, in like manner, the flag of my own fortunes to the world."

Just as this magnanimous thought crossed my mind's eye, the admiral placed his hand so gently on my shoulder that the pressure would not have hurt a fly, and said, in a cheerful tone, "Never mind this mishap, Master Hall; every thing will come right in time; and if you only resolve to take it in the proper and manly temper, it may even prove all the better that this has happened. Nothing is without a remedy in this world; and I'll do what I can to make good this maxim in your case. In the mean time, however, come along, and help me to rout out these rascally white ants. Off coat, however, if you please; for we shall have a tough job of it."

It cost us an hour's hard work; for we had to rip up the planks along the whole of the verandah, then to shape a course across two cellars, or godongas, as they are called in the East, and finally the traverses of these singular animals obliged us to cut a trench to the huge hillock or nest, which rose to the height of five or six feet from the ground, in numberless shoots, like pinnacles round the roof of a Gothic church. We might have attacked them at head-quarters in the first instance, had we wished it; but the admiral chose to go more technically to work, and to sap up to his enemy by regular approaches. In his way we had the means of seeing the principles upon which these ants proceed in securing themselves at every step of their progress by galleries or covered ways, which, though extremely feeble, are sufficiently strong to repel off the attacks of every other kind of ant. It is curious enough, that although the white ant be the most destructive of its species, it is said to be, individually, by far the weakest, and cannot move a step without the artificial protection of the galleries it constructs as it goes along; just as the besiegers of a fortification secure themselves in their trenches and zigzags.

We now brought our spades into play; and having cut the hill across, laid open the secrets of these most curious of all the ant tribe. At last we reached the great queen

ant, the mother of millions of her race, a most enormous personage to be sure, nearly four inches long, and as thick as a man's finger, with a head not bigger than that of a bee, but a body such as I have described, filled with eggs, which continually rolled out like a fluid from a reservoir. Never shall I forget the shout of rapture which the gallant admiral sent over half the harbour, as he succeeded in gaining the object of his labour.*

There are some men who go about every thing they undertake with all their hearts and souls, and this great officer was one of those. He did nothing by halves and quarters, like so many other men. The greatest deeds of arms, or the most trivial objects of passing amusement, engrossed his whole concentrated attention for the time. He was equally in earnest when holding out examples of private generosity, or lending the heartiest and kindest encouragement even to the least distinguished of his followers, as when performing acts of the highest public spirit, or making the greatest sacrifices to what he considered his duty. Every thing, in short, that he did, or thought, or uttered, bore the stamp of the same peculiar impress of genuine zeal. So eminently exciting, and even fascinating, was this truly officer-like conduct, that even those who had served under him the longest often wondered at the extent of their own exertions when roused by his example, and were led almost to believe that his very look had something stimulating in it which actually gave fresh vigour to their arms as well as to their thoughts. With all this, he was the gentlest of the gentle, and accomplished all he undertook without apparent effort, or the least consciousness that what he was doing was remarkable.

I remember an instance of his skill in the small way. One morning, near the spot where he headed the storming-party against the white ants, a working party of the crew of the *Illustrissimus* had commenced constructing a wharf before the dock-yard. The stones of which this platform or landing-place was to be built were, by Sir Samuel Hood's orders, selected of very large dimensions; so much so, that the sailors came at last to deal with a mass of rock so heavy, that their combined strength proved unequal to moving it beyond a few inches towards its final position at the top of one corner. The admiral sat on his horse looking at the workmen for some time, occasionally laughing and occasionally calling out directions, which the baffled engineers could by no means apply. At length his excellency the commander-in-chief became fidgety, and having dismounted, he tried to direct them in detail: but never a bit would the stone budge. Finally, losing all patience, he leaped from the top of the bank, and roared out, in a voice of reproach and provocation, "Give me the crow-bar!" Thus armed, he pushed the officers and men to the right and left, while he insisted upon having the whole job to himself, literally, single-handed. He first drove the claws of the instrument well under the edge of the stone then placed with his toe a small iron pin on the ground under the bar and across its length, to act as a fulcrum, or shoulder. When all things were carefully adjusted to his mind, he slipped his hand to the upper end of the lever, and weighing it down, gave what he called "life" to the huge stone, which just before half a dozen strong men had not been able to disturb. Sure enough, however, it now moved, though only about half an inch, towards its intended resting-place. At each prize or hitch of the bar, the rock appeared to advance farther, till, after five or six similar shifts, it was finally lodged in the station prepared for it, where, I doubt not, it rests to this day, and may occupy for centuries to come.

I need scarcely say that the admiral himself was delighted with his triumph, or that his provocation against the men subsided at each successful march of the stone, till, at length, when the operation was completed, he flung down the bar, and called out to the grinning party, but with infinite good humour, "There! you hay-making, tinkering, tailoring fellows, that's the way to move a stone—when you know how!"

In fact, no officer I have ever served with, better "knew how," not only himself to do every thing "that might become a man," but how to stimulate others to do so, likewise; or, if need should be, as in this instance of the corner-stone, to instruct them practically. What is interesting, however, and still more important in every way,

* See an exceedingly interesting account of the *Termes bellicosus*, or white ant, in Shaw's *Zoology*, vol. vi., taken chiefly from the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1781.—Also in Rennie's *History of Insects*, republished by Lilly, Wait & Co. of Boston, one of the most entertaining books on natural history in the language.—Ed.

he never lost sight of his own true dignity, or weakened his personal or his official authority, by any such concessions. On the contrary, both appeared only to be enhanced by familiarities which such a mind alone could safely trust itself with, and which, from their being totally devoid of affectation, were always suitable to his character, and appropriate to the circumstances as well persons in whose favour they were granted. This unreserved freedom of manner, an officer less gifted by nature, or not so thoroughly master of his business in all its branches, could hardly have indulged in; but in Sir Samuel Hood's hands it became an instrument of great importance, and invariably turned the heartiest exertions of every officer and man under him to his purpose, which, I need scarcely add, was synonymous with the public good.

The loss of such a man to the country at large, and to the naval service in particular, was in many respects irreparable; for although his example must ever dwell deeply engraven on the minds of those who knew him personally, he carried away with him to his early grave very much which no instruction could impart, no memory supply, nor indeed any eulogium do justice to. I allude chiefly to that rare combination of talents and professional experience, welded together by the highest public spirit, animated to useful action by the most ardent zeal which perhaps ever possessed an officer.

Fortunately for me, however, Sir Samuel Hood's death did not occur till more than two years after I reached India. Owing to his kindness, I was enabled to visit the interior of the peninsula of Hindoostan on two different occasions, and likewise to perform a journey of more than a thousand miles on the island of Java. Before touching on these extensive themes, I must give a short account of an alligator-hunt, at a place called Nellivelly, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon regiment.

Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed and on horseback, long before any of the rest of the company, whom he failed not to scold or to quiz, as they severally crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much doubting whether the pleasures of the sport were likely to compensate for the horrible bore of early rising. In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when any thing active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of travelling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners.

As there was little risk of being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes. The chill atmosphere of the morning felt so thick and clammy, it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of agues, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria. The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the formidable Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from

some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays, (who are passionately fond of this sport,) the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water when undisturbed was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of pease-soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word "march" away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or warwhoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre. Generally speaking, the alligators, or crocodiles, (for I believe they are very nearly the same,) had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound, or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but an amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half choked and half spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived.

For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed, it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance; and I am half ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstasy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses well plastered with mud high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt in sheer despair right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and, by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final mêlée approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and ploughed up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter. "Sauve qui peut!" seemed to be the fatal watch-word for their total rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, as it has saved other vanquished forces, had not the Malays judiciously placed beforehand their reserve on each side of the river to receive the distracted fugitives, who, bathed in mud, and half dead with terror, but

still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, but which, alas for most of the poor beasts, they were never doomed to reach. The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours.

It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant Admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purport of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry small affairs of outposts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half a dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of the Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty. This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for, in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserve of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his majesty's officers might have chanced to find themselves in a scrape. As it was we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives or the flying troop of alligators wallowing away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superioradroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief than at him.

I forget the total number of alligators killed, but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long. Besides these great fellows, we caught, alive, a multitude of little ones, nine inches long, many of which we carried back to Trincomalee. Half-a-dozen of these were kept in tubs of water at the admiralty house for many days; the rest being carried on board, became great favourites amongst the sailors, whose queer taste in the choice of pets has already been noticed.

CHAPTER XVII.

PIC-NIC PARTY IN THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

From Trincomalee we sailed back again to Bombay, the only port in India possessing docks sufficiently capacious, and a harbour commodious enough for so large a ship as the *Illustrations*. This was the second visit I paid to that most interesting of all the presidencies. On two subsequent occasions I had even better opportunities of making myself acquainted with its merits; for I had by that time made two extensive journeys across the country, and, of course, become more or less familiar with various oriental topics. Nevertheless, Bombay continues

to hold its ground as the place best worth seeing of any spot I have visited in India.

The fascinations of society at Bombay, in the particular circle to whose intimacy I had the happiness to be admitted on these occasions, were certainly very great; and, in a pretty extensive experience since, I have hardly found them matched. To think of studying, to any good purpose, the mouldering antiquities of the Hindoos, or of speculating with spirit on the manners and customs of the existing generation of the natives, while the conversation of such specimens of my own country folks by within reach, was totally out of the question. And this feeling being shared by all the party, it was considered a most brilliant idea to unite the two sources of interest in one expedition.

"Why should we not," said one of the ladies, (who, alas! is now no more,) "why should we not make a regular expedition in a body to Elephanta? not for a mere visit of an hour or two, but to remain a week or ten days, during which we might examine the caves at leisure, draw them, describe them, and, in short, perform such a course of public antiquarian services as were never before undertaken?"

The notion was eagerly caught up by the company; one of whom, an officer of the engineers, called out,

"I'll send over a couple of tents, to be pitched before the mouth of the cave; one for the ladies, the other for the attendants and kitchen, while the gentlemen may pick out the softer bits of pavement within the cave to spread their beds on."

"I'll send cooks!" cried another.

"I'll be the caterer of our mess," shouted a third, "and take care of the commissariat department."

"And I," said a gentleman, who alone of all the party now lingers on the spot, though it is nearly twenty years since those merry days, "I shall see that you have wine enough, and plenty of Hodgson's pale ale."

All were eager to be of use, and nothing was thought of but making arrangements. We hired hand-boats, or native launches, to transport the heavy baggage, the tents, tables, and victuals; while it fell to my lot to provide smaller and faster-moving boats, called gigs, for the accommodation of the ladies. We passed over in detachments; some early in the morning; and others, whose business kept them in the fort, later in the afternoon; but in the course of a couple of days we were established close to the scene of operations, and ready to commence working in earnest.

When I come to describe the method of travelling to India, it will not seem surprising how readily we made ourselves comfortably at home on the island of Elephanta. Most of the gentlemen slept actually within the cave, either boxed up in their palanquins, or on mattresses, which they spread in the little niches or chapels carved out of the living rock on the sides of the cavern.

The first day was passed in rambling up and down the aisles, if they may be so called, of this wonderful cathedral, which the Hindoos of past ages had hewn out of the solid stone. The sculptures on the wall being varied in every possible way, within the fantastic limits of their extravagant theology, the effect was almost bewildering to those who viewed this wild scene for the first time. Even to those who had witnessed it once or twice before, it was impressive in a degree very difficult to describe. The imagination of a new comer like myself was carried back irresistibly to dark periods of traditional history, where every thing appeared nearly as vague and indistinct as the recollection of a fairy tale. To those, again, who had studied the subject long, and made themselves acquainted not only with the religion of the natives, but with their peculiar style of representing their gods, the cave of Elephanta offered a rich feast of research; and there could be heard from time to time loud expressions of delight from these adepts in the science of oriental antiquarianism, when they lighted upon any group particularly fertile in characteristic attributes of the deities they were in quest of.

Towards the end of the day, the party, which had hung together more or less during the morning, fell in pieces. Some of the gentlemen straggled into the jungle to catch a shot at a parrot or a monkey; while others, exhausted with the closeness of the cave, and the labour of climbing up to examine the details, stretched themselves in the shade, under the fly, as it is called (see vol. i. of a large tent, beneath which the air passed freely) along, in consequence of the canvass walls being removed. For my own part, I could hardly detach myself more than a few minutes at a time from the temple, for of impatience of my own ignorance, which was more aggravated than relieved by the snatches of explanation

won from more experienced orientalisks. During the whole time of dinner I could think of nothing but the indistinct figures on the dark walls which enclosed us on three sides; and I stole away from table as soon as I could, to regale myself with this antiquarian banquet, till the night closed in. I then tried a walk in the open air, but felt the chill land-wind, breathing through the damp underwood, afford only a deceitful kind of refreshment which soon passed away, and left my brow throbbing and feverish with the intense excitement of the day. My companions declared themselves sick of the cave; and as I could talk of nothing else, I was no society for them, nor they for me, so off I slipped very early to my cot, spread in one of the little recesses already mentioned, lying on the left or eastern side of the principal excavation. Without taking off my clothes, I threw myself down, and in the course of a few minutes, as I imagined, fell asleep.

It is the fashion in India to burn a lamp in every sleeping apartment; not a vulgar rushlight, enclosed, as in England, in a wretched case of perforated tin, like a stable lantern, but a small bright flame rising from a classical-shaped bronze vessel, worthy of Etruria, filled with oil expressed either from the cocoa-nut or the sesame, and as clear as crystal. What is the origin of this oriental custom of burning a light in the bed-chamber, I could never learn exactly. Some persons allege that it affords a protection from the snakes which are said to prevail in those regions; though I never had the fortune to see a single one of them in all the different journeys I made across the continent and islands of India. Whatever be the cause, the practice is so universal, that our servants, who in that country are the most perfect machines imaginable, continued, even in the cave, to place lights by our bed-sides, as a matter of course. A thousand such lamps, however, as were flickering on the stone floor of our huge apartment, would have served very feebly to illuminate even the small portion of the gorgeous temple which I then occupied.

After lying asleep for some time, as I thought, I either awoke, or believed I did, and, on looking round, was not a little startled to find myself alone in such a strange place, of the real nature of which I had but an obscure recollection. The solitary lamp appeared to have gained far more power, for the whole cave now seemed as light as if the sun had been shining into it. On turning round to discover where I could possibly have got to, and looking up, I beheld, with a feeling of indistinct alarm, and of much uncertainty as to the reality or visionary nature of what I was gazing upon, a huge figure, half male and half female. I remembered, that during the morning we had been told by one of the learned folks of our party, that in the Hindoo mythology such a monster was to be found, with the jaw-breaking name of Ardhanareshwar. As I strained my eyes to examine this fantastic figure, I asked myself over and over again whether I could be awake or was still asleep. The foaming cups of Hodgson's pale ale, and the ruby-coloured nectar of Chateau Margaux, at a pretty late dinner, may possibly have helped this mystification, while they certainly took nothing from the interest of the dream, if dream it were. The gigantic image at which I was looking, though at first it seemed detached and in motion, appeared, on closer examination, to be sculptured in high relief on the hard rock of the mountain. This strange hermaphrodite seemed gifted with four arms, (which is one of those clumsy devices by which the Hindoo artists seek to convey an idea of power), and standing not quite erect, but inclining a little, with the foremost of its right arms resting on the hump of the famous Nundi, the bull of Shiva, on which it is the fancy of this double-sexed god occasionally to ride. The right side of the figure appeared to be male, the left female; and it is singular how much this distinction was preserved in all respects. The two sides of the cap seemed different, the right presenting the crescent of Shiva, and the female side of the cap being trimmed with curls rising over it, while the male side appeared to be ornamented by a string of knobs, or beads. The ear-rings were different, and on the left, or female side, there hung two; one of them a *bali*, or jewel for the upper part of the ear, the other a large ring; while the male side carried one only, and the ear being lengthened and stretched downwards towards the shoulder. The armlets, also, appeared different; the two right or male arms being both encompassed by a thin metal bar, unjoined at the ends (a common ornament in the east), and the left, or female arms, encircled by a broader ornament. Each of the right-hand wrists was clasped by one ornament, the left by two bracelets. The inner right hand, which was in good preservation, bore

a ring on the little finger. The inner left hand, which was also unbroken, carried two rings; one on the little finger, the other on the middle finger. The inner right hand held the snake called *cobra di capella*, the head of which rose aloft as if listening to the figure. The outer right hand rested on the horn of the bull, while the elbow was placed on the hump. Both the serpent and the bull Nundi marked out the god Shiva. From the left breast of this curious figure being that of a female, and from its being single, the idea has arisen that the intention was to represent an Amazon. But this is clearly a mistake. And indeed the same distinction of the sexes observed between the appearance of the right and left sides of the principal figure extend to all the others in this very curious compartment of the cave; those attendants on the right hand of Ardnari belonging to Shiva, those on the left to his wife Parvati. Long before I could get half through this catalogue of attributes of the celebrated double-sexed Hindoo deity, the lamp began once more to burn blue, the figures on the wall faded gradually away from my sight, and, in spite of every effort to continue the observations, I dropped again on my pillow fast asleep. During the whole of our stay at Elephanta, I was never afterwards troubled with such visions, for the labours and amusements, to say nothing of the festivities of our glorious and patent pic-nic, disposed all the party to good sound sleep.

At first we sat rather confusedly to work, without much discipline, in our examination of the cave; but as the task was extensive, and we had undertaken to do it properly, some systematic arrangement became absolutely necessary. Mr. William Erskine had agreed, with the assistance of his friends, to draw up the account of the cave, and we placed ourselves under his orders as the captain, or chief. The description which was produced by this united service, is by far the most exact and minute that has ever been made of Elephanta, and was afterwards published in the *Bombay Transactions*, vol. i. These details undoubtedly owe most of their interest to the skill and taste with which the accomplished writer has arranged them; but as he always very disinterestedly considered his account as the joint property of the party who aided his researches, I have not scrupled, in speaking of the caves, to borrow freely from materials which I helped to collect.

His first assistant (the original proposer of the scheme) was a lady of high qualifications as an artist; not a mere fashionable screen-sketcher and murderer of the picturesque, but a regular painter, trained by long study, and under the influence of good taste. It is grievous to think that so much worth, and beauty, and talents, and such extensive knowledge, should so soon have sunk into the grave; and the smart is, indeed, very bitter which accompanies such recollections, when we feel that they are taken away from us for ever. Perhaps there has very seldom existed any person whose loss has been so truly regretted by the circle of her friends, on account of the hopeless difficulty of supplying her place. As it was at all times a piece of good fortune to find one's self in the same party with this charming person, even when it was left to the chapter of accidents to provide opportunities of conversation, it was considered the greatest of all possible catches to secure her companionship for so many days, and in such a place as Elephanta.

Our master of the ceremonies very judiciously fixed his principal hand and eye before the celebrated triple head, the most remarkable by far in all the cave. A large mat was spread on the ground, with a table and drawing apparatus in the middle of it, near which there was left ample room for the fair artist's host of merry children to romp and roll about on. Near this spot was also placed the easy chair of her eccentric, but accomplished and highly informed husband, who refused to undertake any part of the hard work, but quizzed the whole of us unmercifully for the useless, or, as he called it, idle labour we were bestowing on the cave. This gentleman, who was a great experimental agriculturist, as well as theoretical political economist, in short, what may be called a philosopher of all work, was worth any money on such a pic-nic as this. His knowledge of the world, and his talents in the art of conversation, though of the first order, were still subordinate to the boundless ingenuity of his fancy, by which any thing and every thing could be made to fit the most incongruous phases of his arguments. If in his whole composition there had been a spark of ill-nature, such singular powers of adapting facts to fancies, and such earnestness in driving his points home, would have rendered him the most supreme of all bores, in or out of a cave; but, fortunately, for the Elephanta company, the matchless sweetness of his disposition, his thorough good-breeding, his delight in all

the amiable parts of our nature, and his constant readiness to oblige and be obliged, carved him out as the beau ideal of an ally on such an occasion. Many a time and oft the old cavern rung with peals of jolly mirth, and called us from our various holes and corners, to enjoy the witty sallies of this most amusing of persons, whose endless good-humoured jokes, and queer views of things, were always cracking and sparkling round the drawing party before the principal compartment of the temple.

We took our breakfast and dinner at a long table, spread much nearer the mouth of the cave, that we might enjoy, not only the light of day, and the cool clear air of the sea-breeze, but such peeps of the distant ghats and other parts of the landscape, seen across the upper parts of the beautiful bay, as we could catch through the foliage. Of course, we kept far enough back to escape the fierce glare of the sky, which in those climates sends down, especially when it is clouded, the treacherous influence of the sun's indirect rays in a manner almost as troublesome, though not quite so fatal, as his full blaze of light. It may be worth while to mention, that we never allowed beef in any shape or way to approach our board; for although the temple of Elephanta has for centuries been desecrated, and, consequently, is no longer used by the Hindoos, there still hangs about this splendid monument a certain degree of sanctity in the eyes of the poor natives, which it would be cruel not to respect. Accordingly, one of the most beautiful rounds of beef that ever was pickled, received orders to march off the island, without any consideration for the wants and wishes of two or three gourmands of the party, whose self-denial proved no match for their appetite, and whose respect for these imaginary feelings of the natives became equal to zero, as the algebraists say. It afforded some consolation, however, to these disappointed members of the pic-nic, to observe the boundless delight with which our native attendants carried away the unspeakable abomination of the round of beef. The cow and bull, in every shape, are held sacred by the Hindoos; and even those castes who object to no other meat, would much rather die than taste that of an ox.

I was once gravely assured, that in the penal codes of Hindoostan, it is set down as a crime of greater magnitude for a man to jump over a cow than to kill his own mother!—a strangely fantastic classification, surely. Until I heard of this singular law, I certainly had no more thoughts of committing one of these crimes than the other; but, ever after receiving this curious piece of information, I could never see a cow reposing in a meadow without feeling a perverse desire to make a run and leap over her. I actually ventured to try the experiment once in the Green Park, and was very nearly paying the penalty of my Hindoo sacrilege, for the good lady (I mean the cow,) astonished at the proceeding, tossed up her head, and all but spitted me on her horns.

Since the above statement was written, I have discovered that I was entirely in error as to the Hindoo superstition above alluded to. Nevertheless, I let the paragraph stand, as it affords a pretty fair specimen of the manner in which a raw traveller, poking about greedily and indiscreetly in search of what he calls characteristic information, may sometimes manage to be taken in. A quizzical friend of mine at Bombay, observing my head half turned with the glare of oriental novelty, and bewildered in the intricacies of the Hindoo mythology, thought he would experiment on the traveller's credulity, by inventing and palming off upon me the above fiction about the crime of leaping over a cow. Before presenting to the public, however, so very curious a piece of superstition, I thought it but prudent to make further enquiries as to the fact, and only then discovered that, for the last twenty years, I have been going on relating, with all the confidence imaginable—as a solemn point of Hindoo law—the mere figment of a mercurial cadet's imagination. Verily, if the cow in the Green Park had given me a graze with her horn, it would have served me right!

Our antiquarian commander-in-chief, after a cabinet council held daily at the breakfast-table, distributed us in different parts of the cave; one gentleman being appointed to count and measure the columns, another to ascertain the height of the ceiling, while a third, a very exact and trust-worthy assistant, was ordered to construct a ground-plan of the whole excavation. The gentleman named as the chief engineer in this important department of our researches was a medical man in the Company's establishment, who had recently come down to the presidency from the interior, where he had been stationed for some years. He was a single man at the period in question; but most of his associates in this

delightful Elephanta pic-nic had the pleasure of attending his marriage-feast not long afterwards.

The fair damsel of his choice had come out to India to join the family of a married sister; but, on reaching Bombay, it appeared that both that lady and her husband had died; and although she knew of several other relations in India, they either resided at remote up-country stations, or were not known to the people at the presidency. On learning these particulars, the captain of the ship in which the lady had taken her passage found himself in a strange puzzle. All his other passengers had landed, and were safe and snug in the bosoms of their respective families, while the disconsolate young woman alluded to remained alone in the empty cabin. The captain could hardly land her like a bale of goods on the beach, neither could he keep her on board; while the poor girl herself, totally ignorant of the ways of the East, could give no opinion as to what ought to be done. The captain, therefore, as in other cases of difficulty, held a consultation with his chief officer, a rough-spun business-like personage, who at once said,

"Go to the governor, sir; he's as good-hearted an old gentleman as ever stepped, and it is his proper business to give directions in such a case. At all events, if you report it regularly to his excellency, the affair cannot rest, and it will be off your shoulders."

"Man the boat! man the boat!" exclaimed the delighted skipper; then turning to the "maiden all forlorn," and assuring her that every thing would soon be settled to her satisfaction, he hurried on shore.

The governor, Sir Evan Nepean, though he had been many years secretary of the admiralty, (a tolerably puzzling birth, I guess!) was yet rather taken aback by the captain's communication.

"I'll see about it," he said, though not knowing for the life of him what on earth to do with the lady, who, being young, pretty, and accomplished, might have felt herself rather awkward in the government-house—for Lady Nepean had remained in England. The captain made his escape as soon as he heard the governor adopt the responsibility by declaring he would think of it.

"You'll see," said the mate to the captain, "that it will all go right by and by; this is not a country in which young ladies, so good and so bonny as our poor passenger, are likely to be left long adrift."

He was right in his conjecture; for the governor, having pondered a little on the matter, sent for a gentleman, not of the East India Company's service, but a resident merchant, at the head of a great house of agency in Bombay, one of the most benevolent of mortal men, and certainly one of the kindest and most generally useful in that country of kind offices and long purses.

"Mr. Money," said Sir Evan to the man of rupees, "will you oblige me by taking a young lady to live with your family till she can hear from, or be heard of by, some of her friends, as those to whom she has come out are either dead or not forthcoming?"

"I shall be delighted to be of use to any friend of yours, Sir Evan," was, of course, the ready and sincere reply; and in less than half an hour the mate and the captain of the ship were congratulating each other on having got a clear ship at last!

What might have been this very interesting young person's fate had she, on her first arrival, found all things as she expected, I cannot pretend to say. Fortune regulates these matters in such queer ways, that our calculations are often sadly put out; but nothing could have been more agreeable than the issue of this apparently untoward adventure. Our engineer of the cave was a friend of the wealthy citizen with whom the governor had deposited the fair lady who had been thrown on his hands by the captain of the ship, and he happened to be asked to dinner there one day. He likewise happened to sit down next the pretty damsel in question; and all this (though, I presume, purely the work of chance) seemed natural enough. The worthy doctor, however, was what is called a "determined bachelor," one of those knowing personages who, for reasons of their own, seem resolved never to marry, and yet who, perchance, may be just on the verge of that awful catastrophe, though little dreaming that the noose which is dangling in festoons on their neck will, by the fall of some unexpected "drop," become in a moment as tight as any rib of steel in the frame-work of their fate. So, at least, it proved with our Elephanta Benedict. In a happy hour he sat down to dinner, but, it is said, did not even look at his neighbour; for he had accidentally caught a glimpse of her figure and drapery, which, though he knew not why, had somewhat shaken his antimatrimonial fortitude, and made his pulse beat five or six throbs faster in the minute than when he first entered the room.

Nothing was said by either party; for, by some accident, no regular introduction had taken place between the gentleman and the pretty stranger, and even their names were respectively unknown. At length, the master of the house, recollecting this omission, introduced them to each other, and then called out,

"Doctor, won't you ask your neighbour to take a glass of wine?"

Both names were very remarkable, and might, perhaps, under any circumstances, have engaged notice; but upon this occasion the effect was striking enough; for the lady's father had been a great friend and patron of the doctor some years before, and she had often heard him spoken of at home, as a person in whom the family were much interested. On hearing their names mentioned, therefore, both the lady and the gentleman started—turned quickly round—their eyes met—the little god laughed—and on that day three weeks they were man and wife!

"But this," to use the words of dear old Robinson Crusoe, "is a digression, and I must not crowd this part of my story with an account of lesser things, but return to the main thread." Our party, then, in the Elephanta cave, consisted, besides our chief artist and her spouse, of two or three other ladies and gentlemen, extremely agreeable persons, one of these being a perfect treasure on such an expedition, from the extent and variety of her resources, and the delightful simplicity with which the whole were placed at the disposal of the company. There was one gentleman particularly well versed in Indian, as well as European astronomy, if we may distinguish these things, and our investigations in the cave often rendered his interpretations of much value. We had also with us a very learned person who had come to India as a missionary, but whose zeal in the cause of conversion had gradually evaporated, while in its place there grew up an intense curiosity to investigate the literature and antiquities of the Hindoos. He was just the hand for us, and formed a good pendant to another and still more agreeable companion, who took an equal interest in the modern customs of the natives, chiefly in what related to their religious ceremonies, their costumes, and their domestic amusements. His knowledge of details we found of great use in deciphering and describing the groups of figures sculptured on the face of the rock, in the different compartments of the cave.

Lastly, we enjoyed the society of a gentleman of the civil service, high in office under the East India Company; and the only drawback which we experienced in his case, was the necessity he was under of going across after breakfast to Bombay, where his business kept him till an hour or so before dinner. A shout of joy from old and young always hailed his most welcome return; and as the time approached, many an anxious eye was turned towards the mouth of the cave, happy to be the first to catch a glimpse of his tall figure on the bright sky. As I name no names, and make no allusions but such as will be understood by those only whom they will not offend, I may be allowed to say, in passing, that in beating up the world since, pretty briskly, I have rarely, if ever, met, even separately, persons so estimable, in all respects, as many of those who were here collected in the Elephanta cave, expressly to make themselves agreeable to one another. There can be no doubt, in most cases, and little doubt in any case, that time, distance, and totally different duties and occupations in life, estrange man from man, and by gradually diluting friendships into acquaintances, eventually obliterate, or nearly so, all recollection of the closest intimacies. But there are instances, and this Elephanta pic-nic is one of them, in which, by a strange and pleasing mental process, the recollection is not only kept warm, but is even improved in its temperature by time. At all events, the more I have seen of the rest of the world, the more sensible I have become to the merits of the delightful friendships of that day, and the more truly I have felt attached to them, although the correspondence which has since passed between us hardly deserves the name.

It makes me sigh, indeed, to think how busy death has been with some of the members of that party, whom the survivors could least have spared, and to look round and see how widely all the rest are now scattered over the different quarters of the globe. In the course of my wandering life, indeed, it has happened to me to meet most of them again, and several of them more than once. The extent, indeed, as well as variety of opportunities I have enjoyed of forming valuable acquaintances has been so great, and the loss of friends by death so frequent, that I now find, to whatever direction I turn, or to whatever fragment of my life I apply myself for topics of interest, or however brilliant the scene was at

the time, the view is now almost always sobered, or mellowed, I will not call it "sicklied o'er" with the pale cast of thought, consequent upon the remembrance of these losses. So much is this the case, that I should certainly feel some reluctance in thus disturbing the ashes of my early expectations, if there had not happily arisen out of these promises, in most cases, a far more enduring performance than even I, sanguine as I have ever been, had ventured to hope for. I have read much and more of the disappointments to which all men are subjected in this matter; but I can only say, for myself, that in this much-abused lottery of human life I never drew a false friend.

Of the Elephanta party, one only of the whole number still hovers round the neighbourhood of the cave; another has been settled for nearly twenty years at Calcutta, and I had the pleasure of beating up his quarters on returning from China some years afterwards; a third took flight, strangely enough, exactly in the opposite direction, and exchanged the luxuries of the glorious and graceful eastern world for the raw materials of the west, and actually "located" himself and his family in North America.

The method we adopted for investigating and describing the cave, was to divide the labour in some cases, and in others to combine our exertions, but, in all parts of the task, to make the work as amusing as possible. While our principal artist was engaged at the proper distance in making the beautiful and accurate sketches which have since been engraved for the transactions of the Bombay Society, the chronicler of the cave proceeded, with one or two of the party as his aide-de-camp, to examine the sculptures more narrowly; and having continued his investigation till he was satisfied that nothing had been passed over, he sat down at a little table, arranged about for that purpose from place to place, and there, on the very spot, wrote an account of what was before him. When the description was completed, a kind of general council, or "committee of the whole cave," was assembled, to report upon the result. Some of the party, including, of course, the ladies, sat round the writer, while others assisted by ladders, climbed up to the top of the carvings, in order to detect any inaccuracy in the description. Mr. Erskine then commenced reading his own account, while the rest stood by in readiness to check whatever might seem to require correction. On the occurrence of any remark in the description which, to some of us, did not appear to be borne out by the facts, an immediate halt was requested; and the point being diligently re-examined, the writing was either confirmed, or altered till it met the approbation of the whole host of critics. This method of proceeding gave wonderful animation to what, under ordinary circumstances, might have been considered dry details. It also put all the investigating detachments to their mettle; generally furnished abundant matter for discussion; and often set us off upon fresh and amusing courses of enquiry.

It likewise not infrequently happened, that a piece of sculpture was unfortunately much decayed by time, or injured by the hands of wanton heretics, or chanced to be placed far back in the cave, there arose so small difficulty in coming to any rational conclusion about the matter. Where the cruel hammer of some meddling geological or antiquarian traveller had driven away two or three out of half-a-dozen of a poor Hindu god's arms, or crushed down his sacred nose, there remained for us little or no resource except that strabismic process of soundly anathematising the delinquent or delinquents unknown. But where there existed any remedy within reach, we spared no pains to throw light on the subject. This, in fact, (without any pun,) was our chief desideratum; and the scientific heads of the company were put in requisition to devise methods for illuminating the dark parts of the temple. The first and most obvious plan was to stick a number of little bits of wax taper all over and round those portions of the sculptures which were under immediate investigation. But this was found to be troublesome, in more respects than one. The wax melted and ran down, and the corner of the cave in which we were working either became too choky by the smoke and heat, or the light burned down and required to be shifted. This plan, therefore, was only resorted to when the other methods I am about to describe failed in effecting the purpose.

The sun at no time of the day shone full into the cave, which faces due north, but we found that by borrowing the looking-glasses from the lady's tent we could catch his rays, and send them to the very back of the excavation, and thence, by means of other mirrors, could polarise our light in such a way as even to make it turn corners, and fall on spots where probably, never

sun-light rested before. The ecstasy of the natives on beholding the success of this manoeuvre was so great, that some of them expressed themselves highly flattered by the honours paid to their long-degraded deities. On hearing this stated by the Hindoos, one of the wits of our party remarked, that if these said gods, Messrs. Vishnu, Shiva, and Brahma, should get their heads above water again, they could, of course, do no less than remember that we noticed them in their adversity; a stale Joe Miller, indeed, as every one must remember who has kissed the bronze toe of St. Peter in the Vatican—erst old Jupiter of the capitol; but it made the natives laugh heartily when it was interpreted to them.

Another device of the same kind assisted our researches not a little, and was of still greater service to us in dissipating nearly all the gloom of the cave, thus helping to keep up that air of cheerfulness which is of such vast importance to the success of every undertaking in this world, great or small. The tea-urn having been cap-sized on the breakfast-table one morning, the servants naturally spread the table cloth in the sun on the shrubs before the cave. The immediate effect of this mass of white was to lighten up every thing within; and the hint once given, we lost no time in expanding it, by hoisting half a dozen other cloths, at the proper angles, till a bright yet soft glow of light was thrown upon the principal figure of all, at the top of the great division of the cave. As soon as this effect was perceived, all other work was suspended, and every one flocked round the commander of the party while he drew forth his scroll, and, without any flourish of trumpets, proceeded nearly as follows:

"The figure that faces the principal entrance is the most remarkable in this excavation, and has given rise to numberless conjectures and theories. It is a gigantic bust, representing some three-headed being, or three heads of some being, to whom the temple may be supposed to be dedicated. Dr. William Hunter, in the *Archæologia*, vol. vii. p. 292, describes this bust as having four heads, one being hid behind. It is to be observed, however, that no traces of the fourth head appear, it being left entirely to the imagination to supply it, as well as the fifth on the top, if the bust be Shiva's. Some writers have imagined that it is what they called the Hindu Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, and very strange historical conclusions have been drawn from this hypothesis. The Hindu Trimurti, or Trinity, as it has been called, does not occupy a very remarkable place in the theology of the Brahmins. The word Trimurti means three-form.

"The three-headed figure at Elephanta represents the deity only down to the breast, or a third-length. One head faces the spectator, another looks to the right, and a third to the left; the fourth may be imagined to be concealed behind. It will give some idea of its bulk to mention, that from the top of the cap of the middle figure to the bottom of the image is seventeen feet ten inches, while the horizontal curved line, embracing the three heads at the height of the eyes and touching the eyes, is twenty-two feet nine inches. All these figures, it may be mentioned, are carved out of the solid rock, which is a coarse-grained dark-gray basaltic formation, called by the geologists trachyte."

When the describer had written so far, he paused, and asked our opinion; upon which there was a general demand upon him to insert something by which his future readers might be informed who, as well as what, this extraordinary figure was?—which of the various Hindoo gods it was intended to represent? Thus prompted, he went on again.

"All the Hindu deities have particular symbols by which they may be distinguished; much as the family of an European may be discovered by its armorial bearings. Unfortunately, many of the figures of Elephanta are too much mutilated to allow us to resort with certainty to this criterion for distinguishing them; and this is particularly the case with the principal figure. The face which looks to the east, or right hand (the spectator's left), is evidently Shiva or Mahadeo, whose principal face, by the rules laid down for fixing images in Hindu temples, must always face the east, while Yoni generally turns to the north. In his hand he holds the cobra di capella, which twists itself round his arm, and rears its head so as to look him in the face. His countenance seems to bear the marks of habitual passion."

While our accomplished antiquary was writing, the rest of the pic-nickers were scrambling about the heads like school boys on a haystack, till once more called upon to listen. The above lines (now quoted, as I may mention once for all, from the Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society,) were read, and agreed to, except

some remarks towards the end. One of the company, whose name will appear by and by, and who was perched on the top of a ladder resting on the tip of Shiva's handsome Roman nose, called out that these last words were a scandalous libel on the worthy god, whose expression was eminently placid, evincing any thing but habitual passion.

"Well," said the narrator, "what do you make of that swelling between the eye-brows? Surely that indicates the corrugator muscle in action, or, in other words, shows that your friend Mr. Shiva is in a rage."

"I admit no such thing," said the objector, who from his garb appeared to be nautical, "I see no wrinkling of the brow: after a long examination, I cannot help thinking that the protuberance on this brow is intended for the third eye of the god: it is entirely raised above the general surface of the brow without any indurture, such as that which occurs on the wrinkled forehead of passion. The whole skin of this figure's brow is smooth except this oval protuberance, which nowise resembles that of Bhryava, as you called the figure we were examining yesterday in the northeast compartment north of the Lingam, where the brow is marked by deep furrows highly expressive of passion."

Upon this objection being started, the whole expedition assembled as near the disputed point as possible; a temporary scaffold was rigged up for the ladies on a level with Shiva's eyes; and no Lilliputians ever investigated the countenance of honest Gulliver with more interest than we did that of the no less wonderful Trimurti. A couple of additional mirrors were put in requisition to fling a strong light into the cave, and a fresh supply of candles ordered up from the tents. The more the parties examined the matter, the less they were agreed; and the controversy began at last to assume that positive and rather warmish character which so often belongs to enquiries in which the data are few and obscure. It is then we find the imaginative or guessing process most vivid exactly in proportion as the reasoning or matter-of-fact process becomes dull. The interest, also, which people take in any such discussions is generally inversely as its importance; and the hope of agreement becomes less and less as the enquiry proceeds. In all probability such might have been the result of this battle in the cave touching poor Shiva's third eye, had not one of our periodical absentees arrived just at that moment. He wiped his spectacles, held a candle to the image, and declared that, until the dirt was washed away, we might go on disputing till doomsday without getting nearer the mark.

Before those eager combatants, "the eyes" and the "no eyes," had recovered from the oily pause cast upon the troubled waves of the controversy by this dictum, our head-servant came forward to announce the ever-welcome fact that dinner was on the table! The communication was received with a cheer that made the bats fly out of their holes in dismay.

It is, perhaps, needless to observe, that on each succeeding day the wine appeared to become more racy, the water cooler, the coffee more fragrant, the tea more refreshing, and, above all, the conversation more animated, gossipy, and instructive. I ought to have mentioned before, that although, unfortunately, there were no singers of the party, one gentleman played beautifully on the violoncello; the effect of which, in the solemn stillness of the cave, was singularly pleasing. We had also a great store of books; and happening to have some good readers, (a rare catch,) our evenings slipped away so merrily amongst the olden gods and goddesses of the eastern world, that we often sighed to think how soon we must return to the ordinary business of modern life.

I lay awake half the night of the controversy about Shiva's eye, thinking how we could best settle this great question; and at last bethought me of a scheme, which with the earliest dawn I put in practice. When my coxswain came in the morning for orders, I sent him back to the Theban, a frigate of which I had then the acting command, and bade him return as speedily as possible with the ship's fire-engine. Accordingly, before breakfast was well over, we had the hose led along and the pump in full action. The deluge which was now poured over the celebrated Trimurti, must have enchanted the thirsty shades of the "water-loving Mahadeo." The Hindoos, assembled to see what was going on, were astonished and delighted, and so, in fact, were, we to discover how clear, sharp, and beautiful the sculptures stood out, after being played upon for a couple of hours, and well scrubbed with hard brushes in every corner. This service certainly had not been performed upon them for three centuries at the least, and possibly not for a thousand years.

At the next sitting of our grand committee on Shiva's

well-washed countenance, the following notes were made by Mr. Erskine. "The face looking east has a fine Roman nose, and its brow is swollen, and protruded between the eyes. This was at first regarded as only the swelling protuberance between and above the eyelids, which is remarked by physiognomists to be indicative of passion; but having been led to more careful examination of it by Captain Basil Hall, to whose unwearied curiosity the present account owes much of the accuracy that it may possess; and, from comparing it with similar protuberances on the brow of other figures in the cave, I have little doubt that it represents the third eye of Shiva, from which flame is supposed to issue, and fire by which the world is finally to be destroyed. As Shiva had five heads, though he had only one such eye, it is represented on his principal head alone, which, of course, is that looking eastward." (As the centre head faces the north, this observation refers to that which is turned to the right hand, or is looking towards the spectator's left.) "He has mustachios," adds the writer, "on his upper lip; and he and one other figure in the eastern wing are the only figures in the cave that have them. At the corner of each of his lips a tusk projects over the under lip. The lower lip of all the figures at Elephanta seems thickish, and more African than Asiatic. His tongue is thrust out between his lips; his eyebrows are not regularly arched, rather irregularly twisted, and depressed on each side towards the nose, as in those of a person habitually passionate."

So far the historian; but it would seem, from the printed account in the Bombay Transactions, that the party were not yet unanimous; for in a note, or protest, which I gave to Mr. Erskine for publication along with his account, the following words occur:

"This head seems to be speaking to the snake; and I would rather say that the tongue is protruded in doing so, than that it is indicative of anger; nor can I quite agree to the account of the eyebrows. They are certainly not arched; but the deviation is not much, nor does it convey to me any idea of agitation, but rather of mirth, as if he were singing to the snake, and gratified to see its pleasure. The dimples at the corner of the mouth, too, strike me as resembling the approach to a smile much more than the distortion of habitual passion; and the corners of the mouth are, if any thing, turned upwards. The mustachios, also, lend their aid in giving a fiercer look to Shiva than I can allow is intended by the sculptor."

Thus it will be perceived that travellers, as well as doctors, can differ, even when the subject of examination is under their eye. In what follows relating to this beautiful head we were all quite agreed; and I add these few lines, more to complete the account, than from any particular interest they contain. Indeed, I question much if it be possible without numerous drawings to engage the attention egregiously or usefully towards any class of Hindoo antiquities. There are, indeed, some other specimens of ancient Indian sculpture which may form an exception, particularly an immense statue of solid granite, upwards of sixty feet high, in the centre of southern India, which I visited on crossing the peninsula.

Mr. Erskine concluded his account of the eastern head of the Trimurti in Elephanta, in these words:

"His cap is richly adorned with variegated figures, branches, and flowers; among others may be distinguished a skull, or death's head; a serpent, with various folds and branches of the bilva-tree, the leaves of which issue three from a point, like the trefoil; and nirgundi, a sort of shrub, which are symbols that belong peculiarly to Shiva; a few curls run along below his cap. Behind his cap the stone is excavated into two narrow parallel slips, (not seen in the drawing,) the one higher than the other, in which two persons might lie stretched at length, without being observed from below; but there are no steps up to them."

The description given in the Bombay Transactions of the two other heads is equally minute, graphic, and strictly accurate; and nobody should visit the cave without that account to guide them. At this distance from the spot, however, those details, so peculiarly interesting when present, are apt to become tiresome.

This magnificent triad lies in a recess cut in the rock to the depth of thirteen feet, including the thickness of the door-way screen, or wall, which is about two feet and a half. The basement is raised about two feet nine inches from the ground. In the corners of the threshold are two holes, as if door-posts had been inserted in them; and in the floor is a groove, as if for receiving a screen, which may have been occasionally let down to conceal the group.

The occurrence of a triple head of such magnitude,

and of such skill and beauty in the workmanship, in a spot so much within the range of observation, has naturally led travellers into various speculations as to its origin and the object of its sculptors. On this subject, the following remarks of Mr. Erskine are possessed of considerable interest, not only with reference to this particular section of the Elephanta cave, but as they relate to a curious branch of the fantastic mythology of the Hindoos.

"Such, then, is the remarkable figure that occupies the most conspicuous place in the temple, and which of late has generally been regarded as the Hindoo Trinity: but it appears that, if our opinions be guided by a general examination of this figure compared with the others in the excavation, and with the apparent design of the cave, little doubt will be left that the whole excavation is a temple dedicated to Shiva alone, who is also singly represented by the three-headed bust. The impression made on Christians, however, by the view of this triple figure, has had more influence than any regard to genuine Hindoo doctrines, or to the legends in the sacred books of the Brahmans, in fixing the opinions most prevalent on the subject of this mysterious bust. To account for the appearance of a many-headed monster in a mythology like that of the Hindoos, which swarms with gods of every description, it does not seem necessary to resort to the doctrine of the Trinity, which cannot be correctly said to have a place in the theology of the Hindoos."*

CHAPTER XVIII.

MYTHOLOGY OF ELEPHANTA.

For several days after commencing our researches in the cave at Elephanta, we found ample stores of interest in looking at the different sculptures on the rock, in making measurements of the figures, and in sketching those objects which appeared most curious. After a time we began to feel a still higher description of curiosity, as we gradually became acquainted with the different groups, and recognised over and over again the same features or attributes in the principal personages represented. We then naturally desired to be made better acquainted with the intentions of the persons whose piety, superatition, or political policy, had devised this astonishing excavation. And we expected to derive more and more pleasure from contemplating the result, when the purpose which the artists aimed at was told to us. A general call, therefore, was again made upon our accomplished and highly-informed companion, Mr. Erskine, that he should enlighten our European darkness, and instruct us from time to time in the history of the gods, goddesses, bulls, elephant-headed monsters, and other fantastic idols before us. We alleged that we should draw and measure them more correctly, and perform the office of assistants to him as chronicler-general of the pic-nic with more spirit, if he would permit us to have some slight knowledge of what we were about.

"But then," he observed, "is it not proverbial even here on the spot, that Indian topics are a bore, and that Hindoo antiquities, mythology, and languages, are the supremest bores of all? unless, indeed," added he, "such a master-hand as that of Southey thinks fit to touch the subject with his inspiration, and to give to the world at large, in such a poem as the Curse of Kehama, a considerable portion of that pleasure which had been confined before to a few orientalists."

"Pray," said one of the company, "has Mr. Southey ever been in India?"

"There was a pause of at least a minute; at the end of which a gentleman, who had just been reading the poem alluded to, declared that the author could not have been in the East, otherwise he never would have made one of his characters lie down to sleep

"Beneath a cocoa's feathery shade."

"Why not?" was asked by two or three voices.

"Because," said the objector, "a cocoa nut tree affords no shade, or hardly any, and no native would ever think of such shelter from the sun; the image is purely European."

"Nevertheless," said a traveller of the party, a man of taste and observation, and long resident in the tropical districts of India where the cocoa-nut flourishes best, "it must be owned that, even if the poet have adopted an image from European customs, his description, as far as expression goes, is most admirably true to the scenery of this country; for no words can give a more perfect idea of the sort of shadow which is cast by the feathery top-

knot of the cocoa-nut tree, than those which Southey has used."

A pretty brisk discussion now took place as to sundry other points in the Curse of Kehama, which ended, as such things generally do, by leaving each party where he had begun. Indeed, the hard hits of an argument are often like those of a hammer on a nail, which either drive it farther in, or, if that be impossible, flatten out the head into what is both technically and figuratively called a rivet. At all events, when we came to "divide," which we did in imitation of our betters, the numbers of those who said Southey could not have been in India were exactly equal to those who declared it to be impossible that any man who had never visited those regions, could have described them with so much accuracy both of colouring and mere outline, or with such wonderful truth of oriental feeling. There the matter rested for some ten years at least, when I had accidentally the pleasure to find myself, in London, sitting at dinner alongside the poet himself. I told him of our battle in the cave, which, considering the ground on which it was fought, and the qualifications of the critics, he knew well how to appreciate. He smiled, but made no comment; while the expression of his countenance was such as one might fancy De Foe's to have been, had any wiseacre begged to ask if ever he had visited the island of Juan Fernandez.

This episode about the Curse of Kehama was of some use to us, by recalling scenes and circumstances in the mythology of the Hindoos, which, but for the immortal verse to which they are so happily married, might have escaped our memories altogether. As, however, the knowledge derived from the poem, to which we often referred, was no more of the kind we wanted respecting the caves, than that which Shakspeare and the Waverley Novels give to the minute enquirer into the constitutional history of England, we joined unanimously in a petition to our master in these matters, to give us, in a few popular words, some idea of the religions which had prevailed in this quarter of the East. Thus urged our friend agreed to try his hand at making the subject a little less dry than usual; and while we closed round him, one fine cool evening, he gave us a sketch of what we required in order to a fuller comprehension of the ancient sculptures by which we were surrounded. The position chosen for this interesting lecture, to use Mr. Erskine's words, "was near the entrance of the temple, where the spacious front is supported by two massy pillars and two pilasters, forming three openings, under a steep rock thickly overhung by brushwood and wild shrubs. The long ranges of columns that appear closing in perspective on every side; the flat roof of solid rock, that seems to be prevented from falling only by the massy pillars, whose capitals are pressed down and flattened as if by the superincumbent weight; the darkness that obscures the interior of the temple, which is dimly lighted only by the entrances, and the gloomy appearance of the gigantic stone figures ranged along the wall, and hewn, like the whole temple, out of the living rock, joined to the strange uncertainty that hangs over the history of the place, carry the mind back to distant periods, and impress it with that kind of uncertain religious awe with which the grander works of ages of darkness are generally contemplated."

Were the account not quite so long, I should feel much tempted to quote the whole of the luminous summary which Mr. Erskine gave us of the rise and progress of the three great religious sects of India, the Brahminical, the Bouddhist, and the Jainas. Those, however, who have any further curiosity on these subjects, will find them admirably treated in the Bombay Transactions, vol. i.

Many of the positions advanced were so entirely new to most of us, and also so different from the crude and ill-digested notions of those of our party who had attended to the subject in a superficial manner, that much animated discussion arose amongst us. In no great space of time, the company in the cave talked themselves into a famous mess of confusion, when they were very glad to appeal once more to the only man of the party who had really considered the points in discussion between us, which related chiefly to the numbers and qualities of the inferior-powers in the crowded theological list of the Hindoos. Our friend was now, therefore, called upon to instruct us in the circumstances which had degraded a theology, originally so pure as to possess, we were told, but one deity, into such a multitudinous creed.

He first stated the fact, and then showed us how it applied in practice amongst the Hindoos. "Besides the three great gods," said he, "Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva, there are, it appears, a large crowd of minor deities. The wind, the sea, the elements, have all their gods; the sun, moon and stars also; every river and fountain is either a

deity, or has a deity to preside over it; so that nothing is done but by or through a god. The greater deities have, besides, a numerous class of dependants and servants; and human passions being once bestowed on the gods, heaven, as well as the earth, has its physician, its poet, and its dancing girls. In this great crowd of deities there is no man however capricious or humble, that may not find some divinity, or portion of the divinity, suited to his humour, or self-humiliation. If a person find some difficulty in approaching Ram, that god's monkey-servant, Hanuman, may, however, claim his worship. A little red paint thrown on a stone, or on the stump of a tree, converts it into a Hindoo god, and all the lower classes who pass fall down and worship."

"But pray," some one asked, "do the natives really believe these stocks and stones to be gods, actually grided with intelligence and higher powers than themselves? For instance, if we had questioned any one of the multitude whom we saw the other day throwing cocoa-nuts into the sea, as to the number and attributes of the gods before whom he was prostrating himself on the beach, what would have been his answer?"

"I am glad you interrupted me to ask this question," said our good-natured preceptor; "for it deserves particular notice, that even in this apparent degradation of the human intellect, if you ask one of the lowest of these unfortunate beings how many gods there are? he will immediately answer, 'one God only.' And, I think, you will discover, that although they pay religious adoration to stocks and stones, from some superstitious belief that a portion of divinity resides in them, they never confound these subordinate objects of worship with the one great God, the supposed creator and preserver of the universe, but whom they consider as too mighty for them to venture to approach. When the Brahmans, therefore, are taxed with idolatry, they always excuse themselves by alleging the necessity of making an impression on rude minds by means of some intelligible symbols, on which the ignorant may rest their thoughts, and to which they may look for reward or punishment."

"In the Brahminical religion, as there were many incarnations, so the gods are supposed to have appeared with several heads, with the heads of animals, with a number of hands, and other singularities; and consequently, their images, in such temples as this in which we are now sitting at our tea and toast, correctly represent all these peculiarities, as I have already, in some degree, pointed out to you in the different compartments of Elephanta, and we can do more particularly to-morrow, if you please. But the religion of the Bouddhists differs very greatly from that just described. Amongst the Brahmans, God is introduced every where—by the Bouddhists no where. The deities of the Brahmans pervade and animate nature—but the god of the Bouddhists, like that of the Epicureans, remains in repose, quite unconcerned about human affairs, and therefore is not the object of worship. With them there is no intelligent divine being who judges of human actions as good or bad, and rewards or punishes them as such. This, indeed, is practically the same as having no god at all. Good and ill, according to their creed, are, however, supposed to spring invariably from virtue and vice, there being, as they believe, an inseparable and necessary connection between virtue and prosperity, vice and misfortune. Yet, as the mind of man must have some object of confidence on which to rest its hopes, and to which to direct its supplication and prayer, the Bouddhists teach, that from time to time men of surpassing piety and self-denial have appeared on earth, and from their singular worth have, after death, been transferred to a state of superior bliss; which state, however, they say, we can only intimate by describing it as an absence of all pain, as we can only define health by an absence of all disease. These saints, or prophets, after reforming the world in their life-time, and by their superior sanctity attaining the power of performing miracles, are still imagined, after death, to have certain powers of influencing us. It is these men, transferred by death to bliss, who are the object of Bouddhist worship. This worship assumes different forms in different countries, and is by some supposed to be more widely diffused than any other religion. It is also worthy of remark, that wherever this form of religion prevails in its original state, the relics of these holy men, or saints, are the objects of worship. The largest temples are often in the form of a pyramid, or the section of a globe, and are supposed to contain the tooth, or hair, or some other relic, of the saint.

"The forms of these holy places have been adopted from the custom prevalent in these countries of depositing the ashes of the deceased under a pyramid, or under a globular mound. The pyramids are often of great

* Bombay Transactions, vol. i.

size, and on their summits are umbrellas, which are frequently adorned with bells; and sometimes this pyramid is gilded over. Other temples, of nearly similar construction, but hollow within, contain images to which adoration is directed. The images of these saints have different attitudes, sometimes sitting cross-legged in a meditative posture, sometimes standing upright. As all the ideas of the Bouddhists relate to men, and as no incarnations, or transformations, of superior beings are recorded, it is obvious, that in their temples we can expect to find no unnatural images, no figures compounded of man and beast, nor monsters with many hands or many heads, as we see here. As the priests and scholars of the Bouddhists live in a sort of collegiate establishment near some great temple, we always find a multitude of cells around the excavation in their temples."

I had afterwards various opportunities of verifying these remarks about the Bouddhist form of religion, in many other parts of India, in Ceylon, and lastly in China. At Canton, Lord Amherst and his suite, on their return from Peking, were lodged in a very extensive temple dedicated to the worship of Bouddha. It was singularly interesting to observe, that the ceremonial duties of this establishment were performed by a multitude of barefooted and shaven-crowned priests, dressed in yellow robes, and looking marvellously like some of the religious orders of Roman Catholics whom we see in Italy. These persons were lodged in cells built round the court of the great temple, pagoda, or joss-house, as the English indiscriminately call the religious edifices of the eastern world. Many of these worthies were made to turn out for the accommodation of the strangers, in a manner which, though it shocked our delicacy not a little, appeared to produce no such effect on the lay part of the Chinese population, who shoved their poor priests about in a very unceremonious style.

I remember once conversing on this subject with a Chinese, an intelligent Hong merchant, who spoke English perfectly; but I could not make him understand our feelings of respect to the ministers of any religion.

"What have we to do with that sort of business?" he asked; "the Chinese government provides and pays for a certain number of priests, who perform a certain number of ceremonies, chant so many prayers, and, in short, take charge of the whole religion of the country, leaving us merchants, and all other persons, to attend exclusively to our own business, without having any thing to do with the matter."

In corroboration of this strange indifference amongst the Chinese, it may be stated, that in the letters of the early Jesuits the most bitter complaints are found of the difficulties they encountered, not so much in converting the Chinese from a false doctrine to the true faith, as in getting the slippery minds of their Neophytes to hold fast any ideas upon such subjects at all.

It will easily be supposed, that one of the points upon which we felt the greatest curiosity during our visit to Elephanta, was the age of these caves. I cannot say that we came to any safe conclusion on this branch of the subject.

"Nothing presents itself in these caves," observed our antiquary, "which can lead to a satisfactory solution of the important and curious question, In what age, or by what dynasty, was this vast temple completed? One fact is worthy of notice, that a greater number of magnificent cave-temples present themselves on this part of the western coast of the peninsula of India, than are to be met with any where else in Hindoostan. The caves of Elephanta, those of Kanara, Amboli, and some others on the island of Salsette; the fine cave of Carli, on the road to Poona by the Bor Ghaut, the still more extensive and magnificent ranges at Ellora, not to mention several smaller cave-temples in the Kohan and near the Adjunta Pass, are all on Mahratta ground, and seem to show the existence of some great and powerful dynasty, which must have reigned many years to complete works of such labour and extent. The existence of temples of opposite characters, and of different and hostile religions, only a few miles from each other, and, in some instances, even united in the same range, is a singular fact, which well deserves to excite the attention and exercise the industry of the Indian antiquary. Thus, within no great distance from Bombay we have the caves of Kanara on the island of Salsette, and those of Carli on the mainland, both evidently belonging to the Bouddhists; while those of Amboli, also on Salsette, and of Elephanta on the adjacent island, belong to the Brahmans; and the wonderful caves of Ellora possess excavations of both classes."

After listening to these explanations, we returned the next day with fresh vigour to an actual examination of the strange abode in which we were living, respecting the dimensions of which a very few observations will suffice.

The great temple was found, by careful measurements, to be about one hundred and thirty feet deep, measuring from the chief entrance to the further end of the cave; and one hundred and thirty-three feet broad, from the eastern to the western entrance. It then rested (1813) on twenty-six pillars, of which eight were broken at that time; and on the sides were carved sixteen pilasters. As neither the floor nor the roof is in one plane, the height of the cave is found to vary from seventeen feet and a half to fifteen feet. The plan of the temple is regular, there being eight pillars and pilasters in a line from the northern to the southern entrance, and the same number from the eastern to the western entrance. It is interesting to observe, however, that the whole frame and form of the excavation, which to the eye appears regular, when critically examined and measured, is found in an uncommon degree faulty. The pillars in the different ranges deviate from the straight line, some advancing and some receding beyond the proper places. Many of them stand with a certain degree of obliquity; few are exactly of the same dimensions; and the different sides of the same pillar are rarely similar to each other. Even the whole temple itself, which to the eye presents the appearance of regularity, has no two sides of the same magnitude. The left side of the cave is one hundred and thirty-three feet eight inches in length; while the right side is only one hundred and twenty-eight feet four inches. Varieties of this kind are observable in every other part. Some of the pillars are situated from each other at the distance of only twelve feet ten inches, others are separated to sixteen feet four inches and a half, some at fifteen feet, and so on. The size of the pillars is not less various; and as their inequality extends to every part of the temple, great and small, it has given rise to the idea that it was intentional; in support of which view it has been alleged, that the Hindoos never make the sides of a tank, or reservoir, perfectly equal. But although this may be true, it only shows their want of skill and correct taste. Yet, in a work hewn and carved out of rock, with such prodigious labour and expense as the Elephanta temple, such defects appear astonishing.

We are apt to suppose, though perhaps from habit alone, that there is a natural or instinctive feeling of order in our minds which suggests to us to make the opposite sides of a room, for example, parallel and equal. But I remember to have often remarked circumstances in India which would seem to prove, that the natives possess but little of the bump of order on their skulls. I once watched a set of palankeen bearers who were sorely perplexed when ordered to spread a carpet. The apartment happened to be considerably larger than the carpet; but, for their lives, the poor fellows could not determine how to put it down. First they got it over on one side, then they pulled it till it touched the end of the room. In both these cases the unequal proportions of the uncovered spaces struck their senses, but afforded them apparently no clue to the remedy. They next dragged the carpet into one corner, and stood looking at it, muttering and chattering to one another, like so many puzzled monkeys, for five minutes. At length, after sundry other trials, and many pauses, they finally arranged it, in the greatest perplexity, in what is called diamond fashion, with the corners of the carpet touching the middle part of the wall, instead of being pointed towards the angles of the room, so that the sides were as far from parallelism as could possibly be. They now looked at one another, laughed, and, with the most satisfactory chuckle in the world, left the room under the conviction of having performed the service upon which they were sent in the most perfect style.

After we had worked for nearly a whole day at the curious avatar of Shiva, a grand hunt was ordered after traces of Bouddhist images. As the detestation of the Brahmans towards poor Bouddh, is nearly as deep-rooted as the hatred which exists between those European sects which differ from one another merely by slight shades of doctrine, the existence of an image of this rival deity in a temple dedicated to Shiva, would be about as great an abomination as an organ, or a painting, in a presbyterian kirk.

After much examination, we discovered only two figures that could by possibility be representatives of this hostile god; one of which we discovered in the western wing of the cave, the other in the first compartment on the left of the grand entrance. This spot we generally

made use of as a sort of pantry, in which stood cold chickens, biscuits, and wine, all day long to refresh the spirits of the party. I can still see "reflected to memory's eye" two goglets of the most deliciously cool water that ever gladdened the parched palate of a traveller, filled from a little spring which dribbled over the brow of the rock, just to the eastward of the cave, after stealing out like a snake from amongst the broad-leaved brushwood fringing the edge of the cliff. As the cave faces the north, and the sun at its greatest height shines obliquely over the precipice, it leaves all that side of the hill cool and agreeable, when the rest of the island is parched up and withered. We always took care, however, to have our goglets suspended in the shade, and in the draught. These capital contrivances are earthenware vessels, of a red colour, only half baked, and so porous, that, although the water does not actually trickle from them, it forms a coating outside like dew, and sometimes runs into drops. This being evaporated by the current of hot dry air sweeping past, a degree of cold is produced, the value of which only those who have visited such regions of the sun can have learned fully to appreciate. Of course, when the more serious affairs of champagne and claret came into requisition, we summoned our regular wine cooler, or abdar, who, by some strange chemical hocus pocus connected with dissolving nitre, in which he twisted about the bottles for a few minutes, placed before us, as one of our party exultingly expressed it, "a nectar fit for the jolliest of these gods themselves, should they have returned to life and reclaimed their cave." I cannot answer for this; but I am sure that nothing short of the "last pang shall tear from my heart" the recollection of the intense enjoyment of those half dreamy, half waking, but perfectly enchanting two or three hours towards the close of every day in the Elephanta cave; when the ladies and children had sauntered off to their tent, or climbed the hill to take a look at the ghauts of the Mahratta country, or to see the sun set between them and Arabia—while we luxurious lords of the creation who remained behind flung our feet on the table, or rested them against some angle of the excavation—thrust our hookah pipes or our cigars into our mouths, swung back on our chairs, and asked and thought of no higher heaven upon earth.

Exactly abreast of the spot where these temperate revels were carried on, sat a figure in stone, with whose countenance and attitude we soon became wonderfully familiar. Many a merry bumper we tossed off to a better understanding of his mysterious history; for, to all appearance, the rogue (being a Bouddhist) had no more business in the Elephanta cave than we Topcewallas, or hat-wearing heretics of the west. This worthy personage, unlike his brother gods and goddesses farther within-doors, boasted of only two arms; a shabby allowance, in a company where any figure pretending to the rank of a gentleman had six at least. Unfortunately, both of our friend's arms were broken off; perhaps by some of the shot fired by a Portuguese fidalgo, who, Captain Pyke informs us, amused himself in the cave with a great gun. A monkey in a china shop has some shadow of sense and purpose in cracking the crockery; but the Portuguese nobleman, blazing away at the sculptures of an ancient temple, must be allowed to beat Jacko hollow.

There are still left some indications, however, to show that the hands of this figure rested on his lap. He is sitting (or was sitting, when we left him) on the Padmasan, or lotus seat, the stalk of which is supported by two persons below, very much as occurs in the caves of Kanara or Salsette, which are undoubtedly Bouddhist temples. This statue is certainly by far the most puzzling figure in all Elephanta; for we know of no instance in which Shiva is so represented: and yet, if this really be Bouddh, how the deuce comes he into a Brahminical cave? In the present orthodox Hindoo mythology, at least, it is well known that Bouddh, in so far as he is admitted at all, is considered as an avatar of Vishnu, incarnated for the purpose of leading mankind into error. He is, therefore, rarely represented at all, and never worshipped in that form. One can understand this easily enough; and yet the sly authorities who devised the great work at Elephanta appear to have thought it but safe to commence by propitiating so important a personage, for the compartment in which this image of the Father of Evil (if such he be) is sculptured, must have been one of the earliest excavated.

I have taken pains to verify the references from the *Archæologia*, vol. vii., by examining Captain Pyke's original journal, which is still preserved at the India House. This gentleman, who was afterwards governor of St. Helena, visited the Elephanta cave in 1712; and his ac

count, given in the log-book of the ship Stringer, is not a little curious. It is written in a quaint, but graphic style, and is illustrated by several drawings of no great merit, either as to execution or fidelity of outline. The old boy, indeed, seems to have been rather ashamed of himself for bestowing so much trouble on such a subject, for he winds up his description with these words: "Thus I have given an account how busily I spent 2 days with an Industry about Trifles, w^h if I had Rightly applied to y^e Art of Getting of Money, would a' tended to a better Purpose."

It was curious to observe how differently we viewed the temple on different days, and how completely the objects of our curiosity changed as we became more and more acquainted with their history, and with the relations which linked them in one grand series. Fortunately, too, our party consisted of such a variety of persons, that some new thought was perpetually starting up, which being speedily seized upon, was generally turned to good account. I think it was not until we had been poking about the cave for nearly a week that any particular curiosity was expressed as to the intention which the contrivers of it had in view in making this enormous excavation. At length some one plucked up courage enough to avow his utter want of acquaintance with the uses which the Hindoos make of their temples or pagodas; and it was sufficiently apparent, by the looks of the rest, that the majority of our number were in as blessed a state of ignorance as the bold spokesman. All eyes were turned towards our Mentor, who, had he not been the most good-natured of mortals, must have been ferreted to death by our enquiries.

"I suppose," said he, "you are aware that the use made of temples by the ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as by the modern Hindoos, is materially different from that required of them by Christian nations?"

"I tell you," replied the information-hunter, "that I know nothing at all about the matter."

"Nor I—nor I," cried various other members of the cave.

"Well, well," exclaimed the obliging Oriental scholar, laughing, "I must tell you, then, that a Hindoo goes alone to the pagoda, as an ancient Roman would have done, offers his solitary prayers before his idol, prostrates himself in its presence, and then leaves his offering. He attempts in this way to bribe his god to prosper him in his trade, whether that be merchandise, war, or theft. There is no stated regular time of teaching amongst the Hindoos—no public prayers said by a priest in the name of a mixed congregation—no gathering of the people to go through a solemn service. Their great festivals are like our fairs. Each man proceeds to his own temple, makes his offering at the feet of the idol, then walks out again and purchases sweetmeats. All teaching or reading of the sacred books is in private houses; or if abroad, merely in the courts of the temple, never within the consecrated edifice. The verandahs or porticoes round about are used just as any others equally convenient would be. This use, to which the courts of the temple are applied, will throw light on many passages of the history and sacred volumes of the Jews. It is evident that the religious edifices of nations whose worship is so conducted need not be large like our churches, since it is not required that they should contain a multitude. In all very ancient temples, however magnificent, the part in which the Deity is supposed to dwell is small, and surrounded by numerous buildings in which the priests and servants of the temple reside. This seems to have been the plan of the first temple at Jerusalem, and it certainly was that of the older Grecian temples, as we may observe from the Ion of Euripides; and it is at this day that presented by the temple at Mecca. With the Hindoos the great object of worship is not constantly exposed to view, nor is it placed in the larger outer building, or excavation, but always in some inner, small, and dark apartment, usually having only one door, and requiring to have lights burning before it, in order to its being seen, and facing the door, so as to be visible from the further side of an intervening saloon."

I regret that I have not left myself space to introduce several other extremely curious speculations respecting the religious opinions and observances of the Hindoos with which Mr. Erskine favoured us. After all, however, I am not sure if there was not fully as much interest in viewing these curious remains of ancient Hindoo sculptures with reference to modern customs, as there was in tracing their origin and connection with the older theology of the East. We could easily detect resemblances in domestic habits, and particularly in dress, between those which appear to have existed at the time the excavation was made, and those now seen in the

bazaars of India. It seems of consequence to mention this fact, because some writers have stated the contrary; and if their reports were correct, it would imply a change in the manners of the Hindoos, quite contrary to observation in other matters. The fact is, there is not a single piece of dress on any figure in the whole cave, except the fancy cap on some of their heads, which is not at this day currently met with in India. The *shela*, or long web of thin cloth folded round the loins, is that in general use all over Hindoostan and the Deccan. The same may be said of the jewels; they are precisely the heavy, tasteless ornaments which overload the necks, arms, ankles, and ears of the modern Hindoos. "If most of the figures are nearly naked, this," to borrow the words of our great cave oracle, "is owing to several reasons. Statuaries naturally dislike formal dresses, as an encumbrance to their art, since they often conceal, or deform, the most graceful contours of the human body, the expression of which is the great triumph of their art. In the next place, there are really very few pieces of genuine Hindoo dress. The Brahmin, for example, wears only the *dhoter*, or cloth which covers the lower part of the body, and the *angwaster* wrapped round the upper part. Indeed, until he is married he wears nothing but the *angwaster* and the *langoti*, or short cloth passing between the legs, and fastened before and behind to a string round the loins. The *Sanyasi* uses an *angwaster* dyed yellow with saffron, and called *chati*, and, of course, the *langoti*. The Gosavis and the Byragis wear the *langoti* alone. The only regular parts of a Hindoo woman's dress are, first, the *laguda*, a web of cloth from sixteen to twenty cubits in length, which, after being wound round the middle part of the body and the upper part of the legs, is thrown over the shoulders, and forms one of the most graceful coverings imaginable; and secondly, the *cholee*, a short jacket, with short sleeves, used rather to support than to conceal the breast. Most of the other articles of dress now worn in India have been introduced by the Mussulmen, such as the *angraka* and *dopate*, which cover the upper part of the body; the turban, also, and the *cholna*, or short drawers, have been introduced by the Mahomedan conquerors of Hindoostan."

"It should also be remembered," continues Mr. Erskine, "that when a Hindoo approaches his gods reverently, he purifies himself, and throws off all his dress except that part which covers his loins; and many of the figures in the cave are in the act of adoration. Finally, the principal figures in the cave of Elephanta are gods, who, in most nations, have been represented with little covering. None of the existing figures in this excavation are sculptured in a state of entire nudity, though, it is said, that some of those now broken more nearly approached to the state of nature, and were mutilated by the piety or wantonness of visitors. As for the circumstance of the figures being beardless, it is owing to their representing celestial beings who are supposed to enjoy eternal youth. The *munis* or celestial sages, however, are always represented in these sculptures with beards as aged men. Shiva, also, in Hindoo poems, as well as in paintings, has frequently a beard or mustachioes, such as we see in one of the heads of the great Triad."

It has been long a matter of dispute amongst travellers what is the degree of genius and taste which is displayed in the great temple of Elephanta, and in the sculptures, by which it is undoubtedly rendered one of the most extraordinary works of human exertion. Some writers speak in raptures both of the design and of the execution of the several compartments; and it cannot be denied that in some of them there is very considerable merit. On this point, and also on the general character of the cave as a work of art, our party were at first much divided in opinion; but as we became familiar with the details, and gave ourselves opportunities of judging of the general effect under different aspects, and under different shades of temperament in our own minds, we gradually settled into a pretty uniform estimate of the station in which this wonderful temple ought to be placed. Of course, if each of us had been called upon to write down his opinion on this delicate point, some differences, arising out of the variety of tastes amongst us, might have been started; and persons at a distance might become more confused than instructed by such a regiment of authorities.

The following statement, however, which was actually drawn up in the cave, gave such general satisfaction at the moment to the high contending parties on the spot, who possessed close at hand every possible advantage of checking its details, and of judging of its general correctness, that perhaps I cannot do better than

wind up with it the narrative of our joyous Elephanta picnic. Independently, indeed, of the local fidelity of Mr. Erskine's remarks, in their direct application to the cave in question, they will be found, perhaps, to throw some useful light on certain phases of the fine arts, by practical references to countries in very different states of civilisation, and subjected to totally different forms of government and manners.

"To me," says the writer, "it appears, that while the whole conception and plan of the temple is extremely grand and magnificent, and while the outline and disposition of the separate figures indicate great talent and ingenuity, the execution and finishing of the figures in general (though some of them prove the sculptor to have had great merit) fall below the original idea, and are often very defective, in no instances being possessed of striking excellence. The figures have something of rudeness and want of finish, the proportions are sometimes lost, the attitudes are forced, and every thing indicates the infancy of the art, though a vigorous infancy. The grouping appears to be still more defective than the execution of the separate figures: a number of little and almost dwarfish figures are buddled around one or two larger ones. Indeed, it deserves consideration whether the nature of the Hindoo mythology, which represents every thing by hieroglyphics, be not extremely unfavourable to the fine arts. Painting and sculpture owe their chief beauties to a successful representation of external objects, and to a happy development of the universal feelings and passions of human nature as expressed on the human frame. But, in the mythology of the Brahmins, such is the number of legends relating to each of the gods, and so much are their various qualities and properties depicted by conventional marks and symbols which determine the character and situation of each individual, much as a written mark would do, that the ingenuity of the artist is not required to indicate, by the fine touches of his art, what is done by a rougher and grosser way. The Egyptian sculpture seems never to have passed beyond this step; but the Greeks, by their fine genius, burst the shackles which they received from their masters, and their statues and other sculptures will be found most excellent where the general characters and passions of human nature swallow up the understood symbols of the individual represented, and when the painter, rather than the people, speaks. The use of symbols, therefore, seems to be taking a step backwards, and to be degrading that beautiful art, from exhibiting a representation of general nature intelligible to all mankind, to the exhibitions of a local and temporary character, intelligible only to those whose age and country have qualified them to peruse it. When this principle is carried to its whole length, it brings back the fine arts from giving representations of ideal nature, and strong and refined passions, to the mere vulgar office of copying external objects. By making them a provincial dialect, instead of an universal and eternal language, this practice has a tendency to strike genius out of the art. The general use of such symbols, accordingly, appears to me to be combined with other causes to blunt the sense of the Hindoos for the fine arts. They are delighted to recognise a deity by his *Vahana*, or by his many hands and numerous arms, but they appear to set little value on the accurate delineation of a passion, or the fine forms that start from beneath the chisel or the pencil. The passion being represented by its artificial, conventional symbol, the natural sign, or that which would render it true to universal nature, and consequently intelligible to all mankind, loses its value amongst the natives of India. The Hindoos are always children, and amused with baubles; even their groups representing living beings in pictures are generally like still life. If there are many figures in the piece, they are commonly seated, and the action is rarely represented, or if attempted, it is generally an obvious one, like that of a fight or a battle. The various figures, as may be remarked in this cave of Elephanta, are never made to concur by different actions towards one end, so as to preserve unity in the piece. While sculpture is in this state, and while the art of grouping and of telling a story is in this condition, it is not going too far to consider the art in its infancy."

It was a melancholy day, indeed, when we prepared to break up our quarters at Elephanta; for the painful impression dwelt heavily on our minds, that we should never all meet together again. We expected, it is true, still to fall in occasionally with one another—during a morning visit, at a dinner, or in a ball-room. But what poor and unsatisfactory substitutes, after all, are such

snatches of intercourse in public, to the deep delights of a well-managed, private, almost secret conclave, in such an out-of-the-way corner? There, and there alone, those who are most attached can stray together, unheeded by the rest, or sit together, or join in common pursuits day after day, not only without observation, but almost without their own consciousness of the growing intimacy between them, or of the gradual kindling of those flames destined, perhaps, to endure throughout life. Of all spots, indeed, that the queer little god of smiles and tears (who occupies a niche in every mythology) has selected for his avatars on earth, I should say the temple of Elephanta, with such a party, I was amongst the most favourable for the purposes of his worship!

With heavy hearts, then, we took a last view of the dear old cave, trudged slowly down the valley in silence, and, hardly deigning to say adieu to the crumbling elephant which has given its name to the island, we embarked in the bunder-boat prepared to receive us, and, just as the sun went down, relanded at Bombay.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SAILOR ON SHORE.

It is a far easier thing to get into a house in Ireland than to get out of it again; for there is an attractive and retentive witchery about the hospitality of the natives which has no match, as far as I have seen, anywhere else in the wide world. In other places the people are hospitable or kind to a stranger, as the case may be, or as the guest seems to want assistance: but in Ireland the affair is reduced to a sort of science, and a web of attentions is flung round the visitor before he well knows where he is. So that if he be not a very cold-blooded, or a very clear-sighted, or a very temperate man, it will cost him sundry headaches,—and mayhap some touches of the heartache—before he wins his way back again to his wonted tranquillity.

I had not a single acquaintance in Ireland when first I visited that most interesting of countries, of which few people in England know much—even though their imaginations have been so powerfully aided by the delicious pencil of Miss Edgeworth. Before leaving it, however, after about a year and a half's cruising off and on their coasts, I was on pretty intimate terms with one family at least for every dozen miles, from Downpatrick on the east, to the Bloody Foreland on the west, a range of more than a hundred and twenty miles.

The way in which this was brought about is sufficiently characteristic of the country. I had inherited a taste for geology; and as the north of Ireland affords a fine field for the exercise of the hammer, I soon made myself acquainted with the Giant's Causeway, and the other wonders of that singular district. While engaged in these pursuits, I fell in with an eminent medical practitioner resident in that part of the country—a gentleman well known to the scientific world as one of the best informed geologists and most accomplished philosophers of the day. What was more to my present purpose, he was still better known on the spot as the most benevolent and kindest of men. In no part of the globe have I made a more agreeable, or useful acquaintance. During a residence of a week under the roof of this delightful person, I observed that he frequently changed the conversation from literary, professional, or scientific topics, to urge me to make acquaintance with some friends of his, living also in the north of Ireland, but at the opposite angle. He was, in particular, desirous that I should see a family with whom he described himself as being very intimate, and who were then on a visit far in the west. I was nothing loth, as may be supposed; indeed, a young lieutenant is seldom burdened with many misgivings as to his reception anywhere!—(except within the precincts of the awful admiralty!)—and I, naturally, felt a vehement curiosity to see something more of the manners and customs of the country, of whose public proceedings, it is to be regretted, the world knows so much more than of their domestic life.

Besides these motives, I was influenced by the extreme earnestness of my worthy friend, who, indeed, would hardly let me stir from his house until I had promised to deliver, with my own hands, a letter of introduction to a lady residing in the part of the country above alluded to, and who, he assured me, would not only be most happy to see me herself, but also to introduce me to the family with whom she herself was then living as a guest. I thought it rather an odd arrangement, that a mere guest should introduce a stranger to another person's house: but I had already seen enough of the hearty hospitality of Ireland not to wonder at any

thing having a kind purpose in view. I therefore promised that, if at any time I could obtain leave of absence for a few days, the introductory letter should be delivered.

I did not discover, until long afterwards, the secret motive of my friend's anxiety that I should pay the visit in question, though at the time alluded to, I was quite coxcomb enough to suppose that it all arose from personal considerations. It mattered little to me, however, to what the kindness was due; and, my leave having expired, I set off to my ship, the *Endymion*, of which I was then second lieutenant, with a firm resolution to avail myself of the first opportunity of visiting the persons to whom my excellent friend the doctor had given me an introduction. I had been so frequently absent before, that I expected to be fixed on board for a long time to come, and was therefore agreeably disappointed to discover that my brother officer had formed so many pleasant acquaintances at Burncrana—a town on the banks of the magnificent Lough Swilly—that they were quite willing to remain on the spot, and to take upon their shoulders the extra duty which my renewed absence imposed upon them. I had only, therefore, to obtain the captain's permission for a fresh run. This was easily gained, for he was the most indulgent of mortals; and his only caution was,—“Now, mind—don't you be falling in love with any of these Irish girls. It will be quite time enough for that when you are a post captain.”

I promised to attend to his advice; and set out on this new, but rather wild expedition in the highest glee, wishing for no better sport than to try the firmness of my resolutions on this head, though it must be confessed, I was fully more inclined to follow the precept enjoined upon me by another friend, who, as if to better the captain's instruction, said,

“Do take care of what you are about, when you mix with those fair and fascinating witches, the Irish ladies, and never hold yourself as heart-ase unless you are in love with at least two of them at once!”

Off I went; but it is needless to state whether the course steered was to the east or to the west after leaving Londonderry, the chief city in that part of Ireland. Indeed, for my own part, I was almost indifferent in what direction the road lay! for the whole scene was so new and so full of interest and variety, and I had already met with so much attention in the country, that I felt a sort of certainty of finding much amusement and a welcome reception wherever I went. Meanwhile, the circumstance of having a letter of introduction in my pocket naturally determined my route; and having hired a good stout horse, I strapped my valise behind, and set out on a fine summer's evening, as deliberately in quest of adventures as any knight-errant that ever put lance in rest. Yet I was in no respect prepared to find myself so soon in what appeared very like a field of battle. I had not proceeded twenty miles before I came to a village surrounded by troops, and guarded, at the ends of its few streets, by cannon which appeared to be loaded, as lighted matches were smoking by their side. A considerable encampment was formed on a slightly rising ground near the village; and on the neighbouring ground, still farther off, might be seen large irregular groups of people, who, I learned, upon enquiry, were chiefly Orangemen, preparing for a good ceremonial procession on the 1st of July old style, or the 12th of July according to the present reckoning, the well-known anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. In order to resist this proceeding on the part of the Protestants, an immense multitude of the opposite, or Roman Catholic side of the question, were likewise assembled in this unquiet spot, and all the roads converging towards that quarter were lined with parties of men carrying sticks in their hands, flocking to the scene of expected action. The military had been called in to keep the peace; but the angry passions of the respective factions were so much roused, that even the precautions above described seemed hardly sufficient to prevent the threatened conflict.

The sight was painful in the highest degree; and I could not but recollect with what different sensations I had viewed the chivalry of France and England drawn up in hostile array on the heights of Corunna. There the contest was between two different nations, one fighting against, and the other in defence of, the liberties of the country in which they were engaged. But here the combatants were brethren in blood, kindred in spirit, and all possessed—as they believed—with a common object,—the good of their native country! As a matter of curiosity, and of the most stirring kind of interest, I could have no great objection to seeing another such battle as that which I had witnessed near Corunna between those long-established fighting-cocks the French and

English; but to look on while honest Pat and Tim were breaking one another's heads upon abstract political grounds, and English soldiery interposing with grape-shot and fixed bayonets to make them friends again, was what I had no mind for. I therefore tried to extricate myself forthwith from this unhappy struggle; but my horse being tired could not proceed; so I was forced to sleep in a village which, for aught I knew, might be sacked and burnt before morning.

Nothing occurred, however, to disturb the peace; but I felt far from easy till out of reach of this furious excitement; yet, strange to say, some quiet folks, a few miles distant, with whom I took breakfast, seemed scarcely to care or to know that the country round them was all on fire. From thence the course lay across a wild range of mountains, the names of which there was no one left to tell; but geographers may recognise their position by the circumstance of one of them having on its top a sheet of fresh water called Loch Salt. Nothing can be conceived more desolate or dreary than this part of the country; and as there were few inhabitants upon it at any time, and none at all at this moment, I had no small difficulty in making good my way. Neither was the prospect of the place I was bound to much more agreeable. “There can be little or no comfort,” thought I, “in a region so sterile: whatever art might attempt to counteract such desolation, must be unavailing.”

But on coming nearer to the noble bay, or lough, on the banks of which the country seat of my unknown friends was to be found, the aspect of things changed so suddenly, that if it had been done by magic it could scarcely have been rendered more surprising. A slight inequality in the ground served to conceal this “jewel in the desert,” as it was often called, till the whole of its rare beauties could be seen to the greatest advantage. Even without such a contrast as the wild moors afforded, the singular merits of this spot must have claimed the admiration of any one caring a straw for fine scenery; but after such a preparative they appeared doubly grateful to the senses; and I put spurs to my horse, anxious to come nearer to such a delicious scene.

The mansion of my future friend, of which only partial glimpses could be caught now and then, was well guarded on every side by fine old trees, rising from the surface of carefully dressed grounds, richly stocked flower-gardens, long and wide avenues, and graceful terraces, some of which reached to the very water's edge, along a delicate beach on which the ripple scarcely broke. This charming domain occupied a narrow spit of land, or promontory, jutting forwards into a land-locked bay, or arm of the sea, in which the water appeared to lie always asleep, and as smooth as if, instead of being a mere branch uniting with the stormy Atlantic, it had been some artificial lake, contrived by the tasteful hand of a good fairy, the touch of whose wand it might be thought had likewise embellished the shore, to keep every thing in character. Nothing, indeed, which the most fertile imagination could suggest, seemed to be wanting.

There was one extremely well-conceived device at this delightful spot, which I never remember to have seen anywhere else, though there must often occur in other places similar situations in which it might be imitated. Not far from the house, but quite hid under a thickly wooded cliff, overhanging a quiet bight or cove, about ten or fifteen yards across, lay a perfectly secluded pool, with a bottom of snow-white sand. It was deep in the middle, but shelved gradually to its margin, which rested on a narrow strip, or beach, of small round polished pebbles. This fringe, encircling the cove, was surmounted by a dry grassy bank, or natural terrace, reaching to the foot of the rock, the face of which was not merely perpendicular, but so much inclined, that the top more than plumb the edge of the basin. Along the sky line, there was drawn a fence or veil of briars, honeysuckles, and other impervious bushes, interspersed with myrtles, wild roses, and fox-glove, so thickly woven together, that all external view of this beau ideal of a bath was rendered impossible. The only access was by a narrow, steep, and winding path; and at the upper end was placed a high, locked gate, the key of which was in the exclusive charge of the ladies. I need say no more of the uses of this most enchanting of earthly grottoes, than that, if Diana and her nymphs had been as well provided, the catastrophes of *Actæon* could never have occurred.

Meanwhile, as I rode on, ignorant as yet of these and many other rich and rare beauties of this singular spot, and only admiring the general aspect of things, I began, for the first time, to reflect on the extreme awkwardness of my situation. I had no personal acquaintance with

any one of the large party here assembled; nor was there the least reason for supposing that any one of them had ever heard of the intruder, or that, when told who and what he was, they would be a whit more inclined to notice him.

Said I to myself, "I am merely the bearer of an introductory letter to a lady, who is herself no more than a guest in the house; and although it might have been allowable enough to have called to deliver such an introduction, had business or accident brought me to the neighbourhood, or even within a short ride, yet it does seem rather a strong measure to travel fifty or sixty miles across a wild and disturbed country merely to pay a morning call."

The provoking inference, therefore, that my intention was to make a visit of some duration, became inevitable; and I pictured to myself the excessive annoyance of having a string of explanations to give respecting my movements, which, after all, might not be followed by any invitation to remain. After cogitating for a long time, I resolved to steal up to the house, if possible, unperceived,—to have my horse turned over to the groom, and my portmanteau stowed out of sight,—and then to walk boldly up to the door, with a visiting-card in one hand, and my credentials in the other, to be delivered to the servant for the lady to whom the letter was addressed. I next proposed to stroll about the woods, to give time for any good things said of the bearer in the introduction to work their way. I hoped, by this rather clumsy manoeuvre, that by the time I returned to the house its inmates might be prepared to receive the stranger; and then, if their invitation to remain should happen not to be very pressing, I might pretend to be collecting specimens for my geological friends, and so make my escape; though, to own the truth, nothing was further from my thoughts than geology or any other scientific object.

In spite of these ingenious plans, I felt rather absurdly situated, and half wished I had not engaged at all in such an unpromising adventure. It seemed, however, too late to retract, and therefore I jogged on, as earnestly hoping not to be detected as ever did any troops in advancing to the attack of a besieged fort.

What, then, was my speechless horror, on riding up the approach, to discover a cavalcade of not fewer than a dozen ladies and gentlemen bearing right down upon me from the house. Had it been a troop of French cuirassiers charging across the ground, and threatening annihilation to the unfortunate hack and his rider, I could not have been much more astounded. It was natural to suppose that, as the master of the house was probably of the number, he would stop to enquire the business of the suspicious-looking stranger invading his grounds. This I could but ill explain; as the person for whom I brought a letter being an elderly lady, was not likely to be on horseback amidst a party of young folks. I foresaw, at all events, that there would be a general halt ordered; while the poor new-comer, with his dragged horse and swollen valise (indicating any thing but a hasty departure), would become the object of pleasant criticism to the quizzical dandies and young ladies of the party—pleasant, I mean, to them; but wretched work for the hapless wight exposed to their pitiless pelting. Even when this scrutiny was over, what were they to do with their unexpected, self-elected companion? His horse was now too tired, and much too ugly at any time to accompany such gay palfreys as were prancing over the lawn; yet they could not in common civility leave a stranger adrift—nor could they accompany him back to the house, without breaking up their expedition for the day.

All this flashed through my mind in a moment, and left me in a dire dilemma. I pulled up my jaded nag, however, with such a jerk, that I well nigh threw him on his haunches. Fortunately, a little inequality in the ground hid me from the view of the advancing cavalry; and at the same critical moment I discovered an opening in the fence on one side. Without considering or caring whither it might lead, I turned my charger round, urged him forwards with whip and spur, and dashed into the gap as if I had been flying from the arm of justice, instead of making my escape from as companionable a set of people as ever breathed. Had any of the party detected the bashful fugitive, and given chase, he must have been caught; for the path into which I had fled terminated in a road leading to some farm offices, but with no opening beyond.

The awkwardness of my situation—already considerable—was greatly augmented by this ridiculous proceeding, and I heard the riders pass within twenty yards of my hiding place, with the most unspeakable alarm lest any one of them should catch a glimpse of me nestling

behind a cart of hay. I breathed freer when the last servant's horse crossed the ridge; and then, creeping from my hole, soon gained the stables adjoining the house, gave up my horse, secured the well-stuffed valise out of sight, and repaired, according to the original precious scheme, to the front door with my letter. I stood for five minutes with the knob of the bell in my hand—irresolute whether to go on with the adventure, or fairly to cut and run from it. At length, when the fatal pull was given, I listened to the sound, and felt myself what statesmen call "fully committed." There was now nothing left but to screw up my courage, as I best might, to meet the dangers and difficulties of the crisis.

There happened to be no one at home except the old lady herself, so that the plan succeeded very well; and, though I now forget the details of the introduction, I can never cease to remember that the unbounded cordiality of the reception, not only from this excellent person, but from the master and mistress of the house, and all their assembled friends, showed how totally I had miscalculated the nature and extent of Irish hospitality. I learned, indeed, in no long time, that the fashion of the country is to receive every stranger as well, and to treat him with exactly the same perfect frankness and kindness, as they would do if they really knew him to merit such attention at their hands. If it shall prove on future acquaintance that he fails to make good his claim, they then treat him accordingly; but in the first instance his title to a hospitable reception is always taken for granted.

As most of the delightful party, amongst whom I now found myself domesticated, are still alive—though more than twenty years have gone by since those days—I scarcely feel at liberty to describe the sayings and doings of the establishment into which I was so freely and confidentially admitted. Nothing, indeed, could be more characteristic of the country than the whole scene. There were several elderly persons, then in the autumn of life, though now waning into octogenarians; and several were very young folks, scarcely able to walk, who now count many "daughters and sons of beauty." There was a pretty equal admixture of Irish and English, amongst whom were several persons of rank; also one or two foreigners; besides much native wit, worth and beauty, of the highest order, and all most delightfully set off by the graces and nameless enchantments of refined manners, and tasteful as well as useful accomplishments. I have rarely, if ever, seen in any part of the world so fascinating an assemblage of all that could render a country party agreeable as was here collected in one of the most out-of-the-way corners of Ireland. Nor is it to be wondered at if I very soon began to think of the ship and her routine drudgery with a degree of distaste I dared scarcely express even to myself. Compared to the delirious sort of witchery of this gay scene, every thing I had enjoyed before, even in the all-romantic Peninsula, or in the beautiful islands of Madeira or Bermuda, looked spiritless and tame. The dull duties and discomforts of a sea-life—the trammels of naval discipline—and the insignificance of a mere lieutenant's station, amidst all this luxury, and fashion, and wealth, and beauty, and rank, pressed on my fevered thoughts so severely, that at times I was half-distracted with sheer despondency, and felt out to the heart on recollecting the bitter necessity of returning to what seemed, at that intoxicating season, the vulgar duties of a sailor's life. My worthy captain's advice was thrown to the winds; and indeed any heart, aged twenty-two, must have been made of cast-iron to have resisted the rides and walks, the pic-nic dinners, the dances, and the music parties, and suppers, besides the infinitely varied round of other amusements—grave and gay—which contributed to render, and will for ever preserve this nook of Ireland the true terrestrial paradise of my juvenile days.

How the deuce I ever contrived to get out of the magic circle, I hardly know; but if I could only feel myself at liberty, without a breach of confidence, to give a few of the details of those hours, I would stake great odds on the side of the effect which the description of such a reality might produce, against the interest of the imaginary scenes in almost any romance. Although, unfortunately, this may not be done, I cannot resist the temptation of relating the cause and consequence of my introduction to these very kind persons, who, from that hour to this, have held their station amongst my steadiest friends.

I have already mentioned, that the gentleman whose introduction I carried was most urgent for me to deliver the letter in person; but he gave no reasons for this anxiety; nor indeed was I then aware, that besides his being an intimate friend, he was their family physician. While acting in this capacity, he had seen with regret how ineffectual his art had proved to alleviate the mother's

sorrow caused by the recent loss of her favourite son. The young man had been in the navy, and was about my age and standing in the service. These accidental coincidences suggested to her judicious and kind-hearted friend, that as I, in some degree, resembled, in appearance and in manners, the officer who was no more, the poor mother's thoughts and feelings might possibly be diverted into a new channel, by the society of a person in so many respects similarly circumstanced to the child she had lost.

I was not made a party to this manoeuvre, because the experiment might thus have been totally marred. It was obvious, indeed, that the mere consciousness of acting such a part must have imposed an awkward restraint upon me, fatal to the character I was intended to fill; so the good doctor left matters to work out their own course. A very different effect, it is true, from what he wished and expected, might have been produced; for instead of my being received with open arms, and helping to fill up the blank in the mother's wasted affection, my presence might only have proved irksome, from tending to keep alive the anguish of those wounds, which principle tells us rather to do our utmost to heal than seek to irritate by unavailing sorrow.

It so happened, fortunately for me, and, what was of more consequence, fortunately for the friendly physician's reputation as a skilful "minister to the mind diseased," or rather to the pure but desolate heart, that the experiment completely succeeded—I hope and believe, to the mother's consolation. To me, of course, the reception I met with was matter of delight and astonishment; and at the time I could not by any means account for the notice with which I was honoured. So much so, indeed, that I occasionally felt somewhat startled, and almost oppressed, with the sense of obligation imposed by such unusual unmerited attentions.

The first explanation which reached me of the mystery, to whose agency I was so deeply indebted, is really so touching in itself, and likewise so fertile, as I conceive a matter for useful reflection to those who may be similarly circumstanced, that I give it without reserve. The incident—though to some it may perhaps appear trivial—had a very essential effect in modifying the course of my subsequent life—not so much by raising me in my own opinion, which it certainly did, as by inspiring me with still stronger motives to exertion, and with higher hopes of deserving, in time, a distinction so very flattering. In a letter which I received from this most excellent lady, about six months after my first acquaintance with her, and just before I quitted England for the East Indies, these words occur:—

"Once more, adieu! I must hope you will write to me; let me constantly know how you proceed, and how I can address you; and recollect, you have received the freedom of this house. I believe I told you I had lost a son in the navy, a lieutenant, and of superior talents. I therefore consider that Heaven has given you to my son in his place—and may the Almighty protect you."

CHAPTER XX.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

A curious and vastly pleasing fashion prevails in that part of Ireland where I was so nearly bewitched as almost to forget my ship, my duties, and every thing else but beauty bright! When a country party, such as I have been describing, had passed a certain time together, they seldom broke up entirely, or scattered themselves in different directions, but generally shifted, or emigrated in a body—flitted, I think they used to call it—to the house of some one of the number. Now and then various members of the group dropped off by the way, but their places were presently filled up by other friends, either ready in the new hive, or who soon found their way to it, when the well-known sounds of festivity were heard in the neighbourhood.

In this manner the country party, into which I had been so kindly admitted an honorary member, made several moves, with sundry losses and sundry accessions to its numbers; and as every day rendered this life more and more grateful, I could scarcely bear to think of turning to the tame occupations and rugged society of the frigate, the duties of which had so recently been my greatest and most sincere delight. Meanwhile, since my good-natured captain, and still better-natured messmates, made no difficulties about this protracted absence, I continued to involve myself deeper and deeper in every step. I failed not to perceive at times, that I was getting into rather a dangerous scrape for a younger son and a young officer, who had yet to work his own way in the world. But as these reflections interfered rather incontinently with the enjoyments of the hour, they were

crushed down and kept out of sight as much as possible, at that gay period.

What surprised me most, all this time, was the air of refinement and high polish in the Irish society amongst whom I was thus casually thrown. I had previously entertained an idea that their hospitality, proverbial in all parts of the world, was of a rude and rather troublesome description. I found it, on the contrary, marked not only by the strongest lines of sincerity and kindness, but by many of those delicate touches of consideration for the feelings of others which form the most indubitable symptoms of genuine good-breeding. So very carefully, indeed, are these traits preserved as characteristics of their society, that rather more latitude in the intercourse of young people than I remember to have seen elsewhere is not only permitted, but even perhaps encouraged. The propriety, as well as safety, of all this, consists in the perfect confidence which the parties possess in one another's sense of what is due to themselves; so that a degree of freedom, which in England might possibly be called bold or odd, is, in Ireland, merely one branch of a peculiar system of manners. It rests, no doubt, on as scrupulous a foundation of sentiment and principle as ours does, but it is less restricted by etiquettes, and far less frozen over with those conventional forms which the uninitiated find so troublesome to break through.

So far from discovering that the stories were true about the sort of compulsion used in matters of drinking, I can safely say—whatever might have been once the fashion—that, during the course of experience in joviality I went through in the north of Ireland, I seldom met with any thing at a gentleman's table approaching even to exigence on this score, far less to the formidable bullying which we had been warned against, when the alternative rested between another bottle or an ounce of lead. I do not deny that our friends the Irish have a wonderfully winning way of insinuating their good cheer upon us, and sometimes of inducing us—without the aid of firearms—to swallow more claret than is perhaps good for us.

I landed once at Burnerana, a pretty little quiet village, with a watering-place look, on the eastern banks of that great and beautiful bay Lough Swilly. One side of this noble harbour is formed by the bold promontory of Inishowen, celebrated in every land for its noble whiskey, second only—if second it be, (which I am bound as a Scotsman to doubt)—to that of Ferntosh or Glenlivet. I was accompanied by an English gentleman, on the first day of his landing in Ireland. As he then seriously imagined the inhabitants to belong to a sort of wild and uncouth race, I could see he was rather surprised at the gentlemanlike deportment of an acquaintance of mine resident on the spot, for whom he had brought a letter. We had walked together to his house, or rather cottage—for he was not a fixed resident, but came there for summer quarters. The neatness, and even elegance, of the domestic arrangements of his temporary establishment, both without and within the dwelling, gave token of a taste many degrees removed from the state of people far back in civilisation. Presently the ladies came; and their national frankness—modified by the most entire and unaffected simplicity—puzzled my friend completely. In due season the dressing-bell sent us off to prepare for dinner; and while we were getting ready, my companion said to me—

"I see perfectly what this fellow is at; he means to sew you and me up, by pouring claret down our throats. You may do as you please, but I'll be shot if he plays off his Irish pranks on me. I will eat his dinner—take a couple of glasses of his wine—make my bow to the ladies—go on board by eight or nine o'clock—and, having given them a dinner in return, shall have done my duty in the way of attention, after which I shall totally out the connection. I have no idea of their abominable fashion of forcing strangers to drink."

"We shall see," said I; and, having knocked the dust off our shoes, down we went to dinner.

Every thing was plain, and suitable to the pretensions of a cottage. There was no pressing to eat or drink during dinner; and in process of time the cloth was removed—the ladies sipped a little sweet wine, and disappeared.

"Now for it," whispered my friend; "he has sent the women out of the way, that he may ply us the better."

And I must own things looked rather suspicious; for our host, instead of sitting down again at the dinner-table, walked to a bow-window overlooking the anchorage, and exactly facing the setting sun, at that hour illuminating the whole landscape, in the gorgeous style peculiar to combined mountain and lake scenery.

"Why should we not enjoy this pleasant prospect

while we are discussing our wine?" said the master of the house.

At that instant the door opened, and in walked the servant, as if he knew by intuition what was passing in his master's head.

"Tim," said our host, "put the card-table here in the bow-window, and give us some other glasses,—also, if you have such a thing, bring up a bottle of claret."

Tim nodded, smiled, and made the fitting adjustments. The table was barely large enough to hold a noble long-corked bottle, for the fashion of claret decanters had not as yet reached that remote district of the empire. Round the margin was placed the necessary accompaniment of capacious glasses—famous tall fellows, with such slender stalks, that they seemed scarcely equal to the weight of their generous load.

My friend and I exchanged glances, and I could see his shoulders slightly raised, as if he was saying internally,

"Now we are in for it!—but I will not drink a drop more than I choose."

The claret, which in itself was most delicious, was cooled in as perfect a style as if it had been subject to the skill of an Abdar or professional wine-cooler at Madras. The party consisted, I think, of four or five persons—I forget exactly which—but this one bottle, I remember, just passed round the group twice. As the flavour of the beverage appeared to have become more exquisite at the second turn than at the first, though but a short interval had been allowed to elapse, it seemed odd that another bottle was not called for. Instead of which, our landlord went on expatiating on the beauties of the lough, and the fineness of the season in general, and the sunset in particular, for full five minutes after the wine had disappeared—when he suddenly said, with a half-hesitating tone, towards my English friend, who sat at his elbow,—

"I beg your pardon—perhaps you would take some more wine?"

As no one made any objection, the bell was rung, and Tim reappeared, bearing with him another bottle. This likewise vanished in a trice, and Tim was again summoned.

"Bring some more claret," said the master to the man—or rather boy, as he was called, though twice as old as any of the party.

At this instant I caught my companion's eye; and I could see he was becoming alive to the plot against him—so much so, indeed, that he seemed to be preparing to rise. The following conversation, however, attracted his attention, and fixed him to his seat.

"Well, Tim, what are you gaping at? Why don't you run for the claret?"

"I didn't know," replied the other, "whether you'd like to use the whole of it."

"Use the whole of it!" exclaimed his master—"What does the boy mean? What are you at, Tim?"

"Oh, sir," quoth the well-instructed rogue, "I knew you came here only for a short time, and as the wine you brought was but little, I didn't know but you might wish not to use it all entirely to-day." And then he whispered something in his master's ear, the words of which we could not distinguish. The reply, however, showed, or seemed to show, what had been said.

"Nonsense, Tim, nonsense, you're an ass, man, bring it up."

Tim accordingly disappeared, but soon returned with a basket apparently full of straw; at the bottom of which, however, after some considerable show of hunting, a couple of bottles were said to be found.

"Confound you, Tim; is this all?" said the host.

"It is, sir," lied Tim; "and in faith, sir," added he, still lying, "it's one more bottle than I thought there was; for there was but the dozen when we started from Derry a week ago; and you know, sir, you and the collector on last Tuesday—"

But the catalogue of circumstances which were intended to act as buttresses to Master Tim's inventions, was cut short by a peremptory order to leave the room. This he did so soon as he had made a circumbendibus to escape notice, and deposited the basket behind his master's chair, muttering, as he put it down with a thump—

"There's as good a couple of bottles of wine as ever was uncorked."

The fresh broach was, indeed, so delicious, that we could hardly believe it was of the same vintage as that of the previous bin, though our host assured us it was "the identical." At all events, under its genial inspiration, the glorious sun, which was just touching the

tops of the hills above Rathmullin, seemed already becoming doubly glorious, and the whole landscape more brilliant than ever.

Tim's basket well merited a still higher eulogium than he had given it; but while his reputation as a judge of wine rose, his character for veracity fell in about the same proportion, since we beheld, in due season, not merely two, but three, and at last a fourth long-necked gentleman from Bordeaux emerge from under the straw!

The trick played upon us by these confederates was now apparent enough; but the wine, fortunately, was of that light and pure kind which does not produce much effect on strong heads, and that of my companion was proof against far greater trials than this. He was, indeed, perfectly aware of what was passing; and though dearly loving the wine, (which he told me afterwards was superior to any he had ever before tasted,) and thirsting vehemently for more, yet he had no notion of being made tipsy by means of a common-place concert between host and butler. He therefore rose to leave the room, expecting, of course, to be forcibly detained, or, at all events, he reckoned upon being begged and entreated to sit down again.

Not a whit! The wily native knew his man exactly, and, instead of arresting his guest by force or by supplication, merely observed to him, that if he had a mind to admire the prospect, there was still daylight enough to command a view down the bay from the little knoll on the right. The Englishman was sorely puzzled by all this. He saw there was none of the detention he expected would be practised upon him, and yet he had a strong consciousness that he was undergoing the operation well known afloat and ashore by the title of "the game of humbug." At the same time, he felt the most eager desire to take another good pull at the claret.

There was no wine before us at this critical juncture of the evening, and our landlord, who, most unaccountably, seemed indifferent to this material circumstance, went on prosing for a quarter of an hour about Protestant ascendancy, the eternal siege of Derry, the battle of the Boyne, and such-like stale topics. At length one of the company—whose interest in these subjects resembled that of a man who has never looked through a telescope when listening to the conversation of a company of astronomers—became somewhat impatient, and, watching for a pause, asked this host if it were the custom in Ireland to discuss Orange politics with empty glasses?

"God bless me!" cried the other, with well-feigned surprise, "is there no wine on the table?" and ringing the bell furiously, scolded poor Tim so naturally that the confederate was almost thrown out.

"Well! you numskull, why don't you make off with you, and bring something for the gentlemen to drink?"

Tim stood fast till interrogated a second time, and then replied, with perfect gravity, that there was not another drop of wine in the house, swearing by all manner of saints to the truth of his assertion.

Upon this the master got up in a rage, and brushing past the servant, declared his intention of searching the cellar himself. He was absent some time; and before he came back, we had prevailed on our hesitating companion to sit down again. Just as the stranger took his place, and as if there had been some electrical communication between his chair and the handle of the door, it opened, and in walked our generous entertainer, exulting in his success, crowing like chanticleer, and bearing in each hand a couple of bottles, clicking against each other; while Tim, with a degree of impudence equalled only by that of his master, substituted clean glasses, of a still more capacious swallow than the first. To these were added two pair of candles which towered high above the jolly crew, and promised to last till another dawn should look in upon our revels. By this time the twilight had almost entirely ebbed away, and was succeeded by that cheerful, aurora-kind of brilliancy in the sky, which points out the place of the sun during the whole of his summer night's journey in those high latitudes. Politics dropped out of the conversation by general consent, for the joyous juice of the grape soon melted us all into one mind—and a hundred topics of more pleasing interest were stamked, in which the strangers could join without fear of any angry discussion. I will not say that these were discussed without warmth, for the mirth and animation of the company rose very pleasantly as each fresh bottle found its way by some magical process to the table. But I must own it was sometimes rather diffi-

cult to tell who were the listeners amongst us, or to say who was guest and who landlord, for the party seemed like a circle of brothers, all equally at home.

This went on for an indefinite length of time, but I should be the veriest conjuror on earth to say how long. Through the hazy atmosphere of my recollection of that jolly evening, I remember that about eleven o'clock, more or less, our host was enchanted almost beyond the power of words with seeing his wine so much relished, and tickled also with the good joke of having succeeded, as he thought, in throwing the suspicious Englishman off his guard, and making him drink just as much wine as he, the Irishman, thought fit to impose. On this occasion, however, he inverted the proverb, and reckoned without his guest, for, by one imprudent remark, he had well nigh torn the laurels from his brow.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed; "although this is the first day you ever set foot on the island, you have seen enough, I hope to satisfy you that we are not quite such savages as you supposed. Political liberty we have not got, it is true; but liberty hall is the true title of every Irish gentleman's dining-room—there's no compulsion here, you must see very clearly."

It was but little, however, that my English friend could now see very clearly of any thing, for by this hour both the physical and moral optics of the company were mystified out of all distinct focus of adjustment; and the above premature announcement of victory, on the part of the native, hurried back all the stranger's suspicions that he was speedily to be made a martyr at the shrine of old Bacchus. Fired with this idea, he started on his feet, and eyeing the door for a long time before he ventured on the voyage, with a bold determination, and taking a good departure from his chair, he gained his post. He had, undoubtedly, expected to be lugged back again; for he whisked the tails of his coat out of reach, while, with his other hand on the lock of the door, and swaying himself about from side to side, like a ship in a calm, he stood the very image of tottering equilibrium, as the mathematicians call it.

Our adroit landlord, who was not a man to shrink from difficulties, mustered to his aid all the resources of a long well-practised hospitality, and gallantly met this great occasion. It is true, he had now some three or four bottles of wine under his girdle more than when he and Tim had tricked the party about the poverty of the cellar, just as the sun was going down. That manoeuvre, and all other similar devices, were, of course, exhausted; so he took another line, and called out,

"Oh, you're off, are you?—wish you joy—you'll find the ladies in the drawing-room—I think I hear the tinkle of the piano—I prefer the tinkle of the glass—pray tell the damsels we are coming, by and by—mind you say 'by and by'—I don't like to be too particular, for fear of seeming rude—don't you see?"

This speech was wound up by a telegraphic flourish of the hand towards Tim, who stood near, with a bottle between his feet, the screw buried in the cork, and his body bent to the effort which he only delayed to exercise till ordered by his master.

"Out with him, man! out with the cork!" cried the host. The loud report which succeeded rang over the apartment, like the sweetest music to the souls of the ever-thirsty company. Tim's thunder was echoed back by a truly bacchanalian shout, such as nothing on earth can give proper emphasis to, except double allowance of claret. The Englishman, fairly subdued by the sound, glided again to the table; then seizing his brimming glass in one hand, and grasping the fist of his merry host in the other, he roared out,

"You really are an uncommon good fellow; and bang me if ever I distrust an Irishman again as long as I live!"

But within three minutes afterwards, this promise was broken, for as soon as we had discussed the bottle which the incomparable Tim had so opportunely introduced, the master of the house, seeing us at length quite at his mercy, and eager to go on, rose, and said, to our great amaze,

"Come! we've had wine enough: let's join the ladies in the next room."

The disappointed company stared at one another, and loudly proclaimed that it was not fair to limit us in this way. The Englishman in particular wished to remain; but our host was inexorable. Meanwhile, Timothy grinned from ear to ear—familiar with his master's tricks upon travellers—and the landlord deliberately opening the door, marched off the field of battle with flying colours!

As we moved along to the drawing-room, my companion whispered to me,

"I must own, I have been well served for my suspicions. I made quite certain of being bullied into drinking more than was agreeable to me; but it turns out," cried he, laughing, "quite the reverse; for I cannot get a drop of wine, now that I want it."

"Well! well!" cried our hospitable friend, who overheard the conclusion of this remark, "you shall do as you please ever after this evening."

He then showed us to a couple of snug rooms, which he said were ours, as long as we chose to occupy them.

For the rest, I went off to the Giant's Causeway in the course of next day; and on returning, at the end of a week, found that my friend, instead of cutting the connection, according to promise, had not once been out of sight of the house, and had never been asked to drink a bottle, or even a glass, more than he liked. He declared, indeed, that he had rarely, in any country, met with persons so truly hospitable, or more gentleman-like, or so perfectly reasonable, in the truest sense of these words, than accident had thrown him in the way of becoming acquainted with, in what, previously, he had considered a region inhabited almost by a different set of beings from his own countrymen.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FARMERS' SOCIETY.

It would be doing scrup justice, however, to the dear Green Island, were it not to be mentioned, that in some districts, and amongst certain tribes of the merry natives, a few rough touches of the ancient manners are still preserved entire, to the great amusement of the parties themselves, and to the high edification, no doubt, of such novices as myself in the mysteries of hard drinking.

Not very long after the occurrence above related, in which Tim and his master quizzed the strangers in such good style, I had occasion to visit a city at some distance from Lough Swilly. I had been charged by my friends in Scotland to make enquiries into various topics, particularly that of Florin; and having soon made acquaintance with the late Dr. Richardson, readily obtained all the information required from that enthusiastic advocate for the cultivation of the grass in question. Before I set out for Port Rush, the headquarters of Florin cultivation, a merry friend of mine hearing me ask some questions about corn-crops, hay-crops, and such matters, begged to know if I should not like to be introduced to the Farmers' Society of their good city; "for there," said he, "you will meet with all the best-informed agriculturists of the country." Of course, I gladly accepted his offer, and that of his companionship to the society's dinner on that very day. As we walked to the house, which I think lay about a mile or so beyond the limits of the town, I taxed my memory for all the queries which had been put to me on the subject of farming, resolving to apply these at the most fitting moments, and rejoicing over the famous opportunity I now had of reaping a grand harvest of information, at a small cost of trouble.

On we trudged to a pretty little country inn, which we reached just as the dinner was rattling on the table. The party consisted of a dozen persons, or there may have been a dozen and a half—as pleasant men, in their way, as could be met with. Before the repast was over, I chanced to ask my treacherous friend, next whom I was placed, some questions on the subject of turnip husbandry. He heard me out, and laughed exceedingly; but instead of answering, called out to the chairman of the meeting,

"I beg to inform you, sir, that the gentleman on my right wishes to know whether we in the north of Ireland pull up our turnips or let them remain in the ground, as in East Lothian, for the sheep to eat? Now, sir, I take this to be an agricultural question—don't you?"

"Certainly it is," replied the president.

"Undoubtedly agricultural!" cried out the rest of the company; upon which, turning to the waiter, the chairman said, in a chuckling and delighted tone,

"Boy! take the glass to Mr. Hall—the strange gentleman there."

Accordingly, a glass, not very much above the ordinary size, was handed to me, and straightway filled with whisky-toddy. This I was required by the president to drink off instantly.

"On what compulsion? and wherefore?" I asked, laughing, with the glass at my lips.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "on no compulsion at all, my dear sir; for this, you must know, is Liberty Hall. Do exactly as you please, only conforming to the laws of the Association; that is to say," continued the president, grinning, "you will of course see the obvious propriety of complying with the fixed rules of the Farmers' Society, one of the strictest of which very properly is, that no one present shall allude to the subject of agriculture, much less discourse upon it, as you have done, or ask any questions?"

There was a national comicality about this queer rule which was of course quite unanswerable; so I paid the penalty, and drank off the punch, without further delay; for it was admirable in its ingredients, and what is almost as important, admirably concocted.

I had no sooner emptied the glass, than I was ordered to fill and swallow another bumper, as a fine for having used the left hand instead of the right; and when I remonstrated against the injustice of fining a man for breaking laws of which he had never before heard the existence, the president said, with most gravity,

"Do you really suppose, sir, that such an excuse as not knowing the existence of a law against hog-stealing would help you in a court of justice, if you were to run off with a pig?"

The reasoning was again unanswerable, so down went the drink.

My merry agricultural friends, who knew all the depths and shallows of the most delightful of all negotiations, that of a punch-bowl, were well aware that if they could, by any means, get the unwary stranger to pass a certain point of moderation, no additional impulse on their part would be required to bring about the grand consummation they aimed at, and which they were all the more bent upon, from seeing me a little on my guard.

It need scarcely be told that I failed, and that they succeeded in making me enter their trap. I have, indeed, only a very confused recollection of the risk scene; but I do remember seeing the hands of the clock dancing a jig about the hour of twelve, and have some faint remembrance of being made to drink at least ten times to the glorious and immortal memory of King William III., merely because I could not find articulation or memory enough to repeat, without tripping, an immense long tail to this royal and loyal Orange toast.

Such are the sort of pranks which Pat is apt to divert himself withal, when he has no real business in hand, or when his duties, public or domestic, do not claim his serious attention. It is true, he is sometimes a wild hand enough to deal with, even when not a drop of the cratur has passed his lips; but he is not a whit more so, I verily believe, than either English, Scotch, or Welsh man, when fairly roused into action by motives suitable to his peculiar national temperament. We have hardly any seamen in the fleet who are more sober and orderly, or who, when properly managed, are more docile and amenable to really good discipline, than the Irish. Perhaps it may occasionally happen that there is a difficulty in getting Paddy to see things in the particular light in which we wish him to view them, or, as we say, to make him cast with his head on the right tack; but there is no man who performs more or better work when once this is accomplished.

I remember being much struck with this peculiarity of the Irish character some years after the period of the farmers' feast above described. Indeed, I have not infrequently been puzzled in Ireland to recognise the same individual when engaged in transacting important affairs, and when he allowed himself to relax after the serious work was over.

In the autumn of the year 1817, on returning from India with important despatches on board, I reached the chops of the British channel, in command of a sloop-of-war. So confident were we of reaching Spithead in a day or two at furthest, that my travelling trunk was packed, and best boots polished, ready for a start to town. But, just as we expected to strike soundings, the wind shifted to the eastward, and we were blown off as far to sea, that we were well nigh starved. After much beating about, we succeeded in reaching the west coast of Ireland, harassed to the last degree. I landed with my despatches, accompanied by several passengers, at the little town of Bantry, which gives its name to a splendid estuary—perhaps the finest in the world, and one which must rise into immense importance whenever the present heartless and systematic agitations of the land shall be allowed to subside, and that magnificent

portion of the empire shall have become as much an integral part of England as the banks of the Forth and Clyde have so happily been rendered by the permanent, and cordial, and mutually beneficial union of the lesser with the greater country.

There happened to be a fair at Bantry; and it so fell out, that just as we landed, a furious battle with shillelahs was commencing close to the beach; so that we had before us the actual representation of a scene we had often heard described, but never actually witnessed before. A householder—why or wherefore we could not find out—had refused to pay certain taxes or municipal duties. On intimation being given him, that on a certain day his furniture and other goods would be distrained, he prepared to do any thing rather than submit. At all events, he was resolved to have a fight for it. Such was the story we were told on landing, as to the cause of the wild uproar which saluted us.

The owner of the house laid his plans with some degree of that military skill which all men acquire in a turbulent country. He prevailed on a dozen or twenty of his friends to stow themselves away in his rooms, and, at a given signal, when the officers of government were in full pursuit of the articles named in their bond, they started up, shillelah in hand, and played crack! crack! crack! to the right and left. Twenty heads were broken in less than twenty seconds. As we jumped out of our boat, delighted to touch the ground after so long a voyage, these were the first sounds which saluted our ears, mixed up with loud cheers by the different parties, as victory swerved from side to side.

It was difficult for persons, so ignorant as we were of such things, to believe that so much execution could be done in so short a period. Before we reached the brow of the hill, however, which overlooked the village, an interval of only a few minutes, it was all over. On our way we encountered four or five of the wounded, preciously mauled to be sure, in charge of a reserve party of officers, who, suspecting the ambush, had assembled in readiness to support the first detachment.

This episode, added to the ordinary bustle and business in a fair, caused us the greatest difficulty in getting away from the town. No carriages or horses were to be hired, at any price; and I really know not what we should have done, had not a gentleman, seeing our distress, dismounted from his horse, and, prevailing on one or two others to do the same, kindly offered them to us, that we might proceed without further delay to Skibbereen, the nearest town through which the mail passed.

It was after sunset before we left the uproarious scene at Bantry, the sounds of which we could trace long after we left the village; and by the time we reached our destination it was dark, or nearly so. On alighting from our nags at the inn door, a gentleman stepped forward; and, with the air of a person who has been waiting for some friends, addressed us in these words:—

"You're welcome, at last, gentlemen! I hope, indeed, you may not be too late; the piece is just about to commence, and there is much difficulty about places—so, come along!"

All this being Hebrew to us, we begged to know what was required, conceiving that we must be mistaken for some other party.

"Oh, no, gentlemen, it's not a bit of a mistake! I discovered at first sight that you were just landed, and I thought you would surely like to see the play, which is now acting, or soon to be acted, with great applause in the court house. Strolling theatricals, they are—not a regular company—we don't sport that yet—but very good ones of their kind; so, come along, as the place is crammed full to the ceiling already. Nevertheless, there 'll always be room for strangers, which you will soon perceive."

As the coach was not to pass for some hours, and no post-horses could be procured, we yielded to our obliging friend's entreaties, and proceeded, booted and spurred, and as we were, to the theatre. With much difficulty we reached the bottom of the stairs, the ascent of which appeared an utter impossibility. At length our guide made himself heard; and the moment the crowd were informed that the party consisted of strangers, a lane was formed, and we reached the upper door. The same magical words had the effect of displacing several gentlemen in the best part of the house, and we presently found ourselves seated in the midst of some very pleasant company, in good time for the curtain drawing up. Our friendly pilot now left us, saying, that although he had got us in, he could not stay himself; "but," whispered he, "after the play, come you to the Harp and Crown, and there you'll find supper ready, all piping

hot for you, and beds with well-toasted sheets, and places secured in the coach; so give yourselves no manner of concern about the future, but enjoy the play and the society about you."

Our friend proved himself even better than his word; for he contrived to hire a chaise for me and my despatches, by which means I was enabled to set off in the middle of the night. On reaching Cork, I found that I had exhausted all my cash, and had not wherewithal to prosecute the journey; but as a couple of my own quarterly-pay bills were safe in my pocket, it seemed impossible there could be any difficulty in getting money. On proceeding to the nearest bank, and presenting my government bills, the gentlemen in the office handed them from one to the other—held them to the light—whispered amongst themselves—inspected me in no very agreeable style—and at length said, they were really very sorry, but they could not give me money for this paper.

"It is very strange," I said. "In no part of the world that I have ever been in is any species of document representing money preferred to this."

"That may be, sir, but we can't help it, we cannot give you cash."

I proceeded to another and another bank, but all to no purpose—tried mine host of the Red Lion—but he shook his head very distrustfully. I was sorely perplexed, and thought of going to the military commandant, but, unfortunately, he had left the city. In the morning of that day, after coming from Skibbereen, I had, of course, proceeded to Cove, about twenty miles from Cork, to report myself to the naval commander-in-chief; but as I had no doubt about the facility of getting money for government bills, I never dreamed, when there, of asking the admiral to indorse them. As many hours must have been lost in returning all the way to Cove, I proceeded again to one of the banks I had before attacked, and tried all my eloquence; but they were still obdurate, and I marched back to the street in despair. On my way to the inn, I was overtaken by one of the partners of the firm.

"Were you never in Cork before?" he asked; "and if so, don't you know any one in the city who could identify you?"

Before I could answer his question, he saw that I was hurt at his suspicions, and called out,

"Nay! nay! don't be angry, now, nor colour up, nor fly in a passion. There is no harm in being an object of suspicion, provided no injury is done you. And, for my part, I, individually, believe you really are the officer you represent yourself to be; and if the worst comes to the worst, you shall have the money to put you on your way; but I would rather go through with the affair in a business-like manner."

"Well," I said, "that is kind enough. I was once in Cork for a single day, six years ago, when I made acquaintance with Counsellor O'Brien."

"In that case," cried he, evidently much relieved, "the matter will soon be settled, for here is the very street in which the gentleman lives, let us call upon him."

As ill luck would have it, this person, the only man I was acquainted with in Cork, had that moment rode off from the door!

"There's a plague," said the banker, resuming his embarrassed air; "for, to be quite frank with you, we have lately been so grievously taken in by a swindler, who, pretending to be a naval officer, forged and passed off a considerable number of bills similar to those in your hand, that I fear you will find it next to impossible to negotiate them."

While I was pondering over this dilemma, and pacing up and down the streets with my friendly banker, he suddenly stopped, and, turning round, called, or rather shouted,

"Oh! now I think I have it! Did not you say, my good sir, that you were charged with despatches to the government, about the Mahratta war? Where are they?—let me have a look at them?"

This brilliant idea gave new life to the transaction, and away we trotted to the inn. The desk was speedily opened—Admiral Sir Richard King's orders, and Governor Elliott of Madras's despatches produced, with a whole bagful of packets from Calcutta, the Isle of France, the Cape, and St. Helena.

"Quite enough! quite enough!" almost screamed out the delighted man of cash. "You shall have the money, sir! you shall have the money! and that right speedily; and along with it many apologies for all this trouble, and detention, and suspicion; and perhaps we may end our

acquaintance in a way you little think of—but of that we'll talk by and by."

"In the meantime," I said, "you must sit down and take your dinner with us; though I dare swear it is famously over-cooked, since it is a couple of hours past the time it was ordered."

"No, no!" he cried, "I must run off to catch the money before the chest is locked; besides, I do not like to do things by halves; take your dinner, and you'll see me here again in due time."

We did as he advised; ate our dinner, paid the bill, ordered the chaise round, and sat in readiness for a start, the moment the means of greasing the wheels, as my friend aptly called it, should be put in my possession.

Ere long, this most considerate of friends in need re-appeared, with the money in separate parcels, one of which held notes, another guineas, and a third change in silver. He made me count it all carefully, and then received from me the bills of exchange, which I signed before him.

"Now, my very kind sir," said I, holding out my hand, "let me thank you most sincerely for the important service you have done me, and, pray, believe that I shall have no greater pleasure in the world than in being of use to you, if ever it lies in my power."

"Not so fast! not so fast!" cried he, affecting to refuse the proffered hand, "for I have a shrewd apprehension that, in spite of all these grateful assurances, you will make a demur at the very first, and perhaps the only favour I shall ever ask you, or have the means of asking you in my life."

"What's that?" I demanded.

"Neither more nor less," he replied, laughing, "than that you should now give me the pleasure of your company over a bowl of punch, which I, who am allowed to be the best mixer in the county of Cork, will concoct in two or three minutes."

"But don't you think," said I, "as I have public and important despatches to carry, and have already lost so much time, that I really ought to be proceeding to Dublin as fast as four horses can carry me?"

"There, now!" he exclaimed, "did not I say that you would make a difficulty about granting me the first and only favour I ever should have occasion to ask you? Besides, I don't at all understand your insinuating that time can ever be lost in drinking good punch; and lastly, but not least, I beg you to bear in mind, that but for me, you must either have been sticking here in the inn, or trudging down to the Cove to beg pecuniary assistance from your admiral. All which reasons you may lay before my Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, if you should be called upon to account for the delay; but out of this room, without discussing a bowl, depend upon it you shall not start! Kelly," he exclaimed, "Joe Kelly, man, get the things, and, d'ye hear, the best materials."

So, as there was now left no possible mode of escape, down we sat.

He had promised to complete his incantations in two minutes, but I am confident he occupied a good quarter of an hour in performing this apparently simple operation, upon all the details of which he descanted most learnedly; assuring his company that it was not the quality or even proportions of the magical ingredients, so much as the exact attention to the best method of putting them together, that constituted the grand secret of manufacturing a good bowl. On our expressing some doubts as to the possibility of all this, he pushed the goodly vessel into the middle of the table, drew back his chair, and exclaimed, "I'll let you take a note of every thing I put in, and you may imitate me in all these movements; but I'll bet you ten to one your punch will not be worth drinking." And then he added, almost shouting with delight, as he sipped his own mixture,—"No, sir, no! It's utterly impossible—I defy you and all the rest of the world combined to make such an elegant mess as that!"

It was indeed glorious—beyond the belief of inexperienced mortals. Much as I had been enchanted by the sublime toddy of the North, I was forced to own, in spite of my intoxicating recollections, then still fresh, after an interval of half-a-dozen busy years, that the punch of the South was the superior tippie of the two.

But what surprised me most, was the extraordinary and sudden change which had been wrought in the appearance of our worthy friend. Instead of the straightforward, dry, calculating, cautious, and painfully formal man of accounts and securities with whom I had been in discussion half the day, here sat a jovial, reckless, hearty, and totally unreserved boon companion, whose whole affections appeared absorbed in a punch-bowl. This trans-

mutation was begun and completed the very instant our money transactions were ended. The ink of my signature to the bills was not well dry, before he clapped his hands, sung out in a new key for "the materials," as he called them, and commenced the grand brewing, with a degree of energy of character, and certainty of purpose, which, I trust and hope, must, long ere this, have made his fortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TROPICAL REGIONS AT SEA.

There sailed along with us in the *Volage*, from Spithead, the *Princess Caroline* 74, and the *Theban* frigate, to aid in protecting a fleet of the following ships of the East India Company:—the *Elphinstone*, *Wexford*, *Cirencester*, *Marquis of Huntly*, *Bombay Castle*, and *Alnwick Castle*, all for China direct. As these ships were of the largest class, well manned, well commanded, and were likewise pretty well armed, and got up to look like men-of-war, our force had not only an imposing aspect, but, in the event of coming in contact with an enemy, even in considerable strength, we should either have beaten him outright, or baffled him by crippling his spars in such a way as to prevent his interrupting our voyage.

On the occasion of our voyage in 1812, our most interesting evolutions were confined to the interchange of good dinners; for your Indianen know as well how to eat, drink, and be merry, as to fight, if need be. Their nominal, and indeed their chief business, is to trade; but their trading is a widely different thing from that of the ordinary merchant service. The East India Company's officers are bred up, in many respects, like naval men; and, as they are taught to act, they learn to feel, in the same manner. Being sprung from as good a stock as the officers of the brother service of the navy, they possess a kindred gentlemanlike spirit, and are in every respect, as far as their means go, perfectly suitable allies in battle. I allude chiefly to their warlike equipments; but in almost every thing else they are also essentially the same, save in the circumstance of actual trafficking. Unfortunately, manage it as we will, the habit of buying and selling goods must have a tendency, in spite of his best exertions, to detach an officer's thoughts from those high and delicate refinements which constitute the characteristic distinction between the art of war and the art of gain. Accordingly the two things, when joined together, make rather an agreeable than a profitable mixture.

In fine weather there is naturally much agreeable intercourse between the different ships in such a fleet as ours; for East India Company's folks, whether of the land or the sea service, understand right well the jolly art of good cheer wherever they go; be it on terra firma, or on the high seas, bivouacking on the lofty Himalayas, or feasting in the bungalows of the flat Delta of the Ganges, it is all one to them. So that, during our whole voyage, there scarcely occurred a day on which, in the course of the morning, if the sea were tolerably smooth, and the wind not too strong, and the weather otherwise agreeable, the dinner-invitation signal was not displayed from the commodore, or from some of his flock. When there was a breeze, and the ships were making way through the water, some technical address was necessary to avoid delay. This will easily be understood, without going into minute details, when it is remembered, that there must always in a convoy be found certain ships which sail worse than others, and that, although these tubs, as they are most deservedly called, crowd all their canvases, the rest are obliged to shorten sail in order to keep them company; as *Lightfoot*, in the fairy tale, was obliged to tie his feet in the race. If it be the commodore who gives the dinner, he either heaves to, while the boats of the different captains come on board, or he edges down to the different ships in succession, passes them at the distance of half a cable's length, picks up his guests, and resumes his station a-head, or to windward, or wherever it may suit him to place himself so as best to guard his charge. If any of the fast sailers have occasion to heave to, either before or after dinner, to lower down or to hoist up the boat which carries the captain backwards and forwards to the ship in which the entertainment is given, and in consequence of this detention any way has been lost, that ship has only to set a little more sail, that she may shoot ahead, and regain her position in the line.

The unfortunate bad sailers of all fleets or convoys that ever swam, as may well be supposed, are daily and hourly execrated in every note of the gamut; and it must be owned that the detention they cause, when a fine fresh breeze is blowing, is excessively provoking to all the rest, and mortifying to themselves. Sometimes the progress

of one haystack of a vessel is so slow that a fast-sailing ship is directed to take her in tow, and fairly lug her along. As this troublesome operation requires for its proper execution no small degree of nautical knowledge, as well as dexterity, and must be performed in the face of the whole squadron, it is always exposed to much sharp criticism. The celerity with which sail is set, or taken in, by the respective ships, or the skill with which broken spars are shifted, likewise furnish such abundant scope for technical table-talk, that there is seldom any want of topic in the convoy. Sailors, indeed, are about as restless as the element on which they float; and their hands are generally kept pretty full by the necessity of studying the fluctuating circumstances of wind and weather, together with the due attention to what is properly called the navigation, or that branch of their art which consists in discovering the ship's place on the globe, and shaping the course to be steered after the exact position has been determined.

These, and various other occupations not now touched upon, served to give a high degree of interest to this Indian voyage, which, to most of us, was the first in its way, and filled up our time, as we sailed along with a flowing sheet over the broad Atlantic, much more completely and agreeably than can be well conceived. The mere circumstance of having to pass successively and quickly through a number of different climates, first in the order of increasing warmth, and then in the reverse order of increasing cold, was of itself most striking. The change of latitude being the chief cause of these phenomena, a succession of astronomical variations became necessarily attendant upon the progress of the voyage; and although all these were easily explained by reasonings which every one on board was accustomed to admit as sound, yet the actual, practical exhibition, as it may be termed, of the truths of astronomical science failed not to strike the unfamiliarised imagination as both wonderful and beautiful.

When we sailed from England the weather was very cold, raw, and uncomfortable; and although, fortunately, we had a couple of days' fair wind at starting, we were met in the very chops of the channel by hard-hearted southerly and southwesterly winds, which tried our patience sorely. On the evening of the tenth day we caught a glimpse of the north coast of Spain; and the rugged shore of Galicia was the last which most of us saw of Europe for many years. It was not till after a fortnight's hard struggling against these tiresome southwesterly winds that we anchored in Funchal Roads, Madeira, having by the way dropped several of our convoy. These stray sheep came in during the few days we remained to refresh ourselves at this most charming of resting places. After nearly a week's enjoyment, we proceeded on our course to the southward, and within three days came in sight of Palma, the most northern of the Canary Island group. It was thirty miles distant in the southeast quarter. Teneriffe, the sea "monarch of mountains," lay too far off for us to perceive even his "diadem of snow," which at that season (April,) I presume, he always wears. Some years after the period in question, when I paid him a visit, in the month of August, the very tip-top was bare, and the thermometer at 70°.

Under more favourable circumstances we might possibly have seen Teneriffe from the *Volage*, for our distance was not above a hundred miles. This, however, it must be owned, is a long way to see the land, unless it form a continuous ridge of great elevation, like the Andes, and even then to be distinguished well, it requires to be interposed between a bright sky and the ship. At day-break, and for about half an hour before sun rise, if the weather be clear, even sharp peaks, like the cone of Teneriffe, may be seen with a degree of distinctness, which is very remarkable, when viewed from the distance of a hundred miles and upwards, as I have several times experienced when navigating in the Pacific. But when the full splendour of the sun's light begins to fill the air, these gigantic forms gradually fade away amongst the clouds, or melt into the sky, even when no clouds are visible. I have likewise been told, that in sailing directly away from Teneriffe (or other high insulated peaks,) and keeping the eye pretty constantly fixed in the proper direction, it may be retained in sight at a much greater distance than it can be discovered on approaching. I am disposed to consider this very probable, but have never had a good opportunity of trying the experiment.

It was late in April, as we were stealing slowly past these distant Canary Islands, when the first real puff of the Tradewind caught our sleeping sails, and made the braces, haulyards, and all the other ropes connected with the yards, crack again. This breeze, by giving us a foretaste of what we were to enjoy for upwards of a thousand leagues across the torrid zone ahead of us,

served more effectually to detach our thoughts from European interests than any thing which had occurred since our leaving England. At the very moment, however, when we were chuckling at this disengagement of our feelings from domestic anxieties, and all the varied agitation of home concerns, we observed a ship crossing our path at some distance. Signal being made to chase, we instantly darted off from the convoy to examine the stranger, who proved to be an English ship from Lisbon. We hailed, and asked, "What news?" "Badajoz has fallen," replied the other, "after a terrible siege."

This was received with a general buzz of joyous congratulation along the decks. In answer to further questions, we were told of some three or four thousand men killed and wounded in the trenches and breach. Then, indeed, the glorious intelligence was greeted by three jolly huzzas from every ship in the convoy!

Nothing so startling as this occurred to us again, but the serenity of our thoughts was in some degree interrupted a few days afterwards, by the northeasterly Tradewind dying away, and a gentle southeaster springing up in its place. This occurred in latitude 25° N., where, according to our inexperienced conception of these singular winds, we ought to have found a regular breeze from the very opposite quarter! Nor was it till long afterwards that I learned how much the force and direction of the Tradewinds are liable to modification by the particular position which the sun occupies in the heavens; or how far the rotatory motion of the earth, combined with the power which the sun possesses of heating certain portions of the circumambient air, are the regulating causes of the Trades, Monsoons, and indeed, of all the other winds by which we are driven about. It is by no means an easy problem in meteorology to show how these causes act in every case; and perhaps it is one which will never be so fully solved as to admit of very popular enunciation applicable to all climates. In the most important and useful class of these aerial currents, called, par excellence, and with so much picturesque truth, "the Tradewinds," the explanation is not difficult. But before entering on this curious and copious theme, I feel anxious to carry our course fairly across the tropical regions, after which as account of the Trades will be better understood.

I have just mentioned that the changes of temperature, on a voyage to India, are most remarkable. We set sail, for instance, in the month of March, when it was bitterly cold in England; then we came off the coast of Spain, where it was a little more moderate; next to Madeira, which is always agreeable. Then we passed the Canaries; after which we sailed over the tropic of Cancer, and got well toasted in the torrid zone; steered down upon the equinoctial line, passed the tropic of Capricorn, and again became conscious of the weakened influence of the sun; till, at length, off the Cape of Good Hope, we were once more nipped with the cold. Anon, having rounded the south point of Africa, we put our heads towards the line, and a second time, within a few weeks, emerged from the depth of winter into the height of summer.

The proximate cause of all these vicissitudes was, of course, our approach towards and removal from the direct influence of the great source of light and heat. At one time, the sun, even at noon, was seen creeping stealthily along, low down in the horizon, at another his jolly countenance was blazing away right over head. On the 5th of May, when our latitude was 17½° N., the sun's declination was 16½° N., his centre being only one degree from our zenith: shadows we had none, any more than the unhappy wretch in the wild German story, who, for a punishment was deprived of this honourable accompaniment. On that day we saw St. Antonio, the north-westernmost of the Cape de Verd Islands, the summit of which is about seven thousand feet above the sea.

On the next day I well remember going on deck with a certain flutter of spirits, to see, for the first time in my life, the sun to the northward, and moving through the heavens from right to left, instead of from left to right. No one doubts that the earth is round; yet these conspicuous and actual proofs of its rotundity always arouse the fancy, and frequently interest the judgment, almost as much as if they were unexpected. The gradual appearance night after night, of new stars and new constellations belongs to a still higher order of curiosity; for it is merely places well-known objects in strange positions, but brings totally new objects of contemplation before our eyes, and leads us to feel, perhaps more strongly than upon any other occasion, the full gratification which novelty on the grandest scale is capable of producing. I shall never forget the impatience with which I have desired

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watched the approach of darkness after a long day's run to the south, knowing that I, in a few moments, was to discover celestial phenomena heretofore concealed from my view.

After slanting through the northeast trade-wind, we reached that well-known but troublesome stage in the voyage, so difficult to get over, called the Variables. This region has acquired its title from the regular Trades not being found there, but in their place unsteady breezes, long calms, heavy squalls, and sometimes smart winds from the southward and southwestward. These Variables, which sorely perplex all mariners, even those of most experience, while they drive young navigators almost out of their senses, are not less under the dominion of the causes which regulate those great perennial breezes the Trades, blowing to the northward and southward of them. Their laws, however, are not quite so readily understood, and consequently are not so easily allowed for in the practice of navigation. I have even seen people as greatly provoked with their occurrence, as if the course of nature had been intermitted for the express purpose of bothering them. Such impatient voyagers will not condescend to recollect, that their own confined observation, or shallow knowledge of the facts, is rather more likely to be the cause of their disappointment, than that dame Nature should have halted in her operations merely to vex their worships. On the other hand, many persons besides navigators, misled by the seduction of names, rush headlong into very unsubstantial generalisations; and, upon the strength of a few unconnected facts, lay down what they call laws of nature, which they are mightily astonished to find will not always square with actual observation. Such reasoners, instead of being delighted with new facts, are vexed to meet with exceptions, as they call them, and are very slow to confess that the error lies with themselves. Still less are they willing to allow, that, if they had studied the subject more attentively, they might have profited by these very exceptions, and advanced their voyage, instead of retarding it.

When we actually encounter, on the spot, and for the first time, a crowd of new circumstances, of which, previously, we have only known the names, or have merely heard them described by others, we feel so much confused and bewildered, that we fly eagerly to the nearest authority to help us out of the scrape. It generally happens, in these cases, that the reference does not prove very satisfactory, because the actual circumstances with which we are engaged are rarely similar in all their bearings to those with which we compare them; and when this is not the case, the blindfold method of proceeding in the beaten path is very apt to mislead.

As an illustration of this kind of deception, it may be stated, that navigators, whose actual experience has not extended to the tropical regions, are very apt, in poring over the voyages of others, to acquire, insensibly, a very confident notion that each of the great Trade-winds

blowing on different sides of the line, (the northeast and the southeast by name) are quite steady in their direction; and that, in the equatorial interval which lies between them, only calms and light winds are to be found. Moreover, inexperienced persons generally believe this interval to be equally divided by the equator, and that both the breadth and the position of this calm region continue unchanged throughout the whole year. Now, here are four important mistakes—important both in a scientific and in a practical point of view. For 1st, Not calms and squalls alone, but occasionally fresh and steady winds, are found between the Trades; 2dly, The belt called the Variables is by no means equally divided by the equator; neither, 3dly, is that belt stationary in its position; nor, 4thly, is it uniform in its breadth. It will hence be easily understood, even by a person who has never quitted one of the midland counties in England, and to whom the ocean is an unseen wonder, that a new comer to the tropical regions, his head loaded with these false views, will be very apt to mistake his own ignorance for the caprice of Nature, and perhaps call out, as I once heard a man do, in all the agony of impatience, caused by a protracted head wind,—"Now this is really scandalous usage of the clerk of the weather office!" The scandal, however, lay not so much with the clerk's usage as with his own limited knowledge—for if at the very time of his imprecation, instead of abusing the foul

wind, and keeping his yards braced sharp up, and making his sails stand like a board, the grumbler had known how to take advantage of it, and had kept away two or three points, set his fore-top-mast studding-sail, and flanked across or through the breeze which he had in vain tried to beat against, he might not only have saved his temper, but have made his passage in half the time.

Navigation, after all, probably more than most other pursuits, requires, for its right performance, a constant mixture of theory and practice. The purely practical man, if his experience be extensive, and his voyages be repeatedly made over the same ground, will unquestionably have an advantage over the purely theoretical navigator. There is no necessity, however, that speculation and experience should be either disjointed, or combined in equal portions. A small chain of sound reasoning will serve to arrange and bind together a large pile of properly observed details. Actual facts form the rude materials of our professional knowledge; the skill of the mathematician supplies the theory by direction of which the edifice is built up. In ordinary navigation, a comparatively limited allowance of mathematics, and an acquaintance with the more general principles of astronomy, furnish what may be termed the plan and elevation of our structure; but experience alone can teach us how to apply those designs to useful account.

I am not sure that, in the whole range of this extensive subject, there could be picked out an instance more in point to what has just been said, than these interesting phenomena of the Trade-winds, which, if I mistake not, possess considerable interest to all classes of persons, whether professional or otherwise. To sailors of every age and rank, and especially to naval officers, an acquaintance with the laws which regulate these extraordinary aerial currents must be of great importance. For a commander may be ordered, at a moment's warning, either to carry his own ship, or to lead a squadron, or to guard a convoy, from the northern to the southern hemisphere, or perhaps from the West to the East Indies. If, however, he have not previously made a tropical voyage or two, or have not studied the subject in its genuine theoretical spirit, as well as in the log-books of his predecessors, he may expect to find himself most woefully embarrassed, both on entering and on leaving the Trades.

A captain of a man-of-war in charge of a convoy of India ships, it is true, may, at any time, consult the experienced commanders of the ships under his orders as to the best method of making the passage, generally; or, he may call them on board on reaching the Variables, to have their opinion, and, if he pleases, take their advice as to the quickest method of getting over this difficult stage in the journey. But I think it will occur to every officer, that in such a proceeding, however necessary it may sometimes be for the advancement of the public service, there must be a certain loss of dignity; and with it, some relinquishment of that authority which all experience shows is essential to the proper exercise of command.

Neither officers nor men throughout any fleet ever put forth their whole strength, unless they have the fullest confidence in the person placed at their head. On the other hand, if their confidence in their leader be complete, they fling their whole souls and bodies into the effort, and, under the inspiring influence of unbounded faith, often perform deeds which are equally surprising to themselves and to others. We all know how well this principle worked on the great scale in fleets under Nelson, and, in a smaller degree, but in a spirit hardly less remarkable, on board single ships under Lord Cochrane.

Without exhausting this branch of the question, it must be evident to every one, that the exact knowledge required for getting quickly over the more difficult parts of an Indian voyage may often prove of the utmost consequence in a national point of view. Suppose, for instance, a war breaks out unexpectedly between France and England, and two frigates, equally good sailers, are despatched, by the countries respectively, to spread the news in the eastern hemisphere. Conceive them to start simultaneously, one from Cherbourg, the other from Plymouth, let them both reach the edge of the Variables together, and also lose the northeast Trade-wind on the same day. So far, two equally good officers will probably run abreast of one another. But if one of the captains, without being personally acquainted with the nu-

merous varieties which occur in those low latitudes, has yet a sound knowledge of the general laws by which the fluctuations in the winds are regulated, while the other has merely read about them in log-books, and has no theoretical key to help him to unlock the secrets of the perplexing anomalies he will inevitably encounter, the chances surely are, that the career of the two ships will become from that hour essentially different. If, to the theoretical knowledge which I have supposed one of the officers to possess, he adds even a slight personal acquaintance with the facts, from having studied them on a former voyage, his advantage over his rival will be still greater. At all events, that frigate commanded by the officer possessed of most philosophical knowledge of the causes which put the air in motion, would, in all probability, double the Cape many days, perhaps weeks before the other, and thus be enabled to scatter the important intelligence over the whole Indian ocean in time to prevent great disasters; or, by striking the first blow, to accomplish active warlike purposes of the highest importance to his country.

Independently of all such public objects concerned in these enquiries, which give them a degree of professional importance, and almost render their study a part of every officer's duty, there appears to exist a very general interest in the Trade-winds, sufficiently strong to engage the attention even of unprofessional persons when the subject is placed intelligibly before them. These vast currents of air, which sweep round and round the globe in huge strips of more than twelve hundred miles in width, are in a manner forced, more or less, on every one's notice, from contributing essentially to that boundless interchange of the productions of distant regions by which modern times are so agreeably distinguished from the old.

The great Monsoons, again, of the Indian and China oceans play almost as important a part in this grand nautical drama along the coasts of those remote countries. All these great phenomena, and every one of their numerous minor varieties, will be found, upon a little enquiry, to obey precisely the same laws as their less fluctuating brethren the mighty Trades. That theory, indeed, would be but a shabby one which did not include both; and hence, it may be useful to suggest to my young friends, springs one of the chief delights of science when its study is conducted in a proper spirit. If the pursuit of truth be engaged in with sincerity, phenomena apparently the most opposite in character—for example, winds in different parts of the earth, but in the same latitude, blowing in totally different directions at the same season of the year—will always prove in the end illustrative of one another, and of their common theory.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROGRESS OF THE VOYAGE.

Let people say what they please of the fine bracing weather of a cold climate, I never saw any truth-speaking persons who, on coming fairly to the trial, did not complain of a cold frosty morning as a very great nuisance, or who did not cling eagerly to the fire to unbrace themselves again. For my own part, I have always delighted in the relaxation, if such be the word, or the lassitude caused by hot weather, and accordingly, have very rarely in my life encountered too hot a day. Of course, in saying this, I take it for granted that the weather is to have fair play, and that our dress, apartments, and all other circumstances, shall be suitable. Many a day far too hot have I met with in the choky, oven-like streets of London, where the blacks and the dust and the multitudes of people combine to augment the temperature, already raised to the true German-stove pitch by the reflection of such of the sun's rays as succeed in forcing their way through the stratum of smoke to the half-black, half-red bricks of the walls. In winter evenings, too, when every crevice or opening for the air in a well-packed ball-room is carefully kept shut, by orders from those perverse dowagers who choose to plant themselves near the windows, a lively representation of the climate of the black-hole at Calcutta is sure to be enacted. At such seasons it certainly is rather too hot. Occasionally, also, at night, on board ship, in warm climates, in harbour, or in a calm at sea, when all hands are below, the climate may well be called insufferable. Or in such horrible

sinks and swamps as Batavia, where the motionless air becomes thick and clammy with miasmata, there is no denying that the heat is too great.

But I have very seldom, if ever, felt the weather disagreeably warm, even in India, when sailing on the open sea, or enjoying the free range of a wide country, under awnings and bungaloes, or stretched in a palanquin, or shaded by an umbrella on the back of an elephant. Soldiers and sailors, whose duty exposes them at all hours, either on a march or in boats, must, in spite of every contrivance of this sort, be often struck down by the heat, and sigh with all their hearts for the bracing frosts of higher latitudes. I grant, therefore, that what is said above has reference exclusively to those happy folks who can command their own time and occupations, and who have the means of bringing to bear on their comforts those innumerable luxurious contrivances which the ingenuity of wealth has devised in the East, to render its climate not only bearable, but one of the most enjoyable in the world.

As we sailed along on our voyage to India, gradually slipping down from the high to the low latitudes, the merry sun crept up higher and higher every day towards the zenith, while the thermometer, of course, rose likewise. What was most agreeable in this change from cold to warmth, was the little difference between the temperature of the day and that of the night. As we approached the equator, the thermometer fell only from 82° in the day time to 79° or 80° at night, which, on deck, was delightful. We did not, of course, come to this high temperature all at once; for on the 6th of May, the day after we passed directly under the sun, the average of the twenty-four hours was 73°, and at night 69° and 70°.

It is not to be imagined that every one was pleased with these changes; for on board ship, as on shore, there exist, at all times, and in all latitudes, weathers, and climates, a set of discontented spirits, whose acquired habit or whose radical nature is to find fault with the existing state of things, be these what they may. To such cantankerous folks a growl of misery would really seem to be the great paradoxical happiness of their lives, and the more unreasonable the cause, provided there seem reason in it, the better for their purpose. It is frequently not any actual inconvenience of which these grumblers complain, but chiefly that which they might, could, or would suffer were certain things to happen, all of which, of course, it is a part of your thorough-bred growler to prophesy will happen. I have seen a middy of this stamp glad to find, on coming below, that some insignificant portion of his dinner really had been devoured by his hungry messmates, while he himself was keeping his watch on deck.

"I am used worse than a dog," he would cry, secretly delighted to have gained the luxury of a grievance upon which he might right the changes of his ill usage for the next week. "I can't even get a basin of posse soup put by for me; it's such an infernal shame, I'll cut the service!"

The diversity of climate on an Indian voyage furnishes capital nuts for these perturbed spirits. It is first too cold, then too hot, then there is not wind enough, then it blows too fresh in the squalls; by and by the nights are discovered to be abominably close and sultry, and in the day the fierce flaming downright heat of the sun is still worse; then the calms are never to be over; or the lying trades, as they call them, have got capsize, and blow from the west instead of the east! After the line has been crossed, and the south-east wind is met with, the weather soon becomes what these ingenious fellows call too temperate, then it grows too cold again; and next, off the Cape, the latitude is too stormy.—In this alone they have some reason; and I have often regretted that, by a royal ordinance of the King of Portugal, the name of this mighty promontory was changed from Cabo de Tormentes, the headland of storms, to its present spongy title. In short, this grand voyage is merely a peristrophe panorama of miseries, which, if they survive, say they, it will be happy for them. Happy! Not a whit. It is out of their nature to be happy. To find fault, and to fling away the good the gods provide them, to sour every cup of enjoyment by the gall of discontent expressed from their own hearts, and to aggravate the pain of every real wound by the impatience of idle complaints, is their diseased joy. "Evil, be thou my good!" they might well exclaim; for, instead of heightening the pleasures of life by full participation, or subduing its inevitable evils, or, at all events, softening their asperity by enduring with fortitude and cheerfulness what cannot be helped, these self-tormentors reject what is substantially pleasing, and cling, with habitual, but morbid relish, to whatever is disagreeable.

As we glided along, through the trade winds, towards the neck of sea which divides Africa from America, the symptoms of a change in climate became daily more manifest. Every skylight and stern window was fastened wide open, and every cabin-scuttle driven out, that a free draught of air might sweep through the ship all night long. In the day-time, the pitch in the seams of the upper-deck soon began to melt, and, by sticking to the soles of our shoes, plastered the planks, to the great discomfort of the captain of the after guard. The tar, oozing from the cordage aloft, dropped on our heads, speckled the snow-white boat covers, and obliged us to spread the hammock cloths, to prevent the bedding being ruined by the spots. On the larboard or eastern side of the ship, which, of course, is always presented to the sun when crossing the Trades on the outward-bound voyage, the pitch and rosin with which the seams had been payed ran down in little streams across the lines of paint. To prevent, as far as we could, some of these annoyances, we spread the awnings over the decks, and triced up the curtains, fore and aft, while every art was used to introduce air to all parts of the ship. The half-ports were removed from the main-deck guns, the gratings put on one side, and as many windsails sent down the hatchways as could be made to catch a puff of air. Blue trowsers and beaver scrapers soon gave way before the elements, and were succeeded by nankeens, straw hats, and canvass caps. In the captain's cabin, where the presence of the governor, our passenger, still kept up the straight-laced etiquettes of the service, coats and epaulettes appeared at dinner; but in the gun-room, the officers, the instant they came below, slipped on their light white jackets, and, sans waistcoat, seized their flutes and books, and drew their chairs as near as possible to the mouth of the windsail. In the midshipmen's berth, outside in the storeroom, truth compels me to acknowledge, that the shirt without neckcloth or stock, and sometimes with its sleeves rolled up to the elbows, was the most fashionable rig. The seamen and marines, of course, dined on the main deck, not only that they might enjoy the fresh air breathing gently in upon them through the ports on the weather side, and sweeping out again by those to leeward, but that the lower-deck might be kept as cool and airy as possible against the sultry feverish night season.

On such occasions the men leave their tables and stools below, and either seat themselves tailor-fashion, or recline Roman fashion. Nor is this in the least degree unpleasant; for the deck of a man-of-war is made as clean every morning as any table, and is kept so during the day by being swept at least once an hour. Of all the tunes played by the boatswain's pipe, that which calls the sweepers is the most frequently heard. When the order is given for dining on deck, the different messes into which the crew are divided occupy the spots immediately above their usual mess-places below, as far as the guns allow of their doing so. It has always struck me as very pleasing, to see the main-deck covered, from the after-hatchway to the cook's coppers, with the people's messes, enjoying their noonday repast, as delicious to them, and probably far more so, than any turtle feast to any alderman; while the celestial grog, with which their hard, dry, salt junk is washed down, out-matches, twenty-fold, in Jack's estimation, all the thin potations, the clarets, and hocks, and vin de Graves, of those who, in no very courteous language, are called their betters. For I will venture to say, that at such well-fed moments, no mortals, of whatever rank in the world, take precedence, on the score of enjoyment and contentment, of these our light-hearted tars and jolly marines.

Until we had crossed the north-east Trade, and reached the Calms, the ship's way through the water was too great to allow of bathing along side; but we easily contrived a shower-bath, which answered very well. This consisted of a packing-box, the bottom of which was perforated with holes, triced up between two of the skids, near the gangway, and under the quarter of one of the boats on the booms. A couple of the top-men with draw-buckets supplied the water from above, while the bather stood on the main-deck enjoying the shower. The time selected for this delicious bath was generally about four o'clock in the morning, after the middle watch was out, and before the exhausted officer tumbled into bed. A four hours' walk, indeed, in a sultry night, be it managed ever so gently, has a tendency to produce a degree of heat approaching to feverishness; and I have no words to describe the luxury of standing under a cool shower when the long task is ended. We were generally just enough fatigued to be sure of a sound, light, happy sleep, and just enough heated to revel in the coolest water that was to be had. In fact, we found that of the sea, much

too warm, being only two or three degrees below the temperature of the air. To remedy this, we generally exposed a dozen buckets-full on the gangway at eight or nine o'clock in the evening: and these, being allowed to stand till morning, became so much cooler by the evaporation in the night, that the shock was unexpectably grateful.

Perhaps there is not any more characteristic evidence of our being within the tropical regions, one, I mean, which strikes the imagination more forcibly, than the company of those picturesque little animals, if it be correct so to call them, the flying-fish. It is true, that a stray one or two may sometimes be seen far north, making a few short skips out of the water, and I even remember seeing several close to the edge of the banks of Newfoundland, in latitude 45°. These, however, had been swept out of their natural position by the huge gulf stream, an ocean in itself, which retains much of its temperature far into the northern regions, and possibly helps to modify the climate over the Atlantic. But it is not until the voyager has fairly reached the heart of the torrid zone that he sees the flying-fish in perfection.

No familiarity with the sight can ever render so indifferent to the graceful flight of these most interesting of all the finny, or, rather, winged tribe. On the contrary, like a bright day, or a smiling countenance, or good company of any kind, the more we see of them, the more we learn to value their presence. I have, indeed, hardly ever observed a person so dull, or unimaginative, that his eye did not glisten as he watched a shoal, or, it may well be called, a covey of flying-fish rise from the sea, and skim along for several hundred yards. There is something in it so very peculiar, so totally dissimilar to every thing else in other parts of the world, that our wonder goes on increasing every time we see a single one take its flight. The incredulity, indeed, of the old Scottish wife on this head is sufficiently excusable. "You may have seen rivers o' milk, and mountains o' sugar," said she to her son, returned from a voyage: "but you'll ne'er gar me believe you have seen a fish that could flee!"

I have endeavoured to form an estimate as to the length of these flights, and find two hundred yards set down in my notes as about the longest; but, I think, subsequent observation has extended the space. The amiable Humboldt good-naturedly suggests, that these flights may be mere gambols, and not indicative of the flying-fish being pursued by their formidable enemy the dolphin. I wish I could believe so; for it were much more agreeable to suppose, that at the end of the fine sweep which they take, at the height of ten or twenty feet above the surface, they may fall gently and safely on the bosom of the sea, than pop full into the voracious jaws of their merciless foe.

I do not recollect whether the eminent traveller just mentioned, who not only observes many new things than most men, but describes them much better, has any where mentioned his having witnessed one of these chases. Indeed, they are not very often seen: at least, I am not sure that I have observed above half a dozen, though I have crossed and recrossed the equator fourteen times. The prettiest I remember to have assisted at, as the French say, and the details of which I shall describe presently, was during the first voyage I ever made through those regions of the sun. The pleasant Trade which had wafted us, with different degrees of velocity, over a distance of more than a thousand miles at last gradually failed. The first symptom of the approaching calm was the sails beginning to flap gently against the masts, so gently, indeed, that we half hoped it was caused, not so much by the diminished force of the breeze, with which we were very unwilling to part, as by that long and peculiar swell which,

"In the torrid climate Dark heaving,"

has found the hand of a master-artist to embody it in a description, more technically correct, and certainly far more graphic in all its parts, than if the picture had been filled up from the log-books of ten thousand voyagers.

The same noble writer, by merely letting his imagination run wild a little, has also given a sketch of what might take place were one of these calms to be perpetual; and so true to nature is all his pencilling, that many a time, when day after day has passed without a breath of wind, and there came no prospect of any breeze, I have recollected the following strange lines, and almost fancied that such might be our own dismal fate.

"The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths:
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,

And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished."——*

The faint zephyrs, which had coquetted with our languid sails for an hour or two, at length took their leave: first of the courses, then of the top sails, and lastly of the royals and the smaller flying kites aloft. In vain we looked round and round the horizon for some traces of a return of our old friend the Trade, but could distinguish nothing save one polished, dark heaving sheet of glass, reflecting the unbroken disk of the sun, and the bright, clear sky in the moving mirror beneath. From the heat, which soon became intense, there was no escape, either on deck or below, aloft in the tops, or still higher on the cross-trees; neither could we find relief down in the hold; for it was all the same, except, that in the exposed situations we were scorched or roasted, in the others suffocated. The useless helm was lashed amidships, the yards were lowered on the cap, and the boats were dropped into the water to fill up the cracks and rents caused by the fierce heat. The occasion was taken advantage of to shift some of the sails, and to mend others; most of the running ropes also were turned end for end. A listless feeling stole over us all, and we lay about the decks, gasping for breath, in vain seeking for some alleviation to our thirst by drink! drink! drink! Alas, the transient indulgence only made the matter worse.

Meanwhile, our convoy of huge China ships, rolling very slowly on the top of the long, smooth, and scarcely perceptible ridges, or sinking as gently between their summits, were scattered in all directions, with their heads in different ways, some looking homeward again, and some, as if by instinct, keeping still for the south. How it happens I do not know, but on occasions of perfect calm, or such as appear to be perfectly calm, the ships of a fleet generally drift away from one another; so that, at the end of a few hours, the whole circle bounded by the horizon is speckled over with these unmanageable hulks, as they may for the time be considered. It will occasionally happen, indeed, that two ships draw so near in a calm as to incur some risk of falling on board one another. I need scarcely mention, that, even in the smoothest water ever found in the open sea, two large ships coming in actual contact must prove a formidable encounter. As long as they are apart, their gentle and rather graceful movements are fit subjects of admiration; and I have often seen people gazing, for an hour at a time, at the ships of a becalmed fleet, slowly twisting round, changing their position, and rolling from side to side, as silently as if they had been in harbour, or accompanied only by the faint, rippling sound tripping along the water line, as the copper below the bends alternately sunk into the sea, or rose out of it, dripping wet, and shining as bright and clean as a new coin, from the constant friction of the ocean during the previous rapid passage across the Trade-winds.

But all this picturesque admiration changes to alarm when ships come so close as to risk a contact; for these motions, which appear so slow and gentle to the eye, are irresistible in their force; and as the chances are against the two vessels moving exactly in the same direction at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear one another to pieces. Supposing them to come in contact side by side, the first roll would probably tear away the fore and main channels of both ships; the next roll, by interlacing the lower yards, and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and backstays of the other, would in all likelihood bring down all three masts of both ships, not piecemeal as the poet hath it, but in one furious crash. Beneath the ruins of the spars, the coils of rigging, and the enormous folds of canvases, might lie crushed many of the best hands, who, from being always the foremost to spring forward in such seasons of danger, are sure to be sacrificed. After this first catastrophe, the ships would probably drift away from one another for a little while, only to tumble together again and again, till they had ground one another to the water's edge, and one or both of them would fill and go down. In such encounters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron break and crumble in pieces, like sealing-wax and pie-crust. Many instances of such accidents are on record, but I never witnessed one.

To prevent these frightful rencontres, care is always

taken to hoist out the boats in good time, if need be, to tow the ships apart, or, what is generally sufficient, to tow the ships' heads in opposite directions. I scarcely know why this should have the effect, but certainly it appears that, be the calm ever so complete, or dead, as the term is, a vessel generally forges ahead, or steals along imperceptibly in the direction she is looking to; possibly from the conformation of the hull.

Shortly after the Trade-wind left us, a cloud rose in the south, which soon filled the whole air, and discharged upon us the most furious shower I ever beheld, (except, perhaps, once at San Blas in Mexico,) and such as I can compare to nothing but that flung on the traveller's head who ventures behind the sheet of water at Niagara. As few people try this experiment, I am afraid the comparison will go but little way to help the imagination in conceiving the violence of a tropical shower. I must mention, however, one very essential difference between the two cases. In the space between the rock and the cataract of Niagara, the deluge of water is accompanied by such violent gusts of wind, that the inexperienced person who ventures into this strangest but grandest of all caverns is in constant terror of being whisked off his legs, and thrown headlong into the horrid, boiling, roaring pool below. In the tropical showers above alluded to, the rain generally falls down in perpendicular lines of drops, or spouts, without a breath of wind, unaccompanied by thunder or any other noise, and in one great gush or splash, as if some prodigious reservoir had been upset over the fleet from the edge of the cloud.

Our noble commander, delighted with the opportunity of replenishing his stock of water, called out, "Put shot on each side, and slack all the stops down, so that the awnings may slope inwards. Get buckets and empty casks to hand instantly!"

In a few minutes the awnings were half full of water, and a hole connected with a hose having been prepared beforehand near the lowest point, where the canvass was weighed down by the shot, a stream poured down as if a cock had been turned. Not a drop of this was lost; but being carried off, it was poured into a starting-tub at the hatchway, and so conveyed by a pipe to the casks in the hold. By the time the squall was over we had filled six or eight butts; and although not good to drink, from being contaminated by the tar from the ropes and sails, the water answered admirably for washing, which was our object in catching it.

Ever since the days of Captain Cook, (the father of our present domestic economy on board ship,) it has been the practice to allow the crew two washing-days per week, on the details of which proceeding, and some other points of discipline, first introduced by that great voyager, I shall have occasion to touch at another time. At present I merely wish to give a hint to those who have never tried the experiment, that there is a prodigious difference between a shirt scrubbed in salt water, and one which has been washed in fresh. We all know the misery of putting on wet clothes, or sleeping in damp sheets. Now, a shirt washed in salt water is really a great deal worse than either; because, in the cases alluded to, one may apply to the fire or the sun, and remedy the evil at the cost of a little time and trouble; but in the wretched predicament of putting on salt-water-washed linen, no such process avails anything. You first dry your unhappy shirt, by exposing it to the sun or the fire till it seems as free from moisture as any bone; you then put it on, in hopes of enjoying the benefit of clean linen. Alas, not a whit of enjoyment follows! For if the air be in a humid state, or you are exposed to exercise, the treacherous salt, which, when crystallised, has hidden itself in the fibres of the cloth, speedily deliquesces or melts, and you have all the tortures of being once more wrapped in moist drapery. In your agony, you pull it off, run to the galley-range, and toast it over again; or you hang it up in the fiery heat of the southern sun, and when not a particle of wet seems to remain, you draw it on a second time, fancying your job at last complete. But, miserable man, you are as ill off as ever; for the insidious enemy has merely retired out of sight, but still lurks so close, that no art we yet know of will expel him, save and except that of a good sound rinsing in fresh water.

Seeing, then, that there can hardly be any discomfort greater than what has been just described, I need scarcely add that there are few greater favours of the minor kind which a considerate captain may bestow on his crew, than giving them, whenever he possibly can, at least as much fresh water as will serve to carry off the abominable salt from their clothes, after they have first been well scoured in the water of the ocean. Even this small allowance is a great comfort on those occasions, when a

sufficient quantity cannot be allowed for performing the whole operation of washing from first to last. By a judicious management of the ship's regular stock, and, above all, by losing no opportunity of catching rain water, either during these tropical showers, or upon ordinary occasions of wet weather, an officer of any activity, who really possesses a good feeling towards his people, need seldom be without the means of giving to each man of his crew a gallon twice a week during the longest voyage.

It was from an old and excellent officer I first learned that by proper and constant care this indulgence might almost always be granted. It is not easy, I freely admit, at all times, and in all climates, to keep a supply of washing water on board; and under most circumstances, it certainly requires more personal exertion than those persons are aware of, who have not given it their attention. But I feel persuaded that there does not exist an officer in the navy who would not cheerfully take even a great deal more trouble, if once made fully sensible of the unspeakable comfort which this very reasonable indulgence affords to the men under his care. To those who hold the doctrine that sailors are by their nature ungrateful, and that it is useless to grant them advantages which are not absolutely necessary, these recommendations will appear trivial and absurd. But, I trust, the prevalence of such unworthy sentiments in the navy is becoming less and less every day. Officers are now generally pretty well aware, that the alleged ingratitude of their men belongs fully more to unreasonable expectations on their own part, than to any want of feeling on that of their crew. A captain ought to do what is right and kind, simply because it is right and kind; and his conduct in this respect should not be influenced by the manner in which it is received; at all events, he may be certain, that if his favours be not well received, the fault lies in his manner of giving them. Sailors have the most acute penetration possible on these occasions, and if the captain be influenced by any petty motives of selfishness, or be prompted by any trashy desire to gain a flimsy popularity—in short, if his conduct be regulated by any wish except that of doing his duty uniformly and kindly, the Johnnies will see through it all, and either laugh at him or hate him, or both.

The art of granting a favour gracefully and usefully is one of far greater difficulty than is generally supposed; and as the command of a man-of-war is a grand school for its study, most truly happy shall I be if what I have said here or elsewhere shall induce a single brother-officer to turn his attention more earnestly than before to the domestic comforts of his people, one of the most delightful, and certainly one of the most useful branches of the arduous duties of a commander.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

One day, after we had lost the north-east Trade-wind, and when the fleet of China ships, with their companions, the two ships of war, were drifting about in the calm, more like logs of wood than any thing else, a furious squall, unperceived till it reached us, swept through the fleet. These violent tornadoes are generally called white squalls, from being unattended by those black heavy rain clouds which usually accompany such transient blasts.

On the occasion of ordinary squalls, even with the advantage of the warning given by rising clouds, we find it not always easy to escape their force unhurt. If the wind be fair, we feel a natural reluctance to shorten sail, so as to lose any portion of the good which fortune is sending us; or, at all events, we do not wish to commence shortening sail till the squall is so near that there is an absolute necessity for doing so. It will, therefore, often happen that inexperienced officers are deceived by the unexpected velocity with which the gust comes down upon them. And even the oldest sailors, if navigating in regions with which they have not become actually acquainted, are apt to miscalculate the time likely to elapse before the wind can touch them. In these cases, unless the men are very active, the sails are generally torn, and sometimes a mast or a yard is carried away. It is, besides, so often doubted whether there is to be any wind in the squall, or it is to prove merely a plump of rain, that there seem few points of distinction more remarkable between the seamanship of an old and a young officer than their power of judging of this matter. To a man quite inexperienced, a squall may look in the highest degree threatening; he will order the topgallant clew-lines to be manned, place hands by the topsail banlyards, and lay along the main clew-garnets. His

* Darkness. By Lord Byron.

more experienced captain, however, being apprised of the squall's approach, steps on deck, takes a hasty look to windward, and says to his young friend, the officer of the watch, "Never mind, there's nothing in it, it's only rain; keep the sails on her."

And although the older authority, nine times in ten, proves correct in his judgment, he might find it difficult, or even impossible, to tell exactly upon what his confidence rested. Sailors boast, indeed, of having an infallible test by which the point in question may be ascertained, their secret being clothed in the following rhymes, so to call them:

"If the rain's before the wind,
'Tis time to take the topsails in;
If the wind's before the rain,
Hoist your topsails up again."

By which we are taught to understand, that when the rain of a squall reaches the ship before the breeze which it contains, there will be danger in carrying on, and vice versa. Some rule of this kind, adapted to the meridian of London, might perhaps save our good citizens many a sound ducking in Hyde Park of a Sunday afternoon; for I observe the crowd never take the slightest precaution till the squall is right upon them, and then it is too late.

• The practical knowledge alluded to, however, which is sometimes called professional tact, comes not by rhymes, but by experience alone; and something akin to this, I presume, may be discovered in every calling. A painter, for example, might be utterly at a loss to communicate to a brother-artist the rules by which he has produced those effects, that he himself has flung, as it were, on the canvass, with a kind of intuitive confidence, scarcely conscious of effort. Many long and hard years of study, and myriads of forgotten trials, however, must have been gone through to give this enviable facility. So it is with seamanship, where it is so frequently indispensable to act with promptitude one way or the other.

No experience, however, can altogether guard against these sudden gusts or white squalls, since they make no show, except, sometimes, by a rippling of the water along which they are sweeping. On the occasion above alluded to, there was not even this faint warning. The first ships of the convoy, touched by the blast, were laid over almost on their beam ends, but in the next instant righted again, on the whole of their sails being blown clean out of the bolt-ropes. The *Theban* frigate and the *Volage*, then lying nearly in the centre of the fleet, were the only ships which saved an inch of canvass. This was owing chiefly to our having so many more hands on board, compared to the *Indiamen*, but partly to our having caught sight of the ruin brought on the vessels near us, just in time to let fly the sheets and halyards and get the yards down. But even then, with the utmost exertion of every man and boy on board, we barely succeeded in clewing all up, and preventing the sails from being blown to shreds.

When this hurricane of a moment had passed over us, and we had time to look round, not a rag was to be seen in the whole fleet; while the *Wexford*, a ship near us, had lost her three top-gallant masts and jib-boom, and what was a far more serious misfortune, her fore-top-mast was dangling over the bows. Part of the fore-top-sail was wrapped like a shawl round the lee cat-head, while the rest hung down in festoons from the collar of the fore-stay to the spritsail yard-arm. A stout party of seamen from each of the men-of-war were sent to assist in clearing the wreck, and getting up fresh spars. A light fair wind having succeeded to the calm in which we had been lolling about for many days before this squall came on, we took our wounded bird in tow, and made all sail once more towards the equinox, as old Robinson Crusoe calls the equator. By this time also, the *Chinamen* had bent a new gang of sails, and were fast resuming their old stations in the appointed order of bearing, which it was our policy to keep up strictly, together with as many other of the formalities of a fleet of line-of-battle ships on a cruise as we could possibly maintain.

While we were thus stealing along pleasantly enough under the genial influence of this newly-found air, which as yet was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-mouthed to the eastward to catch a gulp of cool air, or was congratulating his neighbour on getting rid of the tiresome calm in which we had been so long half-roasted, half suffocated, about a dozen flying fish rose out of the water, just under the fore-chains, and skimmed away to windward at the height of ten or twelve feet above the surface. I have already mentioned, that the longest flight of these singular fish is about an

eighth of an English mile, or two hundred yards, which they perform in somewhat more than half a minute. These flights vary from the extreme length mentioned above to a mere skip out of the water. Generally speaking, they fly to a considerable distance in a straight line in the wind's eye, and then gradually turn off to leeward. But sometimes the flying fish merely skims the surface, so as to touch the tops of the successive waves, without rising and falling to follow the undulations of the sea. There is a prevalent idea afloat, but I know not how just it may be, that they can fly no longer than their wings or fins remain wet. That they rise as high as twenty feet out of the water is certain, from their being sometimes found in the channels of a line-of-battle ship; and they frequently fly into a seventy-four-gun-ship's main deck ports. On a frigate's fore-castle and gangways, also, elevations which may be taken at eighteen or twenty feet, or more, they are often found. I remember seeing one, about nine inches in length, and weighing not less, I should suppose, than half a pound, skim into the *Volage's* main-deck port just abreast of the gangway. One of the main-topmen was coming up the quarter-deck ladder at the moment, when the flying fish, entering the port struck the astonished mariner on the temple, knocked him off the step, and very nearly laid him sprawling.

I was once in a prize, a low Spanish schooner, not above two feet and a half out of the water, when we used to pick up flying fish enough about the decks in the morning to give us a capital breakfast. They are not unlike whittings to the taste, though rather firmer, and very dry. They form, I am told, a considerable article of food for the negroes in the harbours in the West Indies. The method of catching them at night is thus described:—In the middle of the canoe a light is placed on the top of a pole, towards which object it is believed these fish always dart, while on both sides of the canoe a net is spread to a considerable distance, supported by outriggers above the surface of the water; the fish dash at the light, pass it, and fall into the net on the other side.

Shortly after observing the cluster of flying fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship, in all their beauty, and watched with some anxiety to see one of those aquatic chases of which our friends the *Indiamen* had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait, for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another shoal of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been keeping company with us abreast of the weather gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, as it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying fish, the start which his fated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time.

The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten yards; and after he fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forward with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the moricless pursuer seemed to stride along the sea with fearful rapidity, while his brilliant coat sparkled and flashed in the sun quite splendidly. As he fell headlong on the water at the end of each huge leap, a series of circles were sent far over the still surface, which lay as smooth as a mirror; for the breeze, although enough to set the royals and top-gallant studding sails asleep, was hardly as yet felt below.

The group of wretched flying fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sunk in it, at least they instantly set off again in a fresh and even more vigorous flight. It was particularly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps along the waves, and now gaining rapidly upon them. His terrific pace, indeed, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things!

The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he lost not the tenth part of a second in shaping a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a

manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that the strength and confidence of the flying fish were fast ebbing. Their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skillful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assurance of success, that he contrived to fall, at the end of each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been in at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creatures, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.

It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends of the weaker side, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chance, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and spritail yard-arms, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the body and wings of the flying fish, that many a proud dolphin, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which, I learn from the *Encyclopædia*, is the *Coryphæna hippurus* of naturalists, is totally different from their *Delphinus phocæna*, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient *delphin* of the poets, I mean that on the back of which *Daedalus* took a passage when he was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than our porpoise.* For the rest, he is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and, when properly dressed, is really not bad eating.

It happened in a ship I commanded that a porpoise was struck about half an hour before the cabin dinner; and I gave directions, as a matter of course, to my steward to dress a dish of steaks, cut well clear of the thick coating of blubber. It so chanced that none of the crew had ever before seen a fish of this kind cooked, and in consequence there arose doubts amongst them whether or not it was good or even safe eating. The word, however, being soon passed along the decks, that orders had been given for some slices of the porpoise to be cooked for the captain's table, a deputation from forward was appointed to proceed as near to the cabin door as the etiquette of the service allowed, in order to establish the important fact of the porpoise being eatable. The dish was carried in, its contents speedily discussed, and a fresh supply having been sent for, the steward was, of course, intercepted in his way to the cook. "I say, Capewell," cried one of the hungry delegates, "did the captain really eat any of the porpoise?"

"Eat it!" exclaimed the steward, look at that!" at the same time lifting off the cover, and showing a dish so well cleared as if it had previously been freighted with veal cutlets, and was now on its return from the midshipmen's birth.

"Ho! ho!" sung out Jack, running back to the fore-castle; "if the skipper eats porpoise, I don't see why we should be nice; so here goes!" Then pulling away the great clasp-knife which always hangs by a cord round the neck of a seaman, he plunged it into the sides of the fish, and, after separating the outside rind of blubber, detached half a dozen pounds of the red meat, which, in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse. His example was so speedily followed by the rest of the ship's company, that when I walked forward, after dinner, in company with the doctor, to take the post mortem view of the porpoise more critically than before, we found the whole had been broiled and eaten within half an hour after I had unconsciously given, by my example, an official sanction to the feast.

Porpoises almost invariably go in shoals, and sometimes in such vast numbers as to partially cover the whole visible extent of the sea. They appear to delight exceedingly in playing round a ship when one falls in their way; for they will ever deviate from their own course, and accompany hers for some time; and such is their speed,

* Ovid. *Fasti*, lib. ii. 117. *Encyclopædia Britan.* vol. v. p. 339.

that however fast a vessel may be sailing, they can shoot ahead, dart athwart hause, and even go repeatedly round her, though her rate be ten knots an hour, and all apparently with the utmost ease. Their gambols on these occasions are sometimes very amusing. I have often seen them leap high out of the water, and, while in the air, twirl themselves completely round. I am not quite sure that I have not seen them make what is called a somerset in the air, by turning tail over head. Their form appears very graceful when seen in the water; and I remember, when a midshipman in the old *Leander*, on my first voyage, (in 1802,) being persuaded by one of the lieutenants that these porpoises were salmon—sea salmon, as he called them.

The porpoises appear to have some very rapid method of communication amongst themselves; for they not only proceed in myriads in one straight course, but often amuse themselves by leaping in considerable numbers out of the water, with such perfect identity of time in all their movements, that on hearing them fall we might fancy them but one fish. For hours at a time I have leaned over the gangway railing, when the ship has been going at the rate of ten or eleven miles, merely to watch them gliding alongside of us in pairs, leaping simultaneously out of the water. At night this companionship is always particularly striking; but most so when the sea, either from some inherent phosphorescent property, or from the presence of animalcule, possesses the quality of giving out light upon being agitated. On such occasions, when the foam dashed off from the ship's bows resembles molten silver, and the train in her wake stretches far astern along the sea, like the tail of a comet across the sky, the track of the porpoise is likewise marked in the most beautiful style that can well be imagined. Besides trailing behind this long unbroken line of fire, each fish is surrounded by a sort of halo, or glow of bright bluish sparks, and the form of its head and body can then be distinctly seen, or even the slightest movement of the tail discovered fully better than in daylight. The lustre of this mysterious illumination is at times so great, that one may read off the seconds-hand of a watch by its help alone. Indeed, the light caused by the foam of the lee-side of a ship, when much pressed with sail, and the agitation of the water becomes considerable, often casts a distinct glow on the bulge, or belly of the courses, and reaching as far up as the foot of the topsails, may almost be detected on the foot topgallant-sails in a very dark night.

There is a popular belief amongst seamen, that the wind may be expected from the quarter to which a shoal of porpoises are observed to steer; but I suspect their capacity as meteorologists is about on a par with that of geese, the value of whose flights is held by many worthy and venerable matrons to be pretty nearly as well established as the fact of hogs actually seeing the wind. So far, however, from our respecting the speculations of these submarine philosophers, every art is used to drag them out of their native element, and to pass them through the fire to the insatiable Molochs of the lower-decks and cockpits of his majesty's ships, a race amongst whom the constant supply of the best provisions appears to produce only an increase of appetite.

One harpoon, at least, is always kept in readiness for action in the fore part of the ship. The sharpest and strongest of these deadly weapons is generally stopped, or fastened, to the fore-tack bumpkin, a spar some ten or twelve feet long, projecting from the bows of a ship on each side like the horns of a snail, to which the tack or lower corner of the foresail is drawn down when the ship is on a wind. This spar, which affords good footing, not being raised many feet above the water, while it is clear of the bow, and very nearly over the spot where the porpoises glide past, when shooting across the ship's fore-foot, is eagerly occupied by the most active and expert harpooner on board, as soon as the report has been spread that a shoal, or, as the sailors call it, a "school" of porpoises are round the ship. There is another favourite station which is speedily filled on these occasions, I mean alongside of the slight-looking, but strong, and not ungraceful apparatus projecting perpendicularly downwards from the end of the bowsprit. This spar is not inaptly called the dolphin-striker, from its appearing to dash into the waves as the ship pitches; perhaps, it may have acquired its name from its being so capital a position from which to strike that fish. The lower end of the spar is connected with the outer end of the jib-boom by means of a stout rope, which, after passing through its extremity, extends to the ship; and it is upon this guy that the fortunate person who wields the harpoon fixes himself. Any picture of a ship will make this description intelligible; but it may assist the imagination to mention,

that the purpose of this rope is to keep the end of the jib-boom from springing up, precisely as a martingal holds down the head of a horse; which analogy, no doubt, has led sailors to give the name of martingal-stay to the guy in question.

The harpoon, is a triangular, or rather a heart-shaped, barbed weapon, somewhat larger than a man's hand, and in the centre about as thick as his knuckles. Its point and edges are made of iron so soft that they can easily be brought to a rough edge by means of a file. Until I read Captain Scoresby's most interesting account of the Arctic Regions, I always fancied that the point of the whale-harpoon, which is exactly the same as that used by us to take the porpoise, was made of steel; but he explains that it is left purposely soft, that it may be sharpened, even by scraping it with a knife. This javelin-head, or, as it is technically called by whalers, the "mouth," is connected by a slender arm or shank, terminating in a socket. The barbed head, or mouth, is eight inches long, and six broad; the shank, with its socket, two feet and a half long. The shank is not quite half an inch in diameter; and as this part is liable to be forcibly and suddenly extended, twisted, and bent, it requires to be made of the toughest and most pliable iron.

"That kind," says Scoresby, "which is of the most approved tenacity is made of old horse-shoe nails, or stubs, which are formed into small rods, and two or three of these welded together; so that should a flaw happen to occur in any one of the rods, the strength of the whole might still be depended on. Some manufacturers enclose a quantity of stub-iron in a cylinder of best foreign iron, and form the shank of the harpoon out of a single rod. A test sometimes used for trying the sufficiency of a harpoon, is to wind its shank round a bolt of inch iron, in the form of a close spiral, then to unwind it again, and put it into a straight form. If it bears this without injury in the cold state, it is considered as excellent. The breaking of a harpoon is of no less importance than the value of a whale, which is sometimes estimated at 1000*l.* sterling. This consideration has induced many ingenious persons to turn their attention towards improving the construction and security of this instrument; but, though various alterations have been suggested, such as forming the shank of plies of wire, and adding one or two lateral barbs, they have all given place to the simplicity of the ancient harpoon."—Scoresby's Arctic Regions, vol. ii. p. 225.

Having described the harpoon, we may resume our fishing operations, which possess a remarkable degree of interest when the shoal of porpoises is numerous. Half the ship's company are generally clustered about the bowsprit, the head, and any other spot commanding a good view of the sport. When a mid, I have often perched myself like a sea-bird at the fore-yard-arm, or nestled into the fore-topmast staysail netting, till I saw the harpoon cast with effect by some older and stronger arm. A piece of small but stout line, called, I think, the foreganger, is spliced securely to the shank of the harpoon. To the end of this line is attached any small rope that lies handiest on the fore-castle, probably the top-gallant clewline, or the jib down-haul. The rope, before being made fast to the foreganger, is drove through a block attached to some part of the bowsprit, or to the foremost swifter of the fore-rigging; and a gang of hands are always ready to take hold of the end, and run the fish right out of the water when pierced by the iron.

The harpooner, it will be understood, has nothing to attend to but the mere act of striking his object; and there are few exploits in which the dexterity of one person is more conspicuous over that of another, than in delivering the harpoon. I have heard Captain Scoresby say, that when a whale is struck, it is an object of importance to drive the weapon socket-deep into the blubber, or outer rind, of the floating monster; but in the case of the porpoise, the true point of skill appears to lie in the aim alone; for the mere weight of the instrument, with its loaded staff, is sufficient to lodge the barbs in the body of the fish, and in many cases to carry it right through to the other side.

The strength of the porpoise must be very great, for I have seen him twist a whale harpoon several times round, and eventually tear himself off by main force. On this account it is of consequence to get the floundering gentleman on board with the least possible delay after the fish is struck. Accordingly, the harpooner, the instant he has made a good hit, bawls out, "Haul away! haul away!" upon which the men stationed at the line run away with it, and the struggling wretch is raised high into the air, as if still in the act of performing one of his own gambols. Two or three of the smartest hands have in the mean time prepared what is called a running

bowline knot, or noose, the nature of which may be readily described by saying that although it slips up, or renders, very easily, it is perfectly secure, without being subject to jamming, as that embarrassing entanglement is called when a knot or bend becomes inextricably fixed. This running bowline, of which several are always made ready beforehand, is placed by hand round the body of the porpoise, or it may be cast, like the South American lasso, over its tail, and then, but not till then, can the captive be considered quite secure. I have seen many a gallant prize of this kind fairly transfixed with the harpoon, and rattled like a shot up to the block, where it was hailed by the shouts of the victors as the source of a certain feast, and yet lost after all, either by the line breaking, or the dart coming out during the vehement struggles of the fish.

I remember once seeing a porpoise accidentally struck by a minor description of fish-spear, called a grains, a weapon quite inadequate for such a service. The cord by which it was held being much too weak, soon broke, and off dashed the wounded fish, right in the wind's eye, at a prodigious rate, with the staff erected on its back, like a signal post. The poor wretch was instantly accompanied, or pursued, by myriads of his own species, whose instinct, it is said, teaches them to follow any track of blood, and even to devour their unfortunate fellow fish. I rather doubt the fact of their cannibalism, but am certain that whenever a porpoise is struck and escapes, he is followed by all the others, and the ship is deserted by the shoal in a few seconds. In the instance just mentioned, the grains with which the porpoise was struck had been got ready for spearing a dolphin; but the man in whose hands it happened to be, not being an experienced harpooner, could not resist the opportunity of darting his weapon into the first fish that offered a fair mark.

The dolphin, the bonito, and the albacore, are sometimes caught with the grains, but generally by means of lines baited either with bits of tin, or with pieces of the flying-fish, when any are to be had. In fine weather, especially between the tropics, when the whole surface of the sea is often covered with them, a dozen lines are hung from the jib-boom end and spirit-sail yard, all so arranged, that when the ship sends forward, the hook, with its glittering bait, barely touches the water, but rises from it when the ship is raised up by the swell. The grains spoken of above resembles nothing so much that I know of as the trident which painters thrust into the hands of Daddy Neptune, when it pleases them to represent the god of the sea, sitting all ready for a swim (sans culottes, as he ought to be,) in his dolphin-drawn cab. If my nautical recollections, however, serve me correctly, this spear has five prongs, not three, and sometimes there are two sets, placed in lines at right angles to one another. The upper end of the staff being loaded with lead, it falls down and turns over the fish, which is then drawn on board on the top of the grains, as a potatoe or a herring might be presented on the point of a fork.

The dolphin is eaten and generally relished by every one, though certainly a plaguy dry fish. It is often cut into slices and fried like salmon, or boiled and soured in vinegar, to be eaten cold. The bonito is a coarser fish, and becomes not very bad eating only by the copious use of port wine. Any thing, say the cooks, may be made palatable by rich sauces; a maxim we tried hard to illustrate in the midshipman's berth with such slender means as we possessed; and many a time have I feasted on what was but too correctly called mock-turtle soup, designated, in the choice dialect of the cockpit, *Pig's-head negus*.

On the 24th of May, the day before crossing the equator, I saw the grandest display of all these different kinds of fish which it has ever been my fortune to meet with. In my journal written on that day, I find some things related, of which I have scarcely any recollection, and certainly have never again witnessed in the twenty years which have elapsed since. A bonito, it appears, darted out of the water after a flying-fish, open mouthed, and so true was the direction of his leap, that he actually closed with the chase in the air, and sought to snap it up; but owing to some error in his calculation, the top of his head striking the object of pursuit, sent it spinning off in a direction quite different from that which his own momentum obliged him to follow. A number of those huge birds, the albatrosses, were soaring over the face of the waters, and the flying fish, when rising into the air to avoid their natural enemies the dolphin and bonito, were frequently caught by these poaching birds; to the very reasonable disappointment of the sporting fish below, on whose manner they

were trespassing. These intruders proceeded not altogether with impunity, however, for we hooked several of them, who, confident in their own sagacity and strength of wing, swooped eagerly at the baited hooks towed far astern of the ship, and were thus drawn on board, screaming and flapping their wings in a very ridiculous plight. To render this curious circle of mutual destruction quite complete, though it may diminish our sympathy for the persecuted flying-fish, I ought to mention, that on the same day one dropped on board in the middle of its flight, and in its throat another small fish was found half swallowed, but still alive!

All this may be considered, more or less, as mere sport, serving to relieve the tedium of a long calm, or contributing, in a small degree, to the scanty luxuries of the table or a protracted voyage. But in the capture of the shark, a less amiable, or, I may say, a more ferocious spirit is sure to prevail. There would seem, indeed, to be a sort of perpetual and hereditary war waged between sailors and sharks, like that said to exist between the Esquimaux and the Indians of North America, where, as each of the belligerents is under the full belief that every death, whether natural or violent, is caused by the machinations of the other side, there is no hope of peace between them, as long as the high conflicting parties shall be subject to the laws of mortality.

In like manner, I fear, that in all future times, as in all times past, when poor Jack falls overboard in Madras roads, or in Port Royal harbour, he will be liable to be crunched between the shark's quadruple or quintuple rows of serrated teeth, with as merciless a spirit of enjoyment as Jack repays the compliment withal, when, in his turn, he catches his enemy on his decks. Certainly, I have never seen the savage part of our nature peep out more clearly than upon these occasions, when a whole ship's company, captain, officers, and young gentlemen inclusive, shout in triumphant exultation over the body of a captive shark, floundering in impotent rage on the poop or fore-castle. The capture always affords high and peculiar sport, for it is one in which every person on board sympathises, and, to a certain extent, takes a share. Like a fox-chase, it is ever new, and draws within its vortex every description of person. The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into its case; the computer, working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal flute; the doctor starts from his nap; the purser resigns the Complete Book; and every man and boy, however engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember once observing Jacko running backwards and forwards along the after part of the poop hammock-netting, grinning, screaming, and chattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks.

"What's the matter with you, Master Mona?" said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and preserved his Spanish cognomen. Jacko replied not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear.

The sharp curved dorsal fin of a huge shark was now seen, rising about six inches above the water, and cutting the glazed surface of the sea by as fine a line as if a sickle had been drawn along.

"Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork," cried the captain, taking command with as much gloom as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage.

"Where's your hook, quarter-master?"

"Here, sir, here!" cried the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it as sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge junk of rusty pork, weighing four or five pounds; for nothing, scarcely, is too large or too high in favour for the stomach of a shark.

The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable barb. This fierce looking grappling-iron is furnished with three or four feet of chain, a precaution which is absolutely necessary; for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were nipping the head off an asparagus.

A good strong line, generally the end of the mizen-top-sail-hauler, being made fast to the chain, the bait is cast into the ship's wake; for it is very seldom so dead calm that a vessel has not some small motion through the water. I think I have remarked, that at

sea the sharks are most apt to make their appearance when the ship is going along at a rate of somewhat less than a mile an hour, a speed which barely brings her under command of the rudder, or gives her, what is technically called, steerage-way.

A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases, when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells to it, and gives it a poke with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious haut goût, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected, if it can be found.

While this coquetry, or shyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour together; after which the shark has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint touch or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in chase, I am persuaded, could hardly cause more bitter regret, or call forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience, than the failure of hooking a shark is always sure to produce on board a ship at sea.

On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an enemy's flag coming down in the fight was never hailed with greater joy than is felt by a ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. The preparatory symptoms of this intention are so well known to every one on board, that, the instant they begin to appear, a greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth among the assembled multitude; every eye is lighted up, and such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind to betray any change of colour, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints on the sides of the dying dolphin.

It is supposed by seamen that the shark must of necessity turn on his back before he can bite any thing; and, generally speaking, he certainly does so turn himself before he takes the bait. But this arises from two circumstances; one of them accidental, and belonging to the particular occasion, the other arising out of the peculiar conformation and position of his mouth. When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This, of course, obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in which the hook is concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to slue himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued cry, or murmur of satisfaction, is heard amongst the crowd; but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait, the hook, and a foot or two of the chain, without any mastication or delay, and darts off with his treacherous prize, with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to bite at it. Much dexterity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment; for a bungler is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable batteries of teeth; but the hook, by a premature tug of the line, may fix itself in a part of the jaw so weak, that it gives way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mass of pork, and then to

give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coils of the victim's throat or stomach. As the shark is not a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for, when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twelve knots.

The suddenness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, tams, and other sounds of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A steady pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggles of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eye glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the blood tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the hour when it may be his turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe!

No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely unattended with risk when the rogue is drawn half way up. To prevent the line breaking or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device formerly described, of a running bow-line knot, is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam at the point of junction of the tail with the body. When this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is afterwards easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of doing mischief; and I would advise no one to come within range of the tail, or thrust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch hide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, full ten minutes after the wretch had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and had made all his victors keep at the most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead would furnish a sort of scale of the force exerted.

I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the stains are not to be got rid of without a week's scrubbing, and many a growl from the captain of the after-guard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spoony skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the fate of the shark, it is speedily dragged forward to the fore-castle, amidst the kicks, thumps, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The first operation is always to deprive him of his tail, which is seldom an easy matter, it not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then closed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate foe, and with an adroit cut rips him open from snout to tail, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggles and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads at Java, when we were proceeding to China, with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of decks and hens which had died in the night, were as usual thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in the

huge sea monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide!"

I have never been so unfortunate as to see a man bitten by a shark though in calm weather, it is usual to allow the people to swim about the ship. It would seem that they are disturbed by the splashing and other noises of so many persons, and keep at a distance; for although they are often observed swimming near the ship both before and after the men had been bathing, they very rarely come near the swimmers. I remember, once, indeed, at Bermuda, seeing a shark make a grab at a midshipman's heel, just as he was getting into the boat alongside. This youngster, who, with one or two others, had been swimming about for an hour, was the last of the party in the water. No shark had been seen during the whole morning; but just as he was drawing his foot into the boat, the fish darted from the bottom. Fortunately for my old messmate, there was no time for the shark to make the half turn of the body necessary to bring his mouth to bear; and thus my friend escaped, by half an inch, a fate which, besides its making one shudder to think of, would have deprived the service of an active young officer, now deservedly in the higher ranks of his profession.

CHAPTER XXV.

CROSSING THE LINE—A MAN OVERBOARD!

The strange and almost savage ceremonies used at sea on crossing the equator have been so often described, that a voyager, at this time of day, may be well excused for omitting in his narrative any minute account of such wild proceedings.

If the circumstances which a traveller falls in with abroad happen to be essentially curious in themselves, or if they be characteristic of any particular set of men or stage of manners, it does not seem to matter where the scenes are laid, nor how often they have been described. Perhaps it may even prove, that when things are possessed of much intrinsic interest, the very multiplicity of previous descriptions will rather help than stand in the way of subsequent accounts, provided these be written with a degree of skill worthy of the subject. If, indeed, such things, no matter how well known to us, can once more be brought home, as it is well called, to the feeling and understanding of the reader, by some of those graphic touches which are not the result of chance, but which true artists alone can command, and if the subject he has got hold of be good in itself, it will generally be all the better for the last writer that it should have been marred by previous daubers. We may even, I think, go further, and assert, that in the case supposed, it will be in favour of the writer who knows what he is about, that his topic should have been not only repeatedly but well treated by previous authors. Who can doubt, for instance, that the Diary of an Invalid owes its chief interest to the hackneyed nature of the topic? We are enchanted to recognise incidents and scenes the most familiar to our thoughts trimmed up for fresh inspection by a scholar and a gentleman, who to much knowledge of his subject, and of the world generally, superadds a rare felicity of expression, and the happy knack of giving new interest to all he touches, especially to those things with which we are already most familiarly acquainted.

On the same grounds, if a man of genius, minute and varied local information, and correct taste, were to write a book, and call it "London," it would assuredly outrun in freshness of interest, in the opinion even of the Londoners themselves, all other books of travels. Whatever talents, in short, an author may possess, their most touching and popular exercise will generally be found to lie in those departments with which his readers are most familiar. When Taglioni descends from her pirouettes, and dances the Minuet de la Cour or the Gavotte, or Paganini leaves off his miracles of sound, and plays some simple air which is well known to every one, we feel, not indeed the same astonishment as before, but ten times more real pleasure. Thus, too, such a novel as *Pride and Prejudice* probably derives its greatest charm from the characters and incidents being such as we are already well acquainted with, either from personal observation, or from a thousand previous descriptions.

Many writers, however, fall into the mistake of imagin-

ing that every thing will bear this degree of handling, and forget that, while the ductility of fine gold is almost infinite, every other metal has its limit. This analogy will hold in all the fine arts, and perhaps in none more than in the art of composition, whether in prose or verse. When will the poets exhaust the good old topics of love and beauty? or painters fail to discover, in mountain scenery, and in the sunsets of summer, varieties of tints, and lights, and shades far beyond all their power of colouring? On the other hand, has not the whole strength of one celebrated school of painting been unequal to impart true interest and what has been termed graceful pleasure to vulgar images? Has not even the mighty Childe Harold compelled us to withdraw much of our respect for his genius by seeking to describe what is essentially vicious and degrading?

It is on this account, I suspect (to go from great things to small), that no author, except perhaps one, whom I have ever had the fortune to meet with, has contrived to impart the smallest degree of genuine interest to those absurd scenes which take place on board ship when crossing the line. The whole affair, indeed, is preposterous in its conception; and, I must say, rather brutal in its execution. Notwithstanding all this, however, I have not only permitted it to go on in ships which I commanded, but have even encouraged it, and set it a-going when the men themselves were in doubt. Its evil is transient, if any evil there be; while it certainly affords Jack a topic for a month beforehand, and a fortnight afterwards; and if so ordered as to keep its monstrosities within the limits of strict discipline (which is easy enough), it may even be made to add to the authority of the officers, instead of weakening their influence.

I am hardly classic enough to compare these equatorial shaving matches, as they are called, with the Saturnalia of Rome; but I know that some crews are most improperly permitted by the captain, even in ships of war, to take great liberties with the officers. So far, indeed, had this grown into a custom, that I can perfectly well remember the time when such license was regarded almost as a right by the sailors. In many merchant vessels, and even in some regular East India ships, it is still, I believe, more or less so considered; but I should hope that in no ship of war having the smallest pretensions to good order, would any such doctrine be now maintained; or if asserted, as it sometimes is, by one party, would it not be instantly and peremptorily denied. There is perhaps, some advantage in making naval seamen feel that they are living under a very different regime from what they have been accustomed to in the merchant service; and if, in the wildest stages of these extravagant proceedings, when they are grating the skin from off one another's faces, sousing the unfortunate novices in tubs of dirty water, and kicking up the most Cherokee sort of antics, they can still be made to respect the authority even of the littlest boy on board who wears a uniform, they will certainly be less likely to depart from established usage at other seasons, when not so excited.

In a well-regulated ship, within one hour from the time when these scenes of riot are at their height, order is restored, the decks are washed and swabbed up, the wet things are hung on the clothes' lines between the masts to dry, and the men, dressed in clean trousers and duck frocks, are assembled at their guns for muster, as soberly and sedately as if nothing had happened to discompose the decorous propriety of the ship's discipline. The middies, in like manner, may safely be allowed to have their own share of this rough fun, provided they keep as clear of their immediate superiors as the ship's company keep clear of the young gentlemen. And I must do the population of the cockpit the justice to say, that when they fairly set about it, manure their gentlemanlike habits, aristocratical sprinklings, and the march of intellect to boot, they do contrive to come pretty near to the honest folks before the mast in the article of ingenious ferocity. The captain of course, and, generally speaking, all the officers, keep quite aloof, pocketing up their dignity with vast care, and ready, at a moment's warning, to repress any undue familiarity. As things proceed, however, one or two of the officers may possibly become so much interested in the skylarking scenes going forward, as to approach a little too near, and laugh a little too loud, consistently with the preservation of the dignity of which they were so uncommonly chary at first starting. It cannot be expected, and indeed is not required, that the chief actors in these wild gambols, stripped to the buff, and shying buckets of water at one another, should be confined within very narrow limits in their game. Accordingly, some mount the rigging to shower down their cascades, while others squirt the fire engine from unseen corners upon the head of the unsuspecting

passenger. And if it so chances (I say chances) that any one of the "commissioned knobs" of the ship shall come in the way of these explosions, it is served out to him like a thunder-storm—"all accidentally," of course. Well; what is he to do? He feels that he has indiscreetly trusted himself too far; and even if he has not actually passed the prescribed line, still he was much too near it, and the offence is perhaps unintentional. At all events, it is of too trifling a nature; and, under the peculiar circumstances of the moment, to make a complaint to the captain would be ridiculous. Having, therefore, got his jacket well wet, and seeing the ready means of revenging himself in kind, he snatches up a bucket, and, forgetting his dignity, hurls the contents in the face of the mid who had given him a sousing but two seconds before! From that moment his commission goes for nothing, and he becomes, for the time being, one of the biggest Billy-boys amongst them. The captain, observing him in this mess, shrugs his shoulders, walks aft, muttering, "It's all your own fault, Mr. Hailtop! you've put yourself amongst these mad younkers; see how they'll handle you!"

Nothing, I confess, now looks to me more completely out of character with our well-starved discipline than a "staid lieutenant" romping about the booms, skulling up the rigging, blowing the grampus, and having it blown upon him by a parcel of rattle-pated reekers. But I remember well in the *Volage* being myself so gradually seduced by this animating spectacle of fun, that, before I knew where I was, I had crossed the rope laid on the deck as a boundary between order and disorder, and received a bucket of cold water in each ear, while the spout of a fire-engine, at the distance of two feet, was playing full in my eyes. On turning my head round to escape these cataracts, and to draw breath, a tar-brush was rammed half-way down my throat!

Far different was the scene, and very different, of course, my deportment, four or five years afterwards on the same spot, when, instead of being the junior lieutenant, I was the great gun of all, the mighty master-knob of the whole party—that is to say, the captain himself. I was then in command of the *Lyra*, a ten-gun sloop-of-war; and after the shaving operations were over, and all things put once more in order, I went on board the *Alceste* frigate to dine with my excellent friend and commanding officer, the late Sir Murray Maxwell. Lord Amherst, the ambassador to China, was on board, and in great glee with the sight of what had been enacted before him; for although, as I have always said, these scenes are not of a nature to bear agreeable description, they certainly are amusing enough to see—for once.

We soon sat down to dinner; and there was, of course, a great deal of amusement in telling the anecdotes of the day, and describing Father Neptune's strange aspect, and his still stranger looking family and attendants. I ventured to back one of my figures against all or any of theirs, if not for monstrosity, at least for interest of another kind. Our dripping Neptune in the *Lyra* was accompanied, as usual, by a huge sea monster, representing Amphitrite, being no other than one of the boatswain's mates dressed up with the main-hatchway tarpaulin for a cloak, the jolly-boat's mizen for a petticoat, while two half wet swabs furnished her lubberly head with ringlets. By her side sat a youth, her only son Triton, a morsel of submarine domestic history ascertained by reference previously made to Lempriere's Dictionary. This poor little fellow was a great pet amongst the crew of the brig, and was indeed suspected to be entitled by birth to a rank above his present station—so gentle and gentlemanlike he always appeared. Even on this occasion, when disfigured by paint, pitch, and tar, copiously daubed over his delicate person to render him fit company for his papa old Neptune, he still looked as if his ill-favoured parents had stolen him, and were trying in vain to disguise their roguery by rigging him up in their own gipsy apparel.

It was very nearly dark when I rowed back to the *Lyra*, which had been hanging for the last half hour on the frigate's weather quarter, at the distance of a cable's length, watching for my return. The wind was so light, and the brig so close, that no signal was made to heave to; indeed I had scarcely rowed under the *Alceste's* stern, on my way back, before it was necessary to call out, "In bow!" The rattle of the oar on the thwarts gave the earliest notice of my approach to the people on board the little vessel, and I could hear the first lieutenant exclaim in haste, "Attend the side! Where are the side's-men?"

Scarcely had these words been spoken, when I heard a splash in the water, followed by a faint cry of distress

and despair. In the next instant the brig was hove about, and the stern boat lowered down, accompanied by all the hurried symptoms of a man having fallen overboard. I made the people in the boat tug at their oars towards the spot; but though we pulled over and over the ship's wake twenty times, the water was every where unruffled and unmarked by any speck. At length I rowed on board, turned the hands up to muster, to ascertain who was gone, and found all present but our poor little Triton! It appeared that the lad, who was one of the side's men, fatigued with the day's amusement, had stretched himself in the fore-part of the quarter-deck hammock-netting and gone to sleep. The sharp voice of the officer, on seeing the gig almost alongside, had roused the unhappy boy too suddenly; he quite forgot where he was, and, instead of jumping in-board, plunged into the sea never to rise again!

There are few accidents more frequent at sea than that of a man falling overboard; and yet, strange to say, whenever it happens, it takes every one as completely by surprise as if such a thing had never occurred before. What is still more unaccountable, and, I must say, altogether inexcusable, is the fact of such an incident invariably exciting a certain degree of confusion, even in well-regulated ships. If this evil be remediable, it is really very curious that such a reproach should be allowed to continue, in the midst of a system of discipline so exact as that of the navy, in which almost every other contingency is foreseen and carefully provided for; and it is highly reprehensible, to say the least of it, because it leads to the unnecessary loss of many lives. If the state of confusion, doubt, and alarm, which generally takes place, especially at night, when a man falls overboard, were the necessary consequence of the accident, we should merely lament as it an additional source of regret, and only consider a sea life still more dangerous than it is generally reckoned to be. In point of fact, however, there seems to be no technical and inevitable necessity whatever for the occurrence of this disorder; and if the remedy be quite within the reach of ordinary discipline, it can hardly be denied, I should conceive, that an officer who neglects to make such application of the means in his power, has the life of any man to answer for, who falls overboard and is drowned; that is to say, if his loss can be traced less to the accident itself than to the want of some previously established and systematic arrangement suited to the peculiarities of an occurrence of such frequency.

After all that has been said of the exact nature of a man-of-war's discipline, and the degree of foresight, preparation, and habits of resource, which enable officers to act promptly and vigorously in the midst of difficulties, it is truly wonderful to see men of experience so completely at a loss as the oldest officers sometimes are, when the cry is given that a man is overboard. I have beheld brave and skilful men, who could face, unmoved, any other sort of danger, stand quite agast on such occasions, and seem to lose all their faculties just at the moment of greatest need. But although it be difficult to explain this, it is quite easy to understand how the ship's company should be thrown into confusion at such moments, if their officers are at a loss. Whenever I have witnessed the tumultuous rush of the people from below, their eagerness to crowd into the boats, and the reckless devotion with which they fling themselves into the water to save their companions, I could not help thinking that it was no small disgrace to us, to whose hands the whole arrangements of discipline are confided, that we had not yet fallen upon any method of availing ourselves to good purpose of so much generous activity.

Sailors are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse; and if they possess little prudence or worldly consideration, they are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, too, they are much attached to one another, and will make great sacrifices to their inmates or shipmates when opportunities occur. A very little address on the part of the officers, as I have before hinted, will secure an extension of these kindly sentiments to the quarter-deck. But what I was alluding to just now was the cordiality of the friendships which spring up between the sailors themselves, who, it must be recollected, have no other society, and all, or almost all, whose ordinary social ties have been broken across either by the chances of war, or by the stern decrees which, I fear, will always render imprisonment absolutely unavoidable, or by the very nature of their roving and desultory life, which carries them they really know not where, and care not wherefore.

I remember once, when cruising off Terceira in the *Endymion*, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and long search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the fore-castle, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their stations, missed one of the foretop-men. Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and apparently hiding himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and the booms. "Hillo!" I said, "who are you? What are you doing here, you skulker? Why are you not at your station?"

"I am not skulking, sir," said the poor fellow, the furrows in whose bronzed and weather-beaten cheek were running down with tears. The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day.

"Never mind, sir, never mind," said the kind-hearted seaman, "it can't be helped. You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty."

So saying, he drew the sleeve of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mustering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

In the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing alongside in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard-arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all sea-faring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much further than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above water. So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet-anchor with his arms across, and his well-varnished canvass hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake, or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the foretopmast back-stay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had grunted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying that they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad sank so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and, calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the party. The foresheet was hanging in the calin, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old birth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift himself.

At the top of the ladder he was stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, as he sat across the gang-way hammocks, watching the swimmers, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labour of undressing and dressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, "That was very well done of you, my man, and right well deserves a glass of grog. Say so to the gun-room steward as you pass; and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff unweester."

The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather

clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgment of the attention, and instinctively touched his hat, when spoken to by an officer, he made no reply till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, "Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life?"

It is surely very odd that there should ever be such a thing as a sailor who cannot swim. And it is still more marvellous that there should be found people who actually maintain that a sailor who cannot swim has a better chance than one who can. This is really a paradox so outrageous, that, on writing it down, I feel almost humiliated to think how often I have heard it maintained by officers in whose hands the country has entrusted many valuable lives. This strange doctrine, as may well be supposed, derives but slender support from any well established facts. It is merely asserted that, on some occasions of shipwreck, the boldest swimmers have been lost in trying to reach the shore, when they might have been saved had they stayed by the ship. This may be true enough in particular cases, and yet the general position grounded upon it utterly absurd. The most skilful horsemen sometimes break their necks, but this is hardly adduced as an argument against learning to ride.

Without, however, discussing such nonsensical points, it cannot surely be denied by any rational person, that the art of swimming must be of great value to every man who lives on the water, and who is liable at any moment to tumble overboard, to be upset in a boat, or to be placed in situations where, for this power, he might perish of want or cold; or, which is more important still, he might be unable to save others from such a fate. Obvious though all this be, but little pains are generally taken by captains to see that their people learn to swim. I suppose there is not an officer in the service, certainly not one who has reached the rank just named, who has not seen many men, and, solely from not being able to swim; that is, because they had not learned a very simple art, of which, under his official injunctions, and aided by due encouragement, they might readily have acquired a sufficient knowledge. My own conscience, I am much ashamed to say, is not quite clear on this score, whatever that of my brother officers may be; and certainly, when I again take the command of a ship, I shall use every exertion, and take advantage of every opportunity, at sea or in harbour, to encourage the men and officers to acquire this invaluable accomplishment. Would it be unreasonable to refuse the rating of A. B. (able seaman) to the ship's books to any man who could not swim? If it be our duty to ascertain that a sailor can "hand, reef, and steer," before we place against his name these mystical letters, might we not well superadd, as a qualification, that he should also be able to keep his head above water, in the event of falling overboard, or that he should have it in his power to save another's life, if required to leap into the sea for that purpose by the orders of his superior? At present, in such an emergency, an officer has to ask amongst a dozen persons, "Which of you can swim?" instead of saying to the one nearest him, "Jump overboard after that man who is sinking!"

This, then, seems the first material step in the establishment of an improved system of that branch of seamanship which relates to picking up men who fall overboard. I call it the first step, because it will obviously have a direct tendency to lessen the horror and alarm which such an accident must ever excite, and which nothing can ever quite remove, even were that desirable. There can be no doubt, indeed, that highly excited feelings always stand in the way of exact discipline, and especially of that prompt, hearty, and thoroughly confiding obedience to the officer under whose orders we are serving. Such obedience is necessary on this occasion, above all others, (except, perhaps that of the ship being on fire), and is essentially required, in order to accomplish the purpose in view.

Different officers will, of course, devise different plans for the accomplishment of the same end. But I should expect all reflecting persons to agree in one or two points; such, for instance, as the following:—that every officer, man, and boy on board should be perfectly aware beforehand of what his particular duty is when the alarm of a man being overboard is given;—that he should know precisely not only where to go, but what to do when he reaches his station;—and, above all, that he should not presume to exceed the measure of his appointed duty, unless expressly ordered by his superior. Every one who has been exposed to the misery of seeing

a man fall overboard must remember that by far the greatest difficulty was to keep people back, there being always ten times as many persons as are required, not only ready, but eager to place themselves in the situations of greatest risk. In executing the duties of a ship-of-war, there should never be any volunteering allowed, either on this, or on any other occasion. Every man ought to have a specific duty, or a set of duties to perform at all times. But these duties, in the case of a man falling overboard, must, of course, vary with the hour of the day or night, with the circumstance of its being the starboard or the larboard watch on deck, with the weather being fine or tempestuous, or with the course the ship is steering relatively to the wind, the quantity of sail, and so on. All these varieties, therefore, ought, as far as possible, to be the subject of distinct and repeated explanation. That is to say, the crew of every ship should be exercised or drilled, if not as frequently, at least as specifically, in the methods of picking up a man, as they are trained in the exercise of the great guns and small arms, or in that of reefing topsails.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood as laying down any scale of comparison between the importance of these different exercises; but I feel well assured that every experienced officer will agree with me, that by no other method except carefully stationing the men, and now and then practising them at those stations, can we ever hope to prevent the disgraceful confusion and noise which at present almost always take place when a man falls overboard. Whatever be the nature of the proposed exercise, the people should never be taken by surprise, or cheated into the belief that a man really has fallen into the water; for the feelings which such an incident excites are not of a description to be trifled with. Notice, indeed, should be formally given that no false alarm will ever be sounded; but when it is determined to go through the manoeuvre in question, intimation may usefully be circulated beforehand, that at such and such hours it will be practised, or a peculiar pipe by the boatswain might prepare the people for the evolution. When all was ready, something might be dropped overboard on purpose, and the exercise would then commence. At first, there would probably be no small degree of confusion and loss of time; but, surely, this would afford the most forcible practical evidence of the necessity of such drilling. When, by sufficient practice, the people had been rendered tolerably familiar with their duty in the day-time, or in fine weather, it might be then tried at night, or in a gale of wind. If they learned quickly all that was right to be done, there would be little trouble, and no great loss of time; but if, on the contrary, it cost much pains and a considerable interval to teach them how to conduct themselves to the best purpose, under the supposed circumstances, that would only show how much more necessary these precautions really were than officers generally suppose them to be.

Having said thus much to expose the evil, and to allude in general terms to the remedy, I feel bound to contribute likewise, as far as I am able, towards the practical details of the subject. I shall do so, however, with the most sincere diffidence; for the truth is, I have not studied so much as, perhaps, I ought to have done, what is called the seamanship part of my profession, but have, I fear, allowed both its scientific and more popular branches to engage a disproportionate share of my attention.

Every one who has been much at sea must remember the peculiar sounds which pervade a ship when a man is known to have fallen overboard. The course steered is so suddenly altered, that as she rounds to, the effect of the sails is doubled; the creaking of the tiller ropes and rudder next strike the ear; then follows the pitter-patter of several hundred feet in rapid motion, producing a singular tremor, fore and aft. In the midst of these ominous but too well understood noises may be heard over all the shrill startling voice of the officer of the watch, generally betraying in its tone more or less uncertainty of purpose. Then we discover the violent flapping of the sails, and the mingled cries of "Clear away the boats!" "Is the life-buoy gone?" "Heave that grating after him!" "Throw that hencoop over the stern!" "Who is it, do you know?" "Where did he fall from?" "Can he swim?" "Silence!" An impetuous, and too often an ill-regulated rush now succeeds to gain the boats, which are generally so crowded, that it becomes dangerous to lower them down, and more time is lost in getting the people out again than would have manned them twice over, if any regular system

had been prepared, and rendered familiar and easy by practice beforehand.

I could give a pretty long list of cases which I have myself seen, or have heard others relate, where men have been drowned while their shipmates were thus struggling on board who should be first to save them, and instead of aiding so laudable a cause, were actually impeding one another by their hurry-scurry and general ignorance of what really ought to be done. I remember, for example, hearing of a line-of-battle ship, in the Baltic, from which two men fell one evening, when the ship's company were at quarters. The weather was fine, the water smooth, and the ship going about seven knots. The two lads in question, who were furling the fore-royal at the time, lost their hold, and were jerked far in the sea. At least a dozen men, leaving their guns, leaped overboard from different parts of the ship, some dressed as they were, and others stripped. Of course, the ship was in a wretched state of discipline where such frantic proceedings could take place. The confusion soon became worse confounded; but the ship was hove aback, and several boats lowered down. Had it not been smooth water, daylight, and fine weather, many of these absurd volunteers must have perished. I call them absurd, because there is no sense in merely incurring a great hazard, without some useful purpose to guide the exercise of courage. Now, these intrepid fellows merely knew that a man had fallen overboard, and that was all; so away they leaped out of the ports and over the hammock-nettings, without knowing whereabouts the object of their quixotic heroism might be. The boats were obliged to pick up the first that presenting themselves, for they were all in a drowning condition; but the two unhappy men who had been flung from aloft, being furthest off, went to the bottom before their turn came. Whereas, had their undisciplined shipmates not officiously and most improperly gone into the water, the boats would have been at liberty to row towards the men who had fallen accidentally, both of whom, in that case, might to all appearance have been saved.

I remember a bitter kind of story which was current in the navy when I first entered it, nearly thirty years ago. In those days, naval punishments were not only more severe than they now are, but they were inflicted with less solemnity than is at present deemed essential to their salutary effect. In a frigate, commanded by a well-known Tartar, as the martinet of the service are generally denominated, one of the crew, I forget from what cause, took it in his head to jump overboard, for the purpose of drowning himself. When he began to sink, he discovered that a salt-water death was not quite so agreeable as he had reckoned upon; so he sung out lustily for a rope. The ship being brought to the wind, the man was picked up, with some difficulty. The matter was investigated instantly; and as soon as it appeared that he had gone overboard intentionally, the hands were turned up, the gangway rigged, and the offender seized up. "Now," said the captain, "I shall punish you under the sixteenth article of war, which is as follows:—Every person in or belonging to the fleet, who shall desert, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as the circumstances of the case shall deserve." And then, turning to the boatswain, he said, "You will punish this man for desertion, or, which is exactly the same thing, for going out of the ship without leave."

"Now, sir," resumed the captain to the trembling culprit, "if you have any longer a desire to go overboard, you have only to ask the first lieutenant's leave. He has my instructions to grant you permission; while I shall take very good care that you are not again picked up."

I shall not stop to consider whether this gangway levity is the very best preventive of nautical suicide; but I am quite sure that there can be no offence more deserving of punishment, as a matter of discipline, and in order to prevent its recurrence, than the practice of leaping overboard after a man who has fallen into the water. There are cases, no doubt, in which it would be a positive crime in a swimmer not to spring, without waiting for orders, to the rescue of a fellow-creature whom he sees sinking in the waves, at whatever hazard to himself or to others; but I speak of that senseless, blindfold style in which I have very often witnessed men pitch themselves into the water, without knowing where the person who had fallen overboard was likely to be found.

Even in highly-disciplined ships this will sometimes take place; and the badness of the weather, darkness of the night, or other circumstances which increase the danger, seem only to stimulate the boldest spirits to brave the risk. I conceive there is no method of putting a stop to the practice but by positively enjoining the

people not to go overboard, unless expressly ordered; and by explaining to them, on every occasion when the ship's company are exercised for this purpose, that the difficulty of picking a man up is generally much augmented by such indiscreet zeal.

I was lately told of some incidents which occurred in a frigate off Cape Horn, in a gale of wind, under close-reefed maintopsail and storm staysails. At half-past twelve at noon, when the people were at dinner, a young lad was washed out of the lee fore-channels. The life-buoy was immediately let go, and the main-topsail laid to the mast. Before the jolly-boat could be lowered down, a man jumped overboard, as he said "promiscuously," for he never saw the boy at all, nor was ever within half a cable's length of the spot where he was floundering about. Although the youth could not swim, he contrived to keep his head above water till the boat reached him, just as he was beginning to sink. The man who had jumped into the sea was right glad to give up his "promiscuous" search, and to make for the life-buoy, upon which he perched himself, and stood shivering for half an hour, like a shag on the Mewstone, till the boat came to his relief.

At four o'clock of the same day, a man fell from the rigging; the usual alarm and rush took place, the lee-quarter boat was so crowded, that one of the topping-lifts gave way, the davit broke, and the cutter, now suspended by one tackle, soon knocked herself to pieces against the ship's side. Of course, the people in her were jerked out very quickly, so that, instead of there being only one man in the water, there were nearly a dozen swimming about. More care was taken in hoisting out another boat, and, strange to say, all the people were picked up, except the original unfortunate man, who, but for the accident, which might and ought to have been prevented, would in all probability have been saved. Neither he nor the life-buoy, however, could be discovered before the night closed; and it is most distressing to think, that, perhaps, he may have succeeded in reaching this support only to perish before the long winter night of those dreary regions could be one quarter over!

The life-buoy at present in use on board His Majesty's ships, and, I suppose, in all Indiamen, as well as, I trust, in most merchant ships, has an admirable contrivance connected with it, which has saved many lives, when otherwise there would hardly have been a chance of the men being rescued from a watery grave.

This life-buoy, which is the invention of Lieutenant Cook of the navy, consists of two hollow copper vessels connected together, each about as large as an ordinary-sized pillow, and of buoyancy and capacity sufficient to support one man standing upon them. Should there be more than one person requiring support, they can lay hold of rope beackets fitted to the buoy, and so sustain themselves. Between the two copper vessels there stands up a hollow pole, or mast, into which is inserted, from below, an iron rod, whose lower extremity is loaded with lead, in such a manner, that when the buoy is let go, the iron rod slips down to a certain extent, lengthens the lever, and enables the lead at the end to act as a ballast. By this means the mast is kept upright, and the buoy prevented from upsetting. The weight at the end of the rod is arranged so as to afford secure footing for two persons, should that number reach it; and there are also, as I said before, large rope beackets through which others can thrust their head and shoulders, till assistance is rendered.

On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes, or half an hour; this is ignited most ingeniously by the same process which lets the buoy fall into the water. So that a man falling overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, the man not to have gained the life-buoy, it is clear that, if above the surface at all, he must be somewhere in that neighbourhood; and if he shall have gone down, it is still some satisfaction, by recovering the buoy, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches.

The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is, perhaps, not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidships over the stern, where it is held securely in its place by being strung, or threaded, as it were, on two strong perpendicular iron rods fixed to the taffrail, and inserted in holes piercing the frame-work of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt or detent, which can be unlocked at plea-

sure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls at once into the ship's wake. The trigger, which unlocks the ship-stopper, is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked "Life-Buoy;" this alone is used in the day time. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked "Look," fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock primed with powder; and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment, the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations always performed simultaneously, that is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the day time would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night.

The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy lock sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a report to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half hour, when the bell strikes, he calls out "Life-buoy!" to show that he is awake, and at his post, exactly in the same manner as the lookout-men abaft, on the beam, and forward, call out "Starboard quarter!" "Starboard bow!" and so on, completely round the ship, to prove that they are not napping.

After all, however, it must be owned, that some of the most important considerations, when a man falls overboard, have as yet scarcely been mentioned. These are:

First, the quickest and most effectual method of arresting the ship's progress, and how to keep her as near the spot where the man fell as possible.

Secondly, to preserve entire, during these evolutions, the general discipline of the ship, to maintain silence, and to enforce the most prompt obedience, without permitting fool-hardy volunteering of any kind.

Thirdly, to see that the boat appointed to be employed on these occasions is secured in such a manner that she may be cast loose in a moment, and, when ready for lowering down, that she is properly manned, and fitted, so as to be efficient in all respects when she reaches the water.

Fourthly, to take care in lowering the boat neither to stove nor to swamp her, nor to pitch the men out.

And, lastly, to have a sufficient number of the sharpest sighted men in the ship stationed aloft in such a manner as to give them the best chance not only of discovering the person who is overboard, but of pointing him out to the people in the boat, who may not otherwise know in what direction to pull.

It is conceived, that all these objects may be accomplished with very little, if any additional trouble, in all tolerably well-disciplined ships.

Various opinions prevail amongst officers as to the first point; but, I think, the best authorities recommend that, if possible, the ship should not merely be hove aback when a man falls overboard, but that she ought to be brought completely round on the other tack. Of course, sail should be shortened in stays, and the main yard left square. This plan implies the ship being on a wind, or from that position to having the wind not above two points abaft the beam. But, on one tack or the other, this will include a large portion of the sailing of every ship.

The great merit of such a method of proceeding is, that, if the evolution succeeds, the ship, when round, will drift right down towards the man. And, although there may be some small risk in lowering the boat in stays, from the ship having at one period stern way, there will, in fact, be little time lost if the boat be not lowered till the ship be well round, and the stern way at an end. There is more mischief done, generally, by lowering the boat too soon, than by waiting till the fittest moment arrives for doing it coolly. And it cannot be too often repeated, that almost the whole depends upon the self-possession of the officer of the watch. This important quality is best taught (like every thing else of the kind) by experience, that is to say, by a thorough and familiar practical knowledge of what is right to be done under all circumstances. It may be permitted for every other person in the ship to feel alarmed and shocked when the sounds reach his ears indicating that a man is overboard; but the officer in command of the deck ought to let it be seen and felt, by his tone of voice, and by the judicious promptitude of his orders, that he, at last, is perfectly master of himself, and knows distinctly what course it is best to adopt.

If the ship be running before the wind, or be sailing large, and under a press of sail, the officer must exercise his judgment in rounding to, and take care, in his anxiety to save the man, not to let the mast go over the side, which will not advance, but defeat his object. If the topgallant sheets, the topsail and topgallant-halyards, be let fly, and the head yards braced quickly up, the ship, when brought to the wind, will be nearly in the situation of reefing topsails. Under these circumstances, it will hardly be possible to bring her about, for, long before she can have come head to wind, her way will be so much deadened that the rudder may have ceased to act. Still, however, I am so strong an advocate for the principle of tacking, instead of merely lying-to, when a man is overboard, that, even under the circumstances above described, as soon as the boat was lowered down and sent off, and the extra sail gathered in, I would fill, stand on till the ship had gained head-way enough to render the evolution certain, and then go about, so as to bring her head towards the boat. It must be recollected, that when a ship is going well off the wind in the manner here supposed, it is impossible to round her so quickly as to replace her on the spot where the man fell; to reach which a great sweep must always be made. But there seems to me no doubt, that in every possible case, even when going right before it, the ship will always drift nearer and nearer to that spot, if eventually brought to the wind on the opposite tack from that on which she was luffed up.

It will conduce greatly to the success of these measures, if it be an established rule, that, whenever the alarm is given of a man being overboard, the people, without further orders, fly to their appointed stations for tacking ship; and that only those persons who shall be specifically selected to man and lower down the boats, and for other duties, shall presume to quit the places assigned to them on going about. It so happens, that when the men are in their stations for tacking, they are almost equally in their stations for shortening sail, or for performing most other evolutions likely to become necessary at such moments.

The excepted men should consist of at least two boats' crews in each watch, and of others whose sole duty it should be to attend to the operation of lowering the boat or boats, into which no men but those expressly appointed should ever be allowed to enter. These persons, selected for their activity, strength, and coolness, should belong to the afterguard, main and mizen-top, and gunner's crew, men whose duties lie chiefly abaft or about the main-mast. Midshipmen in each watch should also be named to the different boats; and their orders ought to be positive, never to allow more than the proper crew to enter; nor on any account to permit the boat to be lowered till fully and properly manned. I grant that it requires no small nerve to sanction the delays which attention to these minute particulars demands. But the adequate degree of faith in their utility will bring with it the requisite share of decision, to possess which, under all circumstances, is, perhaps, one of the most characteristic distinctions of a good commanding officer.

I could give anecdotes by the dozen of the mischief arising from these precautions not being attended to. I was lately told of a good case in point. A line-of-battle ship, during the war, was lying at anchor off Oleron in a hard gale of wind. A cutter had been sent to the senior officer on some service, but, not being able to pull to windward, she returned. All the men were called out except four, and the boat hoisted up. Through some inattention on the part of the boatswain's mate not piping belay in time, or from the tackle-fall being worn out (a frequent but most inexcusable neglect,) one of the falls gave way, just as the boat reached the davit. The consequence was, all the four men were precipitated overboard. The stern-boat was instantly lowered down, with a midshipman and four hands in her; but, owing to the want of some efficient system being previously established to meet such cases, three out of this precious boat's crew of volunteers could not pull a stroke! Two of the men who had been pitched out of the cutter, accordingly sunk before the boat could reach them, though she was not her own length from them. One man was pulled in, but the fourth could not be seen at all, and was supposed to have perished likewise. The men in the boat, not knowing how to use the oars, soon became terrified with their situation; and had it not been for the able assistance of the rescued man, though he was half drowned, and the activity of the young midshipman, the boat must soon have been swamped, and all hands in her have gone to the bottom. As it was, they contrived, by great exertion, to keep her head to the sea, and in the ship's wake, till a rope, with a buoy to it, was veered to them.

On being pulled under the stern, and just as they were hooking the tackles which were to hoist them up, they discovered the fourth man who had fallen overboard from the cutter clinging to the rudder chains. The poor fellow was almost exhausted, by being soured over head and ears every time the ship pitched. He was secured by the boat-hook, and pulled in, more dead than alive.

It is not enough that care is taken to prevent the boat being overcrowded, and that the crew which are to manage her know their business, or that an officer accustomed to command be in charge of her, and that she be deliberately lowered into the water by men who understand how to execute this rather difficult and delicate operation in bad weather; for there are still one or two apparently minor points which should not be neglected. The boat's plug, for example, ought in every case to be fastened to the bottom board with a stout lanyard. I have seen the want of this very small article, which might prove the loss of the whole boat's crew, cause the greatest trouble and danger.

Much of the man's chance of being picked up will depend, in the day-time at least, upon the goodness of the look-out for him which is kept, by persons properly stationed in the rigging and elsewhere. At night, alas! the chances against the unhappy man are always greatly increased; and I shall never forget the melancholy which spread instantaneously over the ship when the boat returns, and to the eager cry of "Have you got the man?" it is answered, "We could see nothing of him; we heard him splashing in the water and calling out for a rope, but before we could reach the spot he had sunk. Here is the poor fellow's hat, which we picked up just when we had heard the sound of his voice." When Lieutenant Cook's life-buoy is used, indeed, the chances of saving the man at night are much greater; but still it is, at best, but a fearful chance even for an expert swimmer.

There ought, in every ship, to be selected a certain number of the sharpest sighted persons, who should be instructed, the instant the alarm is given, to repair to stations appointed for them aloft. Several of these ought to plant themselves in the lower rigging, some in the topmast shrouds, and one, if not two, might advantageously be perched on each of the cross-trees. These persons, whose exclusive duty is to discover the man who is overboard, should be directed to look out, some in the ship's wake, some on either side of it, and to be particularly careful to mark the spot near which the ship must have been when he fell, in order that, when she comes about and drifts near the place, they may know where to direct their attention, and also to take care that the ship does not forge directly upon the object they are seeking for. The chief advantage of having look-out men stationed aloft in this manner consists in their commanding a far better position compared to that of persons on deck, and still better when compared to the people in the boat. Besides which, having this object alone to attend to, they are more likely to be successful. Moreover from their being in considerable numbers, and scattered at different elevations, their chances are, of course, much increased of discovering so small an object as a man on the surface.

The people in the boat possess no such advantages, for they are occupied with their oars, and lose between the seas all sight of the surrounding objects near them, while they can always see the ship's mast; and as soon as they detect that any one of the look-out men sees the person who is overboard, and points in the proper direction for them to pull, they can shape their course accordingly. Presently another look-out, instructed by the first where to direct his eyes, also discovers the man; then another sees him, then another, and so on, till all who are aloft obtain sight of the desired object, and join in pointing with their hands to where it is to be found. The officer in the boat, thus instructed by innumerable pointers, rows at once, and with confidence, in the proper direction, and the drowning man is often rescued from his deep-sea grave, when, had there been no such look-outs, or had they been fewer in number, or lower down, he must have perished.

I quite forget what officer it was who first told me of this plan, which, from frequent trial, I know to be most useful in practice. I shall certainly be most happy to publish the name of the inventor of this ingenious idea if by any means I can recover it. The thing itself, I should imagine, requires only to be stated to insure its universal adoption. We wonder, indeed, how a measure of so much simplicity and obvious utility should not before have struck every one who has turned his attention to this subject;—and what commanding officer is there who has not? I shall be very glad to find myself mistaken in supposing that this plan is not as yet generally

pled; and I trust in no great length of time it will be, in every ship, an integral part of an organised and understood system of regulations, exclusively directed to the important purpose of saving the lives of who fall overboard.

It is quite obvious, indeed, the greater the number of men that can be employed in search of such a speck as an's head presents, the better chance there will be of finding it; and accordingly, as many men as possible should always be sent aloft to look out in the first instance; not fewer in any case than six or eight to each boat. As soon as the ship is fairly round, the sails are lowered, and the boat lowered down, at least the whole of the watch ought to be sent aloft, and scattered up and down the rigging, at the mast-heads, and on the yard-arms; for it is impossible to say from what spot the man can best be seen, or who shall be the fortunate individual to catch the first glimpse of him. I have even seen a stupid, gummy-eyed fellow, who never before had credit for seeing much further than a mole, have the good luck to discover a boat at a great distance, long before the others could distinguish any thing floating on the water.

It is curious to observe the electric sort of style in which the perception of an object, when once pointed out, flashes along from man to man. As each in succession catches sight of his shipmate, he exclaims, "here he is! there he is!" and holds out his hand in the proper direction for the guidance of the boat. Indeed, I have seldom witnessed a more interesting sight than that of eighty or a hundred persons, stationed aloft, keeping their eyes to keep sight of a poor fellow who was struggling for his life, and all eagerly extending their hands towards him, as if they could clutch him from the water. To see these hands drop again is inexplicable, not from its indicating that the unfortunate man is no longer distinguishable. One by one the arms fall, reluctantly, as if it were a signal that all hope was over. Presently the boat is observed to range about at some distance—the look-out men aloft, when repeatedly hailed, asked, "if they see any thing like him?" are all silent. Finally, the boat's recall flag is hoisted—sail is made on the ship—the people are piped down—their tragical little episode in the voyage being concluded, every thing goes on as before.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR. MUSTERING BY DIVISIONS.

The first article of war runs as follows:—"All commanders, captains, and officers, in or belonging to any of His Majesty's ships or vessels of war, shall cause the worship of Almighty God, according to the liturgy of the Church of England established by law, to be solemnly, and reverently performed in their respective ships, and shall take care that prayers and preaching, by chaplains in holy orders of the respective ships, be read diligently; and that the Lord's Day be observed according to law."

The precision with which these injunctions are attended to, depend chiefly on three things:—The personal attention of the captain; the nature of the service upon the ship is employed; and the state of the weather. "There is a will there is a way," according to the saying; so that the question depends ultimately, in most cases, very much on the commander himself. It is in his power, or nearly always, to make the Sunday of rest to the people committed to his charge, under it one of extra trouble and irritation to them. Or later, he is sure to reap the fruits of his decision in this matter, and is inevitably made to feel, that if he has either to command the respect or to win the love of his crew, so that their united and strenuous exertions may be reckoned upon, at moments of need, he takes care to show them, on all ordinary occasions, that he is himself under the guidance of right principles, but likewise that he is sincerely concerned in their influence over others. In the same spirit, authority will be strengthened by every touch of consistency with which the inevitable sternness of his rule is softened; and the more he manages to impart to the indulgences the character of routine, or matters of constant usage, so much the better. We feel that to a person who confers almost any favour upon us, if this favour be one of daily or weekly occurrence, each time of its concession, we are reminded of the weight of our obligation, all kindness is in danger of being removed from it, and we would sometimes rather buy than hold the advantage by a tenure thusly capricious.

The captain of sense and feeling, therefore, avoids all

show, or palaver, as it is called, when granting such relaxations. He makes it his business, in the first place, to find out what is right and proper, consistently with the rules of the service generally, and then to ascertain how far the peculiar nature of the employment upon which the ship is engaged will admit of a further extension of indulgences, or requires their abridgment. Having settled with himself what is possible to be done with propriety, he should grant it neither as a matter of personal favour, nor as a matter of right on the part of the people, but simply because it is fitting in itself. It may, perhaps, afterwards suit his views to withdraw, or to intermit these indulgences, either because they prove hurtful to the service, or because he may find it necessary to let his power of punishing be felt in this negative way, when his intentions have been misapprehended and his indulgence turned to bad purpose; but in every case it seems advisable, as I have said, to allow all such things to fall as much as possible into a consistent routine. There can be little doubt that the pain of executing laborious and disagreeable duties is often materially lessened by their strictly periodical recurrence; for in time their nature and duration come to be so correctly measured and allowed for, that the joys of the leisure moments which intervene are always greatly enhanced. By a similar and very beautiful, I had almost said ingenious arrangement of our nature, it happens that the innocent pleasures of life, so far from palliating by regularity, are actually much increased by it. I have frequently remarked with surprise the intense interest with which the sailors, like children, returned day after day exactly to the same amusement. On the other hand, I have seldom failed to observe how exceedingly they were put out of their way by losing indulgences, apparently of the most trivial kind, but to which they had become habituated.

People often fancy, that, because the life of a seaman is one of constant change of place and occupation, he cannot fall into any regularity of habits; but on board a man-of-war it is really quite the reverse. He becomes there so much the creature of habit, that, by a little management, he may be moulded to almost any purpose. There is no man more docile than Jack, I might say no child; but then the hand that guides him must be tempered by discretion, by kindness, and, above all, by uniformity, or, as it is called aboard, by system. There may be bad systems as well as good ones; but I am half inclined to say, that even the worst system, if strictly adhered to, is better than the wretched uncertainty of purpose which clings to ill-regulated and vacillating discipline, though every single act may be dictated by good-will and the sincerest wish to do right.

These observations, which apply generally to the whole course of naval affairs, will, I think, be found to bear with such peculiar force on the arrangements of our Sunday, that if any one wished to learn, from a single day's observation, what was the probable state of discipline on board a particular ship, I should say let the enquirer ascertain how the first day of the week is got through, and he may guess pretty correctly as to all the rest.

It is not possible, at sea, to comply to the letter with the fourth commandment; but we have no right on that account to dispense with its spirit, which is at all times, and in all places, within every man's reach. The absolute necessity, however, of performing some work, appears a sufficient reason with many people for doing away with the ordinance of Sunday altogether, and converting it into a day of hard and irksome toil, instead of a season of at least comparative rest. On the other hand, some officers, from a mistaken sense of duty, or from an exaggerated enthusiasm, either allow essential public interests to be neglected which ought to be attended to, or they harass their people by exacting more attention, or, I should rather say, devoting more time, to religious observances than the poor sailors can bestow with any chance of profit. Which of these courses is the worst, I really cannot say. If Sunday be made a working day, and no attention whatever is paid to its appropriate duties, the crew are by no means satisfied, and but too readily contract, by degrees, the habit of neglecting their obligations both to God and man. On the contrary, if the day be entirely taken up with devotional exercises, to the fatigue of their minds and bodies, they are exceedingly apt, after a time, to vote the "whole concern," as they call it, a bore, and to make up for this forced attention by the most scandalous indecencies, when out of sight of their "psalm-singing captain."

It will not always answer, merely because a thing is proper in itself, to follow rigorously the most straightforward course, regardless of what is said or thought to the right and left. If we sincerely desire to do good, we

must not only condescend to work with such tools as we have in our hands, but resolve to employ them in a manner suited to the materials we wish to fashion to a certain purpose. Of this, at all events, we may rest assured, that unless we contrive, by some means or other, to gain the sympathy of the people on board our ship, and to carry them along with us, we may preach to them till doomsday without in the smallest degree influencing their habits, or turning their minds towards the channels we so anxiously desire them to fall into. In what particular way the sailors are to be won to think and feel as we wish them to do, must depend, in every individual case, on its peculiar circumstances; and its management will be modified by the good-will and sagacity of the commander.

Great care must be taken to overdo nothing, and, as far as may be, to allow all such matters to grow into habits. For, in this way the minds of men are most certainly brought into proper train at the fittest moments for considering any subject we wish to impress upon them. And although it may be said that too great an attention to an exact order has the effect of substituting mere external observances for the true sentiments of which these ought only to serve as the index, yet we seldom see an instance in which a judicious pastor, whether dressed in a surplice or rigged in a uniform, may not avail himself of his authority (human or divine) to much greater purpose, by the assistance of established formalities.

I would accordingly recommend every officer in command of a ship to bring as many of the arrangements of his Sunday as possible into a jog-trot order, not to be departed from unless there should arise an absolute necessity for such deviation. Nineteen Sundays might, indeed, pass over without any express or apparent advantage being gained from this uniformity, but on the twentieth some opportunity might occur of infinite value to all concerned, which opportunity might, in all probability, prove unavailing but for the previous preparation. To borrow a professional illustration of the most familiar kind, it may be asked, how many hundred times do we exercise the great guns and small arms for once that we fire them in real action? And why should it be supposed that, for the useful application of our mental energies to the most important of all warfare, habitual training is less necessary?

There is, of course, nothing new in all this; but I am not aware that these maxims have been sufficiently attended to as an express point of naval discipline, which certainly is to be regretted; for sailors, with all their faults, are very willing, poor fellows, if duly managed, to submit to legitimate persuasion. The opportunities for engaging their attention to good account are numberless, and their predisposition is, upon the whole, so favourable, that I am convinced, if adequate means of instruction were always at hand, and in every ship, the condition of our seamen in these respects might be changed greatly for the better, not only for themselves, but for the country they serve.

I must beg, therefore, to repeat once more, that I live in great hopes of some day seeing a regular chaplain on board every one of his Majesty's ships. I do not mean a person who shall come amongst us for a time, and who shall merely make the service a stepping-stone to church preferment on shore. What I hope to see is a set of clergymen educated with a view to the clerical duties of a ship's ministry, and who shall be ordained expressly and exclusively for the navy, without the prospect of quitting it for other preferment. That there are formidable practical difficulties in the way of this scheme, I am well aware; but surely all these might be overcome, as they have been already conquered in the analogous instance of the colonies. Of course (as I have before endeavoured to explain at length,) it would be requisite greatly to improve the present situation of chaplains, in order to induce men of talents, and educated at the universities, to devote their lives to duties involving so many privations. The retiring salary, in particular, ought to be made considerable, as well as the emoluments for long service; and if, as I have also endeavoured to explain, to the duty of clergymen that of schoolmaster were united, the benefits conferred on the naval profession could hardly fail to be very great. The character of the man-of-war seaman might thus be gradually improved under the constant operation of such an addition to the ordinary discipline of the fleet. The change would, I dare say, be very slow, and for a long time almost imperceptible; but I imagine it would be all the better on that account, and, in due season, a general amelioration in the habits of all the other sailors of the country might follow these improvements in the navy.

Without going needlessly deep into these speculations, we may observe, in the meantime, that, even in the least-regularly disciplined ships, there is now a marked difference between Sunday and any other day in the week.

Although the grand object seems to be, to have every thing as clean as possible, and in its most apple-pie order, great part of the labour employed to produce this result is over before Sunday arrives. The decks, for instance, receive such a thorough allowance of holy-stoning and scrubbing on Saturday, that mere washing, with perhaps a slight touch of the brushes and sand, brings them into the milk-white condition which is the delight of every genuine first lieutenant's heart. All this is got over early in the morning, in order that the decks may be swabbed up and the ropes nicely flemished down before seven bells, at which time it is generally thought expedient to go to breakfast, though half an hour sooner than usual, in order to make the forenoon as long as possible. I should have mentioned that the hammocks are always piped up at seven o'clock. If they have been slung overnight, they are as white as any laundress could have made them; and, of course, the hammock-stowage takes more than ordinary care to place them neatly in the nettings, with their bright numbers turned inwards, all nicely lashed up with the regulated proportion of turns, each hammock being of a uniform size from end to end.

While the people are at breakfast, the word is passed to "clean for muster," in any dress the commanding officer may think most suitable to the climate or weather. Between the tropics, the order for rigging in frocks and trousers is generally delivered in these words:

"Do you hear, there! fore and aft! Clean for muster at five bells—duck frocks and white trousers!"

In cold regions, it is "Blue jackets and trousers;" and in rainy, cold, or blowing weather, the following order is sung out along the lower deck, first by the husky-throated boatswain, and then in a still rougher enunciation by his gruff satellites, the boatswain's mates:

"D'ye hear there! Clean shirt and a shave for muster at five bells!"

Twice a week, on Thursdays and Sundays, the operation of shaving is held to be necessary. These are called "clean-shirt days." Mondays and Fridays are the days appointed for washing the clothes.

It is usual to give the men three quarters, instead of half an hour to breakfast on Sundays, that they may have time to rig themselves in proper trim before coming on deck. The watch, therefore, is called at a quarter past eight, or it may be one bell, which is half past. The forenoon watch bring their clothes bags up with them, in order that they may not be again required to leave the deck before muster. The bags are piled in neat pyramids, or in other forms, sometimes on the booms before the boats, and sometimes in a square mass on the afterpart of the quarter-deck of a frigate. It strikes my recollection, that in most ships there is a sort of difficulty in finding a good place on which to stow the bags.

As soon as the forenoon watch is called, the between-decks, on which the men live, is carefully cleaned, generally by what is called dry holy-stoning. This is done by rubbing the deck with small smooth pieces of freestone, after a layer of well-dried sand has been sprinkled over it. This operation throws up a good deal of dust; but it makes the deck white, which is the grand point aimed at. The wings, the store-rooms, and the cockpits, undergo a similar dose of rubbing and scrubbing; in short, every hole and corner of the decks, both above and below stairs, as folks on shore would say, is swept, and swept again, on a Sunday morning, till the panting sweepers are half dead; indeed, the rest of the ship's company are worried out of all patience, from eight o'clock to half-past ten, with the eternal cry of "Pipe the sweepers!" followed by a sharp, interrupted whistle, not unlike the note of a pet canary.

What with cleaning the decks and cleaning themselves, the watch below have fully enough to do to get all ready by five bells. It must be remembered, too, that they have had the morning watch to keep, since four o'clock, and the whole trouble of washing the upper decks, shaking out the reefs, stowing the hammocks, and coiling down the ropes, all easy matters of routine, it is true, but still sufficiently tiresome when multiplied so often.

At the appointed hour of half-past ten, to a single stroke of the bell, the mate of the watch, directed by the officer on deck, who again acts in obedience to the captain's orders, conveyed to him by the first lieutenant, calls out, "Beat to divisions!"

It should have been stated, that before this period arrives, the mate of the decks, and the mate of the hold, the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, have all severally received reports from their subordinates, that their different departments are in proper order for inspection. Reports to the same effect being then finally made to the first lieutenant by the mates and warrant officers, he himself goes round the ship to see that all is right

and tight, preparatory to the grand inspection. I ought also to have mentioned, that the bags of the watch below are piped up at ten o'clock, so that nothing remains between decks but the mess-tables, stools, and the soup and grog kiddy. Long before this hour, the greater number of the whole ship's company have dressed themselves, and are ready for muster; but the never ending sweepers, the fussy warrant officers' yeomen, the exact purser's steward, the slovenly midshipman's boy, the learned lublolly boy, and the interminable host of officers' servants, who have always fifty extra things to do, are often so sorely pressed for time, that at the first tap of the drum beating to divisions, these idlers, as they are technically much misnamed, may often be seen only then lugging their shirts over their heads, or hitching up their trousers in all the hurry skurry of a lower deck toilet. I ought to have recorded, that in the ship's head, as well as on the fore part of the main-deck, and likewise between the guns, chiefly those abreast of the fore hatchway, there have been groups assembled to scrape and polish themselves ever since breakfast time, and even before it. Some are washing themselves; others cutting, and combing, and trimming their hair; for, now-a-days there are none of those huge long tails, or club ties, which descended along the back of the sailors who fought with Bonbow and Rodney. The dandyism of Jack has now taken another turn, and the knowing thing at present is to have a parcel of ringlets hanging from the temples almost to the collar-bone. Some of the youngest and best looking of the fore-topmen would also very fain indulge in the feminine foppery of ear rings. In the merchant service, many sailors "disgrace their persons," as we allege, in this style, and in all foreign services the odious practice exists; but in the British navy it is absolutely forbidden.

I remember once, on the beach of Madras, witnessing an amusing scene between Sir Samuel Hood, then commander in chief in India, and the newly promoted boatswain of a sloop of war belonging to the squadron. The admiral, who was one of the bravest, and kindest, and truest-hearted seamen that ever trod a ship's decks, was a sworn foe to all trickery in dress-work. The eye of the veteran officer was directed earnestly towards the yeast of waves, which, in immense double rows of surf, fringe and guard the whole of that flat coast. He was watching the progress of a Massallah boat, alternately lost in the foam, and raised in very uncertain balance across the swell, which, though just on the break, brought her swiftly towards the shore. He felt more anxious than usual about the fate of this particular boat, from having ordered on shore the person alluded to, with whom he wished to have some conversation previous to their parting company. This boatswain was a young man, who had been for some years a follower of the admiral in different ships, and to whom he had just given a warrant. The poor fellow, unexpectedly promoted from before the mast to the rank of an officer, was trigged up in his newly bought, but marvellously ill-cut, uniform, shining like a dollar, and making it wearer, who for the first time in his life had put on a long coat, feel not a little awkward.

As soon as the boat was partly driven up the beach by the surf, and partly dragged beyond the dash of the breakers by the crowd on shore, this happiest of warrant officers leaped out on the sand, and seeing the admiral above him, standing on the crest of the natural glacis which lines the shore, he took off his hat, smoothed down the hair on his forehead, sailor fashion, and stood uncovered, in spite of the roasting sun flaming in the zenith.

The admiral, of course, made a motion with his hand for the boatswain to put his hat on; but the other, not perceiving the signal, stood stock still.

"I say, put on your hat!" called the commander in chief, in a tone which made the newly created warrant officer start. In his agitation he shook a bunch of well trimmed ringlets a little on one side, and betrayed to the flashing eyes of the admiral a pair of small, round, silver ear rings, the parting gift, doubtless, of some favoured and favouring "Poll or Bess" of dear, old, black-guard Point Beach, the very ninth heaven of all light hearted sailors. Be this as it may, the admiral, first stepping on one side, and then holding his head forward, as if to re-establish the doubting evidence of his horrified senses, and forcibly keeping down the astonished seamen's hat with his hand, roared out,

"Who the devil are you?"

"John Marline, sir!" replied the bewildered boatswain, beginning to suspect the scrape he had got himself into.

"Oh!" cried the flag-officer, with a scornful laugh. "Oh! I beg your pardon; I took you for a Portuguese." "No, sir!" instinctively filtered out the other, and the admiral expected some reply.

"No! Then, if you are not a foreigner, why do you hoist false colours? What business has an English sailor with these d—d machines in his ears?"

"I don't know, sir," said poor Marline. "I put them in only this morning, when I rigged myself in new togs, to answer the signal on shore."

"Then," said Sir Samuel, softened by the comical look of his old shipmate, and having got rid of a greater portion of his bile by the first explosion; "I will now proceed to unrig yourself of this top heavy as fast as you can; pitch them into the surf, if you do but never, as you respect the warrant in your pocket let me see you in that disguise again."

When the drum beats the well-known "general" the ship's company range themselves in a single file along both sides of the quarter deck, the gangway, and all round the fore-castle. In a frigate, the whole crew may be thus spread out on the upper deck alone, but in line of battle ships the numbers are so great, that similar ranges, each consisting of a division, are likewise formed on the opposite sides of the main-deck. The marines, under arms, and in full uniform, fall in the after part of the quarter-deck, while the ship's boy under the master at arms, with his ratan in hand, enters on the fore-castle.

In some ships the men are sized, as it is called, the tallest being placed at the after end, and so on down to the most diminutive, who is fixed at the extreme. But this arrangement being more of a military than of a naval cast, is rarely adopted now-a-days. It will seldom happen, indeed, that the biggest and heaviest fellows in a ship's company are the heaviest men. They may chance, indeed, to be poulterers, with extra weight only to make sweepers off, persons who, after a three years' station, barely know the stem from the stern, and could no more steer the ship than they could take a lunar distance. Nothing, therefore, can be more ridiculous, than judging of the men by their stature, or putting such lubberly persons as these just alluded to over the heads of thorough-bred able-seamen, chosen of the tops or fore-castle, hardy sailors, whose wisdom, knowledge, or trustworthy vigilance, and long practical experience, in spite of diminutive stature, may very severely have placed them in the foremost rank amongst the crew. Officers, however, on first joining a ship, are very apt to be guilty of some injustice towards the people by judging of them too hastily by their appearance alone. We are insensibly so much prejudiced in favour of a fine, tall, good looking sailor, and prejudiced against a grizzled, crooked, little fellow, that if both happen to be brought before us for desertion, we almost instinctively commit the innocent condemning the ugly fellow, and acquitting the good looking one, before a tithe of the evidence has reached our ears.

This recalls to my recollection how multitudes of the sore entanglements in which a captain's judgment may, on these occasions, be caught, and his reason warped to the side of injustice, when he is called upon the time he is truly executing his duty. I have many times suspected, on looking back, that I once committed a disputed case rather unfairly, in which one of the parties spoke the broadest Scotch patois of my native land. I may have been influenced by the unworthy feeling of being thought partial to my countrymen, and thus gave the case more against poor Saunders than he deserved. But let no person who has never been placed in the trying situation of a judge, pretend to estimate the difficulties of that most responsible and useful of all offices. "What will people say?" is a question nearly always a very shabby question, but one which too many public men ask themselves when brought as to how they shall act, forgetting that the only questions ought to be: "What is really and truly right? what will men of experience and virtue think? and shall I have eventually to say to my own conscience, 'The subject?'"

Leaving these speculative questions, however, for the present, let us return to the divisions, which are ranged along the deck, not as formerly by some, in the proper way, by the watch bill. The fore-castle, of course, comes first, as they stand so in the fore part by which they are mustered at night by the main-deck watch; then the fore-top-men, and so on to the main-deck after-guard, and waisters. Each division is made up of a lieutenant, who, as well as the midshipmen of the division, appears in full uniform. The people of the

entered by the young gentlemen, and then carefully inspected by the officer of the division, who sees that every man is dressed according to order, and that he is otherwise in proper trim. It is also usual in hot climates for the surgeon and his assistants to pass along the lines, to ascertain, partly by the men's looks, and partly by an examination of their limbs, that no traces of scurvy have begun to show themselves. I have often seen illness which, had they not been thus taken hold of at the very commencement, and cured at once, might have confined men for weeks or months to their hammocks, or conducted their bodies in no great space of time over the standing part of the foresheet.

While the mustering and inspecting of the divisions going on, the captain paces the quarter deck, in company with the first lieutenant. No other voices are heard except theirs, and that of the midshipmen calling out the names of the men, or the officers putting some interrogatory about a spot of tar on a pair of duck trousers, or an ill-mended hole in the sleeve of a shirt. A few minutes even these sounds are hushed, and nothing is distinguishable fore and aft but the tread of the respective officers on their way aft to report to the captain on the quarter deck that all are present, properly dressed, and clean, at their different divisions. The surgeon likewise makes a report of his party, and of his equipments. The first lieutenant now turns to the captain, takes off his hat, and says:

"All the officers have reported, sir."

To which the other replies:

"We'll go round the ship, then, if you please;" and they trudge, after leaving the deck in charge of the second lieutenant, or the master, as may be determined on at the moment.

A pin might now be heard, if let fall any where on board; but for the sound of the wind amongst the cordage, the stroke of a slack rope against the mast, or the occasional shake in the weather leach of a lofty sail braced her too fine, and except for the rippling sound of the water about the bows, and the creaking caused by her sliding over under the pressure of the wind, the ship might be supposed to be unmanned, and lying dismantled in the basin of Portsmouth dock-yard.

As the captain approaches the first division, he is received by the officer commanding it, who touches his hat, and then falls into the train behind. Of course, the next the skipper appears, the men along the whole line take off their hats, smooth down their locks, make any clumsy efforts to stand erect, fumble interminably in the waistband of their trousers, and shuffle, to no real or less purpose, according to the motion of the captain, to maintain their toes exactly at the line or seam in the deck along which they have been cautioned twenty times they are to stand. The captain, as he moves slowly past, eyes each man from head to foot, and lets his frown pass of which he disapproves. The officer of the division is ready to explain, or to take a note of what correction is required; but supposing all to be right, not a syllable is spoken, and at the end of the division the captain again touches his hat to the officer, who returns salute and remains with his people.

He then proceeds to the fore-castle, at the break of which he is received by the three warrant officers, the lawain, gunner, and carpenter, in their best coats, cut in the fashion of the year one, broad tailed, musty, full of creases from bad packing and little use, and rising from top to bottom with a double-tiered battery of buttons of huge dimensions. Behind these worthy onagers, who seldom look much at home in their uniform, stands the master at arms, in front of his troop of scampers; not the young gentlemen, but the troupe of small fry known by the name of the ship's boys, dressed in good time to be sailors, and perhaps amongst the best and truest that we ever number in our crews. As these lads are bred up exclusively amongst merchant men, they gradually acquire, naturally and by all the habits, as well as the sentiments, of his master's service; besides which they have nothing to learn, as merchant seamen invariably have to do when, by impressment or by volunteering, they are brought amongst naval persons.

It may also be remarked, that it is a great mistake to suppose that able seamen cannot be as thoroughly bred on a man of war as in any collier, which is proverbially the best school. We have, to be sure, in the navy, a greater number of hands on board in proportion to the quantity of work to be done; and as there are really amongst them plenty of men well qualified to do the duties required by seamen, those who are not yet thoroughly taught are seldom as directly called to learn a seaman's trade as they would be

were they in a short-handed merchant ship. But this state of things furnishes no excuse, I conceive, for those officers who fail to consider it part of their business to see that every man and boy in their ships be trained as far as possible in all points of a sailor's calling. The opportunities are always at hand, the instructors numerous and competent; and it may readily be made not only the duty but the interest and pleasure of the older seamen to teach what they themselves know to those who are less informed. In the process of this useful schooling it will almost invariably come out, that many of those hands who hailed for able seamen, merely upon their own showing, had obtained higher ratings on the ship's books than they were entitled to. One person is perhaps a good helmsman, but is ignorant of the marks on the lead-line; while another may be expert as a leadman, and yet be any thing but trustworthy at the weather wheel. Or a sailor may steer a ship admirably, and call the soundings correctly from the chains in the darkest night, who might cut but a sorry figure at the weather earing in a snow storm. In short, it is a most important, and almost an imperative duty, on the officers of every man of war, to ascertain, by actual investigation, how far their people are entitled to the ratings they claim. If we do not see to this, we are perpetually misapplying the resources of the nation, by mistaking their true quality.

It soon becomes apparent amongst the crew of a man of war, as it does in every other situation in the world, that one of the most speedy and certain methods of instructing a person in any art, is to impose on him the duty of a teacher of others. In this way the whole of a man of war's ship's company may be taught as much of the art of seamanship as they could possibly have learned in the same time in a collier, or in any other ship that swims.

I should have mentioned, that before leaving the upper deck the captain proceeds to inspect the marines, who are drawn up across or along the quarter deck abaft. Most captains think it both judicious and kind to inspect the marines first, before going round the sailors' divisions: and I have never seen this practice adopted without manifest advantage. The marines are excellent fellows, well trained, hardy, and cheerful, duly respecting themselves, and proud of their service; while, from belonging to a fixed corps, and from not being liable (like the seamen) to be perpetually disbanded and scattered, they acquire a permanent interest, or an inherent esprit de corps, as well as a permanent footing in the navy. In like manner, the marine officers constitute one of the most gentlemanlike bodies of men in the king's service. They are thoroughly imbued with all the high sentiments of honour belonging to the military character; and they possess, moreover, in a very pleasant degree, the freedom of manner and versatility of habits peculiar to those who go down to the sea in ships, but which cannot be taught by any other method than practice, and pretty long and tough practices too.

The utility of this important body of men on board a man-of-war is so great, that it becomes the duty of every lover of the profession to support all its ranks and classes by every means in his power, and especially to render their situation when afloat one of respectability, happiness, and contentment. In speaking of the utility of the jolly marines, as they are kindly enough called by the sailors, who, in spite of all their quizzing, really esteem their pipe-clayed shipmates, I refer less to their services in action, either on board, or in the event of co-operation with the military on terra firma, than to their inestimable value in sustaining the internal discipline of the service. The manner in which this is brought about forms one of the most interesting peculiarities in the whole range of naval affairs; but it deserves to be treated of separately, and at length.

The two divisions ranged along the main deck, supposing the ship's company so distributed, next engage the captain's attention. I think it is usual to take that first which stands on the starboard side of the deck, with the after end, or its left, as military men would say, close against the bulk-head of the captain's cabin, while the foremost men of the division extend under the fore-castle. On arriving at the galley, or kitchen, the captain is received by the cook (or as much as may be left of him, according to the Greenwich Hospital joke,) behind whom stands his mate, generally a tall, glossy, powerful negro, who, unlike his chief, has always a full allowance of limbs, with a round and shining face about as moist as one of the tubfuls of huge suet puddings, tied up in bags along-side of him. The cook, aided by "Quamino," lifts the lids off the coppers, that the captain may peer into

them, and ascertain whether or not all is clean and nice. With the end of his wooden leg the cook then gives a twist to the cock of the coppers, to let some of the pease-soup in preparation run off and show itself for the noble commander's inspection. The oven doors are next opened, the range or large fire stirred up, and every hole and corner exposed to view; the object of the grand visitation being to see that this essential part of the ship is in the most perfect state of cleanliness and good order.

Still further forward, before the galley, in the very nose of her, as the foremost nook or angle of the ship is called, and a little on one side, lies the sick bay or hospital; at the door of which the surgeon, backed by his assistants, receives the captain and his double the first lieutenant, and his double the mate of the main-deck. In their march, all in a row. The captain takes care not to pass any invalid's hammock without dropping a word of encouragement to its pale inmate, or begging to be informed if any thing further can be done to make him comfortable. Only those men who are very unwell, however, are found in their beds, and the rest being generally seated on the chests and boxes placed round the bay, a part of the ship, which, I need scarcely mention, is kept, if possible, more clean, airy, and tidy than any other. If a speck of dirt be found on the deck, or a gallipot or phial out of its place, woe betide the lolly boy, the assistant-surgeon's assistant, and the constant attendant upon the hospital. This personage is generally a fellow of some small knowledge of reading and writing, who, by overhearing the daily clinical lectures of the doctor, contrives to pick up a smattering of medical terms, which he loses no opportunity of palming off upon his messmates below as sublime wisdom sucked in at alma mater.

Just before leaving the sick-bay, the captain generally turns to the surgeon, and says, as a matter of course, "Doctor, mind you always send aft at dinner-time for any thing and every thing you require for the sick;" and I have frequently remarked, that his whole tone and manner are greatly softened during this part of the rounds, perhaps without his being conscious of any difference. A very small share of attention, on the part of a commanding officer, on such occasions, if kindly and unaffectedly exercised, leaves a wonderfully favourable impression, not only among the invalids, to whom it is more particularly addressed, but seldom fails to extend its salutary influence over the rest of the ship's company, and thus, of course, contributes materially to strengthen and to maintain his authority. Such expressions of sympathy never fail to act like drops of oil on the machinery of discipline, making all its wheels work smoothly and sweetly.

The lower deck is next examined. The bags have been carried on deck, so that, as I mentioned before, nothing remains but the people's mess-tables and mess things, their kids and crockery. As Jack is mighty fond of a bit of show in his way, many of the births or mess places exhibit goodly ranges of tea-cups and regiments of plates worthy of the celebrated Blue Posts tavern, occasionally flanked by a huge tea-pot, famously emblazoned with yellow dragons, and imitation Chinese. The intervals between the shelves are generally ornamented with a set of pictures of rural innocence, where shepherds are seen wooing shepherdesses, balanced by representations of not quite such innocent Didos weeping at the Sally Port, and waving their lily hands to departing sailor boys. On the topmost shelf stands, or is tied to the side, a triangular piece of a mirror, three inches perhaps by three, extremely useful in adjusting the curls of our nautical coxcombs, of whom one, at least, is to be found in every birth.

The mess-tables, which are kept so bright you would suppose them whitewashed, are hooked to the ship's side at one end, while the other is suspended by small ropes covered with white canvass. Against these lines rest the soup and grog kids, shining in a double row along the deck, which is lighted up, fore and aft, for the captain's visit, by a candle in each birth. In frigates, it is usual, I believe, to let the people have a certain number of chests, besides their bags. These not only form convenient seats for the men at meals, and couches on which to stretch their worn-out limbs during the watch below, but they afford a place in which the sailors may stow away some part of their best attire, deposit their little knick-knacks, and here and there a book, or, mayhap, a love-letter, or some cherished love-token. A chest, in short, or the share of a chest, even though it be only a quarter, or a sixth part, is always so great a comfort, that this indulgence ought to be granted when it can possibly be allowed. In single-decked ships, I conceive it may generally be permitted; in a line-of-battle ship, hardly

ever. In a frigate, as there are no guns on the lower deck, where the people mess and sleep, there is nothing to clear away on coming into action; but in a ship of the line the men pass their whole lives amongst the guns, by night as well as by day, and as it is absolutely necessary to keep every part ready for action at an instant's warning, nothing can be allowed to remain between the guns but such articles as may be carried out of the way in a moment. It is sometimes nonsensical, and even cruel, to carry this system into a frigate, where the same necessity for keeping the space unencumbered does not exist. Doubtless, the mate of the lower deck, and often enough the first lieutenant, and sometimes even the captain, will be anxious to break up all the men's chests, in order to have a clear-looking, open, airy, between-decks, to make a show of. But with proper care it may be kept almost as clear and quite as clean with a couple of chests in each birth as without. Even were it otherwise, we ought, I think, rather to give up a little appearance to secure so great a share of comfort to those who at best are not overburdened with luxuries.

As the captain walks aft, along the lower deck, he comes to the midshipmen's birth, or room, in which the youngsters mess. It is the foremost and largest of a range of cabins built up on each side, and reaching as far aft as the gun-room, or mess place of the commissioned officers. It is only in line-of-battle ships that the midshipmen in the cockpit; while in frigates they not only mess but sleep in the part of the lower deck called, I know not why, the steerage. I ought to have mentioned, that before the cabins of the officers, and abaft those of the sailors, lie the births of the marines; but, of course, these mess places of the men are not partitioned off, being merely denoted by the tables and shelves. The boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, have their cabins in the steerage.

The captain looks into each of these dens as he moves along. In that of the midshipmen he may probably find a youth with the quarantine-flag up; that is, in the sick-list. His cue, of course, is always to look as miserable and woe-begone as possible. If he have had a tussle with a messmate, and one or both his eyes are bunged up in consequence, it costs him no small trouble to conceal his disorderly misdeeds. It would be just as easy, indeed, to stop the winds as to stop the use of fusty-cuffs amongst a parcel of hot-blooded lads between thirteen and nineteen, although, of course, such rencontres are held to be contrary to the laws and customs used at sea, and are punishable accordingly. The captain, pretending ignorance, however, merely grins: and, without exposing the boy to the necessity of getting up a story, remarks:

"I suppose, Master Peppercorn, you fell down the after-hatchway ladder, and struck your eye against the corner of a chest! Didn't you? And, what is odd enough, I dare say, when I cross to the starboard birth, I shall find Mr. Mustardseed, who has fallen in with exactly the same accident about the same time. What do you think? Eh?"

"I don't know, sir," answers the badgered youngster; "Mr. Mustardseed and I are not on speaking terms."

"Very likely not," chuckles the skipper, as he proceeds to thrust his nose curiously into the warrant-officers' little boxes. On arriving at the gun-room, he merely glances, with a well-bred air of assumed indifference, at the apartment of the officers, with whose habits and arrangements he scarcely ever ventures to meddle. He next dives into the cockpit, which, in a frigate, is used only for the purser's store-room, leading to the bread-room, both of which he examines carefully. The spirit-room hatchway, too, is lifted up for his inspection, as well as that of the after-hold. He then takes a survey of the cable tiers, which are lighted up for the occasion; as also different store-rooms of the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter; all of which ought to be objects of his particular care, for it is of great consequence that every article they contain should not only have an assigned and well known place, but that it should actually be kept in that place. It is, indeed, quite wonderful how much may be done in the way of stowage by dint of good management. In a well-regulated ship, there is not a bolt or a bar, nor any kind of tool belonging to the carpenter, nor a single rope, great or small; canvass fine as duck, or coarse as No. 1, belonging to the boatswain; nor any description of warlike store in charge of the gunner, which cannot instantly be laid hold of, and conveyed in half a minute to any part of the ship, low or aloft.

At length, when every square inch of the holds, tiers, sail-rooms, and all the cabins and births below, have been examined, the visitation party return to the quarter-deck, after a full half-hour's ramble. As the captain reascends to the different decks in succession, the men, who have never budged from their divisions, again pluck off their

hats, the marines carry arms the moment his head shows above the coamings, and all the officers stop instantaneously in the middle of their walk to salute the commander, as he once more treads the quarter-deck.

"And now, sir," says the captain, turning to the first lieutenant, "if you please, we will rig the church."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHIP CHURCH.

The carpenters and the watch on deck soon carry aft their benches and mess-stools; but as these are not sufficient to afford accommodation for all hands, as many capstan-bars as may be required are likewise brought up and placed athwart the quarter-deck, with their ends resting on match-tubs and fire-buckets, or on the carronade slides. These seats occupy the whole of the space from the break of the quarter-deck and the belaying bits round the mainmast, as far as the companion-hatch-way. Chairs from the cabin and gun-room are also placed abaft all, for the captain and officers, and on the lee side for the warrant officers and midshipmen; for, it need scarcely be mentioned that due subordination is made to keep its place even in our church.

The pulpit stands amidships, either on the after-gratings, or on the deck immediately before the hatchway. In some ships, this part of the nautical church establishment consists of a moveable reading-desk, made expressly for the purpose, but brought up from the carpenter's store-room only when wanted; sometimes one of the binnacles is used for this purpose; and I remember a ship in which the prayer-book was regularly laid on a sword-rack, or stand, holding six dozen naked cutlasses. The desk is covered over with a signal-flag, as well as the hassock for the chaplain to kneel upon, which is usually a grape or canister shot-box, surmounted by a cheese of great-gun wads, to make it soft.

All this implies that the weather is fine, the awnings spread overhead, and the curtains stretched fore and aft, to keep out the heat and glare. In rainy or blustering weather, the church is rigged under the half-deck, much in the same way, except that the pulpit is placed between two of the guns, and generally on the larboard side, as nearly abreast of the quarter-deck ladder as may be.

When all is ready, the bell is tolled by one of the quarter-masters, and the crew, quietly clustering aft, occupy the bars, stools, planks, and gun-slides, prepared for their accommodation. The marines range themselves on the front seats, while the officers take their places, of course not avowedly in the order of date in their commissions, but, more or less, they do fall into their respective stations according to seniority. The chaplain is now informed that every one is assembled; or, if there be no clergyman on board, the report is made to the captain, who generally officiates in that case. When the service begins, if there be any other ship in company, a pendant, such as men-of-war carry at their mast-head to distinguish them from merchant ships, is hoisted at the mizen peak, to show that the ship's company are at prayers. This signal, which is kept flying during the performance of divine service, is respected by every other ship, whether commanded by a superior officer or not.

Besides the prayers, which, as I have already mentioned, are "according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, established by law," the chaplain gives a short discourse, not exceeding at most twenty or twenty-five minutes in length. Some captains are in the habit of reading a sermon; but more commonly, when there is no clergyman on board, the prayers are deemed sufficient. These points, as may be supposed, become frequent matters of discussion in the fleet. I shall not enter into them further just now than by observing, that the majority of right-thinking officers appear to agree, that if the church service on board ship be not "solemnly, orderly, and reverently performed," according to the terms and in the spirit of the first article of war, it is either useless or worse than useless. It ought, therefore, to take place as regularly and habitually as the nature of the ship's duties will allow of. In the next place, it seems clear, that if the service be rendered so long, or be otherwise so conducted, as not to arrest the attention of the crew, or not to maintain it alive when once fixed, it is too long.

I will venture to say, there is rarely to be met with any where a more orderly, or a more attentive congregation, in all respects, than on board a man-of-war.

But, notwithstanding all Jack's decorum and his discipline, to say nothing of his natural inclination, when duly encouraged, to reflect seriously and properly on any subject, as he is made of ordinary flesh and bones, his eyes will sometimes refuse to keep open under the

infliction of a dull or ill-delivered discourse; so that if the person who officiates happens not to read very well, his best chance for securing any useful attention consists in the brevity of his prelections. If the quality, rather than the quantity, of instruction be his object; or, if he measure the good he hopes to do, not so much by what his lips give out as what the ears of his congregation are willing to take in, he should be exceedingly careful not to fatigue his hearers. The inverse rule of proportion obtains here with such mortifying regularity, that a captain will almost inevitably discover, by some of the thousand and one methods he has of knowing what is felt amongst his crew, that the longer he make the church service beyond the mark of agreeable and easy attention, the more certain will he be of missing his point. The analogy—not to speak it profanely—between overloading a gun and overloading a discourse, applies especially to ship preaching. Sailors are such odd fellows, that they are nowise moved by noise and smoke; but they well know how to value a good aim and always love and honour a commanding officer who truly respects their feelings, ministers in a gentlemanlike way to their peculiar tastes and habits, and neither bullies them in the course of their ordinary duty, nor by means of long-winded and ill-timed discourses (or what they irreverently call Psalm-singing) interferes too much with their religious concerns.

It grieves me heartily to own, that while I could speak with confidence of the good which may be effected on the minds of the midshipmen, I feel scarcely any thing but despair on turning to the case of the sailors. They are such a strange set of beings, generally so entirely uneducated, and although, as I have repeatedly mentioned before, by no means naturally irreligious, often so totally destitute of any thing deserving the name of principle, or even of any ground-work of habitual reflection, upon which alone such a superstructure can be raised, that I really cannot venture even to conjecture how people of such very loose habits and dissipated minds are to be turned permanently to right thinking on this matter. Unfortunately, too, at the end of every three or four years, when at length the discipline of a ship has been perfected, and the empire of order so fully established that the influence of authority might, if ever, be expected to produce something out of these rough materials, the crew are not only paid off, but turned absolutely adrift into the worst holes and corners, the very sinks of society, where every thing good they have been taught, and every thing good they may have hoped or wished to learn, is speedily taken from them, and all sorts of iniquity poured into their place! In one moment are rudely swept away all their habitual veneration for authority, their cheerful unreflecting dependence on others, together with every nascent feeling of self-respect which during several years had been growing up together, and rather inviting than repelling the final and pervading influence of religion. Thus the unhappy sailor is suddenly left at the close of his long toil in a state of destitution fully worse than at first. In a few days, perhaps hours, after landing, he is pillaged of his money and every rag of clothes except the jacket on his back; and after being forced into drunkenness and every kind of debauchery and vice, he finds himself worn out with disease and intemperance, and becomes literally an outcast from society, amidst the most heartless and profligate of his species, helpless, useless and hopeless!

However melancholy, therefore, the reflection may be, it is in vain to conceal from ourselves, that unless both officers and men can be embodied more or less as a permanent corps, every ship that is commissioned merely furnishes a sort of fresh experiment in naval discipline. The officers are brought together without any previous acquaintance with one another; and many of them, after a long residence on shore, have lost most of their naval habits. The sailors, being collected hither and thither, we can get hold of them, are too frequently the off-scourings and scum of society. With such a heterogeneous crew, the first year is employed in teaching them habits of cleanliness and common decency; and it is only in the third year of their service that the ship becomes really efficient. Just as that point has been reached, all hands, as I said before, are turned off, to make room for another experiment. If a few active men of the crew have become better sailors, they generally go into the merchant service for higher wages; while the officers are again laid on the shelf. Something has been done lately to retain the petty officers in the navy, but perhaps not enough. It has been suggested, that instead of giving men pensions for long servitude, it might be more useful to allow their wages to increase gradually year by year, at some small rate, and at the end of fourteen years,

give them half pay of the rating to which they had reached, if they chose to retire.

There are various other circumstances which I have not touched upon, that, I suspect, will for ever prevent the navy being rendered a permanent embodied corps; and perhaps, upon the whole, it may be questioned whether this would be advantageous to the country, or quite the contrary. This topic, however, is of far too great extent to be treated incidentally.

In returning to the subject of the church, it must be remembered that the circumstances of wind and weather will often interfere with the regularity of our Sunday service. To which it may be added, that the public duty upon which the ship is employed must often modify these observances very much, in spite of all our endeavours. In some parts of an Indian voyage, for instance, it may be safely calculated that no interruption will take place, while there occur other stages of the passage when divine service must of necessity be stopped, to shorten sail or trim the yards. In peace-time, or in harbour, or in fine weather at sea, no such tensing interference is likely to arise; but in war, and on board a cruising ship, the public service frequently calls a ship's company to exchange smartly their bibles and prayer books for the sponges and rammers. The collect in which they have petitioned to be defended from the fear of their enemies, and that their time might be passed in rest and quietness, may hardly have passed their lips, before they are eagerly and joyfully scampering up the rigging to shake the reefs out in chase of an enemy, with whom, in the next hour, they will perhaps be engaged in hot fight!

I remember once in a frigate, cruising deep in the Bay of Biscay, just as the captain had finished the Litany, and the purser, whose greatest pleasure it was to officiate as clerk, had said Amen, that the man at the main royal-mast head screamed out,

"A strange sail, broad on the lee bow!"

The first effect of this announcement was to make the commander turn round involuntarily to the man at the wheel and exclaim, "Put the helm up!" He then closed the book with a degree of energy of which he was made somewhat ashamed when the sound was echoed by that of the rapidly closing volumes all around him.

"My lady," said he quickly, but not without solemnity, "our duty to our king is our duty to God; and if, as I hope, this sail turn out to be the ship we have been so long looking after, you will not give a worse account of her to the country, I am sure, for having applied in good earnest for assistance from aloft." After which, suddenly changing his tone and manner, he sung out loudly and clearly,

"Hands, make sail! Let go the bow-lines! Round in the weather braces! Mast-head there, let me know when the strange sail is right ahead!"

Then leaping on the hammocks, and resting his glass against the after-swivel of the main rigging, he swept the horizon impatiently for the stranger. Meanwhile, the rattling of the chairs, capstan-bars, match tubs, and hot boxes, gave token of the rapid demolition of our antical church. The studding-sail booms shot out like pears from the yard-arms, and the sails which these pars were to expand hung dangling and flapping in the air, as if the canvass had been alive, and joined in the ageriness of the chase, while the gay ship herself, trembling fore and aft under these fresh and spirit-stirring pulses, dashed away at the rate of ten and a half.

Such are the incidents which happen on board single frigates, those rattling, joyous, fly-along, Salee-rover sort of cruisers, which range at large over the wide ocean, scour every coast, and keep the war famously alive. A much more stately ceremonial is observed on board ships of the line, whether at sea, blockading a port, or lying in harbour. The ships of the different divisions, or squadrons, sit till the admiral hoists at his mizen peak the signal indicating that divine service has commenced. The ill is then tolled in each of the other ships, the usual nodant is displayed, and the first article of war (already noted) is complied with, not only to the letter, but often, as may be hoped and trust, fully up to the spirit. At all events, I have heard many clergymen declare, that they never beheld any congregation in which more attention and decorum prevailed than in our ship churches.

At sea, both in fleets and on board single ships, the lagoon of Sunday is generally a season of rest and quietness; but in harbour it is often the most annoying riot of the whole week. There is nothing for the men to do, and the time hangs terribly heavy on their hands; which, it must be added, that our ships are too often fested by some of the vilest contaminations of the shore. Bad as these influences are, at any time or place, believe they may be considered at their worst when

they come afloat; so that whenever it can possibly be done without injury to the service, portions of the ship's company should be allowed to go on shore in turn, albeit their proceedings when "on liberty," as they call it, are none of the most commendable. But we must let that pass.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAILORS' PETS.

A dog is the most obvious and natural pet for a gentleman; but still, a dog, with all his familiarity, is a selfish sort of companion, for he generally bestows his whole sociability either upon his master, or his master's servant who feeds him, or upon his master's friend who accompanies him to the fields. To all others he is not only cold, but often surly and impertinent. This, indeed, would matter little if there were not unfortunately a proverb extant, which has led perhaps to more squabbles, duels, and other uncharitableness, than most other causes of dispute. This pugnacious proverb, "Love me, love my dog," being interpreted, signifies, "If you kick my dog, I kick you." Then follows, if not the kick, words which hurt honour quite as much, and in the end too often draw away the life-blood of warriors who, but for some mangy cur, might have fought themselves into companionship in public usefulness and famine with "Duncan, Howe, or Jarvis."

No dog, therefore, can ever become a very general favourite of the crew, for it is so completely his nature to be exclusive in his favours, that were a whole pack of hounds on board, they would not be enough, nor afford a tenth part of the amusement, I may almost call it occupation, which a single monkey serves out to a ship's company. I take good care, accordingly, never to be without one in any ship I command, on the sheer principle of keeping the men employed, in a good-humoured way, when they chance to have no specific duty to attend to. It must be recollected, that we are often exposed to long periods of inaction, during which mischief is very apt to be brewed amongst the people.

But if a good monkey be allowed to run about the ship, I defy any one to continue long in a bad humour. Jacko is an overmatch for the demon of idleness, at least if light hearts and innocent diversions be weapons against which he cannot long contend. Be this as it may, I make a rule of entering a monkey as speedily as possible after hoisting my pendant; and if a reform takes place in the table of ratings, I would recommend a corner for the "whip's monkey," which should be borne on the books for "full allowance of victuals," excepting only the grog, for I have observed that a small quantity of tippie very soon upsets him; and although there are few things in nature more ridiculous than a monkey half seas over, yet the reasons against permitting such pranks are obvious and numerous.

It requires some decision on the part of the captain to carry through a point of this importance, and fairly to establish Jacko on board. The first lieutenant, who is, or ought to be, a sort of demi-god afloat, generally sets his face against all pets, and swears vengeance against the whole tribe of parrots, squirrels, rabbits, pigeons, mongoooses, dogs, monkeys, cats, and I am ashamed to say, he occasionally extends his anathemas even to lady passengers! Supposing, however, that the captain has authority and strength of mind enough to establish a monkey on board, the rogue will not have been ten minutes "entered" before he sets to work at some mischief; for he is the only truly known instance of perpetual motion.

When Lord Melvin, then first lord of the admiralty, to my great surprise and delight, put into my hands a commission for a ship going to the South American station, a quarter of the world I had long desired to visit, my first thought was, "Where now shall I manage to find a merry rascal of a monkey?" Of course, I did not give audible expression to this thought in the first lord's room; but, on coming down stairs, had a talk about it in the hall with my friend, Mr. Nulland, who laughed, and said,

"Why, sir, you may buy a wilderness of monkeys at Exeter 'Change."

"True! true!" and off I hurried in a cab—or more probably in a chariot, for this was some years before the glorious era of cabs. Mr. Cross not only agreed to spare me one of his choicest and funniest animals, but readily offered his help to convey him to the ship, and thus removed a difficulty which had troubled me not a little as I rattled along the Strand. The idea of taking a monkey in a post-chaise, even had I been travelling in that magnificent style, was not very agreeable: and it was

quite clear, that either as an outside or an inside passenger in a stagecoach, the tricks of master Jacko would soon have got himself and his owner into a scrape with the other passengers. I mentioned my dilemma to Mr. Cross.

"Lord, sir!" said he, "there is not an animal in the whole world so wild or fierce that we can't carry about as innocent as a lamb; only trust to me, sir, and your monkey shall be delivered on board your ship in Portsmouth harbour as safely as if he were your best chronometer going down by mail in charge of the master."

I had some curiosity to see how this purpose was to be accomplished, and returned again some days afterwards to be present at the ceremony of removal. My chattering purchase was thrust, not without many violent struggles and horrible grins, fairly into a deal box, and nailed down. A number of holes had been bored in the top and sides, not large enough for our gentleman to poke his paw through, but sufficient to furnish him with air, and enable him to discover what was going on in the external world. In this predicament he looked about as miserable as possible, even at home amongst his kith and kindred of the ancient menagerie at Exeter 'Change, now, alas! demolished. When his box or cage was hoisted on the top of the Rocket, that fastest and safest of stage coaches, poor St. Jago, as the sailors called him afterwards, was in such an agony of terror, that I half repented of my cruelty in forcing him to emigrate.

Off he went, however, for the coast: and being left without provisions or water, except a few nuts, he was in a famous condition for his breakfast next morning, when the waterman ferried him off from Common Hard to the hulk on board which the officers had just assembled. As the ship had been only two or three days in commission few seamen had as yet entered; but shortly afterwards they came on board in sufficient numbers; and I have sometimes ascribed the facility with which we got the ship manned not a little to the attractive agency of the diverting vagabond recently come from town, the fame of whose tricks soon extended over Portsea. He certainly was the most amusing fellow on board, but also the most mischievous; and, I fairly grant, as such he became at times a real nuisance.

I need not dwell on the common-place tricks of a nautical monkey, as they must be well known to every one; such as catching hold of the end of the sail-maker's ball of twine, and paying the whole overboard, hand over hand, from a secure station in the rigging; or his stealing the boatswain's silver call, and letting it drop from the end of the cat-head; or his getting into one of the cabin ports, and tearing up the captain's letters, a trick at which even the stately skipper is obliged to laugh.

One of our monkey's grand amusements was to watch some one arranging his clothes in his bag. After the stowage was completed, and every thing put carefully away, he would steal round, untie the strings, and, having opened the mouth of the bag, would draw forth in succession every article of dress, first smell to it, then turn it over and over, and lastly fling it away on the wet deck. It was amusing enough to observe, that all the while he was committing any piece of mischief, he appeared not only to be under the fullest consciousness of guilt, but living under the perfect certainty that he was earning a good sound drubbing for his pains. Still, the pleasure of doing wrong was so strong and habitual within him, that he seemed utterly incapable of resisting the temptation whenever it fell in his way. When occupied in these misdeeds, he continued alternately chattering with terror, and screaming with delight at his own ingenuity, till the enraged owner of the property burst in upon him, hardly more angry with Jacko than with his malicious messmates, who, instead of preventing, rather encouraged the pillage.

All this was innocent, however, compared to the tricks which the blue jackets taught him to play upon the jolly marines. How they set about this laudable piece of instruction, I know not; but the antipathy which they established in Jacko's breast against the red coats was something far beyond ordinary prejudice, and in its consequence partook more of the interminable war between cat and dog.

The monkey, who entered with all the zeal of a hot partisan into the designs of the blues, showed no mercy to the red faction, against whom he had not, in fact, the slightest shadow of a real quarrel. As that trifling circumstance, however, seemed, as in graver cases of quarrel, only to aggravate the hostility, every new day brought a new mode of attack upon the unhappy soldiers, who were never safe. At first he merely chattered, or

grinned contemptuously at them; or, at worst, snapped at their heels, soiled their fine pipe-clayed trowsers, or pulled the cartridges out of their cartouch boxes, and scattered the powder over the decks, feats for which his rump was sure to smart under the rattan of the indignant sergeant, to whom the 'party' made their complaint. Upon these occasions the sailors laughed so heartily at their friend Jacko, as he placed his hands behind him, and, in an agony of rage and pain, rubbed the seat of honour, smarting under the sergeant's chastisement, that, if he could only have reasoned the matter like a statesman, he would soon have distrusted his advantage in this offensive but not defensive alliance with the Johnnies against the Jollics. Sometimes, indeed, he appeared to be quite sensible of his absurd position, caned by his enemy, and ridiculed by his friends, in whose cause he was suffering. On these occasions he often made a run, open-mouthed, at the sailors; in return for which mutinous proceeding he was sure to get a smart rap over the nose from his own party, which more than counterpoised the anguish at the other extremity of his person, giving ludicrous occupation to both his hands, and redoubling the shouts of laughter at his expense. In short, poor St. Jago literally got what is currently called monkey's allowance, viz. "more kicks than half-pence."

In process of time, as Mr. Monkey, by dint of that bitter monitor, experience, gained higher knowledge in the art of marine warfare and ship diplomacy, he became much more formidable in his attacks on the "corps," and generally contrived to keep himself well beyond the reach of the sergeant's merciless ratan. One of the favourite pranks of the sailors was to place him near the break of the fore-castle, with a handspike, taken from the bow-chaser gun, in his paws. It was quite as much as he could carry, and far more than he could use as a missile against the royals; but he was soon instructed in a method of employing it, which always grievously annoyed the enemy. Theoretically speaking, I presume poor Jacko knew no more of the laws of gravitation, when applying it to the annoyance of the marines than his friends the seamen did of centrifugal action, when swinging round the hand-lead to gain soundings by pitching it far forward into the water; but without such scientific knowledge, both the monkey and his wicked associates knew very well that if a handspike were held across the top of the fore-castle ladder, and let go down when a person was about half way down it, the heels of the said individual would be sure to bring up, or stop the bar. The unhappy marine, therefore, who happened to be descending the steps when Jacko let his handspike fall, generally got the skin taken off his heels, or his instep, according as his rear or his front was turned towards the foe. The instant Jacko let go his hold, and the law of gravitation began to act, so that the handspike was heard to rattle down the ladder, off he jumped to the bow of the barge, overlooking the spot, and there sat, with his neck stretched out, his eyes starting from his head, and his lips drawn back, till his teeth, displayed from ear to ear, rapped against one another like a pair of castanets in a bolero, under the influence of the most ecstatic alarm, curiously mixed up with the joy of complete success. The poor wounded Gulpin, in the mean time, rubbed his ankles, as he fired a volley of imprecations, the only effect of which was to increase the number of his audience, grinning and laughing in chorus with the terrified mischief-monger.

I remember seeing a marine, of more than usual activity, and who had before been served this trick, catch hold of the end of the weather middle stay-stail sheet, hanging from the booms, and, before Jacko knew what he was about, succeed in giving him such a cut across his scone as the animal never forgot or forgave. Next morning the monkey stowed himself away behind the pumps, till the same marine passed; he then sprung out, and laid hold of him by the calf of the leg; and, in spite of sundry kicks and cuffs, never once relaxed his jaws till the teeth met amongst what the lolloloy boy, in the pride of his anatomical knowledge, called the "gastrocnemii muscles" of his enemy's leg. The cries of murder! from the soldier, brought the marines, and many of the sailors, under the half deck, to the poor fellow's rescue, while the author of the mischief scuttled off amongst the men's feet, chattering and screaming all the way. He was not again seen during two or three days; at the end of which, as the wounded "troop" was not much hurt, a sort of truce was proclaimed between the red and blue factions of the ship. Doubtless, the armistice was all the better kept in consequence of some tolerably intelligible hints from the higher powers, that the peace of the ship was no longer to be invaded to make

sport for those who were evidently more idle than they ought to be, and for whom, therefore, a little additional work might possibly be found.

Old Jacko, however, like one of the weaker states of Europe, whose fate and fortunes are settled by the protocols of the surrounding political giants, was no party to these treaties; and having once tasted the joys of revenge, he could not keep his teeth quiet, but must needs have another bite. Upon this occasion, however, he kept clear of the corps, and attacked one of his oldest and dearest friends, no less a personage than the captain of the foretop. It was in warm weather, and the men, as usual, were dining on the main deck; the grog had been served out, and the happy Johnnies were just beginning to sip their darling beverage, when Mr. Mischief, incessantly occupied in his vocation of doing wrong, and utterly incapable of resisting any good opening to get himself into a scrape, saw the grog-kid of the captain of the top's mess standing by the fore hatchway. So he paced round, as if seeking for a bit of bread, but all the while keeping his face turned just so far from the fated grog vessel, that no one suspected his design. On reaching the spot his heart began to fail him, but not his wickedness; indeed, his was the very beau ideal of that character described in the satire of Junius, which, "without courage enough to resist doing a bad action, has yet virtue enough to be ashamed of it." Whether or not these mixed motives influenced old Jacko, I cannot pretend to say; but there he sat, chattering, screaming, and trembling, as if the sergeant's cane had been within an inch of his hide.

"What ails you, my dear Mr. Saint James?" said the captain of the top, playfully addressing the monkey. "What are you afraid of? Nobody is going to hurt you; we are all sailors and friends here, man. Not a royal marine is within hail of you!"

At this stage of the colloquy the sly rogue, having mustered all his energies, fairly grasped the grog-kid in his arms, and, making a clean spring from the deck, placed himself, at the first bound, beyond the reach of the horror-stricken seaman. This exploit was not so adroitly performed as it might have been if Jacko had been less agitated, and one half of the delicious nectar in the sailor's cup was jerked out.

"Yon bloody thundering rascal of a monkey," belowered the astounded topman; "let go the kid, or I'll shly this knife at your head!"

The threat was no sooner uttered than executed, for the sailor, without waiting to see the effect of his summons, threw the knife; and had not his saintship ducked his head, there would have been an end of monkey tricks for that cruise. As the glittering steel passed before the wicked scamp's eyes, the flash deprived him of all recollection of the mischief in hand; with a loud yell he leaped on the booms, and in his terror let the prize slip from his grasp. It fell on the coaming of the hatchway, hung for one instant, and then dashed right down into the cockpit, to the infinite astonishment of the boatswain's yeoman, a thirsty soul, and familiar with drink in all its shapes, but who declared he never before had tried grog in a shower bath.

Up started the enraged party of seamen on their feet. "All hands catch monkey!" was the cry; and in ten seconds the whole crew, including the cook with his ladle, and his mate with the tormentors in his hand, were seen scrambling on deck. Jacko scampered like lightning up the main-stay, and reached the top before any of the men, who had mounted the rigging, were half a dozen rattlines above the hammocks. The officers rushed to the quarter deck, naturally fancying, from the bustling sounds, that a man was overboard; but they were soon undeceived by the shouts of laughter which resounded from every part of the ship, low and aloft.

For a few moments Jacko sat on the main cap, chattering at such a rate that, had it been dark, one of the men said, you could have seen the sparks of fire from his teeth. I do not quite believe this; but certainly I never witnessed such an expression of fear. A dozen men were soon pouring into the top, while two others were stealing up the stay, and four or five had got into the topmast shrouds, to cut off his retreat in that direction; finally, an active fellow leaped from the rigging to the topmast, and sliding down the well-greased spar, almost plumped on the devoted head of this master of the revels. It was now absolutely necessary for Jacko to do something; so he made a clear run down the main lift to the lower yard arm. The gunner's mate, foreseeing this manœuvre, had sprung to guard his department, and had already lain out as far as the inner boom iron, with a gasket in his hand, and quite certain of catching the chase. Not a bit! "A gunner's mate catch a monkey?" The fable of the Tortoise and the Hare affords but a

feeble simile to characterise such a match; and before old hard-a-weather and his gasket had reached the yard-arm, our nimble Mono had trotted half way up the leech of the top-sail, and was seated as familiarly on the bridle of the maintop-bowline, as if he had been perched on the feathery branch of a cocoa-nut tree, enjoying the sea breeze, in his native island, amongst the beautiful Cape de Verdes.

The sailors were now fairly baffled, and still more so when the expert rogue chose to climb a little higher, and then to walk deliberately along the standing part of the main-top-sail brace to the mizen-topmast head; whence, as if to divert himself, or force his pursuers to mingle admiration with their rage, he made a flying leap down wards to the peak haulyards, scampering along the single part till he reached the end of the gaff. There he sat laughing at a hundred and fifty men and boys, employed in the vain attempt to catch one monkey!

Sailors are certainly not men to give up a pursuit lightly; but after an hour of as hard labour as I ever witnessed, they were all obliged to relinquish the chase from sheer fatigue, and poor Jacko was pardoned by acclamation. The captain of the foretop, however, a couple of days afterwards, more out of fun than from any ill-will on the old grog score, gave the monkey's ear a pinch, upon which the animal snapped at his thumb, and bit it so seriously that the man was obliged to apply to the doctor. When this was reported to me by the surgeon, I began to think my four-footed friend was either getting rather too much license, or that too many liberties were taken with him, so I gave orders that in future he should be let alone. Nevertheless, Jacko contrived to bite two more of the people, one of whom was the sergeant, the other the midshipmen's boy. These were all wounded in one day, and when the surgeon came to me next morning, as usual, with the sick-list in his hand, he was rather indignant.

"Really, sir," said he, "this does seem rather too much of the monkey. Here are no fewer than three persons in my list from bites of this infernal beast."

"Three!" I exclaimed, and straightway got angry, partly at my own folly, partly at the perversity of my pet, and also somewhat nettled by the tone not very reasonably assumed by the doctor. "Send Black, the quarter-master, here directly!" He soon came.

"Don't you take care of the monkey?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I do. You gave me charge of him."

"Well! and why don't you prevent his biting the people?"

"I can't prevent him, sir."

"No! Then throw him overboard!" I cried—"Over with him at once! There he stands in charge of the corporal and two marines; pitch him right over the le gangway. I will not have the ship's company killed and wounded at this rate. Over with him, I say!"

The quarter-master moved off to the lee gangway, and took the terrified animal in his arms; while, on his part, the poor creature seemed conscious of its approaching fate, and spread out its arms over the seaman's bare breast as if to supplicate his mercy. The old sailor, who looked mightily as if he were going to melt upon the occasion, cast a petitioning glance to windward every now and then from under the edge of his straw hat as I paced up and down the deck, still fuming away at the doctor's demi-official reproach. As I saw the fellow wished to say something, I at length asked him whether he had any proposal to make respecting his wicked and troublesome pet. The old man's face brightened up with this prospect of a respite for his favourite; and, after humming and hawing for a minute, he said,

"It is all owing to these two great teeth, sir, if they were out, he would be as harmless as any lamb."

"I tell you what it is," I replied, catching at this suggestion, "I positively will not have the whole ship's company driven one after another into the sick-list by your confounded monkey; but if you choose to draw those wild-boar tusks of his, you may let him live."

Few reprieves were ever hailed at the foot of the gallows with more joy by the friends of a felon than this announcement of a commutation of Mr. St. Jago's sentence was received by his affectionate companions. Even the marines, though constitutionally predisposed against him, were glad of the change; and I heard the mastery at the cabin door say, "I knew the captain had too much regard for the animal to do him an injury."

Injury, indeed! I question whether poor Jacko thought the alternative any favour. At all events, his friends seemed grievously puzzled how to fulfil the conditions of his exemption from a watery grave; for I could perceive a council of war going on upon the lee side of the main deck as to the best method of proceeding in the affair of the tusks,

"Who'll hold the monkey?" said one.

No answer was made to this. It was like the old story of belling the cat; but there was no Douglas so bold as to try the experiment on Master Jacko, who, at any time, was a powerful animal, and who, it was naturally inferred, would make a tenfold effort when his teeth were the objects of attack.

"Even suppose we could tie the poor unfortunate victim," said the quartermaster, "who knows how to pull out these great big teeth? We might break his jaw in the operation."

There was a long pause.

"I dare say," at length cried one of the party, "that the doctor's mate, who is a good-natured gentleman, would be so kind as to tell us how we can manage this affair."

A deputation of the monkey's friends was accordingly despatched to present a humble petition to the surgeon's assistant, praying that he would be graciously pleased to lend his professional aid in saving the jaw, and perhaps, the life, of one of the most diverting vagabonds in his majesty's service.

Fortunately, the assistant medico was not one of those priggish puppies who, having little professional knowledge to balance their own inherent stupidity, fancy it necessary to support their dignity by the agency of etiquettes alone. He was, on the contrary, a young man of skill, good sense, and right feelings, who cared nothing at all about his dignity when he could be of any use; or rather, who left it to take care of itself without thinking of any thing but his business. To tell the truth, he was so much a lover of his art, that he felt secretly tickled with the idea of a new operation, and experienced on the occasion that peculiar pleasure, known, it is said, only to the faculty, when a complicated and difficult case falls into their hands. He had just mixed a glass of grog, after the day's work was done, and was eyeing the beverage with that sort of serene anticipation which the sober certainty of waking bliss is sure to produce, when the deputation made their appearance, having first sent in the boy, whose arm was still in a sling from the bite of the monkey.

"Are you in a hurry?" said the doctor, on hearing the novel petition; for he had nestled himself into the corner of the berth, with one foot on the bench, the other on the table, and his glass of "half-and-half" glowing like amber between his eye and the solitary glim of those profound regions—those diamond mines from which the Hoods and the Hardys of times past and times present have been drawn up to the very tip-top of their profession.

"Yes, sir," replied the spokesman of the party. "There is no time to be lost; for the captain, who is in a great rage, says, if we don't extricate the monkey's grinders, overboard he goes, to a certainty."

"Extricate is not the word, you blockhead; extract, I suppose, you mean. Besides, I fancy it is not his grinders which the captain has ordered to be removed, but his eye-teeth, or tusks, as they may fairly be called."

"Well, sir," said the impatient seaman, "just as you please, tusches or high teeth, if you'll only be kind enough to come and help us out of this plaguery mess, and save the poor dumb animal's life."

The quick clatter of feet up the ladders gave the signal that the successful deputation were returning to the anxious party assembled between the two guns just abaft the gangway-ladder, and nearly abreast the after-hatchway.

"Stop a little, my men!" exclaimed the assistant-surgeon. "How the deuce am I to operate on that beast unless he be held? and who is to hold him?"

"Oh, I'll lend a hand!" cried one. "And I, and I!" said a dozen voices. But when the attempt was made, and Jacko began to learn that mischief was brewing against him, he struggled, and snapped, and squealed at such a rate, that all chance of a successful result was out of the question; while the doctor stood by, laughing, and declaring that he was quite ready, as soon as the patient was willing to submit to the operation; but of this there seemed to be very little chance.

It happened that the day before we had split the jib in a squall, and the sail-makers were at that moment in the act of putting in a fresh cloth. Their usual working place, under the half-deck, was close to the scene of the monkey's intended extrication, as the sailors persisted in calling it, in spite of the doctor's repeated corrections of their technology. The sailmaker had just sent for more

canvass; and as the boatswain's yeoman, the very individual on whom the monkey had bestowed a shower-bath of grog, delivered the roll of sail-cloth, one of the men said,

"Why should not we parcel him up in a strip of canvass, and so make a regular built mummy of him; just as I have heard tell the old Egyptians, in the times of Moses and the Plagues, used to serve their favourite cats?"

This valuable piece of historical lore was instantly acted upon; and the sail-maker having lent the bolt of canvass, poor unfortunate Saint Jago del Cabo Verde was enveloped in the folds, which were passed round and round his body, legs, and neck, till nothing appeared beyond the package but his rueful countenance. He was now laid on the deck, quite helpless, and more like a log of wood than a living thing.

While these preparations were going on, the learned doctor had leisure to consider the case more attentively; and it occurred to him that it would be needless cruelty to draw the poor beast's tusks, and therefore he exchanged that too well-known instrument, the dentist's key, for a pair of bone-nippers, with which he proposed merely to break off the points.

"I don't exactly know about that," said the perplexed quarter-master, when the assistant-surgeon explained his views of the matter. "The captain said to me, 'draw those wild bear's tusches out of him;' and I am afraid, if they are only broken, the monkey may still have a chance for going astern."

"Nonsense—nonsense!" interrupted the judicious doctor. "Can you suppose the captain wished that any thing should be done to the animal but just enough to prevent his biting the people?"

And, suiting the action to the word, he closed the fatal pincers, and nipped away the ends of the offending tusks, it is to be hoped without causing him any great pain. But although poor Jacko probably did not suffer much, his rage knew no bounds; and no sooner was the canvass unfolded than he sprang towards the afterhatchway, and catching the sergeant's hand in his mouth, closed his jaws with all his force. Instinctively the soldier's cane was in the air; but a dozen voices roared out, "he can't bite! He has got no tusches left! Don't hit him!" And, sure enough, although Mr. St. Jago gnawed and struggled, he could make no impression on the well-tanned fist of the veteran; but at length slunk off quite abashed amidst the shouts and laughter of the crew.

When the ship came to England, and was paid off, I turned over the monkey to the boatswain, who always remains in the ship, along with the two other warrant officers, the gunner and carpenter. This worthy personage used to place his pet in the bow of his little punt, as a boat keeper, when he himself went on shore at Common Hard. So exhibited, the animal soon attracted notice; and a Jew took such a fancy to him, that the golden bribe which he offered in exchange was too strong for the boatswain, and Master Jacko once more touched terra firma. But the Israelite, as may be supposed, having no other purpose in this transaction beyond the limits of gain, Saint Jago was not long in finding his way back to his old haunts in Exeter Change, after an absence of nearly three years. The keeper did not recognise him; nor was it likely that Jacko should claim acquaintance with his former master. I happened, however, one day, not long after the ship was paid off, to be in attendance upon a party seeing the wild beasts, when one of the monkeys set up such a chattering in his cage that he attracted the attention of every person present, and, amongst the rest, of the keeper of the establishment.

"That animal seems to know you, sir," said he to me; and upon going nearer, I discovered my old and mischievous friend grinning with delight. I must own, indeed, that my heart smote me a little as I looked at the broken teeth, while the poor fellow held out his paw to catch my hand, in the spirit of perfect kindness and forgiveness.

A far different fate, I am sorry to record, befel another monkey of mine, in another ship, and in a very different quarter of the globe. I was then in command of the *Lyra*, on the homeward voyage from China, after the embassy under Lord Amherst had been concluded. We touched on our way to Calcutta at the Philippine Islands, and, amongst other live-stock, laid in a monkey which had seen the world. He was born, they assured us, at Teneriffe, bred at Cadiz, and had afterwards made the

voyage across the Pacific Ocean, via Lima and Acapulco to Manilla. This splendid bay is the chief station of the Spaniards in the eastern world, and has long formed one of those links in the vast colonial chain which enabled that once powerful nation to boast with truth that the sun never set on their dominions. Our extensive traveller had made good use of his time and opportunities, and was destined to see a good deal more of men and manners, indeed almost to make out the circuit of the globe. We brought him with us through the Straits of Malacca to Poole Penang, and from thence carried him across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta and Madras. We next visited together the Isle of Franco; the Cape; and, lastly, St. Helena, at the very time the Ex-empereur of the world resided there.

This distinguished monkey differed in one important point from the last, whose adventures have just been related; for he had a particular liking for the marines, who caressed and fed him, and sometimes even ventured to teach him to play off tricks on Jack, which the sailors promised one day to pay back with interest on the soldiers. In so diminutive a vessel as a ten-gun brig, there is but a small party of marines, merely a sergeant's guard, and no commissioned officer, otherwise I hardly think the following trick would have been attempted.

It has been already mentioned, that on Sundays the ship's company are mustered at divisions, ranged on either side of the deck. Every man is then dressed in his very best togs, shaved, and trimmed up as gaily as possible. The marines, of course, sparkle as brightly as polished metal, scarlet cloth, and the eternal pipeclay, can make them. When all are reported present, the captain walks slowly and solemnly round, eyeing each man from head to foot, to detect a spot of dirt, or a thread opening at a seam, and peering under the breast of every gun to discover some neglected delta of unwashed-away sand; in short, to see that all is right and tight, or "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," a term, by the way, of which I know not the origin.

One day, while going these formal rounds, I came to a figure which at first sight puzzled me not a little. This was no other than our great traveller the monkey, dressed up as a marine, and planted like a sentry on the middle-step of the short ladder which, in deep-waisted vessels, is placed at the gangway, and reaches from the deck to the top of the bulwark. The animal was dressed up in a complete suit of miniature uniform, made chiefly of the coloured bunting used for flags, with sundry bits of red braise purloined from the carpenters. His regimental cap was constructed out of painted canvass; and under his lower jaw had been forced a stock of pump-leather, so stiff in itself, and so tightly drawn back, that his head was rendered totally immovable. His chin, and great part of the cheeks, had been shaved with so much care, that only two small curled mustachios and a respectable pair of whiskers remained. His hair behind being tied back tightly into a queue, the poor devil's eyes were almost starting from his head; while the corners of his mouth being likewise tugged towards the ears by the hair-dresser's operations, the expression of his countenance became irresistibly ludicrous. The astonished recruit's elbows were then brought in contact and fastened behind by a lashing, passed round and secured to the middle step of the ladder, so that he could not budge an inch from his position. One of the ship's pistols, fashioned like a musket, and strapped to his shoulder, was tied to his left hand, which again had been sewed by the sailmaker to the waistband of his beautifully pipeclayed trowsers; in short, he was rigged up as a complete sea-soldier in full uniform.

As the captain and his train approached, the monkey began to tremble and chatter; but the men, not knowing how their chief might relish the joke, looked rather grave, while, I own, it cost me no small official struggle to keep down a laugh. I did succeed, however, and merely said, in passing, "You should not play these tricks upon travellers; cast him loose immediately." One of the men pulled his knife from his breast, and cutting the cord which fastened the poor Spaniard to the ladder, let him scamper off. Unluckily for the gravity of the officers, however, and that of the crew, Jacko did not run below, or jump into one of the boats out of sight, but made straight for his dear friends the marines, drawn up in line across our little hurricane-house of a poop. Unconscious

of the ridicule he was bringing on his military patrons, he took up a position in front of the corps, not unlike a fugleman; and I need hardly say, that even the royals themselves, provoked though they were, now joined in the laugh which soon passed along the decks, and was with difficulty suppressed during the remainder of the muster.

A day or two afterwards, and while the monkey was still puzzled to think what was the matter with his chin, he happened to observe the doctor engaged in some chemical process. As his curiosity and desire for information were just such as ought to characterise a traveller of his intelligence, he crept gradually from chest to chest, and from bag to bag, till he arrived within about a yard of Apothecaries' Hall, as that part of the steerage was named by the midshipmen. Poor Mono's delight was very great as he observed the process of pill making, which he watched attentively while the ingredients were successively weighed, pounded, and formed into a long roll of paste. All these proceedings excited his deepest attention. The doctor then took his spreader, and cut the roll into five pieces, each of which he intended to divide into a dozen pills. At this stage of the process, some one called the pharmacopoliast's attention to the hatchway. The instant his back was turned, the monkey darted on the top of the medicine-chest, snapped up all the five masses of pill stuff, stowed them hastily away in his pouch, or bag, at the side of his mouth, scampered on deck, and leaped into the main rigging, preparatory to a leisurely feast upon his pilfered treasures.

The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless immediate steps were taken the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"Lay hold of the monkey, some of you," roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel, and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

Literally, the quantity Jacko had purloined, had it been prescribed, would have been ordered in these terms:

R Hydrargyri submuriatis, 3ij. (Take of calomel 120 grains.)

This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been further in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the main-top seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat!

It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings, of course, were great:—First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that I felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel, at the rate of seven or eight knots, with a fine fair wind. Very shortly afterwards it fell calm, and next day the wind drew round to the eastward. It continued at that point till we were blown fifty leagues back, and kept at sea so much longer than we had reckoned upon, that we were obliged to reduce our daily allowance of provisions and water to a most painfully small quantity. The sailors unanimously ascribed the whole of our bad luck to the circumstance of the monkey being thrown overboard. I had all my nautical life been well aware that a cat ought never to be so treated; but never knew, till the fate of this poor animal acquainted me with the fact, that a monkey is included in Jack's superstition.

In the same vessel, and on the same voyage to China, the sailors had another pet of a very singular description; viz. a pig—literally a grunter: nor do I believe there ever was a favourite more deeply cherished, or more sincerely lamented after her singular exit. On our sailing from England, six little sows, of a peculiarly fine breed, had been laid in by my steward. In the course of the voyage five of these fell under the relentless hands of the butcher: but one of the six, being possessed of a more graceful form than belonged to her sister swine, being kept as clean as any lap-dog, was permitted to run about the decks, amongst the goats, sheep, dogs, and monkeys of our little ark. The occurrence of two or three smart gales of wind off the Cape of Good Hope, and the unceremonious entrance of sundry large seas, swept the decks of most of our live stock, excepting only this one pig, known among the crew by the pet name of Jean. During the bad weather off the Bank of Aguilhas, her sow-ship was stowed in the launch on the booms, and never seen, though often enough heard; but when we hauled up to the northward, and once more entered the trade-winds, on our course to the Straits of Sunda, by which entrance we proposed to gain the Java Sea, Miss Jean was again allowed to range about the decks at large, and right happy she seemed, poor lady, to exchange the odious confinement of the long-boat for the freedom of the open waist.

In warm latitudes, the men, as I have mentioned before, generally take their meals on deck, and it was Jean's grand amusement, as well as business, to cruise along amongst the messes, poking her snout into every bread-bag, and very often she scalded her tongue in the soup-kids. Occasionally, the sailors, to show the extent of their regard, amused themselves by pouring a drop of grog down her throat. I never saw her fairly drunk, however, but twice; upon which occasions, as was to be expected, she acted pretty much like a human being in the same hoggish predicament. Whether it was owing to this high feeding, or to the constant scrubbing which her hide received from sand, brushes, and holystones, I know not, but she certainly grew and flourished at a most astonishing rate, and every day waxed more and more impudent and importunate at the dinner hour. I saw a good deal of this familiarity going on, but had no idea of the estimation Jean was held in, till one day, when we were about half way across the China sea, and all our stock of sheep, fowls, and ducks, was expended, I said to the steward, "You had better kill the pig, which, if properly managed, will last till we reach Macao."

The servant stood for some time fumbling with his hair, and shuffling with his feet, mumbling something to himself.

"Don't you hear?" I asked. "Kill the pig; and let us have the fry, to-day, the head, with plenty of port wine, as mock-turtle soup, to-morrow, and get one of the legs roasted for dinner on Saturday."

Off he went; but in half-an-hour returned, on some pretence or other, when he took occasion to say,

"Did you say Jean was to be killed, sir?"

"Jean! Who is Jean?—Oh, now, I remember; the pig. Yes, certainly. Why do you bother and boggle so about killing a pig?"

"The ship's company, sir—"

"Well; what have the ship's company to say to my pig?"

"They are very fond of Jean, sir."

"The devil they are! Well; what then?"

"Why, sir, they would take it as a great kindness if you would not order her to be killed. She is a great pet, sir, and comes to them when they call her by name, like a dog. They have taught her not to venture about the mainmast; but if you only call her, you'll see that what I say is true."

"Indeed! I'll soon try that experiment;" and seized my hat to go on deck.

"Shall I tell the butcher to hold fast?" asked Capewell.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Of course!"

Off shot the steward like an arrow; and I could soon distinguish the effect of the announcement, by the intermission of those horrible screams which ever attend the execution of the pig tribe, all which sounds were instantly terminated on the seizings being cut that tied poor Jean's legs.

On reaching the quarter-deck, I told what had passed to the officer of the watch, who questioned its propriety a little, I thought, by the tone of his answer. I, however, called out "Jean! Jean!" and in a moment the delighted pig came prancing along. So great, in fact, was her anxiety to answer the call, as if to show her sense of the trifling favour I had just conferred upon her, that she dashed towards me, tripping up the officer's heels, and had I not caught him, he would have come souse on the

deck. Even as it was, he indulged in a growl, and muttered out,

"You see, sir, what your yielding to such whims brings upon us."

I said nothing, and only took care in future to caution my friends to mind their footing when Jean was summoned aft, which, I allow, was very often, for there was no resisting the exhibition to all strangers of such a potent pet as this. To the Chinese in particular our comical favourite became an object of the highest admiration, for the natives of the celestial empire soon recognised in this happiest of swine the celebrated breed of their own country. Many a broad hint I got as to the acceptable nature of such a present, but I was deaf to them all; for I felt that Jean now belonged more to the ship's company than to myself, and that there was a sort of obligation upon me neither to eat her nor to give her away.

Under this tacit guarantee she gained so rapidly in size, fat, and other accomplishments, that on her return to China, after visiting Loo Choo and other islands of the Japan Sea, the gentlemen of the factory would hardly credit me that this huge monster was the same animal. In talking of Jean's accomplishments, I must not be understood as describing her as a learned pig, for she could not play cards, solve quadratic equations, nor perform any of those feats which enchant and astonish the eyes of the citizens of London and elsewhere, where many dogs and hogs are devoutly believed to be vested with a degree of intelligence rather above than below the average range of human intellect. Far from this, honest Jean could do little or nothing more than eat, drink, sleep, and grunt; in these respects she was totally unrivalled, and the effect of her proficiency in these characteristic qualities became daily more manifest. At first, as I have mentioned, when her name was called from any part of the ship, she would caper along, and dash impetuously up to the group by whom she was summoned. But after a time she became so excessively fat and lazy, that it required many a call to get her to move, and the offer of a slice of pineapple, or a handful of lychees, or even the delicious mangoes, was now hardly enough to make her open her eyes, though in the early stages of the voyage she had been but too thankful for a potato, or the skin of an apple. As she advanced in fatness, she lost altogether the posture of walking, and expected the men to bring the good things of their tables to her, instead of allowing her to come for them. This was cheerfully done; and though the only show of gratitude was a grunt, it was taken as a full recompense for all trouble on her account.

At the time of Sir Murray Maxwell's attack on the batteries of Canton, the Lyra, under my command, was lying at Macao, and during our stay the brig was visited by many of the Chinese authorities. We were also watched by a fleet of men-of-war junks, and had some reason to suppose that we might have had a brush with them. In that event, I think, our worst chance would have consisted in the enthusiasm with which the Chinese admiral, captains, and crews, would have fought to have put themselves in possession of such a prize as Jean, an object of infinitely greater attraction to them than any thing else we had on board, though by this time the good dame had lost sundry of her faculties. Both her eyes were bunged up by huge bolsters of fat, which admitted only a slender chink of light between them. As she had long lost the power of locomotion, she generally lay flat on her side all day long, giving out a low sort of grunt for more food about once every hour. At this stage of her happiness, two of her legs only touched the deck, the others being rigged out horizontally; but as she became fatter and fatter, the upper pair of legs gradually formed an angle with the horizon, and eventually assumed the position of 45°. The lower legs next began to leave the deck, as the rotundity of her corporation became greater, till, at length, all four legs were erected towards the heavens, and it became a source of discussion amongst the curious as to which side she was actually lying upon.

While things were in this interesting position, I received orders to get under weigh, and run up the Canton river to Wampoa. Off we set, escorted by these Chinese fleet of a dozen sail of junks. The wind was against us, but we soon beat up to the Bogue, and passed, unharmed, the batteries, which, to use Lord Nelson's expression, Captain Maxwell had made to look very like a plum-pudding. The water in the enormous river of Canton was as smooth as that in the Pool abreast Rochester. The country on both sides being a dead flat, with the sun bright and hot, though it was mid-winter, we appeared to be navigating amongst rice fields and cane brakes, almost as if we had been towed along a huge canal in a wild and swampy country. There was no wind, so that

our sails could avail nothing; but the tide was draining upwards, and, as a number of the Indiamen's boats assisted in towing us, we reached our anchorage before night. During this gentlest of all navigations, even the slight motion caused by bracing the yards about, as the faint puffs of wind came to us over the paddy-fields, seemed to disturb the rest (very nearly being eternal) of poor old Jeany. A hollow, difficult, feeble moan, hardly a grunt, gave token of her impatience when a rope came too near her, or when a party of the sailors, running away with the jib-haulyards, tripped over her huge carcass.

We had scarcely anchored at Second Bar, in the midst of the grand fleet of tea ships, when we were boarded by a host of Chinese mandarins and Hong merchants, wearing all the variety of buttons by which ranks are distinguished in that well-classified land. This was not to compliment us, or to offer us assistance, or even to enquire our business. One single object seemed to engage all their thoughts and animate the curiosity of half the province of Quantung. The fame of our fat sow Jean, in short, had far outrun the speed of the *Lyra*, and nothing was heard on every hand but the wondering exclamations of the natives, screaming out in admiration, "High-yaw! High-yaw!"

We had enough to do to clear the ship at night of these our visitors, but we were by no means left in solitude; for the *Lyra's* anchorage was completely crowded with native boats. The motive of all this attention on the part of the Chinese was not merely pure admiration of Jean, as we at first suspected; for when the decks came to be washed next morning, and two or three dead ducks were thrown overboard, a rush of a dozen boats took place towards the spot, and there was a battle royal on the river for the precious property. Upon enquiry, we found that foreign ships were always surrounded by the boats from Canton, where the state of want appears to be so great that the people eagerly seek after the smallest morsels of food, and struggle with the keenest avidity to catch dead stock of any kind thrown overboard.

This at once explained the marvellous degree of attention which we had been honoured with; for the acute Chinese, skilled especially in hog's flesh, saw very well that our pet pig was not long for this world, and knowing that, if she died a natural death, we should no more think of eating her than one of our own crew; and having guessed also that we had no intention of "killing her to save her life," they very reasonably inferred, that one long this glorious *bonne bouche* would be at their disposal.

Our men, who soon got wind of this intention on the part of the Chinese, became quite outrageous against Fukee, as the natives are called, and would hardly permit any visitors to come near their favourite, lest they should accelerate her inevitable fate by poison. At length poor dear Jean gave token of approaching dissolution; she could neither eat, nor drink, nor even grunt; and her breathing was like that of a broken bellows: in short, she died! Every art was taken to conceal the melancholy event from the Chinese, but some how or other it got abroad, for the other English ships were deserted, and long before sunset a dense mass of boats, like a floating town, was formed astern and on both quarters of the *Lyra*.

The sailors now held a grand consultation as to what was to be done; and after much discussion, and many neat and appropriate speeches, it was unanimously resolved that the mortal remains of the great sow now no more should be deposited in the mud of the river of Canton, in such a way that the most dexterous and hungry inhabitant of the celestial empire should not be able to fish her up again.

As soon as it was quite dark, and all the Chinese boats sent, as usual, beyond the circle limited by the ship's buoys, the defunct pig's friends set to work to prepare for her obsequies. The chief object was to guard against the ravenous natives hearing the splash as she went overboard; and next, that she should not afterwards float to the surface. The first point was easily accomplished, as will be seen presently; but there was a long debate, in whispers, amongst the men, as to the most expedient plan of keeping the body of their late pet from once more showing her snout above the stream. At length it was suggested by the coxswain of one of the boats which had been sent during the morning to sound the passage, that as the bed of the river where the brig lay consisted of a deep layer of mud, it would be a good thing if Jean's remains could be driven so far into this soft stratum as to lie below the drags and hooks of the Chinese.

This advice was much applauded, and at once acted upon with that happy facility of resource which it is the

pride of the profession to have always in store for small as well as for great occasions. The dead sow was first laid on its back, and then, two masses of iron ballast, being placed one on each side of the cheek, were lashed securely to the neck and shoulders in such a manner that the ends of the kentledge met across her nose, and formed, as it was very properly called, an extra snout for piercing the mud.

When all was ready, the midship carronade was silently dismounted, the slide unbolted, and the whole removed out of the way. Jean's enormous corporation being then elevated, by means of capstan bars and handspikes, was brought on a level with the post-sill. A slip-rope was next passed between her hind legs, which had been tied together at the feet, and poor Miss Piggy, being gradually pushed over the ship's side, was lowered slowly into the water. When fairly under the surface, and there were no fears of any splash being caused by letting her go, one end of the rope was cast off, upon which the well-loaded carcass shot down perpendicularly at such a rate that there could be no question of its being immersed a fathom deep, at least, in the mud, and, of course, far beyond the reach of the disappointed Chinese!

CHAPTER XXIX.

ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

It was not till about ten days after we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and struggled hard against baffling easterly winds, that we at length reached the tail of the south-west monsoon, in latitude $27\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S. and longitude 37° E. This was on the 21st of July, off Delagoa Bay, near the southern entrance of the great Mozambique Channel, which lies between the Island of Madagascar and the coast of Africa. It was delightful to feel ourselves spinning along at the rate of nine and a half, with the ship's head at last fairly looking towards our port, Bombay; especially after having been detained more than a fortnight off the Cape, during which period we had advanced hardly so much as we might have done in four days with a favourable breeze. But nothing passes more quickly off the cheerful mind than the recollection of adverse winds and bad weather. As we hoist away the studding-sails, ease off the sheets, and luxuriate in the prospect of a clear blue sky, we fancy we shall have a fair wind and pleasant weather all the rest of the voyage. On this occasion it proved pretty much as we anticipated; for on the 25th of July we came in sight of Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, and anchored next day, without having seen either Africa on the left, or Madagascar on the right. The narrowest part of the Mozambique Channel is not short of two hundred miles across, and at most places is more than twice as wide: consequently, as we kept near the middle, we had no chance of seeing the land on either side, and to all appearance we were still on the wide ocean.

The well known massacre of Madagascar in Robinson Crusoe, fable though it be, and fifty other stories from the same source, rivet themselves on the imagination with such tenacity, that I have never found myself near the imaginary scenes of that celebrated voyager's adventures without longing to have a scuffle with his savages, or to try my own hand at some of his thousand-and-one resources. It is this charming facility in combining difficulties, backed by unwearied ingenuity in devising remedies for evils which cannot be altogether avoided, that, I suspect, gives De Foe's work its chief interest in the eyes of sailors. In fact, I have often, in the course of my professional life, had occasion to know the value, not exactly of those very resources, but of similar devices, suggested by Robinson's successful example. He also teaches most admirably, that there is a consolation, if not a complete remedy, for almost every thing: and that by honourable means and manly exertions there are few difficulties which may not be surmounted.

We anchored in Johanna Bay, a few hundred yards from the shore, abreast of a long grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, forming a fringe, as it were, to a narrow belt of snow white beach, composed apparently of bits of broken coral. This beautiful little roadstead, or cove, lies on the north side of the island; and the best situation in which to moor a ship is just off a little rivulet bearing about south, with the high volcanic looking peak south by east half east, the Mahometan mosque east, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the shore. It was the first time I had ever beheld the gorgeous scenery of the eastern hemisphere; for although I had seen cocoa-nuts and other trees of the palm tribe at Antigua and St. Christopher's, the Caribbee islands seemed much less striking than those of the Mozambique, chiefly, perhaps, from the West Indian

landscape being disturbed by images not quite in character with the tropics. I allude to the European sort of houses of the planters, to the English-looking boats, the numerous white people, and even to the style of agriculture in the West. But at the Comoro Islands, where all is primitive and oriental, the eye of the traveller is not provoked with sights it has ever rested on before; all that he sees is new, and as thoroughly tropical as heart can desire. The natives, though not jet black, like negroes, are sable enough, being of a very deep bronze colour; and the climate being tolerably hot, neither they nor their African slaves are much encumbered with dress. Most of them can chatter a little English, picked up from the Indiamen which call for fruit and vegetables; and what is particularly comical, these islanders have appropriated the titles of English noblemen, or other distinguished personages, which names they retain and are known by amongst themselves, as well as by visitors.

On steering towards the anchorage, a pilot came off who announced himself as Lord Gibbon. We knew the way perfectly, but accepted his services for the fun of the thing, on his producing a handful of certificates of his qualifications. We were even more interested with his canoe than with himself, for we had never before seen such a thing. Had he rowed off in a boat, instead of paddling off in a canoe, the disappointment must have been considerable; for nothing, perhaps, is more teasing, on coming to a new place, than to find things not different enough from those we have left. No boat, however, could well be more characteristic of the region we had got into than this picturesque little vessel, which was rudely fashioned out of the trunk of a tree, thirty or forty feet long and only one and a half wide, sharp like a wedge at both ends, and, being without a keel or bearings of any kind, it would have upset with the smallest load, or even without a load, had there not been a couple of very long outriggers placed across, and extending both ways. To the extremities of these spars was attached, by means of short uprights, a plank, or rather beam, one on each side, which just touched the water, and by their floating at the end of these long levers or outriggers, kept this most ticklish of barks from turning over.

It is obvious, that a canoe so fitted could not come alongside of a ship, at least in the usual way; so our friend Lord Gibbon was obliged to run stem on, when, by planting himself in the bow, he hoped to catch hold of the side ropes, and so scramble up. The ship was stealing through the water at the rate of a couple of knots only; nevertheless, although the surface of the bay was as smooth as oil, the six black paddlers bungled their operation, and missed the gangway. The leadman in the main-chains seeing the pilot adrift, called in at one of the quarter-deck ports for a rope, and the end of the cross-jack brace being handed to him, he threw it to the natives. Lord Gibbon was standing in the bow of his canoe in a long flowing white robe and a Turkish-like turban, altogether an amusing contrast to his crew, whose united wardrobe would scarcely have made a couple of pocket handkerchiefs. His lordship caught hold of the line, and made a flying leap towards the ship, but, alas! without the desired effect. Either the rope was slack, or the unwonted entanglement of his robes bamboozled his feet, for soon he went over head and ears into the water, out of which he was dragged by our laughing rogues, who planted him apparently in a woful condition on the quarter-deck. He seemed very indifferent, however, to appearances, and presented his dripping certificates with a good grace, adding, in tolerable English, the King of Johanna's compliments, and offers of all that his island afforded. The ambassador was without shoes or stockings, and we thought he must have lost them in the scramble; but our enquiries on this head were diverted to the state of his mouth, which we feared had been cut by the fall, for it seemed to be bleeding. He soon relieved us from this anxiety, by showing that what we took for blood was the effect of chewing the betel-nut, another consequence of which was the jet black colour of his teeth.

We had expected to have been surrounded by the natives in their canoes the moment the anchor was down, but not one appeared besides the pilot, who told us, that the king, having the most entire want of confidence in the honesty of his subjects, and being extremely desirous of keeping the peace, had given orders for no one to come near us. We, of course, begged this interdict might be removed, assuring the messenger that we should take good care of our property, and not fail to preserve the peace likewise. As soon as the ship was secured, all the officers except one or two were kindly allowed by the captain to have a run on shore. One of the passengers, two of the mid, and I, made a party, and set off in quest

of adventures, towards the town, which lay at the distance of a mile and a half from the ship, and rather up the hill. On landing, we found ourselves in a delightful cocoa-nut grove, of which the underwood consisted of plantains, bananas, oranges, lime trees, and, I believe mangos. The cocoa-nuts shot up to the height of seventy and sometimes eighty feet: we were told that a hundred feet is not uncommon, but I think we saw none so high. The fruit grows in immense clusters at the top of the stem, close up to the branches. The tree from top to bottom is surrounded by a series of rings, doubtless the traces of former circles of branches which have successively flourished, decayed, and fallen off. The rings are very distinct near the top; but lower down, the trunk becomes so smooth that the natives are obliged to cut notches to assist them in getting up, either to pull the fruit, or to tap the tree of its juice, which is called toddy by the English.

The method used by the natives of the east in performing this feat of climbing, which is really a curious one, may be easily described. In the first place, they unite their feet, either at the great toes or the ankles, by a thong or strap about ten or twelve inches in length. This lies across the steps or notches cut in the tree, and is strong enough to support the whole weight of the body. A flat broad belt is then made to pass round the tree, and also round the man's middle, enclosing both in one ring, as it were, the body being at the distance of a foot or so from the tree. The climber commences by placing the strap which ties his feet together across the first or lowest step, while he adjusts the belt embracing him and the tree so as to be horizontal. He then plants his hands firmly against the stem, and a foot, or a foot and a half, below the belt. By now leaning back and tightening the body belt, he divides his weight between it and his arms, so as entirely to relieve the foot-strap of all strain. The legs are next drawn up quickly, till the foot strap lies across the second notch. The climber now removes his hands from the tree, and grasps the body belt, which becomes quite slack on his throwing his body forward till it almost touches the stem—his whole weight meanwhile resting on the foot-strap. By a sudden movement he then jerks the slackened belt about a foot and a half further up the tree. After this he once more rests his hands on the stem, relieves his feet of the weight, and draws them up as before till the next notch receives the foot-strap, and so on till he reaches the top. He carries along with him an earthen pot slung round his neck, and a huge knife at his girdle. With this he cuts away the young sprouts, and draws off the toddy, which appears to be the sap intended by nature to form the fruit. When freshly taken from the tree, in the cool of the morning, it forms a delicious drink, not unlike whey in appearance, with a slightly acid taste, and a pleasant sweetness, as well as a sharpness or briskness not very dissimilar to that of ginger-beer, only more racy and peculiar in its flavour. When allowed to stand for some hours, it ferments, and resolves itself into a liquor somewhat intoxicating, as I had often occasion to discover afterwards in India to my sorrow, not precisely in my own case, but in that of many a boat's crew, who (plague take them!) when once they got the fascinating toddy-pot to their heads seldom let it down while a drop remains.

I cannot describe the capital of Johanna with any hope of conveying a just notion of its burlesque fortifications, which a jolly boat's crew could readily escalate and take possession of, with no better arms than their stretchers. The houses are built of rude lumps of lava; and the streets run so narrow, that three persons find it rather inconvenient to walk side by side. The dwellings, as we could easily discover by standing on tip-toe, are all flat topped, and not a single one did we see with a window to it. The entrance is by a small door leading from the street to a square court, on one side of which is a broad rude portico conducting to the lower rooms, which are as dark and gloomy as need be. The floors are of mud, with appropriate walls of naked masonry, and here and there a bamboo sofa. Over some of these huts are rigged light, open balconies, or galleries, which must be agreeable enough in the cooler periods of the day. These are the mansions of the upper classes, the titled aristocracy of Johanna. The democracy, that is, the slaves, arrange matters with more convenience, taste, and comfort than their masters, although their huts, or hovels, are much smaller. These unpretending abodes are disposed in neat little squares round the stone buildings, and made chiefly of branches of the cocoa-nut tree, after the following fashion. Several stakes are first driven into the ground, at the distance of five or six feet from one another, and of the height to which it is intended

to carry the walls, say six or eight feet. Between each pair of these posts there are then placed two or three of the long, feather-like branches of the cocoa-nut, with their centre parts, or that from which the leaves spring, upright. These leaves, which grow at right angles from the centre of the branch to the length of four or five feet, are then wattled, or, more properly speaking, plaited together into a kind of mat. As this is done with considerable care, the appearance of these walls is remarkably striking, perhaps from being so perfectly symmetrical, a circumstance almost invariably productive of a pleasing effect in architecture, whatever be the materials out of which the combination is formed. The texture of these verdant walls, of course, is not quite close, openings being purposely left, sufficiently wide to admit both light and air, although, it is said, the natives can weave their materials so closely as even to exclude wet. The roofs of these simple dwelling-places are thatched with plantain leaves intermixed with reeds, and fastened down by a very long kind of grass, growing every where on the island in great luxuriance. The entrance is by a space left blank in the work, generally about three feet high by two wide; and in lieu of a door, a prickly pear bush answers the purpose not amiss. Two or three of the principal inhabitants, however, did sport a door of basket-work; but this was evidently a luxury beyond the taste or the means of the society at large. The interior of these huts is divided into two compartments; the inner one, being the chief room, contains a sofa made of bamboo, with cocoa-nut leaves laced tightly across it. In the outer chamber the natives cook their calavances and wild-peas. The principal squares in the fashionable part of the town measured from seven to eight paces across, and as we entered two, or three of them, one after the other, we were received by such uproarious squallings and howlings of multitudes of children, that we were fain to back out again more speedily than we entered. I need scarcely mention, that while the grown-up portion of the community at Johanna content themselves with less than a square yard of clothing a-piece, on an average, the small fry are left pretty much as they came into the world. Generally speaking, these urchins are hugely pot-bellied, and not very pretty, nor are any of them so graceful or well-formed as most of their seniors.

I fell into conversation at one place with a half-blind little body of a granny, nursing, or pretending to nurse, a very small jet-black child. Upon my asking her some question, which she did not understand, she held out the infant, and begged me to take hold of it, that I might see how pretty it was, apparently cheapening her goods. I had no thought of becoming a purchaser, but could not refuse this soft appeal altogether, and having taken the frog of a thing in one hand, held it out at arm's length, as I might have done a blacking-brush, which, in fact, it resembled not a little in size and colour. The house was in the same Lilliputian style, being exactly four feet high by seven square; nor do I immediately remember to have seen a less comfortable human dwelling-place, except, perhaps, in some remote parts of a dear little Green Island, not quite so far off as the Mozambique, but which shall be nameless.

Having satisfied ourselves with this domiciliary visit to the suburbs, which are inhabited entirely, as it appeared, by the negro or slave part of the population, we requested our guide, who was called Mahomet, to conduct us to the king's palace. We had engaged this fellow as our cicerone, partly from his name, so classical in oriental story, and partly from his bearing in his hand a most official-like rod, painted red, which he assured us was a symbol of authority. It did not prove sufficient, however, to gain for us the immediate audience we desired with his majesty of Johanna. His influence carried us no farther than the waiting-room, a little square apartment, resembling exceedingly a small over-crowded dog-kennel. The heat soon became intolerable, in spite of the exertions of sundry attendants, who fanned the company with broad dry leaves of a huge palm, the name of which we did not know; but, if I mistake not, it is the talipot of Ceylon. At length, we were actually forced to seek refuge in the open air from a temperature somewhat above 100°, until the monarch should be ready to see us, and, under Mahomet's directions, we proceeded to the mosque, the first I had ever seen in my life.

Not to slander this building, it looked marvellously like a poultry roost, with a pigeon-house steeply erected over it, open on all sides but one, and shaded by a piazza. Objections were made to our entrance, but the glitter of a small silver coin broke down the laws of the prophet, if indeed there be any law against the entrance of Christians, which, I believe, there is not. At all events, we entered the mosque, after pulling off our shoes, at the

desire of the priest; for while the English uncover their heads on entering a church, the Mahometans bare their feet. But we suffered no inconvenience, for the floor was laid with soft and clean mats. At the inner end stood the altar, or what we took to be such, a low sort of open box, rudely fashioned into Gothic cusings at top. Various oriental manuscripts lay about, and I observed, with great interest, some of the identical inscriptions in Arabic characters described by Sir William Jones, in his account of Johanna, as extracts, I believe, from the Alcoran. The pleasure which this great oriental scholar experienced, and has so well described, on first meeting with these writings, and being able to interpret them on their native spot, must have been very great. I remember feeling something more or less akin to this, in a small way, on first seeing the St. Michael orange actually growing at the Azores, and still more when, long afterwards, a set of genuine tea brushes were pointed out to me by a native Chinese in a field near Canton.

We next proceeded to our guide's house, where he introduced us, not indeed to his wives, for all these ladies were stowed away behind a screen of mats, but to some of the males of his family, and, amongst others, to a queer copper-coloured gentleman, who styled himself in his communications with us, "the Duke of Devonshire," and begged very hard to be allowed the honour of having our linen to wash. His grace was a little dumpy fellow, who stooped considerably, wore neither shoes nor stockings, and exhibited so little of a nose, that when you caught his countenance in profile, the facial line, as the physiognomists call it, suffered no interruption when drawn from the brow to the lips. The poor duke little knew the cause of the laughter which his countenance, title, and the contrast of looks, excited in those of our party who had seen his grace's noble name on the opposite hemisphere.

Our host presented us with some cool toddy, fresh from the tree, and mantling in a large pot, rudely fashioned from the shell of a cocoa nut; after which, pretending to become a little bolder in our cups, we made an attempt to peep behind the envious screen which divided us from the ladies, whose loud tittering we heard from time to time. Our impertinence, however, was repaid, as it deserved, only by a glance at a most severe old hag, wisely placed in the front ranks, as a sort of Gorgon shield to defend the more youthful damsels behind. The Mussulmen did not appear to relish our curiosity; but they were readily appeased by our ascribing the liberty we had taken to the effects of the potent beverage with which we had been entertained, and still more by our insisting upon paying a monopoly price for the toddy. Our host pocketed the affront and the cash with a glance towards the screen, and a laugh, which seem to imply, that for half the money we might have carried off the old lady herself.

It was now time to return to the palace; so we rose and stooped our way out of the door, glad indeed to get again into the clear and beautiful air of that celestial climate, and to behold, all round and above us, one of the richest and most gorgeous landscapes that human eyes could wish to rest upon. It now appeared even more contrasted than before with man and all his works; indeed, our attention was often most painfully excited during the day's ramble to this sad want of keeping between the occupants and the scenery.

"Where all save the spirit of man is divine."

The foliage, which, of course, varies in tint as the mountain rises, and as different kinds of vegetation succeed one another, extends in those latitudes, nearly in all its luxuriance, to the very top of the highest peaks, which are not less completely clad than the most sheltered glades or shelves of the low grounds, quite down to the water's edge. This feature of tropical islands, perhaps the most characteristic of any, is certainly amongst the most grateful to the eye of a stranger. At Madeira and the Azores, the vegetation is confined to a rich broad belt round the base; and even in the West Indies, the summits of the mountains are mostly barren.

The island of Johanna, like Madeira and all other volcanic islands I am acquainted with, is indented, or cut downwards nearly from top to bottom by deep ravines, which are sharp, ridgy, and distinctly marked by lines of sunshine at the sides, but are generally lost in darkness in the middle parts, along which, in the rainy season, the torrents must dash in grand style. At the time of our visit to Johanna, we discovered only one stream, which aspired to none of the hurly burly attributes of a mountain cataract, but tripped its sparkling and scarcely audible way pleasantly enough from ledge to ledge, from the distance, I dare say, of half a mile of perpendicular

altitude, where its source was occasionally visited by a passing cloud. The lower end of this pretty stream was at length lost in silence in a winding flat shelf of ground, through which it gained the bay, after reappearing and crossing a white sandy platform, or strip of level beach at the base of the hill. This flat belt forming the shore was thickly covered by a picturesque grove of cocoa nut trees, growing quite close to one another.

After muniting about the streets for some time, we fell in with the governor of the place, a fine looking tall Arab, of a deep olive colour, unmixed with any touch of the fatal African hue—that melancholy and almost hopeless stain which is the cause of so much crime, and so much misery in the world! His excellency had planted on his head, for the occasion, a huge white turban, and cast over his shoulders, not without grace, a splendid robe of scarlet, matching rather comically with his worship's naked legs and feet. Our colloquy with this worthy functionary was cut short by a summons from the king; and as our desire to see his majesty had been rather increased than diminished by an acquaintance with his subjects, we lost not a moment in presenting ourselves.

The palace, which might have been stowed away in a moderate sized breakfast parlour, was built as nearly in the form of a ship as stones and mortar could be made to assume such unwonted shapes. The architects of the government, it seems, had vehemently resisted this strange whim, but the royal taste was not to be disputed; and strange work the poor builders of Johanna had made of it. The king, I suppose, was not quite satisfied with the result; for, in order to secure his point as to the imitation intended, which the masonry but poorly supplied, his majesty inserted a bowsprit at that end of the building which he meant for the head, and underneath ingeniously blocked out two round spaces as for hawse holes for the cables, devices which, as good courtiers, we failed not to applaud as extremely natural and proper.

The court of Johanna, in spite of these fancies, has its etiquettes as well as that of palaces in other parts of the globe; and instead of our being ushered at once into the royal presence, we were told that the king, fatigued by the long audience he had given to the captain of the *Volage*, and to our passenger Sir Evan Nepean, the governor of Bombay, had lain down, and was not, on any account, to be disturbed for twenty minutes. We held ourselves in some luck to get off so well; and, after a good deal of squeezing, we made our way, by the help of the lord chamberlain, whose paucity of dress we envied with all our souls, to a sort of antechamber up stairs, or rather up a ladder, for the room, had it belonged to any thing but a palace, might have passed for an honest cockloft. In a few minutes the great officers of state filled up the apartment to the edge of the trap door by which we had entered; and it soon became so hot and close, that the black hole at Calcutta occurred frequently to our thoughts. A remonstrance to our friend the red tick in waiting, produced a slight relaxation, at the cost of much of our popularity; for the parties sent down the grand staircase, could not, or would not, understand that we were likely to be suffocated.

These Orientals, however, like the Spaniards, even in their least courteous moments, seem never to forget the eternal of good breeding; and we saw upon this occasion, some of us for the first time, the graceful salam of the East. It is performed by bringing the fingers of the pen right hand to the forehead, while in the act of bowing. I have observed in India, when a peculiar degree of respect is to be shown, that the person making the salam first touches the ground with his hand, and then brings it to his brow; thereby intimating, as I conceive, that he has virtually performed an act of prostration. And surely no one who has witnessed that humiliating remonny, without any such conventional qualification, will deny that this substitute is better than the genuine tow, as the Chinese call it, where the head is actually locked on the ground.

Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, like a little English; but the best examples of persons possessed of such acquisitions were found, where they ought to be, amongst the grandees of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the kings and earls at the capital of the Comoros.

"How do you do, sir? Very glad see you. D—n our eyes! Johanna man like English very much. God—n! That very good? Eh? Devilish hot, sir! What's? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n eye! Very fine day."

After which, in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a set insinuating smile, his lordship, or his grace, as the ink of the party might be, would add: "You want nge? You want goat? Cheap! I got good, very. You

send me your clothes; I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! very! I got every thing, plenty, great, much! God—n!" And then, as if to clench the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of Indian men, masters of American brigs, and middies of men of war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes-bags if he could safely do so.

We had exhausted most of the topics, and all the English words of our friends of the fashionable world of Johanna, excepting the oaths, which their profligate visitors appear to have been particularly successful in sowing amongst them, when the king was graciously pleased to rise from his bamboo couch, and summon us to his presence. The audience chamber might have measured twelve feet long, and eight wide, with a window at one end made to slope like the stern post of a ship. Under the light sat the king, with his crown on his head; an appendage which, I must say, seems quite proper; and if it were always observed elsewhere, it would save many a bitter disappointment to children and nurses, as I can answer from actual experience in my own family, at the Tuileries, and elsewhere. But, in place of a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other, which he ought by rights also to have wielded, his majesty leaned both his hands on the hilt of a monstrous rusty sabre, or ship's cutlass, stuck perpendicularly between his legs, while his elbows rested on the sides of a clumsy, wooden armchair, exchanged probably with some master of a merchant ship for a bullock or two. The crown was amazingly grand, being stuck all round with stones, precious enough, I dare swear; and over all was thrown, not inelegantly, an Indian shawl, which dropped on either side nearly to the elastic bamboo floor, covered with ratan mats. Under the shawl we could observe a cumbersome black velvet robe, strangely ill cut, streaked across with gold lace, and garnished with a whole regiment of huge buttons. The folds of the robe concealed from our view the cut and quality of his majesty's small clothes; but certes he wore no covering below the knee, nor any thing on his feet, except a pair of sandals, consisting of a slip of deal, half an inch thick, tied to the great toe, and laced over the instep by small bands, made of the long grass of the island. This load of finery well nigh concealed a round, fat, good-humoured, elderly personage, whose countenance gave no great promise of intellect beyond what we had found amongst his subjects below stairs. With the instinctive readiness of high station, however, he gave the conversation a turn which interested his company, by asking us if we had ever seen an Arabic almanac. Upon our replying in the negative, and expressing the expected degree of curiosity, he drew forth a roll of papers from his chair, and read us the names of the months, giving to each what he doubtless considered an English translation. While I was enacting the good courtier by wondering at his majesty's knowledge of these subjects, he suddenly asked me in what constellation the sun then was? I had not the least idea, and felt rather put out to be asked such a question in full court; but his majesty kindly supplied my ignorance by saying, with a triumphant air, "Sun now in Leo." Indeed, I suspect that I gratified him far more by leaving this exploit to him, than if I had answered the question myself.

However this may be, his sable majesty followed up his question by asking me to make him a dial, saying, that the only instrument of the kind he possessed gave him very little satisfactory information as to the hour of the day. I began to think I was in a second scrape; for, although I had some faint idea of the principles of dialling, I felt by no means up to the task of constructing such a thing on the spot, and without reference to books. A dial, however, was produced, and the poor king's inability to make it work was sufficiently explained by a note engraved on the plate, "Lat. 51½ N.;" whereas Johanna lies in 12½ S.! On my trying to explain this to him, he remarked, that when the question related to sun dials, the discussion ought to be in the open air; so, after giving each of us a glass of cocoa nut toddy, he adjourned the audience to the street. I suspect, however, that the king's chief object in making this move was to call our attention to the beauty of his palace, and to expatiate on his own taste and skill in giving it a form as unlike any house in his dominions, or any where else, as it was possible to accomplish by means of such materials.

The truth is, that the island of Johanna lies directly in the track of ships proceeding to India by the Mozambique Channel, and being rich in supplies of fruit, vege-

tables, and fresh meat, becomes an important place of call for ships on a long voyage. Almost every vessel passing that way gives the king something to keep him in a good humour. This precaution is quite necessary, for his authority is said to be so absolute, that he fixes the price of every article the moment a ship anchors in the bay. In general he goes on board to market for himself, when he is propitiated with a present of gunpowder, muskets, and pistols; or possibly he may be indulged in his fancy for an old coat, or a pair of tarnished epaulettes. In short, nothing comes amiss to his majesty.

When we returned to the beach, after a famous scramble along the steep sides of the mountain, the bay exhibited a much more busy scene than when we left it in the morning. The ship was by this time completely clustered round with canoes, and her sides, hammock nettles, and rigging studded over with the natives, who clung to her as shell fish fasten themselves to the roots of the mangrove in the rivers of India. Meanwhile, many hundreds of the negroes, accompanied by their wives and swarms of little round things, more like hedgehogs and blackberries than children, were assembled in numerous chattering groups under the trees, by the side of great pyramids of all sorts of fruits, vegetables, eggs, and fish, which they were willing to sell for money, or to barter for knives, needles, looking-glasses, or trinkets of any kind. For a quarter of a mile along the shore there was such a jabbering, peddling, squalling, laughing, and bargaining, that we had trouble enough to force our way through the market to the beach. Even when we got afloat, there was scarcely room for the oars of our boat, so great was the crowd of native canoes. The ship, as we expected, was pretty nearly in possession of these merry folks, amongst whom we found some on the quarter deck arrayed in tawdry finery almost as grandly as their king, being toggued out with old gorgets and epaulettes, remnants of lace, heaps of buttons, and all kinds of odds and ends which they had purchased from the ships sweeping through their channel on the way to India.

As long as it was daylight, nothing short of force would have cleared our decks, but as the night fell the natives gradually paddled away. Many of them, indeed, having lost sight of the canoes which brought them from the shore, made their salam to us, and tumbled themselves overboard, with as much unconcern as if they had been natives of the sea, and never touched the firm land all their lives. By the time it was quite dark, every native had left us, and, though we could still hear a slight murmur along the beach, and discover a fire here and there under the trees, it was evident the great mass of the population which had been assembled during the day from all parts of the island, had returned to sleep in their own villages.

As soon as the first air of the damp land wind breathed faintly off to us from the side of the mountain, we quietly tripped our anchor, selected home the sails, and glided, probably quite unperceived, out of the bay. Long before the next morning dawned, we were twenty leagues to the northward of the island, spinning away towards India before a fresh south-wester.

THE END.

Extract from Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry.

There is a limit beyond which poetry and music cannot go together; and it is remarkable, that from the point where they separate, poetry assumes a higher and more commanding, as well as versatile character; while music becomes more complex, curious, and altogether artificial, incapable (except as an accompaniment to dancing) of being understood or appreciated by any except professors and amateurs. In this department, though very imperfectly intellectual or imaginative, to compose it requires great power of intellect, and great splendour, fertility, and promptitude of imagination. Handel, Hadyn, Beethoven, Mozart, as inventors of imperishable strains, both vocal and instrumental, may be not unworthily ranked with the first order of poets. To be an accomplished performer, however, though it requires talent and tact of a peculiar kind, no more implies the genius to compose music, than to be a consummate actor implies the ability to write tragedies. The mental exercise in each case is essentially as different as invention and imitation are. A skilful violinist may lead the oratorio of the Messiah as Handel himself could not have led it; Kemble could not have written the part of Hamlet, nor could Shakespeare have performed it as Kemble did.

THE Earthquake of Caracas.

A TALE OF VENEZUELA.

Some books are lies true and to end,
And many a lie has ne'er been pen'd,—
But this that I am gann't to tell,
Is just as true's *

Death and Doctor Hornbush.

INTRODUCTION.

The author of the following pages served for many years as an officer in the armies of South America; in his "Campaigns and Cruises" he has given a general description of the countries through which he passed, and anecdotes of the celebrated chiefs under whom he served. At the conclusion of this narrative of his service he remarks, "As the mass of available matter which the author had accumulated appeared to him so copious, that he feared, were he to embody it all in his narrative, he might be accused of plagiarism, or of the still less venial offence against many readers, the 'bestowing all his tediousness upon them,' he has been induced to give his stray anecdotes, and sketches of scenery and manners a local habitation and a name, in the annexed tale of Venezuela." A tale with the scene laid in Caracas is a novelty, but it is not on that account alone that we have selected it for publication. The language is excellent and the delineation of manners, we are assured, is most accurate, while the story itself is pathetic and natural. We have read it repeatedly, each time with renewed gratification, and trust it will communicate equal pleasure to our numerous subscribers. The customs, habits and manners of South America are almost a sealed book to us, in consequence of the few travellers who have described them.

In the course of the story the scene changes to the West Indies, where a friend qualified by actual inspection to judge, informs us the whole delineation is admirably true to nature. With these few remarks we submit the "Earthquake of Caracas" to the judgment of the public, in the belief that the verdict will be eminently favourable to the author; whose name we have not been so fortunate as to learn. He dates his preface from "Bath, England."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE NOVICE.

It rarely happens that historians agree in their views of the same subject, when attempting to point out the causes which have contributed to bring about any remarkable event recorded in their pages. If they collect their materials from contemporary sources of information, they will inevitably be confused and misled by the partial and contradictory assertions of rival partisans; while, on the other hand, if they resolve to suspend their judgment, until the fever of party spirit has been cooled by time, they must, in many instances, be guided by conjecture, in filling the indistinct outline vaguely traced by tradition.

It has thus been the fate of the Spanish colonies in South America, that the motives, by which they were influenced to commence the late revolution, have been, for the most part, as imperfectly appreciated by the advocates of that startling measure, as they have been misrepresented by its declared enemies. Among the former, the Northern inhabitants of the same great continent bestow unqualified praise, very naturally, on the act of separation from the mother country; and applaud the abolition of regal dominion, without any reference to the circumstances which effected this change in the opinions of their southern brethren. Many ultra-royalists, meanwhile, whether of Spain or elsewhere, do not hesitate to reprobate in the strongest terms so violent a wrench from the bonds, (no matter whether of fraternity or slavery,) which had so long connected the Trans-Atlantic states with Europe. At the same time, neither the injudicious partisans, nor the prejudiced adversaries of *América Libre*, appear to be sufficiently aware that, instead of "seeking the day of this dislike," in reality

"Rebellion lay in her way and she found it."

Few European nations in any age, and certainly none in modern times, afford such striking instances of exalted fidelity to their sovereigns, as the neglected and calumniated Criollos of South America had shown for centuries to the haughty race of Bourbon;—monarchs who never bestowed a thought on their vast colonies, but as connected with the supply of those enormous revenues the failure of which has at length, by an admirable and not unusual retribution, entailed debility and ruin on the land so long accustomed to look indolently to them, as its only means of support. Bitter as was the cup of tyranny, which the viceroys compelled their Indian vassals to drain,—glaring as was the corruption, and flagrant the consequent injustice, exercised on the devoted creoles by the *Oidores* sent over from Spain to decide all colonial causes,—and painfully mortifying as was the contempt with which their petitions were thrown aside, and their memorials neglected, in the bureaux at Madrid,—still the very name of "El Rey" (the king) was held sacred by them. They blindly persisted in attributing their wrongs to any hand, but that of their adored sovereign; and clung fondly, through evil and good report, to the delusive idea that he needed only to be made acquainted with their injuries to redress them.

While the youthful monarch, whom they all but idolised, was a prisoner at a foreign court, and deprived for a season of his throne, neither the machinations of the usurper's emissaries, nor the contradictory and oppressive edicts of the rival Juntas of Asturias and Sevilla, had power to shake the fidelity of the South Americans. At the very time when Venezuela was branded with the name of an insurgent province, and declared in a state of blockade, by the impotent malice of the Regencia at Cadiz, all classes and parties in that country were uniting to contribute largely, in proportion to their means, and in addition to the weight of taxes and imposts under which they groaned, for the service of that very despot, who made the first use of his freedom to convince the world, that nothing was farther from his thoughts than to afford his colonies the protection they implored.

The first blows struck by the unpractised warriors of Venezuela, who learned the lessons of conquest in the school of defeat, were actually aimed in defence of absolute monarchy. They unanimously and strenuously opposed Monteverde, Morillo, and other champions of the Spanish constitution; resenting it, in common with the ultraroyalists of the peninsula, as a degrading concession, wrung from their adored sovereign by the untoward circumstances of the times. They fought their first battles under the fullest persuasion that they were thereby acting the part of loyal subjects, in resisting all attempts at shackling by restrictions that despotism, which was hallowed by long prescription, and associated in their earliest recollections with their ideas of regal pomp and splendour. The proclamation of the Regencia, however, so ill-timed under the existing circumstances of Spain, aroused them from their day-dreams of loyalty, to the conviction that they had been shedding their blood in a thankless cause; for the sole purpose of rivetting still closer those chains, which they had, for the first time, a favourable opportunity of bursting. They resolved, in the excitement of the moment, and with arms in their hands, on a step which had not been previously contemplated in any part of the colonies;—that of separating themselves at once and for ever from Spain, and renouncing their allegiance to a king, who was confessedly as unwilling, as he was unable, to redress the wrongs under which they laboured, or to protect them against future aggression.

A year had nearly elapsed, since the citizens of Caracas, in conjunction with the deputies from those districts of Venezuela, which were comprehended in the confederation of 1811, had solemnly sworn at the high altar of their principal church, to observe the newly promulgated constitution, and to maintain inviolate, at the expense of their lives and fortunes, the independence of their native land. A few days only remained until the solemn festival of Jueves Santo; and magnificent preparations had been made, in public and private, to celebrate that day in the manner it deserved, both as one of the principal *fiestas* of the Roman Catholic church, and as the anniversary of signing the first declaration of independence. A spacious platform, decorated with olive wreaths and myrtle garlands, was erected in front of the *altar mayor* of the cathedral, on which the civil magistrates, and principal military officers of the infant republic, were to renew their oaths of fidelity and devotion. That the ceremony of high mass, to be performed on the occasion at the convent chapels, might be more impressive, those novices, who were to exchange the white for the black veil, had selected this day of universal rejoicing, at their own desire,

(or, as was more frequently the case, compelled by the authority of their parents and guardians,) to ratify the vows of poverty and seclusion, which were to separate them for ever from their homes and from the world.

It has been invariably the policy of the Romish church to adorn these victims for the sacrifice, and to stifle in their bosoms the voice of nature, by an appeal to their personal vanity. The solemn act of renouncing the pomps of the world is rendered little less than theatrical, by the profusion of wealth and splendour in which the novice appears decorated for the last time. Then, when unrobing to receive the coarse dark vestments of the cloister, she throws each jewel aside with an air of disdain, perhaps unaffected, until she is shorn by the hands of the Madre Abadeza of those brightest ornaments, the flowing ringlets of hair, in which she must no longer take as innocent pride. In most parts of South America, the parents of each novice, who is on the point of professing, are enjoined to exhibit to her the world, from which she is soon to be divorced, in its gayest and most enchanting points of view. The last month of her sojourn with them is dedicated to a round of entertainments, such as she had probably never before witnessed, or even anticipated; and her relations and friends vie with each other in heightening the effect of this ordeal of balls, *tertulias*, and plays, through which, as through a necessary probation, every nun must pass.

The bigoted partisans of monastic seclusion refer triumphantly to this regulation, as a convincing proof that the minds of the novices are left perfectly free; and boast that the *profesadas* have had sufficient experience of the pleasures they renounce, and that they despise them on a full and mature conviction of their worthlessness. Let them rather candidly confess, that the inexperienced girls are intoxicated with the novelty of their situation, in which they find themselves for the first time the "admired of all admirers;" and that they are supported in their resolution to endure what is, in the majority of cases, unavoidable, by the air of heroism they assume, and by the fond belief that they shall be remembered with regret and emulation by their former associates, long after they have been immured in the cells of a convent.

Besides this powerful motive, it must be remembered, that the odious and unjust system of *mayorazgo*, (primogeniture) which existed in its fullest and most arbitrary form in the colonies, previously to the revolution, entailed the bulk of every family property, almost exclusively, on the eldest son. His younger brothers were thereby reduced to the level of dependents, as no learned or otherwise genteel profession was open to creoles; and his sisters were consigned, either to an ill-assorted marriage, as that must generally be where wealth or rank is exclusively on one side, or to the cloister. As the latter fate was usually contemplated as inevitable, and in conformity with the usual course of events, novices in general were in a great measure reconciled to it. From the resignation of despair, therefore, arose the calmness of their manner, too frequently but ill according with the quivering lip and tearful eye, at the celebration of the last ceremony.

Among the number of these fair devotees, who appeared at this time in bridal apparel, and surrounded by admiring friends, on the promenade of the Alameda, and in the *palcos* of the theatre, Maria del Rosario Peñuela was conspicuous for the apparent cheerfulness of her smile, and exuberance of her mirth, as she fluttered from one gay scene to another. Don Beltran, her father, was a wealthy creole merchant, who had devoted his whole life to the acquisition of riches, with which it had been originally his intention to purchase a Spanish *patent of nobility*;—a common object of ambition among the natives of the colonies. He had unluckily deferred from year to year, putting this his favourite scheme into execution, until the distracted state of affairs on the peninsula speedily followed by the revolution in Venezuela, obliged him to postpone, at least for the present, all negotiation on the subject at the court of Madrid. He, therefore, determined to avail himself of the law of *mayorazgo*, for the purpose of enriching an only son; and scrupled not to condemn his daughter to the seclusion of a convent, without having made the slightest attempt to ascertain how far her feelings on the subject coincided with his own.

Joaquin Peñuela, the son for whom Don Beltran anticipated those honours, which he saw no immediate prospect of being able to enjoy in his own person, had gone through the usual routine of education, prescribed by custom in the colonies. This was certainly by no means calculated to excite the envy, or arouse the jealousy, of the Spanish *Hidalgos*, among whom his father's ambition panting to enrol him. He had been duly instructed, by

Don Beltran's steward, in that unvarying hieroglyphic scrawl, dignified by the name of writing, which has been handed down by tradition from the first settlers of the country,—men whom we may easily suppose, from their warlike habits, to have formed their letters "like spear-heads, or sword-blades,"—and is still usually learned, as it were by rote, without the least reference to the alphabet of any known language, ancient or modern. He also learned to decipher printed characters, by a separate effort of memory; for it must be understood, that in many instances, at the time we speak of, the acquirement of writing did not necessarily pre-suppose a knowledge of reading. He was thus enabled in process of time, by dint of application, to read the lives of San Antonio de Padua, and San Francisco de Paula; as also a voluminous work, well known in the colonies, entitled "Hechos Celebres," in which those who have faith in modern miracles may be edified by sundry passages of monastic lore, rather inclining to the marvellous. Here, for example, he read, how the pretensions of the first and only South American female saint,—Santa Rosa de Lima,—to canonisation, were stoutly denied by the Pope, who exclaimed—"India y Santa! así como lueven rosas!"—"Indian and saint! as much so, as that it rains roses!" and how, as the legend declares, "a miraculous shower of roses began instantly to fall in the Vatican, and ceased not, until the incredulous pontiff retracted his slander." With these and similar works, permitted to be read in the country, the youth used to beguile the tedious hours of listless inactivity, to which he was doomed in his father's house, previously to its being determined, as has been already hinted, that he was to be a *Don*.

"Some are born great," quoth Malvolio, "and some have greatness thrust upon them." This last was precisely Joaquin's case; and, that he might be properly qualified for the distinguished part he was to be hereafter called on to play, Don Beltran procured him a tutor, in the guise of a *Monigote* of San Francisco. Fray Diego was strongly recommended to his attention by the prior to that monastery, on the score of his humility and temperance; both which virtues were of no small account in the opinion of his new patron, who was at once overbearing and avaricious. In them, to say the truth, the young friar had been tolerably well disciplined, during the time when, in the humble situation of lay-brother, he used to perform all the menial offices required by his superior, besides begging alms for his convent at his leisure hours; and he had, in requital, been taught a smattering of the humanities, and finally admitted to the tonsure.

Under such an instructor, it will readily be supposed, that the embryo *Don* made no very striking progress in the politer branches of literature. Nevertheless, as his father now considered it expedient to allow him a provision for his private expenses, proportioned to his prospects in life, but far exceeding his most sanguine expectations, he soon formed acquaintances, who initiated him into the mysteries of the *truco* table and the cock-pit, while he acquired from the *Monigote* Diego a proficiency in the monastic games at cards, called *briscas* and *tenderete*. His ignorance was accompanied and rendered more prominent, (as is not infrequently the case,) by a proportionate share of self-conceit; and, to finish the picture, his selfishness was such, that he contemplated with indifference, or rather with secret complacency, the sacrifice which was about to be made of a sister's happiness to his aggrandizement.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPETONS.—A LOVER.

While Maria del Rosario's nearest relatives were thus combined to immure her in the *oubliettes* of a convent, there was one, who suffered more severely at the prospect of her irremediable loss, than he dared to avow, even to himself. Carlos Sepulveda's father was a native of San Ildefonso, near Segovia, in Spain, and had emigrated to Caraccas, early in life, with no fortune, but a tolerable education and unwearied industry, and no other recommendation, besides an unblemished Castilian descent, and the honour of accounting himself "as much a *Don* as the King." He married a criolla, of the small village of Maracay, with whom he received a portion, by no means considerable in amount, but sufficient as a foundation, on which the skilful and preserving Spaniard built an ample fortune.

The success of the Chapetons,—as all European settlers were formerly styled,—is indeed proverbial in South America, where the light-hearted and improvident natives used formerly to be astonished at the rapidity with which a mere *merca-chifte*, or pedlar, would amass such sums as were dazzling, even in this land of precious metals.

The "*Graculus esuriens*" of former days, and his modern resemblance, so accurately portrayed by our English Juvenal, are neither of them worthy to be compared with the Chapeton, in the science of money-making. Although the influx of needy Spaniards has been somewhat diverted from its usual channel by the revolution, still the prisoners of war, who were permitted towards the close of the contest to survive the "*guerra á la muerte*," (war to the death,) are invariably to be found established as shopkeepers, tallow chandlers, and innkeepers. This is more particularly the case in the sea-ports on the coast of the Pacific, where they, in a great measure, monopolize those professions; and in the large towns of the interior, as Bogota, Popayan, and Santiago, where they swarm almost to the exclusion of the native tradesmen.

Don Ramon Sepulveda, who lived in the comparatively tranquil times of Venezuela, towards the latter end of the last century, found much less difficulty in enriching himself, than would be experienced at the present day, by any one who might feel inclined to try the experiment. A Spaniard, meanwhile, never forgets his native land, under any circumstances. Don Ramon, having converted all his disposable property, except a small plantation at Maracay, into hard dollars, embarked for Cadiz, in the year 1800, with his wife, Doña Gertrudes, and his only son Carlos, then a boy about ten years of age, the care of whose education was one of his father's chief inducements to undertake the voyage. He arrived with them in safety at San Ildefonso, where he was fortunate enough to meet with an opportunity of purchasing an estate which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. The measure of his happiness now appeared full; especially as young Carlos, for whom he had taken care to provide the best instructors in every polite accomplishment, as well as in most branches of liberal education, was all that the fondest parent could desire.

A melancholy reverse of fortune took place, which blighted all these fair prospects. On the invasion of Spain by the armies of Napoleon, in 1808, Don Ramon, with all the enthusiasm of a *parvenu* who is eager to distinguish himself in the country, armed and disciplined a body composed of his tenants and peons, at the head of whom he joined the guerrilla, commanded by the celebrated partisan, Pablo Morillo. But being unfortunately wounded and made prisoner, near Palencia, in a rencontre with a skirmishing party of Marmont's cavalry, he was tried by a French military commission, and shot as a traitor to his new sovereign, Joseph Buonaparte. His estate was, of course, confiscated to "Uncle Joe," as customary in similar cases. His widow, almost heart-broken at his loss, was enabled by the fidelity of the peasants to make her escape to Cadiz with her son Carlos; having saved, from the wreck of her husband's property, barely a sufficiency to obtain a passage to Caraccas. Thither she determined to return, and cherish the remembrance of her misfortunes, in the solitude of her plantation at Maracay.

Don Gabrino, her brother, who was the Señor Cura of the village, a man of superior talent and information, found in his young nephew a pleasing companion, as well as an intelligent pupil; and, in the few years that elapsed, immediately before the revolution, employed himself, most agreeably and successfully, in perfecting his education as far as was in his power. At the time of the declaration of independence, a period in which talent of every description was called into action, and met with flattering and effectual encouragement from the new government, the Cura of Maracay, whose sentiments as a patriot, and eminent abilities as an orator, were well known, was invited to the capital on the recommendation of General Miranda, with whom he had been formerly on intimate terms. Through his interest, Don Gabrino was appointed to fill a vacant stall in the cathedral, as *canónigo*, and was named chaplain to the Junta Suprema of Caraccas. At his earnest request, but more particularly with a view to her son's advantage, Doña Gertrudes accompanied her brother to the city; and shortly after, Carlos Sepulveda entered the regiment of Cazadores de Aragoa, with the rank of alférez. Having distinguished himself in several engagements with the royalist forces, on the frontiers of Coro, he was promoted, according to the rapid *ascenso* of the time, through the intermediate steps, to the command of a troop in the Huzares de Caraccas, and was selected by Miranda to fill a vacancy in his staff, as *aide-de-camp*.

In the latter capacity, he necessarily passed the greater part of his time at head-quarters, in the capital, where he became acquainted with Señor de Peñuela, who was distantly related to his mother. Don Beltran was well known to be a bitter opponent of his country's independence, and the more inveterately so, as it was affected by

means of a revolution, which had blasted his long-cherished hopes of ennobling himself. He was, at the same time, exceedingly anxious to be on good terms with the existing government, hoping by that means to escape the suspicion under which he laboured, (not unconscious that he deserved it,) of furnishing secret intelligence* to the royalist General Monteverde, at Cartagena. He therefore eagerly courted the friendship of a chaplain of the Junta, although he had looked down with disdain on the humble and unimportant Cura of Maracay; taking especial pains to conciliate the good opinion of Doña Gertrudes and her son, as he was well aware, that he should, through them, pay most effectual court to the *canónigo*. Doña Gertrudes, far from suspecting him of any ulterior views in the flattering advances he made, felt pleased by his attention to Carlos; and, on that account, readily admitted the apologies and excuses he had invented for not having earlier acknowledged the relationship. Her son, too, although by no means captivated by his manners, which were anything but prepossessing, could not help being grateful, for the lively interest he appeared to take in the welfare of his family.

Maria del Rosario Peñuela was, at this period, a boarder at the convent of Santa Clara, where Doña Gertrudes became a constant visitor, taking a maternal interest in the lovely affectionate girl, who had lost her mother at a very early age, and who had evidently never known a father's tenderness. Don Beltran, indeed, seldom if ever visited her; having committed her entirely to the care of the Madre Abadéza, (Mother Abbess,) who was as indulgent towards her as could be expected from one of an order of devotees, by whom all natural affection is considered a crime. As for her brother Joaquin, she scarcely knew him, nor had she even seen him since they were both children. Carlos accompanied his mother in her daily visits to the convent; at first, from a natural feeling of curiosity, to ascertain what she could possibly find to interest her so warmly in the sister of so repulsive a being, as he could not but consider Joaquin to be. He was charmed by her unadorned youthful beauty; and his admiration of her unaffected loveliness ripened at each succeeding interview, into the purest and most ardent love.

Maria del Rosario also loved him, she believed, as a brother. When summoned by the *Hermana Escucha** of the week to the grated window of the parlour, she hurried, with greater eagerness than usual, on the days she expected to see him. If he chanced not to accompany his mother, which was but seldom the case, and then only when the unavoidable duties of his profession detained him, she would enquire for him with such undissembled earnestness, that Doña Gertrudes, although far from being particularly clear sighted or suspicious, could not avoid observing that the young novice felt such an interest in Carlos, as might one day prove fatal to her peace of mind. To warn her on the subject appeared impossible; for Doña Gertrudes well knew and respected the delicacy of her feelings, and dreaded to inflict on them an undeserved and needless wound. It was, at the same time, sufficiently obvious, that it had become indispensably necessary to attempt, by the temporary removal of the beloved object, to erase the impression he had unfortunately made: for she was too well aware of Don Beltran's intentions with respect to the aggrandizement of his son, to hope that he could be prevailed on to forego them in favour of a youth, whose paternal estate was so small, that he might almost be said to depend on his sword alone for his future fortunes. The very circumstance of his having accepted a commission in the service of La Patria, was also decidedly against his pretensions: for, although Don Beltran took especial care to disguise his principles, he was notoriously addicted to the *Godot* cause, as could not but be surmised, from his constant and familiar intercourse with the avowed as well as secret emissaries of Joseph Bonaparte, of whom there were many at the time in Caraccas. Besides, he and his son had invariably evaded, under different frivolous pro-

* Two *escuchas*,—literally *listeners*,—are appointed weekly in every convent. Their duty is, to attend by turns at the gate of the *locutorio*, where they must hear-ken to, and repeat to the abbess, all conversations that take place, between the nuns or novices, and their visitors.

† All European Spaniards were known in South America by the *soubriquet* of *Godos*, or *Goths*, in allusion as well to their Gothic descent, as to the barbarous and overwhelming devastation, with which they appeared to delight in laying waste the finest country in the world. The same name was, subsequently to the revolution, used indiscriminately to designate all royalists, whether Spaniards or Criollos.

tences, being enrolled in the Guardia Cívica, or any other of the numerous provincial corps, which had been raised from time to time in support of the independence of Venezuela; although to be a member of them was then considered, in some measure, a test of patriotism.

Don Carlos did not fail soon to perceive, that his mother no longer invited him to accompany her in her visits to the novice of Santa Clara; and that she evidently took pains to evade his proposals of calling at the convent. Doña Gertrudes was at length obliged partly to explain her motives; and flattered herself at the moment, from his silence and apparent acquiescence, which were in reality effects of his surprise and astonishment, that he would find no difficulty in suppressing, and by degrees totally overcoming, his growing attachment. She even began to doubt, from the calmness with which he heard her, whether, in reality, it ever existed. Her son, indeed, resolved to be guided by her advice; and determined on making an effort to forget, in the duties and animating exercise of his profession, that he had ever seen Maria del Rosario;—

"But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove,—
By firm resolve to conquer love!"

Let those who have studied to forget any object,—be it what it may,—of love, ambition, hope, fear, or the meaner pursuits of this "working-day world,"—let them say, how the very endeavour serves but to imprint it yet more forcibly on the memory; and how the resolution to think no more of it, recalls it more vividly and incessantly to the recollection.

In his mother's earnestness, while she attempted to impress on him the necessity of his forbearing to visit the convent, she had unadvisedly, and almost without being aware of what she said, hinted at the too probable effect of his frequent attentions to her young friend. Carlos, in his subsequent reflections on this communication, felt the full import of her words, and dwelt on them with fond and secret exultation. He had no suspicion that the novice was to end in the cloister; and flattered himself that nothing but his want of fortune (which ever appears to a youthful lover an insuperable impediment) could prevent the eventual accomplishment of the wishes he permitted himself to form. He therefore indulged, without scruple, in seductive day-dreams, which enchanted his imagination with honours to be won in the field, and the prospect of elevating himself, by the help of his sword and lance, to a pinnacle of martial glory, from whence he might venture, without fear of refusal, to offer his hand where he felt his heart to be irrevocably devoted. Animated by these delusive hopes, he engaged with renewed ardour in the career of fame; and, in the few short visits which he paid to the convent, on his return from the succeeding campaigns, he commanded himself so far, as to obtain the warmest praise from his mother for his self-denial, and even to deceive Maria del Rosario into a belief, that he regarded her with indifference or aversion.

At length, on his return from an expedition in which he had accompanied Miranda, he unexpectedly heard that she was to take the veil on the festival of Jueves Santo following; and the truth flashed on him at once, in all its melancholy certainty. With a sudden resolution, inspired by despair, he sought out Don Beltran, and disclosed to him his long cherished hopes; imploring him to pause were it but for another year, before he crushed them for ever. Don Beltran listened to him with composure, but, as Carlos fancied, with a smile of fiendish exultation. He coolly answered, that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than the alliance of a family, which he had every reason to respect; but that circumstances, which could not be controlled or altered, imperiously demanded the seclusion of his daughter. He farther observed, that as the parties could not, in all probability, have seen much of each other, he had no doubt but that the momentary disappointment would leave no lasting trace, when once her monastic vow had rendered all regret unavailing. He concluded, by demanding of Don Carlos, as a man of honour, that he would abstain, if possible, from seeing his daughter; and that, at all events, he would pledge his word not to make the least attempt at influencing her determination, which he declared to be decidedly in favour of the cloister.

Sepulveda, irritated beyond the bounds of forbearance, by the calm contemptuous tone in which his proposal was rejected, renewed his expostulations, with a heat that gave Don Beltran all the advantage over him he could desire. In fact, Peña was so conscious of the unnatural and arbitrary nature of the measure he had

resolved on, that he was glad of a pretence for quarrelling with any one who ventured to oppose it.

The conference having ended in a most unsatisfactory manner for Sepulveda he hurried to the society of his brother officers, with the intention of shaking off, in their agreeable company, if possible, the sense of degradation he could not help feeling, when he reflected on his having stooped to solicit the alliance of one, whom he had now every reason to dislike. Not even to his mother did he relate the mortifying occurrence; for he was well aware that the disappointment of his hopes could not fail to affect her deeply. His honourable feelings still more forcibly forbade him to reveal his hopeless love to its unconscious object; and he firmly resolved to carry the secret with him to his grave, rather than embitter her existence in the seclusion to which she was doomed, by an unnecessary disclosure.

Don Beltran, on his side, felt himself equally interested, although from very different motives, in concealing all that had taken place at their interview; so that Doña Gertrudes still continued her visits at his house, and with greater frequency during the month of temporary freedom his daughter enjoyed, between the expiration of her novitiate, and the day of her taking the veil. She also so far conquered her habitual reluctance to mixing in society,—for Maria del Rosario's sake, and at her earnest request,—that she accompanied her young friend to all the public places, as well as private entertainments, at which it was usual to appear, while treading the round of gaiety prescribed by custom to those in her situation.

Doña Gertrudes could not help observing, that her son studiously avoided attending her on these parties of pleasure; and that, when they happened accidentally to meet in company, his manner was more constrained than was natural to him, and he invariably found some excuse for retiring. Her young protégée also saw it, and was sensibly grieved at a conduct she could not but consider unkind. Far from suspecting his secret motive, she attributed his evident unwillingness to join any society, of which she formed a part, to a coldness of which he could by no means be justly accused; and piqued by his apparent indifference, she affected a gaiety which deceived every one but herself.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALAMEDA.—THE CAZIQUE.—THE CHINGANERA.

The vigil of Jueves Santo, at Caraccas, was one of those enchanting evenings, peculiar to tropical climates, in which the hour of sunset is hailed with delight by all classes of animated beings, as a refreshing and invigorating relief from the scorching heat felt during the day. Although the twilight was so short as to be almost imperceptible, the peculiar lustre of the moon, and brilliancy of the stars, amply supplied the sun's place, on his sinking out of sight behind the mountains of Maracay, with that mild placid light which cannot weary.

The whole population of Caraccas began to pour out of the crowded city, through the different avenues leading to the open country; and the public walks were rapidly filled with groups of laughing creoles, who appeared to have reserved their gaiety until this hour. The day had been unusually and oppressively sultry; and, as the numerous parties of friends and acquaintance passed each other, they paused to remark, that the cool mountain breeze had never wafted such perfume from the neighbouring plantations. The tops of the stately almoces planted along the suburbs sparkled with innumerable fire-flies, which, as they flitted from tree to tree, might almost have been mistaken for the scarcer brilliant meteors, that appear to fall from every quarter of the heavens, during the still nights preceding and following the hot days of summer near the line. The shrill notes of the mocking-bird, and the Virginian nightingale, were clearly distinguished above the busy hum of the multitude; while, at intervals, the tinkling of a mule's bell was heard, as the leading *machos* of a large drove passed drowsily by, on their way to the savanna, followed by the muleteers, either chanting their Llanero songs in the monotonous recitative of the low country, or carelessly touching the strings of their *vihuelas*,* as they rode slowly past.

At the lower end of the principal promenade, called, from the superior size and beauty of the poplars by which

* The *vihuela*, or *triple*, is a species of small guitar, in general use among the peasantry of the colonies. It is frequently constructed of the half of an oval gourd, with a cedar sound-board.

it was bordered, La Alameda, a large semicircular spot of ground was railed off, and surrounded with marble seats, carved to resemble sofas and ottomans. Here two military bands were stationed, as usual in summer evenings, occasionally relieving each other in performing such national and patriotic airs, as had already been composed in Venezuela, or adopted from the music of other countries. The concourse attracted by the musicians was, of course, greater here than in any other part of the Alameda; and as the seats were exclusively occupied by the mothers and daughters of the principal families, few of the parties, which preferred pacing the broad centre walk to listening to the music, approached this spot without pausing for a few moments, to look with interest and admiration on the fair Caraqueñas.

The *saya* and *basquina*, in which the Criollas invariably appear when abroad, form a dress peculiarly well adapted to display to the best advantage the faultless symmetry of their fine forms; and they are not unconscious how well the dark colour, in which they delight to clothe themselves, is suited to their lovely brunette complexions. The South American females live in so mild a climate, that they find it unnecessary to cover their heads, when taking the air. They are consequently remarkable for the neatness and simplicity with which their glossy black hair is at all times braided; its sole ornament being usually a carnation, or a single rose bud.

The *ciudadanos*, who strolled along beneath the popular trees, were far more various, and even showy in their dress. A middling class in society was then almost unknown. It did not begin to assume any degree of consequence, until several years of independence had permitted a country, which had hitherto known no intermediate degree between masters and slaves, to resolve itself into a more liberal arrangement of its inhabitants. The *pueblo*, in which were comprehended, at the time we speak of, all those who were not entitled by birth, station, or wealth, to be considered as *cavalleros*, did not intrude on this promenade. They were, however, to the full as happy, if not more so, on the Arrayan, or in the different boulevards of the suburbs, where the crowded *fundangos*, and extensive open sheds appropriated to the music and dancing of the Chinganeras, re-echoed with the sound of guitars and *viñeles*. But along the Alameda were to be seen the sleek and portly dignitaries of the church, in their peculiar and striking costume, loudly and earnestly discussing disputed topics in the politics of the day. With these were mingled officers of all ranks, belonging to the different patriot corps stationed at head-quarters, or to the staff; glittering in every possible variety of splendid and theatrical dress,—for it could not in strictness be called uniform,—that their fancy inclined them to adopt, before years of repeated and destructive reverses had sobered the judgment of the republican soldiers, and reduced to distress and penury the wealthiest of the land.

These, with a few civilians of distinction, who either held, or aspired to, the highest places in the newly established government, were almost the only occupiers of the principal promenade; while the *side walks* were slowly paced by friars from different monasteries, either in the white and gray habits of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, or in the dark cowl and broad black belt, worn by the brotherhoods of San Augustin or San Juan de Dios. These cenobites scorned, with true monastic pride, to associate with the *pueblo*, and were withheld by the spirit of party, (being all violent *Godos*), as well as unfitted by the *gaucherie* and moroseness acquired in the cloister, for joining the society of the more liberal, as well as better educated secular clergy, or of the military. They therefore wandered about with a discontented and suspicious air, anxiously endeavouring, as they glided unnoticed behind the poplars, to catch the import of the enthusiastic harangues, with which the unpractised but zealous advocates of independence were, by turns, entertaining their hearers. These monigotes were of the royalist party, with scarcely an exception; and, as many of them as the Spanish general Monteverde thought it worth his while to bribe, were indefatigable spies, employing themselves, without intermission, in procuring and transmitting him information.

Among the numerous young officers who amused themselves on the Alameda, one while by listening to and commenting on the sage remarks of their seniors, and the next by criticising the style of beauty and dress of their fair countrywomen, was Carlos Sepulveda. His numerous acquaintance had in vain endeavoured to engage him in his usual lively strain of conversation, and had at last abandoned him to his melancholy reflections; each accusing him of ill-humour, and repeating the same

exclamation of "What the deuce is the matter with Carlos?"

He had seen Doña Gertrudes pass by, with her protégée, to the seats at the end of the walk; and as he well knew that this was the last night that he should see Maria del Rosario on the Alameda, he had resolved to approach her, and at least bid her farewell, if he could, with composure. He had repeatedly advanced with this determination, but had as often drawn back irresolute; and was leaning against one end of the alamos at a short distance from the music, unconsciously gazing on the crowd before him, when his reverie was suddenly interrupted by a friendly voice, the tones of which were familiar to his ear,—"Apropos, friend Carlos! you appear to have turned musical amateur to-night."

Sepulveda hastily turned and recognised his old comrade Lorenzo Tovar, a lieutenant in the Cazadores de Aragon, who had that moment arrived from La Guayra, where his regiment was doing duty;—as might be known by his high boots and spurs, broad palm leaf sombrero, and military capote, covered with the dust of the road.

"The very friend I could have most wished to see!" exclaimed Don Carlos; "I am truly rejoiced at your arrival, camarada Tovar! but how have you contrived to obtain permission to visit the capital during the festival of our anniversary? I know Miranda's instructions to the colonels of regiments have been such, as most strictly forbid any leave of absence being granted before next week; for the Junta Gobernativa is apprehensive of too great a concourse collecting here, to witness the ceremonies of renewing the oath."

"True, Carlos; and although I made all the interest possible with *el Tio Comandante* for leave to come up and see you, he was inexorable. However, the governor of the port fortunately had important despatches to send, as well as verbal communications to make, to the *Excelentísima Junta*; and, as I was in some measure the occasion of a discovery being made, to which they refer, I was selected as the messenger. But you seem to forget that I am almost a stranger in Caraccas. You must be my guide as well as host; and, in the first place, I must send my Indian friend here to your quarters."

"By all means. Let him enquire at our barrack gate for my ordenanza, who will take every care of him for the credit of the corps."

As he spoke, he turned round to look for the Indian whom his friend had mentioned, and saw the tall spare form of a Cachiri,* who had retired a few paces from where the young men stood, to avoid listening to them; private conversation being usually held sacred by the untaught honour of the native tribes, and more especially by those which are commonly reputed least civilised. He was a man far advanced in years, as was evident, rather from the wrinkles in his dark red brow, and the few grey hairs that might be seen in his long and loose, but neatly combed, black hair, than from any stoop in his gait, or emaciation in his limbs; the firmness and well rounded contour of which evidently belonged to a hunter rather than a labourer. His only clothing, and that he had adjusted on entering the city,—was the dark brown woollen *ruana*, or cloak, which served him, alternately, as a horse-cloth by day, and a blanket by night, wrapped loosely round his waist, and barely reaching below his knees, leaving his broad chest, seamed with numerous scars, fully exposed to view. His thick straight hair hung down over his muscular shoulders without the least appearance of a curl; being parted in the front, and confined backwards by a narrow rod fillet, so as to show his high forehead, and small ears, in which he wore silver ear rings in the shape of a crescent. These were his only ornament, excepting a rosary of black shining berries, with padre-nuestros and a cross of gold. He also wore a double scapulary of Nra Señora del Carmen, to the string of which were suspended two or three small bags containing Indian charms, and the indispensable utensil among the South Americans, a tooth pick, made of a condor's quill. He had no weapon but the usual *cuchillo cachiblanco*, a long double-edged knife, with a white carved handle made of alligator's bone. His knees, legs, and small finely turned feet, (a distinguishing mark of his race), on which he wore light sandals, plaited from the white fibres of the aloe, would

* The Cachiri Indians, most of whom are mountaineers, are reputed the most noble tribe in Venezuela; (called by them *Coquibacoa*.) They are also the most warlike of the existing aborigines; and are much respected by the Guagivias, Caribis, and other rival tribes. Bolívar's favourite rallying cry in battle was—"Firmes Cachiries!"

have been valuable models for a sculptor. His arms were stained with the deep blue dye of indigo, in a neat waving pattern extending as far as the wrists, where broad stripes, in close imitation of network bracelets, were painted of the same colour.

His head was thrown back with rather a haughty air of assumption; and a thoughtful frown, evidently proceeding from the habitual melancholy of his race, rather than from sullenness or ill-humour, gave that intelligent expression to his handsome, though strongly marked, Indian features, which such are eminently capable of assuming. Don Lorenzo addressed him twice before he heard; so earnest was his gaze on the circle of Caracqueñas surrounding the music.

"Holla! compadre Pichiloncoy! take our horses to the barracks of the Huzares, behind the palace, and enquire for Captain Sepulveda's servant. He will show thee where to tie them up, and find thee a bed, and probably something better to eat than that *coca*,* which thou art eternally chewing."

The Indian glanced his eagle eye on the officer; and said, as he drew the horses towards him and prepared to mount, "No barrack for me to-night, compadre Tovar. I shall take the horses out to the savanna, and sleep there myself."

"Come, man,—they will be far better off in the cavalry barracks, with plenty of maize and cane-tops for forage, than with the coarse alfalfa of the plantations, and mosquitoes innumerable tormenting them all night."

"No matter, compadre! The last time I suffered my horse to be tied under a shed in one of your barracks, he lost more blood by the *morciegalos*,† in one night, than three months' savanna feeding could replace. Besides, there was no sea-breeze all this day; and the wells on the road are dry. We shall have an earthquake to-night, or to-morrow morning at farthest, compadre! and better the light leaves of the forest, than the rough tiles of the town overhead, when the spirit of the Andes starts in anger from his slumbers."

Having thus said, he sprang, with scarcely the appearance of an effort, on his shaggy wild looking animal; and disappeared in an instant, leading with him Tovar's horse.

"Where did you pick up your new attendant?" enquired Sepulveda; "One would be tempted to observe, that you might clothe him a little better, amigo Lorenzo! now that you have brought him from his native wilds; especially when paying a visit at head-quarters."

"You do me far too much honour, camarada, to suppose him an attendant of mine. The Cacique Pichiloncoy would scorn to attend even on his very catholic majesty Don Fernando, unless indeed on terms of equality. Be it known to you that, if he favours me so far as to look after my horse, or even to cook occasionally for us both, when on a journey, it is merely as a *compadre*, and under the fullest conviction that I would do the same for him were he to require it. Clothe him, saidst thou? truly I wasted more arguments and rhetoric on him this afternoon, before I could persuade him even to wrap his cloak decently round him, that he might be in some sort fit to appear in the streets of a city, than would have set me up as a lawyer. You have seen him here,—in a place to which he has a mortal dislike, as indeed he has to all towns and even villages,—simply because he is a most devoted friend and ally of mine, and has taken a fancy to do me every good turn in his power."

"Allow me, Señor de Tovar, to congratulate you on so important an acquisition. Pray how have you contrived, with all your wildness, to get into the good graces of so serious a being as an Indian? and, above all, a Cachiri?"

"Faith! for no other reason, that I could discover,

* The *coca* leaf resembles that of the citron in shape and colour. It has the property of enabling those who chew it, to undergo violent and long continued exertion, with little or no other sustenance. The mountain Indians constantly use it, when on their toilsome journey over the Cordillera, where provisions are not to be procured, nor can be conveniently carried. It is chewed with lime made from shells, and with ashes of the *molle* root.

† The *morciegalo*, or large bat of South America, is exceedingly destructive to cattle, and sometimes to human beings, when sleeping in an exposed situation. It repeatedly happened, during the campaigns of the revolution, that the greater part of the horses belonging to an army were so copiously bled during one night, as to be incapable of marching for several days:—many of them even dying on the spot, in consequence of excessive phlebotomy.

than that he saved my life at the lagoon of Maracay, in my childhood, when my canoe upset as I was fishing. Last year, too, at Puerto Cavallo, when the barber surgeon of our regiment gave me over in the calentura, my compadre heard of it, and came to my assistance with his deer skin wallet full of herbs and barks, with which he soon set me on my legs. But he is now the principal cause of my being detached to the city. The whole tribe of Cachiris, you well know, are stanch patriots, and of course at war with the Guagivias, who are leagued with the Godos. It appears that one of these last, who was entrusted with private intelligence for Monteverde from his spies in Caraccas, fell into an ambush of the Cachiris. Pichiloncoy, having obtained possession of the despatches, which he rightly conjectured to be of importance, brought them to me, that I might get whatever credit was to be obtained from the Junta by the discovery. But my compadre took care, according to the laudable custom of his nation, to make his prisoner confess, (by no gentle means you may suppose,) every thing he knew relative to his employers. The governor of La Guayra, therefore, sent him with me here; he has been already examined before the Junta; and I left that sage body, just now, in close deliberation on his intelligence, and on the contents of the intercepted correspondence. And now that I have answered all your questions, tell me, Carlos, will you be my *vaguedna*? Will you take me to see Doña Gertrudes? and introduce me to all the fair Caracqueñas of your acquaintance? It is, I doubt not, very extensive; for you Señores of the staff have great advantages over your comrades of the line, in that instance."

"Willingly, camarada; I believe my mother is at this moment seated near the music. But, as for any farther introductions, you must be greatly altered indeed from the wild fellow I remember you, if you cannot dispense with that ceremony."

The two friends encountered some difficulty in making their way through the press; for a wandering Chinganera* had just commenced a wild tonadilla of the hill country, which had attracted the attention of all within hearing. She accompanied her song, which was the old plaintive air of "La Montonera," on a small vihuela formed of a hollow gourd; and the young men, having paused to listen, caught the following words:

"A Montonera's life I lead!
I'll ne'er disown the name;
Though village maids and city dames
May lightly hold our fame.
From Buenos Ayres' boundless plain
The Montonera comes;
And o'er the mighty Andes' heights
In liberty she roams.

"What hand e'er tried in empty space
To arrest the morning star?
The Montonera's freeborn mind
To enslave is harder far.
Free o'er the Cordillera's peaks,
The lordly condor stalks;
As freely, through her native wilds,
The Montonera walks."

While the Chinganera was singing these verses, another of her tribe, dressed in the picturesque garb formerly worn by the aborigines of Coquibacoa, and crowned with the brilliant feathers of the loro and tucán, had been collecting in a gaily stained calabash the contributions of the audience. On seeing Don Carlos and his friend muffled in their capotes, she addressed the "*Señores tapados*" with the usual mysterious speeches, which those of her profession so well know how to adapt to all possible circumstances, and which are purposely rendered so vague, that they seldom fail to "keep the word of promise to the ear." Her quick and practised eye caught the look of interest with which, in spite of himself, Sepulveda heard her oracular hints; and from the amount of his contribution, which she could pretty accurately guess at as it fell into the calabash, she was prompted to address him immediately with a *dispedida*, such as used then to be sung at farewell serenades by despairing lovers.

When Raymond unwillingly turned to depart, And to leave fair Eliza, the girl of his heart,

* The Chinganeros are a peculiar race of wandering creole minstrels, whose habits, and even whose appellation, strikingly resemble those of the Zinganes, or Eastern gypsies. They claim for themselves pure Indian descent; but this is denied by the aborigines. They are all good dancers and musicians; and, above all, fortune tellers, supposed sorcerers, and improvisatori.

She cried while her voice was impeded by woe;
"Wilt thou ever forget me? Ah no, Raymond, no!"

"If passion alone can true passion repay,—
If none ever loved thee as I have,—Ah! say,
Canst thou e'er to Eliza ingratitude show?
Wilt thou ever forget me? Ah no, Raymond, no!"

The youth dried her tears, as he faltered "Adieu!"
And in agony cried, as he rushed from her view,
"Forget what thou wilt, but my love and my woe!
Can Eliza forget her fond Raymond? Ah no!"

The applause which had greeted the first of these songs, was renewed on hearing the *dispedida*. It appeared so peculiarly adapted to Carlos Sepulveda's actual situation and feelings, that he was almost induced to believe himself known and recognised by the Chinganera; and he actually fancied that she had, in some inconceivable manner, penetrated the secret of his hopeless passion. Under this impression he took his friend Tovar's arm, and attempted to lead him from the circle; but Don Lorenzo laughing declared, that he was determined to hear his fortune in his turn. Having accordingly dropped his offering into the calabash, the Indian minstrel, who had little difficulty in divining, from the cheerful tones of the light-hearted soldier, that

"From love's weak childish bow he lived unharmed,"

took the vihuela from her companion, and playing the lively air of "La Zambullidora," sang the following verses:

"Youth! this magic ring receive,
The Chinganera's fairy spell;
Swift the city ramparts leave,
Nor heed the wakeful sentinel.
Come! beloved of my soul,—
To the depths of ocean fly;
Where the dark blue billows roll,
Fearless plunge, nor fear to die.

"To the wild savanna fly!
Empty pomp of cities scorning;
There, beneath the vault of sky,
Rest in safety till the morning.
Come! beloved of my soul,—
To the sands of ocean come;
There no sounds shall meet thine ear,
Save curlew's pipe, or bittern's drum.

"Hark! the wakening earthquake's cry
Echoes on the startled ear;
To the city ramparts fly,
Youth! for death awaits thee here.
Come! beloved of my soul,—
Fly we to the desert waste,
There, where the lake's blue waters roll
A fairy pen by wizards placed,
Lies for thee to write a scroll
Such as Montezuma* traced."

"I believe the whole race of Indians has conspired to drive me from Caracas," cried Tovar, "before I have time to see any thing of the city. My compadre Pichiloncoy would fain have had me sleep in the savanna; and again, how confidently the Chinganera has predicted an earthquake. It is fortunate for me that I am not superstitious. There is positively more witchcraft in the dark downcast eyes of that novice, whom thou hast been so earnestly gazing on, amigo Carlos, than in all the Indian wizards between the sea and the Cordilleras. Who is she, pray? for I am convinced you are acquainted with her."

Sepulveda started from a fairy dream of happiness, to which the *dispedida* had given rise. He muttered something, almost unintelligible, about a protégée of Doña Gertrudes, who was to take the veil the next day; and immediately led Tovar to his mother, anxious to escape all further question on the subject. Don Lorenzo was a native of Maracay, and consequently well known to Doña Gertrudes, who expressed much pleasure at seeing him again after so long an absence. When she introduced him to Doña Maria, Carlos, who attentively watched his friend's looks, observed that he started on hearing the name of Peñuela, and that he appeared so much embarrassed, as scarcely to be capable of addressing her in his usual easy strain of compliment.

The hour having now arrived for the military bands to retire to their respective barracks, and there commence

* Montezuma, or rather *Mohenzuma*, is the Indian, and probably the correct method of pronouncing the name of the unfortunate Mexican monarch.

the tattoo, the company began to disperse in different directions. As Doña Gertrudes was about to leave the Alameda, she remarked to Tovar, that she considered herself fortunate in having secured two such excellent recruits, as himself and her son, for the ball that was to be given at Don Beltran's house that night, at which she was to preside. Tovar hastily replied, that they would both certainly have the honour of escorting her as far as the house; but that, for his part, the urgent business which had brought him to the capital, and would keep him employed the greater part of that night, must be his excuse for declining her invitation. Sepulveda also, guessing, by the alteration in his friend's manner, that he was privy to some secret connected with the family of Peñuela, pleaded a particular engagement at General Miranda's house. Maria del Rosario heard this refusal with ill-concealed pain. "He loves me not,"—thought she,— "he flies to business, pleasure, any where to avoid meeting me, even this last night that I may be seen in the world. But why should I think of him more? to-night it is vain; to-morrow it will be sinful."

She then turned, with a sigh of regret, to the cheerful group which had assembled to conduct her home; and, leaning on Doña Gertrudes, was soon enabled by the elastic spirits of youth to recover her composure. Sepulveda seeing the party sufficiently numerous to render his escort unnecessary, stood aside as they retired. When they had disappeared, his friend Tovar took his arm in silence, and the young men walked a turn on the deserted Alameda, without exchanging a word; the one evidently pondering on some unexpected and embarrassing discovery, and the other anticipating some interesting disclosure, on the subject that engrossed his mind. At length Don Lorenzo suddenly stopped, and, grasping his friend's hand exclaimed, "It is in vain for you to dissemble, Carlos;—you are deeply interested for the Señorita Peñuela; perhaps you love her. I pity you from my soul, if it is really the case; and I am sincerely sorry for her."

"You alarm me, Lorenzo! her fate is indeed deeply to be lamented; but you speak far more seriously than is your usual manner. Surely there is nothing new, or extraordinary, in a novice taking the veil, even though it were against her will; and we are not so certain that such is her case."

"I heartily wish that were all, amigo," said Tovar; "but you must know,—for I can safely trust you with the secret,—that her father, Don Beltran Peñuela, is the very traitor to his country, whose secret correspondence with the enemy has been intercepted by Pichiloncoy. He will be seized to-night, by order of the Junta; and, unless something very extraordinary occurs to prevent it, he will suffer death as a spy. His property will be confiscated to the use of the state; and his children will be reduced to beggary."

"Madre mia! can it be possible? Tovar, I must save the man for his daughter's sake. Another time you shall learn how ill he deserves it at my hands; but, for his innocent daughter's sake, let me give him a hint of his danger."

"Not for the world, Sepulveda! remember it was in strict confidence that I acquainted you with what I ought, perhaps, to have kept a profound secret. All you can possibly do for him, or rather for his daughter, will be to make use of your interest with Miranda, to get the sentence of death commuted into banishment for life from Venezuela. The traitor richly merits an exemplary punishment, and must not be permitted to escape. Meanwhile, let us hasten to the palace of the Junta, where we shall probably hear what has been determined."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BALL-ROOM.—THE ARREST.—THE COURT-MARTIAL.

The magnificent residence of Don Beltran Peñuela, in the Calle de los Capuchinos, was this night easily distinguishable from all others in that retired and quiet street, by the blaze of lights which shone through the viranda windows, and by the sound of musical instruments, as well under the fruit trees in the patio, as in the principal sala set apart for dancing. Variegated lamps were suspended in festoons from the pillars supporting the upper corridor, and from the orange and citron trees, under which throngs of *tapaditas*,—uninvited guests, who had come masked or otherwise disguised,—were trying the patience of their acquaintance by sportive raillery, and exercising their ingenuity in fruitless attempts to discover them.

The lower suite of apartments was occupied by card-players and politicians; and the rooms above stairs, all of which communicated with each other by large folding

doors, were appropriated to dancing, music, and the tertulia. The merry minstrelsy of harps and guitars, stationed under the awning of the viranda, animated the younger part of the guests to exert themselves in the contra-danza of Spain, and in the national dances known by the name of *el bambuco* and *la solita*; while, at intervals, the graceful valza, in which the South Americans excel, would detach several couple of dancers spinning in giddy circles through the rooms, in which the elder and more sedate part of the company were engaged in conversation. Flowers of the brightest hues were scattered around; and china vases filled with a *mistura* composed of jasmine, orange, and citron flowers, mingled with fresh-gathered violets and rose-buds, and sprinkled with fragrant essences, were placed in every recess of the apartments.

Don Beltran, unconscious of his detection and impending disgrace, appeared to think of nothing but promoting the mirth and festivity of his guests. He seemed to multiply himself, so incessantly did he bustle from room to room, in his eagerness to "win golden opinions" from the company he had assembled. During a pause in the dancing, while the attendants were offering the refreshments of ice and orchata, a noise, as of a party of horse, was heard approaching along the unfrequented street; and some of the guests, who had been induced by curiosity to look out of the viranda, announced that a detachment of carabineers was drawn up in front of the house. Don Beltran turned pale as death, while he fastened his belief, that it could only be the night patrol, which had probably halted to listen to the music. A sudden silence ensued in the laughing circle, and the eyes of all were turned anxiously on the doors opening into the corridor, in expectation of they knew not what dreadful occurrence.

The heavy measured tread of soldiers, and the sound of their sabres, was heard distinctly ascending the broad staircase. All drew back as the plumed and vested troops entered the saloon, and an officer, advancing at the head of a few files of dismounted dragoons, slightly saluted the company. He observed, that the nature of his duty called for no apology; and demanded to see Don Beltran Peñuela. The master of the house stepped forward, and the officer, briefly informing him that he was arrested by order of the Junta Suprema, on a charge of treason, ordered him to be taken into custody. At the ominous sound of *treason*, all the guests shrunk back from the prisoner, as if they apprehended contamination from his touch. His daughter alone sprang forward and clung to him; exclaiming, "he is my father! nothing but death shall part us."

The officer respectfully but firmly acquainted her, that his orders were most strictly to forbid every person whatever to hold communication with the prisoner. He moreover requested the astonished company to retire forthwith, as the corregidor was in waiting below with his alguazils, to make the customary search for papers, and to secure the doors with the government seal. Don Beltran had been thunderstruck by the suddenness of the arrest; but now recovered sufficient composure to reassure his daughter and his guests. He affected to treat the whole as a mistake, or as the consequence of some false information laid before the Junta by a secret enemy, whom, he said, he already guessed at, and would take care to expose. He exhorted Maria del Rosario to take courage, and gave her in charge to Doña Gertrudes, whom he requested, if he should not be set at liberty in the morning, that she would deliver over her protégée to the Madre Abadeza of the Monjas Claras, before early mass; and that the ceremony of taking the veil might proceed exactly as if he were present. He then, having embraced his daughter, and taken leave of his guests, lamenting this unceremonious interruption of their amusement, declared his readiness to accompany his guards. They surrounded and led him down stairs, where a horse was provided, on which he was conducted by the escort to the palace of the Junta Suprema.

A military tribunal had been previously assembled in the Sala de Justicia, (hall of justice,) in readiness for that summary mode of trial, and immediate sentence, so essentially necessary for the support of a newly established revolutionary government. On arriving at the outer court of the palace, the prisoner was conducted, without a moment's delay, into a small but tolerably furnished apartment; which having been used, during the time of the Spaniards, as a temporary place of confinement for the better sort of prisoners, still retained the massive gratings at the windows, and heavy bolts at the door.

The Juez Fiscal, attended by a single secretary, was seated at a small table with lights and writing materials, evidently in expectation of Don Beltran's arrival. When

his escort retired, and closed the door, the Juez (whose office nearly corresponds to that of a judge-advocate), read over to him a series of questions which had been previously prepared, demanding a direct and explicit answer to each in turn. This is in strict conformity to Spanish martial law, which receives a prisoner's confession, as the best and most conclusive testimony of innocence or guilt; indifferent whether he criminate himself, provided the ends of justice are answered by his avowal; and considering his refusal to reply to questions thus put, as an unequivocal proof of conscious guilt. After about an hour's close examination, the ministers of justice rose, and left Peñuela in no very enviable situation. Nevertheless, as not the slightest hint had been dropped relative to the intercepted correspondence, he flattered himself into a belief, that nothing but suspicion had as yet attached to him.

While he was ruminating on the charges, to which he considered himself most liable, and framing such answers as he thought would best suit the character of conscious innocence, which he had determined to assume, he heard the jarring sound of the bolts by which his prison door was secured, and the officer who had arrested him in his house appeared, and commanded him to follow. Immediately on his leaving the room, two carbiners who were in waiting stepped forward; and placing themselves one on each side of him, proceeded with him to the Sala de Justicia. The gloominess of the spacious corridors, through which he had to pass, faintly lighted at each turning by a solitary lamp, and the hollow echoes which repeated the heavy tread of his conductors, struck dismay into the heart of the prisoner. But, when the door of the Sala was thrown open, and he found himself in the presence of his judges, he was so appalled by the consciousness of his guilt, as to be totally unable to support his assumed character; and he hung his head before them, with the air of a self-convicted criminal.

After a pause, during which his guards withdrew, a commanding voice, which he recognised as that of General Miranda, directed him to advance to the foot of the table, and listen to the charges that had been brought, and were about to be substantiated against him. At this summons, he compelled himself to look up, and saw the long council board surrounded by officers of rank and consideration in the patriot army, with most of whom he was personally acquainted. This, however, instead of encouraging him, served but to embitter his present feelings of terror and confusion; for he knew them all to be enthusiastically attached to their country's cause, and enemies "to the knife," of the party with which he had leagued himself. He saw the gaze of each individual fixed on him, with various expressions of contempt and detestation; and again cast his eyes on the ground, in shame and despair.

The Juez Fiscal, who was seated on a stool at the left hand of the president, then rose, in obedience to a sign made him by Miranda; and read, in a distinct voice, the questions which had been already put to Don Beltran, and his answers. The prisoner was asked by the president, in the customary form, whether he wished to explain or retract any part of his declaration; and having answered in the negative, the deposition of the Cacique Pichiloncoy was read to him, in which the detention of the Indian messenger, and his confession of having been employed by the prisoner, was circumstantially detailed. Don Beltran was again called on by Miranda to answer to this accusation. Believing that his written communication had escaped detection, he mustered resolution to look up, and exclaimed against the injustice of receiving such dubious evidence in a cause, on the result of which depended his life, and that which he held far dearer, his honour. He begged to remind the court, that the Cachiri tribe was notoriously in the habit of torturing the Guagivis, as often as any of that persecuted race fell into the hands of the former; and submitted, that an extorted confession of this nature, totally unsupported by proof, or collateral evidence of any description, ought not for a moment to weigh with the honourable court, against the character of a respectable citizen.

"Besides," said he, gradually gaining confidence as he proceeded, from the attention with which he was heard; "an Indian's oath is not admissible in any court of law; nor ought it to be considered deserving of credit, when opposed to the simple asseveration of a white man."

At these words, General Zaraza, the aged guerilla chief, who was seated at the president's right hand, lost all patience, and exclaimed, regardless of the decorum usually observed on a court-martial, "Dares the traitor treat an Indian's word with contempt? What are we all, or what ought we to be, but Indians? I would to

heaven we were half as true and honest as a nation! His very sentiments proclaim him to be a Godo."

Here Zaraza was interrupted by the president, who said, "Softly, softly! the prisoner must on no account be interrupted in his defence. Perhaps he will explain to the court how it happens, that he has been enabled to divine the very tribe to which the intercepted messenger belonged. It was not once alluded to, if I mistake not, in the deposition which has just been read to him."

Peñuela immediately recollected the error, into which he had fallen, in the confusion of his defence. He attempted to explain it away, by saying, that on hearing the name of Pichiloncoy mentioned, and knowing his accuser to be a Cachiri, it was a natural supposition for him to make, that any prisoner, made by that cazique, must necessarily belong to the tribe with which his warlike nation was at constant variance. No remark was elicited from the court by this explanation; but Peñuela, who now watched with anxious vigilance the looks of his judges, augured but ill of its success, from the incredulous smile which he could discover on their lips.

The Juez Fiscal then handed him the envelope of a letter, directed to the Spanish General Monteverde at Cartagena; and premising that the court had already carefully compared it with several manuscripts bearing his signature, which had been found in his study, demanded of him whether he acknowledged it to be his writing. He could not avoid owning, on examination, that the resemblance was striking; but boldly disclaimed all knowledge of its contents. At the same time, recollecting that the envelope which had been produced might possibly have been found in his house, and that in that case an unqualified denial would be prejudicial to his cause, he submitted to the court, that even if he had written on private business to a relation who was in the province of Coro, and had forwarded his letter under cover to the Spanish general,—as he might very innocently have done,—no one could with justice blame his conduct in that respect.

Lastly the Juez Fiscal, having once more demanded if he had any explanation to give the court, on the subject of the heavy charge brought against him, and having received no answer, proceeded to read aloud, as the last and damning proof of treason, the intercepted letter which had been enclosed in the envelope. The prisoner started on hearing the first few words, and trembled so violently, that the president desired him to take a seat, and compose himself, so as to listen with attention to the document under consideration. The letter most completely established the truth of the Indian's testimony, and exposed Don Beltran's treason beyond a shadow of doubt. It contained accurate intelligence respecting the numerical force and disposition of the patriot troops, as well as important advice relative to an expedition which, it appeared, the royalists were preparing against Caracas. It also referred to prior communications which had passed, proving, beyond a doubt, that this had not been his first essay in the dishonourable capacity of a spy. To crown the whole, although a feigned name had been affixed to the body of the letter, the full signature of Beltran Peñuela was, by some strange but not unusual inadvertence of the writer, to be found at the close of a postscript.

When the Fiscal had concluded, Miranda demanded of the prisoner, in the same calm unaltered tone, what he had to offer in his defence. Peñuela, starting as it were from a hideous dream, loudly reiterated his denial of the crime with which he was charged. He solemnly declared that the letter was a forgery, and asserted his innocence in incoherent expressions; while at the same time, with the usual inconsistency of guilt, he entreated for pardon, and supplicated the court, in the most abject terms, to be merciful to his first offence.

When he was at length silent, exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the president rose, and informed him, that the court had already made up their minds as to his guilt. They had come to this conclusion, he said, principally by means of the letter, which they could not but consider an irrefragable proof, supported as it was by the evidence of his messenger, and his own vacillating declarations. He had been sent for to the Hall of Justice, to give him an opportunity of explaining, had it been in his power, the unfavourable circumstances which appeared to condemn him; but he had, by his demeanour, left his judges without the shadow of a doubt, had it been possible for them to entertain one in his favour. Miranda advised him to consider, in the solitude of the dungeon to which he was about to be removed, whether he had any witnesses to call, or evidence to offer, which might avert the sentence that would otherwise be read to him

the next day, after the ceremonies of the *fiesta* should have been celebrated.

The president then rang a small bell; the carbiners again entered, and conducted Don Beltran through a corridor, which turned off at right angles from that by which he had been brought to the sala. Having crossed a paved court, they came to a low iron-studded door, which was opened on his conductor's giving the password to some one within. The party entered, and Peñuela found himself in the interior of the *carcel*, which had been made, by the policy of the Spaniards, to communicate secretly with the government house in every principal town and city.

The carcelero, a stout square-built Gallego, with sandy hair and a sinister expression of countenance, who had been continued in his employment, on the change of government, in consequence of the repugnance of creoles to accepting the office, received Peñuela from the escort. He was preparing, with the alacrity of one who delights in the duties of his profession, to fit him with a ponderous pair of irons, when he was stopped by the officer who had hitherto accompanied Don Beltran;—"Halt there, Maestro Rodil! no order has been issued for the prisoner to wear *grillos*. You are merely to confine him in a strong cell; and let it be as comfortable as possible."

"Midnight is no time for picking and choosing cells, Señor Oficial. The *hidalgo*, if he be one, must be content with the first that is ready for him. I suppose it will be only for a night or so;—few who enter by that gate make any long stay here. But he may as well have his *esposas* riveted on at once, to save trouble in the morning; for doubtless the order is only forgotten. Who ever heard of a criminal,—sent from the palace by night, without being clapped into irons the moment he arrived?"

"Silence, Señor verdugo! and do as you are ordered; if you wish to keep your own ankles free. Abúr, Don Beltran! I wish you well through your misfortunes."

The carcelero led the way with a torch to the cells, evidently mortified and incensed at the flagrant breach of prison etiquette of which he was reluctantly compelled to be guilty; and muttering the proverb which consoles a Spaniard under every species of forced submission;—

"Do quieren los reyes,
Van las leyes!"

Don Beltran followed him down a flight of mouldering stone steps, leading to a range of subterranean dungeons, whose iron-studded doors were scarcely to be distinguished from the walls, on each side of a vaulted gallery; in the damp air of which the torch burned dim, as if about to expire. These, the jailor informed him, were formerly the state prisons, "quando el Rey," and had frequently been lent to the inquisition, when the cells of the *Casa Santa* were occupied.

"But since this revolution," added he with a sigh, "these have generally been empty; and more is the pity, for they are the strongest and most compact dungeons I ever kept the keys of, except indeed the *casamatas* at Bilbao in the old country."

So saying, he unlocked with difficulty the farthest in the whole range, and entered with the prisoner, whom despair and astonishment had hitherto kept silent. He then shook up some straw on a sort of rude stone couch that was built into the wall; and set himself to light a rusty lamp, which hung by a mouldering chain from the roof. While he was grumbling over the dampness of the wick, which baffled his endeavours to kindle it, Don Beltran recovered from the state of stupor into which he had fallen, and earnestly entreated that he might be confined in a more habitable prison; or at least, that he might be removed to one above ground. He offered his jailor at the same time, several doubloons, as the readiest means of enforcing his request; and Rodil received them, as is usual among those of his profession, without the slightest acknowledgment, or visible relaxation in the stern rigid muscles of his countenance. When he had succeeded in lighting the lamp, he declared that nothing could possibly be done until the morning; but then—as he graciously promised,—he would remove him to the condemned cell in the upper prison. That, he said, was far more comfortable; being well ventilated, and provided with a brazier for the use of Fray Nicolas, who always confessed the prisoners before execution.

"Meanwhile," said he, "you must content yourself with this berth, which has afforded a night's lodging to many a worthy caballero, since I have had the honour to hold the office of carcelero. The last tenant at will was Don Jose Maria Palomarez,—he of the gold-mines

of Beta-rica,—and he spent his time, short as it was happily enough. *Caspiroléta!* he thought, because he had justice on his side, that he was sure to slip his neck out of the collar; so he refused to compromise the matter, notwithstanding the hints of the Audiencia; and was found guilty of being too rich to live. Take my advice, 'nor Beltran! whatever scrape you have got into, be not too sparing of his majesty's pictures."

Having given the prisoner this piece of advice, which it may be readily believed, was any thing but disinterested, Rodil kindled his cigarillo at the lamp, and disappeared, closing, double-locking, and bolting the dungeon door, with the usual superfluous and ostentatious accuracy. Don Beltran, though he loathed his surly jailor's presence, half rose, as he closed the wicket, to call him back, for he felt that even his company would be preferable to his own thoughts. While he hesitated, Rodil shut the grating at the head of the stone stairs, and cut off all further chance of society for that night.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONVENT CHAPEL.—THE EARTHQUAKE.

The morning of Holy Thursday was calm and cloudless, portending one of the hottest of the tropical summer days. The heavy mists, which had risen slowly from the cacao plantations, curled in white wreaths around the neighbouring hills, without a breath of air to disperse them, until they melted by degrees under the powerful rays of the sun. The city of Caraccas exhibited a scene of the gayest excitement and hilarity. A salute of artillery was fired at day-break, to announce the anniversary of the day that had for ever separated Venezuela from Spain; and the bells of the numerous churches and convents, which had commenced ringing at that signal, had not paused for a moment in the joyful *repiques*, that pealed from the belfry turrets in every possible tone and measure.

The streets of the capital were crowded with citizens in their holiday attire, mingled with *campesinos* from the valleys of Aragoa, and Indians of different tribes, in their graceful many-coloured *ponchos* and *ruanas*. All these were mounted on their small but elegantly formed native horses, descended from the Andalusian breed, with which the first Spanish settlers stocked the country. The housings and trappings of these animals were as various as the costume of their riders. The *Cerranos*, or mountaineers, might be known by their stout active ponies, whose long projecting hoods were well calculated for climbing the Cordillera; their lofty demi-pique saddles, covered with panther or jaguar skins; and their ample embossed stirrups of wood or bronze, formed so as to protect the feet in rocky passes. The *Llaneros*, or men of the savannas, were mounted on nimble well-trained coursers, far taller and handsomer than the little shaggy mountain ponies. They used a light *fuste*, resembling a hussar's saddle-tree, covered with a fur chabraque, made either from the skin of the large red baboon, or of the wild asses' colt, jet black with a silvery white border; and their stirrups, steel or silver, of a triangular pattern, were barely large enough for the point of the sandal to enter.

The soldiers, belonging to the different regiments in garrison, were pouring out of their barracks, clad in new uniforms, and following their respective bands to the general parade ground on the Alameda; in front of which the hussars of Caraccas, the lancers of the east, and the flying artillery, were already formed in line. As the hour drew near for the celebration of high mass in the different churches, the tumultuous *repiques* ceased by degrees; and the solemn tolling of the larger bells warned the inhabitants that the appointed time for devotion was at hand.

General Miranda, attended by his aides-de-camp, and followed by an escort of the Carabineros de la Guardia, appeared on the Alameda; and was received, as he rode slowly along the line, with presented arms, and the Venezuelan march played by all the bands. He called the comandantes to the front, and gave them instructions as to the churches to which they were to march their men; informing those of the cavalry, that a temporary altar had been erected at the end of the Alameda, at which the chaplain of the Junta would officiate for them, as they could not that day attend the churches, on account of being mounted. The troops filed off in different directions, and Miranda, attended by his staff, took his way to the principal square.

When they had given their horses to the orderlies who followed them, and were ascending the marble steps leading to the principal entrance of the cathedral, Carlos Sepulveda took advantage of the crowd which had as-

sembled to witness the ceremony of the anniversary, and escaping unobserved from the general whom it was his duty to attend, hastened down the street leading to the convent of Santa Clara. High mass had already begun, when he entered the small but richly adorned chapel; and he approached by degrees between the side pillars, until he stood so near the railing encircling the high altar, that he could distinctly see whatever passed behind the lattice-work on the right side of the chancel, which separated the veiled sisterhood from the strangers who filled the nave and aisles. The profusion of wax tapers, with which the inner choir was illuminated, enabled him to see the stately dignified figure of the madre abedeza, seated, in front of the nuns of her order, on a species of richly decorated throne; and on cushions, at her feet, were four youthful novices, who were that day to take the veil.

Close to the lattice, and in full view of the spectators, was placed the semblance of a funeral bier covered with black velvet, on which each novice was to be laid in turn during the chanting of the "*Miserere*;" as a mournful intimation, to herself and all present, that she was from thenceforth to be considered as dead to the affections and pleasures of this world. The four Carraqueñas were equally lovely, and adorned with similar magnificence: Carlos, nevertheless, beheld but one, who looked as pale as monumental marble, and appeared unconsciously to listen to the solemn tones of the organ, and the melodious chant of those whom she was soon to embrace, as sisters. A tear occasionally glittered on her cheek, and fell unheeded; but her thoughts were far from the convent, and with her father in his dungeon. If they sometimes wandered, unbidden, to him she was about to renounce for ever, it was only in the hope that his situation, with respect to government, would enable him to plead successfully for her unfortunate parent. She knew not,—or how could she have preserved the semblance of resignation to her fate?—how little Don Beltran deserved any sympathy from her kinsman Carlos. But yet, if her father had deprived her of the consolation of knowing that by one, at least, she would be deeply regretted, his duplicity was mercy to her. For if there be one pang more keen than that inflicted by the sense of unrequited love, it is that which a generous heart feels, when it is forbid to return the affection with which it is sought.

The service of high mass was soon concluded; and the ceremony of consecrating the new nuns commenced. Sepulveda's heart throbbed intensely, as he saw the abbess rise, and lead Maria del Rosario forward to the *atahud*. Her bracelets, her necklace, and all her ornaments, were taken from her by turns, and laid aside as an offering to the shrine of Santa Clara; her hair was unbound, and fell in luxuriant beauty down her lovely neck. Carlos gazed in breathless agony, as the abbess grasped it, and prepared to cut off those flowing ringlets, for the least of which he would have given his life; when her hand was arrested by a hollow sound, as of distant thunder. It came nearer, and all present turned their shuddering gaze on each other; for they too well recognised the first symptoms of an approaching earthquake.

The assembled multitude was so far paralysed by alarm, that the first undulating motions were distinctly felt, before they made any attempt to retire from the chapel. Then suddenly recollecting themselves, they rushed towards the door in wild dismay, trampling under foot the weak and aged, and those who were still kneeling at their devotions or in penance. Nevertheless, so rapidly did the dread convulsion of nature attain its height, that the walls began to rock, and the roof to fall in, before they could reach the open air. Amid the screams of the terrified devotees in the chapel, answered by those of the nuns in the choir, the roaring of the subterranean thunder, and the crush of falling towers, Sepulveda thought only of her whom he had just been on the point of losing for ever. With a desperate effort, he seized and tore down the latticed screen, and caught up the fainting novice, as she lay insensible on the *atahud*. He staggered through the winding passages, while the heaving earth rose and fell beneath his tread; and reached the convent garden, just as the cloister sunk into a heap of ruins behind him. The fearful sound still continued, as though the force of mighty waters were rending the abyss asunder; crash pealed on crash, as the loftiest edifices first bowed beneath the awful power which shook the solid earth to its centre; while the groans of dying thousands mingled in dreadful unison with the shrieks of the terrified survivors. The air was obscured by clouds of dust, and the sky darkened by rising smoke, proceeding from the flames which had burst forth from the ruins of thatched cottages, that had shared the fate of the churches and palaces.

A momentary respite from the first violent convulsions ensued; and Sepulveda again raised his lovely charge, who had recovered for an instant, but to relapse into a still deeper swoon of terror. As he pursued his hazardous way towards his mother's house, which was in the open ground near the Alameda, his blood was chilled by the sights of horror that he encountered at every step. Not a single building remained totally free from injury; and, near every church or convent, mangled bodies were lying senseless, or writhing in the agonies of death. Groups of wretched beings, of every age and condition, were crowded together in the centre of the squares and plazuelas; or were flying, they knew not whither, in the madness of despair, to meet the fate they dreaded under the tottering walls, which each slight shock served to overthrow.

Don Carlos at length succeeded, by means of extraordinary and persevering exertions, in gaining the Alameda, over the ruins of houses, and through flower gardens, no longer fenced by walls, nor guarded with the care due to domestic retreats. The stone seats, on which Carraqueñas has listened to the Chinganera's minstrelsy the preceding evening, were laid low; and the broad gravel walk was rent into numerous fissures, which gaped to a fearful depth. Sepulveda hurried through the crowd, without attracting any attention by the singularity of his appearance; although his forehead was bleeding profusely from a cut, which he had received by the fall of a fragment of the convent roof, and a female with dishevelled hair, in the white dress of a novice, was lying apparently lifeless in his arms. But those who met him were mothers, calling in tones of agony for their children; and wives, distractedly seeking for their husbands.

As he approached his home, and saw the shattered roof and ruined walls of what had been a neat cottage, he thought for the first time with terror on his mother. Had she escaped? or had he her loss to lament? A moment more and he was in the garden, where he faltered thanks to heaven, on seeing Doña Gertrudes and her brother on their knees in the act of devotion. She had been so deeply affected by parting with her protegee that morning, that she had found herself incapable of remaining to witness the ceremony of her taking the veil; and had therefore returned home from the convent immediately after the service of *La Alca*. Don Gabrino, her brother, owed his safety, in all probability, to his having been appointed to perform mass for the cavalry in the open air.

They turned, on hearing Sepulveda enter the garden, and his mother rushed into his arms. He committed his recovered treasure to her care, briefly relating the circumstances under which he had saved her life; and then took his leave, declaring his anxiety for the fate of his general, and the troops which were in the churches during the earthquake. As he hastened away, he once more reminded his mother, that the novice had not yet pronounced the irrevocable vows.

CHAPTER VI.

SEDITIONARY PRIARS.—AN INSURRECTION.

As Sepulveda returned through the ruined streets of the city, he found that the Rotozcos,—the Lazzaroni of South America—had taken advantage, as usual, of the general confusion that prevailed; and had formed themselves into regular organised bands, for the purpose of depredation. Emboldened by their rage for plunder, they were already ransacking the tottering houses, and adding to the horrors of the scene of devastation, by the ferocity with which they strove against each other for the spoil united in offering the most desperate opposition to those inhabitants who attempted to rescue their prosperity.

When he reached the Plaza mayor, he found the cathedral and palace, as he had anticipated, piles of ruins; but could see none of the troops which had marched by that morning, in all the pomp and circumstance of a festival day. The elevated platform in front of the cathedral was occupied, at several points, by bearded Caporin friars, whose order was almost exclusively inimical to the cause of the patriots. They were haranguing with loud vociferation, enforced by violent and theatrical gestures, a mixed assemblage of citizens and peasants, who were listening with attention, and evident interest, to their enthusiastic and inflammatory exhortations.

Sepulveda could distinguish, among other exclamations of these agitators, those of "Long live the King!" "Down with the insurgents!" &c., which were repeated from different parts of the assembled multitude; and he acquired of a wounded soldier, who had crept from beneath the ruins to the fountain in the centre of the square, what

this commotion meant, and where the general was. He learned that Miranda and his staff, with the greater part of the detachment of carbiniers which were in the cathedral, had made their escape into the Plaza, on feeling the first shock of the earthquake; but that the Capuchins and Franciscans had immediately commenced haranguing the panic-struck multitude, on the signal interposition of Providence, in selecting the anniversary of the revolution in Venezuela, as the day of punishment to that nation, for the crime of rebellion against its lawful sovereign. The wounded man said, that Colonel Simon Bolivar, at the head of the surviving carbiniers, had attempted to disperse the assembly; but that on his striking with the flat of his sabre one of the most audacious of the Capuchins, the mob had been incensed to such a pitch of frenzy, as to drive the military out of the Plaza with stones and cuchillos. He recollected having heard Miranda direct the troops, on ordering them to disperse, to rendezvous in the Egido, and to bring with them all their fellow-soldiers, either of infantry or cavalry, whom they should meet on the way.

As he spoke, Sepulveda found that one of the friars had perceived him, and had pointed him out to the audience he was haranguing, as an object of vengeance. The infuriate mob immediately burst into exclamations of "Death to the rebels!" and were proceeding to execute sanguinary threats, by throwing stones and other missiles, when Don Carlos caught a cavalry horse, which was drinking at the fountain, by the bridle, and hastily mounting, galloped off towards the Egido. He was repeatedly compelled to deviate from the direct road, for the purpose of avoiding the parties of rioters who were rambling about the streets. They were armed with the muskets and bayonets of the unfortunate soldiers, who had perished under the ruins of the churches and barracks, or had been intercepted and massacred, in their flight to the open country, by the ferocious mob of the enthusiasts; and were headed by fanatic friars, who stimulated them to the slaughter of all such as refused to join in their rallying cry of "The King and our Faith!"

Sepulveda found the open suburb, known by the name of *El Egido*, a scene of confusion, forming a melancholy contrast to the appearance usually offered by the same spot of ground, on former field days. Then, the soldier-like appearance of the numerous corps, composed of tall active creoles, inspired confidence into the citizens of Caracas; who used to throng around; and watch with pride and admiration their proficiency in military manoeuvres. But now, the skeleton regiments which appeared there, disordered by the unequal numbers of their companies, and the irregular sizing of their ranks, resembled the first muster of a defeated army after a rapid retreat. It was also observable, by an experienced spectator, that in many instances subalterns were commanding battalions; and serjeants, or civilians in plain clothes, were doing officers' duty; so numerous were the "killed, wounded, and missing." The cavalry and artillery alone appeared to have sustained little or no loss; and were evidently prepared to repel an apprehended attack. The lancers and hussars had taken open order, at the further end of the small plain, and were standing at their horses' heads, waiting for the order to mount; and a slow-march, which was burning behind each light field-piece, showed that the artillery was also in readiness to act at a moment's warning.

Miranda was busily engaged dictating despatches to two or three officers, who sat on the ground doing the duty of secretaries; and he delivered them, as they were written and signed, to orderly dragoons, who were waiting to convey them to different garrison towns throughout the republic. Colonel Bolivar, as field-officer of the day, was receiving reports from the respective regiments formed around, and ordering pickets to be stationed at such points of the outskirts, as he considered most necessary to be guarded. At a little distance, groups of citizens, who were all more or less implicated in the declaration of independence, and had therefore very sufficient motives for dreading a counter-revolution, listened with consternation to the shouts of the riotous multitude in the city; and whispered to each other with looks of the deepest dejection, as they turned their eyes on the sadly diminished array of the patriot army.

Sepulveda's appearance was scarcely noticed, except by a silent grasp of the hand, as he passed any of his intimate friends; so fully occupied was every one with the preparation necessary to be made on the spur of the moment, to crush the unexpected insurrection, or at least to hold out in the Egido, until the arrival of reinforcements from other parts of the confederate provinces. Among those who surrounded Miranda, were Lorenzo Tovar, and his Indian friend Pichiloncoy, waiting for passports to return

to La Guayra. The former joined Sepulveda; and expressed his joy at finding that he had escaped the fate, which had befallen so many thousands of their companions in arms.

"By the way," said he, "what think you now of my compadre's warning last night? The Chinganera, too, was right; and I am inclined to believe that there is something after all, in their pretensions to witchcraft, more than is usually supposed. But tell me, camarada, how you had the good fortune to escape? for I saw nothing of you in the Plaza, when the mob rose at the instigation of those rascally monigotes, and drove us before them with sticks and stones. And yet I well remember you was close to me, when we dismounted at the cathedral door, just before mass."

Sepulveda briefly informed him, that he had been induced by curiosity to attend mass at the chapel of the Monjas Claras, where he had been so-fortunate as to save the life of the novice, whom they had seen the night before on the Alameda. He also accounted for his farther delay, by mentioning his having conveyed her to his mother's house.

"You are a lucky fellow, friend Carlos!" said Tovar; "I never in my life had an opportunity of signalling my knight-errantry, although I seldom miss an Alameda, or a bull fight, if there happens to be one in the neighbourhood of my quarters; whereas you cannot attend mass at an obscure convent chapel, without encountering an adventure. I sincerely hope, for your sake, that Don Beltran may expiate his treason, on the old Spanish gibbet in the Recoveco, as soon as Caracas is a little more quiet; unless, indeed, the earthquake has already cheated the hangman of his fee, as is most probable. You will then have a clear stage and no favour; as, of course, I take it for granted that the father is the only obstacle, according to the established rule in every romance of real or imaginary life."

"Allow me to hope my future father-in-law,—since you will have it so,—may meet with better fortune. Meanwhile, tell me what Miranda has determined on; and whether he designs to let those Godo friars and their turbulent followers keep possession of the capital. The consequences will be serious, should Monteverde receive intelligence of the schism in La Patria."

"No fear of that, Sepulveda;—Miranda has despatched couriers to Valencia, Victoria, and Barquizimeto, to order up troops to his assistance; and Zaraza has galloped off to collect his Guerilleros from the valleys of Aragoa. The old general vows that on his return he will not leave a single friar to preach sedition in the country; and Bolivar complains bitterly of our not joining him to cut down the monigotes, who were haranguing the mob to day in the Plaza. He insists on it, that Venezuela must be cleared of crowns and hoods before we can expect any thing like tranquillity among us."

Here Tovar was called forward to receive his passport; and Miranda observing Sepulveda in conversation with him, directed Don Carlos to set off immediately for La Guayra, and to bring him back a particular statement from the military governor, of the condition in which the port and garrison were, in the event of its being necessary to retire thither from the capital. The two friends lost not a moment in taking the road to the coast, and soon passed the suburbs at a rapid pace, attended by the Cazique Pichiloncoy; who gazed in silence, and with his usual air of melancholy gravity, on the groups of women and children seated by the road side. The mothers were viewing with sorrowful resignation their ruined cottages; while their children, unconscious of the extent of their loss, were playing about over the fallen walls, evidently pleased at the novelty of their situation, and delighted at the prospect of sleeping and living under the fruit-trees in their gardens.

After several hours riding at so rapid a rate, as to render conversation almost impossible, they reached the mountain pass half way between Caracas and La Guayra. As their horses were fatigued, and had been without food all the day, the travellers agreed to rest for awhile at the Tambo, or public caravanserai, on the summit of the mountain. This had been converted of late years into an inn for the accommodation of travellers.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INN—THE CAZIQUE'S TALE.

On riding into the inn-yard, the travellers could see, at the first glance, that the ravages of the earthquake had not been confined to the capital. The mud walls of the posada were cracked in several places from top to bottom, although too low and solid to be overthrown; and the roof of the dwelling-house, as well as that of the stables and

other offices, had fallen partly within, partly outside the walls. The corral, or cattle pen, had been broken down by a drove of bullocks which were confined there, and had been so terrified by the earthquake, as to break their way through the enclosure; and the goats belonging to the farm had established themselves on the ruins of the buildings, where they were feasting on the palm-leaf thatch.

The owner of the mountain inn, a corpulent elderly mulatto, was seated on a heap of pack-saddles, smoking his churumbela, and gazing indolently on the setting sun, which was sinking into a dense bank of livid clouds;—an unusual and portentous spectacle, at this time of year, in a climate where the weather changes only at each equinox. The peons of the inn were enjoying the supreme bliss of idleness, in imitation of their master. Some were lounging on skins, comfortably wrapped up in their ponchos; and others had assembled round a game of *paro y pinto* with dice, in which the by-standers apparently took at least as much, if not more, noisy interest than those who were playing.

"Why! mine host," cried Tovar, "you take things coolly. Some maize, and grass for our horses, and that quickly, for we are in haste."

"I have none!" drawled out the imperturbable host, and applied himself again to his pipe.

"Barley, then;—or clopped straw, if you have nothing better."

"None of those either," groaned the lazy mountaineer.

"What hast thou then in thine inn?" cried Tovar, beginning to lose patience, as the indolent host persisted in his denials.

"Nothing!" was the comprehensive answer.

"Rascal!" exclaimed Tovar, half drawing his sabre, "I will teach thee to trifle with officers on government duty!" and was proceeding to put his threat in execution, by beating him soundly with the flat, when his hand was held by the Indian, who interposed with—"Stop a little, friend! I know maestro Bautista Nuñez will oblige me, for old acquaintance sake. Dost thou remember me, 'nor Bautista? Or must I pay thee a visit some winter night at the head of my Cachiris, to refresh thy recollection? This is a lonely mountain pass for an inn, friend! Remember that the *tambo*, which once stood here, was the work of my tribe."

"What! art thou there, Cazique Pichiloncoy? Why didst thou not speak at first, man? Here, Pancho! Pepe! Tadeo! ye lazy knaves;—take the horses from these caballeros; and reach me a crow-bar; I must break through the back wall of the stable, to get straw and barley. Do thou, Perrucho, kill a kid, and bruise some maize, for bread. There is plenty of chicla in the house, if the earthquake have not broken the jars."

So saying, the host bustled about with more alacrity than his corpulence appeared to promise; and the name of Pichiloncoy produced a similar effect on the peons. They started to their feet, girt their ponchos round their waists, and stumbled over each other in their eagerness to receive the horses. While preparations were making for the travellers' meal, Carlos, Lorenzo, and their Indian companion, lighted their cigars, and strolled to the brow of the hill, which commanded a most extensive and varied prospect. Behind them they had left the valley of Caracas, thickly spread with cane and cacao plantations, which were darkening in the shades of evening; while on the horizon to the north was seen the Caribbean sea, gilded with the last rays of the setting sun.

As they sat here, enjoying the cool evening breeze, Tovar laughingly complimented his Indian friend on his address in managing the innkeeper, who was well known on that road, as a more intractable brute than any one of his mules;—in short, a genuine zambo;—and enquired how he had contrived to acquire such influence over him. The Cazique replied, that the story contained nothing very new or interesting; but that if they desired to hear it, he would relate it while their host was preparing supper.

THE CAZIQUE'S TALE.

"The tambo of Aynepan was founded on this mountain by my ancestors, many ages before the white men introduced their inhospitable inventions of inns and taverns, where the rich alone can find food or shelter. The tribe of Cachiris, as being the most noble, had from time immemorial the charge of all public resting places in the district of Coquibacoo, now called Venezuela. Twice every year, immediately before and after the season of rains, the tribe used to assemble and hold a feast in each of the *tambos* by turns. At such times they used to re-

pair the thatch and walls, make earthen ollas and water pitchers, and provide dried deer's flesh and fuel for the use of travellers.

"I can well remember the last of these merry meetings held on this hill; although I was then but a boy. My grandsire Pichimandura assembled nearly a thousand of his tribe; whereas I could now scarcely muster two hundred fighting Cachiris, between the sea and the Cordillera. But he was well aware that it was destined to be the last feast of the kind, and he resolved that it should be the most famous that had been seen in the country. Cattle were by no means so numerous in Coquibacoa at that time as they are now; nevertheless he bought forty bullocks in the plains below Ortiz, and killed them himself for the tribe on this very spot of ground. Antelopes and vicuñas, on the contrary, were far more abundant then; and we had fifty or more of them roasted whole that day.

"As my grandsire had foreseen, the Governor of Caracas sent an alcalde up to our tambo, escorted by a strong party of cavalry, to warn the tribe against any future assemblies on this mountain; for a posada was to be built where our tambo then stood. When the alcalde had read the proclamation, Pichimandura explained it to his people; for few of us, in those days, would stoop to learn a foreign language. The Cachiris rose up as one man, and declared that they would never suffer their tambo to be injured, threatening to destroy any building whatever, which the white men should venture to erect there; but my grandsire commanded silence, and obliged my father first, and after him the rest of the tribe, to swear by his head, that they would offer no resistance to the decree of the Spanish Government.

"The tambo was accordingly pulled down, and the posada was erected in its place, and put up for sale to the highest bidder at Caracas. A Gallego, by name Diego Alarcon, was the first occupier of the inn; and, although our tribe looked on him at first with evil eye, he behaved for some years in so friendly a manner, that we could find no pretence for resenting his intrusion. Bautista Nuñez, the tambo who now keeps the inn, was at that time a lad employed as mozo de mulas to the posada; and well remembers that his master used every year to feast the Caziq, and several elders of the tribe, on the days which were previously set apart for repairing the tambo. Alarcon, moreover, then never refused shelter and refreshment to any of our nation, who happened to be benighted on the mountain. But as his wealth increased, his avarice incited him to close his doors against his Indian friends. He first discontinued the annual feasts, which he had been in the habit of giving; and came by degrees to refuse even food and shelter to travellers, unless they were such as could pay for his hospitality.

"Our warriors again proposed to destroy the posada; but my grandsire constantly opposed their design, and exhorted them rather to despise such ungenerous conduct, than to punish it. As for himself, he would never stop to rest here, when obliged to pass this mountain on a journey; but invariably passed on to the low country, lest he might appear to solicit assistance from the churlish host. One rainy season, however, when he was become feeble and decrepid through extreme age, he was on his way from the sea-coast to the valleys, with no attendant but myself, then a youth of seventeen, to carry his grass hammock, and his alforjas with provisions. He was suddenly taken ill, just as we had reached this pass of the mountain; it rained heavily at the time; and, as the old man had been for some months ailing, I strove to persuade him to seek shelter at the posada; but he would not hear of it. I wrapped him in his poncho and mine, and having laid him under the shelter of that shelving rock, I sat down close to him, waiting anxiously for day light, and the arrival of some of our tribe who were on the road, that they might assist me to carry him to the nearest friendly hut.

"The wind blew keenly from the north; and a thunder-storm burst with all its wintry violence on the mountain. As I held the aged caziq in my arms, I could distinguish his countenance at intervals by the blue flashes of lightning; and saw the cold damps of death gathering on his brow. I thought it too hard for him to die unsheltered, like a houseless dog, with the ruins of the tambo of his ancestors so near; and regardless of his injunctions, I laid him softly down, and flew to the posada, where I knocked loud and long, until the Gallego rose and inquired, who was there at that late hour. I answered, that the Caziq Pichimandura was on the mountain, and demanded shelter from the storm; for I could not bring myself to beg his life, as it were, from a Spaniard, by describing the extremity he was in. Alarcon scornfully ordered me to begone; saying, that he kept no lodgings for wandering Indians. If the life of my whole tribe

had depended on it, I could not have again pleaded for admission; so I turned my back on the posada, and hurried to the rock where I had left my grandsire. The old man lay so still, that I at first believed he slept; but when I took his hand, I felt it was too deadly cold for that of a living being. It dropped heavily from me; and I knew that Pichimandura was no more.

"My father was then in the forest of Curunaquel, with the rest of his family; and I determined to carry my grandsire thither without delay. Although he had formerly been accounted the tallest and stoutest warrior of his tribe, he was shrunk by old age and disease to a skeleton; so that, when I had carefully shrouded him in his cloak, I raised him with ease on my shoulders, and set off on my journey to the forest. Caracas was not so extensive a city in those days as it now is. I passed round it with ease before day-break, and lay hid in a ravine, on the other side of the suburbs, lest any one might meet me on the road, and see the caziq of the Cachiris carried to the grave, without a bier or attendance. When I reached my father's hut, on the following night, I entered in silence, and laid the corpse on my father's bed. There was no time to be lost; I therefore returned immediately, in search of as many Cachiris as I could collect at so short a warning; and when I appeared at day-break, at the head of a hundred warriors, we found a grave already dug beneath the roof which had so often sheltered the caziq when living, and was now to be his temporary abode after death.

"When he was laid in the earth, I hastened to console my father, and the warriors who were present, by the prospect of vengeance, which my relation of Alarcon's conduct to the old Caziq suggested; and we immediately set off, with the clay of the grave on our foreheads, for the posada which had risen on the ruins of our tambo. Notwithstanding my precautions to avoid observation, I had been seen the preceding night on the road, with my grandsire's corpse on my shoulders. The Gallego had been informed of the circumstance; and his conscience warned him to expect a fearful retribution at the hands of the tribe. He had therefore solicited and obtained the assistance of soldiers from the garrison at Caracas, and had concealed them in the outhouses; so that when my father, at the head of his warriors, commenced an attack on the posada, a volley of musketry stretched him and several others mortally wounded on the ground. My father exclaimed, with his last breath, "Firmes, Cachiris! revenge your caziq!"

"Some of us had fortunately brought with us our bows and arrows. We surrounded the posada, sheltering ourselves as we best could behind rocks and walls, from the deadly aim of the soldiers, which we had no means of returning; and wrapping pieces of lighted yezca round the points of our arrows, we shot them into the palm-leaf thatch. The mountain breeze soon fanned the yezca matches into a blaze: and, as the inmates of the house attempted to escape, we brought them down with our unerring reeds, and knocked them on the head with our war clubs. They died, to a man, except the zambo youth. He, though severely scorched, escaped through the circle of warriors, to the spot where I knelt examining my father's wounds; and clasping my knees, implored mercy in my father's name.

"I spared his life, and saved him from the unsatisfied vengeance of the tribe, by adopting him as a brother on the spot. He lived in my family some years; and, as no one ventured to occupy the tambo after our signal vengeance on the Gallego and his household, I advised Bautista Nuñez to offer himself to government as ventero. I lent him a sufficient sum, from the treasure of the tribe, which was now at my disposal as caziq, to set him up in the inn; and, although surly and disobliging to others, he has never been known to turn an Indian from his door."

"As Pichiloncoy concluded his tale, the ventero appeared with several of his peons, bearing joints of roast kid on wooden spits, which they planted upright in the turf, before the travellers. Then laying an undressed deer-skin on the ground, they covered it with roasted plantains and aracaça roots, together with arepas of yellow maize. Bautista himself brought a capacious calabash full of fermented cane juice, with three neatly carved cocoa-nut goblets; and retired with his peons, leaving his guests to enjoy themselves undisturbed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUNGEON—THE CONFESSOR—THE ESCAPE.

The jailer had been mindful of his promise to Don Beltran, and had removed him from the subterranean *bovedas* (vault) to a comparatively comfortable cell, which

was, however, by no means so well ventilated as Maestro Rodil had boasted. The only aperture by which air was admitted, was a small window about a foot square, situated so far from the ground, that a prisoner from within could see nothing whatever outside it, except the deep blue tropical skies, and the palm trees in the adjoining Dominican convent garden. It was, moreover, almost totally closed by the massive iron grating, which secured it, apparently, against all possibility of being forced.

Contrary to the jailer's expectation,—if not hope,—no order had as yet arrived for the prisoner to be fettered. Peñaola continued to pace his narrow cell in melancholy meditation, on the sentence which he dreaded but saw no means of averting. One while, he muttered imprecations on the carelessness of his Indian messenger, in falling into the Cachiris' ambush; and the next moment he listened, in breathless and torturing anxiety, to the frequent grating of dungeon doors; while fancy anticipated the arrival of the Juez Fiscal, who was to read the sentence of the court-martial.

The merry ringing of the church bells reached his prison; but were far from dispelling the gloom that oppressed his spirits. He reflected how little sympathetically the busy world without had with him; and shuddered at the idea, that even so would they ring, when the sentence of the court had been executed on him in its fullest rigour. This, however, he could scarcely as yet bring himself seriously to contemplate. Immediately after the bells had commenced tolling for mass, he heard the sound of heavy footsteps approaching his cell; and he felt himself turn pale, as the key slowly turned in the rusted lock. He again breathed more freely, on perceiving that the visitor, whom the jailer ushered in, was not the thin, ascetic Fiscal, but the portly dominican, Fray Nicolas, whom he had long known intimately, and who was universally welcome throughout Caracas;—except, indeed, when he came in his present capacity of confessor to the jail.

"Ave Maria, son Beltran!" he exclaimed, "can this be you? I had no idea, when niño Rodil came for me to the convent this morning, that so dear a friend as you could be in want of spiritual consolation; otherwise I would have made more haste. But come, my son! be not cast down. You know the old refrain says,

"A todos la muerte
Les viene de suerte!"

and you should therefore take every reverse of fortune philosophically, as you see me do. I have parted, in this very cell, with many a dear friend, who has been led out in pursuance of his sentence; but I thank my patron, Santo Domingo, that I have never lost sight of my equanimity, on any such trying occasion. My motto is

"Siempre parado
A cualquier estado;"

and let it also be yours, my son. You know not what consolation it will afford you on any unforeseen contingency."

As worthy Fray Nicolas was proceeding in this strain of well meant consolation, and was more particularly insisting on the absolute necessity of being at all times resigned, and prepared for the worst; the hollow roaring of the earthquake, speedily followed by a concussion which shook the prison to its foundation, interrupted the self-complacency of his harangue. He tottered to the door, as fast as his agitation and the vibratory motion of the earth would permit; and, finding that the jailer had double locked the cell, on leaving him to his tête à tête with the prisoner, he made the most violent efforts to burst his way. Finding that it was in vain, he strained his voice, in unison with Don Beltran, to make himself heard by the jailer and ejaculated many an oath.

Rodil, however, was far enough out of hearing. He had fled precipitately into the Plaza at the first alarm, and, with the usual recklessness of a jailer, had left his unhappy prisoners to their fate. The solid masonry of the carcel resisted for some moments the violence of the earthquake; but by degrees, the walls began to give away in various parts, either falling in on the helpless inmates of the cells, or outwards into the courts of the prison. As the repeated crashes were heard by Fray Nicolas, who had thrown himself on the dungeon floor exhausted by his previous exertions, he exclaimed, "Curses on that monster of iniquity, who has left me here to perish! and a thousand on my own folly, in trusting myself within the walls of a prison on any account whatever! A silver candlestick,—two candlesticks of solid silver do I vow to Santo Domingo! let us but escape in safety from this extremity of danger."

Don Beltran, meanwhile, was by no means free from

serious apprehensions; for callous indeed must be the heart, which sinks not at the appalling scene displayed by an earthquake such as this. Yet the agony of his previous state of suspense, while in momentary expectation of the arrival of his sentence, was so intolerable, that any change of circumstances was welcomed as a reprieve. Even this awful convulsion of nature was, to him, far preferable to the stillness of his solitary cell, with the attendant horrors of reflection on approaching death, by the hands of the executioner. A ray of doubtful hope gleamed through his mind, on hearing the fall of the adjoining walls; and it brightened into exultation, as he saw the arch of the dungeon window give way and fall outwards, together with the iron grating which had been interposed between him and liberty. Without a moment's delay, he dragged the heavy table from the centre of the cell, where it stood, to the wall beneath the window; springing hastily on it, he forced himself through the opening, regardless of the imminent danger of being crushed, in his passage, by falling stones and rubbish. Fray Nicolas eagerly called on his former penitente to assist him in making his escape; but Don Beltran turned a deaf ear to his confessor's entreaties. Letting himself drop into the inner court of the prison, he passed unchallenged through the gateway, which Rodil had omitted to secure, and mingled with the crowd in the Plaza.

Far different were Peñuela's feelings, at that moment, from those of the affrighted multitude. He scarcely heard their piercing cries of "Misericordia!" he scarcely noticed the ruined buildings, which were even then falling around him. His thoughts were occupied by his miraculous preservation from an ignominious death, by the very means which had made so many widows and orphans in the same moment of time. He could scarcely believe that his escape was any thing but a dream, until he unexpectedly found himself close to Miranda, so lately his judge; but who now, awe-struck by the calamitous event, which had converted the anniversary of triumph into a day of mourning, either saw him not, or wasted not a thought on him as he passed. Don Beltran was aroused, by this rencontre, to a sense of the necessity for his immediate concealment, and flight from Caracas, nay even from Venezuela, if it were practicable. He therefore hurried, through the most unfrequented streets, towards the Calle de los Capuchinos, with the intention of securing as much gold and other valuables as he could conveniently carry away; and then, of making his escape from some of the small ports on the coast, to the Havana, or any West Indian island to which he could most readily obtain a passage.

When he reached his house, he stood for some moments as it were panic-struck, and scarcely capable of recognising it, so completely was it reduced to ruins. Although he might have been prepared for such a sight, by the universal destruction he had witnessed elsewhere, it had made scarce any impression on his mind, occupied as it was with exultation for his escape. As he made his way with difficulty through the corridors, towards a subterranean apartment in which he kept his iron chest, he was surprised to see his son Joaquin's horse standing saddled in the inner court; and a stout carriage mule, with a baggage saddle, tied to one of the orange trees. He listened, in expectation of hearing voices, supposing that the Rotozos had already found their way hither in search of plunder. Hearing nothing, however, he was proceeding to disinter his concealed treasure; when he distinguished the heavy blows of a hammer, echoing along the deserted corridors. He advanced to the entrance of the vaulted closet, and looking in, saw his son Joaquin busily employed in the endeavour to burst open the lid of the iron chest.

Young Peñuela started on seeing his father; but immediately explained to him that, supposing him to be still in the prison, he had thought it expedient to remove the property as soon as possible to a place of security. This, he observed, was doubly necessary, both as a precaution against robbers, and against confiscation by order of the Junta, which there was sufficient reason to apprehend. Don Beltran commended his prudence, but intimated his desire that the chest itself should be conveyed to a solitary ravine in the neighbourhood of the city; and disclosed his design of escaping from the mainland as soon as possible. He therefore sought out his most important papers, and a casket of valuable jewels, which were concealed in a private recess in the vault. Having secured them in the chest, he placed it on the mule with his son's assistance, and lashed it tightly to the pack-saddle with a halter that lay near; covering it carefully from the curiosity of passengers, with a covering of tanned hide. The staircase, leading

to the rooms above, had fallen in; but Don Beltran contrived to reach the upper corridor, with the assistance of a bamboo ladder, which he brought from the out-houses. Having entered the bed-rooms, he filled two travelling trunks with his own clothes, mingled indiscriminately with those of his son and daughter, and lowered them by a rope into the court-yard. He then ordered his son to bring another mule and horse from the garden, whither they had all escaped on the falling of the stable; which, however, being a mere bamboo shed, had not injured them materially. When he had loaded the second mule, he disguised himself in a peon's poncho, which he found in the corridor; and, mounting his horse, took the road to the country, leading the mules, and followed by his son.

It was nearly sunset before they reached the retired *quebrada*, in which Don Beltran proposed to conceal his treasure until his departure. After unloading the mules, and depositing the iron chest, in the bushes, he directed Joaquin to remain there until his return. He then rode to Caracas in quest of provisions for their journey; as well as to make enquiries concerning the fate of his daughter.

He was determined to make her a companion of his flight, provided she had not yet taken the veil; and this he believed by no means improbable, considering the time at which the earthquake occurred; for it must, in all likelihood, have interrupted the ceremony of initiation. For this purpose, he rode, directly on reaching Caracas, to the house of Doña Gertrudes; who, he concluded, would be more capable than any other person of giving him the required information.

He found that a temporary shed had been erected, with the assistance of the neighbours, in the garden among the fruit trees; and had been rendered as comfortable as possible, under existing circumstances, by such articles of furniture, belonging to the house, as had escaped damage. Don Gabrino, the chaplain, who not only considered himself in peril from the fanatic followers of the royalist monks, but was also apprehensive that his presence might endanger his sister, had fled to the army in the Egido. Miranda had formed a bivouac there; and had been joined by the members of government, and all civilians who were favourably inclined to the cause of La Patria.

Doña Gertrudes and her protégée ran eagerly out of the shed, on hearing the trampling of a horse in the garden, supposing Don Carlos had returned; but they paused on seeing Peñuela, whom they scarcely knew under his disguise. He thanked his kinswoman, drily and formally, for the care she had taken of his daughter; and declared that his object, in disturbing her at that unseasonable hour, was to relieve her of a burthen, which must necessarily be embarrassing to her, in the present state of the country.

"Surely," said Doña Gertrudes, "you will not separate us! Whatever may be your views for yourself, your daughter can be no where safer than with me. Far be it from me to advocate disobedience in a child; but at her age she requires a mother's care, and permit me, at least until more favourable circumstances,—"

"It is impossible, Doña Gertrudes!" interrupted Peñuela; "the arbitrary and tyrannical conduct of the existing government renders it inexpedient for me to reside in Venezuela; and I think it my duty to take my children with me, wherever I may wander, that they may be educated in the principles of loyalty, which could never be instilled into them here. When my native land returns to its allegiance,—and I trust the time is not far distant,—I may again revisit it; but not until then. Meanwhile, you must excuse me, if I insist on preserving that subordination in my own family, which, I grieve to say, has been completely subverted throughout Venezuela."

Maria del Rosario heard with sorrow, but with acquiescent humility, his determination thus arrogantly asserted; and tears, which she in vain strove to repress, flowed fast as she turned to embrace Doña Gertrudes. While Peñuela went in search of a pillion for his daughter, she gave vent to her feelings without restraint. Her kind friend, although deeply sympathising in her affliction, reminded her of the necessity of obeying her father's will without a murmur; and encouraged her to hope for a speedy meeting, under happier circumstances. She failed in her attempt to console her; but succeeded in calming her agitation, and enabling her, on her father's return, to prepare to accompany him with composure, and little apparent reluctance.

The females of South America then invariably made use of pillions on a journey; and the custom is still continued in many parts of that country. Maria del Rosario was therefore mounted in this manner behind her father,

closely muffled in a capote; and soon found herself, for the first time, in the lonely environs of the city after night-fall. Don Beltran spurred forward in silence; and in a short time left the level high-road, and crossed the uneven country towards the ravine, in which he had left his son Joaquin. The moon was rising; otherwise it would have been difficult, even for an experienced guide, to have found the way, after leaving the beaten track. The inequalities of the road were so great, that the horse, although one of the stout active Llanero breed, found considerable exertion necessary, in scrambling up the small eminences. When descending them, he was compelled to slide down on his haunches, bringing with him loose stones and gravel; so that Maria del Rosario, totally unused as she was to travelling in that manner, was kept in constant terror of falling.

They at length reached a wood of lofty *caoba* trees, beneath which the wild guava bushes grew so thickly, that the travellers could scarcely keep their seat; even by stooping under the branches, and occasionally deviating from the narrow cattle track, which led to the mountain stream. To add to the novice's terror, the forest, of which this wood formed a part, abounded in *javali*s, or wild hogs; and, as the horse started at the small droves, which repeatedly crossed the path in search of wild fruit, her fancy magnified them into panthers and jaguars. The notes of the nocturnal forest birds, also, terrified her with the harshness of their abrupt, ill-omened song. The metallic tones of the *darra*, or bell-bird, rang through the glades at measured intervals, precisely resembling in sound a small convent bell, tolled for midnight devotion; and the *tucúqueri*, or eagle-owl, screamed almost articulately from the branches of the *congrisa*.

The sound of a rivulet was now distinctly heard, as they approached the ravine. The horse suddenly stopped short, snorting as he appeared to reconnoitre an abrupt descent through the dark underwood, which Doña Maria apprehended to terminate in some precipice. Being roused by the spur, he plunged forward, and slid down the bank of the quebrada, for so it proved to be, crashing through the brush-wood and matted creeping plants in his descent. Here Don Beltran dismounted, and lifted his daughter from the pillion; assuring her that she had not far to walk, but that the roughness of the road would render it unsafe to trust any longer to the horse's feet. Maria del Rosario could see that she stood in the gorge of a ravine, through which a considerable torrent foamed in the rainy season; but its place was now merely occupied by a diminutive rivulet, which could scarcely struggle through the rocks and stones, brought down by the annual rains, from the mountains. Huge forest trees, whose roots were partially undermined by wintry torrents, stretched their massive trunks and spreading branches across the ravine, almost excluding the light of the moon; while the lofty and hollow banks, which were in total darkness, resembled caverns, from which the trembling novice half expected to see banditti sally, as she gazed on the mis-shapen rocks that lay piled on heaps in the gloom.

After proceeding for a short distance along this toilsome road, in uninterrupted silence, except when the horse's iron-shod hoofs rang through the hollow glen, as he stumbled over the smooth round shingles, they reached an abrupt angle in the narrow channel of the torrent, where a fire was blazing briskly under a steep rock. Don Beltran, who appeared absorbed in thought, had omitted to prepare his daughter to meet any one in this desolate retreat. It was therefore with no small feelings of surprise that she heard him say, as they approached the cavern,—"Joaquin, I see, has been preparing a comfortable spot for our reception. You have but seldom met your brother, Rosario! since first you entered the convent. It is time you should become better acquainted; for you are about to undertake a long journey together."

The brother and sister had indeed been brought up so completely apart, (as is not unusual in the country,) that she felt even more embarrassed by this abrupt introduction, than if he had been a perfect stranger. He had never visited the convent during her novitiate, and his time had been passed in a totally different circle from that in which she had moved, during the last month, while under the care of Doña Gertrudes. Joaquin, on the contrary, appeared little affected in any way by the meeting. He offered his sister the seat he had been occupying, on a fragment of rock near the fire, as formally as though she had been a mere acquaintance; and immediately turned away to examine the provisions which Don Beltran had brought with him; declaring he had never in his life felt such an appetite. The *alforjas* were found to contain some slices of dried meat and bread, besides a calabash of that aguardiente, commonly known

by the uninviting name of *chido*, from the flavour it acquires in the goat-skin bottles in which it is kept. Don Beltran advised his daughter to partake of this homely fare, which was all he had been able to procure at so late an hour; acquainting her at the same time, that he designed to proceed on the journey they had before them, as soon as the horses which had brought them thither should be rested. She declined taking any refreshment; but the father and son, whose appetite had not been impaired by the fatigue and anxiety of the day, commenced an attack on the provisions; having occasionally recourse to the calabash, as a valuable auxiliary against the chill night air, which began to be keenly felt.

When they had finished their repast, they again saddled their horses, which had been browsing on the young shoots of the culegui cane under the banks of the ravine. Then, bringing forward the iron chest from its place of concealment, they laid it as before on one mule, and fastened the trunks on the other. Don Beltran seated his daughter once more on the pillion, and mounted before her. Joaquin, looking gloomy and discontented, at the misfortune that had reduced him to the station of a peon, rode forward, leading the two mules, and took the road into the interior of the forest.

CHAPTER IX.

MORNING.—THE INDIAN HUT.—THE CREOLE OF CURAZAO.—THE SCHOONER.

The moon rode high in the heavens, when they left the Quebrada del Tucueri; and as they proceeded farther into the recesses of the forest, they met with less interruption from the underwood. The mahogany trees, also, of which it was chiefly composed, were of a more majestic size, and situated much farther apart from each other, than in the outskirts; for towards these the wood was spreading, and was consequently of a later growth. The mighty monarchs of the forest appeared to disdain all meaner competitors; and the soil in which they grew, exhausted, as it were, by sustaining their gigantic frames, seemed incapable of nourishing a blade of grass, or any thing possessing vegetable life, except enormous fungi and dusky lichens;—the reptiles of botany.

The first gray streaks of dawn became visible, as the travellers emerged from the forest, and entered on a series of grassy glades, surrounded by copse wood, extending between it and the villages of Leon. Numerous herds of red deer were leaving the thickets, and spreading themselves to graze along the borders of the savanna; while the shrill crow of the cock of the wood, and the piercing scream of the wild turkey, were heard from the pomegranate trees. There was, nevertheless, none of that refreshing coolness, which usually renders the morning hour so delightful, even in the hottest climates. Not a breath of air waved the long savanna grass, nor rustled through the leaves of the morichi palm; and, as the sun rose higher, its rays were cast with unmitigated splendour on the unsheltered plain, which the travellers were crossing. The oppressive sultriness, such as generally follows, as well as it precedes, an earthquake, determined Don Beltran to pass a few hours beneath the first shade that should offer itself. The horses and mules gave evident signs of fatigue; and although Maria del Rosario forbore to complain, her father could judge, by her flushed cheeks and parched lips, that some refreshment more suited to her habits than that which he had provided for the journey, and a short siesta in the shade, were absolutely necessary for her.

They were coasting along the edge of an extensive tract of sand and gravel,—which had apparently overwhelmed this part of the savanna at some remote period, swept along, probably, by a long forgotten inundation, or suddenly poured forth, from the bowels of the earth, by some devastating earthquake,—when Don Beltran suddenly broke the melancholy silence that excessive thirst had caused among them.

"Queen of heaven!" he exclaimed; "there is water at last. Keep up your spirits, Rosario! a few minutes longer, and we shall assuage this bitter thirst that oppresses us."

The novice looked in the direction her father pointed; and, though her eyes were inflamed and dim, with the scorching heat of the atmosphere, which had deprived both them and her lips of all moisture, she fancied she saw distinctly a clear pool, scarcely agitated by a gentle breeze, that broke into waving lines the shadows of the neighbouring palm trees. She faltered thanks to her patron saint for this unexpected prospect of relief; and would have wept for joy, but that her tears appeared dried in their source. To reach the spot where the lagoon ap-

peared to be situated, they were under the necessity of turning off from the beaten track, into the heavy sand and shingles round which it wound. The horses and mules, instead of pressing forward instinctively, hung back, in spite of spurs and blows; and, at last, stood obstinately and determinedly still.

Joaquin Peñuela, irritated at this delay, dismounted, and set off on foot to fill their calabash. His father and sister too much fatigued to follow him, watched him with anxious eyes, as he walked slowly towards the lagoon. He appeared to enter it; but did not stop to draw water. He passed on, and walked completely through that which they still believed to be a clear pool; and yet, to their unspeakable surprise, he did not throw himself down eagerly to drink, as they felt that they must have done in his situation. His father called him impatiently, and he turned: but it was to dash the calabash to the ground with gestures of fierce disappointment. He caught up handfuls of sand, which he threw violently from him, to show them that he had at length discovered, on seeing the same delusive appearance before, behind, and around him, that the supposed lagoon was the production of that tantalising illusion, the deceitful *mirage* of the desert.

Don Beltran now comprehended why the beasts were so determined against proceeding in this direction. Their instinct, a more unerring guide than man's boasted reason, had warned them that, by leaving the path, they would wander farther and farther from their usual halting place, where alone water was to be procured.

He accordingly directed Joaquin to turn with the mules towards a *mata* of palms, a few miles off the road; and after a tedious journey over the dusty plain, which appeared to lengthen as they toiled along, they discovered a small Indian hut, built among the trees which they were approaching. By the herd of cows that were ruminating in the shade, they knew it to be one of the *cancicos* attached to some large dairy farm. Their approach aroused two or three stout bony tiger-dogs, of the Cumana breed, from their place of repose beneath the projecting eaves of the cottage. As these guardians of the herd rushed furiously forward, resenting the intrusion of strangers, a little Indian boy, more than half naked, sprang up from a miniature hovel, in which he had been lounging in all the luxury of indolence, together with a whole litter of young brothers and sisters; and hurried to the rescue of the travellers. By means of a small sling, from which he hurled pebbles with true Indian dexterity, he drove the dogs slowly and sulkily back to their lair. From thence they long viewed the strangers askance, couched in the attitude of attack, as that most natural to them, with jealous looks and stifled growls, before they became in some degree reconciled to their unusual appearance.

The mother of the family, who was busied, with her oldest daughter, pressing curds into small round baskets, neatly plaited of palm leaves, came forward on hearing the sound of the horses' hoofs. The usual salutations being exchanged, she welcomed the travellers to her cottage, and invited them to dismount; but previously handed them a capacious calabash of fresh water, which had been hanging in the breeze. She lifted Maria del Rosario from her pillion, kissing her on each cheek, as she led her under the cool roof, which, besides being shaded by the spreading morichis under which it was built, was covered with the broad leaved zapallo and calabash, with golden and white flowers; these useful vegetables having climbed up the posts of the shed, and spread themselves entirely over the thatch. There were no walls to exclude the breeze from the savanna, except round the small *apozento*, within which a candle was kept constantly burning before a gaudy coloured print of Nuestro Sára del Carmen, surmounted by a small crucifix of brass. The whole of the partition around this shrine was gaily decorated with brilliant feathers, wild birds' eggs, and stuffed humming birds hung in festoons. This division of the cottage, although bearing the name of a bed-room, had never been profaned by being put to that use; and was neatly enclosed by a lattice work of bright yellow canes. It contained, among the other few valuables of the family, a small carved chest of black mahogany; from which their Indian hostess now hastened to take a neat hammock of grass net, as white as cotton, which she hung up for the accommodation of her fair guest.

Don Beltran and his son unsaddled their horses and mules, and entrusted them to the care of the two eldest boys, who volunteered to take them to drink at a neighbouring pool. The urchins mounted with the activity of monkeys, on obtaining permission; congratulating

themselves on their promotion to the important post of grooms, with a grin of delight, seldom to be seen even among the younger branches of their saturnine race. The travellers then entered the house, and found their hospitable hostess spreading a low table with plantains, cheese, and milk in small white calabashes; lamenting, at the same time, the absence of her husband, who, she said, would have been proud to assist her in showing attention to her guests. When they had concluded their meal, she pointed out to Don Beltran and Joaquin two swinging beds, made of dressed skins, cut into a sort of net-work, that were suspended beneath the palm; recommending them to refresh themselves by a siesta. She also produced a curtain of woven grass, which she sprinkled with water, and drew close round the hammock in which Maria del Rosario was reclining, to screen her from the sand flies. She then returned to her occupation, which the travellers' arrival had interrupted, under the cool shed she used as a dairy.

Never had the hours of siesta appeared to the novice to pass so rapidly, for never had she felt such need of rest: she was, however, considerably refreshed, when her father again summoned her to resume her journey. Their Indian hostess absolutely refused to accept of any remuneration for her attention, except a few cigars, which Don Beltran left for her husband, and a scallop of Santa Clara which the novice hung round her neck at parting. Another tedious track of savanna land remained to be crossed; and it was not until late in the evening, that they began to ascend the range of low hills, between the level country of Cataveral and the sea-coast.

The port which Don Beltran had selected as being one at which he ran but little risk of interruption in making his escape, was the small fishing village of Los Bagres. It was built on the side of a narrow creek; and was frequented only by coasting piraguas, and small droguers from the neighbouring islands, which used to touch here occasionally for the purpose of trading or smuggling. Both terms were indeed synonymous at the coast of Tierra Firme, except at the larger ports. Although Peñuela had no reason to apprehend pursuit, considering the state of commotion in which he had left Caraccas, the imminent danger he had already undergone induced him to be as cautious as possible. He therefore left his son and daughter in the first cottage at the entrance of the village; and rode on alone, in secret of the captains of some little vessels, whose masts he could see above the huts.

It was not long before he found out the *cancha* de baile, (which was also the dancing-house and only place of public entertainment in the village,) by the sounds of mirth and revelry that proceeded from it, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The *cancha* itself, with its smooth earthen floor sprinkled with white sand, occupied one end of a large oblong shed, open at the sides, and thatched with leaves. At the farther end of this *cancha*, was a pulperia, or shop for the sale of sundries;—chiefly aguardiente and tobacco. In the centre, which was by far the largest compartment, was a crowded assembly surrounding a few dancers; who were amusing themselves and the spectators with a fandango, to the music of a harp, two or three vihuelas, and a choir of singers, partly volunteers, partly hired.

Don Beltran called on one side the pulperia who was busily engaged supplying his clamorous guests, in the dancing-shed or the *cancha*, with calabashes of punch for the men, and copitas of liqueurs for the females. On enquiring if any merchant sailors were there, he was directed to the pulperia, where he found three foreign masters of droguers, seated apart from the natives, smoking long negro cigars, and rivaling each other in copious libations of aguardiente chivato. Two were mulattoes from the island of Trinidad, who had crossed the Boca del Sirpiente in their small sloops, and were returning freighted with cane spirits distilled on the Main. These were then in considerable request at the plantations on the neighbouring islands, for the purpose of making up into rum for the European market. The third was a white, or rather tawny, Dutch creole of Curacao, who had just landed and sold a cargo of dry-goods from his first trader, and was in readiness to return.

Lodewyk Sluiker was exactly the schipper suited to Don Beltran's purpose. The phlegm he inherited from his Teutonic ancestors, had moderated in him the alertness and inquisitiveness of the creole, to a good humoured insouciance, which rendered him the most accomodating being possible, in the way of business. He was ready to do any thing for an employer,—provided it would not give him too much trouble;—and to sail to any part of the West Indies,—where he was in no danger of the

custom-house,—without asking inconvenient questions, and “for a consideration.” Peñuela therefore easily struck a bargain with him, for a reasonable sum, to convey himself and two other passengers, with their luggage, to the neutral island of St. Thomas; for no offer could induce Lodewyk to hazard his schooner at any port under the Spanish flag. Don Boltran therefore returned in search of his son and daughter; and Sluiker proceeded to collect his “*zwart schelms*” of negro sailors, who were enjoying themselves, with all the thoughtless hilarity of their nation and profession, at the fandango. Previously to embarking, Peñuela endeavoured to dispose of his horses and mules; but could meet with no purchaser in the fishing village. He therefore gave them to the skipper, who entrusted them to the care of the *pulpero*; declaring they would make him an excellent venture to Curacao on his return.

Every thing being prepared for hauling out of the creek, the schooner was brought alongside a small jetty, and the passengers embarked by the light of a lantern, which Kapitein Lodewyk held for their accommodation. The honest skipper, notwithstanding his habitual indifference to every thing which did not immediately interfere with his own affairs, was surprised to see so young and lovely a female about to embark in a craft so void of all accommodation as his; especially in company with men, of whom he could entertain no favourable opinion, from the clandestine manner of their leaving the country. However, the doubloons he had received were good; and the lady, whoever she might be, made no complaint. He therefore prudently determined to say nothing on the subject, except to express his fear in his provincial jargon, half Dutch and half Spanish, that the poor young lady would be but uncomfortably situated on board the droguer.

His apprehensions, to confess the truth, were not without foundation; for the vessel was one of the long Havana schooners, built chiefly for sailing, with but little draught of water, and running away to nothing under the counter. Consequently the cabin, if the little berth abaft the mainmast deserved the name, had barely room for two persons to stretch themselves on the lockers. Lodewyk however insisted, before he would cast loose from the jetty, on accommodating his lady-passenger in the best manner possible. Having wrapped a boat-cloak round her, he seated her on the companion; and jumping down below, handed up a binnacle, a liquor case, and several pea-jackets and foul-weather hats, &c. which lumbered the berth. He then earnestly advised her to go below out of the chill night air; comforting her with an assurance, that as soon as the schooner should be clear of the creek and in the fair-way, he would knock down the bulk-head which separated the cabin from the after-hold. As the latter was empty, she would then have plenty of fresh air, and even room to walk about, if she felt disposed.

He appeared to consider no apologies necessary to Don Boltran and his son; merely warning them, as he saw this was their first passage, to keep their feet out of coils of rope, and their heads from under the boom, when the main-sail jibed. At the elder Peñuela's request, he lowered the iron chest into the hold, making no remark on its weight, which was considerable, except desiring the men to stow it right amid-ships, and close to the keel of the main-mast, for it was enough, he said, to throw the droguer out of trim. He also made room for the trunks, on the cabin floor, under the swinging table.

The tide having begun to ebb, Sluiker sent two hands in the jolly-boat to tow: the lights in the cottages at Los Bagres rapidly receded, and at length totally disappeared. The scene was so perfectly new to the passengers, who had remained on deck, that they exchanged scarcely a word, as they leaned on the companion, gazing at the shores, which were indistinctly seen as the creek widened. Not a sound was heard around, but the slow splash of the oars in the boat ahead; with the occasional “Orrah!” of the negroes pulling, which echoed for a few moments across the surrounding level land, and then died away in the distance. Lodewyk, who stood at the helm, now recommended his passengers to descend into the fore-hold; where, he informed them, they would find a few spare sails, on which they might rough it comfortably enough until day. They gladly followed his advice, and soon forgot the novelty of their situation in repose.

CHAPTER X.

LA GUAYRA.—THE REINFORCEMENT.

Don Carlos and his friend Lorenzo Tovar arrived at La Guayra, soon after the reveilles had ceased beating, on the morning after the earthquake. They found that, although the buildings had shared to the fullest extent in that dreadful visitation, there were, nevertheless, no symptoms of that factious and mutinous tendency in the inhabitants, which threatened the capital with the horrors of civil war, in addition to the fearful misfortune which had already befallen it.

As is generally the case, in sea-port towns on the Spanish Main, there were but few *rotos*, or idlers of any description, in La Guayra, in comparison to the numbers infesting the inland towns. The majority of the inhabitants, too, being merchants and manufacturers, were personally interested in the maintenance of order, and could at any time command a sufficient force, composed of their immediate dependants and peons, to put down any disturbance, which might threaten mischief to their interests and property. Besides, the garrison was necessarily stronger than that maintained at Caracas, La Guayra being one of the principal ports in Venezuela; while, on the contrary, the friars were few in number, and by no means an influential class among a population, whose habits were decidedly those of military and seafaring men.

The governor, Don Ygnacio Cordovez, his house in the Recova having been destroyed, was lodged under a marquee in the arsenal. He was an active bustling little creole, who had risen by means of the revolution from the desk of a writer, to the dignity of brigadier and military commandant of the port. Conscious of his original insignificance and unimposing stature, (for he was far below the middle size,) he made it his study to conceal these defects, by an affectation of busy importance, and by assuming the airs of a martinet.

The young men found him, notwithstanding the early hour at which they arrived, in full uniform, booted and spurred. He was busily engaged superintending the drill of several awkward squads, which had been assembled for that purpose in the arsenal, that they might be more immediately under his own inspection. Most of the drill sergeants were Spaniards, prisoners of war, who had volunteered into the patriot service, to avoid the *casas matas* and public works. These men might readily be recognised as veterans, by their scarred and weather-beaten features, as well as the rigid perpendicularity of their figures, and their stern, sonorous enunciation when giving the words of command. Nevertheless, the governor took repeated opportunities of disapproving their mode of drill, and correcting the faulty positions prescribed by the old school of tactics, after which they were modelling the recruits. This species of interference was very little to their satisfaction or edification, it might be presumed, by the ill-dissembled scorn and contempt which they evidently felt for their officious creole instructor.

Don Ygnacio Cordovez desisted from this his favourite occupation, on seeing an aide-de-camp of General Miranda approach him. Returning Sepulveda's salute, with much courteous dignity, he begged to know with what instructions his respected “friend and comrade” had been pleased to favour him. On being fully acquainted with the unpleasant state of affairs at Caracas, he broke out into bitter invectives against the whole fraternity of lay-brothers, whom he characterised as dangerous enemies to tranquillity, and drones of the commonwealth.

“It is fortunate for Venezuela, Señor Edecan!” said he, “that I have uniformly exerted myself to maintain discipline in this garrison. Had it been otherwise, the state of the republic would have been indeed critical. I sincerely hope Miranda will at length take warning, and attend to the advice I have so often had the honour to give him, to banish every *cogite-rasgado* from the country. Ayudante Nuñez! let the garrison immediately get under arms. I myself will select a reinforcement for the capital.”

While the fort-adjutant was executing his order, the governor invited Don Carlos to his quarters, to refresh himself after his journey; directing Tovar at the same time to join his regiment, which, he observed, was one of those he designed to detach. Notwithstanding the

foppiness of the little brigadier, he was a rigid disciplinarian; and before he and his guest had finished their early meal of fish and coffee, to which both brought soldiers' appetites, the adjutant reported the troops in readiness.

Sepulveda now learned, on enquiry, that in consequence of there having been no ceremonial of the anniversary the preceding day, the garrison of La Guayra had left the churches previously to the earthquake; consequently very few were killed; and those chiefly by the fall of barracks and hospitals. He was provided with a fresh horse from the governor's own stables; and accompanied him to the Plaza, which was surrounded by regiments in open column, and marching order. Having wheeled them into line, Don Ygnacio addressed them in a high-flown speech, as was his constant custom, touching their duty as soldiers and patriots; and concluded, by acquainting them with his intention of detaching half the garrison to the assistance of their comrades at Caracas, who were in danger of being overpowered by the intrigues of the friars.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the troops than this declaration. They saw a prospect of exchanging the tedious uniformity of garrison duty, for the excitement and variety to be found in a campaign. As a very strong prejudice against the friars existed among the military, whom they had taken every opportunity of vilifying and reviling in their sermons, the troops entertained hopes of having it in their power to “feed fat the grudge they bore them.” It was, therefore, with exultation that the grenadiers de Barlovento and the Cazadores de Aragoa, heard themselves appointed as part of the reinforcement; and their fellow soldiers secretly envied them, as they marched past to the savanna outside the city, where three corps of cavalry were formed in readiness to accompany them. The governor ordered each horseman to take a foot soldier on behind; and having given the senior colonel his directions, wished the detachment success, and returned into La Guayra.

The soldiers had little or no baggage to encumber them; and the stout, active creole horses, little regarding the extra weight they carried, set off at a brisk trot, which effectually suppressed for a time the inclination which the troops felt, of audibly expressing their joy. But, when they had crossed the level country, and reached the short steep hills of the Corraña, where they were occasionally obliged to dismount, they gave full vent to their glee in national songs, which, as was customary on a march, they sang in alternate chorus, each regiment in turn taking up the wild melody. After a few hours halt on the borders of a wood, situated about half way between La Guayra and the capital, they proceeded with renewed spirits and animation. Towards evening, they reached the heights of El Texar; from whence they could see the groves and plantations round Caracas, and the few remaining spires and turrets of that once splendid city, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

From hence Sepulveda, who had hitherto ridden beside Lorenzo Tovar, spurred forward to apprise his general that the reinforcement was approaching. He learned that the scanty remains of the garrison had been attacked, the night before, in their bivouac on the Egido, by the infuriated zealots of the city, whom the friars had stimulated to insurrection. These had been joined by the *rotos*, who fought solely for plunder; and by the numerous royalist citizens, who had long been desirous of a similar opportunity of reinstating the Spanish government. The patriots had lost their field pieces, on which the mob had thrown themselves in all the irregular and irresistible fury of fanaticism; and Miranda had found himself compelled to retire, with his diminished army, to his own Quinta of Girasol, situated about a league from Caracas, on a gentle ascent towards the hills overlooking the city.

As it was late when Sepulveda arrived, he was detained by a picket of cavalry, stationed at the bottom of the avenue leading to the house, until he was recognised by the commanding officer. As he proceeded in quest of Miranda, he passed through the well known pleasure grounds, so strangely altered from their former rural appearance, in the few hours during which they had been occupied by troops, that he could scarcely be

lieve them to be the same. The rose bushes and pomegranates had been cut down and cleared away, in many parts, to make room for the infantry to pile their arms; and the neat white paling, which formerly encircled the lawn, had been broken up for fuel, and lay in heaps near the numerous fires that blazed in every part of the shrubbery. The ornamental summer houses were converted into officers' quarters; and had by that means escaped the general havoc. But the very state of preservation in which they remained, formed a sad contrast to the surrounding scene; and forcibly recalled the idea of former happy meetings held on the same spot, when no sounds intruded but those of the guitar, and the still sweeter voices of the lively Caracqueñas. The lawn, too, in front of the house, so often lightly trodden by the feet of merry dancers, was trampled by the carbineers' horses, picketed in rows, and was littered with heaps of sugar cane and maize leaves, which the foragers had brought in from the neighbouring plantations.

The Quinta, which was spacious, and built after what is usually styled in South America the Italian fashion, was of one story high, and had consequently received but little damage from the earthquake. The wide corridors running round the house were occupied by the staff officers, and principal citizens who had accompanied Miranda. The interior was entirely appropriated to the accommodation of the ladies belonging to patriot families, who had been compelled by the disturbances to fly from the city, and take refuge in the camp. Miranda had been that day invested with the authority, though not the title, of dictator, by the unanimous voice of the Junta Gubernativa. He had, notwithstanding, called a council, composed of all his fellow-citizens of talent and experience who were present, to consult them on the line of conduct to be pursued under the present emergency. The arrival of Sepulveda relieved them from a principal part of their anxiety; for they had been exceedingly apprehensive of a similar popular movement at La Guayra, which would have at once introduced Monteverde and the Spanish army into the heart of Venezuela. They were, therefore, rejoiced to hear, that every thing was tranquil at the port; and Miranda, ordering another of his aides-de-camp to meet the approaching reinforcement, and direct it where to encamp, dismissed Don Carlos, to take the repose of which he concluded he must stand in need.

Among the attendants of the staff, Sepulveda saw his own servant Gaspar, who was loquacious in his expressions of joy, at once more seeing his master; and informed him, that his uncle the chaplain was at the other end of the corridor. Don Carlos found him comfortably seated on his trunk, which he had taken the precaution to bring with him from the city. He was surrounded by a party of young officers, whom he had invited to partake of a plentiful supper, provided him by the foragers; for the creole soldiers uniformly esteemed and respected the secular clergy, as much as they detested and despised the friars. Two of the cavalry picket, stationed at the Quinta, had volunteered their services as cooks and waiters. They were standing in the middle of the upper circle, with carbines slung and sabres by their sides, holding the wooden spits on which they had roasted the abundant contribution made for their chaplain, consisting of several different sorts of fowls, and entire joints of kid. Don Gabriano himself was doing ample justice to the good fare. Animated, rather than depressed, by the novelty of the scene, he was chattering and laughing as merrily as if he had been seated at the head of his own table, at his peaceful curato of Maracay.

On seeing Sepulveda approach, all made room for him with kind greetings. His uncle started up, and embraced him affectionately; insisting on his sitting down and joining them, before he would allow him either to make any enquiries, or to relate any news. When supper was over, and the guests had dispersed to enjoy their cigars, and to rest from the toils of the day, Don Carlos anxiously enquired after his mother. His uncle assured him that she was safe, and comfortably situated in the Quinta; but that she had been so much harassed and fatigued of late that it would not be advisable to disturb her before next morning. While Sepulveda was hesitating, and unable to pronounce the name of her who was ever present to his thoughts, Don Gabriano continued: "In addition to the recent serious alarms my sister has experienced, both from the earthquake and the insurrection in the city, she feels most keenly the sudden separation from her protégée Maria del Rosario. Don Beltran, her father, has escaped from

prison in the confusion, and has fled from the fate he richly merited, heaven knows whither, taking his daughter with him. It is a thousand pities the poor girl had not already taken the veil. She would, in that case, have been out of his power; and what can she expect but wretchedness from accompanying an outlawed, self-banished traitor?"

Don Gabriano continued his relation of events which had occurred; but his nephew heard no more. "That banished, that one word banished," sounded like the knell of his long-cherished hopes. Ever since he had last seen Maria del Rosario, he dwelt with delight on every circumstance of his snatching her from such imminent peril, at the chapel of the Monjas Claras;—at so critical a moment, too, when she was on the point of pronouncing the irrevocable words that were to divorce her for ever from the world;—and had suffered himself to believe, that he who had been permitted thus to save her life at the risk of his own, was also destined to protect, and render happy, the life so miraculously preserved. His first thought was, how she might be traced; but he recollected his duty, and the perilous state of affairs, in which his country claimed his best exertions. He, therefore, compelled himself to attend to the worthy chaplain, who, encompassed in a thick cloud of smoke, from his only luxury, a *cigarro puro*, and deeply interested in the occurrences he was relating, had failed to observe the complete abstraction of his nephew. Don Gabriano continued to descant on the wiliness and treachery of the friars; and the danger to be apprehended from Monteverde, should he receive intelligence of the state of the capital, which the chaplain likened to a house divided against a house.

"Far be it from me," said he, "to think evil of any community; but these monigotes, Carlos! are notoriously dangerous to the well-being, nay, to the existence of a free republic. Their ignorance and superstition stand in need of the support of some paramount authority; without which, the fraternity are conscious that they must every where sink into disrepute and decay. At the same time, the slavish principles of passive obedience, which they have imbibed in their cloisters, render them apt and willing agents to restore, by every species of intrigue, a tyrannical government, such as we have just succeeded in shaking off. Our situation, however, has at length come to a crisis; and Miranda has declared his resolution of banishing from Venezuela these demagogues, as soon as he has assembled sufficient force to attack the mutineers. Troops have already arrived from Valencia and Vitoria; and Zaraza has sent an express to announce his approach with a strong guerrilla. I therefore suppose the attack will be made on Caraccas to-morrow."

"The sooner the better. We have long been inactive; and I desire nothing better than a charge on the Godo canalla, backed by those treacherous friars, who have chosen the hour of Venezuela's greatest distress for their revolt. But surely Miranda overrates their force; or he is far more cautious than usual. For my own part, I should say there are enough men bivouacked on the Quinta,—without reckoning the reinforcement from La Guayra,—to chastise the insurgents."

"You speak like a hot-headed youth, Carlos! The *rotozos* alone are at least four thousand strong. Add to these the discontented citizens, and concealed *Godos*, besides the Capuchins, Mercedarios, and Agustinos Descalzos;—I understand the prudent Dominicans stand neutral, as usual;—and you will find that a swarm of wasps has mustered in the city, far more numerous than your wisdom calculates on. They are all armed, from the deserted barracks and arsenal; besides possessing the field pieces they took from us last night. Our reconnoitring parties report, that the principal avenues to the city have been strongly barricaded, for which purpose there are indeed ample materials; so that, come when it may, the struggle will doubtless be sanguinary. Meanwhile, son Carlos, I will detain you no longer from your rest; for we shall both be roused pretty early in the morning with drum and bugle."

Sepulveda took leave of his uncle, and retired to a corner of the corridor, where his servant had prepared him a soldier's couch of straw. He threw himself on it, wrapped in his capote; and his melancholy thoughts long kept him waking; but sheer fatigue, that never failing opiate, at length lulled him to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BIVOUAC—THE GUERRILLA CHIEFS—THE INSURGENTS.

The Quinta of Girasol, at which were the temporary head quarters of the patriot army, had always been the

favourite resort of innumerable singing-birds. They used to find shelter from the sultry heat of noon, so oppressively felt on the plain of Caraccas, in these groves surrounding the spacious pleasure-grounds; and coolness in the rivulet, which murmured through them from the hill above. They were now driven from their accustomed haunts, by the unusual confusion and clamour of troops; and none had dared to welcome the dawn with their cheerful song. In their stead, the trumpets of the carbineer guard, echoing through the corridors, broke the calm silence of morning with their animating reveille; and were answered, by the bugles of the infantry, from the opposite shrubbery. The busy hum of the armed multitude was next heard, as the troops sprang from their rude couch, and formed in lines along the "pleached alleys," and among the clumps of rare flowering shrubs, which ornamented the Quinta.

Miranda mounted his horse and rode out, attended by his aides-de-camp, to visit the neighbouring reinforcements, and to superintend in person the necessary arrangements for the attack, which he designed to make that day. While returning from this tour of inspection, he was met by the veteran General Zaraza, accompanied by three or four subordinate leaders of guerrillas. These chiefs, as well as their venerable looking general, were dressed in the usual costume of the valleys; loose cotton shirts and drawers, dark coloured ponchos wrapped about the middle, broad palm-leaf hats with gaudy plumes of feathers, sandals of raw hide, and heavy silver spurs. Their weapons were carbines and pistols,—silver mounted and plain,—of various patterns, and evidently the spoil of hard fought skirmishes; with old-fashioned Spanish dragon pouches, buckled tight round their waists. Each carried a *machete*, or short cut-and-thrust sword, in an embroidered belt, slung over the neck and under the left arm. They wore their hair cropped so close on the crown of their heads, that it appeared to have been lately shaved; from which fashion the patriots derived the nick-name of *Chocutos*, by which they were usually designated in the royalist camp; but it floated loosely over their foreheads in long curls, which were drawn back on each side from the temples, and twisted behind the ears. A large queue, or rather club, of long straight hair, profusely anointed with *mantea de cacao*, and plaited with the greatest neatness and attention, hung down over their shoulders. Their horses had as wild an appearance as themselves; not a hair of their flowing tails or manes having been thinned, since they were first caught in the savanna. But their clean fetlocks, and slender well formed limbs, showed no symptoms of the clumsiness which might have been expected, on a first view of their untrimmed condition.

On seeing the commander-in-chief, they spurred forward to meet him with a shout of welcome; and reining up their mettled chargers close to him, with a sudden violence that almost threw them backwards on their haunches, they embraced him by turns. They then drew back among the aides-de-camp, who were following, highly entertained at the unceremonious manners of their new associates, and saluted them after the same fashion. Zaraza, who was in some degree more polished, merely raised his *sombrero* to Miranda: and, as the morning breeze waved his thin gray locks, the old warrior addressed his brother general, with all the animation and hilarity of youth.

"A fine morning this, camarada Miranda! for opening a campaign. I am here, you see, punctual to the very hour I promised to join you; but I have had smart work to collect my guerrilleros. My foot has scarcely been out of the stirrup since we parted; except while changing horses. All my people were scattered among their farms, at the maize harvest; and I had to ride as complete a *rodeo*, as ever I did on my estate, when driving in young cattle to be branded."

"Welcome, friend Zaraza! you have indeed exerted yourself with your usual spirit. How many, rank and file, have you brought me from the valleys?"

"As near as I can guess, camarada!—for you know we guerrilleros keep no muster-rolls like regular troops—my own *mozos* from the neighbourhood of Barcelona are about six hundred. Riquelmen, Gutierrez, and Rina, bring from four to five hundred each; and my comrade Zedeño's corps, which was cut up so severely near Barquimeto last year, hardly two hundred. Truly, there may be above two thousand."

"Very well; and now the question is how to victual them; for we have as yet no commissariat."

"It is unnecessary, amigo! We passed a farm belonging to the frailes Capuchinos, on our way; and we took care to supply ourselves with beef enough for to-day. To-morrow we shall have settled the whole affair with

the *cogote-raspados*; and my *mozos* will separate, every man to his home."

By this time they had reached the Quinta, where Miranda found the troops still under arms, and waiting for his orders. He directed them to leave their ranks, and prepare their morning meal; but to be in readiness to fall in at a moment's warning. While the general was busied in receiving reports, and issuing orders for the day, Sepulveda took the opportunity of enquiring for his mother. He found her in one of the long *virandas* overlooking the pleasure grounds, in conversation with her brother Gabriano, who was excepted, as chaplain, from the strict order issued, prohibiting the officers from intruding on that part of the Quinta occupied by the ladies. The balconies were filled with *Caracaqueños*, who looked with interest on the busy scene around them, and chatted merrily with their brothers and *cortijos* beneath; finding a great source of diversion in the temporary separation to which they were subjected, and the novel bustle and parade of a camp.

The Godo party, meanwhile, which had possession of the city, had taken every possible precaution to ensure the success of the counter revolution they had commenced. They had already despatched messengers to Cartagena, to solicit assistance from Monteverde; who, as they well knew, had lately received a strong reinforcement from Cadiz. In full confidence of being speedily succoured, they resolved to make a vigorous resistance against all attempts to dislodge them. The seditious friars laboured incessantly to keep the enthusiasm of their partisans at its proper pitch, by inflammatory harangues; and the wealthy royalists, many of whom had flocked to the Spanish standard, which was ostentatiously displayed from the ruins of the capital, were lavish in their distribution of money among the populace.

Every man who lives in a revolutionary period, either has been, is, or hourly expects to be, a soldier. Consequently, there was but little difficulty in hastily disciplining the insurgents, few of whom were totally unacquainted with the use of arms, so as to render their services as a body available. Several hundred Europeans were scattered among them, who had formerly belonged to the Spanish armies. They had been permitted, by the mistaken lenity of the patriot government, to settle in Caraccas, and even, in many instances, to hold confidential situations, after having surrendered under capitulation in different parts of the country. These men's military skill and experience in warfare, joined to the national antipathy they, as Europeans, bore the creoles, and the personal feelings of rancorous hatred, which, as conquered royalists, they entertained towards the patriots who had humbled them, eminently qualified them to serve as officers among the motley assemblage, which they encouraged by their presence, and animated by their example.

The friars had also sent emissaries among the neighbouring plantations, for the purpose of stimulating the slaves to a revolt against their masters. This unprincipled measure, which was subsequently productive of the most horrible results, was but partially successful at this early stage of the war; for the slaves on the Main, whose treatment was, by many degrees, milder than that experienced by the same class on the islands, for the most part resisted all attempts to corrupt their fidelity. Nevertheless, a considerable body was collected, among the most worthless and depraved of this degraded race; and was armed with lances, machetes, and long knives, as there was no leisure to drill them to the use of fire-arms.

Although the commanders of the insurgents had ventured to lead out their forces on one occasion, in which they had surprised the patriot troops, they had even then met with so warm a reception, that, although finally successful through overpowering numbers, they were deterred from again trying their strength, in the open field, against their disciplined opponents. They were contented to entrench themselves in the Plaza and the neighbouring ruined convents, in a manner which the friars pronounced impregnable. But the veteran Spaniards shook their heads; and doubted whether the raw recruits, whom they saw around them, would be able to make good such breastworks, when vigorously attacked by regular troops.

The command of the whole had been entrusted, by unanimous consent, to Fray Pablo Oyarzun, a capuchin, well known throughout Caraccas as a factious demagogue. His Herculean limbs would have better become the cuirass and helmet of a dragoon, than the coarse gray tunic and *cerquillo* of a friar; and his strength of lungs, and vehemence of declamation, had rendered him popular as an orator at seditious assemblies. This sturdy member of the church-militant had not entirely discarded his monastic habits, in assuming the office and authority

of general; for he still wore the white sandals and dark-hooded frock of a capuchin. But the latter article of dress had been repeatedly rent, by climbing among the ruins of the city, and by his strenuous exertions while assisting to build the barricades; so that it barely reached down to the knee. Instead of the usual knotted girdle of his order, his tunic was bound round his waist by a broad buff leather belt, which held a horseman's sabre, and a brace of brass-mounted pistols. His shaven crown was covered by a helmet, stripped from one of the patriot carbiniers, who had been killed in the Plaza by the mob, during the first effervescence of the popular commotion. The bushy red beard, which he wore in compliance with the rules of his order, gained him, among the insurgents, the appellation of "*el Padre Bastidor*," from the resemblance it gave him to a Spanish pioneer.

Powerful as his influence was among those of his party, and little as he scrupled to enforce his authority by the most approved method of "*pan y palo*," he could not succeed in keeping the *rotozos*, on whose exertions the cause mainly depended, in such order as was desirable. The number of private houses, with well-stocked cellars, as well as of public chop-houses, which had been abandoned, and to which they had unrestrained access, had given them such favourable opportunities for intoxication, as they could not resist. Patrols of their more sober companions in arms were incessantly employed collecting them from the chicherías and wine-houses, in which they indulged in their Bacchanalian propensities; totally forgetful of the attack there was every reason to expect, so soon as Miranda should have mustered a sufficient force.

The alteration in the clothing of the *rotozos* was another cause of no small embarrassment to their commandant and his subalterns; for the appearance, at a distance, of an irregular group of them, dressed in their borrowed plumes, frequently alarmed the pickets in the Plaza, with the idea that a party of the enemy had entered the city. Some few were contented with wearing the cavalry and infantry uniforms, which they found in barracks or government stores, and on the bodies of soldiers who had been crushed to death during the earthquake. By far the greater number, however, dressed themselves in the gaudiest suits they could plunder, in the houses belonging to members of the *Cabildo*, and in the wardrobe of the theatre. Even the gaily embroidered and spangled dresses of the bull fighters had been put in requisition. As these realised the *beau ideal* of splendid apparel, in the eyes of the mob, they became the cause of many single combats with the knife; and repeatedly changed owners in the course of the day. This prevailing passion for gaudy decorations was confined to adorning their persons from the waist upwards. They preferred the *guayuco* and loose *calzoncillos*, far beyond trowsers or pantaloons; and the few among them, who were tempted to wear shoes or boots, soon laid them aside, in despair at the cramping and chafing occasioned by such unnatural incumbrances.

If their appearance was grotesque, their deportment on parade, when they could be persuaded to attend, was such as deeply mortified and scandalised their more saturnine instructors. It was not that they were stupid soldiers; for they caught the manual and platoon exercise, from their drill-sergeants, with apparently intuitive readiness of apprehension; and kept step as correctly as might have been anticipated, from their national fondness for music and dancing. But their utter aversion to remaining steady in one position, and their propensity to whistle, and even to sing "*La Cachupina*" and "*El Fraylejon*," while standing in the ranks, perpetually annoyed and insulted their Spanish leaders, both priests and laymen. Nevertheless, as their co-operation was of great importance, until the expected reinforcement should arrive from Cartagena, it was considered expedient to connive at these irregularities, and to keep the *rotozos* in good humour. Such was the condition of the insurgents within the city, whom Miranda was preparing to attack.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ASSAULT—THE CHINGANERA.

The hour appointed for the assault at length arrived; and the patriot army moved forward, in silence and by devious routes, from all the points in which it had been encamped; so as to enter Caraccas by different parts of the environs. The forces within the city, being chiefly raw recruits, headed by inexperienced officers, had given themselves up to their customary indulgence of the *siesta*, as Miranda had foreseen. Repose, at that hour, was considered by them such a matter of course, that they

never dreamed of the possibility of its being interrupted in a hostile manner. They had reckoned on less securely on the *siesta* being held sacred, than both contending parties used to calculate, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, on every sabbath and saint's day being observed as temporary cessations of arms.

The Cazadores de Aragon, who attacked by the street leading from the plain of the Egido, in conjunction with the *Gronaderos del Barlovento*, surprised the first picket they came to; the sentry, who was seated with his musket between his knees, dosing under the shade of a projecting roof, being disarmed before he could spread the alarm. Having secured the prisoners in their own guard-room, the troops proceeded unchallenged along the Calle del Marquez, through solitary streets. They might have supposed the city to be altogether deserted, were it not for the sounds of merriment and singing they occasionally heard, while passing the door of some chicheria, within which a party of *rotozos* was carousing. As they entered the main street leading to the Plaza, a single shot was heard in an opposite quarter. The leading files halted for a moment, and held their breath to listen. It was followed by a heavy, but irregular discharge of musketry, such as an undisciplined body of men would fire on a sudden alarm; and instantly after, close volleys, as of platoons, pealed in measured time from the same direction.

"*Viva la patria!*" exclaimed Lorenzo Tovar, who commanded the advanced guard. "Our comrades are hard at it already. Double quick march."

The whole column immediately trailed arms, and advanced at a rapid pace, along the wide Calle Real. The sound of firing was now heard in two different quarters; and the "*Vivas*" of the assailants were mingled with the cries of the alarmed insurgents. At the same time, the great bell of the Franciscan convent, near the Plaza, which was one of the few large edifices that had escaped with little injury, was tolled in the abrupt startling peal commonly called "*Plagaria*." The Cazadores were within a hundred yards of the breast-work raised across the corner of the square, when a flash issued from the muzzle of the field piece, which was planted in the centre of the barricade, and the report shook the tottering walls on each side of the street. Fortunately for the assailants, the gun had been elevated above point-blank; and the shower of grape hissed harmlessly over their heads, instead of sweeping the foremost files before it, as the insurgents had designed.

When the smoke cleared away, Tovar found himself close to a small party of Spaniards, who were actively loading the gun for a second shot. He cut down the man who was ramming home the cartridge; and his followers, scrambling over the breast-work, bayoneted those who were defending it. They were soon checked, however, by an unexpected heavy and well directed fire, from a strong body of *rotozos*, stationed in the rear of the barricade; and they suffered severely, whilst their comrades were swarming up to their support. The smoke of this volley shrouded them for a while; and enabled them to form with little farther loss, except such as was sustained by chance shots. The moment it cleared away, the Cazadores rushed forward with the bayonet, supported by the grenadiers, who had reached the scene of action by a parallel street, and had entered the Plaza at the same moment, over the adjoining breast-work.

The *rotozos* withstood the charge for a moment; wavered—and broke their ranks; crowding confusedly into the ruined cathedral, where they once made a desperate stand behind the fallen pillars of the aisles. They were closely pursued by the Cazadores; and the sacred walls re-echoed the pealing volleys of musketry, the shouts of the combatants and the shrieks of the wounded. The Spaniards, who had headed the insurgents, alone stood firm. When forced from the spot they had defended, by the press of assailants, who were too eager in pursuit of the fugitives to observe them, they rallied round the fountain in the centre of the square, from whence they kept up a destructive and unobserved fire.

The runaway slaves, on whom little dependence had been placed, and who had not been entrusted with fire-arms, were stationed in the courts of the palace and prison, from whence they at first looked on, with their usual apathy, at the destruction that raged before their eyes. The patriots were pouring in at every corner of the Plaza, and the insurgents were flying in confusion through the ruined buildings, and endeavouring to gain the neighbouring churches and convents. Fray Pablo Oyarzun, who had proved himself in the late *melée* as able a swordsman as an orator, threw himself into the midst of the slaves, and called to them to follow him; reminding them of the consequences of falling into the

power of their enraged masters. This appeal effectually aroused them. Having wrapped their ponchos round their left arms, they drew their long knives, and rushed headlong into the thick of the fight, with a yell of "To the knife!" grappling their antagonists with the ferocity of panthers, and inflicting the most desperate wounds, before the troops were aware of their sudden attack.

The *rotos* in the cathedral, who fought with renewed confidence from their sheltered position, had succeeded in repulsing the *Cazadores*. Being supported by the handful of Spaniards, who had collected on the steps of the fountain, they pressed forward on the patriots with a despairing effort, that bid fair to turn the fortune of the day. At that moment, loud shouts of "*Alza Zaraza!*" were heard; and the aged chief, mounted on a spirited charger, cleared the barricade beside the corner of the palace at a single bound, and galloped into the Plaza at the head of his guerrilla. One charge decided the day; for the *rotos* instantly threw away their arms and dispersed. As for the revolted slaves, although they fought to the last, and even when trampled beneath the horse's hoofs, stabbed at them with their long cuchillos, they were hemmed in, and fell, one by one, with all their characteristic and ferocious stubbornness.

The patriot troops, maddened by the excitement of the protracted conflict, pursued the fugitives from street to street, and from ruin to ruin, until they reached the Alameda: where the carbiners, and the reinforcement of cavalry from La Guayra, arrested their flight, and completed the havoc of the day. Quarter was neither sued for nor offered; and the slaughter was followed up as unrelentingly, as is usual during civil war. It was remarked by the soldiers, that not a single friar had fallen in the Plaza. When first the firing became general, they had fled through the cloisters of the cathedral to their convents, and had concealed themselves, every man in his cell, from the vengeance of the enraged patriots. Miranda, who entered the square towards the close of the engagement, and observed the exertions of Fray Pablo, whose helmet had been struck off in the conflict, leaving his shaven crown exposed, gave repeated orders to have him taken alive. Nevertheless, he eluded all the soldiers' efforts, exhibiting such prowess, that few dared cope with him single handed; and when he saw the guerrilla arrive, he cut his way to the gate of the cathedral, where his pursuers lost all traces of him.

The bugles now sounded the signal to recall the scattered troops to their respective corps; and by Miranda's orders, the army was marched to the upper end of the Alameda, where it bivouacked. As there was no further duty for him to perform that night, Sepulveda left the party of staff officers, who were eagerly discussing the events of the day, and strolled slowly down the broad walk. The tall dark poplars still overshadowed the path, uninjured by the concussion which had laid towers and palaces low; and appeared silently to assert the superiority of the works of nature over those of art.

With the feeling of melancholy pleasure, which usually attends us when visiting the scenes endeared to us by recollection of former happiness, Sepulveda seated himself on the same rude stone bench, which his mother and the novice had occupied but three nights before. He would have given worlds to recall that evening; and, as he thought of the Indian minstrel's song, he unconsciously repeated in a low voice the refrain—

"No mo olvides nunca! No mo olvides, no!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he started, at hearing a guitar close behind him, repeating the notes of the air, in the same plaintive cadence in which he had so lately heard it played. He turned hastily, and saw the Chinganera who had so particularly addressed herself to him the other evening. She was now clad in the coarse dark poncho, and blue *justin*, of her tribe, without a trace of the theatrical dress, which she had adopted when he last saw her. Nothing was more common than to see those of her wandering race, at all times, and in all places; and they were well known to affect a mysterious interest in the affairs of any, whom they believed to be kindly disposed towards them; availing themselves of intelligence obtained by their restless curiosity, either for the purpose of fortune telling, or to show their capricious gratitude. Yet her sudden appearance on this spot seemed so closely connected with the subject of his previous thoughts, that Sepulveda waited for some moments, half expecting to hear from her some interesting communication. But, as she stood perfectly still and silent, he addressed a few words to her, in commendation of the presence she had displayed, in warning his companion of the approaching earthquake.

"Such warnings are easily given!" said she; "there

is not a child in my tribe, but knows what calm sultry weather, and a sudden falling of the water springs, portend. But no one will place confidence in an Indian's word. The wisest of you all, when assailed by calentura, or wounded by the rattle-snake's fangs, have recourse to us without hesitation. But, as the earthquake rolls by and is no longer remembered, so the fever is cured, the poison is extracted, and the Indian is forgotten. Yet it is not in these alone that we have skill. Will you have a proof, Carlos Sepulveda? I know her, on whom you were this moment thinking; and can tell whither she is gone."

"With my name, at least, you appear well acquainted. But if you have learned any thing of Doña—that is to say, of any one for whom you suppose me to be interested, tell me at once all you know."

"Suppose! I know it well. Did I not watch your looks that evening, as you leaned against yonder alamo? And again, when I sang the *dispedida*,—could I miss seeing to whom you applied each word? Nay, more;—you saw not me in the chapel of the Monjas Claras, although I knelt beside the same pillar; but I saw you, when you burst through the lattice, and bore away the novice in safety. I escaped death, by following your steps; and I never lost sight of her, as long as her foot was on her native soil."

"Heavens! has she then left Venezuela? Where did you last see her? and with whom?"

"Her father took her from your mother's care. I followed them to the Quebrada del Tucueri, where her brother,—as I judged from the resemblance he bore to her,—was in waiting with horses and mules. From thence I traced them to the *conuco* of the Indian Jose Chanapas. While they slept the siesta, I crossed the savanna of Cañaveral, in the direction I observed they were taking. I reached the fishing village of Los Bagres before they entered it; and overheard an agreement made by the father with a foreign sailor, to convey them in his bark to Santo Tomas. But whether they are gone to the town of that name on the broad Orinoco, or to an island beyond sea which they talk of on the coast, I could not then learn. Be it which it may, I shall know before we meet again; for nothing can long remain a secret to our wandering race."

"Tell me at least, Chinganera! before you go, whence it is that you take such an interest in me, and in—"

"And in Maria del Rosario Peñañela, you would say. I know it appears incredible to white men, that Indians should remember benefits; and yet they wonder not at gratitude in their dogs. Your alms of the other night were not the first, by many, that I had received from you; and when your mother saw me resting under the trees in her garden, the evening of the earthquake, she did not order me to be turned out, as others would have done, but sent me food. That was a sufficient motive for me to serve her and hers. As for the journey to Los Bagres,—I must have wandered somewhere, for my home is not in cities, but in change of place; so that it mattered little to me which way I turned. And now, farewell! When I next see you, it shall be to warn you, that you are about to become a wanderer, as I am. Last night the moon darkened a bright star in her path. When was that seen, and a revolution in Coquibacoo failed to follow?"

As she spoke the last words, she turned from her attentive auditor, and disappeared among the neighbouring gardens.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DROGUE—THE PIRATE.

Don Beltran and Joaquin Peñañela had been so soundly lulled to rest, after the fatigue of the preceding day, by the gentle motion of the schooner, while crossing the straits of Cubagua, that they did not awake until they had passed the island of Margarita, and were abreast of the Siete Hermanos rocks. The little drogue began to feel the swell of the Caribbean sea, as she cleared the group of lesser Antilles. She now rose in livelier bounds on the waves, which curled under the influence of a light trade wind; and the motion effectually disturbed the passengers' rest; although Kapitein Lodewyk would not have exchanged it for that of the easiest pacing mule on the Spanish main.

When they came on deck, they found Maria del Rosa-

* An occultation of a star, (by the moon,) is a phenomenon universally believed in South America, even among the upper classes of society, to portend some approaching revolution. Under the Spanish government, it was supposed to predict the death or disgrace of a viceroy.

rio already there. The schipper, who had ascertained from his cabin-boy that she was awake, had prepared her a seat on a hencoop, covered with his boat cloak, and lashed to windward of the companion, near which he stood at the helm. He had also recollected that there was some Curazao chocolate on board; and having made some himself, he had brought it to her in a silver-mountain cocoa-nut, with some cazada bread; lamenting at the same time, that he had not brought some milk and eggs for her use. The freshness of the sea air, and the novelty of the scene around her, had effectually chased away all the languor and wretchedness she had felt on first embarking. With the elastic spirits of youth, she had reconciled herself to leaving her native land, as to an inevitable misfortune; consoling herself by the reflection, that it was her duty to accompany her father in his exile. Lodewyk Sluiker, notwithstanding his national and professional roughness of manner, could not help feeling interested for her. He endeavoured to entertain her, as he would have amused one of his own children, by pointing out to her the remarkable head-lands as they passed; not forgetting comments on their usefulness, as marks for such and such a harbour. He also called her attention to the flying-fish, as they bounded and fluttered along the ridge of a swell; and to the man-of-war bird, cruising with motionless outstretched wings, as if floating on the eddies of the breeze.

When Don Beltran and his son appeared, Sluiker gave the helm into the hand of an old gray-headed mulatto, with directions to keep a clean full; and advanced to enquire how they had rested. On learning that the schooner's motion rather disagreed with them, he produced a case bottle, and recommended "a morning dram" both by precept and example. He then desired the black cook, who was busy at the galley fire, to bring the breakfast aft; and a plentiful repast was soon spread before him, consisting of fish and yams, turtle's eggs and plantains. His passengers, it is true, did little honour to the provisions set before them; but the worthy schipper found appetite for all. Not content with this marvellous triumph, he endeavoured, as is usual in such cases, to argue his guests out of their indisposition, and to persuade them that it existed only in their imaginations; assuring them, that if they would but eat heartily, all their ills would vanish, as if by magic. Finding them, however, obstinate and incredulous on this point, as landsmen usually are, he betook himself to his long criollo cigars, which he owned, might almost be rigged as sliding-gunter-poles for his schooner, in case of need. As he leaned against the mainmast, so that the smoke might annoy his last passenger as little as possible, he began a series of what are usually termed *tough yarns*; interrupting them occasionally, by giving necessary directions to the man at the helm.

As the day advanced, the breeze hauled a few points more round to the southward, so as to blow perfectly fair, and, towards evening, they could see the small groups of Aves islands, right ahead on the horizon. Several vessels had passed in different directions during the day, to the great delight of the novice; and she had been for some time looking over the stern at one that appeared to be bound the same way, as it was coming rapidly up with the drogue, under a press of canvass. It was a long top-sail-schooner, with taunt tapering masts; and its deck-ware plainly seen to be crowded with men. The helmsman, of whom Maria del Rosario asked some trifling question about this vessel, turned a careless eye upon her; but after looking steadfastly at her for a few moments, he called to the schipper, that a suspicious looking stranger was overhauling them, hand over hand.

Lodewyk broke off in the middle of a long story, and snatching the spy-glass out of the binnacle, reconnoitred the vessel astern; but soon threw aside the glass, exclaiming "Stranger? Ik ken 't schip too well. It would swear, by de bruin patch in his voor topsail, dat 't is 't roover of 't Bahamas! Ik heb vallen in mit hant many a time, bevoore to-day, but never so far to windward as dis. Go below and hide thyself in myn berth. Do you, cavalleros, kruipen onder 't zeils in 't holt. Ik heb zien no man on deck, except myself and 't scheep's volk, he will pass 't droguer medoot noticing her: but ik fear he is too *wauk-zaam* voor dat."

There was no necessity for him to repeat this advice for his terrified passengers retreated instantly on hearing the alarming intelligence. Lodewyk hastily bent a small Dutch ensign to the halyards.

Contrary to his expectation, the schooner *clowed* up her top-sails, hauled down the jib, and passing the stern of the drogue, rounded to abreast of her without halting. When her way through the water was checked, a boat was lowered from the stern davits, and being manned

with half a dozen hands, besides several sitters in the stern sheets, was pulled towards the droguer. When the boat came along-side, several rough looking marauders, of various nations, and hues of complexion, stepped on board, with cutlasses and pistols in their belts. Their leader, who appeared fitted by his muscular frame, and ferocious expression of countenance, to rule such a lawless band, shook Lodewyk heartily by the hand, addressing him familiarly as "old shipmate;" and demanded to know what passengers he had on board, and where he had stowed them. The schipper was hesitating whether he had better own to the fact, when his deliberation was cut short by the pirate, who said he had already seen them.

"Never think of denying them, old Sluiker! I keeps too bright an eye to windward to be deceived; so let the gentry coves tumble up slick to muster directly, or I must send somebody for them. I should have passed your droguer without overhauling her, for old acquaintance sake, if they had kept the deck manfully; but such hasty diving below looks tarnal suspicious."

Lodewyk, who trembled for the safety of his female passenger, made haste to call Don Beltran and his son from their place of concealment. They hesitated so long to obey his summons, that the pirate became impatient, and with a volley of oaths and denunciations of vengeance on their obstinacy, ordered two of his men to "jump down into the hold, and turn to, to start on deck every mother's son they could find." Scarcely had they dropped through the hatchway, when a joyful shout announced their having discovered a prize in the iron chest.

"Pass down a running bowline!" cried one of them; "and stand by to rouse this here yapper on deck. Never mind the passengers this bout! I suppose they are coiled away under some of these sails; but we have made a better land-fall."

All those who had remained in the boat, left her in charge of the bow-man on hearing this welcome news, and crowded round the hatch-way, to assist in hoisting out the chest, the weight of which proclaimed its value to be considerable. When it lay before them in the gang-way, they announced their success, with three hearty cheers, to their shipmates, who had climbed into the schooner's rigging to watch their proceedings. While they were busied lowering it carefully into the boat alongside, their captain called Sluiker aside.

"I guess," said he "old schipper! you can have no interest in that there kist; or perhaps I might endeavour to save you some part of it. I shall always remember that we two have been on the account together formerly; and although you are now in a quieter line of business, still you have it in your power to be useful to us occasionally. Tell me honestly, Lodewyk, have these passengers of yours got any thing else of the right sort? If not, I will boom off with my ship-mates, before they think of overhauling your berth; as you may have some little articles of your own there, which you would not like to lose."

As Lodewyk assured him, with not a few oaths in his peculiar dialect, that there was nothing else of value in the vessel, he again shook hands, and stepping into his boat, ordered her to be shoved off. The pirates pulled merrily for their schooner, singing in chorus the well known West Indian canoe song;—

"The captain's gone ashore;
The mate has got the key;
Hurrah! my jolly boys,—
'Tis grog time o'day."

The boat was cleared and hoisted up, and the schooner filled her sails and stood away for the Westward, before Sluiker recovered from his astonishment at this unwelcome visit. Having made sail on the droguer, and given orders for her to be kept her course, he descended to the cabin, and relieved the novice from the dreadful apprehensions under which she had laboured, while the pirates were on board. He found it a far more difficult task to reconcile Don Beltran to the loss of his treasure; and it was in vain that he reminded him of the providential escape he and his family had, from falling into the hands of a lawless gang. The unfortunate emigrant was at first stunned by the suddenness of the mischance that had befallen him; and could scarcely credit the reality of his loss. He soon recovered, however, from this apparent apathy, and awoke to a painful sense of total destitution; with a family too, entirely dependent on him for subsistence, and whom he himself had compelled to wander from their home and native land. He had been comparatively calm during his arrest, and subsequent imprisonment, at Caracas; and had not in reality felt such

terror, in the prospect of approaching death, as now overwhelmed him, when anticipating poverty and wretchedness.

His agonies of mind were truly terrifying to his daughter, who had never before seen him, but as the stern stoical parent, whom she had not indeed been taught to love, but whom she nevertheless instinctively respected. He now appeared to her completely bereft of reason, as he alternately uttered the most violent imprecations on the pirates who had robbed him, and wrung his hands in unavailing regret and despair. She once ventured to approach him, for the purpose of suggesting some thoughts of consolation;—she scarcely knew what;—but he repulsed her with violence, and even fierceness, as if anxious to relieve himself, by a vain attempt to throw the blame of his ruin on any one who came in contact with him. He occasionally appeared to look as if expecting consolation from his son Joaquin, for whose sake chiefly he had laboured to amass his wealth. But although the young man was sensible, to its fullest extent, of the misfortune which had befallen them, his thoughts were thoroughly engrossed by his own share in the calamity; and he sat apart in gloomy silence, without uttering a word betokening sympathy in his parent's distress.

Lodewyk, meanwhile, who had at first offered to return to Los Bagres, and land his passengers, but had met with an abrupt, and, as he conceived, haughty refusal, stood for some time at the helm in silence; conscious, doubtless, that his abilities in consolation were not to be relied on. When he found, however, that the violence of Peñuela's despair had worn itself out, he began, in his own phrase, "to mak 't best of a bad job."

"Come, señor passagier, you must not throw your heart after your doubloons. If't roovers have taken your *geld-kist*, they have left you your zoon and dochter. *Inmiddels*, as you must be a king's man, by your running away just now, you may easily get a passage to Cartagena, or La Havana, where you zal be onder your own vlag, and 't Spaansch government will be bound to maintain you. Of *spanders*, if you prefer coming to anker at Santo Thomas, you zal find plenty of royalist *uitgangers*, who fled from Caracacas last year, and now contrive to make a tolerable living among the *Deensehe*, in hopes of soon returning. You moet do as they do. De jonker, here, your zoon, is stout enough to work vor you all dree; and ik dare say your dochter has learned *borduurig*, at 't konvent, dat zal be useful to her."

Maria del Rosario caught eagerly at this suggestion, and assured her father that her novice had not been passed in idleness; enumerating the different accomplishments she had acquired, such as embroidery, flagree work, &c. which usually form the principal part of a conventual education. Don Beltran rewarded her with a look of affection, the first she could remember his having bestowed on her; and he sighed, as he reflected how little he deserved sympathy of any kind from her, whom he had been on the point of consigning to the solitude of a convent, and who was even now condemned, through his means, to penury and want.

When night approached, Lodewyk cautioned his passengers against the danger of exposing themselves to the cold sea breeze, after the heat of the day; and Joaquin Peñuela retired at once to the hold, where he stretched himself to sleep on the spare sails. Maria del Rosario, whose attachment to her father appeared to have revived, under these circumstances of difficulty and distress, refused to leave him. She drew close to him, as he sat in silent abstraction on the deck of the small schooner, leaning against the weather bulwark; and watched with timid solicitude for an opportunity of whispering comfort to him. He suffered her to take his hand, but averted his face, as if to repel all attempts at conversation; and continued to gaze in silence on the dark extent of the surrounding ocean.

It was a clear starlight night, and not a sound was heard, but the dashing of the waves against the droguer's bows. The novice's thoughts, which had never yet been accustomed to dwell on either the loss or acquisition of wealth, speedily wandered from the subject that engrossed her father's attention, to the peaceful cloisters of the convent in which she had enjoyed uninterrupted tranquillity;—except for one intrusive thought, which she still reproved, yet unconsciously cherished. She thought also of her kind friend Doña Gertrudes; and sighed deeply as she remembered how slender were her hopes of ever again embracing her. If she for a moment recollected her father's recent loss, it was only with exulting anticipation of the services she would now be able to render him, and the additional claims they would give her to that affection she so anxiously coveted.

The droguer glided rapidly by the dark rocks of the Aves islands; passing so close as to distinguish the flocks of sea birds at roost, appearing like regular ridges of white marble. Maria del Rosario gazed on them in her reverie, until they faded by degrees from her sight, and she sank into a profound slumber in her father's arms. Old Sluiker, who had watched her attentively, stepped softly forward, and laid his boat-cloak gently over her. Her father acknowledged his attention by a grateful pressure of the hand; and continued to ruminate, in melancholy silence, on the prospect before him.

He was well aware, that he had no assistance to expect from the Spanish government at Cuba; for he anticipated the observation that would be made, that he ought to have emigrated at the very commencement of the revolution of Venezuela; if he had been a staunch royalist. The secret services he had occasionally rendered to Monteverde had been punctually paid for; consequently he could have no claim on him, as he no longer had it in his power to be useful as a spy. He was also conscious, what slender pretensions a traitor to his country can have to the sympathy even of his employers; and was too well convinced of the profrigacy of a Spanish army, to venture on taking his family with him to Cartagena, as dependants on the bounty of a royalist general. He therefore determined to establish himself at the island of Santo Tomas; and to obtain, if possible, some commercial situation, as a means of support for himself and his daughter.

He had but little hope from the well known indolence and selfishness of his son Joaquin. But he flattered himself that, when the youth should be made fully sensible of the absolute necessity for exertion, the instruction, he had received from the monigte, or at least his bodily labour, would stand him in stead. After several wakeful hours, he at length closed his eyes, and sank into a disturbed slumber, interrupted by dreams, which repeated in vivid colours the misfortune of the preceding day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WEST INDIES.—THE NEGRESS'S COTTAGE.

The first rays of morning awoke Maria del Rosario from her light slumbers; and she gazed around her, unable at first to recollect where she actually was, and by what means she had been transported thither. One glance, however, at the white sails above her, and the blue ocean around, sufficed to remind her that she was indeed an exile's daughter. Her father was still in a heavy, but apparently unsound sleep, his countenance was disordered as if in pain, and his forehead and cheeks were flushed and parched, notwithstanding the coolness of the morning breeze. She resigned to him the cloak that Lodewyk had spread over her; and leaning on the bulwark, contemplated the lovely scenery of the islands to windward, abreast of which the schooner was sailing. To the east, and in the full blaze of sunrise, were seen the naked peaks of Montserrat and Redonda; and more to the northward, the blue mountains of Santa Eustacia and La Saba towered above the neighbouring islets.

The old mulatto was at the helm; and, as he spoke her native language, Maria beguiled the time by questioning him concerning the different islands, with all of which he appeared well acquainted. The schipper at last came on deck, smoking his long cigar, as usual. After kindly expressing a hope, that his fair passenger felt no inconvenience from braving the night air, he proceeded to rouse Don Beltran, muttering Creole-Dutch exclamations of surprise at the heaviness of his slumber. On awaking, Peñuela found himself totally unable to rise, in consequence of severe head-ache and giddiness. To his daughter's great alarm, Sluiker pronounced him on examination, to be attacked by that tropical fever so fatal to Europeans; and scarcely less certainly so to all creoles, who venture to change their place of abode incautiously, or who expose themselves to sudden and violent vicissitudes of weather. In answer to the anxious enquiries of the novice, Sluiker declared that nothing could be done for him, while aboard the droguer, except to shelter him from the sun until the evening; when he observed, they would, in all probability, reach the island to which they were bound. He therefore spread an awning for the invalid across the main rigging, beneath which he provided him with as comfortable a couch, as was possible under existing circumstances; recommending that he should be left undisturbed, and strongly warning the novice against exposing herself to the contagion of the dangerous disease. No consideration, however, could prevent her from attending her father with sincere filial affection. She would permit no hand but hers to smooth his rugged pillow, and to offer to his

parched lips such beverage as could be prepared for him, in so ill provided a vessel.

As the mid-day heat grew more oppressive, the violence of the fever increased; and the raving of the unfortunate emigrant terrified his daughter. Having never before attended a bed of sickness, except that of some meek, penitent nun, gradually sinking into the grave in the full possession of her senses, and surrounded by all that is consolatory in the aid of religion, and soothing in the sympathy of friends, she had formed no idea of, and was totally unprepared to witness, a death embittered by mental and corporeal agony. She vainly endeavoured to soothe, and meet by argument, what she at first believed to be the suggestions of an over-excited mind, irritated by misfortunes to a partial insanity. Even after she had been undeceived by the more experienced Lodewyk, who was unwearied in his attention and advice, she involuntarily started and shuddered, as she heard her name, and that of her brother, repeatedly called on; one while in the most endearing terms, and the next with the bitterest reproaches and execrations, as he confounded in his frenzy the idea of his children, with the recollection of the recent outrage perpetrated by the pirates. Joaquin, meanwhile, sat on the companion, gloomily looking on; but evidently taking no interest in what was going forward, nor in any way attempting to be of the least service.

Towards the afternoon, they entered the beautiful little archipelago, dedicated by the first discoverers, (in allusion, probably, to the richness of the soil,) to "La Virgen Gorda;" and just before sunset the droguer passed the green island of San Juan, and entered the sheltered harbour of Saint Thomas. The arrival of the small schooner excited no attention whatever among the many cheerful parties, that were walking under the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, or seated on the ramparts of the half dismantled inner fort. Although Mario del Rosario well knew she had not a friend, nor even an acquaintance in the world, except at Caracas, yet she felt almost disappointed, that not one among the numbers she saw, had come forward to welcome her. An overwhelming sense of loneliness oppressed her, as the droguer came to an anchor near the landing place. As she looked at her father's helpless condition, and recollected the necessity of removing him to the shelter of some stranger's roof, she hid her face on his couch, and burst into tears.

The schipper, who had been busied mooring his little vessel, and launching his jolly-boat from the larboard gangway, where it had been stowed during the passage, now accosted the novice in as soft a tone as he could assume. He entreated her not to distress herself, for he would himself go immediately on shore; and endeavour to procure a lodging at some emigrant's house. When it was a little later, and the streets were not so much crowded, he said, he and a couple of his sailors would carry the sick man to his new quarters.

The coolness of the evening brought with it the usual temporary remission in the more violent symptoms of the fever. Don Beltran lay in a state of dozing insensibility, which renewed his daughter's apprehensions. She feared it was the precursor of death; and dreaded every moment to see him expire before her eyes, without any attempt having been yet made to save him. She was also embarrassed by the recollection of her father's poverty, and alarmed at the thought of incurring even the necessary expenses attending his removal, as she was totally ignorant whether or not he possessed the means of defraying them. Her brother was at that moment purchasing some fruit from a canoe alongside; and, when he approached her to offer her some bananas, she took the opportunity of enquiring whether their father had any funds with him, to pay for the lodging, and requisite attendance. Joaquin professed his ignorance on that subject; but said, that he himself had a few dollars left from his last *mezda*, which would, he supposed, be sufficient for the present emergency. This greatly relieved her mind; and she waited, with comparatively little impatience, for the arrival of the good-natured schipper.

After a long anxious hour of expectation, Lodewyk returned. He declared that he had in vain offered money in advance, at every house in the emigrants' quarter of the town, and even at the regular boarding houses; for he was obliged to mention his passenger's illness, and that was considered by every one an insuperable objection to receiving him as an inmate. As he found it impossible to conquer the scruples of the white inhabitants, he determined to try the well known hospitality of the blacks; and was successful at the cottage of the first *blanchisseuse*, to whom he mentioned his embarrassment. After promising that the place was small, although other-

wise comfortable, and perfectly clean, he offered to conduct his passengers thither. Maria del Rosario eagerly expressed her thanks; and in the first place he carefully removed the invalid; leaving the brother and sister on board, as the boat was too small to contain them all at the same time. In about half an hour he returned, and invited them to accompany him to their lodgings; assuring them that they would find Don Beltran more comfortably situated, than they perhaps anticipated.

They followed him to the suburb behind the fort. There, on the rise of the hill leading to the plantations, a few neat white-washed cottages stood, totally differing in appearance, and style of building, from any that the emigrants had ever before seen. Maria del Rosario would never have suspected them to belong to laundresses, unless perhaps from seeing the bamboo poles, supporting clothes' lines, in the gardens behind. The path by which they ascended, ran along the brink of a deep ravine, which was the channel for a mountain torrent in the rainy season; but now merely contained a small rivulet, struggling down to the sea through large pebbles and fragments of rock. Some black women were seated on these, even at this late hour, singing in shrill chorus, and banging lustily, with small wooden beetles, the linen they were washing, after the West Indian fashion.

The schipper knocked gently at one of the largest cottages, and the door was opened by an elderly but remarkably erect negress, whose good-humoured smile, and laughing black eyes, welcomed her guests before she spoke a word. It was easy to see, that she had mustered all her little finery, to do honour to her future inmates. She had dressed herself in a scrupulously clean white muslin gown, with light blue ribands; and her shoulders were covered with a bright yellow silk shawl. Her shoes were pink satin; and her white cotton stockings would have been faultless, were it not for the open work of their clocks, which betrayed the sable hue of a daughter of Africa. Her ear-rings were broad circles of gold, set with several ill-shaped and rather yellowish pearls; and a long necklace of gold beads, to which several pieces of Spanish coin, were attached, hung down nearly to her waist. Her hair, which was perfectly woolly, had been tortured into various attempts at plaiting, which projected abruptly like short horns; setting at defiance the efforts of some dozen small tortoise-shell combs, which were stuck into different parts of the *chevelure*.

Lodewyk introduced her as Mama Chepita; and informed Maria del Rosario that her hostess could understand and speak Spanish, as most West Indian negroes can. He then took his leave, promising to return the next day to enquire after the invalid, previous to sailing. The negress kissed her fair guest's hand, and led her through a small porch, into a room floored with bright red tiles. Its neatness astonished the emigrants; for on hearing Sluiker mention a laundress's cottage, they had formed an idea of a miserable *ranchito*, like those they had been accustomed to see at the outskirts of their native city. The windows were, of course, unglazed, on account of the excessive heat of the climate; but they were covered with muslin curtains, of so thin a texture, as to admit the breeze from the harbour, which the cottage overlooked. The chairs were cane-bottomed, and painted in imitation of bamboo; and the table, which stood in the middle of the room, was of dark Honduras mahogany, brilliantly polished. Opposite the door was a small side-board, covered with glass of every description, cut and plain, ranged ostentatiously in rows, from the smallest sized liqueur-glasses, to rummers and sangria-cups. Behind all, towered those tall candle-shades, which are rather necessities than luxuries in a tropical climate, where moths and other nocturnal insects swarm to such a degree, as instantly to extinguish an unguarded light.

Mama Chepita smiled with gratified vanity, at seeing the notice her young guests took of this piece of negro finery, which is rarely seen on the main, although extremely common on the islands. She invited them to be seated on an old-fashioned sofa, covered with a gaudy chintz, which appeared from its lustre, and the stiffness of its folds, to have been just taken out of the antique cedar chest, where it had been carefully laid by for state occasions. Maria del Rosario expressed an anxious desire to see her father, and the negress led her to a small curtained recess at the upper end of the room, where she showed her a neat couch surrounded by mosquito curtains, under which Don Beltran appeared to enjoy a refreshing sleep. In answer to the novice's enquiries respecting medical assistance, Mama Chepita assured her that, unless some unfavourable alteration in the symptoms should occur, it would be needless to call in a doctor; expressing at the same time great dread of the learned faculty, and hinting that Europeans could possi-

bly know nothing about the proper treatment of West Indian fevers. She also pointed to a large glass full of *brevage*, compounded of various herbs which she herself had collected. It stood cooling in the window, close to a jar of that never-failing specific, *anarsajada*; and the negress declared that, with these simples, she would answer for the patient's cure.

Mama Chepita then opened a drawer, in which she had laid Don Beltran's clothes, and gave the novice a purse belonging to her father, containing a few doubloons and dollars; likewise the keys of the trunk, which had been brought from the droguer by two of the crew. She showed Joaquin a small closet next to his father's, which she said was to be his bed-room; and led his sister to a neat apartment under the corridor opening into the garden, shaded by a large tamarind tree. When they returned to the sitting-room, they found the table laid for supper, and attended by a young negress, whom Mama Chepita presented to her guests, as her daughter and their servant. No entreaties could prevail on the hostess to join her guests. She hoped she knew her place better, than to sit in the presence of white people; and pressed them so earnestly to try the fish and tomato, and the *ochra*, that Maria del Rosario, who at first forced herself to partake of those West Indian dainties from a wish to gratify her kind hostess, was soon induced to follow her brother's example, in supping heartily at them. The repast concluded with coffee, which can nowhere be obtained in greater perfection; after which all retired to rest, except Mama Chepita, who declared her intention of sitting up with the invalid until day-break, when she was to be relieved by her daughter Marta.

CHAPTER XV.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.—THE MONK'S TRIAL.

As it became generally known that tranquillity had been re-established at Caracas, the peaceable part of the community, which had fled for safety to the neighbouring villages and plantations, returned to the capital, and employed themselves and their slaves in repairing and rebuilding their shattered houses. At the same time, large bodies of peons were sent in from the country, and were employed by government, together with the soldiery, in clearing away the ruins of public buildings, burying the numerous bodies that lay beneath them, and erecting temporary barracks and store-houses.

Afflicting accounts were daily received at headquarters, from different parts of the united provinces of Venezuela, concerning the damage sustained through the earthquake. Although the inhabitants of the other great cities had not imitated the capital, so far as to break out into open revolt, yet the overwhelming calamity had produced considerable disaffection, and had cast a damp on the spirits of the superstitious;—that is to say, the majority of the population. The situation of the country was rendered still more critical, by reports that had found circulation, relative to the Spanish army at Cartagena. It was generally known, that a strong reinforcement had arrived from Cadix; and it was asserted, and universally believed, that Monteverde had received positive instructions to commence a war of extermination on the infant republic.

The province of Coro, which lay between Caracas and the royalist army, still persisted in refusing to listen to any overtures for joining the union. It was consequently to be apprehended, that the Spanish general would send supplies there, and reinforcements, if necessary, in his march against the capital of Venezuela, which was now daily expected to commence. Miranda therefore exerted himself indefatigably to recruit the exhausted armies of the republic; and to put the dismantled fortresses, on the frontiers, in a defensible condition.

Puerto Cavello, one of the strongest of these, which was also a sea-port town of importance, was entrusted to the command of Colonel Simon Bolivar, a young native officer, whose intelligence and activity had obtained for him a considerable share of the confidence of the patriot government. His natural abilities, which were of a superior order, had been cultivated by a liberal education, rarely attainable by his countrymen; and by travel in Spain, France, and some few other European countries. The garrison under his command consisted principally of volunteer corps, from his native valleys of Aragon. The most distinguished among these was a regiment of cazadores, raised and disciplined by himself, on his paternal estate of San Miguel, near the city of Vitoria; and armed, as well as clothed, entirely at his expense. The officers were all young creoles of the patriot families in the country; and the soldiers had formerly been slaves on his plantation. They had been

freed, to the number of about twelve hundred, when Bolivar was one of the first to set an example of devotion to the cause of liberty, which was subsequently so well followed. This corps was conspicuous, not only for its high state of discipline, but also for its military equipments. It was one of the few in which regularity, in that respect, was at all attended to. The uniform was dark green, a colour well suited to the complexion of most of those who wore it; and on the front of their schacos was first displayed the device, which was afterwards so generally adopted, of "MUERTE, o LIBERTAD!"—Death, or Liberty.

The patriot army could not boast, at that time, of any native artillery officers; but this deficiency was supplied by a number of foreign volunteers. As most of these were either Frenchmen, or creoles of Martinico and Santa Lucia, the term *Franceses* was applied indiscriminately to all foreigners, at the commencement of the revolutionary war.

The guerilleros, commanded by the old chief Zaraza, were necessarily objects of suspicion when bivouacked in the neighbourhood of towns and cities; for their habits of foraging, contracted while on a campaign, were rather difficult to shake off, even when among friends and allies. They were therefore detached by Miranda beyond the lagoon of Maracaybo, towards the borders of the province of Coro. By this politic arrangement, the Venezuelan government reaped the united advantages of harassing their unfriendly neighbours, maintaining a corps of observation in front of the declared enemy, and keeping an useful and efficient, though capricious and irregular, body of men in good humour. It afforded the guerilla facilities of enjoying without interruption those little privileges of war, which must otherwise have been exercised at the expense of their fellow citizens, or, if altogether withheld, would inevitably have led to disgust and desertion.

Zedoño and Monagas, both of whom had previously been peaceable mayor-domos on cattle farms, and had acquired in that active capacity, considerable local knowledge of the country now about to be the theatre of war, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the genius and character of the lower orders among their countrymen, came forward from the upper plains of Barcelona, each with a large cavalry force, well mounted, but merely equipped with lances. The negro chief, Piar, (who was afterwards shot by Bolivar's order in the Plaza of Angostura,) announced to Miranda, that he was in Cumana, at the head of a large army of Pardos, both horse and foot; with which he was ready to join the patriot forces, provided the white officers would agree to receive him and his comrades on terms of equality.

Besides these, several small corps were in motion towards head-quarters, under Bermudez, Mariño, and other leaders, whose enthusiasm, and devotion to their country's cause, it was hoped, would atone for their unavoidable deficiencies in military skill and experience. Lastly, gun-boats of different sizes were prepared in the naval arsenals of La Guayra and Puerto Cavallo, for the protection of those harbours; and the Spanish guardacostas, which had fallen into the hands of the patriots, were fitted out, and manned with volunteers of all nations; so as to be in readiness to cope with any royalist expedition, that might attempt to make a descent on the coast of Caracas.

In the midst of these preparations against the foreign enemy, Miranda had not forgotten what was due to the tranquillity of the interior of Venezuela, which had been so treacherously disturbed by the friars, at the time of the late earthquake. He had kept his intentions, on this subject, a profound secret. The Capuchins and Franciscans, therefore, were thrown completely off their guard; and, believing their seditious conduct to have been entirely overlooked, had again begun to appear in public, and to go their usual rounds as mendicants, which were now more than ever necessary, to collect contributions for the repairs of their convents. Their surprise and consternation were great, when, every precaution having been taken to guard against the recurrence of a popular commotion in their favour, the principal friars of both those monasteries were formally cited to appear before a military commission. This council was ordered to assemble in the refectory of the Dominicans, for the purpose of enquiring into the share the mendicant monks had taken, in the recent disorders in the capital.

The noted capuchin, Fray Pablo Oyarzun, although not particularly designated as a ringleader, was too conscious of the active part he had played, not to be seriously apprehensive of the impending consequences. He therefore endeavoured to make it a common cause among all members of the church, as well secular as regular;

declaring their religion to be in imminent danger, from the daring and unheard-of innovation attempted to be introduced, in summoning ecclesiastics before a court composed of laymen;—nay, even soldiers. He hurried from church to convent, zealously haranguing, and imploring his brethren to unite in resistance to the illegal and sacrilegious citation. The secular clergy, however, felt rather pleased than aggrieved by an event, which promised to chastise the arrogance and encroaching spirit of the friars; while the Dominicans, a wealthy peaceful order, had been previously withheld from joining the agitators, through fear of the consequences to their large estates. They were now therefore still more averse from any collision, direct or indirect, with the existing government.

The smaller monastic bodies, as well as those members of the convents in question, who were not included in the citation, peremptorily declined interfering. The former dreaded the thoughts of identifying their peaceable and insignificant communities with those of their more important and intriguing neighbours. Many of the latter were deterred from openly espousing the cause of their brethren, by a consciousness, that they themselves were in danger of being recognised as their accomplices; and not a few secretly exulted in the prospect thus opened to them, of succeeding to the situations held by their seniors, whose rank, in their communities, had procured for them the unenvied distinction of being selected for examples.

The spacious refectory of the Dominican monastery was fitted up for the solemn occasion, in a style of ornament, which the friars of that order designed to be magnificent and imposing. The walls were hung with white tapestry, disposed in imitation of a tent, as was customary in the convent hall on solemn festivals, and embroidered in compartments, with representations of the principal miracles performed by their patron saint. At the upper end of the hall was a crucifix, ten feet in height, carved and painted with a minute and appalling fidelity to nature. It was supported by a Señora de Dolores, and a Maria Magdalena, kneeling one at each side; and images, as large as life, of Santo Domingo, San Francisco de Paula, and San Antonio de Padua, frowned portentously from their different stations.

The lower part of the refectory was railed off, for the accommodation of such spectators as chose to be present; and, as soon as the court was opened, became crowded with a motley assemblage of clergy, military, and civilians, in their various and distinct costumes. Their deportment, and probably their thoughts, were as widely different as their dress. The officers, although uncovered, through respect to the court, stood "dangling their bonnets and plumes," and jingling their spurs, with an air of importance; casting, from time to time, looks of contempt and hatred on the accused monks, who sat, with downcast looks, on benches ranged along one side of the hall, from whence the tables had been partially removed, to afford room to the court-martial. The citizens, wrapped in their plain burghers' capotes, looked on with interest and curiosity at the novelty; and expressed in cautious whispers to each other, their doubts of the legality, or apprehensions of the dangerous precedent, of such a proceeding, according as their veneration for the monastic fraternity or jealousy of martial law, predominated. The friars appeared sedulous to avoid making themselves conspicuous. With their hoods drawn close over their pale thoughtful countenances, they kept themselves in the rear of the other spectators, shrinking back, with every demonstration of humility, as often as the glitter of lance or the clanging of a sabre on the marble pavement, announced the approach of an officer.

Silence was proclaimed in the court; and Brigadier Cordovez, (who had been summoned from La Guayra by Government to preside in Miranda's stead) first took the usual oath in the prescribed form, and then administered it to the vocales in turn; each of whom, as he swore to decide impartially, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and said aloud, "I swear." The Juez Fiscal first read the commission from the Junta Suprema, by virtue of which the court was assembled. He was proceeding, but was interrupted by Fray Pablo, who rose and exclaimed, "I deny the right of the Junta to give such authority! and I here protest, before heaven and earth, against the competency of any court of laymen, however, and by whomsoever convened, to try ecclesiastics!"

A pause ensued, and the eyes of all present were turned on the daring assertor of the church's privileges. His brethren of the cowl, and fellow prisoners, shrunk from him, as if there were infection in his touch; and ventured not to look up, even to observe what effect his protest had on the court, lest they might be suspected of

coinciding with him in the opinion he had so boldly expressed. The vocales stared in each other's faces, as if doubting whether they had heard right. The more intelligent among them turned over the leaves of that useful manual, styled *Colon de consejos*, but in vain; for this was evidently a case which the learned Spaniard, who is the oracle of courts martial, had not contemplated as likely to occur. The majority, who gave themselves but little trouble concerning the niceties of law, merely twisted their moustachios, and muttered something, scarcely audible, about the usual modest assurance of monks: while one member of the court, less ceremonious than his colleagues, half whistled, half hummed, the well known Carracqueñan song,

"El fraye de la Vitoria es un padre escrupuloso!"

to the undisguised amusement of his junior comrades outside the bar. The little president, Don Ygnacio Cordovez, sidged for a while in a fruitless attempt to be delivered of a suitable reply. At length, having consulted in a whisper the vocales on his right and left, he said, with as much solemnity as his nature permitted him to assume, "This court will not permit the authority of the Junta Suprema to be questioned; seeing it has been recognised by the unanimous voice of the Venezuelan nation. The court pronounces the protest it has just heard frivolous and of no avail, inasmuch as the crime, of which the prisoners stand charged, forfeits, of necessity, their sacerdotal privileges, and renders them amenable to martial law."

On hearing this decision, the members of the court resumed their judicial gravity, and regarded the baffled friar with austere looks. He sat down, and appeared to watch attentively for some flaw in the proceedings of the court, on which he might found his defence. The Fiscal proceeded to read the charges, which were various, but all tending to the same general accusation, of sedition, and rebellion against the republic. Fray Pablo, undismayed by his previous failure, again rose. He demanded to know, with what show of justice he and his brethren could be accused of rebellion, by those who were themselves actually guilty of a revolt against their lawful sovereign.

"Beware, misproud and sacrilegious men!" said he, "how you persist in this mockery of justice. The present state of anarchy, in which Venezuela is plunged, cannot,—be assured! endure much longer. Tremble, therefore, to think what will be your doom, when the towers and lions of Spain shall once more wave over the walls of this city!"

The friar had strangely miscalculated the effect which he had expected to produce by this address. His auditors without the bar, both civilians and military, broke into a confused murmur of disapprobation; and the vocales called on their president to silence the audacious monk. Cordovez, who had acquired confidence from the success of his former harangue, desired him, in an authoritative tone, to abstain from such seditious language: assuring him that the expressions he had permitted himself to use, would have their due weight in the decision of the court. Several soldiers were then called by the Fiscal, and deposited to having heard the inflammatory harangues of the prisoners, whom they identified; describing the effects which their exhortations had produced on the populace. All agreed, in bearing witness to the active part taken by Fray Pablo in the insurrection; and in declaring, that he acted as ringleader of the mob, which the patriot troops found assembled in the Plaza, on the afternoon of the recent attack.

When their examination was concluded, Fray Pablo objected to their testimony being received, on the ground of their being soldiers, and consequently under the direct influence of the court, which he ventured to tax with sinister intentions, in selecting witnesses from among a body of men notoriously at enmity with the friars. He was proceeding to complain, that not a single impartial evidence had been produced, when he was thunder-struck by hearing the name of Fray Nicolas Polillo called, and seeing the portly Confesor del Carcel step forward, and stand before the court.

On being desired by the Fiscal to declare what he knew, concerning the recent insurrection in the capital, as connected with the prisoners whom he saw on their trial, he stated that, on the morning of the late terrible earthquake, he had been sent for to the jail, for the purpose of administering spiritual consolation to a prisoner, whom he understood to be under sentence of death. He had been surprised, while in the condemned cell, by that awful convulsion of nature, by which his life was placed in the most imminent jeopardy; for his *penitente* made his escape through a fissure in the wall, far too small to

admit of his following, and ungratefully left him there to perish, without an attempt at rescuing him.

"In that cell," continued he, "did I pass the remainder of the day, and the entire night, without the least sustenance, (except a few cigars which I had providentially brought with me,) and in momentary dread of perishing by that most horrible of deaths, starvation. However, praised be my patron Santo Domingo, the next morning early, when I was just at the last gasp, between terror and famine, a mob of *rotos* commenced removing the rubbish, which blocked up the entrance to the dungeons, with the intention of releasing some of their fraternity, who, they little doubted, were to be found therein. I contrived to make myself heard, although my voice was feeble through inanition, (as it well might be, after four and twenty mortal hours fasting,) and they burst the door of my cell. But instead of expressing their thankfulness, at being the humble instruments of my rescue from the jaws of death, as it were, they unfeelingly and irreverently scoffed at my misfortune. Nay, one among them,—Avo Maria!—said, with a profane oath, that he would not have toiled so hard, had he known it were a *cogote-raspado*; but that he believed it had been his comrade Bilchez, (a noted highway robber, be it remembered,) who was in the dungeon, under sentence!"

Here the Fiscal interposed; and requested the reverend confessor to confine himself to stating what he knew concerning the prisoners.

"Assuredly, learned sir! I am presently coming to that point. At the head of those ruffians, (I sorrow to say it,) was Fray Pablo Oyarzun; who, instead of rebuking them for their rude deportment towards me, or attempting to divert them from their unlawful design of prison breaking, was comforting and encouraging them thereunto. He also sought to win me over to his party; declaring that he had full authority, from Monteverde, for his attempt to bring about a counter-revolution. He made me many tempting offers, in the name of the royalist government, which, he assured me, would shortly resume the command of Venezuela; but truly I am a peaceable man, and content with my lot.

"More I cannot depose touching this matter; for I forthwith retired to this very refectory, which, I may say with truth, has been my abode during these days of disquiet and alarm; excepting only such hours as I passed in my cell, or in the convent chapel."

Fray Nicolas was then permitted to retire; and the prisoners were called on for their defence. They all expressed their contrition, and threw themselves on the mercy of the court, except Fray Pablo, who declared that he gloried in the share he had taken in the late attempt to re-establish the regal authority in Venezuela. He upbraided his brethren with their pusillanimous behaviour; and again menaced the court with the utmost vengeance of the Spanish army, which, he affirmed, would in a few days more be in possession of the capital. The hall was then cleared, and Cordovez called the attention of the vocales to the case before them. He decanted, at some length, on the turbulent disposition constantly manifested by those two mendicant communities; and on the dangers that would result from suffering this last outrage, of which they were the main cause, to pass with impunity.

The deliberation of the court was speedily concluded. It was unanimously agreed, to sentence all the prisoners to banishment from the territory of Venezuela, for various terms, in proportion to their criminality, and rank in their respective convents. A few members at first hinted, that the contumacious ringleader merited a still more severe doom; but they contented themselves with voting, that the court should mark its sense of his outrageous behaviour, by ordering him to be conducted, in irons, beyond the limits of the republic, never to return. The place selected, for their exile, was the province of Coro; and an official letter was addressed to the commander-in-chief, desiring he would appoint a sufficient escort, as soon as convenient, to conduct them to the frontiers.

The prisoners were then called in, and made acquainted with their sentences. It was listened to, by some of them, with the indifference natural to those who have no families to leave; and by others with exultation, for it relieved them from the dreadful apprehensions under which they had laboured during their trial. A military court, indeed, had been associated, and not without reason, in their terrified imaginations, with ideas of scaffolds and executioners; disagreeable objects, which they had often gazed at with indifference, when the fate of others was concerned, but which now haunted them in all their most horrid colours.

Fray Pablo Oyarzun alone appeared unmoved; and was on the point of once more addressing the court, when Cordovez rose and hastily dissolved it. He intimated to

the prisoners, at the same time, that they were to consider the refectory as their place of confinement, until the morning, when they were to set out for their destination.

CHAPTER XVI.

BANISHMENT.—THE GUERRILLA.—A SKIRMISH.

A troop of carbiners was in readiness, in the outer court of the convent of Santo Domingo, at day-break, commanded by Don Carlos Sepulveda, who had been selected by Miranda to superintend the removal of the banished friars. Forty mules stood saddled for their conveyance; being the animals usually employed by ecclesiastics on a journey, for their steadiness and easy pace. Among them was a tall powerful *macho*, destined to carry Fray Pablo; conspicuous for an embroidered woman's sillon, which was provided for his accommodation, as his fetters would not admit of his riding like a horseman.

A crowd of the lower order of Caraqueños had assembled at the gate, from various motives, to witness the friars' departure. The females, who were here and elsewhere their enthusiastic partisans, had each prepared some offering for her confessor, of provisions, or other little articles that might be useful to him on the road. The men, among whom monks were by no means favourites, came to enjoy the discomfiture of those objects of their jealousy and superstitious dread; and the children gathered round from all quarters, to lend their ever ready shout of acclaim to the novel procession. The prisoners at length came forth, and the hum of curiosity subsided, as they began to mount in sullen silence; the clang of Fray Pablo's fetters being distinctly heard, as he shuffled across the paved quadrangle to his mule, on which he was placed by two of his escort.

The sobs of the devotees became more audible, as the preparations for the march proceeded; and, when the banished friars reached the Plazuela, in front of the convent, those who had offerings to make, pressed forward between the files of cavalry, to kiss the hands and sandaled feet of their spiritual guides, whom they looked on almost, if not altogether, in the light of martyrs. Fray Pablo was commencing a farewell harangue to the populace; but Don Carlos, who had received instructions to prevent any exhibition of the sort, gave the word to proceed—and the procession moved forward at a brisk pace; amidst the shrill screams of children, and the irrepressible laughter of the men, at the ludicrous contrast between the dress, demeanour, and style of horsemanship, of the prisoners and their guards.

As government apprehended some danger of popular commotion, should the friars pass through any disaffected town on their way to the frontiers of Venezuela, Sepulveda led the escort by the most unfrequented route, and carefully avoided halting in or near any populous village. On the evening of the fourth day, he arrived at the southern shore of the great Laguna de Maracaybo, just at the entrance of the valley, through which the rapid river Catacumba empties itself into the lake. Leaving to his subaltern officer the management of the party, while crossing the stream in canoes, Don Carlos passed over, attended by his ordenanza; and rode down to the border of the lake, in search of a commodious spot for a bivouac that night. His attention was attracted by a smoke, which curled upward through the dark foliage of a mahogany tree. On examining what neighbours he was likely to have so near his halting place, he found a small Indian camp, consisting of eight or ten Cachiris, with their wives and children.

An old man, whom he recognised as the Cacique Pichiloncoy, advanced to meet him; and cordially invited him to share their meal, being some fine bagre fish from the lagoon, which one of the squaws was stewing in an earthen olla, with wild tomatoes, and bird-pepper from the woods. Sepulveda gladly accepted this offer, which was by no means unwelcome after his long ride. He therefore despatched his ordenanza to the pass of the Catacumba, with directions for his subaltern, as to where he was to halt; and dismounting, he joined the hospitable group. Having answered the Cacique's enquiries concerning their mutual friend Tovar, he in turn questioned his host about Zaraza's flying camp. He learned that the guerilla had skirmished, the very day before, with a column of Spanish cavalry that had appeared on the plains of Harinas. Zaraza had been compelled to fall back on the borders of the lake. There he was encamped, only a few leagues off, in hourly expectation of being attacked by a superior royalist force, which was advancing against him.

On hearing this piece of intelligence, Sepulveda resolved to hasten to the old chief's assistance. Accordingly, when the escort arrived, he left a small detachment

with the lieutenant, to take care of the prisoners, who were now within a day's march of their destination; and set off with the main body of the carbiners, in the direction Pichiloncoy had mentioned. After a smart gallop of a couple of hours, he left the woody glades, which skirt that part of the lake, and entered on an extensive plain. At the farther end of this, the sun was just sinking behind the chain of lofty mountains, forming the eastern barrier of the province of Santa Marta.

A flight of vultures, which were wheeling lazily round in airy circles, pointed out the situation of the camp; and the carbiners were soon apprised, that they were in the immediate neighbourhood of the guerilla, by the numerous carcasses of cattle which lay in the long grass, half skinned, and scarcely touched by the wasteful epicures, excepting the ribs and some other choice parts. Few of their horses could be seen, for the greater part lay stretched in the luxuriant herbage of the savanna; and their riders could scarcely have been discovered, had it not been for the rows of long slender lances planted upright in the ground, whose glittering points, and fluttering banners, alone distinguished them from the tall reeds growing on the borders of the adjoining lake. It was not until the sound of the horses' hoofs echoed close to the guerilleros, that they started up, with a confused discordant clamour, from the ponchos on which they had been indolently reclining, and prepared to seize their lances. On seeing the well-known uniform of the carbiners, they again seated themselves, and resumed their games of cards and dice, which had been interrupted.

On enquiring for their general, Sepulveda was directed to the spot where he was seated with several of his subordinate chiefs, smoking his pipe, and watching with apparent interest the chances of a game at brisca, which two of them were playing on a manta spread before them. Zaraza welcomed the young aide-de-camp, and expressed his joy at his opportune arrival, saying that his light cavalry had been rather roughly handled, by some royalist dragoons, in a late skirmish; and that he had sent an express across the lake, to warn Miranda that the Spanish army had opened the campaign.

"I observe all your men carry carbiners," said he, "which will be very useful to us in this savanna. We might as well attempt to charge in a ripe maizefield, through this long grass; and I dare say that was in a great measure the reason why we got something the worst of it yesterday. And yet, for my own part, I could never approve of introducing fire arms among my lads; as I am convinced it would inevitably spoil them for lancers, which is the only true manly mode of warfare. But had you not better dismount your troop? they will find abundance of beef not far off. Or, if they are like my men, and prefer killing every one for himself, yonder is a herd of cows near the lagoon, which we drove with us yesterday from Los Reyes."

Sepulveda accepted his offer of provisions, but declined encamping near the guerilla; because, not to mention the contagious example of such undisciplined troops, he had already seen a sufficient specimen of their carelessness, to be convinced of the necessity of redoubled vigilance on his part; especially as the enemy was said to be advancing. He therefore ordered his men to eat themselves rations from the nearest carcasses, to collect driftwood for fuel, and to fill their calabashes with water at the edge of the lake. Then taking leave of Zaraza for the night, he led his detachment a few hundred yards in advance; and bivouacked with the usual precautions observed by an outline picket.

It was fortunate for Zaraza's guerilla, that this handful of regular troops was in front of his position; for a little after midnight, the "*Quien vive?*" of a patrol, followed by the report of a carbine, announced the approach of an enemy. Sepulveda's men had scarcely started from the ground on which they lay, and mounted their horses, when they heard the trampling of cavalry, and were almost instantly charged by a squadron of Spanish dragoons, who had mistaken the carbiners for guerilleros. When they were close upon him, Don Carlos gave the word to fire, and a volley was delivered among them, the effect of which could not be distinctly seen; but, from the cries of the wounded, and the number of masterless horses which were seen to gallop off in different directions, it might be presumed to have done considerable execution. The loud voice of their commanding officer was heard, endeavouring to rally his disordered troops; but Sepulveda anticipated his intended movement, by ordering a charge in his turn, which was promptly and effectually executed. The enemy fled in confusion; and Don Carlos, content with having repulsed them, halted his carbiners, and waited until day-light should enable him to discover by what force his late antagonists were

supported. He at the same time despatched a non-commissioned officer to Zaraza's bivouac, to acquaint him with the result of the recent attack, and to urge him strongly to move his guerilla forward from the position he had chosen, as he was in evident danger of being out-flanked and surrounded.

Day broke slowly over the broad lake, and the morning breezes rolled from its sullen waters thick masses of fog, which mingled with the night mist hovering over the savanna, and rendered it impossible to distinguish a single object at a few paces distant. Sepulveda strained his eyes in a fruitless attempt to penetrate this screen, which concealed from him the enemy's line; but he was already made aware, that a considerable body was in the field, by the various distances and directions in which he heard the Spanish reveille played, by the martial music of both cavalry and infantry. His own troop was so close to the corps with which it had been engaged, that he could distinctly hear their morning roll-call, and the neighing of their horses. The fog floated past in thinner clouds, and the sun was dimly seen rising on the eastern side of the lagoon; near which the guerilla might now be distinguished, mounted, and lounging in different attitudes, on their rough looking horses. The mist at length rolled upwards in one dense volume; and exposed to view the splendid scene of a battle field in full array.

In front, and within half musket-shot, were the dragons of Numancia, with their brazen helmets and black horse-tails; forming, together with several other corps of heavy and light cavalry, the first line of the Spanish army. At a considerable distance in the rear, were seen the glittering bayonets of the columns of infantry, just appearing above the high grass. From the numerous stands of colour, that waved along the second line, Sepulveda could calculate the royalist force to be far superior to that which Miranda was at present able to bring into the field. He had little time to waste in idle speculation; for he clearly saw, that the cavalry on the right of the enemy's line would have it in their power to cut off his retreat, by occupying the wood through which he had advanced the preceding evening. He therefore rapidly crossed that part of the plain, which lay between him and the defile, without waiting to consult Zaraza; and, having halted in front of the wood, sent to summon his lieutenant's detachment to his assistance, desiring him to abandon the charge of the prisoners.

Zaraza's guerilleros had nearly reached the wood, when the Huzares de la Reyna, who had advanced to intercept their passage, charged and scattered them after a short struggle. They would have been surrounded, and probably cut off to a man, had it not been for the carbiniers, whom Sepulveda led to their assistance; and who skirmished so sharply with the Huzares, separated as they were in pursuit, that they checked their progress, and enabled their friends to gain the shelter of the defile. Nevertheless, the guerilleros were so far from attempting to rally there, that they did not even halt; but crowded in a panic to the pass of the river Catacumba, which they swam, and dispersed themselves through the neighbouring country. Sepulveda regained his position in the wood; but quickly observed, that he was deserted by the troops which he had so successfully supported. He nevertheless maintained his post, until the near approach of the enemy's infantry rendered it no longer tenable.

As he retreated through the wood, skirmishing with the advanced guard of the pursuers, he passed Pichiloncoy's little encampment; where he found the Indian families seated calmly on the ground, with their usual affectation of indifference. It might however be plainly seen, that this apparent apathy was only assumed, by the anxious looks which the females cast after their children, who had crept through the underwood towards the scene of conflict, impelled by the restless curiosity of infancy. The men, on seeing the carbiniers arrive, heated by exertion, and blackened by the smoke of the fray, advanced to meet them with calabashes, full of water, that had been hung up in readiness, among the branches of their leafy camp, as if anticipating the occasion for which such refreshment might be required.

Far different was the greeting met with by the detachment, from the friars whom it had so lately guarded, and who were assembled in a small glade, through which it had to pass. They were emboldened, by the near approach of the royalist army, and exasperated, beyond the bounds of their ordinary caution, by a misfortune which had befallen them, since they had lost the protection of their escort. Some stragglers from the guerilla, it appeared, had fallen in with them; and not contented with plundering their alforjas of the necessities they contained, had stripped the unlucky exiles of their girdles, in which, after the fashion of mendicants, they had conceal-

ed their hoards of coin. They therefore took this opportunity of expressing their exultation at the patriots' discomfiture, by chanting in chorus the anthem "*Bendito y alabado sea! &c.*" prescribed to be used in their chapels, on occasions of peculiar rejoicing and jubilee. Fray Pablo Oyarzun, not satisfied with this indirect mode of triumphing over his late escort, took his station on a mossy hillock, which covered the roots of some decayed forest trees; and from thence, as from a pulpit, fulminated his anathema on the retreating soldiers. One or two of them, however, less patient, or more revengeful than their comrades, discharged their carbines in the direction of the orator, when they saw their officer's attention otherwise engaged; and he judged it most prudent to descend hastily from his rostrum, and conceal himself from observation, by mingling with his brethren.

The bugles of the Spanish cazadores now began to ring through the glades of the wood; and Sepulveda was compelled to hasten his retreat to the river Catacumba. Having crossed it, he established his troop in a range of bodegas, built on the summit of a steep bank for the accommodation of travellers, when detained by floods during the rainy season; taking care, previously, to abandon to the current all canoes and piraguas belonging to the ferry, so as to impede as much as possible the passage of the Spanish army.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ISLAND.—THE NEGRO MARKET.—THE SPANISH PLANTER.

Maria del Rosario rose early, the morning after her arrival at Saint Thomas's; and found her hostess's daughter in close attendance on Don Beltran, in whose health she was rejoiced to learn there was a very perceptible amendment. He was in a sound and, apparently, refreshing slumber; and the young negress said, that he had woken at an earlier hour, and had evinced no symptoms of delirium, having enquired, in a collected rational manner, concerning his children, and his present place of abode. At that moment, Martha's mother entered the room. Having congratulated her young guest, on the improvement in the invalid's health, (which she did not fail to ascribe to the conserves she had given him,) she proposed to show her the town, of which she was about to become an inhabitant.

As they proceeded up the hill overhanging the harbour, by the side of the rivulet, which was now crowded with laundresses, in the full exercise of their gossiping profession, Mama Chepita pointed out, with no small pride, a group of her hired servants, who were working for her advantage. She observed, that she herself had been for some years free; and that, although her daughter Martha was as yet hired by her from her master, a wealthy Spanish settler, she had hopes of being able to pay for her freedom, in a few months.

The path led between small patches of cultivated ground, from which (as it was a holiday among the plantations,) numerous families of negroes were issuing, bearing on their heads baskets of fruit and vegetables, to sell on their own account in the market. Half way up the hill, at a short distance from the road, was a spot of rugged waste land, overgrown with wild limes and tamarinds, and shaded by a few cocoanut trees. Under these were the ruins of an irregular fortification, of rude construction and ancient date, which tradition ascribes to the Buccaneers, who used in former days to make this island, and the rest of the Virgen Gorda group, their places of rendezvous. From this eminence, Mama Chepita pointed out to the novice the enchanting scenery which it commanded, of both town and harbour, far below them.

In the former, the flat roofs of the principal dwelling-houses, covered with white chunam, were contrasted with the picturesque palm and cabbage trees, and the dark coloured evergreens, which filled the surrounding gardens. The calm unruffled bosom of the latter reflected a cloudless sky, and the tapering masts of the merchant vessels of different classes, which floated on it, with well-bleached sails hanging loose to dry, and the many-coloured ensigns of their respective nations, drooping in the still morning air. Innumerable boats, and light canoes, were crossing it in all directions, scarcely dimpling the surface of the dark blue mirror over which they glided; while the wild sound of the conch-shell, blown in the foremost of a line of fishing piraguas, announced their return from a successful night's toil. The sea, outside the bay, was mottled by the fresh trade wind, under the influence of which a tall bark was reeling along in her rapid course, towards the neighbouring island of Puerto Rico, that loomed mistily in the offing.

Mama Chepita pointed to the south, towards which the novice was intently gazing; and said, "Your home

lies in that direction, Señorita! I also used once to look that way, for hours together, on holidays such as this; for I was born in La Trinidad, and little thought, when I was of your age, ever to have left it. But my master, Don Anselmo Urrutia, sold his plantation, when the island fell into the hands of the English,—for he could not endure a heretic government,—and bought another estate within a few miles of this spot, on which he still resides. I had been married, not many months before, to a fellow slave on the same plantation; and you may suppose it was hard, even on us negroes, to be torn asunder. But I was an in-door slave, and my husband a field poem, so that there was no help for it. There had not been time for him to save sufficient money to buy my freedom; so I was brought here, and he was sold with the estate. Poor Beño!—he worked hard night and day for some years, as I afterwards heard, to collect the sum my master demanded; and at length sent it to me by a droguer belonging to his new owner, which always used to bring me news of him. But the vessel was lost in a hurricane, within sight of this harbour; and, when he found that his hopes of seeing me, and his infant child, were once more put off, he pined away, and died of a broken heart. Ah, Señorita! you are now happy in your own family: may you never know what it is to be separated from one you love!"

The novice's cheek flushed with the consciousness, that she was at that moment thinking more of those she had left behind, than of father or brother; and she secretly resolved to call to mind her hostess's melancholy story, as a warning against indulging in fruitless regrets and vain expectations. They then descended the hill by a different road, leading to the market-place, where the lively scene soon dispelled all unpleasant recollections from both their minds. Stalls made of bamboo were erected along three sides of the square. On these, yams, plantains, green maize, and every other variety of tropical vegetable, mingled with pine-apples, avocado pears, and cocoanuts, were offered for sale by negroes looking the pictures of good humour and cleanliness, dressed in bright chints gowns, and neat Bandanna head-gear. Little negro children were seated on the grass in the centre, with baskets of chickens and eggs, and plantain leaves full of ochra, bird-pepper, and tomatoes; and the incessant chattering of buyers and sellers, in creole French and Spanish, and in broken English and Danische, emulated the confusion of Babel.

Among the spectators who had been assembled here merely by curiosity, were several elderly negroes, swelling with all the importance of conscious freedom. Their white hats, pink silk umbrellas, and ostentatious display of heavy watch-chains and seals, procured for them the low bows and curtsies of their less fortunate sable brethren; salutes which they scarcely vouchsafed to acknowledge, farther than by a gracious and condescending wave of the hand. A more busy class, were the mates and stewards of European merchant vessels; men whose robust frames, and florid countenances, bore sufficient evidence to their being recently arrived. Followed by their respective cabin boys, with well-filled market baskets, they bustled through the throng, exclaiming, as they passed each other, against the insufferable heat of the climate, and clearing entire vegetable stalls at a purchase, in their eagerness to enjoy a sufficient "fresh mess." Every body made way for these griffins, as they are usually termed; even those important personages, the black cooks of hotels, and domestics catering for private families. These watched the sailors' anxiety to buy, and readiness to pay the most extravagant prices, with a grin of civil contempt for their inexperience; observing, with a shrug, as they turned to make their more economical market,—*"Massa Griffin alway gib what him dealer ask!—No wonder neger market sellers so sarcy."*

There were also several groups of slipshod creole inhabitants, and foreign settlers, lounging here on their return from their morning bath, in the retired bay behind the fort. Their sallow bilious complexions, and negligent attire, gave sufficient indications of the enervating effect of tropical climates on the constitutions of Europeans, and of their descendants for many generations. These insular fashionables gazed on the novice with a listless stare, that embarrassed her greatly. She was on the point of expressing a wish to return to the cottage, when a tall elderly Spaniard, wrapped in a loose capote, and wearing a broad palm leaf sombrero, beckoned to Mama Chepita, who obeyed the signal with an alacrity that bespoke him to be a person of consequence;—at least in her eyes. After asking a few questions, which Maria del Rosario could not help suspecting to refer to her, as he repeatedly turned his eyes on her

while speaking, he passed on; and the negress returning said, that her late master, Don Anselmo, had been enquiring what Caraqueñan young lady she was attending.

"He said he knew you to be from Venezuela by your dress," said Mama Chepita; "and, when I told him you was my lodger, and that your father, who had just arrived from the Main, was lying sick at my house, he said he would call in the course of the day, to enquire whether he could be of any service. It has happened fortunately that we met him; for he is a wealthy planter, and though rather severe among his slaves, very charitable and generous to his equals, especially his countrymen. The poor sick gentleman may be considered the same as one, being a native of the Spanish colonies; so I hope, señorita, things may turn out better than you expect. Lodewyk Sluiker, who brought you over, has told me how your father has been plundered by the pirates."

They then left the market-place; and when they reached the cottage, they found Don Beltran sitting up and conversing with the skipper, who had called, according to promise, for the purpose of wishing them farewell previous to his departure. He saluted Maria del Rosario, with all the frankness and cordiality of an old friend. Having expressed his hope that she was pleased with her hostess, and with the accommodations of the cottage, he offered to convey any letter or message for her to the Main, observing, that he intended to beat out of the harbour that forenoon, with the first of the sea-breeze. The novice looked to her father for permission; but he drily thanked the skipper, and said that he wished for no sort of correspondence with that unhappy country, until it had renounced its rebellion, or should have been reconquered by the armies of its lawful sovereign;—an event which he flattered himself was not far distant. His daughter acquiesced with a sigh; for she had promised Doña Gertrudes to write her a few lines, from wherever her destination might be.

Lodewyk then rose to take leave; and after hemming for a while, as if irresolute, he exclaimed, "*Dohder! het zal be zo. Zie you, myn heer! dis has been an unlucky trip voor you; and here you stand, medout a shot in 't locker. Hier is 't gelt you gave me for your vrucht; except one doubloon dat is gone for harbour-dues, and a month's huis-rent to your landlady.*" So saying, and without waiting for an answer, honest Sluiker threw down the gold on the invalid's bed, and disappeared immediately. This unexpected act of generosity from a man of such unpolished exterior, drew tears of gratitude from Maria del Rosario. The hostess contributed her share of praise; declaring that, although her old friend Lodewyk lay under the imputation of being a smuggler, and there was even a report in circulation that he had formerly belonged to a still more lawless and dangerous fraternity, yet there was not a kinder hearted skipper in the droguer trade. Don Beltran assented, though rather ungraciously; complaining, at the same time, of the disagreeable necessity under which he laboured, of being obliged to a man in Sluiker's station of life.

Joaquin now entered the cottage, and, in answer to his father's enquiries, said that he had been forming some acquaintances among the young royalist emigrants; several of whom were on the point of sailing for Cartagena, to offer their services to Monteverde, in aid of an expedition it was understood he was about to undertake. Mama Chepita, and her daughter Martha, then spread the table with a substantial West Indian breakfast, which might have tempted far more languid appetites than those of her two young guests; and the elder negress assured Don Beltran, that in a few days he would be sufficiently recovered to partake with his son and daughter.

After siesta in the afternoon, Mama Chepita announced a visitor; and Don Anselmo Urrutia entered the room. Whether it was that Maria del Rosario had been prejudiced against him, by her hostess's narrative in the morning, or that his manners and address were in reality repulsive, she thought she had never seen a more disagreeable Gallego. He had exchanged his capote and plain morning clothes, for an antiquated full dress suit of black, in which he bore no small resemblance to Cervantes' "Knight of the Mournful Visage." Addressing the novice with all the formality of a Spanish Hidalgo, softened by such a condescending air of patronage as he conceived suitable to the occasion, he paid her some awkward compliments, at which

she found no small difficulty to preserve her gravity, and enquired after the health of her father.

On being introduced to his bedside, he seated himself, and immediately entered on the subject of colonial politics; reprobating the principles and measures of the revolutionists, in a strain of violent ultra loyalty. Don Beltran having given him to understand, that he had been compelled to emigrate on account of his devotion to the cause of the mother country, he expressed his satisfaction at having the good fortune to make his acquaintance; and begged that, as soon as his health would permit, he would honour him by visiting his plantation at Caobas, together with his son and daughter, and making as long a stay there as would suit his convenience. Don Beltran, who had always been blindly prejudiced in favour of all natives of Spain, expressed his acknowledgments in suitable terms; and was readily induced to detail every circumstance connected with his leaving Venezuela, and his passage from Los Bagros; not forgetting his unfortunate meeting with the pirate schooner, and the serious loss he had thereby sustained, which he owned had nearly left him penniless. Don Anselmo made no comment on his recital, but renewed his general offers of assistance; and then took his leave, promising to repeat his visit the following day.

This interview rekindled in Peña's bosom all the ardour for political intrigue, that had been his besetting foible, but had lain dormant since his arrest and imprisonment at Caraccas; and he eagerly desired to be once more in a situation that would afford him opportunities of recruiting his scattered finances. With this view he resolved to pay assiduous court to his new acquaintance; flattering himself that, by a skilful display of royalist principles, and an exaggerated statement of his sufferings, and losses sustained by his adherence to them, he might induce the wealthy Spaniard to interest himself, in his favour, with the colonial government; so as either to obtain for him a pecuniary reimbursement, or an indemnification, by means of some lucrative situation, at Cartagena or the Havana. He, therefore, became doubly anxious for a speedy recovery; and insisted, much to Mama Chepita's mortification, on a medical man being immediately summoned.

Joaquin Peña's volunteered his services to enquire for one among his emigrant acquaintance. He soon returned with a travelling French practitioner, who had lately arrived at Saint Thomas's in the course of a tour through the windward islands; and who, as his advertisement declared, "had been induced to postpone his intended departure for a few days, in compliance with the urgent solicitations of his numerous and respectable patients." Having enquired into the invalid's symptoms, and felt his pulse, protecting himself at the same time from infection, by means of a muslin handkerchief profusely sprinkled with aromatic vinegar, he retired to an open window, from whence he proceeded to deliver his opinion. In the first place, as a matter of course, he disapproved of every thing that had been done, in the way of cooling and refreshing the patient; and directed a totally different system to be adopted, by keeping him warm, and administering tonics and stimulants. He next wrote a series of recipes, which he desired to be instantly taken to his assistant, who would make them up from his own travelling medicine-chest. Having received his fee he walked away, lamenting, (in the usual terms,) that he had not been called in sooner, and hoping it was not yet too late, &c. &c.

Don Beltran now became perfectly convinced, that he was in reality dangerously ill; so great is the power of grave looks and oracular sentences over the human mind. His daughter scarcely knew what to think; but endeavoured to comfort herself by the reflection, that he had, at all events, the best possible advice; while Mama Chepita, shaking her head, prepared to obey the doctor's injunctions, by closing the windows and substituting sangaree for conserves. A basket full of phials soon arrived; and before night the cottage was perfumed with the ill-omened scent of musk.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PLANTATION—THE SLAVES' HUTS—THE DUENA.

The consequences of the French doctor's visit were, as Mama Chepita had anticipated, of a highly unfavourable nature to Don Beltran. The fever, over which the simple remedies of the negress had been nearly victo-

* The scent of this drug is abhorred in the West Indies, as being always perceived in houses where a sick person's life is despaired of; for it is the *ultimo recurso* of colonial doctors, in cases of yellow fever.

rious, was reinforced, *secundum artem*, by the inundation of drugs and stimulants, which the travelling practitioner had so unsparingly poured in, and assumed a formidable character. Nature, however, ultimately triumphed over art; and the strength of the patient's constitution, assisted by such nostrums as his experienced nurse persisted in secretly administering, at length completely shook off the deadly infection. Nevertheless, his health had sustained so severe a shock that for several weeks he was unable to leave his couch; but his daughter's attention, through the whole of his tedious illness, was most persevering. Mama Chepita could with difficulty prevail on her to take even her necessary rest; and no representations, nor entreaties, could induce her to leave the cottage for a single moment.

The visits of Don Anselmo, which he punctually repeated every morning and evening, were a source of considerable annoyance to Maria del Rosario. As she judged it expedient to prevent him, under various pretences, from incommoding her father by his interminable political disquisitions, and querulous lamentations over the rebellious colonies, she was compelled to endure his visitations, herself, in the sitting room; where he would smoke his cigarillos for hours together, bestowing all his tediousness on her, in uninteresting discussions, and unintelligible arguments. He construed her silence, which was the natural consequence of vexation and abstraction, into pleased attention; and flattered by so docile an auditor, he continued day after day to harangue in the same monotonous strain, on the duldest theme he could possibly have selected for the entertainment of a young female.

Don Beltran was at length pronounced a convalescent; and the farther attendance of his medical adviser could be dispensed with. Maria del Rosario observed with alarm, that the necessary incidental expenses had fearfully diminished the small stock of money on which she and her family depended for subsistence. It was true that Don Anselmo invariably concluded his tedious visits with offers of assistance; but these were so ambiguously expressed, as to leave it in doubt whether or not they were more words of course. Besides, she involuntarily recoiled from the idea of owing any sort of obligation to so very disagreeable a person. She therefore determined on attempting to avail herself of the skill in embroidery and ornamental work, which she had acquired in her convent, for the purpose of supplying her father's diminished funds. She took the first opportunity, when Mama Chepita had succeeded in enticing her to walk towards the ruined buccaneers' fort, of mentioning her intention in a few words; and requested her hostess to inform her, what articles of needlework would meet with the readiest sale on the island.

The negress listened with surprise to her resolution, scarcely believing it possible, that a white person could speak so composedly of work;—that bug-bear of hot climates. Perceiving, however, that her young mistress was actually in earnest, she replied with some hesitation, that she had indeed heard of emigrant ladies employing themselves in that way, but that she was totally ignorant whether they had been so successful as to make it worth their while to continue it. The inhabitants of all classes, she said, were certainly fond of finery; but she believed that they were nothing but European manufacture, and she hardly thought they would consider any other good enough for them. At the same time, she readily engaged to procure her young mistress, (as she constantly termed her,) patterns of such articles as were most fashionable at the time; and the novice, having purchased the necessary materials, set herself in private to imitate them. This she effected so closely, and with such neatness, as to draw from her hostess exclamations of surprise and admiration. Mama Chepita had never before believed, that any thing of the kind could be made, except in the manufactories of France or England, and, having obtained permission to exhibit for sale the first specimen that was finished, returned exultingly in a short time, having disposed of it at the house of one of the principal inhabitants, where several more pieces of the same work were bespoke. This welcome success relieved Maria del Rosario, in a great measure, from her distressing apprehensions. Nevertheless, the difficult and tedious nature of the work, and the frequent interruptions she met with in prosecuting this undertaking, through her father's exceeding poverty, and impatience of being left alone, permitted her to make but small daily progress.

A vessel was now on the point of sailing with the

royalist volunteers to Cartagena. Don Anselmo, who had considerable influence among the emigrants of his own party, as well as interest with the merchants who had fitted out the expedition, obtained a passage for Joaquín Peñuela, and gave him letters of introduction to the Spanish general, and other Europeans, on that part of the Main. His father, on bidding him farewell, divided with him the scanty remainder of his property, and exhorted him to distinguish himself by his zeal in his sovereign's cause; reminding him, that by that means alone he could now hope to obtain preferment, and an honourable independence. His departure relieved Don Beltrán from a load of anxiety that had materially tended to retard his cure. Although he fondly doted on his son, he could not be insensible to the dangers of the society into which he had contrived to introduce himself since his arrival. It consisted chiefly of young emigrants, totally devoid of employment; whose sole resources against *crisis* appeared to be cards, dice, and the numerous gaming tables which are to be found lurking in every corner of a West Indian sea-port.

Don Beltrán's convalescence now proceeded rapidly; so that he was enabled to accept his new Spanish acquaintance's reiterated invitation to visit his estate at Caobas. On the morning appointed, two mules were in readiness at the door of Mama Chepita's cottage, with several stout negroes, whom Don Anselmo had sent to escort his guests, and carry their baggage. They took leave of their kind hostess;—Maria del Rosario, in particular, embracing her and her daughter Martha affectionately;—and took the road leading to the plantation.

After following the course of the rivulet for a considerable distance beyond the old buccaniers' fort, the travellers, instead of continuing to ascend the mountain, crossed the ravine by a slight bamboo bridge, which vibrated fearfully under their mules' tread. Being totally unprovided with balustrades, it could not be crossed without a sensation of imminent danger. The path then lead along a stony ridge, whose dark-coloured rocks, and arid soil, were such as might be expected in the immediate neighbourhood of some volcano. Yet this apparently barren track was shaded by tamarinds, and wild pomegranate trees; and from the dry clefts sprang various splendid species of the flowering cactus, besides geraniums, and towering aloes. Even the mules were compelled to pick their steps carefully along the beaten track, to avoid coming in contact with the prickly-pear bushes, guarded by the most formidable of all vegetable weapons, and associated, by dear-bought experience, with ideas of rattlesnakes and scorpions.

Having passed rapidly over this disagreeable part of their journey, which the sun's rays had already made oppressively sultry, the path entered a deep and gloomy ravine, shaded completely from the heat by a copse of arching bamboos, over which the majestic forest trees, from which the neighbouring estate derived its name, stretched their gigantic arms. As the path descended, the murmuring of a rivulet was heard from beneath the canes. The underwood began to be thinly scattered with wild plantains, which, as the soil improved, gradually assumed the appearance of cultivation, until they mingled with, and were lost among, the domestic shrubs of the plantation.

The country opened into a small but fertile valley, through which ran a stream sufficiently large to turn a sugar mill, that was in full work close to the principal dwelling-house. The merry song of the field negroes re-echoed in chorus from a neighbouring cane patch, in which they were busily employed cutting; and droves of mules were filing past towards the mill, laden with bundles of sugar cane. In another direction were seen long rows of slaves, only distinguishable, at a distance, from the dark soil they were hoeing, by their short white drawers, employed weeding the tobacco crops; while the occasional clang of a whip was heard from the attendant drovers, in most cases by way of warning to the indolent workmen, but sometimes as a practical reproof to some incorrigible idler.

Lower down the valley, the travellers arrived at the negroes' habitations, thickly scattered along the high bank of the stream, out of reach of the periodical inundation to which it was subject. These huts, although built of clay, and thatched with palm-leaves, had an air of comfort about them, that might in vain be looked for among the cottages of a free-born peasantry. Each of them had a garden attached, small indeed, but amply stocked with vegetables for home consumption and sale; and the poultry of every description, including

numerous broods of turkeys and guinea-fowl, that swarmed around them, bore witness to the plenty enjoyed on the estate. Nearly as numerous were the little black urchins of all ages, who, in all the luxury of perfect nudity, were dabbling in the rivulet, or rolling in the dust under the plantain trees. Many of them, scarcely able to crawl, through extreme infancy and plumpness, lay sprawling about the pathway, apparently in imminent danger of being trampled under foot by the mules; but immediately on their near approach, the urchins would scramble, as it were instinctively, under the shelter of some bush; from whence, as they peeped forth, their black eyes glared, like those of some wild animal crouching in his lair.

A short avenue, well swept and watered, led to the dwelling-house, a spacious airy building of only one story above the ground floor; being so constructed, as a necessary precaution against the consequences of earthquakes and hurricanes. These, indeed, especially the former, were far from being frequent on the island; but they were probably dreaded the more, from their making a more lasting impression, than they usually do where they are less uncommon.

Under the shady side of a broad corridor, extending round the whole building, sat Don Anselmo, with two of his friends. One of them might be easily known to be a friar; although the gray robes of the Franciscan order were thrown carelessly round him, rather after the fashion of a dressing gown, than of a monastic habit. The other was an elderly European, of a diminutive figure, but evidently possessing great vivacity and animal spirits. He wore a white jean jacket and trousers; a broad-brimmed straw hat, with green lining; neat yellow leather shoes, and a light blue silk handkerchief, tied loosely round a stiff shirt-collar. He was, in short, a specimen of dandyism, among the generally rough race of planters, such as the Venezuelan strangers were not prepared to expect.

This party, which had assembled in the shade, for the social purpose of enjoying their cigars and conversation together, was seated with their elbow-chairs leaning so far back against the wall, as to serve every purpose of couches. Three little negro pages were protecting them from mosquitos, with Buenos Ayrean ostrich feather flappers; while a fourth handed round a silver tray, stored with capacious goblets of porter-cup and sangaree. The trio arose as Don Beltrán and his daughter reached the corridor; and Don Anselmo, having welcomed his new visitors to Caobas, presented to them, in the first place, his near neighbour and friend Mons. Rodolphe Thermidor, a French settler on the island, who possessed a plantation not many leagues distant.

The little planter had been embrowned and shrivelled by a long exposure to a tropical sky, until his face might have been mistaken for that of a mulatto. He had, nevertheless, preserved unimpaired, through change of climate, and years of exile from all that deserved the name of civilised society, all that courtesy and devotion to the sex which Frenchmen of the old *regime* were usually supposed to possess exclusively, and by prescription. He advanced, with a self-satisfied air, to pay his respects to the novice; and immediately attached himself to her, apparently secure of entertaining her, and showing his own wit and eloquence, by a series of compliments, uttered with such volubility, as to set all interruption or attempt to answer alike at defiance.

Don Beltrán was next introduced to the friar, by name Padre Bernardo, whose ostensible duty was that of chaplain to the plantation, and confessor to its owner and his household. But, in reality, he filled the situation of humble companion to his patron; whose pride it was his business to soothe, and whose vanity he found it his interest to flatter. While he entered into conversation with Don Beltrán on the inexhaustible subject of the late disturbances in Venezuela, Don Anselmo despatched one of the black pages to summon the *dueña de casa*, or housekeeper, Señora Jacinta. When she arrived, he recommended Maria del Rosario to her care, with directions to show the young lady the apartments that were prepared for her, and to provide her refreshments better suited to her habits than those of which he and his companions were partaking in the corridor. Mons. Rodolphe politely handed her to the door of the entrance-hall; and expressed his hope, as he relinquished her hand, that the dinner table would be honoured by her company.

The novice felt relieved from the embarrassment natural to her youth and inexperience, by being permitted to retire with a female of the *dueña's* dignified mien;

and examined her looks by stealth, as she walked forward in silence through the spacious rooms, which were rendered gloomy by the window shutters being closed, for the purpose of excluding the noon-day heat. She saw, with regret, that her present attendant appeared to have nothing of the motherly kindness and good humour of Mama Chepita. Her features were expressive of pride of place, and the moroseness of habitual ill-temper; evidently soured and exasperated by the commission she had just received, and which she considered as degrading her to the level of a menial. She was a *mulata tercerona*; and, from the few words she had uttered in answer to her master's directions, the novice knew her to be a native of the Barlovento provinces, either of Camana or Barcelona. Her dress, which was the dark habit of Nra. Señora de Dolores; her long rosary of black soap-berries; and the formidable scourge which she wore twisted round her waist, proclaimed her to be a devotee of the strictest and most bigoted class.

Having conducted Maria del Rosario to a neat chamber on the first floor, opening into a viranda, which commanded a view of the mill, with the stream that supplied it, and a flower garden at the back of the house, she was about to retire; but she caught sight of the young visitor's trunk, with which a slave had followed them up stairs, and resolved to wait for a while, in hopes of obtaining a peep at its contents. For this purpose she seated herself, unasked, at the open window, complaining of heat and fatigue; and conjecturing, from the novice's youth and apparent simplicity, that there was little occasion for ceremony in addressing her, she began, without farther apology, to question her as to where she was born, and how long she had been on the island. As nothing is more common, in the cloisters of a convent, than a similar spirit of inquisitiveness, Maria del Rosario was by no means surprised or offended at meeting it in a *religieuse*. She, therefore, readily satisfied her curiosity, by saying that she was a native of Caracas, which city she had left only a few weeks before, for the first time in her remembrance. But when the *dueña*, encouraged by her affability, proceeded to enquire what had induced her father to leave his native land, and, above all, to bring with him so young and delicate a female, she found it necessary to check her impertinence, by answering, with a look of as much displeasure as she could assume, that she never permitted herself to pry into her father's motives for his actions, and that they could still less concern any one else.

Señora Jacinta found that she calculated too much on the young stranger's placid deportment; and apologised for her curiosity, which she attributed to the interest she could not help feeling for the young lady. She then offered her assistance, in changing her travelling dress for one better suited to company; informing her, that she had not much time to spare, for Don Anselmo always dined at a much earlier hour when at Caobas, than in the port. Maria del Rosario thanked her for her offer; but assured her, that she had always been accustomed to wait on herself. Nevertheless, as she could easily divine the motive that must have induced so important a personage to condescend thus far, and had remarked the eager look of curiosity which she had directed towards the trunk, even during her previous cross-examination, she good-naturedly determined to gratify her, by opening it, and transferring its contents to a chest of drawers, which the *dueña* had pointed out for her use, on their first entering the room.

Señora Jacinta immediately forgot her pretended fatigue; and starting up, officiously busied herself in assisting to lay by every article; opening and refolding such as particularly struck her fancy, with various comments on the present degenerate taste in dress. She described the fashions of the time when she was last in Caracas, as waiting-maid to her late mistress, at the time of her marriage with Don Anselmo:—modes that belonged to the age of slashed sleeves, and of brocades which required no stiffening save their own embroidery; and that were, according to her eloquent description, rather sublime than beautiful.

While she was thus agreeably engaged, she accidentally took up a small paper parcel, in which Maria del Rosario had carefully wrapped the professed novice's dress, that she wore in the chapel of Santa Clara, on the morning of the earthquake, and in which she had been snatched from imminent peril by Carlos Sepulveda. She had thrown it off at the suggestion of Doña Gertrudes, on her father's declaring his intention of making her the companion of his flight; and had pre-

served it as a relic of the convent, and perhaps as a memorial, both of the danger from which she had been rescued, and of her preserver. The *duña* unpinned the parcel, under pretence of shaking out any insects it might contain; and started with an exclamation of surprise and horror, on seeing the white *serge mortaja* and sandals, with the leather belt and scapulary of a nun.

"Holy Virgin!" she again ejaculated; "has my master admitted into his house an apostate nun!—a perjured monja! I would not for worlds sleep under the same roof with so sacrilegious a wretch. Nothing could avert an earthquake, or some similar heavenly chastisement. But we shall hear what the worthy chaplain, Padre Bernardo, says to this discovery."

Maria del Rosario could not avoid smiling at the wild look of horror with which the sanctimonious devotee regarded her; and half resolved to leave her in ignorance of the real state of the case. But she recollected, that the talkative *duña* was very capable of spreading reports on the island, which might be greatly to her disadvantage. She therefore undeceived her, by relating the accident which had unexpectedly prevented her from taking the veil; appealing to her flowing hair as a conclusive proof that she had not in reality become a member of any religious sisterhood. Señora Jacinta shook her head incredulously; owning that, when she was on the Main, all nuns were closely shorn. But she declared it impossible to say what new rules might have been introduced, in that respect, into the convents, since the country had fallen into the hands of rebels, who contemned alike king and faith. She added, that if all indeed were true that she had just heard, she could not so much blame the novice. But she expressed her sincere hope that she would take the earliest opportunity, (as was incumbent on her,) of offering up those vows, which, she insisted, had been already mentally taken, and were therefore as conscientiously binding, as if they had been actually pronounced before the altar.

Although the novice thought very differently from her on this head, and was internally rejoiced at her escape from the cloister, she perceived it would be fruitless to argue the point with so bigoted an opponent. She therefore merely hinted, that the same awful visitation, which had interrupted the solemnization of the ceremony, had materially altered her views in life. In saying this, she referred to her father's escape from prison; but the superstitious *duña* imagined, that she had alluded to the earthquake as an evil omen. As this suggestion was exactly adapted to her comprehension, it made a suitable impression on her mind. She agreed that much might be said in favour of that supposition; and it evidently tended more to reconcile her to the idea of the novice's delaying to take the veil, than the most rational arguments that could have been used. A present that Maria del Rosario made her, consisting of a shawl of vicuña's wool, from the Cordillera, and a scapulary, embroidered and consecrated by the abbess of Santa Clara, effectually removed the prejudices she had begun to entertain against her fair countrywoman; and she curtsied out of the room, promising to send a negro girl to wait on her with refreshments.

The smoking party in the corridor, which had been interrupted by the arrival of the emigrants, had meanwhile resumed their cigars and conversation, which continued, with little intermission, until the first dinner bell summoned them to their respective chambers. When they at length assembled in the saloon, Don Anselmo insisted on seating Maria del Rosario at the head of the table, to her great confusion, for she had never been called on to preside in her father's house, since leaving the convent; and, while a recluse in the cloister, she had, of course, seen little or nothing of society. Nevertheless, she surmounted the difficulty she so much dreaded, with comparative ease; being assisted by the lively little Frenchman, who seated himself at her right hand, and paid her undivided attention until she retired.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVASION—BATTLE—VICTORY.

The consequences of Monteverde's advance towards Caracas were far more serious than Miranda at first anticipated. Scarcely had the express arrived at head quarters, which Zaraza had despatched, with the first intelligence of the royalists' having opened the campaign, when scattered parties of *guerrilleros* made their appearance, in full retreat to their respective homes. They spread the report, as they passed, of their defeat on the borders of the Laguna de Maracaybo; and of their hav-

ing lost their general, either killed or taken prisoner. It was impossible to stop them; for they considered their military engagements void, from the moment of losing the chief to whom they owed temporary allegiance.

As their services were never to be confidently depended on, so their defection was of trifling consequence in itself, compared to the discouragement the dangerous example seemed likely to spread through the army. The discontented among the troops,—and they were numerous,—seized this opportunity to raise a clamour, for the payment of all arrears due to the army; and endeavoured, under this pretence, to excite their comrades to mutiny. The prompt and vigilant line of conduct adopted by Miranda, for the purpose of quelling the slightest appearance of insubordination, was barely sufficient to maintain a salutary dread of his authority; and it became evident to him, that the soldiers' spirits were depressed, and little to be relied on, if he persisted in his original design of remaining on the defensive. He had also received private intelligence of deputations having been sent from the nearest frontier towns to the enemy, offering to treat with Monteverde on separate terms; and he plainly saw, that vigorous measures alone could save the republic from falling asunder, and from consequent ruin. He therefore took leave of the Junta, who previous to his departure created him dictator, with the most ample authority belonging to that important situation; and placing himself at the head of the army, advanced to meet Monteverde, and, if possible, to check his farther progress.

By the intelligence he continued to receive from his aide-de-camp, Carlos Sepulveda, who had received instructions to watch the advance of the invading army, he was led to conclude, that the Spanish general designed to force his way over the small branch of the Cordillera, which forms the western boundary of Venezuela. Under this impression, he pushed his army rapidly through the valleys of Vitoria and Maracay, and established himself at the formidable pass of the Tambo del Condor. From hence, the patriots had an uninterrupted view of the great lake, and of the open country on its eastern banks; along which were scattered the white tents of the royalists, in a chain of encampments, extending far to the right and left of Miranda's position. At a small hamlet, half way down the mountain, was Sepulveda's picket of carbiniers. Their tricoloured standard, waved aloft in sign of welcome, could plainly be distinguished; for it was burnished by the last rays of the declining sun, while the Spanish camp, still lower down, was already wrapped in gloom.

Miranda, attended by his staff, rode down to visit the advanced picket; and was informed by Sepulveda, that the royalists had as yet made no demonstration of their intentions, as to the point by which they designed to pass this mountain barrier. He had however been informed by an Indian, on whose fidelity he could rely, that numerous convoys of baggage and ammunition had passed, by night, towards the left of the Spanish line. This gave grounds for suspicion, that Monteverde's secret determination was to advance by the sea coast, for the purpose of attacking Puerto Cavallo. Nevertheless, the circuitous nature of this route, and the well-known difficulties attending any deviation from the ordinary track,—impediments which the timid and jealous policy of the Spaniards had forbidden to be removed,—appeared to Miranda conclusive arguments against the probability of this suggestion. He was still farther confirmed in his previous belief, by the unanimous declaration of the guides belonging to the army; who united in asserting, that the Tambo del Condor was the only practicable pass for troops.

The next morning, however, a messenger arrived at the patriot bivouac before daybreak, to apprise Miranda, that Sepulveda's patrols had discovered the enemy to have decamped silently during the night. The mountain mists as yet prevented the commander-in-chief from reconnoitring, or detaching any portion of the army in pursuit; neither was it yet by any means certain what direction the royalists had taken. But, when the fog had risen from the valley, it was ascertained, by the stragglers seen at a distance following the line of march, and by the united testimony of the peasants, who had assembled through curiosity on the site of the abandoned camp, that Monteverde had marched rapidly to the northward.

While Miranda was deliberating, in a council of war, whether it were most expedient to follow the route of the royalists, or to fall back on the valleys that had been left defenceless, Lorenzo Tovar presented himself at the general's tent with intelligence. He stated that the *Cazique* Pichiloncoy, who had brought him a present of fish from the lake, had declared to him, that he well

knew the mountain road, by which Monteverde would probably enter the valleys of the Caracas.

The Indian was immediately sent for, and repeated his assertion before the council; stating that he had long been acquainted with the Quebrada del Culegui, and that it was also well known to the Guagiví tribe, as a short but rugged pass leading into the low country of Venezuela. He said that the above tribe, with which his people were at war, had certainly betrayed this road to the Spaniards; for he had seen one of their number, in company with Monteverde and his staff, ride by a bush in which he lay concealed, the day after the enemy crossed the river Catacumba; and had watched them until they took the direction leading to the pass. He also said that, considering the early hour of the night, at which the enemy had decamped, they must certainly have reached the quebrada by day-light, and probably their main body had already crossed the mountains. This intelligence decided the question at issue in the council; and Miranda gave orders for a rapid retreat towards the valley of Maracay.

Monteverde, meanwhile, who had purposely continued encamped near the lagoon, until he had drawn the attention of his less experienced adversary from his real plans of attack, reaped the fruit of his stratagem, in an unimpeded entrance into the low country. Here his army was reinforced by numerous partisans, whom discontent or superstition induced to rally round the Spanish standard; and his cause was daily strengthened, by the declamations of the friars in the neighbouring towns, who exhorted the people every where to flock to the cause of their lawful sovereign Fernando. The most conspicuous and enthusiastic among them, was the Capuchin Fray Pablo, who had been appointed one of the chaplains to the army, in consideration of his services and sufferings, and who affected the tone of a martyr to his principles. This turbulent monk eagerly seized every opportunity that offered, of invoking vengeance on the sacrilegious traitors, who had rebelled against their king, and had insulted the Catholic faith in the person of its minister. After a succession of forced marches, the patriots found themselves, at an early hour of the morning, in the presence of their opponents; who were marching in a parallel direction, and had entered the same valley by a different road. The generals on both sides issued orders for the immediate formation of the line of battle; being well aware, that it was impossible, from the relative positions in which they had been so suddenly placed, to avoid coming to a decisive action, even if they had been desirous of postponing it. Little previous exhortation was necessary to animate the troops. The royalists were inspired with the confidence natural to an advancing army, augmented by a sense of superiority in numbers and discipline over their opponents, whom they despised and hated; while enthusiasm, and confidence in their leader,—sentiments which gained additional strength from the excitement of the impending fight,—amply atoned for the deficiencies in numerical force, and inexperience in war, of which the patriots could not but be conscious.

A short time was spent in arranging the opposite armies, on each side of a small brook that wound through the centre of the valley, and in manœuvring for the possession of certain important positions:—operations which could not have failed to interest a mere spectator, by the beautiful display of military skill and precision, in the various complicated movements, executed chiefly to the sound of the bugle. The action was commenced by a brigade of field pieces, on a small eminence behind the left of the Spanish line. Very few shots took effect, by reason of the usual mistake made by the Spanish artillery, of opening their fire when at too great a distance. Nevertheless, it mainly contributed to render the raw patriot recruits unsteady; and compel Miranda to advance to the attack that part of his line which was cannonaded. Before it had reached the rivulet, the French volunteer artillery-men, who had been detained in the rear by the bad roads, came up. Having calculated their distance more scientifically, they returned the fire, with interest and with a far superior aim, on the Spanish line.

Monteverde, who had designed to act on the defensive as long as possible, was highly pleased to find that his opponents had left their position, for the purpose of commencing the engagement. He permitted the centre regiments, which Miranda had ordered to the front, to descend into the bed of the rivulet without opposition. But then, while their columns were unavoidably broken by the winding banks, which prevented them from readily forming, or acting in unison, he charged them with the reinforcement that had lately arrived from Cadiz.

These mustachioed veterans advanced, with their usual war-cry of "*Santiago por España!*" and drove those patriots who had gained the land, back again into the stream, which was nearly breast high in that part. Flushed with their advantage, they plunged in after the fugitives, and pursued them to the opposite side, encouraged by the Spanish officers, for they, unacquainted with the habits of the creoles, erroneously supposed, that troops which were so easily broken could not be rallied with equal facility.

They soon discovered the fatal error, into which their overweening confidence had led them. The Venezuelians, who fought barefoot, or at most with light sandals, and unincumbered by knapsacks, waded the rivulet with ease, and ran back to the position they had left, where they were rallied without the least difficulty. The Spaniards, on the contrary, heavily armed, and accoutred with all the paraphernalia of regular troops, were considerably impeded in their passage; and, when they had ascended the bank, could advance but slowly to the attack, with shoes and gaiters soaked with water. The patriots were encouraged, by their evident embarrassment, to charge them in turn. They could make but little impression on veterans, long accustomed, during the Peninsular war, to conflicts on a more extensive scale; but they succeeded in checking their progress, and in convincing them that victory was not so easily gained, as they had anticipated, over troops however inexperienced, who fought for liberty and their native land.

Meanwhile, the Cazadores de Aragoa and the Grenadiers del Barlovento, who were stationed on the right of the patriot line, had crossed the stream lower down, under cover of the French volunteers' fire, and had carried the height which had been crowned by the Spanish field-pieces, three of which fell into their hands. Miranda immediately ordered the carbiniers to cross the rivulet, and support the infantry; sending with them a body of Frenchmen, to work the guns which had been captured. The left flank of the royalists having been thus turned, Monteverde found it necessary to recall the Spaniards who had crossed the brook, and to make a final desperate effort to dislodge the patriots from the position they had just gained. But the veteran Europeans had scarcely approached within range of the artillery, when a galling fire was opened on them, which was perceived, as often as the smoke rolled away, to make considerable gaps in their columns. They advanced, nevertheless, with the coolest intrepidity, their track being marked distinctly by the killed and wounded left behind them; until they reached a level maize field, just beneath the mountain on which the guns stood.

Here they halted, and were in the act of deploying, preparatory to ascending the heights, when the patriot regiment of carbiniers, that had been just joined by a corps of lancers, galloped round from behind the hillocks by which they had been concealed, and charged the Spaniards before they had time to form square. The consequences were most disastrous, as will readily be conceived. A few royalists succeeded in gaining the bed of the rivulet, and the broken ground that they had incautiously left; but far the greater part fell victims to the fatal "war to the death," which their own countrymen had in an evil hour introduced, and which was long carried on with unrelenting fury by both parties. In vain did they form small platoons; and, setting back to back, fight manfully for their lives. Lance thrust and sabre cut were showered on them unsparingly, and without intermission, by the overwhelming force of the patriot cavalry; and, in a few minutes, the mournful cry of "Quarter, in the name of God," which had been raised in the agony of despair, by a few panic-struck individuals, who found themselves the last survivors of their band, was silenced for ever.

Monteverde was in most instances notoriously prodigal of human life, which he was ever ready to sacrifice, where there was the most remote chance of success; but here he saw clearly, that it would be useless to protract the struggle. He therefore rapidly retired to the heights overlooking the valley; not however before a considerable number of his men had been surrounded, and taken prisoners by the cavalry, who had for once been satiated with slaughter, and were prevailed on by Miranda to give quarter. The patriot general then reconnoitred the fresh position occupied by the royalists, and saw sufficient cause to apprehend, that any attempt to dislodge them, must inevitably cost him a number of his best troops, disproportionate to any advantage he could possibly reap by success. He therefore considered it expedient to bivouac on the field, without harassing his troops by any farther exertion; fatigued as they were by marching and fighting, with scarcely any rest or refreshment for

several days. As it was still early, he sent off the prisoners, guarded by the carbiniers, who were the most trustworthy corps in the army, to Puerto Cavallo; with particular instructions to the governor, Simon Bolivar, to be vigilant in his precautions against surprise by sea and land.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CASTLE.—DESERTERS.—THE CHINGANERA.—THE CHICHERIA.

Sepulveda was once more detached from his duty as aide-de-camp, to command the escort appointed to conduct the prisoners. During the early days of the revolution, treachery and breach of faith were notoriously of such frequent occurrence among men of all ranks, that it was considered a measure of common precaution, by no means unusual or invidious, to supersede any officer in an important command, by another whose patriotism was more thoroughly approved; and to reinstate the former, without any explanation being required or offered. A verbal order was sometimes sufficient for this transfer; but it was more usually notified in general orders, that "Don Fulano de Tal, Edecan, &c., would take temporary command of such a corps during the performance of some specified duty; in place of Don Perenzejo de Tal, who would join the staff in the interim."

As Sepulveda was well aware of the unsettled state of the province, consequent on the incursion of the royalists, and the inflammatory harangues of the friars, he took especial care to march his escort with every precaution usually observed in passing through an enemy's country. About half a league to the southward of Puerto Cavallo, he was met by a patrol from the castle at the port, and warned that it would be dangerous for him to attempt entering the city. He learned, that the inhabitants had risen, the preceding day, against the troops composing the garrison, whom they had compelled to retire into the forts at the harbour; and that the Spanish flag had been hoisted in the city and suburbs. The subaltern, in command of the patrol, furnished Sepulveda with one of his men, to conduct him by a circuitous route to the port; and, as the escort proceeded, Don Carlos questioned the guide concerning the cause of the insurrection.

He was informed that, immediately on the arrival of the news of Monteverde's having succeeded in crossing the mountains, his partisans, who were numerous in the city, had openly declared themselves in his favour. This had rendered it necessary for Don Simon Bolivar, the governor, to make some serious examples of the most audacious among them; but his decisive measures had drawn on him the indignation of the friars, who had not scrupled to recommend in their sermons to the people, that the "impertinent stripling" should be cut off from among them. Bolivar had consequently been warned, by many of the most distinguished inhabitants, against risking himself in the streets without a guard; but to no effect. The day before Sepulveda's arrival, as Bolivar was passing through the Plaza, in company with his fort-adjutant, Rivas, he was publicly pointed out as an arch-rebel, and malignant heretic, by a friar who was haranguing the populace.

Irritated at this affront, Bolivar rode up to the insolent monk, and struck him several blows over the shoulders, with the flat of his sabre; ordering him at the same time, at his peril, to retire to his convent. The mob instantly took fire at the outcries of the fanatic, who pretended to be severely wounded. They assaulted the governor and his companion so vigorously, with stones and knives, that they killed the adjutant on the spot, and compelled Bolivar to consult his safety by flight. The populace, emboldened by their success, and probably apprehending chastisement from the garrison in the forts, armed and organised themselves, and sent a deputation to Monteverde, inviting him to occupy the city with the troops. They had as yet showed no signs of an intention to attack the castle; nor had they attempted to impede its intercourse with the surrounding country. But they had shut the city gates, and posted regular pickets at all the outlets of the suburbs; with the avowed intention of holding Puerto Cavallo for Monteverde, until he should send them succours.

As Sepulveda approached the port with his escort, he found every part of the fortifications in a state of preparation for defence; as if hourly expecting an attack. The drawbridges were up; a lighted match smoked by the side of every gun; and the bayonets of sentries glittered from every part of the ramparts, where the *bandera tricolor* waved defiance to the neighbouring city. When he reached the castle ditch, he rode forward in advance of his party along the causeway, which projected into a

narrow inlet of the sea, flowing round that part of the forts, and waved the standard of the carbiniers. He was answered from the wall, above the sally-port; and in a few minutes the drawbridge was lowered, the heavy iron-studded gates were thrown open, and a strong guard of infantry marched out, and formed on the glacis. Sepulveda then beckoned to his lieutenant to advance; and the prisoners filed forward towards the castle, followed by the cavalry escort. The garrison guard brought up the rear; the drawbridge was again drawn up; and the gates closed with the usual ceremony.

An adjutant appeared to receive Sepulveda, and signified to him the governor's orders, that the prisoners should form on the parade for his inspection. The carbiniers having dismounted, as their attendance was no longer necessary, Don Carlos ranged the Spanish captives in double file along two sides of the square. There they stood, with down-east looks, travel-stained, and some among them slightly wounded, exposed to the curious gaze, and whispered remarks, of all the idlers belonging to the garrison. The officers, in particular, crowded round Sepulveda, to enquire the news; and he was proceeding to satisfy their curiosity, when the appearance of Bolivar silenced all conversation for the present.

He advanced with hurried steps into the centre of the parade; and enquired for the officer commanding the escort which had just arrived. Sepulveda presented himself with the usual salute, which was slightly answered; and Bolivar proceeded to ask him several questions, in rapid succession, relative to the late action; repeatedly interrupting his details, by exclamations of impatience at not having been present. He then turned to the prisoners, and walked slowly along their ranks, regarding each individual with a scrutinising glance; under which few, even of the sullen hard-featured Gallegos, could avoid quailing. He paused before a creole, who stood among them in the uniform of a Spanish grenadier; and having examined him attentively, said, "Well, comrade! have you forgotten me?"

The soldier whom he addressed, faltered an attempt to reply, and remained silent.

"Your memory appears to have failed you, amigo!" continued Bolivar: "let me remind you, that you served in my regiment on the last expedition to Coro, where we lost you; and you have never been able, it seems, to find your way back to your colours. Stand out from the ranks!"

He recognised, in like manner, eight or ten more deserters; and separated them from their companions, whom he ordered to be confined in the *casas-matas*. He then directed the adjutant to take a few files of men from the Guardia de Prevencion, and to shoot the deserters instantly on the north bastion. The unfortunate men, on hearing this sudden sentence, turned pale; but made no sort of attempt to obtain pardon. The adjutant lingered, as if unwilling to execute the order he had received; and ventured to enquire, whether a confessor should be summoned.

"*Quatro balas a cada uno!*" vociferated Bolivar with the terrific frown, peculiar to him; "*Cuerpo de Dios!* I will have no monks introduced into these castles. They have already done more mischief, both at Caraccas and Puerto Cavallo, than the shaven crowns of their whole meddling fraternity are worth. If the deserters have a fancy for confession, let it be to each other, on their way to the bastion; but at your peril be it, Señor Ayudante Corbalan, if I do not hear the musketry at work within ten minutes. Attention!"

As Corbalan retired with the deserters to the Guardia de Prevencion, on the opposite side of the parade, Bolivar followed him with a keen searching glance, and said in a low voice, scarcely audible even by those nearest him,—"Twice already has he presumed to interfere with his advice, since I have made him fort-adjutant. To plead for Godos and deserters! Let him look to his own head. Poor Rivas!—I should have given him this commission to execute, had it not been for that mutinous canaille in the city yesterday.—I had confidence in Rivas. No trouble about friars and confession with him; but I hardly know what to think of this Corbalan. Let him look to himself!"

He then turned to Sepulveda, and directed him to quarter his carbiniers in the cavalry barracks, at the port,

* Bolivar's frown, when he was agitated by one of those bursts of passion to which he was subject, used to wrinkle his high forehead into furrows, of that peculiar horse-shoe form, described as the brand of the Redgauntlet family.

"And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and mercy sigh'd farewell!"

for the night; as there was no forage in the castle for the horses, and little water to spare, there being but one tank for the supply of the garrison. He at the same time expressed a wish to see him at supper in the fort, when he had seen his men comfortably established; that he might enquire, more at his leisure, into the circumstances of the late victory. Don Carlos expressed his thanks, and ordering his carbiners to mount, left the castle with them, by a different gate from that by which he had entered; and descended by a steep narrow path immediately into the port. The streets through which he passed were silent and deserted; and, as the sound of the horses' hoofs was heard clattering along the paved streets, the doors and windows of the principal houses were hastily closed. As the uniform and standard of the carbiners were recognised, groups of females, still trembling with apprehension, crowded round the soldiers, to enquire the fate of their friends, and to learn when the enemy might be expected.

Having marched his men into the barrack, and given his lieutenant the necessary instructions, Sepulveda strolled out to the harbour, which he found nearly empty, although usually much frequented by merchant vessels of all sizes. The few which still remained were lying with sails bent, evidently in readiness to go to sea on the first alarm; and several small droguers and lighters were lying close to the quay, hastily embarking merchandise of various descriptions, with which it was piled. Merchants and their clerks were hurrying from their respective store-houses, followed by strings of peons, bending under the weight of bales and cases, which they were hastening to ship. A Venezuelan man-of-war schooner was lying at some distance, with her fore-top-sail loose, and her signal for sailing flying at the main; and several gun-boats were mooring in a line in front of the mole, so as to command the mouth of the harbour.

Sepulveda walked slowly along the sands, yet moist with the ebbing tide, until he reached the rocky promontory on which the castle stands. Here he seated himself to rest after his fatiguing march, enjoying the cool evening breeze, and the novel sight of the dark blue ocean outside the harbour. His thoughts insensibly turned to the theme on which they were wont to dwell, during the few short intervals of tranquillity he was fated to enjoy. He was wearying his mind in fruitless conjectures, whither Don Beltran and his daughter had wandered; when he heard a light step by his side, turned, and saw the Chinganera, muffled in her dark woollen manta.

"Well met, Carlos Sepulveda!" exclaimed she, before he could address her; "I come to fulfill the promise I made when we last parted; and where could I find a fitter place than this? That small black schooner, close under the guns of the castle, is the very one that conveyed Maria del Rosario Peñuela from her native land."

"Then you have learned whither she is gone?" cried Don Carlos, with joyful surprise; "tell me instantly the place."

"I know it not, hermano! but you shall soon know; that is if you can prevail on the Dutchman who commands the vessel to tell you. His mildest replies to me, when I asked him the question, were '*bruja*,' and '*perra montonera*.' But follow me, and I will show you the bodegon he frequents."

She led the way, followed by Sepulveda, along the beach, until they reached the quay. She there turned up a narrow lane, lined by watermen's and peons' cottages, before whose doors their wives were busied cooking fish for their evening repast. At the upper end of this lane, where it was crossed by an alley leading to the main street, she pointed out a corner house, which was denoted to be a *chicheria*, by the usual legend, in large ill-formed letters over the door, of

"VENDITO, ALAVADO, Y ENZALZADO, &c."

and by a grotesque sign, painted in ochre and indigo on the white-washed wall, said to represent a bull-fight. On a long bench outside the door, formed by a broken canoe with its bottom upwards, sat several sailors and peons, smoking, and drinking wine and chicha out of red lacquered calabashes; while the large room within resounded to the strains of a harp, accompanied by two or three vihuelas and Indian rattles, and by the shrill recitative of the hired singers.

The Chinganera having directed Sepulveda to enquire for Lodewyk Sluiker, he made his way, with difficulty, through the press, to the Señora of the inn, a comely zambita, whose massive gold ear-rings, and rosary with *padres* and *credos* of the same precious metal, showed her profession to be tolerably lucrative. She was so ear-

nestly engaged in dispensing chicha de piña* and aguardiente, and in performing her duty as taster to each of her numerous guests, that she scarcely gave herself the trouble to attend to the question that was asked her. On seeing indistinctly Sepulveda's mustachios and capote, through the dense medium formed by the smoke of at least a hundred cigars and churumbelas, she exclaimed in a flippant tone, "there are none of your soldiers here, Señor Militar! you may believe me," adding in an under voice, meant only for those nearest her, "Poor fellows! their pay-day comes too seldom for them to see the inside of a *chicheria* often."

The revellers, standing round the musicians, turned to offer to the stranger, to whom the hostess had drawn their attention, a share of their several potations; but all made way for him in respectful silence, on seeing beneath his military cloak the light blue sash of an aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. A whisper soon spread through the crowded room, of "Edecan del Gefe Supremo!" and reached the alarmed landlady's ears. She hastened to apologise for having mistaken "Os Merced" (him) for a soldier; declaring that she had supposed him to be a serjeant from the castle, in search of men belonging to the garrison.

"But Os Merced has undoubtedly called to taste my chicha de piña, which, without boasting, is allowed to be the best in the port; and well it may—made of the finest red pine-apple from Aragoas. If Os Merced will please to walk into the aposento, he will find Alférez Chispán, Cadete Naypes, and Abanderado Tragón, with several other señores militares, who honour my *chicheria* with a visit every evening after siesta."

Sepulveda begged permission to defer, until another opportunity, his introduction to the worthies who were employing their leisure hours so agreeably; and enquired for the master of the Curazao droguer.

"*Malhaya la suerte!*" a messenger from the castle has just fetched him away to the governor, to receive his despatches for La Guayra. He will sail to-morrow with the forenoon tide and sea breeze; but if Os Merced will wait a while,—"

"It is of little consequence, *patroncita!* I shall probably meet him at the castle; if not, I will call in the morning."

He left the *chicheria*, cheered as he went by the revellers, with shouts of "Viva Miranda!" and communicated to the Chinganera the result of his enquiry. He then stated the necessity there was for his immediately waiting on Bolívar; and expressed a wish to meet her the following morning in the same place.

"One thing more," she replied, "I have to say, before we part, perhaps for ever. I warned you on the Alameda of Caraccas, that, when we next met, you would be in danger of shortly becoming a wanderer from Coquibacoa. Beware of sleeping in yonder castle. When did a fort long wear the same flag that a neighbouring city had torn down? It will be known, before long, that there are foes within, as well as without the ramparts. I counted the royalist prisoners who arrived this day; and they are more in number than the soldiers of the garrison. Beware, lest they win their way out of the *casas-matas* with silver keys!"

She turned, and hastened down the lane with her usual celerity; leaving Sepulveda in doubt, whether to pity what he believed to be the ravings of a disordered imagination, or to laugh at the oracular tone affected by all of her tribe, when they wish to excite interest and attention in their hearers.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ADJUTANT.—BOLIVAR.—TREACHERY.—ESCAPE.

The evening gun was already fired, and answered by musquetry from the schooner in the harbour, as Sepulveda reached the castle. Nevertheless, the land-port gate was fortunately still open; and, as Don Carlos passed under the arched gateway leading under the ramparts, he enquired of the officer on guard, whether a foreign sailor had entered.

"He has been with Bolívar this last half hour," was the answer; "and the fort-adjutant has just brought an order to keep the bridge down until his return. It has happened luckily for you, camarada! for otherwise you would have found the gates closed for the night, and must have sought lodgings in the port;—not to mention the serious loss of a good supper at the governor's table."

As Don Carlos passed through the narrow covered-

* *Chicha de pina*, cider made of pine-apples, a common beverage in many parts of South America.

way, into which the *casas-matas* open, he met the adjutant, followed by several men whom, notwithstanding the gloom of the vaulted passage, he recognised as the deserters, whom Bolívar had detected among the prisoners, and had ordered for instant execution. Corbalán started back on seeing him; but immediately recovering himself, ushered the men into one of the cells, which he opened with a master-key. Having locked them in, he turned to Sepulveda with a forced smile, saying, "I am rejoiced to see that you are at last arrived, Señor Edecan. I feared you would have delayed so long at the port, that we should have been deprived of the pleasure of your company at Don Simon's."

Sepulveda made a suitable reply; and turned the conversation on the deserters whom he had just seen. He expressed his surprise at Bolívar's having consented to pardon them, contrary to his repeated declaration; and complimented the adjutant on his extraordinary success, in persuading a chief so remarkable for pertinacity in all his resolves. Corbalán appeared more and more embarrassed; and at length confessed, that he had spared the men's lives without the governor's knowledge.

"To own the truth," said he, "I contrived it with the assistance of the erjeant commanding the shooting party; whom I bribed to load his men's muskets with blank cartridges. I gave the prisoners a hint to fall flat, as if killed, on hearing the volley; and the picket was marched off without suspecting any thing extraordinary. But let me entreat you will say nothing whatever of my stratagem in the garrison; for, if it should come to Bolívar's knowledge, I might chance to suffer severely for my humanity."

Sepulveda promised to keep the secret, as he was requested; although he could not but entertain a very different opinion of an officer, in so confidential a situation as that of an adjutant, who could degrade himself so far, as to tamper with his subalterns in the discharge of his and their duty. He made no remark, however, but enquired how Corbalán proposed to conceal this neglect of the governor's sentence; observing that, in all probability, suspicion would be excited by the night patroles not finding the bodies, on going their usual rounds along the ramparts.

"Never fear!" rejoined the adjutant; "the north bastion is built on the rock overhanging the harbour; and I intend to say, (should any enquiry be made,) that I ordered the bodies to be thrown into the sea at high water; as used to be the custom formerly, when the Spaniards were in possession of the castle."

They reached the governor's house, just as Lodewyk Sluiker was leaving it. Sepulveda endeavoured to question him, but the schipper would not hear a word; claiming, as he broke away,—"Come to myn wyn-huis to-morgen, and we zal talk so long as you zal choose."

The adjutant left Sepulveda in the entrance hall, while he carried in the evening reports to the governor; and immediately returning, ushered Don Carlos in, whispering a repetition of his earnest request, that he would be careful not to allude to the deserters. He found Bolívar pacing up and down a drawing-room, commanding a view of the harbour, in animated conversation with several officers of the garrison; and occasionally referring to a map of Venezuela, drawn by himself from his own surveys, which was spread on a side table. On seeing Sepulveda, he welcomed him cordially, and taking his arm, continued his usual rapid walk; listening with interested attention to the details of the recent opening of the campaign.

On hearing him mention the Quebrada del Colequi, as the pass by which Monteverde entered the low country, and which Don Carlos assured him that the guides had declared not to exist, Bolívar turned to his map, and exultingly pointed to the spot; saying, between jest and earnest, "At some future period, when I succeed to the office of commander-in-chief, I will show the Godon, that there is not an inch of my native land, with which I am not as well acquainted, as with my own plantation of San Miguel. Little did the Captain-General of Caraccas think, when he employed me as engineer to survey the country, that even then, mere youth as I was, I dreamed of nothing but the independence of Venezuela. Hoping that a correct map might be one day useful, in the event of a struggle for our rights and liberty, (which was then indeed a most visionary expectation,) I took this copy, by stealth, and in spite of every precaution and sanguinary threat of the jealous despot who commanded us."

He folded it up, and deposited it carefully in the breast of his uniform; laughing as he continued: "It has ever since been my bosom friend; and was, in one instance, the means of saving me from a severe and probably dan-

gerous wound. During a smart skirmish, one day, in the province of Coro, its thick folds ward off a musket ball, which would otherwise have penetrated pretty deep, and in an awkward direction."

Supper was announced by a gray-headed soldier, who acted as butler to the governor, and was well known throughout the patriot army, for the unwearied fidelity with which he attended him, although of a very advanced age, through those arduous campaigns, which proved too severe for many a more youthful follower. He had been a confidential servant in the family of Bolivar's father, on whose death he had attached himself to Don Simon; and was clad, at his own request, in uniform, which, as he conceived, gave him a right to fight in the patriot ranks, near his old master's son. He was, at the same time, rather pertinacious in offering his opinion on politics; and, although he firmly believed his young colonel to be the best and bravest man in Venezuela, and respected him accordingly, his affection too frequently led him to indulge in greater familiarity, than Bolivar would have endured from any other human being.

When Bolivar had taken his seat at the table, surrounded by the staff of the garrison, and other brother officers, his guests, few could have recognised, in the affable and highly polished host, the stern unbending disciplinarian of the field and parade. There he affected a roughness totally foreign to his domestic habits, and enforced peremptory obedience by a torrent of coarse expletives, adapted to the comprehension of the rude undisciplined insurgents, whom he most frequently had to deal with. In his own house, or elsewhere at times when duty did not interfere, his conversation was highly pleasing and instructive; and no one could be better acquainted with the art of making his guests pleased, at one and the same time, with themselves and him.

After supper, he encouraged a brisk circulation of the bottle; for although Bolivar was in general remarkably abstemious, he was far from being rigid in enforcing temperance at his own table. From thence cigars alone were banished, as (strange to say of a creole and a soldier) he had an unconquerable dislike to the smell of tobacco. The guests, with the exception of Corbalan, who sat silent, and evidently in deep meditation, soon caught the lively tone of hilarity which animated their host; and the sound of the *retréta*, commencing under the governor's balcony, and slowly going its usual rounds through the castle, reminded them for the first time that it was getting late. The fort-adjutant immediately started up, and retired to collect the reports of guard and roll-call; taking with him the heavy bunch of keys, with which it was his duty to inspect the different posterns and case-mates. The other officers were preparing to follow his example; but were detained by Bolivar, who insisted on their sitting still until the return of Corbalan.

"When Rivas had charge of the keys," said he, "I used to trust entirely to him, and retire to rest, as usual, with the *retréta*; but I must see more of this new adjutant, before I can repose so much confidence in him. Besides, we are not every day so fortunate as to receive an aide-de-camp from head-quarters, bringing good news, and some hundred prisoners. We must send back Don Carlos to-morrow, with a favourable report of the hospitality of our little garrison, to our friends in the army."

Thus encouraged, the company resumed their gaiety. Time was again passing unheeded in social merriment, when the old butler slowly opened the door; and having paused a moment, as if to ascertain who were present, advanced to the back of the governor's chair, where he stood until his master was at leisure to attend to him.

"Well, Tahita Felipe!" said Bolivar at length; "have my unusually late hours scandalised you? Or are you come to tell me, that I must have no more wine, as you took the liberty of assuring me not very long since?"

"No, hijo Simon!" said the old man; "but do you recollect how long the adjutant has been absent? And do you remember that he has the keys with him?"

"Very true, Tahita! he has certainly been rather dilatory; but he is now in office, and consequently awkward at first."

"Take care that he is not too clever for you, hijo!" said Felipe; and added in a significant under tone, "He is a Porteneco of Cartagena."

"And what though he be, are you so thorough-bred a mountaineer as to distrust all Portenecos, on the authority of the silly old song? I thought there had been more sense and less prejudice under those gray locks, amigo

Felipe! But tell me, once for all, what is it you suspect?"

"It is my belief, hijo Simon,—as well as that of others in the garrison, who are afraid to speak out,—that 'ñor Corbalan is little better than a Godo in disguise, and by no means to be depended on in a castle so near the enemy as this is. Recollect how he interested himself to-day for the deserters;—as I heard more than one remark;—and for no other reason whatever, than because they were taken in arms for the king."

"You are so much accustomed to the manners of your late favourite, poor Rivas, (who I must own was far more likely to mistake in shooting too many than too few Godos,) that you fancy every one to be of their party, who is inclined to spare them. You forget that I myself used at one time to intercede with General del Toro for them; although few families in Venezuela have more ample cause to execrate them than mine. Go down stairs, and tell my ordenanza to search for the adjutant; and to desire him to make haste with the reports."

When Felipe retired, Bolivar remained thoughtful for a short time; as if his old servant's observations had made some impression on his mind. Sepulveda recollected the circumstance of the deserters, whom Corbalan had rescued in so clandestine a manner, from the fate they had merited. He was debating within himself, whether he ought to consider himself bound by a promise of secrecy so imprudently given, when a shot was heard in the corner of the parade, followed by a volley of musketry, and the well-known ominous shouts of "Long live the King!—Death to the insurgents!"

"A thousand devils!" exclaimed Bolivar, as he started to his feet, and buckled on his sabre; "Felipe was right, after all; and I am a confiding idiot!"

All rushed into the adjoining room; from whence they could see the parade beneath, crowded with troops in the Spanish uniform, mingled with a disorderly mob of *rotozos* bearing clubs, long knives, and torches, who were rushing towards the Government-house. The sergeant's guard, which was stationed at the door, fired among them as they advanced, and instantly retreated into the porch, shutting the gate after them. But a tumultuous attack was made on it with stones and bludgeons; the mob outside being only hindered from forcing their passage, by the impediments their own eagerness and numbers threw in their way. Bolivar comprehended at the first glance the state of the case.

"That traitor Corbalan," said he, "has released the Spanish prisoners, surprised the main-guard, and thrown open the gates to the *rotozos* from the city. Follow me close, camaradas!"

So saying, he hurried back into the supper-room; and threw open the folding doors leading to the viranda which overlooked the harbour. He then unbuckled his sash, and having fastened it to the railing of the balcony, set the example of descending, which was speedily followed by his guests and domestics, among whom was old Felipe. Bolivar led the way to the north bastion, which he and his party reached unobserved. Pausing there, he prepared for taking to the water, by unbuckling his sabre, and fastening it to his back.

"All will be well, comrades!" said he, "let all those who can swim follow me to that little schooner you can just discern, about a pistol-shot off. Luckily for us, it is high tide; and there will be depth enough of water, close under the rocks, for us to drop into without danger."

All the officers, and most of the soldiers, who heard him, prepared to take his advice: but old Felipe shook his head, and said, "I was born in the Cerrania, and never could swim, even when a boy; so that I should run but a poor chance, were I to trust myself out of my depth at my age. Shift for yourself, hijo Simon, and never heed me. The Godos will hardly ill-treat so old a man as I am; and if they should, I shall have lived too long if I must see the Spanish flag flying in the place of the tricolor!"

As he advanced to embrace his master, Bolivar suddenly seized the old man in his arms, and plunged him into the water from the rock on which he was standing. Then dashing in after him, he caught him before he could sink, and supported him with one arm, swimming actively with the other towards Lodewyk Sluiker's schooner. Lights now began to appear on board several vessels, which had been alarmed by the firing and clamour in the castle. The honest Curazao-man, who was getting up his keedge in order to haul out of range of the guns, no sooner heard the repeated plunges into the water, and could distinguish swimmers approaching his vessel, than he began to shout, "Boom af! whoever you call be."

Bolivar, who was by this time assisted by Sepulveda in

supporting his old servant, found leisure to answer, "we are friends!"

"*Vrienden zey je? Slapperloot!* call you it *vriendelyk* to plunge blindlings off 't rocks, like so many zee-honds; and to bring fright over an honest schipper and his maats?"

Then snatching a lantern from one of his men, he held it over the gunnel, and seeing Bolivar, exclaimed,—"*Duizend duizelen!* he is 't *kleintje kolonel*—so will ik live!—and myn old vriend't bottelier; whom they zal drown among them, if he have not good luck."

As the droguer's boat lay alongside, and her waist bulwarks were unshipped, the whole party found little difficulty in climbing on board; where they stood dripping with wet, and staring on each other, as uncertain what to do next. Bolivar immediately took his resolution, on seeing torches appear on the bastion they had just left. He ordered the schipper to cut his cable instantly, and to haul alongside of the man-of-war, before they were perceived by the enemy on the ramparts; assuring him that his droguer would otherwise be sunk by the guns of the fort. But Lodewyk, whom it was not so easy to put out of his way, had a very strong objection both to cutting and slipping; and observed, that it would be a difficult matter to get another *kellie*, now that no hopes remained of being able to land at the port.

Unluckily for Sluiker, the royalist party, which had obtained possession of the castle, was so keen in their search after Bolivar, and his officers, whom they designed to have massacred, that they found the few soldiers who had been left behind on the north bastion. These they compelled, under the most dreadful denunciations of torture, to declare which way the governor had escaped. They consequently kept a sharp look out, from different parts of the ramparts; and no sooner had the schipper raised his usual cry of "heave, met a will, ahoy!" than a shot came from one of the long *piedreras* on the bastion, which struck the droguer's larboard bow, and travelled right through, passing out below her water-line on the other side.

Bolivar instantly drew his sabre, and cut the hawser without any more delay. A few more shots followed the first; but merely cut away some of the standing rigging. The sailors, reinforced by the landmen, who compensated in strength for their deficiencies in nautical skill, made such strenuous exertions, that they reached the man-of-war schooner, and scrambled aboard, just as the little droguer began to settle in the water and go down. The sentry on board the Tiburon hailed, as soon as he heard the droguer's sweeps; and was answered by Bolivar with the night parole, which he had always been careful to communicate to the men-of-war lying in the harbour, in anticipation of some such emergency as the present. He was therefore immediately recognised; and preparations were made to receive him. The captain, a creole of Barcelona, who had been promoted from a small coasting vessel to his present command, got under weigh by the governor's directions. Having swept out of the harbour, he hoisted, until day-light should enable him to reconnoitre the port and castle.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SCHOONER.—REVOLUTION.—SURRENDER.

As soon as the morning breeze blew fresh enough to ensure a vessel against missing stays, the Tiburon schooner stood in to the harbour's mouth, under Venezuelan colours. The moment she was seen from the castle to be rounding the point, the Spanish flag was hoisted on the north bastion, and the royalist war-cry was distinctly heard from the throng that lined the ramparts. The gun-boats had evidently been surprised the preceding night, and had changed masters, for the red and yellow colours of Spain were flying at the mastsheads.

Bolivar saw enough to convince him of the impossibility of attempting any thing for the relief of the castle; he therefore gave the captain of the schooner directions to wear and stand out to sea again. While he was executing this manœuvre, and just as the Tiburon turned her stern towards the inner harbour, a flash was seen to issue from the nearest gun-boat, followed by a dense volume of white smoke, which rolled forward over the surface of the water, like mist before the breeze. Before the report of the heavy gun was heard, a shot spun past the schooner, bounding along the waves, so close as to throw the spray on her deck.

"By 't jumping Jonas! dat was wel gemeend!" exclaimed Sluiker, forgetting his personal danger in the excitement of the moment; "Kyk out, kinders! you zal zie another closer aboard us directly."

The words had scarcely been uttered, when the other

gun-boats followed the example of their commodore, and with far more fatal aim. Of the five shots, two went through the sails and rigging; and the third carried away the jaws of the main gaff, which immediately swung loose by the halyards, disabling the mainsail for the time. The last struck the unfortunate creole captain, who was at that moment hanging over the lee quarter, overhauling the boom sheet, and dashed him overboard. He clung for a moment, with a convulsive grasp, to the rope he was holding; and then, his gripe at once relaxing, he fell into the water, and was seen no more.

The Tiburon made such rapid way through the water, that although it was not long before the gun-boats repeated their fire, all their shots dropped in her wake, without touching her. When she was once more outside the harbour, the ex-governor enquired of the seamen, who was the officer next in command to their late captain. He was informed, that the lieutenant and contramaestre, who were the only subalterns belonging to her, had received permission to go ashore the preceding evening, and had not returned on board previous to the surprise of the castle and the port. Bolivar therefore took upon himself the responsibility of appointing Lodewyk Sluiker as *comandante interino*, until the pleasure of the Junta Suprema should be ascertained on the subject. Lodewyk received his appointment, with many thanks for the honour done him; observing, at the same time, that "it was an ill wind that blew no man good: one shot had sunk his droguer, and another had made way for his promotion."

Like most seamen, Sluiker was a tolerably good carpenter. He therefore set himself to work with some tools, which he found on board the schooner, as soon as she was hove to; and in a few hours had the gaff mended, and ready for hoisting once more. Bolivar then directed him to take the schooner to La Guayra, as speedily as possible; expressing a hope that he might be able to arrive at Caraccas, before the news of the insurrection at Puerto Cavallo should have animated to revolt the fickle populace of the capital. He was assured, however, by the new captain of the Tiburon, that no vessel, however well she might sail, could possibly beat up to that port, against both trade-wind and current, in less than a week.

Monteverde, meanwhile, had received intelligence from the traitorous adjutant Corbalan, that the castle of Puerto Cavallo was once more under the Spanish flag. He immediately marched his army thither by a circuitous route, by which he completely eluded the vigilance of the patriot general. The acquisition of this sea-port was of the greatest importance to the royalist army; for reinforcements, military stores, and provisions, were now received direct from Cartagena by water, instead of being delayed for many weeks on a tedious and hazardous mountain road, through a tract of country in which they were always in danger of being waylaid and intercepted. The Spanish head quarters, being thus established in the centre of Venezuela, overawed the timid inhabitants, who had been for centuries accustomed to look up to their European rulers with the deepest submission and dread, and to reverence them as the legitimate representatives of regal authority. Monteverde's emissaries busied themselves in distributing proclamations, in which he called on the creoles to return to their allegiance. He promised a general amnesty to all those who should give in their adherence, before the entrance of the royalist troops into the capital; and denounced the extremes of military chastisement to all such as should dare to temporise, by delaying their submission until circumstances should have rendered the event of the struggle no longer doubtful. To this appalling threat was added the powerful influence of the friars, who openly denounced and excommunicated the patriots, as rebels, and as renegades from their holy faith; refusing confession and absolution to all such as would not renounce their heretical and damnable principles.

The populace of Caraccas now rose *en masse*, and terrified the Junta Suprema, which was left but weakly guarded on the march of the army, into sending a deputation to Monteverde, to sue for pardon, and to place the republic at his disposal. Miranda received the news of this fatal measure, while he was falling back for the protection of the capital, which now renounced him, and refused to receive him within its walls. He soon perceived, from the effect which it produced on the army, that the cause of freedom was, (for the present at least,) lost to Venezuela. The greater part of his soldiers mutined, and deserted to the royalists by entire battalions; and many of his officers, on whom he had been in the habit of reposing the most unlimited confidence, fled to their estates, where they hoped, by submission and tem-

porary retirement, to escape the impending storm. Many of Miranda's friends earnestly pressed him to follow their example; but he persisted in standing, to the very last, the hazard of the die his own hand had thrown. As a stranger by birth to Venezuela, he was unwilling to burthen any native of that country with the dangerous responsibility of concealing him; and he imprudently resolved to confide in the honour of the conqueror, by whom he confidently expected to be liberated on his parole.

He at length determined, for the sake of the faithful few who still continued to share his shattered fortunes, to propose a capitulation, while it was yet in his power, and, if possible, before his adversary should become acquainted with the strait to which he was reduced. Monteverde received the officer, who was sent to treat with him, in the most courteous manner. He lamented the unhappy differences in opinion, which had so long separated the inhabitants of Venezuela from their countrymen in Coro and Cartagena; and expressed his sincere hope, that a new and better organised government would speedily be established in the colonies. At the same time, he studiously avoided all discussion of the terms he designed to grant; giving evasive replies when pressed on that head. He finally postponed his answer, until he should have entered Caraccas, whither he proceeded immediately at the head of his army, leaving a strong garrison for the security of Puerto Cavallo.

The greatest anxiety prevailed, meanwhile, on the part of the patriot army encamped near the village of Cucuiza, respecting the intentions of the Spanish general. Desertion continued to thin the troops; and still no definitive reply was received from Monteverde. Miranda found his army reduced to the mere skeleton of that with which he had opened the campaign. He therefore came to the resolution of disbanding it, and surrendering himself to the royalist commander-in-chief; in hopes of thereby averting from Venezuela, at whatever price, the horrors of a hopeless and protracted struggle.

He ordered the small remnant of his army to be formed, for the last time, in a hollow square; and addressed his troops in a short farewell harangue, in which he highly extolled their unshaken devotion to the cause of their country. He thanked them, in plain but feeling terms, for the fidelity and personal affection which they had evinced for him to the last; deeply regretting that any further efforts on their parts would now be unavailing. He desired them, as the last mark of their obedience which would probably be exacted by him as their general, to pile arms, and disperse peaceably to their homes; advising them to take the earliest opportunity of exchanging the proscribed uniform they then wore, for the less ostentatious dress of private citizens.

The soldiers were deeply affected at parting with their respected chief, and those officers, whom a common cause, and a participation of hardships and dangers, had endeared to them. Some complied with Miranda's order, and sullenly laid down their muskets. But the greater part, who felt the fondness of soldiers for the warlike weapons which they had borne through many a weary march and hard fought field, indignantly broke the stocks against the trees of the wood adjoining their bivouac; declaring that no God should have it to say, that they had surrendered their arms. Officers and men united in insisting, that the national colours, at least, should not be given up. As Miranda appeared at a loss how to dispose of them, the troops soon decided the question, by tearing them into shreds, which they distributed among themselves as relics; vowing to wear them concealed next to their rosaries, until they might display them, at some future day of meeting, under more favourable circumstances.

All the officers signified their desire of accompanying Miranda to Caraccas; but he requested them, as well for his own sake as for theirs, not to insist on showing him this hazardous mark of respect. He assured them, that it could only tend to exasperate the royalists, and would, in all probability, awaken Monteverde's jealousy; thereby disposing him to impose still harder terms than might otherwise perhaps be obtained. They reluctantly acquiesced in the prudence of his resolution; and, having selected a few of his oldest staff-officers to attend him, he bade the rest affectionately farewell, and took the road to Caraccas.

As he reached the summit of the hill, which overlooked the valley of Cucuiza, he looked back on the spot where the rude huts of his late encampment stood; and a tear of bitter mortification stole down his cheek, on seeing the small parties of his faithful warriors, which were separating in different directions towards their native villages. He sighed deeply to think how those

veterans, who had acquired in the camp the habit of depending entirely on their officers for their daily rations, and were totally unaccustomed to provide for themselves, would be compelled to trust to the casual hospitality of the peasantry, who were by no means well inclined towards them, for their subsistence on the road.

A few leagues from Cucuiza, he met with a Spanish picket of cavalry, which had been stationed there, rather for the purpose of watching the movements of the patriots, than from any apprehension of danger to be dreaded from their diminished force. The commanding officer, who had lately arrived from Spain with the last reinforcements, turned out his guard as soon as he heard the name of Miranda; and received him with the military honours due to his rank. In answer to the patriot general's enquiry, whether he could be permitted to proceed to Caraccas, for the purpose of soliciting an interview with Monteverde, the Spaniard replied, that he had received no instructions on that head. He said, however, that he would immediately dispatch a dragoon to head-quarters, with intelligence of his approach, and that meanwhile the general was perfectly at liberty to continue his journey.

He experienced a far different reception, from his own countrymen, on reaching the capital. The officer on guard at the gate, a creole who had deserted from the patriot army, affected to consider Miranda as his prisoner, and ordered him into a close and crowded guard-room, where he and his staff remained exposed to the gaze of the soldiers, until the return of a messenger sent to enquire how he was to be treated. One of the Monteverde's aides-de-camp arrived soon after, with an invitation for him and his officers to visit the Spanish commander in chief at the palace, which had been so far repaired, since the earthquake, as to be rendered habitable. He also apologised slightly for Miranda's detention, saying that his general had been so much occupied by important arrangements, since his arrival at the capital, that he had not found leisure to give the necessary orders for his reception.

On entering the Plaza, Miranda found a crowd assembled to witness an execution that had just taken place; and saw the bodies of five unfortunate victims to the disturbed state of the country, hanging on a gallows which was erected opposite to the windows of the palace. He could distinctly see, that they wore the green uniform of patriot officers; and the aide-de-camp observed, pointing to them, "Insurgents, who have been detected endeavouring to conceal themselves."

The attention of the populace was drawn to the palace gate, by the trumpet of the guard which saluted Miranda; for he still wore the insignia of his rank. The mob immediately recognised their old general; but "no one bid God bless him." On the contrary, the fickle Caracuenos, who had not long since greeted him, on that very spot, with enthusiastic acclaim, now pursued him with hooting and execration; shouting loudly, that they might be heard within the palace, "To the gallows with the rebel!"

When Monteverde was apprised that his once formidable opponent had arrived, and requested an interview, he at once refused to see him, until he should have taken the opinion of his council as to his reception. At the same time, he directed apartments to be provided for him in the palace; but ordered the officers, who had accompanied him, to be conducted under close arrest to the Guardia de Prevencion. On the following day, Miranda was called before the council of war, and required to answer, why he should not be tried as a rebel to his sovereign: Without attempting to argue the question of treason, which he readily perceived would be fruitless before his present judges, he pleaded the proclamation promulgated by Monteverde when at Puerto Cavallo; as the faith of which, he declared, he had now come forward to avail himself of the amnesty promised therein. The council, however, decided that, by his tardiness in deferring his submission until the Spanish army had entered Caraccas, he had forfeited all claim to the king's indulgence.

He then appealed to Monteverde himself, as a witness that he had sent a deputy to treat for terms of surrender, a considerable time previous to his obtaining possession of the capital. Against this it was urged, as an excuse for violating the faith which his judges had never designed to hold sacred, that by having disbanded his army, instead of keeping it together for the purpose of surrendering it, he had infringed the treaty into which he had entered; and that, by a fresh overt act of rebellion, persisting to exercise authority, as if in lawful command of an armed force, he had again rendered himself amenable to martial law.

Monteverde, however, either felt compunction for the harshness with which his counsellors appeared disposed to treat a fallen enemy, or, as is not improbable, was unwilling to subject themselves to the odium he would doubtless incur, by exercising unnecessary severity towards a man so much beloved by the respectable part of the community. He took a middle course, by refusing to sanction his trial before a military court in the colonies; urging the difficulty that would inevitably be found, in obtaining a cool and impartial decision, while men's minds were still under the influence of the violent spirit of party, which had so recently distracted the land. But he intimated his intention of sending him to Spain, together with some of the principal actors in the late scenes of the revolution, to be placed at his Catholic majesty's disposal. He concluded, by ordering him to be confined in a separate cell of the *casas-matas* at La Guayra, until an opportunity should offer of a vessel bound to Europe. This was expected speedily to be the case; as important despatches, relative to the fortunate conclusion of the war, were in readiness to be sent to Cadix.

Miranda bowed to the decision of the Spanish general, although he was well aware that death, or perpetual imprisonment, would be his fate in Spain; and solicited permission for his staff to occupy the same cell as himself. The request was peremptorily refused; and it was even hinted, that those officers would probably be tried at Caracas, as the result of a court martial on them would be of comparatively trifling importance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PATRIOT MAN-OF-WAR—BOLIVAR DISGUISED—CARACAS.

The *Tiburón*, meanwhile, beat up along the coast, towards the seaport nearest to the capital; but, although *Sluiker* carried all the canvass he could crowd on her, it was evident that her progress by the land was very tedious. Nothing could equal Bolivar's impatience, when, as the vessel stood in towards the shore, early in the morning succeeding each calm night, he could recognise the very points of land which he had left on the preceding evening. He paced the deck almost uninterceptedly, alternately looking out through the spy-glass for the high blue land about Caracas, and angrily remarking to *Lodewyk*, that the schooner formerly bore the reputation of being a good sailer, but that, since she had been under his charge, she scarcely appeared to make any way through the water.

The skipper usually sat smoking his cigar on the taffrail, with imperturbable gravity; and seldom thought it necessary to make any reply to these ebullitions of impatience.

At length, on the eighth morning after leaving Puerto Cavallo, they made the harbour of La Guayra; and to their great mortification, (although they were in some degree prepared to expect it,) they saw the Spanish colours flying on the castles. As it was, of course, impossible to have any communication with the shore, Bolivar enquired of the captain if he was acquainted with any obscure port in the neighbourhood, into which they might run unobserved, and endeavour to obtain intelligence of the fate of the army, and the situation of affairs in the interior. *Lodewyk* mentioned *Los Bagres*, as a creek with which he was best acquainted, in which a vessel was little liable to attract the attention of the inhabitants; for they were in habits of frequent intercourse with free traders of all nations. He accordingly received directions to proceed thither immediately.

During the passage, Bolivar disclosed to Don Carlos his intention of penetrating into the interior of Venezuela in disguise, that he might thereby be enabled to form a more correct opinion of the actual state of the country, for the purpose of deciding what was most expedient to be done, than if he trusted to intelligence obtained by any other means. At *Sepulveda's* earnest request, he was permitted to accompany Bolivar, who also gave *Sluiker* directions to stand out to sea, after obtaining water and provisions, and to cruise in the offing for twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which time he was to return and send a boat for them. But, if they did not appear by the second morning, he was to conclude they were taken by the enemy, and was to bear up for the island of Margarita. The old servant *Felipe* was

directed to deliver over to the patriot governor, at *Pampatar*, a case containing money and important papers belonging to the state; which Bolivar had caused to be embarked on board the schooner, the day previous to the loss of the castle at Puerto Cavallo, with the intention of sending it for safety to Caracas.

The *Tiburón* having anchored in the creek of *Los Bagres* late in the evening, Bolivar and his young companion proceeded to disguise themselves as muleteers, by exchanging different articles of clothing with the seamen. When it was quite dark, *Lodewyk* set them ashore at a short distance above the village, and they succeeded in gaining the open country unobserved. There was little danger of detection when once they were landed; so completely was their appearance altered, by the coarse dark *ruanas* which they wore, over blue woollen drawers of the mountaineer cut. As for their complexion, a soldier's face rarely stands in need of any artificial stain to embrown it; and, although they could not boast of the long platted locks of hair, which form the muleteers' chief pride, their broad palm-leaf *sombreros* were slouched over their foreheads, so as to conceal the deficiency.

They had taken the precaution to furnish themselves with halters, before leaving the schooner; and soon caught themselves horses, which they mounted without saddles. They then galloped rapidly across the savanna of *Cafaveral*, and reached the ravine of the *Tucqueri* just before day break. Having concealed the horses among the *culegui* canes, which afforded both shelter and pasture, they walked into Caracas early in the morning; but, judging it prudent to wait until the streets began to fill, lest suspicion might be excited by their being seen wandering about at that hour, they entered a *posada* in the outskirts of the city. Here they mingled in a crowd of muleteers and peons, who were seated on the sheepskins that had served them for beds, under the corridor of the house; smoking their *churumbelas*, and watching with evident satisfaction the progress made by their beasts, in eating the maize and chopped straw, which was spread before them on undressed cow-hides.

Bolivar demanded breakfast for himself and his companion; and was ushered by the landlord of the *posada* into a large room full of *arrieros*, who were seated on benches round a long table, discussing huge slices of boiled *tajazo* with plantains, which they occasionally washed down with copious draughts of *chica*. A black female cook, rather scantily dressed, set before the travellers their allowance of the substantial fare, which appeared to be so much in request; presenting the pieces of dried beef, smoking from the embers on which they had been broiled, on a large wooden spit, which she stuck in the earthen floor behind them; and rolling from her apron on the table about a dozen large plantains, roasted and slightly bruised. Their host, who ruled without a rival in the department of the cellarage, placed a large calabash of fermented cane juice on the ground behind them, and filled two capacious horns, first drinking to the health of his guests. He then seated himself near them, and proceeded to question them, (by virtue of his undisputed privilege as landlord,) as to whence they came, and whether they were bound. As had been previously concerted between them, Bolivar said, that they had just come up from the plantation of San Miguel, near Vitoria, with a drove of mules laden with cacao; and that they purposed returning the next day.

"I know that plantation well," said the landlord; "It used to belong to the *Bolivars* of Aragoa, but I suppose it has fallen into the hands of government; if it be true, as report says, that Colonel Simon was killed at Puerto Cavallo, when his rascally troops rose and delivered up the castle."

"True, or false," said an old *arriero*, who sat opposite, "the estate will go to Monteverde; never fear! More is the pity, I say, to hear every day of the oldest families in Venezuela dying off, and making room for a swarm of hungry strangers, who come over from Spain boobies, and return *petit-maitres*."

"Softly, *tahita* *Capacho*!" said the landlord; "speak reverently of the powers that be. I will have no politics talked in my *posada*. Were the *alcade* to hear of it, he would soon send me an order to shut up the house."

"Why we are all *arrieros* here, are we not?" asked *Capacho*, who had been partaking rather too freely of

the potent *chicha de caña*: "Besides, there is no treason in saying that I like my own countrymen better than foreigners. But as you say, there is little use in speaking one's mind in these times, and perhaps too much danger. As I passed through the Plaza, late last night, I saw peons at work erecting the *cadahazo*, just in the place where it used to stand; and, by all accounts, this Monteverde is the very man to find the verdugo employment."

Bolivar took advantage of the old man's talkative humour, to enquire what news was stirring in the capital.

"Bad enough, *compañero*! Besides those *cortapesueños* who used to be here in garrison, and would neither let man nor woman walk the streets in peace, there has arrived a fresh importation of Spanish jail-birds, who swagger about the city as if the land were their own, and every one they meet their born slave. They have begun plundering the *paysanos* from the country, too, already; but they had better take care, or many of them will soon be taught the length of the *Ceranos*' knives. No longer ago than last night, as I was coming home from the *cancha de bolas*, one of the new-comers, with a sabre dangling from him as long as my bride-reins, was looking about for mischief. Seeing my *compadre* *Goyo* riding beside me, with a *bota* of *aguardiente* hanging at his saddle, he took it from him, threatening to cut him down if he said a word. *Goyo* looked about, and saw that there was not a Christian in the street, beside ourselves and the Spaniard. He quietly unbuckled his off-stirrup, which was a true *Cerano's*, of heavy brass, and swinging it like a lazo over his head, struck the *Gdo*, who was too busy drinking to mind what he was about, one blow on the head, and no more. He went down like a bullock: *Goyo* picked up his *bota*; and we rode off, without waiting to see whether he recovered or not."

"But Miranda and his army,"—said Bolivar; "where are they now?"

"Hua! the army has melted away like the snows on the Cordillera in summer; and no one knows where Miranda is. Some say he intends to surrender: but if he does, he will surely either be shot, or sent over to Spain. But here I sit talking while I ought to be looking to my mules. *Casero*! let us have the stirrup cup; I am for the valleys this morning."

The *arrieros* now began to load their mules, and to separate in different directions. Bolivar and *Sepulveda*, having satisfied their host, walked out towards the Plaza; where they saw, by the guard which surrounded a newly erected scaffold, that an execution was about to take place. They endeavoured to retire, but were ordered back by a cordon of Spanish sentries, stationed across the corners of the square, whose orders were to keep all those who were already in the Plaza from leaving it. This they effected by freely applying the butts of their muskets, and the points of their bayonets, to all such as had the misfortune to be driven too close to them by the throng.

The hum of the multitude was suddenly hushed, by the shrill notes of a warning trumpet, blown at the gates of the *Guardia de Provencion*; and a solitary muffled drum was heard beating the dead march, as the procession slowly approached. The crowd made way before the escort, which advanced in close column with fixed bayonets; and Bolivar saw five of his former companions in arms, between the ranks, heavily ironed and attended by friars, moving with pallid cheeks, but firm footsteps, towards an ignominious death;—if that which the guiltless and brave die can ever be so termed.

When they had ascended the scaffold, and before they were delivered over to the executioner, silence was proclaimed. The *Juez Fiscal* read with a loud voice the sentence of the court-martial, and a proclamation issued by Monteverde, offering a reward for the heads of several chiefs in the late insurgent army, who were therein specified. Bolivar's blood boiled within him, on hearing his own name, among many others of the best and bravest in the land, denounced as that of a traitor and outlaw. He was more than once on the point of answering with his scornful defiance; but reflection convinced him,

* This anecdote is related, word for word, as it was communicated to the author by an old Hunzo of Chile, who exulted in having himself performed the feat.

that by doing so he would only give one triumph more to his enemies.

Secretly resolving to exact ample and severe atonement for the insult, on some future opportunity, he smothered his resentment, and awaited in silence the completion of the barbarous sentence. When the executioner advanced to perform his task, Bolivar involuntarily turned away his eyes; and, in a few moments, a suppressed murmur, which ran through the populace, announced that all was over. The escort retired, and the sentries were withdrawn, leaving the passage once more free. The two seeming arrieros were hurrying from the scene of death, so different from that in which a soldier ought to meet his fate, when they unexpectedly met Miranda and his companions, entering the Plaza with one of Monteverde's aides-de-camp.

Bolivar watched anxiously for one glance of recognition, as his general passed; but he appeared too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of his country's blighted hopes, to observe those around him. When he disappeared under the arched gateway of the palace, Bolivar said in a low voice to Sepulveda, "Then all is lost indeed! and we may now retire from this land of tyrants and slaves, until some favourable opportunity shall enable us once more to raise our battle cry, of Liberty or death! For my own part, I leave neither relation nor friend behind to lament my absence; but you have a mother, camarada! Let us endeavour to take her with us to Margarita."

They found that the small house behind the Alameda, which Doña Gertrudes occupied, had risen afresh from its ruins; few days sufficing, under the cloudless skies and scorching sun of a tropical climate, to convert the rubbish of fallen walls into sun-baked bricks. The son's eyes soon caught sight of his mother, seated under the shade of a tamarind tree, and fortunately unaccompanied, except by a faithful old black slave, who sat at her feet, spinning with the old-fashioned *huso de hilar*. Don Carlos requested his companion to wait for him a few moments at the gate; and entering the garden, beckoned to old Mama Panchita, who had been the nurse of his infancy. She rose and came towards him, at first slowly as if in doubt; but when she clearly distinguished his features, she quickened her pace and caught him in her aged arms. Doña Gertrudes saw the action, and knew there was but one human being, who could have so transported her old servant beyond the bounds of her decorous demeanour. "My son!" she cried: and Carlos, springing forward, folded his mother in his embrace.

For a while, the hearts of both were too full for conversation; at length Doña Gertrudes exclaimed, "What could tempt you to venture here, my dearest Carlos? Fervently as I have prayed to behold you once more, heaven knows I would not have wished to buy even that blessing at so great an hazard to yourself. Surely you cannot mean to remain at Caracacas in that disguise?"

"No longer, my dear mother, than until this evening," answered Sepulveda; "when you must accompany me to the coast. But here comes one, who has a much better head to contrive the means of our escape, than I can boast of."

Bolivar, who was tired of waiting, and guessed that the recognition must have been already effected, now came forward.

"Friend Charles," said he, "I shall never choose you for a masquerading companion at Carnestolendas, if you desert your friends after this fashion. Excuse me, Doña Gertrudes, but your son totally forgot that he had left me standing at your garden gate. If I had remained there until he recollected me, some officious neighbours might have taken me before the alcade, on suspicion of a design on your fruit trees. But come we must retire to our posada, and prepare for our departure. It would inevitably create suspicion, were two arrieros to be seen visiting at ladies' houses; and I know the vigilance of the Spanish police too well to wish for any farther acquaintance with it. Your mother goes with us this evening of course?"

"Pardon me, Don Simon! I fear I am too old for such a journey. I should only embarrass you both, and very possibly endanger your detection. Besides, how can I leave my brother Gabriano? He has been proscribed by Monteverde, in consequence of having been appointed chaplain to the Junta; and is concealed in the hut of one of his friend Miranda's slaves, near the Quinta of Girasol. Mama Panchita carries him provisions every night; and should we desert him?"

"My dear Doña Gertrudes!" interrupted Bolivar, "I am too staunch a patriot to leave the widow of a worthy friend whom my father esteemed, and the mother of a comrade, in the power of the Godos. As for Don Gabri-

ano, it shall be our business to find him out, and persuade him to accompany us. Who knows how soon I may require his services as an army chaplain? for I assuredly mean to return before long, and to expel these invaders from Venezuela. Sepulveda and I can easily procure mules for the whole party, and attend you on the road with less danger of suspicion, under our assumed character. So keep up your spirits until the evening, and be not surprised, should you see three arrieros at your garden gate instead of two."

Carlos once more embraced his mother; and having receiving from her the necessary direction for finding his uncle, he and his companion took the road to Girasol. They found, with some difficulty, the hut that was the object of their search, half way up the ravine that overlooked the Quinta. It was so completely concealed from view, by the spreading leaves of the plantains under which it was built, that its gray thatched roof alone was visible, and might have easily been mistaken, at a short distance, for one of the mis-shapen granite rocks that lined the edges of the mountain stream. The mistress of the hut, a middle aged zamba, was making *casaca* cakes before the door, surrounded by children of all ages. She glanced a jealous eye at the two strangers; and, on their enquiring for the Señor Capellan Gabriano, doggedly denied all knowledge of such a person; assuming, at the same time, that stolid expression of countenance, so peculiar to her countrywomen, when they either cannot or do not choose to answer a question.

No sooner, however, had they made themselves known, than her features brightened, and she expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing any friends of the "pobre Señor Clerico," who, she feared, must be tired to death of his solitary way of life. One of her little daughters, by her orders, immediately led the way up the ravine, to show them his place of concealment. The child bounded lightly from rock to rock, before the two young men, who could hardly keep pace with her; and pointing to a spreading caoba, whose branches reached the ground on every side, exclaimed, "Allí está mi amo Don Gabriano!"

The chaplain was seated on a moss-grown stone, in the shade, puffing his cigarillo, and whiling away the time with the perusal of Ercilla's Araucana. His friends could hardly have recognised him through his disguise, which was similar to that worn by both of them, had it not been for his clerical tonsure, and venerable white locks; his sombrero being thrown aside on account of the heat. He started up, on seeing two strangers, but was reassured by hearing his nephew's voice; and shook hands with them both, laughing heartily at their uncouth appearance, and evidently unconscious at the moment that he himself looked even more grotesque. Bolivar lost no time in communicating his plan for their escape to Margarita; and mentioned having seen Miranda already in the power of his enemies, as an additional motive for counselling a temporary retirement from Venezuela. Don Gabriano thoroughly approved of his proposal, and informed them that he had three mules, one of them a baggage *macho*, tied up in the bush, not far from the cottage; so that his sister and himself were provided for.

"But her faithful old negress must not be left behind," said he; "and she will hardly be able to walk so far. How shall we contrive to convey her?"

Sepulveda immediately expressed his readiness to carry Mama Panchita behind him; and they parted, having agreed to rendezvous in the Alameda at night-fall. When Bolivar and his companion reached their posada, the landlord received them with energetic encomiums on a famous olla podrida, which had been prepared since morning for his guests' dinner. The sable Hebe of the inn placed before them a smoking mess of that savoury compound; and the young men, whose appetites were sharpened by their long walk, played their parts so like genuine muleteers, that all suspicions of their real quality, had any such arisen, would doubtless have been dispelled. After dinner, Bolivar purchased from the host two Carrano saddles, and a sillon, under pretence of executing a commission for his friends in the country; and placing them on their heads, muleteer fashion, the two friends returned to the Quebrada del Tucueri.

By the time they had saddled their horses, which had apparently fed undisturbed since morning, it was full time to repair to the appointed place of meeting. Bolivar held the horses, under the poplar trees at the lower end of the Alameda, which was as yet but little frequented as a promenade, since the return of the Spaniards to Caracacas. Sepulveda walked to his mother's garden, where he found his uncle Gabriano, and the negro who owned the cottage at Girasol, busied loading the baggage mule,

with Doña Gertrudes' trunks and almofras. The whole party mounted in silence; Mama Panchita finding some comfort, amidst her terrors of emigration, in the unlocked for honour of riding behind her young master. Being joined by Bolivar, who undertook to lead the march, they reached the open country without the slightest interruption.

By riding fast during the whole night, without resting or deviating from the road, they reached the wood, bordering the creek of Los Bagres, just before sunrise. Lodewyk Sluiker, who was seated in his boat waiting for them, had already given up all expectation of seeing them that morning; and was preparing to return on board. Shrugging up his shoulders, and looking peculiarly arch and cunning, he bustled about to get his passengers and their luggage into the boat; familiarly calling on Don Gabriano to lend him a hand, as he perceived him to be any other than a Carrano peon. The chaplain's sombrero having accidentally fallen off, as he stepped into the boat, his tressure caught the skipper's eye; and drew from him the muttered exclamation, "Slapperloot! here is een priester in 't momment!"

Sluiker was now completely mystified. He uttered not another syllable, but steered the boat in silence, stopping alternately at Mama Panchita and the chaplain, until they reached the Tiburon. When they had sufficiently expressed his perplexity, Sepulveda took him aside, and explained to him who the new passengers were, whose appearance had so much puzzled him. Bolivar then directed him to make sail; and in a few minutes the schooner was on her way for Pampatar in the island of Margarita.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CRUISE.—THE CHASE.—THE CAPTIVE.

On anchoring in the rocky harbour of Pampatar, the Tiburon was surrounded by innumerable canoes and piraguas, bringing off patriots, who were eager to enquire the news she was supposed to have brought from the Main. They had as yet only heard an imperfect report of the royalists having entered Caracacas, by a small vessel which had left La Guayra on the Spaniards taking possession of it, and had touched at Margarita, for provisions on her way to Trinidad. The governor of the island, Don Jose Arizmendi, on hearing that Colonel Bolivar had arrived, sent his barge to invite him and his party to the Government-house, where they were hospitably received; and Doña Gertrudes was put in possession of a suite of apartments, commanding a view of the Boca del Surpunta and the opposite coast of Cumana.

Shortly after their arrival, it was determined, in a consultation held by the two chiefs, that the Tiburon should be immediately fitted out, for the purpose of cruising against the Spanish flag among the West Indian islands; and that Bolivar, with a sufficient sum of money from the government chest, should be landed at Santo Domingo, to purchase arms and accoutrements, and, if possible, enlist volunteers, by means of whom a fresh army might be formed to renew the struggle for independence. To give some semblance of authority to their proceedings, Arizmendi and Bolivar formed themselves into a Junta Provisional, into which they admitted Colonel Santiago Marino; and a seal was engraved, in close imitation of that employed by the late Venezuelan Government. Troops were raised, with the greatest facility, for the defence of the island, among the hardy inhabitants, but smugglers, half fishermen, who, to a reckless daring love of adventure, added a thorough hatred and contempt for the Spanish government, by which their contraband trade had been often severely noticed. The dismantled fortifications were also repaired and manned, in confidence hopes that the patriot troops, which were now scattered over the face of Venezuela, would speedily rally round the "tri-coloured flag," as soon as they should learn that it was again displayed.

Powder and shot were embarked for the Tiburon's guns; and a sufficient number of seamen were soon shipped, not only for her complement, but also to man the prizes she was expected to make. A party of newly raised troops having been sent on board as marines, Sepulveda requested and obtained command of them. Don Gabriano, too, resolved to accompany the expedition as chaplain; for he already began to foresee, from the experience of a few days' residence at the Government-house, that any longer stay on the island, with no other society than that of a few illiterate officers, would not fail to be very irksome. A cabin was accordingly fitted up, with every attention to his comfort, next to that of his nephew; and, having taken an affectionate leave of his sister, whom he recommended to the care of the governor's lady, he embarked, to the great delight of the

Margaritaños on board. Lodewyk Sluiker, who had obtained a regular commission, as captain, from the Junta Provisional, and had received on board several officers to act under his orders, speedily recovered his usual good humour, which had been rather ruffled by the unlucky shot that sunk his droguer. He looked forward, with the greatest glee, to the prospect of a cruise; boasting of his accurate knowledge of every creek and corner among the islands; and confidently predicting success, from the novel circumstance of having a "*kapellán*" on board.

Every thing being ready for sea, and the last raft of casks received from the watering place, the anchor was soon run up to the bows; and the *Tiburón* stood out of the harbour, firing and receiving a farewell salute.

The trade-wind being completely in their favour, they made Santo Domingo in three days from their moorings at Pampatar, and landed Bolívar near San Luis. Sluiker's experience, as pilot, now proved of essential service. He carried the schooner in safety through the intricate channel to the northward of Cuba; and having passed the *Anquilla* shoal, commenced cruising off the point of Matanzas, in hopes of intercepting some homeward-bound Spanish merchant-man from the Havana.

It will readily be believed, that Sepulveda had not been so long on terms of daily intercourse with his skipper, without finding an opportunity to make enquiries respecting his former passengers in the droguer. Lodewyk began to entertain great kindness for his young marine officer, whose assistance he found exceedingly useful in drilling his sailors in general to the management of the guns, and the boards, in particular, to the use of the cutlass and pistol. He was therefore highly pleased to find that Sepulveda was acquainted with Maria del Rosario; and, as Don Carlos could not dissemble the deep interest he felt for her welfare, Sluiker, who did not want for penetration, and whose rugged exterior concealed a kind heart, soon comprehended how the case stood. Sepulveda now left the cabin regularly every evening, much to the surprise and chagrin of his uncle, for the purpose of accompanying the skipper during the first watch. While Don Gabriano was wondering at his bad taste in selecting such a companion, his nephew was listening with interested attention to the skipper's repeated details of the droguer's trip to Saint Thomas's, and of her being intercepted and plundered by pirates.

After a fortnight's cruise, during which the recruits became tolerably expert at the guns and small arms, the *Tiburón* was running along the land, one evening, between Las Matanzas and the Havana, when the *gabiero*, on the look out at the mast head, proclaimed the welcome intelligence of a sail in sight, standing out of the harbour. The eyes of all on board were eagerly turned in the direction pointed out by the man aloft; and Sluiker, seizing a spy-glass, ran nimbly up the fore-rigging to obtain a better view of the stranger. The sun was just sinking abreast of the Moro rock, and some few of the sailors, whose eyes were strong, could just catch an indistinct glimpse of a vessel, directly in the broad glare of sunset. When the dazzling orb had disappeared below the horizon, a three-masted vessel was plainly made out, crossing the *Tiburón's* course, and standing to the northward for the Bahama passage.

"*Hoo-see!*" exclaimed Lodewyk in an ecstasy; "she carries sky-sails over royals; and is certainly *een groot koopvaard* bound to Cadiz." He then came down on deck, and bestirred himself with unusual alacrity, to get the square fore-sail set. This increased the schooner's walk so much, that when he had seen the ropes coiled down, and every man at his station, Lodewyk beckoned Sepulveda, and pointing to the foam, as it danced rapidly past over the deep blue waves, remarked that the schooner was doing her duty, and that he should shortly call on the marines to do theirs. The guns had already been loaded, and the gunner's crew was busy taking out the tompions and priming; while, under Sepulveda's directions, the small-arm men were mustered on the quarter-deck to prepare their muskets. When every thing was in readiness, the word was passed fore and aft, for all hands to lie down at their quarters; and a dead silence prevailed, interrupted occasionally by Sluiker's hoarse voice, as he issued brief directions to the helmsmen.

Don Gabriano, meanwhile, who was totally unused to scenes which appeared to threaten so much personal danger as the present, sat on the companion; casting wistful looks from time to time at Lodewyk and Sepulveda, as they paced silently up and down the weather side of the deck. At length, overcome by his apprehensions, which became every moment more importunate, he called, his nephew, and asked him in a scarcely audible whisper, where the chaplain was usually stationed during an engagement:—"Because," said he, "if my presence is not

particularly required on deck, I believe I shall be most useful in the cabin, where I can be in readiness to confess undisturbed the unfortunate men, who will doubtless be mortally wounded in the approaching conflict."

Sepulveda tranquillised him by the assurance that, far from being wanted on deck, he would only be in the sailors' way; and requested him to retire below as soon as he thought proper. There was no necessity for repeating this welcome intimation. Immediately on receiving it, the worthy chaplain embraced his nephew affectionately, entreating him to take care of himself, and to run no needless risks; and then disappeared down the companion ladder, with a celerity that bore witness to the reality of his alarm.

The brief twilight of the tropics had long since faded away; but the moon shone with such brilliancy of splendour, that the white sails of the chase were distinctly visible, broad on the bow. Sluiker anxiously reconnoitred her, from time to time, through a night-glass; and as often expressed to Sepulveda his apprehension, that she would reach the Gulf-stream, while the *Tiburón* was still in the counter current of the shoals. At last, however, he announced that she had taken in her flying-kites, and stripped to her top-gallant sails; as the cautious Spaniards generally do soon after dark. The schooner then rapidly gained on her, and her painted ports could occasionally be seen, as she rose on a swell, and exposed her glistening broadside to the rays of the moon. A few minutes more, and the *Tiburón* was within a cable's length of her quarter: so still, meanwhile, was every thing around, that the dash of the waves against her broad bows was distinctly heard.

Sluiker now ordered the square-sail to be taken in; the fore and main-sails to be brailed up; and the gunner's crew to cast loose and point the long gun, which was mounted on a circle a-midships. Although the sailors executed these manœuvres with all possible stillness, and even held their breath in the intense earnestness of expectation, some slight noise was unavoidably made, which caught the attention of the watch on board the Spanish vessel. A voice immediately hailed through a speaking trumpet,—"*Ho! la go-le-ta!—Que bu-que?*"

Sluiker returned no answer, but looked along the gun, and blew the match which he had taken in hand. There was evidently some bustle and confusion on board the strange ship. Several voices spoke at once, as if giving orders; and Lodewyk heard cartridges called for in Spanish.

"Keep her away, een half point!" said he to the helmsman; "Ik zal cut her tiller-ropes *daadelyk*."

The captain of the merchant-man hailed once more, and threatened to fire into the schooner, if she did not immediately answer. "*Viva Venezuela!*" exclaimed Sepulveda; and "*Viva la Patria!*" shouted his men; springing up simultaneously, and standing to their guns. Sluiker at the same moment applied his match to the touch-hole of the long gun, just as it pointed towards the ship's rudder; and, while the report still thundered along the wide waters, the chase was seen to shoot up into the wind. Chance had so far favoured the skipper, that he actually cut away her wheel-ropes, as he had previously threatened between jest and earnest.

"Hurrah!" cried Sluiker; "give her 't weather-guns, kinders, so soon as you zal zie her stern turned towards you. Luff, maat! and follow her; or we zal get on her beam directly."

The six carronades, composing the *Tiburón's* broad-side, were fired just as the ship's sails began to shiver in the wind. The guns were pointed too high to hull her, but some of her running gear was evidently cut; for Lodewyk, who watched her manœuvres with a practised seaman's eye, saw that her crew were attempting to box her off, but that they could not succeed in bracing the yards round. She then began to gather stern-way. Sluiker was prepared for it, and handled the schooner so cleverly, that the ship made a stern-board to leeward of her; receiving on her way, a charge of round and grape from the long gun, and the whole of the larboard broad-side.

Not a shot was fired all this time from the Spanish ship; and it was evident, from the confusion that prevailed on board her, that she was not prepared for fighting, and had not calculated on the probability of meeting an enemy in this part of the West Indies. After some hesitation and clamour, and just as Lodewyk was again training his long gun on her, lanterns were shown in her gang-way; and the Spanish captain hailed to say he had surrendered.

Sluiker now laid the schooner close abreast of her; and hailed her in an authoritative manner, desiring a boat to be sent him forthwith. This order being prompt-

ly complied with, he detained the men who came in the boat; and sent Sepulveda in her, with a party of marines, to take possession of the prize. He also ordered a prize-master on board, with a picked crew; and gave him directions to shorten sail to the ship's topsails, reef fresh tiller ropes, and heave to for the remainder of the night. His own boat was then hoisted out, and he went on board the stranger, accompanied by the chaplain; for, as soon as Don Gabriano was certified that there was no farther danger, he volunteered to confess such of the enemy as might stand in need of his good offices, as none of his own flock were so circumstanced as to require them.

The prize proved to be the *Avistruz*, bound to Cadiz, with tobacco and other produce of the Havana. She had also on board what was far more german to the matter, in the eyes of her captors;—a very considerable sum in dollars and bullion, consigned to different Spanish merchants. The importance of the capture astonished Sluiker, and converted his usual thoughtless gaiety into a serious steadiness of demeanour. As soon as he had secured the ship's papers, and ascertained beyond doubt that she was a lawful prize, he confined half the prisoners under hatches; and employed the remainder, together with his own men, to get the ship's pinnace off the booms, and launch her over the side. He then commenced loading the boats with cases of treasure, and transferring it to the schooner, accompanying every trip in person; so that, before morning, nothing but bales of merchandise and provisions remained on board the *Avistruz*.

It was fortunate for the captors, that he made such expedition. As soon as day broke, and the sea-fog dispersed sufficiently for surrounding objects to be distinguished, Lodewyk found, to his great consternation, that the Gulf-stream had set both vessels so far to the northward, that the Bahama bank was in sight under their lee, and a low uninhabited island, covered with mangroves, was within a cable's length of the prize. Every possible exertion was made to save the ship, by making sail and towing; but all was in vain, for the morning breeze was so light, that she took the ground and bilged, shortly after the danger was discovered. The *Tiburón*, drawing less water by half, had not drifted so far with the current; and, as she could make use of the awnings, with which she was provided, in case of necessity, she ran no risk whatever. She was therefore enabled to stay by the wreck; and to save as much valuable merchandise as she could stow.

Lodewyk then sent back the Spanish prisoners, whom he had taken out of the prize; and advised the captain at parting to send his boat for assistance to the island of Bahama, which was within sight, assuring him that he would be in perfect safety, if he chose to remain by the ship, until pilot-boats came out, and assisted to save the remainder of the cargo. Having seen the crew of the *Avistruz* safely landed on the islet,—which, like the rest of that group, abounded with turtle,—and having supplied him with fuel, fresh water, and provisions, the *Tiburón* made sail for Saint Thomas's, for the purpose of selling the prize goods she had on board; Sluiker deigning to proceed from thence to the island of Margarita, after watering, and refreshing the ship's company.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN AGED SUITOR—EXPLANATION—RESOLUTION.

Maria del Rosario, meanwhile, was far from being agreeably circumstanced on the plantation at Caobas. She enjoyed no society whatever of her own sex, with the exception of Señora Jacinta; and the *dueña*, who had for many years governed with unrivalled despotism in her department as housekeeper, and was exceedingly jealous of her authority, could not from the first moment, without considerable uneasiness, see a young and interesting female daily seated at the head of her master's table.

Her forebodings were speedily verified; for the influence of proximity gradually became victorious over even Don Anselmo's insensibility. Instead of confining himself to the stately politeness with which he used at first to address his young guest, and hand her to and from her seat at table, he began to pay her closer attentions, such as could not be, and were not mistaken by any one, except herself, their unconscious object. The consequence was, that Señora Jacinta's malevolence daily increased. Although she dared not openly resent the injury which she believed herself about to sustain, in being subjected to the caprices of a young mistress, she contrived fully to indemnify herself for this compulsory forbearance, by sullen looks, and indistinct ejaculations, in which she made it her prayer (rather needlessly per-

haps) to be delivered from forwardness and coquetry. After a few attempts to appease her, although perfectly ignorant of the cause of her ill-temper, Maria del Rosario gave up the task in despair, and applied herself more closely than ever to her needle-work. This innocent employment, unluckily for her, confirmed all the doubts and suspicions. As her imagination was perpetually occupied with the idea of the approaching nuptials, which she considered certain, she firmly persuaded herself, that the novice was embroidering her wedding dress; and resolved never to forgive that which she could not but consider as a manifest triumph over her.

Mama Chepita's visits, which were regularly paid every Sunday and holiday, formed Maria del Rosario's chief amusement. Attended by the kind hearted negroes, she used then to stroll about the woods which surrounded the plantation; or at times, seated under a spreading cocoa tree near the rivulet, she would hearken with delight to the banjes and violas on the lawn in front of the huts, where the slaves were enjoying their evening dance. The little Frenchman too, Mons. Rodolphe, was always at her service for a walk, when on a visit at the house. He was no less delighted with the novice's naiveté, and eagerness for information, than she was instructed and amused by his lively conversation, and entertaining descriptions of France in general, and Paris in particular, as he remembered it in the happy times previous to the revolution.

She all at once became sensible of a change in his behaviour towards her, that surprised and afflicted her, as she concluded that she must have inadvertently given him some cause for displeasure. She observed, that he now no longer offered himself to attend her, with all the prompt gallantry of *la vieille cour*; nor exerted himself, as usual, to entertain her during their promenades. On the contrary, he now left it to her to propose an excursion, and sometimes framed an excuse for declining it; or, when unavoidable, accepted it with evident hesitation and embarrassment. While walking out with her, he was unusually silent, and constrained in his manner; and when they were joined by Don Anselmo, which frequently happened of late, Mons. Rodolphe anxiously took the first opportunity of resigning her hand, and pleaded some engagement, or business, as an apology for retiring. On those occasions, when she was left alone with Don Anselmo, the high-flown compliments with which he used to address her, were a great source of amusement to the unsuspicious novice. She had not the most distant conception that a man of his advanced age could entertain a serious idea of captivating her affections; and firmly believed that the flattering language, which proceeded so awkwardly from him, were merely designed in imitation of Mons. Rodolphe's former method of entertaining her.

After tasking her memory in a fruitless attempt to recollect any thing she had either said or done, that might have given rise to her French cortejo's present coolness towards her, she determined to enquire of himself, at the first opportunity. She put her resolution in practice that same evening. Having proposed a walk in the garden, to which he agreed after some hesitation, she mentioned, without further preface, the pleasure she had always taken in his conversation, and her fears that she had by some means unintentionally offended him.

Mons. Rodolphe had never felt more embarrassed, than by the novice's simplicity of manner, in thus seeking an explanation. He stammered some incoherent and disqualifying sentences, about the unmerited honour conferred on him, and the utter impossibility of his being in any way offended; and concluded by hinting, as delicately as he could, something about Spanish jealousy. She had, even now, no idea that he alluded to Don Anselmo; but supposing him to mean, that her father might be displeased at the frequency of their walks, she merely replied, that there was not the least cause for his apprehension.

On meeting her father soon after, she related the Frenchman's scruples, as an amusing instance of punctilio, in a man who had been always on terms of familiarity with them, since they first met at Las Caobas. She was thunderstruck at hearing him answer, that Mons. Rodolphe acted with becoming prudence and circumspection towards the intended bride of his friend. Don Beltran also advised her to be more reserved in future; as any indiscretion on her part might displease Don Anselmo, who had all the sensitiveness of a Castilian Hidalgo. The truth suddenly flashed on her mind; and she stood, as if doubtful whether her ears had deceived her, gazing on her father with a look of

such speechless agony, that he condescended to explain to her, that Don Anselmo had some time since offered himself as a suitor, and been accepted by him in her name. He accounted for not having previously apprised her of this joyful event, (as he considered it,) by saying that, as his mind had been made up on the subject from the beginning, he thought it superfluous to mention it, and was willing to give Don Anselmo all the advantage he might be expected to reap, from being the first to communicate so pleasing a proposal.

When Maria del Rosario recovered herself sufficiently to articulate, she threw herself into her father's arms, and implored him, by her mother's memory, not to sacrifice her to a man so utterly unsuited to her in age and manners. She assured him of her willingness to devote herself to his service; and entreated, if she had become a burthen to him, and he was determined to get rid of her, that he would at least permit her to retire to a convent, in the seclusion of which she would never cease to pray for his happiness, and that of her brother. Don Beltran interrupted her, by enquiring whether she had forgot that she no longer possessed the dowry necessary for a nun. He assured her, that she was but too happy, as a portionless girl, to have met with so advantageous an offer; and commanded her, on pain of his heavy displeasure, to receive Don Anselmo as an accepted suitor.

It was in vain that she reiterated her entreaties, and declared that their host was not only indifferent, but absolutely odious to her. Her father laughed at her remonstrances, as mere childish whims; and asked, with some scorn, what notions of preference the novice of a convent could possibly have, that should prevent her from accepting the hand of any suitor, not actually deformed, whom a parent thought proper to select as her husband. Then suddenly recollecting the offer Don Carlos Sepulveda had formerly made, and forgetful that his daughter had not been made acquainted with the circumstance, he upbraided her with cherishing an affection for a lover whom he had rejected; reading her, at the same time, a severe lecture on the guilt of disobedience, and the folly of love matches. In this, however, he unadvisedly touched on a dangerous theme, and one of all others the most calculated to disconcert his plans for the projected alliance.

Maria del Rosario had long felt esteem and admiration for the son of her oldest and dearest friend, Doña Gertrudes, even while she believed him to regard her with perfect indifference. But now that her father had disclosed the secret of Sepulveda's attachment, her eyes were open to a thousand instances, in which he had all but betrayed his love; and she learned how to account for his apparent coldness, which previously appeared to her as unkindness. So delightful was the discovery, that she almost pardoned, for its sake, the hateful discussion from which it had arisen. She no longer conceived herself called on, by maiden pride, to banish every thought connected with Carlos and her native land. She had heard that she was beloved, and by him, whom, could she have chosen, she would have selected from the whole world.

This would have been sufficient, of itself, to insure her rejection of all other offers, however splendid, and all other suitors, however fascinating. But, if she previously looked on Don Anselmo with dislike, she now regarded him with abhorrence; and internally resolved that nothing, short of actual force, should compel her to receive him for a husband. As surprise and agitation prevented her from answering her father, he interpreted her silence into submission to his will. He therefore took leave of her, repeating his injunctions that she should treat her wealthy suitor with affability and gratitude.

No sooner had he left her, than she retired to the solitude of her own chamber; and abandoned herself to melancholy reflections on the distance that separated her from Doña Gertrudes, the friend of her youth, to whom alone she felt that she could now look for advice and consolation. While she pondered on the world of waters that lay between her and her native land, a thought suddenly struck her, that if Lodewyk Sluiker were again to visit the island, he might be prevailed on to assist her to escape over to the Main. She felt convinced that she might safely confide in him; and condemned as trifling, with true youthful ardour, all obstacles which would have appeared to her insuperable but one short hour before. She was, in truth, completely changed from the timid inexperienced novice, to the no less gentle, but determined, Venezuelan maiden, who first felt

"How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy,"

when once the heart thrills with the consciousness of mutual love.

Her resolution thus taken, she retired to rest, in pleasing anticipation of Mama Chepita's weekly visit, which she expected to receive the following day. Never had time appeared to her to move so slowly, as during the hours intervening before her hostess's usual time of arrival. But, previous to the wished-for meeting, a mortification awaited her, which had probably been accelerated by some explanation between her father and Don Anselmo. Her ancient suitor, having requested and obtained an interview, proceeded to declare his passion in a studied speech, to which she listened with distracted attention. Nevertheless, as he prided himself on his eloquence, so he entertained not the slightest doubt of his success; and attributing to bashfulness and joyful surprise, the silence caused by contempt, and by comparisons which were any thing but advantageous to him, he kissed her hand, as customary in similar cases, and strutted away on exceeding good terms with himself.

In the afternoon, Mama Chepita appeared with her customary offering of a bouquet of flowers, from the negroes' market in the port; and Maria del Rosario, intimating that she had much to say to her in private, immediately proposed a walk, and led the way to their usual cool retreat beneath the great Cocoa tree; where Don Anselmo's gallantry had lately prompted him to order a rustic seat to be constructed.

After a long silence, during which the novice polled to pieces the flowers she had just received, she briefly explained the unpleasant situation, in which she stood; taking care, at the same time that she declared her unconquerable dislike to Don Anselmo, not even to hint at any preference she felt for another. She merely said, that as she had reason to apprehend violent measures on the part of her father, she had resolved to spare him and herself the pain of inflicting and submitting to restraint, by withdrawing herself privately from the island. She concluded, by entreating her old hostess to further her design of reaching Venezuela, where she said she had friends, who, she doubted not, would gladly receive and protect her.

Her determined tone astonished the negress, who had been accustomed to see her all timidity and submission to her father's will. She answered, with some hesitation, that her dear young lady was certainly the best judge of her own happiness; and that she was at all events rejoiced to hear her resolution against accepting Don Anselmo, whose former wife had died, to the best of her belief, of a broken heart. But, while she declared her readiness to assist her in any possible manner, she begged leave to enquire how she proposed to cross the sea to the coast of Caraccas.

The novice satisfied her on that head, and Mama Chepita agreed that Lodewyk, who was an old married man, with a family in Curacao, was trust-worthy. There was also little doubt, judging from his good nature and disinterestedness, that he would readily give her a passage. She promised to make every enquiry, without loss of time, among the droguer masters in the port, where he was to be found; and to send her daughter Martha, the next evening, to acquaint her with the result. Maria del Rosario was now more at leisure, her mind being comparatively at ease, to listen to her hostess's domestic news and plans. She learned, with pleasure, that Mama Chepita had made up, within a few dollars, the sum Don Anselmo demanded for her daughter; and she listened with interest to her resolution of leaving Santo Tomas, as soon as she had accomplished that dearest wish of her heart, and settling at Trinidad, "where she might be near poor Beños' grave."

The sound of the banjes was now heard on the slave lawn; and Mama Chepita proposed to her young mistress to walk down, and look on for a while at the dance, for the purpose of diverting her mind from melancholy thoughts. When they reached a small guava coppe, which skirted the lawn, they found that some extraordinary festivity was going on among the slaves. They had raised a sort of triumphal arch of bamboos, covered with flowers of the scarlet fuchsia, geranium, and orange trees, under which was placed a table, spread with refreshments little inferior to those usually prepared for a dignity ball.* The negroes, in clean check shirts, and

* A ball given by the free people of colour is called in the West Indies, *par excellence*, a *dignity ball*. The nob

white cotton trowsers; and the negresses in chintz gowns, and Bandanna head-dresses; were dancing with wild glee, which burst from them in spontaneous peals of laughter, as each couple reached the bottom of the set.

Mama Chepita called one of her acquaintance, who was passing near the spot where they stood concealed by the bushes, and enquired the meaning of this grand display.

"*Kih! body!*"—exclaimed the laughing negress, displaying a set of ivory teeth; "Massa Anselmo gib us feast to-night. Old man he gone crazy, ever since young Missy promise to be him second wife."

Maria del Rosario would hear no more. She turned, and hurried away from the scene of gaiety, which was now fully accounted for, shedding bitter tears of mortification; and took an abrupt leave of Mama Chepita, who in vain attempted to console her; entreating, once more, that she would lose no time in enquiring for Lodewyk Sluiker.

CHAPTER XXVL

THE ARRIVAL.—THE INTERVIEW.—THE PLOT.

Mama Chepita was seated, after her return to her cottage, at the frugal supper her daughter Martha had provided for her; indulging in many sage inuendoes and reflections, without however mentioning names, on the the happiness of their humble state, as contrasted with the misfortunes to which their superiors were exposed; when a well known voice was heard at the door, crying, "Holla! Mama Chepita! *haus dooy!*"

Martha having opened the door, Lodewyk Sluiker entered, accompanied by a young officer, whom he introduced as Don Carlos Sepulveda; and seating himself, with as little ceremony as if he had left the cottage but that morning, enquired how his passengers were.

"Both well, Señor Ludovic!" answered the negress; "But,—ave Maria purissima! what change is this? Where is the droguer? And why are you masquerading thus in an officer's capote?"

"Masquerade, mother? *slapperloot!* this is my every-day suit now. Ik verloor myn droguer, and found a vechting schooner in her stead. My name zal be no more plain Lodewyk, but Captain Don Ludovic, *donder!*"

Then, lighting a long cigar, he proceeded to question Mama Chepita more closely respecting his former lady passenger; and Sepulveda had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing her relate the whole conversation she had held that very evening with Maria del Rosario. The negress would have faithfully concealed her young mistress's secret from any one else; but Sluiker was the very person in whom the novice herself had resolved to place confidence. Therefore, in her surprise and joy, at seeing him thus unexpectedly, she not only mentioned Maria de Rosario's intention of flying to the Main, but, also the pressing necessity that urged her to that determination. Sepulveda could not avoid drawing a flattering conclusion in his own favour, from the novice's having resolved to seek the protection of her friends in Venezuela; as he well knew she could only mean his mother.

His enquiries, respecting the plantation at which she was residing, were so minute, and his eagerness to visit it so evident, that Mama Chepita must have been less sharp-sighted than she really was, if she had not some shrewd suspicion of the truth. In this she was confirmed by Sluiker's repeated exclamations, at any interesting passage in her narrative, of "Heard you that, myn vriend? We are just op 't time come. Ik altyd zaid that a kapellaan on board was lucky; and now, zie you! we may want him 't morgan."

The schipper then placed on the table a case-bottle of rum, which he had brought ashore under his boat-cloak; and desired the negress to procure materials for mixing a bowl of punch; declaring his intention of making himself comfortable for that night at least. While Martha was absent on that errand, Sepulveda, who had already made considerable progress in Mama Chepita's good graces, easily obtained her consent to show him the road to Caobas early in the morning; and to procure him when there an interview with Maria del Rosario. As Lodewyk persisted in his resolution of sitting up, and seeing his bottle out, Don Carlos wrapped himself in his capote, and lay down on the sofa, having first persuaded Mama Chepita and her daughter to retire to rest.

At the first cock-crow, Sluiker, who had been zealously

expensive refreshments are provided on the occasion; and more ceremony is usually observed among the sable revellers, than is to be seen in an entertainment at the Government-house.

engaged all night in a fruitless attempt to quench his thirst, and on whom the copious libations had taken no more effect, than on the capacious bowl in which they had been compounded, awoke Sepulveda according to promise; and throwing himself on the couch, soon gave audible proofs of being in a sound sleep. Mama Chepita then appeared, in readiness for a walk; and having previously presented to her guest the indispensable West Indian luxury of coffee, they set out together for the plantation.

When they reached the valley, it was broad day-light; and the slaves were swarming forth to their daily labour. To avoid their observation, Mama Chepita hurried Sepulveda off the path towards the Caoba tree, where she left him seated, while she went to apprise Doña Maria of his arrival. The novice, who had just risen, saw her from the viranda, in which she stood enjoying the morning breeze; and immediately descended to the garden in expectation of hearing some intelligence about Sluiker's droguer. Words cannot express the unfeigned astonishment with which she listened to Mama Chepita's communication. She had, at first, some scruples as to the propriety of meeting Don Carlos clandestinely; but the negress speedily removed them, by reminding her that she would be present, and assuring her that the young officer had brought her news of his mother, who, he said, was an old friend of hers. This last argument was unanswerable; and she accompanied Mama Chepita to the Caoba tree.

The interview of lovers, although they are said to be highly interesting to the parties immediately concerned, are unfortunately the dullest of all possible subjects, when reduced to the matter-of-fact details of,—"*said he,*" and, "*she replied,*" &c. It may therefore be sufficient to state, for the information of the reader, and the better understanding of the remaining pages, that the name of Doña Gertrudes proved of the most essential service to her son, in furthering his suit. As Maria del Rosario had declared her resolution, previous to his arrival, of seeking that lady even as far as the Main, and of trusting herself in a small droguer, to the protection of one who was nearly a stranger to her, she could frame no excuse for retracting, now that the distance was comparatively trifling, the mode of conveyance commodious, and the escort, to say the least of it, more eligible. It is true, that Sepulveda did not assail her, in direct terms, with the startling word *marriage*; but it is no less true, that he more than once reminded her,—it might be unnecessarily,—that his uncle was chaplain of the schooner, and would receive her as a daughter, at Mama Chepita's cottage.

She finally consented, or rather ceased to object, to take a passage on board the Tiburon to the island of Margarita; with this proviso, that she was that day to make one more attempt to mollify her father. Lest, however, she should find him deaf to her entreaties, and absolutely bent on sacrificing her to Don Anselmo, Sepulveda obtained her permission to return, that night, for her final answer. Mama Chepita was once more to be his guide, and to conduct him to the garden, from whence there was a winding stair-case, leading to the viranda. The negress then considered it necessary to warn them of the danger of discovery, if they prolonged their interview until the family in the house should be stirring; and they reluctantly parted, with mutual promises of punctuality to the appointed hour.

When Sepulveda returned to the port, he found Lodewyk busily employed landing merchandise from the schooner; having already found a ready sale for the greater part of the prize goods. He scarcely found leisure to speak to Don Carlos; except to whisper his hopes that he had settled every thing to his satisfaction. The Danish governor, he said, had politely expressed a wish that the Tiburon might sail that very night; as he was apprehensive of being embroiled with the Spanish authorities on the neighbouring island of Puerto Rico, on which Santo Tomas was often obliged to depend for provisions, during times of scarcity.

Sepulveda then went on board, and found Don Gabrileo pacing the deck, in considerable alarm at his long absence. His nephew had acquainted him, the preceding evening, before he went on shore, that Don Beltran and his daughter were on the island; and had hinted his intention of persuading her, if possible, to elope with him to Margarita. Sluiker too, on embarking in the morning, had informed him somewhat mischievously, that Don Carlos was gone a little distance into the country, to the plantation of a Godo, his rival; and the worthy chaplain's imagination had been haunted ever since, by fears of hearing that his nephew had fallen by the cuchillo of the jealous Spaniard. It was

with heartfelt joy, therefore, that he embraced him, as he stepped on the gang-way. On being informed of the particulars of his project, he readily consented to unite him to the novice, that very night; protesting at the same time, that he had in general a very strong objection to clandestine marriages, and to any thing savouring of disobedience in children. But in *this case*, he observed, where the parent was a declared traitor to his country, and the suitor, whom he wished to force on his daughter's acceptance, was a *God*, he certainly was of opinion, that she might conscientiously be assisted to escape from such tyranny.

His nephew then proposed to him to go ashore until the evening; for the ship was a scene of noise and confusion, with hoisting casks and bales out of the hold, and striking them into the lighters alongside. They therefore adjourned to Mama Chepita's cottage, where Sluiker promised to join them, as soon as the business with which he was engaged should be concluded. The day passed tediously with Sepulveda; but evening at length arrived, and with it came Lodewyk, full of the good news he had to communicate concerning the handsome shares of prize money that would be paid them on the capstan-head, the day of their arrival at Margarita.

Don Carlos then taking him aside, enquired whether he could advance him a sufficient sum from his share, to enable him to assist their worthy hostess in buying her daughter's freedom. Lodewyk immediately assented, and producing a large canvass bag from the breast pocket of his jacket, counted out doubloons to the required amount: taking a receipt for the satisfaction of the Junta at Margarita, to whom he was responsible.

Mama Chepita was called in, and presented by Sepulveda with the money, in Doña Maria's name. The good negress was affected even to tears by this kindness, and struggled to kiss his hand; declaring that, notwithstanding her daughter's being free from Don Anselmo, she should still consider her the slave of Don Carlos and Doña Maria, and would accompany Martha and them wherever they might go. Sepulveda then urged her to set out immediately, and pay the money to Don Anselmo, as soon as possible, that there might be no unnecessary delay; for he advised her, knowing her design of removing to Trinidad, to take her passage in the schooner to Pampatar, from whence she might at any time reach the former island.

When she was gone to Caobas, Lodewyk acquainted Sepulveda with the precautions he had taken, to ensure the success of his enterprise. He had already hauled the Tiburon out to the mouth of the harbour, where she was lying at single anchor; and had given directions to his lieutenant to get under weigh at dusk. When clear of the rocks, he was to heave to, and send a boat ashore with a steady coxswain, to the small bathing place at the back of the fort. From thence, two picked men of the boat's crew were to come to Mama Chepita's cottage, which he had already pointed out to them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ELOPEMENT.—THE MARRIAGE.

The sailors, two stout Margaritanes, were punctual to their appointed time; and came armed, by Sluiker's order, with such *garrotes* as their countrymen use, in climbing their native mountains. Lodewyk gave each of them a dram out of his flask, by way of encouragement; and having lighted his cigar, ordered them to follow him and Don Carlos in silence. Then, shaking hands with the chaplain, he desired him to "stand by met 't *mass-buck*, for he should find it useful bevoer gun-fire in 't *morgen*."

The moon was of no small advantage to them, while traversing the hilly part of the road; as it enabled them to avoid the prickly-pear bushes, which would otherwise have rendered the track impassable. But when they approached the plantation, the danger of discovery was so much augmented that Sepulveda led Lodewyk and his sailors off the direct path, and proposed to conceal them at the Caoba tree, while he himself went to the garden. He was, however, unexpectedly met by Mama Chepita, who informed him that she had paid the price demanded for her daughter, and that Doña Maria had desired her to thank him, in her name, for his kind attention.

Her young mistress, she said, was exceedingly unhappy, in consequence of an interview she had that day with her father. He had treated her with unusual harshness, and had commanded her to prepare to marry Don Anselmo the following day; assuring her that the chaplain of the estate, Fray Bernardo, had agreed to celebrate the ceremony, if she proved refractory, without her consent; on his representation, that his only wish was to

promote the happiness of his disobedient and self-willed daughter.

Mama Chopita had already brought to the place of rendezvous such articles of dress and ornaments as Doña Maria wished to take with her; and she desired Don Carlos and his friends to remain at the tree, while she went alone to conduct her young mistress to him. After a short delay, she returned hastily with Doña Maria, who threw herself, almost fainting, into Sepulveda's arms for protection; exclaiming that they were pursued by some person, who had watched them as they left the garden. Don Carlos spread his capote about her, and entreated her to take courage, for no one should harm her, nor tear her from him; and Lodewyk, looking out among the trees, cried,—*"Duizend duizelen!"*—here is my hearer! planter himself!"

Don Anselmo, advanced, exclaiming in a voice almost inarticulate with rage,—*"Fine doings, Señorita de Peña-ela! Your father shall be informed of these moonlight excursions. Where have you hid yourself? and where is that vile negra terçeira, who has dared to encourage you in such unseemly conduct?"*

Just as he said these last words, he issued from the guava copse, and unexpectedly found himself confronted, face to face, by Lodewyk Sluiker, whose weather-beaten features, half concealed by bushy black whiskers, had a formidable appearance at any time; but seen thus by moonlight, and in so solitary a place, were capable of terrifying a stouter heart than that of the old planter. Don Anselmo's knees knocked against each other, and he was on the point of falling to the ground in his extreme trepidation; when Lodewyk, apprehensive that he would call for assistance from the negroes' huts, as soon as he should recover his presence of mind, suddenly threw his coat over his head, lifted him on his shoulders, as if he had been an infant, and set off with him through the wood at a rapid rate.

Sepulveda, seeing that Maria del Rosario was rendered almost incapable of walking, through terror and agitation, followed Sluiker's example, by raising his lovely prize in his arms; and was guided by the sound of the skipper's footsteps, until he overtook him at the ascent of the ravine. Here Lodewyk set his terrified captive down; and threatening to kidnap him altogether, and sell him to the patriots in Margarita, if he uttered a syllable, proceeded to tie him hand and foot, with pieces of rope, which the sailors had brought in expectation of having trunks to carry to the boat. He then gagged him, and laid him down close to the path, under the bamboos; assuring Don Carlos, in answer to his remonstrances against rough usage, that it was absolutely necessary, to prevent him from alarming the whole coast. He consoled the unlucky planter, on taking leave of him, by observing, that a night's rest in the fresh air would be of service; as a specific, to cool his blood; and that his slaves were sure to find him, when they passed that way to their work next morning.

Maria del Rosario had by this time recovered herself sufficiently to walk unassisted; and the whole party proceeded, as rapidly as the nature of the path would permit, until they reached Mama Chopita's cottage. Martha was seated outside, in the moonlight; and immediately on seeing them descending the hill by the side of the rivulet, she sprang forward to embrace her young mistress, and to thank her for her freedom.

While Mama Chopita was busied, with the assistance of the sailors, in packing up and carrying to the boat some few articles, which she considered of too much value to be left behind, Sepulveda led Maria del Rosario to his uncle, and entreated him to unite them without further delay. The novice would fain have remonstrated against this haste; and proposed to defer the ceremony until their arrival in Margarita; but honest Lodewyk urged the danger of pursuit from the harbour, if the schooner should unluckily be becalmed in the offing. In that case, he said, he could not answer it to the Danish governor, if a fugitive daughter was to be found on board; although it would be a totally different case, were it an obedient wife, whose duty it would then be to follow her husband.

As Don Gabriello expressed himself of the same opinion, she consented to give Sepulveda a right to protect her; and Lodewyk, after giving her away, exclaimed,—*"Always tak' de zey, dat 'savage' is 't retad, dat goed to niemans' brenge!"* It would be een droguer-schipper this day, but vor 't loss of Puerto Cavallo; and you, myn hartje! een Non, but vor 't Earthquake of Carracas."

THE END.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Rise and Fall of Masaniello.

AT NAPLES, A. D. 1647.

Translated from the Italian of Alessandro Giraffi, by James Howell, and reprinted from the edition of 1664.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

James Howell, one of the most learned men and copious writers of the seventeenth century, translated the following history from an Italian work, "*Le Revolutioni de Napoli*," written by Alexander Giraffi, an Italian nobleman, published at Venice in 1647, the very year of Masaniello's extraordinary career.

Several editions of Howell's translation appeared during his life, and another history of this conspiracy was published in London in 1729, by Francis Midon, Jr., which purports to be collected from authentic memoirs and manuscripts; but it is also a translation from Giraffi, and the writer has made frequent use of Howell's edition. In the present publication, some facts omitted by Howell have been incorporated, taken from Midon's work.

The style of Howell is peculiar to himself, quaint, and sometimes pedantic, and abounding in beautiful allusions. It has been altered and abridged in the following extraordinary narrative, in order to make it more intelligible to the readers of the present day; but the spirit of the whole has been carefully preserved. The title given by Howell to his translation, will best explain its contents. He terms it, "*An Exact History of the late Revolutions in Naples, and of their Monstrous Successes, not to be paralleled by any ancient or modern History.*"

The circumstance of a favourite opera bearing the title of "*Masaniello*," has made the name familiar to most ears, but few probably are acquainted with the facts of his life—to such the annexed narrative cannot fail to prove surprising and instructive. We know of no fragment of history of more absorbing interest.

"Truth never looked so like a lie,
As in this modern Historia."

THE PROEM.

Naples, for the space of two hundred years, served the House of Austria with gratitude and fidelity. She succoured Alphonso I. with a voluntary imposition of ten carlines* upon every fire throughout the whole kingdom for ever. She added five carlines more to Ferdinand; and so by degrees it amounted to sixty-six carlines, which she pays to this day, [1647], being three millions of gold yearly.

Afterwards, even with more readiness, she supplied Charles V. in ten donatives with five millions; Philip II. with thirty, in three-and-thirty donatives; and Philip III. and IV. from the year 1628 to this day, with one hundred millions and more. Yet in order to raise those large subsidies, it was found necessary to impose many taxes and gabels upon all necessary commodities.

Pursuing the same affection towards her king, and being desirous to present him with a new donative, without regard to her own strength, in 1646, a new design was formed to put a fresh gabel upon fruits, which comprehended all sorts, as well dry as green, such as mulberries, grapes, figs, apples, pears, &c., depriving her of her ordinary nutriment. By making her thus live seven months continually, she fell down at last flat upon the ground by mere weakness; and then feeling her deplorable state, and that of the whole kingdom, she took a new resolution to disburden herself not only of this, but of all other insupportable exactions, formerly imposed; and this she did not without well-

* A carline is, or rather was, a coin equivalent to about eleven cents.

grounded reasons. For it is clear that there is engraven in the breasts of all men by nature a detestation of slavery, and unwillingly therefore do they put their necks into the yoke of another, especially when exorbitant exactions are imposed whereby they are reduced to extreme fits of desperation. *Ad extremum rerum populi exitium, cum extrema onera eis imponuntur*: People run to extreme ruin, when extreme burdens are laid upon them,—as Tacitus truly taught.

Hence it came to pass, in the royal city of Naples, that a multitude of the common people, with their families, being, among other gabels, much aggrieved by that upon fruits, and not being able to endure it, made it often known to the most excellent lord, the Duke of Arcoa, viceroy of that kingdom, by the public cries and lamentations of women and children: and the men of Lavinaro, and other populous quarters, as he passed through the market-place to the devotion of the most holy mother of Carmine, in the church of the Carmelites, situated along the said market, petitioned him by the means of the most eminent Cardinal Filomarino, the archbishop, and others, to take off the said gabel. At last upon a Sunday, as his excellency went to the said church, he heard a great noise among the people, and little less than threatenings, presages of the following commotions; and promising to take off the said gabel, he returned with such apprehensions of fear to the palace, that he not only went no more to the Carmine, but would not suffer the solemn feast of St. John Baptist to be celebrated, which was done yearly in Naples, in order to prevent such a multitude of people to assemble in one place.

In the interim, the people, much grumbling and murmuring that the promised grace was delayed, set fire one night to a baracca of powder in the market-place, which burned down the toll-house where the said gabel was exacted; and from day to day most pungent and bitter invectives, full of popular grievances and of fiery protests against the public officers, were fixed up in the most public places of the city. This boldness increased afterwards; and with this boldness came the report of complete success in the revolutions of Palermo, and a great part of Sicily, Messina excepted, the viceroy of which kingdom, the most excellent lord the Marquis of Velez, had taken off or moderated many gabels, and afterwards had given a general pardon for all excesses.

The people of Naples, being allured and encouraged by this example of a neighbouring kingdom, grew very envious to attain the same freedom, saying, "*What! Are we less than Palermo? Are not our people, if they unite, more formidable and warlike? Have not we more reason, being more burdened and oppressed? On, on to arms! Time is precious; it is not good to delay the enterprise.*" These, and like complaints, becoming more public, the viceroy, in high wisdom, being desirous to prevent mischief, caused the six quarters or precincts of the city to assemble, viz. the fifth part of the gentry, and the sixth of the people, that some means might be devised to take off the tax upon fruits. But this design, though it was pleasing to all for the satisfaction of the people, because it was prejudicial to some of the farmers, there were secret ways found out to hinder its happy effects. The viceroy, therefore, was induced to repair the toll-house; which he did, however, with a view to the ultimate adoption of some temperate way which would satisfy the discontented people on the one side, and the Neapolitan nobles, gentry, and merchants on the other; the latter having advanced upon the said gabel above six hundred thousand crowns upon the account of the capital million, and eighty-five thousand crowns of annual rent.

It was now rumoured abroad that some new tax was to be put upon corn and wine; on which account the enraged people protested that they would never give way thereunto; but reiterated their demands to take the gabel upon fruit quite taken off, and so other parties in compensation of it. As matters were in this state, behold an occasion did suddenly present itself which made way for the total exaction of the desired purpose, as it shall be clearly declared from day to day, and that with as much fidelity and truth as any pen can possibly promise upon this subject.

THE FIRST DAY.

SUNDAY, 7TH JULY, 1647.

A young man about twenty-four years of age, chanced to be in a corner of the great market place at Naples, in appearance active and pleasant, of the middle stature, black eyed, rather lean than fat, having a small tuft of hair on his chin. He wore linen slops or trowsers, a blue

wajacoat, and a sailor's cap; his legs bare below the knees, and without shoes. Yet, he had a good countenance, and was sufficiently bold and enterprising, as the result will prove. His profession was to angle fish with a rod, hook, and line, as also to buy fish, and to carry and retail them to those that dwelt in his quarter. Such men are called in Naples *Pescivendoli*. His name was Tomaso Aniello* of Amalfi, but he was commonly called, by contraction, Masaniello. This man dwelt in the market-place; and under the window of his house, towards the left of a neighbouring well or fountain, were the arms and name of Charles V., being very ancient, which might be ascribed to a mysterious presage that he should regain and restore, as he himself would often very pleasantly observe, the privileges which that unconquered monarch granted to the city and people of Naples. It is a remarkable circumstance, that about a hundred years before, in the month of May 1547, as John Antonio relates in his History of Naples, when there was a commotion in the government of Don Pero de Toledo, on account of the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition which Philip II. would have introduced, another Masaniello, a Sorrentine, and captain of some banditti, was the leader of that tumult. But because the nobility were then joined with the people, that insurrection was not very hurtful, nor lasted long. And if such an union had now been, so much ruin had not befallen both king and people; for what greater contagion can there be in a city, than disunion between its inhabitants?

This Masaniello, from a kind of natural penetration, having observed the murmurings up and down the city, laid hold of the following occasion:—One day (which was four days before the holy festival of *Corpus Domini*) he went very angry towards his house, and passing a church where a famous bandit captain, named Perone, had fled for refuge, with one of his companions, he was asked by them what was the matter? He answered in great wrath, "I will be hanged if I do not attempt to set this city right." They laughed at his words, saying, "A proper person you are to right the city of Naples!" Masaniello replied, "Do not laugh; I swear by God, if I had two or three of my humour, you should see what I could do." "What would you do?" asked they. He answered, "Will you join me?" "Why not?" said they. "Pledge me, then, your faith," replied Masaniello, "and you shall see what we have to do." They instantly pledged their faith to him, and he departed.

But he had not been long at home before he met with fresh provocation; for some of the officers of the customs having accidentally met his wife in the street, as she was carrying a small quantity of contraband flour in her apron, they laid hold on her, and hauled her to prison; and, without having the least regard to the tears and entreaties of her husband, would not let her go, till he had sold all his goods, to pay a fine of an hundred ducats, which was the price they had set on her liberty. This barbarous extortion struck so deep into the heart of the young man, who was naturally choleric, that he immediately meditated upon the means of being revenged; and considering how the people were enraged by the gabel upon fruit, he made use of that pretence, and running up and down among the fruit-shops that were in that quarter, complained loudly of the cruelty of the tax, and engaged them to come in a body to the market-place, and there declare publicly to the country fruiterers, that it was in vain for them to bring their fruit to market, for they would not buy one basket till the gabel was taken off.

In the meantime, while this dissatisfaction spread throughout the shops, the elect, or chief magistrate, Andrea Anacletio, having been chosen that very day, betook himself to the market-place, where the various fruits were distributed to the shop-keepers. They all cried out to him that they would buy no more gabelled fruit; but Anacletio persuaded them at that time to pay the tax, with the assurance that it would be speedily taken off. This promise caused the tumult to cease at that time, and Masaniello, seeing that nothing farther was done, went up and down exclaiming, *Avant Gabel! Avant Gabel!* for which some laughed at him, but others considered well his words.

About this time a great number of boys had gathered together in the market-place, and Masaniello approaching them said, "Say as I do; two torrone, that is, a bajocco, for a measure of oil, six and thirty ounces the loaf of bread, twenty-two the pound of cheese, six granas for beef, six granas for pulse, nine granas for veal, two granas the pint of wine."† These words he made them repeat

various times; and being thus taught, and bearing them in memory, they cried them up and down all the city, and even in the face of the viceroys. He gave them, however, another lesson, which was, "Let God live! let the Lady of Carmine live! let the Holy Father live! let the King of Spain live! let there be plenty! may the ill government die! may the accursed government die!" These and similar phrases being taught by Masaniello to the boys they cried them up and down, which caused much laughter and jeering at their master. But he told them, "You laugh at me now: you shall soon see what Masaniello can do: let me alone, and if I do not free you from slavery, let me be held infamous for ever." This increased their laughter; but regardless of it, he began to enlist such a number of boys, betwixt the ages of sixteen and seventeen, that they came to be above 500, and at last 2000, inasmuch that he could not only muster a company, but even a whole regiment. He then prepared himself for the approaching festival of our Lady of Carmine, making himself commander of his troops, and giving to every boy a little cane.

Among other things during this festival, it was a custom to observe a certain ceremony, which was, that a sort of castle or tower of wood was erected in the midst of the great market-place, and a company of boys, who represented the Turks, used to defend it, whilst another set of lads pelted and battered it with sticks and fruit; and this drew together a great concourse of people; but it seldom ended without quarrelling and bloodshed.

On this occasion, there were assembled a vast multitude of people of the meaner sort; and although the hour was come when fruits were generally brought to the market to be taxed, and the boys were all met for the purpose of picking up such as fell upon the streets, it chanced that no fruit appeared at all; for the shop-keepers had resisted the payment of the gabel, telling the fruit-merchants that they might pay it themselves if they pleased, but as for them, they would pay none. This caused an altercation, which proceeded from words to blows, and which being told to Zuffa Grassiero, governor of the city, he ordered Andrea Anacletio to quell the commotion. This Anacletio in vain attempted to do, for both the fruiterers and the retail sellers were firm and obstinate in their quarrel; and not to displease the latter, he decided against the fruiterers (most of whom were from the city of Puzzuolo,) reviling them with words, threatening to bastinado them, and to condemn them to the galleys.

Among those of Puzzuolo, there happened to be a cousin of Masaniello, who, according to the instructions given him, began more than any to excite the people. Seeing that he could sell his fruit only at a low price, and, after paying the gabel, have hardly any thing left, he flew into a rage, and, throwing two large baskets full of fruit upon the ground, he exclaimed, "God gives plenty, and the ill government a famine! I care not one straw for this fruit: let every one take it." Upon which the boys eagerly ran to gather and eat the fruit. As all this fell out according to Masaniello's expectation, he rushed in among them, crying out, *Avant Gabel! Avant Gabel!* but Anacletio instantly threatened him with the bastinado and the galleys, which so exasperated the people, that they threw figs, apples, and other fruits, with great fury into his face. But this attack seemed too little to Masaniello, who hit the magistrate on the breast with a stone, and encouraged his army of boys to follow his example, which they did. Anacletio was accordingly forced to break through the crowd as fast as possible in a coach; and reaching the church of the Lady of Carmine, he embarked there in a felucca, and thus reached the palace in safety, otherwise he would have been torn to pieces, or stoned to death by the boys.

Upon this success the people flocked in greater numbers, as well to the said market-place as elsewhere, and began to exclaim loudly against those intolerable grievances under which they groaned, and crying out, "Let the king of Spain live, but let the accursed government die." The tumult still increasing, Masaniello being followed by a multitude of boys and all sorts of loose people, some with sticks, others with pikes and partisans taken from the tower of the Carmine, he leaped upon the highest table which was among the fruiterers, and with a loud voice cried, "Rejoice, dear companions and brothers; give God thanks, and the glorious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption draws near; a poor bare-footed fellow, like another Moses, who freed the Israelites from Pharaoh's rod, shall in like manner free you from all gabels that were ever imposed. A fisherman, I mean

St. Peter, reduced with his voice from Satan's slavery to the liberty of Christ, Rome herself, and with Rome, a world. Now another fisherman, who is Masaniello, shall release Naples, and with Naples a whole kingdom, from the tyranny of gabels. Henceforth you shall shake from off your necks the intolerable yoke of so many grievances, which have hitherto depressed you. Nor to effect this do I care a rush to be torn in pieces, and to be dragged up and down the kennels and gutters of Naples. Let all the blood in my body be drawn out of these veins; let this head dance from my shoulders by the fatal steel; and be perched up in this market-place upon a pole, I shall die contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour to me to think that my blood and life were sacrificed in so glorious a conquest, and that I became the saviour of my country."

Masaniello, by often repeating this and similar harangues, marvellously inflamed the minds of the people, who were disposed in their hearts to cooperate with him to this effect; and as a proof of their zeal, they set fire to the house next the toll-house for fruit, both of which were burnt to the very ground, with all the books and accounts, and many of the goods belonging to the farmers of the customs, which were therein.

This being done, the common people increased in such numbers in every street, that the citizens shut up their shops, every one being astonished at the sudden tumult; and many thousands of the people uniting themselves, went to other quarters of the city, where were other gabel-houses, for fruit, corn, flesh, fish, salt, wine, oil, cheese, silk, and all other eatable or wearable commodities, and spared not one of them. All the writings and books of entrance or issues appertaining to the said gabel, as also all the furniture, as well of the farmers as others, and all things that were there in pledge, or otherwise, such as hangings, chairs, arms, great quantities of money; with other rich moveables, were hurried into a great fire of straw, and burnt to ashes upon the streets. There was one thing remarkable during this plundering and confusion, not one durst meddle with the least piece of any thing, but all was dedicated to the fire; it being the quintessence, as it was said, of their blood, they would not have a jot of any thing preserved from the fury of the flame. The mob becoming still more bold and courageous, because they found no resistance or obstacle, and the number having increased to about 10,000, they made towards the palace of the viceroy, many of them holding loaves of bread upon the tops of staves and pikes, and crying more loud than ever, "Let the king of Spain live and let the accursed government perish!"

The first army of Masaniello, also, consisting of 2000 boys, every one lifting up his cane with a piece of black cloth tied on the top, went along the streets and cried out with dolorous and loud voices, which moved many to tenderness and tears, "Have compassion upon these poor souls in Purgatory, who, not being able to endure the burden of so many grievances, seek how they may escape: O dear brothers! join with us; O sisters! help us just, so necessary an enterprise, and so profitable for the public good." These doleful tones they whined from one street to another, till they came at last to St. James' prison, which they violently broke open, and, freeing all the prisoners, they admitted them to their society.

Being now come before the palace, and under the window of the viceroy, they began to cry out again, that they would not be freed of the fruit-gabel only, but of all others, especially that laid upon corn. The viceroy came out to the balcony, and told them that the said gabel should be abolished, and part of the corn gabel also; but the mob howled still that they would not be relieved in part, they would have the whole taken off, and they still cried out, "May the king of Spain live! and the accursed government die!" A number of them wishing to enter the palace to notify unto the viceroy the rest of their grievances, his excellency commanded the German and Spanish guards to suffer them to pass and repass freely; but not being heard by them, some resistance was made by the soldiers, when the mob, with canes and clubs only, (a thing incredible to believe,) and with loud cries, effected their entrance, demanding audience of the viceroy. But he had made his escape; and the Dutch and Spanish guards at the gate abandoned their posts, and made off to their quarters. The mob then entered the palace, and bursting open the hall-door, entered without any difficulty, until they came to the chamber where the viceroy was hid in a closet, and, though they found the door doubly bolted, yet by force of halberds and other instruments, they broke it open. The viceroy would have been torn to pieces had not the Duke di Castel di Sangro and Don Ferrant Carraciolo previously conveyed him away, and so saved him from that mortal blow

* The word literally signifies a ring.

† These were silver or copper coins current in Naples at the time. A *bajocco*, or *bajocca*, was a copper coin,

ten of which made a *julio*, and one hundred a Roman crown.

which was intended. With a few gentlemen that were about him, the viceroy now resolved to retire into the castle, where the duchess of Arcos had withdrawn herself with her ladies, children, and relations; but, understanding that the ladies had taken up the draw-bridge, he took a resolution to fly into the neighbouring church, dedicated to St. Louis, where there was a friary of Saint Francis of Paola. In order, however, to let the mob know that he was willing to enter into their demands, from a window he threw small schedules up and down signed by himself, and sealed with the king's seal, wherein he absolutely took off the gabel upon fruit, and part of that upon corn. But the mob were far from being satisfied; they made signs with their hands, and cried aloud that he must come down and speak with them face to face, upon which the viceroy went down to avoid exasperating them by any appearance of distrust.

In the mean time, that part of the mob who remained in the palace ran up and down with great fury, gutting the rooms every where, setting fire to sedans, tables, windows, screens, and other moveables of value; yet they would not meddle (a thing to be wondered at in the middle of such a tumult) with the apartments of the most eminent Cardinal Trivulzio, who dwelt in the same palace.

The viceroy, having come down to the rabble, threw himself into a coach with two horses, which was provided at a proper place to carry him to the church of St. Louis; but no sooner was he perceived by the mob, than they stopped the coach, and, opening the door, presented two naked swords at his breast, and threatened that unless he would take off the gabels, he would be put to instant death. He accordingly promised he would do so if they were quiet; but this would not serve them unless he came out of the coach, and showed himself to the people. This also he did, and then some respect was shown him; some kissed his hands, and fell upon their knees, crying out, "Most excellent sir, for the love of God, disburden us once of these gabels—let us have no more slavery—let us live." His excellency then confirmed unto them their request, but meanwhile was devising how to escape out of their hands; for although he was honoured by many, yet he held himself not safe in such a confused multitude. In order to divert the mob, he threw among them some hundred zecchins of gold, which he carried about with him for that purpose, which had good effect, though many cried out aloud, "We have no need to be relieved with a little money, but to be freed from the gabel." But while most of them were greedy to take up the gold, his excellency got safe and sound into the church, where he caused all the doors to be shut, and those of the monastery also.

The rabble perceiving this, and being greatly enraged that the viceroy had escaped out of their hands, went straightway to the monastery, and, battering down the first gate, they thought to do so with the rest, crying out still to be released from the gabels, and insisting that his excellency would consign them a paper in writing under his hand and seal, in which he should promise to do so. Fearing that the mob would do further violence to the monastery, as their numbers still increased, he opened a window, and desired them to be quiet, for he was disposed and ready to satisfy them. The incredulous multitude, however, believing still that they would be deluded, proceeded to batter down the other gate; which being done, they immediately entered the monastery. While this violence was going on, Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, being zealous in his pastoral charge for the service of God and his church, endeavoured to appease the people, in order to avoid those irrecoverable losses which he saw threatening the city, made a sign to them with his hand, that they should be peaceable; but they replying, that they would have the writ for release of the gabels from the viceroy, especially those upon corn and fruits, his eminence answered them, that he would make it his business to obtain it, and so going out of his coach, he went in person to the second gate of the monastery, to hinder the pulling of it down by the furious rabble. He effected his purpose, for, out of the great reverence they bore to their archbishop, the fury ceased; but still they prayed that the gabels might be abolished. The bishop promised to bring them the instrument signed and sealed; but lest the fury should recommence during his absence, he sent a messenger to the viceroy, desiring him to send the said instrument. This the viceroy did, desiring him to deliver it with his own hands to the people. The bishop having received the said written instrument, entered his coach, and showed the charter to all the mob, which he drew after him along Toledo street, every one being anxious to know what it contained. But what? The charter was no sooner read with a loud voice by the

bishop, but the mob cried out again that they were cheated, for that instrument contained only the taking off the fruit-gabel, and seven carlines upon wheat; but they would have divers other gabels abolished. The bishop, perceiving that nothing could be done with the rabble while in that state of ferment, and having delivered the charter to the chief of the people, retired peaceably to his palace.

The mob now ran to the great market-place, to give notice of the said charter to the rest, who were assembled there in still greater numbers; but finding that this was but satisfaction in part, it was deemed necessary, for the common defence of the faithful people of Naples, to enroll some armed men, to procure a total discharge of gabels. Returning to the palace, thousands of men and boys would again have attempted an entrance into the church and monastery of St. Louis; being resolved to burst open the doors of that part, where divers lords and ladies were, but the Spanish soldiers opposed them; and, in particular, a brave captain kept off the rabble with his sword, and the soldiers with their muskets, and divers of them were killed. In the meanwhile, the ladies had time to retire into the friars' cells, and the viceroy, by the help of the abbot of the convent, scaled the walls, and got into the monastery of the Jesuits, whence, putting himself in an old sedan carried by Spaniards, he was conveyed to the castle of St. Elmo.

As soon as it was known for certain that the viceroy had escaped from the monastery, the rabble returned to the palace, resolving to disarm all the Spaniards who were on guard. But they compounded, by delivering to them drums and half pikes, and all other instruments, their swords and muskets excepted. They then went to all the other courts, and guards dispersed up and down the city, whom they immediately attacked and disarmed. They next proceeded to the suburbs of Chiagia, to the palace of Don Tiberio de Garaffa, Prince of Bisignano, who was field-master, and colonel-general of the battalion of Naples, defying that great cavalier, who, by his natural affability, had made himself beloved by all Naples. They desired that he would be pleased to be their defender and intercessor betwixt them and the viceroy for the total abolition of the gabels, according to the favourable privileges granted them especially by Charles V. But before they got the Prince of Bisignano's answer, some of them ran furiously to the place where they exacted the gabel of fruit at Chiagia, set fire to the house, and burnt every thing that was in it, as they had done in other places. The rabble still augmenting in that populous suburb, they divided themselves into two squadrons, or rather armies. By this time, the Prince of Bisignano came out on horseback. The lesser sort of boys put him in the middle, and he desired them to be orderly; but they called out, "Let us go to take off the gabels." He was conducted by the palace, and so along to the castle, and thence through all the public places, till he came to the great market. The prince, seeing the mob wonderfully increased to above fifty thousand persons, endeavoured to appease them; and to do this the more conveniently, he went to the church of the Lady of Carmine; and being got up in a high place, with a crucifix in his hands, he prayed, exhorted, and conjured them for the love of God, and of the most blessed Virgin his patroness, to be quiet a little, promising them by oath to obtain from the viceroy what they desired. But finding that all this did no good, he waited some time in the market, to have an opportunity of negotiating with the ringleaders of the riot, in order to assure them that he would make it his own task to procure them complete satisfaction. In the mean time, other new accessions of people coming from other parts of the city, they proceeded to break open the prisons of Santa Maria d' Agnone, St. Archangelo and others; the guards of which not being able to resist, were obliged to yield and fly. The gates being thrown open, they made all the prisoners depart, burning and consuming to ashes such books and processes against them as were found there; though some of the mob were averse to this violence, because those prisons had been in former times royal palaces. At last they were dissuaded from it by the Prince of Bisignano, who stated that by setting at liberty foreigners, murderers, and thieves, they would draw upon themselves great inconveniences.

They next directed their course toward the dogana or tollhouse for corn, with faggots on their backs, and fire and pitch in their hands; and the gates being wrenched from their hinges, the prince not being able to persuade them, though he laboured earnestly, they entered there with such fury, that they spread fire on all sides. Nor were they satisfied till they saw all not only burnt, but reduced to ashes: corn, with a great store of household stuff, and a great quantity of money, which the ministers

of the dogana had in bank, being either their own, or in *deposito*, or pawned, were consumed in the flames.

After this exploit, they went to the piazza of St. Lawrence, the prince still remaining with them from a desire to pacify them. Having arrived there, and entered through the church into the cloisters to go up to the steeple-tower to sound the great bell, that all men should put themselves in arms, an entrance was at first denied them by some who had fled thither for sanctuary; but two of whom were presently killed. Now, some of the people began to apprehend divers fears; but a Sicilian, who appeared to be rather a devil in human shape, and one of the greatest furies that bell could hold, animated them all to battle. He reproached them with their fears; he jeered their cowardice; but the justice of heaven found him out; for he was killed from the said tower by a musket-bullet.

The Prince Bisignano, finding himself exhausted after so many hours' fatigue, and after so much mischief done to the city, and being weak and faint by reason of the heat of the season, and his own delicate constitution, now sought to disengage himself from this labyrinth of popular tumult. By a wise stratagem, he distributed the people into various quarters of the city, with strict prohibition that they should not sack or assault any one's house; which plot took; for being thus divided, he retired unperceived to a kinsman's house hard by, where, having refreshed his spirits for a while, he betook himself about the evening in a close sedan chair into Castel Nuovo.

The report being dispersed abroad of the retirement of the Prince Bisignano, and the people, finding themselves without a head, cried out for their leader and conductor, Masaniello, who, accepting of that charge, began more than ever by sound of drum to influence the people throughout all the city and suburbs. It was now thought fitting that some religious men should go in procession through the city, not only to appease the unruly people, but to implore divine help; which being done, those officers of the holy church were much acknowledged by the viceroy, who sent effectual relation thereof to the Conte d'Ognate, then Catholic ambassador to the court of Rome. In the mean time, the viceroy and the nobility, dreading that the rabble would go to St. Lawrence church, and seize upon divers things which belonged to the city, and sound the great bell to arms which hangs in the steeple of that church, sent thither some companies of Spaniards well armed, as also others, for the guard of the said church and cloister of St. Lawrence.

At two o'clock after midnight, the viceroy removed from St. Elmo to Castel Nuovo, which adjoins the royal palace, there being only a bridge between them. There went also thither Cardinal Trivulzio, with many officers and cavaliers; and although it seemed high time for them to think of chastising the rebels, yet the viceroy, like a wise prince, restrained his indignation, and published, that by next Monday the loaf of bread should weigh thirty-three ounces four grains, whereas before it was scarcely twenty-four ounces; and that the gabel of fruit should be absolutely taken off. For greater safety, however, he ordered that additional guards should surround the castle. Meanwhile, the people did not flag a whit in their former fury, but caused the bell of our Lady of Carmine to ring out thrice for arming, and consequently great companies flocked together, and divided themselves into divers quarters. Some proceeded to set fire to all the out-houses of Naples, where gabels were exacted, with drums beating before them; others remaining behind, to prepare arms for the following day, plundered the shops for swords and muskets, for bullet, fire and match. Others went among the merchants, who, without any resistance, furnished them with all sorts of arms; and because one master of a shop would foolishly have made opposition by threats, and, which was worse, by discharging a mortar-piece out of a window, which killed one of them, they were so exasperated, that putting fire to his house, wherein were divers barrels of powder, eighty-seven persons were blown up and perished, and forty-four were hurt. To prevent such a disaster in future, his excellency commanded, that all the powder in other places throughout the city should be wetted: But the unruly mob, passing with such an imperious authority through the streets, began to put an army in order, and provide all things necessary for the business of the following day.

THE SECOND DAY.

MONDAY, JULY 8TH, 1647.

The active and formidable preparations made by the rabble the night before had this effect, that although the

day had not yet grown clear, and the glorious sun was not come out of the womb of the vermillion morn, yet up and down the city nothing was heard but drums and trumpets, and clashing of arms; nothing seen but colours displayed, choice soldiers, burlished swords, cocked muskets, archibuzes, lances, targets: and what was even more alarming, besides the citizens themselves, the country swains appeared from the neighbouring villages, armed with ploughshares, pitchforks and shovels, and ranging themselves in a military way for common defence to plough glebes of flesh, and water them with blood; in fine, the women were seen in great numbers armed with fire-shovels, and iron tongs, with spits and brooches, and their children with little staves and canes, encouraging the young men to battle. Now, let it be considered what such a multitude all armed could do, who being invipered as it were with blood in their eyes, cried out, "Let the king live! let the king our lord live! let the ill government die! No gabels, no gabels! Let the dogs die, who, being transformed to wolves, have devoured the flesh of innocent lambs! Let these wasps fly away, which have hitherto sucked the sweet honey of the bees!"

With such like cries proceeding from the bottom of their throats they rent the very air, and were enough to soften the hardest marble, draw tears from the stones, and sighs from ice; they animated one another, they crowded the streets, guarded the passages, and prepared themselves to provide furniture for the war. Horror, blood and amazement, reigned in every corner. The keys were consigned from Minerva to Mars. Books were neglected, studies were abandoned, the bar was solitary, the chairs were silent, the ecclesiastics sung *Luzchryms*, the law ceased, patronages were despised, advocates were dumb, the judges were idle, tribunals were shut. The arsenals only were open; the pikes had got the better of the pen, force of wit, boldness of wisdom; the whole city was inflamed with martial fury. The places adjoining the great market, especially Lavinaro, Porta Nolana, Covaria, Sellaris, the Piaz of the Elm, were in the utmost commotion, from the dense multitude who resorted thither. Orders were given to the inhabitants of the other precincts of Naples, which are thirty-six in number, to arm in like manner, under pain of an irremissible burning down of their houses, which was punctually performed. There being want of powder, they went to a house where it was sold, to buy some; but the sellers refusing without orders from the viceroy, they raged with such a fury, that, throwing fired matches into that house, they blew up the powder into the air, and with it above sixty persons, as afterwards appeared from the number of bodies which lay many days unburied. This happened at Porta della Calce; and it caused a shock like an earthquake through all the city; but they were not a whit disheartened at the disaster. Going in greater numbers than before, to the king's powder-house out of the city, towards Cap de Chino, they would have seized that magazine of powder, had they not been prevented by the labourers, who had put the said powder in water to prevent a similar disaster.

While the rabble made all these preparations, the viceroy did not relax his wanted prudence to acquit himself of his duty, although he had retired into Castel Nuovo. He dispersed guards all along the castle, and in St. Francisco Xaverio's street, to the number of four hundred. He shut up in the royal palace for his own guard 1000 Germans, and planted at the gates 800 Spaniards, with 1000 Italians. He secured Pizzafalcone, which lies above the palace, as also the neighbouring streets, with good fortifications, making ramparts of faggots, and raising other trenches of earth about the gates of the old and new palace, and at the end of the street looking towards the said palaces. He likewise commanded a large piece of ordnance to be put at the end of every street towards the Santo Spirito, the monastery of the Dominicans, and of the Minims; another against the cross of the palace; another upon the ascent of Santa Lucia; and two before the great gate towards the middle of the new palace. In the meantime the people hearing that another regiment of Germans had arrived from Puzolo by order of the viceroy, they went to meet them, killed part who made resistance, and the rest, who willingly surrendered themselves, were made prisoners, and led into the city. The same was done to two companies of Italians; but by order of Masaniello the latter were released, and armed for the defence of the city. The Germans he sent in derision into the castle, laden with all kinds of provisions.

It happened upon Monday morning, that the Spanish guard, for some insults they had received, imprisoned

two mean fellows; and the people, fearing they would be executed, rose up and threatened, with howlings and unusual cries, to tear in pieces all the Spaniards who were in Naples, if those prisoners were not delivered them; wherefore, to avoid such a fate, which would certainly have happened, they were yielded up safe and sound.

That morning, bread of very excellent quality and unusual weight was sold, inasmuch, that a loaf of bread, which was but little more than twenty-two ounces, was now thirty-three, and the joy of the people may be easily conjectured. Both men, women and children, citizens and strangers, went crying up and down the streets, "Let the king of Spain live! let the most faithful people of Naples live! and let the ill government die!"

It now seemed expedient for the viceroy to despatch by some lords of the collateral council, and of the council of state, a note unto Masaniello, as head of the mob, wherein he granted as much as was demanded the day before, which was the taking away of all kinds of gabels. But the people would not be satisfied with this, but sent notice, that they would have further contentment, viz. a restitution of the privileges granted them by Kings Ferdinand, and Frederic, and by the Emperor Charles V., all of which, by public act, the viceroy, the collateral, and council of state, with all the nobility, should oblige themselves to observe. They insisted farther, that the people should nominate the chief clerk of the market of the city; that it should pass for a law, that no new gabels in future should be imposed, without the consent of the Capo Popolo, who should be a lord by title, as it was anciently, when the Prince of Salerno enjoyed that office; that he also should be named by the people, without any dependency, or having any recourse to the viceroys for the future. They scrupled not to demand, in addition, that the castle of St. Elmo should be put into their hands, though they proceeded not very far in that proposition.

His excellency, perceiving that the mob would lend no ear to any reasonable offers of peace, judged it expedient to restore to favour the Duke of Mataloni, and Don Joseph Caraffa his brother, and to solicit their joining with other lords and knights, they being favourites of the people, and to go up and down the city with a view to restore order and quietness. This, accordingly, was done; for many lords did ride up and down the streets in divers quarters, in particular the Prince of Bisignano, Caraffa di Bel Nuovo, Il Principe di Monte Sarchio of the house of Avalos, the Prince di Satriano Ravaschiere, the Duke di Castel di Sangro, Don Ferrante Carraciolo, the Prince della Rocella, the Lord Don Diomedo Caraffa, the Lord of Conversano, with other lords, dwelling in the piazza of the great market, in which there was a great multitude assembled. These lords signified unto the mob, that his excellency the viceroy was very ready to give them all satisfaction; but it was answered, that they desired no more, than that the privileges of King Ferdinand should be granted to the city, which were confirmed by Charles V., who, by oath, promised to impose no new taxes upon city or kingdom, either he or his successors, without the consent of the pope; and even being so imposed, they should be well regulated, otherwise the city might rise up with sword in hand, without any mark of rebellion, or irreverence to the prince, for the maintenance of her liberties. Now, since most of the gabels ever since, some few of small consequence excepted, have been imposed without the consent of his holiness, it was just that they should be all taken off, and that the people should have delivered up to them the original of the said privilege, which was among the archives of the city in the church of St. Lawrence. Those lords and gentlemen understanding this, went back to Castel Nuovo to impart all this to the viceroy, who presently convoked the collateral council, with that of the state, as also the sacred council of Santa Chiara, to consult what answer should be returned unto the people.

In the mean time, the archbishop ordained that the holy sacrament should be openly exposed in many churches, and that all persons should be invited to implore divine assistance at such an emergency. The miraculous blood, and the holy head of St. Gennaro, the glorious protector of Naples, which lie in the dome of the chapel of Tesoro, were likewise exposed, and the clergy went in solemn procession up and down the city, viz. the Dominicans, Franciscans, those of Del Carmine, the Augustins, the Jesuits, Capuchins, Teatins, and others.

That day it was debated by the people who should be their chief, that by his authority they might prepare their address to the viceroy, and obtain what they desired; and as, among those who rode up and down the city, the Lords della Rocella were the most eminent, and had their palaces in the great market, they made over-

tures to the said lords, that they would please to employ themselves in behalf of the people, in order to obtain the restitution of their charter to which they consented. For the performance thereof, these lords went to Castel Nuovo, accompanied by many people, where his excellency commanded them to be admitted, the concourse of people remaining without all the while, expecting, not without much anxiety, an answer from the viceroy.

At the same time, and for the same purpose, the Lord Prior was sent for from St. Lawrence; and in the belief that the charter would now be found, the multitude which accompanied him was so great, it appeared as if both he and his horse were carried on their shoulders. But the Lord Prior, knowing that it would be difficult to find it, and feigning to withdraw himself upon some business, he made off with incredible speed, and concealed himself in the church of the holy apostles. This occasioned extraordinary murmuring and discontent among the people, who thought themselves baffled and deluded by one who they expected would have been their defender and advocate. Nevertheless, some affirm that the Lord Prior, with a view to quiet them, did bring them a skin of parchment, pretending that it was the original charter of Charles V.; which being shown to the satrapans and council, and found to be a counterfeit, they were so enraged, that had he not fled, they would have put him to death.

The Duke de Rocella, in the mean while, returned from the castle to the great market-place, attended by the gross of the multitude, and carrying with him a copy of the charter desired by the people; but having heard of the dangerous success of the Lord Prior, he dared not say it was the original, but told them it was a true and real copy, as the original could not be found. Hereupon it was received at the beginning with some applause; but being read and found imperfect, it raised a mighty discontent in the hearts of the people, who cried out that they were mocked, cozened, and betrayed by the said duke, as they had already been by the prior; and falling into a mortal hatred of all the nobility, they raged against them, threatening them with ruin and revenge. Having the said Duke della Rocella in their hands, they clapt him in prison in the monastery del Carmine, and appointed the bandito Perrone to be his keeper, who himself had formerly been chained in the same church, but was set at liberty by the people. This man, however, being an ancient friend and confidant of the duke, did manage the business so effectually with the people, that he obtained the duke's freedom, obliging himself to restore him into their hands when demanded; so the duke having remained a day or two in his palace, retired afterwards to his country house.

There was appointed to be about the person of Masaniello, as one of the principal heads of the people, a priest named Julio Genovino, who had been their elect during the government of the Duke of Ossuna, and was well practised in the affairs of the court, and who had always endeavoured to advance the good of the people; and to him they added for a companion the aforesaid famous bandito Perrone. These two being joined with Masaniello, drew out a list of sixty houses of ministers and others, who had been connected with the farming of the gabels, and who, having enriched themselves, as was given out, with the blood of the people, deserved to be made examples to future ages, by having their houses and goods burnt to the ground; which was done accordingly.

But let us proceed more orderly in the relation of these ruined palaces. The first was that of Gieronimo Feticia, one of the farmers of the corn gabel, situated in the quarter of Porta Nuovo, near the houses of the Lord Mermilli. There the people having flocked with faggots and pitch, and getting into the house, they threw out of the window all kind of household stuff, and all sorts of utensils, with great store of money, chains and bracelets, breaking the windows wider for that purpose; all of which were brought to the market-place and hurled into a great fire, where they were burned to cinders, amid huge outcries of the people.

This first act of the fiery tragedy being ended, they went next to the house of Felice Basile, who at first had been a poor baker, and carried bread up and down the streets of Naples; but having friends at court, by tampering with the gabels, in a short time he became very rich. He dwelt near the Spirito Santo, where the people having met, and plundered his palace from top to bottom, they hurled out at the windows and balconies all the household stuff, writings and books, with other rich curiosities. There were twenty-three great trunks thrown out into the streets, some of which being broken open, contained

wondrous rich things, such as cloth of gold and tissues, with costly embroideries, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders; all of which, with a cabinet full of pearls and other precious stones, were hurled into the devouring element, without saving so much as a rag; nor durst any one take up the value of a pin, unless it were to help the throwing of it into the fire.

These two burnings lasted five hours; after which they passed to the palace of Antonio de Angelis, a counsellor, who had been elect of the people in the time of Monterey, and who concurred with that viceroy in imposing many new gabels. This man, being admonished by many of his friends to secure his goods and his palace from destruction, neglected their advice, because the day before they had taken down his gate only, and he imagined that there their fury had terminated. But he reckoned without his host: his unfortunate destiny blinded him so, and so stopped his ears, that he would not listen to wholesome caution. Whereupon the rabble, being come before his house, they furiously entered, and finding it full of all kinds of costly furniture, even to admiration, they presently destined every thing to the fire, leaving not a jot unburnt. That which was most to be pitied was, that the pleas, writings, charters, patents, and processes of divers poor and rich men, were all consumed. There was also a library of curious books, two coaches, four beautiful horses, and two mules, all burnt; and they threw bottles of oil into the fire, to make it burn with more violence. In his pantry, larder-house, and kitchen, there were delicate provisions, and divers chests of sweetmeats; and a boy having taken up a small piece of bacon which fell by chance, he was nearly torn in pieces by the multitude. There were 10,000 crowns in good silver burnt, besides vessels of plate double gilt. The fire of this house was so great, that although it was in the night-time, every corner of the street was as clear as if it had been noon-day.

Thence they ran to the house of Antonio Mirabella, another counsellor, and a Neapolitan cavalier, who narrowly escaped with his life, but of whose house they left not one stone upon another, but consecrated all to the voracious flame, which lasted above three hours.

At six o'clock they passed to the palace of Andrea Anselmi, elect of the people; but he had wisely removed his goods the Sunday before, prefiging some violence. In furious disdain, they applied fire to the four corners of the house, which made a horrible flame, to the terror of the beholders, which lasted till the sun returned to enlighten the following morn.

But while the people consumed with fire the houses, goods and wealth, of those public thieves, as they termed them, there burnt in the breast of the viceroy an ardent desire to put a period to such fearful combustions. In order to hasten an accommodation, the collateral council and councils of state and war, were assembled; and it was resolved, that his excellency should command four companies of foot to reinforce the squadron which was already in the castle, while a legal instrument was ordered to be printed, wherein an abolition of those gabels, and a general pardon, were granted. This instrument was accordingly printed and sent into the great market, that all people beholding it might return to their homes; but it took no effect, because the pardon was considered imperfect, not specifying so much as the people would have, and containing divers matters subject to litigation. The viceroy, perceiving that the nobility were hateful to the people, and therefore unfit to quench the fire, but rather to increase it, now purposed to make use of two of their own prime advocates, who were also much esteemed by him. These were Andrea Martellone, and Onosico Palma, whom the viceroy having commanded to come unto him, he committed unto their care and prudence, and that with a great deal of earnestness, the appeasing of the people, with large promises of remuneration. These men executed what was imposed upon them with much alacrity; but it produced no fruit, and having returned to the viceroy, they said it was impossible to assuage the fury of the people, unless he delivered unto them the original of the charter granted by Charles V. Upon this being fully understood by the viceroy, who, from the beginning, had an ardent desire to content the people, especially in this point, he caused all diligence to be used, that the said charter should be found out. In order to effect this, he despatched to the church of San Lorenzo some of the nobles, elect of the city, together with Don Joseph Maria Caraciolo, a person of great valour and learning, who, besides his high birth, was a most earnest pacificator at all times, especially at the present conjuncture, being warmly devoted to the service of his king and country. In the mean time, Masaniello made it known to all the merchants in the name of the people, and corporations of

the city, that they should instantly arm themselves for the service of the people; and in order to enforce his proclamations, a great part of his train, partly on horseback and partly on foot, proceeded to the various houses demanding arms, which were delivered up to them, both by noblemen and officers. They thus obtained possession of many thousands of archbuzes, carbines, muskets, pistols, and such like arms; as also nine pieces of artillery, which one merchant had in his house, and which were given him in pawn from the court for some thousands of ducats. They took also seven cannons out of a ship, which they assaulted in a new galley, all of which they placed at the mouths of the principal streets of the city; and having understood that Mazola, a Genoa merchant, had a good store of arms, they entered his house, where they found 4000 muskets, which were distributed up and down to the populace dwelling in the quarters of Santa Maria il Pareale, then clapped torches to his house, and consumed it to the foundation.

The archbishop seeing that, notwithstanding all profers of accommodation, the disturbances increased every hour with more fury, resolved to go abroad in procession; but doubting that it would not be agreeable to the people, before he put his designs in execution, he requested the Impositors of St. Paul and of the Apostles to discover how they stood affected. These, together with Don Carlo de Bologna, and Don Diego de Mendoza, being the most eminent of the secular priests, both on account of their birth and exemplary lives, put themselves into their coaches, and went to the piazza of the great market, to observe the humour of the people, the bishop having no other aim herein, than the service and satisfaction of the city; yet he wanted to know their inward inclinations. The said fathers and lords having put in strict execution what they had in charge from the archbishop, found true what his eminence had formerly doubted; as it was told them by the chiefs of the people, who yet thanked the archbishop for his pious zeal, that, touching such a solemn and extraordinary procession, they humbly advised his eminence not to do it, because the priests and religious men in those broken times might haply receive some injury, which would prejudice the reputation of the church. They prayed his eminence, however, that he would expose in the church the holy host, and order public orisons for forty hours.

The fathers and gentlemen having returned to the Cardinal Archbishop, related unto him what they had proposed, and the answers that were made; whereupon his eminence, not thinking it expedient to put his former thoughts in execution against the will of a tumultuary people, directed the said impositors, and all heads and rectors of churches, as well secular as regular, that the blessed sacrament should be exposed, and public and private prayers made, to recommend unto the divine majesty the woful condition of city and kingdom; which was punctually performed every day until the death of Masaniello.

When the archbishop had despatched those seasonable orders, it being now night, his eminence repaired to *Castel Nuovo*, to consult with the viceroy, whether any terms of accommodation could be proposed, that might avert the calamities that hung over the city, and give some satisfaction to the enraged multitude; who had been so used to fire and cruelty, that they seemed to delight in such sights and executions. For the better effecting of which, this worthy patriot associated with him the most illustrious the Lord Altieri, Apostolical Nuncio, at that time residing in the kingdom. In the evening, divers other lords and cavaliers retired also to *Castel Nuovo*; as well for the safety of their persons, as to consult with the viceroy, what was most proper to be done in the present extremity.

THE THIRD DAY.

TUESDAY, JULY 9TH, 1647.

The minds of the Neapolitan people being now inflamed with rage, and with a determination to destroy the houses of all public ministers, partisans of the royal court, lawyers, and farmers of the gabels; there were no bounds sufficient to stop their insolence and fury.

Hence the glorious man had scarcely appeared in the orient to illuminate the city, before the furious people ran to the palace of one Valenzano, formerly a very poor plebeian, and who afterwards, from a petty clerk in the Dogana, had become a farmer of the gabel, and enriched himself extremely. It is incredible what a world of precious goods, both for quantity and quality, were found in his house, which were all reduced to ashes, except two boxes full of gold, found in the cupboard of a window, which were taken and deposited in the king's bank.

Hence they passed to the palace of the Duke of Ceirano, towards the little gate of Santa Chiara, where all his writings and public books,—he being secretary of the state,—and an infinite store of rich moveables and utensils were found, all which were burnt in two great fires, and the palace levelled with the ground. What rich coaches, sedans and couches, with rare vessels of argenteo, and jewels of all kinds, were consumed in this place! There were also a great number of curious pictures found here. The profane were burnt, but some holy pieces were sent to divers churches, reserving for the fire the frames of them, although they were very gallant and rich, which course they observed in all other places. The heat of this fire was so great, that it reached to a monastery of nuns, of the order of St. Francisco, hard by, who cried out that they were all destroyed. It also included a library of books, the leaves whereof flew up aloft, and the words were legible in the air, one of which leaves happened to fall upon the ground, which treated of the nobility of the ancient Dukes of Milan.

It would be tedious to describe the desolation and ruin caused by those conflagrations, with the quantity, and quality of the goods destroyed. It may be merely observed, that all these cruelties (termed by the people *just revenges*) were exercised upon all those who were put down in Masaniello's list, as devoted to destruction. Among these were the palaces of many of the nobles. The owners of many of these mansions, wishing to save their property, endeavoured to elude the vigilance of the rioters, by privately conveying them to various monasteries and convents; but Masaniello having notice of this, caused the inmates of these religious houses to deliver them up, under the pain of a similar visitation; and, not venturing to refuse, they were consigned to the rabble, who immediately threw them into the flames. So violent were they on their work of destruction, that some splendid coaches, which were discovered concealed with their horses alive, were also thrown into the flames, and consumed to ashes.

The most diligent search, in the meanwhile, was made for the original charter of Charles V. in the Convent of St. Lawrence, where the archives of the city were kept; and not finding it there, the people grew more tumultuous than before, ordering every thing they found to be burnt, among which was the picture of the Spanish king, which they had formerly carried about with them, exposed under a rich canopy, and exclaiming, "Let the king live! Let the accursed government die!" Among the bands which went abroad that day, were many women with arquebuses on their shoulders, like so many amazons. One of these, well dressed and handsome, having the royal arms upon her head, encircled by a writing in large letters, "Long live the king, and the most faithful people of Naples!" and having a naked sword in her right hand and a poniard in her left. They now declared that they would be masters of the Convent and Tower of St. Lawrence. This they demanded, because they feared its situation; inasmuch as their head-quarters in the market-place were exposed to its cannon; and as it was the arsenal of the city, by obtaining possession of it, they could provide themselves with arms and ammunition. They had, indeed, made an attempt upon it on Sunday, the first day of the insurrection, but being then few in number, they met with a vigorous repulse from some banditti who were in the belfry. The case, however, was now altered; 10,000 of them surrounded the place, ranged themselves in order of the battle, and prepared for an assault, by placing two large pieces of cannon before the tower, with the intention of battering it down. But the friars soon abandoned the monastery, leaving behind them only a few novices, some noblemen, and about sixty Spaniards, sent on the previous evening to guard the tower, and who soon surrendered, on the conditions that their lives should be spared and their clothing preserved. Overjoyed at their success, the rioters rushed into the convent, seized all the arms, and eighteen pieces of cannon, placed there for the service of the city. The former were distributed among the people, and the latter ordered to be planted at certain streets, with a sufficient guard. Masaniello then commanded the great bell to sound to arms; declaring, at the same time, that it was not for rebellion, but only that the people should be ready to defend their rights and liberties; and to make his intentions the more plausible, he caused the standard of Spain, and the ensigns of the city, to be displayed from the top of the steeples. About this time, having notice by his scouts that some Spaniards, quartered in the neighbouring villages, were marching towards Naples, Masaniello despatched a party to meet them, who, after disarming them, sent them back to their former stations, while he proceeded himself, at the head of a considerable body, to stop the progress of 500 Ger-

mans, sent from Capua by the governor of that city to aid the viceroy. As soon as Masaniello approached, they laid down their arms, and were led to Naples, where they were so well treated by the fisherman, that they went up and down the streets exclaiming, "Long live the most faithful people of Naples!"

While the people were thus revenging themselves on their pretended adversaries, the two original charters of Ferdinand and Charles V., which they so earnestly desired to possess, were discovered, and brought to the viceroy by the chief elect of the nobility, and Don Joseph Caracciolo, who had been indefatigable in their search after them. The viceroy, on this discovery, sent for the archbishop, and, delivering them into his hands, with a ratification of the privileges therein contained, desired him to go to the market-place, and show them to the people; at which the archbishop rejoiced greatly, not doubting that he would be able to allay the commotions.

The archbishop was received in the market-place with the greatest reverence and honour, and proceeded to the church of the Lady of Carmine, amid the applauses of the people. As soon as he entered the church, he exhibited the original charters, which he read with a loud voice, and which seemed to be received by all as if with a jubilee of contentment. Yet, some rebellious spirits who were among them, as if by the secret excitement of the devil, pretending to suspect the archbishop's sincerity, began to cry out, "Will your eminence also deceive us?" which produced such a movement, as made the archbishop apprehensive of his safety. He asked Masaniello, who stood near him, what was the matter. "Most eminent sir," replied Masaniello, "the people still suspect that this charter is not the true one, and that your eminence goes about to baffie us; but I do not believe it; and I will turn against them in your defence, or kill myself, knowing well how punctually honourable your eminence is." The bishop answered, "My dear son, these privileges and charters are the very same which Charles V. subscribed, and which the people desire; but in order that you may be convinced, find me an intelligent man and I will deliver it to him, leaving it in his hands; and for a sign of the truth, I will not stir hence till you are satisfied. You ate my sons as much as the nobles; and as your pastor and father, I would spill my blood most willingly for my people, as also for the peace and quietness of my dear country." At these words Masaniello grew very quiet, and with him the tumultuous people. So they sent for Doctor Julio Genovino, a most sagacious man, who knew thoroughly the affairs of the city and kingdom by his long experience, being eighty years old, and having been nineteen years a prisoner, during the time of another revolution which happened in the government of Osuna. The archbishop, therefore, delivered the charter to this man, that he might study and review it, which he did all the night following with most exact diligence, during the whole of which time the bishop remained in the church of Carmine. And it was by the disposition of God Almighty, and the most blessed Virgin, that this happened; for that very night thirty-six houses of cavaliers were to be burnt.

It happened, however, that while the charter was in the hands of Genovino, a whisper ran throughout the multitude, distrusting the intentions of the viceroy. Fearing that, if they dispersed, they would still feel the governor's vengeance, and as they conceived that he had by no means given them a sufficient security in pledge for the entire removal of the gabels, they simultaneously exclaimed, that the original charter was of little value, as long as the viceroy's ratification was lame and imperfect, and that, therefore, articles of capitulation must be drawn up by some of their party, and signed by the viceroy, and the several councils and tribunals of the kingdom. The archbishop, astonished at this new demand, could only say, that he would send to the viceroy, and ascertain his pleasure therein. Accordingly, the prelate sent some of his attendants to the viceroy, informing him of the new demand; who, prudently concluding that it was of no use to employ force, sent a letter in reply to the archbishop, desiring him to let "the most faithful people know, that whatever articles they should draw up, would not only be signed, as they desired, but that he would get them ratified as soon as possible by the king of Spain."

When this was announced to the people, it was some time before they could agree among themselves about the person to draw up the said articles; but at length they selected Genovino, and commanded that they should be read publicly in the market-place on the following morning, before they were presented to the viceroy. It is said, that one of the articles proposed was, that the castle of St. Elmo should be delivered up to the

people; and that Masaniello seemed to approve of it, when Genovino stood up, and said, "that although the people might legally take up arms to maintain and defend their rights and privileges, pursuant to the decision of Pisanello, and several other most learned lawyers in 1547, yet they could not insist upon the surrender of the castle of St. Elmo, without incurring the imputation of rebellion." At the word *rebellion*, Masaniello, who had always protested that his sole design was to shake off the oppression of the gabels, and not his allegiance to the king of Spain, desired that no more might be said about it, for he would rather die than give his consent to a demand that would make him pass for a rebel. This was no small proof of Genovino's influence with the people, which he farther showed, by causing one of his friends, named Ciccio Arpaia, who had been formerly condemned to the galleys for being concerned in the conspiracy against the nobility under the Duke of Osuna, to be declared elect of the people, which procured even the consent of Masaniello.

THE FOURTH DAY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10TH, 1647.

The Neapolitan people, not satisfied with publishing unto the world, by outward firing and combustions, the extreme disdain they had taken against the chief authors of the gabels, still ruminated in the night what further revenges were to be taken in the day.

Hence it came to pass, that early upon Wednesday morning, when Aurora had hardly ushered in the sun, Masaniello ordered, that upon pain of death the brigade of his life-guard, in number about 8000 persons, should repair to the palace of the Duke of Caivana, to plunder again the said duke, notice having been received that goods of far greater value were not yet discovered. Thereupon, the soldiers, as swift as lightning, went, in obedience to Masaniello's command, and re-entered the house, where, battering down a door, they found two chambers full of the richest tapestry, with other costly moveables; then, descending into the gardens, they defaced divers marble statues and fountains, grubbed up the flowers and trees, broke down the balconies, and set fire to every thing both in house and garden.

Other acts of outrage were committed; women and boys brought straw and all sorts of combustibles to help the flames, crying, "Though there is little straw left in the houses, it will help to burn the kennels of those dogs who have imposed on us the accursed gabels." Many women brought their infants in their arms, and, putting lighted torches in their hands, would make them throw these into the fire, exclaiming, amid curses, ejaculations, and prayers, "These poor infants shall also take vengeance of the thieves for the bread they have taken out of their mouths. May the king live! May the dogs die the death!"

While the people thus evaporated their high discontents against the enemies of the public good, the lord bishop continued to negotiate with the viceroy, and in addition to the ancient charters of King Ferdinand and Charles V., confirmed by the royal collateral council and council of state, holden expressly for that purpose, he also received a general pardon or indulgence for the people of Naples, the tenor whereof was as follows:

"Philip by the Grace of God, King, &c.

"Don Roderico P. de Leon, Duke of Arcoa.

"We, by an everlasting privilege, do grant to the most faithful people of this most faithful city of Naples, that all gabels and impositions be extinct and abolished which were laid upon the city of Naples, and the kingdom, from the time of the Emperor Charles V. of happy memory, until this hour. Moreover, we grant a general pardon for any offence whatsoever committed, since the beginning of this present revolution to this point of time; as also, for every offence and inquisition passed that related to the said revolution.

"Given in Castle Nuovo, 10th of July, 1647.

"EL DUQUE DE ARCOA.

"DOMATA COPPOLA,
Secretary of the Kingdom."

These charters and privileges having been delivered to Don Julio Genovino on the part of the people, and the former pronounced by him to be genuine, the business seemed now brought to so hopeful a pass, that a motion was made by the viceroy for a solemn cavalcade to the church del Carmine, where all the nobility should attend him, that the capitulations of peace might be publicly read, and *Te Deum* sung, to give God thanks for all his goodness. This being intimated to Masaniello, he consented thereunto, yet commanded the people to continue vigilant, and ordered every enrolled soldier to have his

arms ready, and not to stir from his post upon pain of death.

There was now great hope of seeing the distractions at an end. The rabble, satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and dazzled by the prospects of so many immunities and privileges they were on the point of enjoying, abated of their former fury, and even sighed after peace. But a fatal and unexpected accident entirely ruined these good dispositions, and blew up the flames of discord to a greater height than ever.

At the very time when the market place, as well as the church and convent of Carmine, were crowded with an infinite multitude of people, who all waited with impatience, to learn the success of the negotiation, about 500 banditti, well armed and mounted, came into the market place, where they were received with demonstrations of joy, upon their giving out that they had been sent for by Dominico Perrone, and were come for the service of the most faithful people.

As soon as Masaniello saw them, he thanked them for their good will; and, telling them to alight, appointed them different quarters of the city, where they should expect his further orders afoot; upon which, Perrone told him, he judged it much more proper to assign them a separate standing to themselves, and by no means to dismount them; because, being on horseback, they would be much readier to assist him in case of necessity. To this, Masaniello replied, that it was altogether unnecessary, and that they would be as serviceable to him on foot as on horseback. But, Perrone warmly insisting upon their going mounted, and in a body, without being able to give any good reason for it, Masaniello began to suspect that some dark business was going forward; and, therefore, peremptorily commanded the banditti to go afoot to the quarters he assigned them, and not to stir an inch without his order. He had no sooner spoken, than a musket was fired off; which, Masaniello looking upon as the signal of some mischief, cried out, "Treason, treason! there is a plot on foot!" when five muskets were immediately fired upon him by some of the banditti, who had slid themselves among the crowd that surrounded him; and though a bullet or two came so near to him, as to singe his shirt, yet he received not the least hurt. The people, seeing their general alive and without harm, cried out one and all, that God, and the Lady of Carmine, whose medal hung upon his breast, had protected Masaniello; then fell without mercy upon the banditti, and having killed thirty of them upon the spot, they pursued the rest into the church and convent of Carmine, whither they had taken shelter. Nor could the holiness of the place secure them from the people's rage; who, in an instant, turned it into a scene of blood and cruelty. Nothing was to be heard on all sides, but the piercing cries of the wounded, who, whilst calling for confessors, met with the stroke of death. Two of them were slain at the foot of the great altar; and another under the very seat where the archbishop sat, whither he had fled for safety. In short, the whole pavement was covered with slaughtered bodies; among whom were Dominico Perrone and Gregorio Perrone, the former having lost his life for being an accomplice in the conspiracy, and the latter for being brother to the former. Captain Antimo Grasso lost his life also; having first declared, that the banditti had been sent by the Duke of Mataloni, and Don Pepe Caraffa, his brother, to revenge, by the death of Masaniello, the insults he had received from the rabble; that Dominico Perrone was privy to the plot; and that several troops more of banditti were to come into the city at the close of day, who, favoured by the night, and the confusion which the death of Masaniello must necessarily create, were to fall unawares upon the people, and cut them into pieces.

One of the banditti taken alive desired his life of Masaniello, and he would discover unto him more than Grasso had confessed, which being promised him, provided his discoveries proved true, he revealed, that the night following, supposing the foresaid five hundred banditti were successful, several other troops of horse were to second them, and set fire to certain mines under the great market-place, when it was fullest of people. These mines, he said, contained fifty cantaras of powder, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds, which, being spread up and down through the bowels of the said market-place, would have blown into the air all the people then present, with the monastery and church del Carmine, insomuch, that there would have perished, besides the destruction of the buildings, holy and profane, about one hundred and fifty thousand souls. When the mines had taken effect, the banditti were to disperse up and down, joining with some of the gentry whom they had brought over to them, and falling upon the rest of

the common people, put all to the sword. Upon this being understood by Masaniello, he ordered that, with all possible diligence, those subterranean places should be searched, and upon his declaration being found true and real, he gave the prisoner his life, but with perpetual banishment from the city and kingdom. The said powder being taken up from all those places under ground, did serve the people for many days, for they had great scarcity thereof.

The rabble had now put to death one hundred and fifty banditti; and having dragged their carcasses through all the streets and kennels of the city, they brought their heads to Masaniello, who commanded them, together with those of Perrone and his brother, to be fixed upon poles in the middle of the great market-place; which order was executed accordingly. One would think the spilling of so much blood would atone for the greatest inhumanity, and that the people, after having sacrificed so many lives to their just resentments, would have stopped here and gone no further. But Masaniello, considering his work but half completed, so long as the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa were not in his power, used his utmost endeavours to find out the place that contained them; when word was brought him, that the latter was in the church of Santa Maria de la Nova, and that the former was at St. Efram, a church belonging to the Capuchin friars. A squadron of armed men were immediately despatched to St. Efram, with orders to bring the duke alive or dead; but having got timely advice by a spy, he put on the disguise of a Capuchin friar, and, upon a swift courser, rode off towards Benevento. The rage of the people was now bent against D. Giuseppe Caraffa; and four thousand persons, all armed, were sent to the foresaid monastery of Santa Maria della Nuova, where he had secured himself, as also his brother, Father Gregorio Caraffa, Prior of la Rocella, who, assisted by God for his innocence, foretold the approaching danger which menaced their destruction. The prior exhorted and conjured his brother that they should betake themselves to a place of greater security; but Don Giuseppe, not giving ear to the exhortation of the prior, yielded to his hard destiny and remained alone in the monastery. The prior having taken leave of him with tears in his eyes, was scarce gone, when the foresaid rabble surprised the place, and rushed in with extreme rage, though for a great while they could not find him, he being hid in the secretest place of the monastery, whence he tried to give notice to the viceroy of his desperate condition. Having written a note for this purpose, it was sewed betwixt the sole and the shoe of a poor friar, to whom he gave a good reward to go with it to the castle. But the bearer had scarcely set out before he was stopped, and searched from head to foot; and the said note being found, they fell upon him most furiously, and chopped off his head.

Caraffa hereupon lost all hopes of preserving himself, if he remained in the monastery, and therefore resolved to attempt an escape; but in order to do this with less danger, he put off his friar's weeds, and apparelled himself in a secular habit. He now leaped out of a window of the monastery over against the shop of a silk weaver, and going into the next house, where a mean woman dwelt, he hid himself under a bed, praying her (with a large promise of reward) to conceal him; but the ill-natured and base woman, promising herself a greater reward from the promiscuous crew, delivered him into their hands. Having seized upon him, they dragged him along the little piazza of Ceriglio; and, notwithstanding that he promised twelve thousand crowns in good gold if they would suffer him to escape, and although some began to hearken to such a proffer, the greater number barbarously cried out, "Kill him, kill the traitor!" at which words, among others who slashed him with daggers and stilettos, Michael de Sanctis, a young fellow, son to a butcher hard by, with a great knife cut off his head. The joy of the rabble upon this occasion was as great as if they had taken off the head of the grand Turk, and cut to pieces the whole Ottoman empire. They fixed the head of Caraffa upon a pike, and bore it in triumph to the market-place, crying as they went along, "Thus may all those perish, who are traitors to the most faithful people!" The head was now presented to Masaniello, who, taking it into one hand, and striking it several times with a cane which he held in the other, made a speech to it, wherein he upbraided Caraffa with the pride and cruelty which he had shown upon several occasions, as if he had been still living; then commanded it to be put in an iron grate, and nailed to a post erected for that purpose, without the gate of St. Gennaro, facing the Duke of Mataloni's palace, with this inscription un-

derneath—"Don Pepe Caraffa, Rebel to his Country, and Traitor to the Most Faithful People."

This tragical adventure made different impressions upon the minds of those who were witnesses of it. The people beheld it with unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction; but the nobles were struck with fear and horror. They knew not what to think, or what to expect, after such a terrible example made of one of their order, who at other times used to make the whole city, nay the very kingdom, tremble at his name. And what increased their apprehensions still the more, was, that since the discovery of the banditti's plot, the better sort of citizens, who as yet had had no hand in the tumult, now rose in arms, and joined themselves to the rabble.

In the mean time, Masaniello, from a tribunal in the market-place, environed with heads and bloody carcasses, was thundering against the nobility; and not satisfied with the death of Caraffa, he issued out a proclamation, whereby he declared the Duke of Mataloni an enemy to the most faithful people, and promised a reward of 30,000 crowns, with the ransom of 150 outlaws, for his apprehension. Having also grown suspicious since the discovery of the conspiracy against his person, Masaniello made no scruple to believe, that it had been contrived by, or at least carried on with consent and approbation of, the viceroy; and therefore, with a view to reduce him to such straits as should at once revenge him, and force the viceroy to accept of whatever conditions he thought fit to impose upon him, he commanded that no refreshments or provisions should pass into the castle, where he and his duchess, with the counsels, king's ministers, and officers of state, resided.

He commanded also, because he intended to choke them with thirst, as well as to furnish them with hunger, that all the aqueducts should be cut off; and the viceroy, seeing himself in so scurvy a condition, despatched a letter to the archbishop, requesting that he would make known to the people his sincere intentions towards them, and that he was a mere stranger to the practices of the banditti, and their abominable conspiracies; for proof whereof, he assured them that he had used all human industry to apprehend those banditti, and deliver them to the hands of the people, to do with them what they pleased.

THE FIFTH DAY.

THURSDAY, JULY 11TH, 1647.

It is well known, from what Pliny and others affirm, that in the Olympic games, it often happened that the judges gave the prize in doubtful combats, not so much according to the valour of the combatants, as in compliance with the wishes of the people; and one may very naturally think, Masaniello being young and of very low birth, that he obtained the truncheon of general command, not so much in reward of his own merits, as that the empty breath of popular applause was now blowing strongly in his favour. It appears, however, that Masaniello, although a mere fisherman, or rather a fisherman's boy, had sagacity enough to uphold the high command which he had assumed. Throughout the whole of the important events of the last few days, in which he had been so conspicuously engaged, he had conducted himself with so much wisdom and discretion, and with such rigorous justice, as to have raised a kind of admiration in the minds of all men; and particularly in that of the archbishop, who, more than any other, had occasion to try his capacity, from the first day of his reign until the end of his usurped dominion. He had unspeakable boldness, which seemed wonderful to those present, and will seem incredible to the absent: not the forwardness of a plebeian, or of some abject fellow, but that of some great martial commander; and therefore, with threats in his looks, terror in his gestures, and revenge in his countenance, he subjugated Naples—Naples, the head of such a kingdom, the metropolis of so many provinces, the queen of so many cities, the mother of princes, the birth-place of glorious heroes. By the impenetrable judgment of Heaven, this Naples, with a population of six hundred thousand souls, saw herself commanded by a poor fisherman, who, within a few hours, raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, dug trenches, appointed sentinels, placed spies, reviewed squadrons, condemned the guilty, comforted the fearful, encouraged the bold, threatened the suspected, reproached the coward, applauded the valiant, promised rewards, and marvellously incited those, who were by many degrees his superiors, to battle, to burnings, to plunder, and to death. The whole city, yea the very Spaniards, stood astonished, that in so great,

and so confused a multitude of armed men, he could proceed so regularly in his orders, and that these orders were so punctually observed,—that he should be so ob-servant to ladies, so respectful to holy church and her officers, suffering no outrage to be offered to them, save only in Santa Maria della Nuova while in quest of Caraffa; and that, amid such a world of wealth, which was burned up and down, not the value of a pin should be converted to private use.

Many papers having been circulated the preceding evening, wherein inkings were given of some notable design against the people, the first order published by Masaniello, early upon Thursday morning, was, that all men should go without cloaks, gowns, wide cassocks, or such like, which was generally obeyed, not only by the common sort, but by all the nobility, churchmen, and religious orders; yea even by the canons and dignitaries of the cathedral churches, the chaplains of the Archbishop Filomarino, Cardinal Trivulzio, the viceroy, the apostolical nuncio, and of all the bishops residing then in Naples: And if we give credit to the relation of many, their eminences themselves went without upper garments all the while that Masaniello reigned, every one submitting to him.

He commanded also that all women, of what degree or quality soever they were, should go without farthingales, which was also obeyed; and that, when they went abroad, they should tuck up their petticoats somewhat high, that it might be discerned whether they carried any arms underneath; it having been discovered, that under such long robes sundry sorts of arms were brought to the banditti, and other enemies of the people. That morning, also, all the streets were intrenched, and the cannons from the magazine of San Lorenzo were brought down, set upon carriages, and placed in divers parts of the city; and companies, both of foot and horse, were dispersed up and down, well armed, to be able to withstand any force.

Masaniello also commanded, that all cavaliers and noble personages, under pain of death, should deliver their arms into the hands of such officers as he should commission; and that all their servants should also give up their weapons for the service of the people. This was accordingly done, although with a very bad grace; for they plainly perceived the design of this disarming, which was not only to render them unable to make any opposition, but to expose them to the mercy of the furious people their enemies.

That day there was also an excise put upon all eatable commodities, regulating at what price they should be sold; and in sundry places of the city, divers pictures were set up of Charles the emperor, and of his catholic majesty Philip IV., now regnant, with the arms of the city of Naples drawn underneath; which, when the soldiers passed, they were directed to cry out, "Let the king of Spain live, and let the ill government die!"

While the commands of Masaniello were thus published and executed every where throughout the city, the archbishop, who from Tuesday morning had kept himself within the monastery of Carmine, to be able to negotiate with Masaniello, and the other heads of the people, did not neglect to publish a true account of his own and the viceroy's intentions, in the fervent hope that he would be able to appease this high popular fury, which every day, every hour, yea, every moment, increased with still greater fury. He next went into the castle the capuchin Filomarino, his brother, in order to induce the viceroy to give his assent to what was demanded, assuring him that the people were inclined towards peace, and that, therefore, it now all depended with his excellency; and that, if said assent was longer delayed, he could not but prognosticate a total and irreparable ruin to both city and kingdom. The viceroy received this message with great satisfaction; and, to show his readiness to comply with the wishes of the archbishop, he wrote him a very affectionate letter, wherein, after demonstrating the ardent disposition which he had for the public tranquillity, and which, indeed, the late interruption alone had prevented being felt, he declared himself willing to be guided solely by his eminence; and in proof of it that he would ratify whatsoever his eminence promised to the people, that no longer delay might take place in carrying and returning propositions and answers from one side to the other.

The archbishop, having received from the viceroy this ample commission, held a conference with Masaniello and his counsellors, Genovio and Arpaia, in the church of Carmine; and, reading unto them the viceroy's letter, with much dexterity and eagerness he re-

all of which being brought before Masaniello, he commanded that all his moveables and goods should be put in a magazine near the great market-place, and that none should touch the least thing, but that the moneys should be employed to pay the soldiers.

Masaniello also commanded a body of armed men to go into the country, and demolish the house of the Duke of Calviuso, and burn all the furniture and goods that were there deposited; which was done. The palace of Mataloni, which was in Chiaia, was also pitifully set on fire; nay, the rabble took the portraits of his ancestors, and consigned them to the flames; first mangling them most horribly, thrusting them through with their swords, plucking out their eyes, and cutting off their noses and heads; and having returned to the great market-place, they hung another picture of the Duke of Mataloni under the body of Don Poppo Caraffa, with this motto underneath, "The Duke of Mataloni, rebel to his majesty, and traitor to the most faithful people." After this, further commands were given by Masaniello to burn the goods of other officers, and particularly of the king's visitor; yet this command was revoked by the effectual intercession of the Archbishop Filomarino. It was also ordered that the Regent Zuffias should run the same fortune; but the execution was suspended, and no man knew why, unless it was because certain troops of horse were quartered at his house, which was intrenched round about.

There arrived in the port at that time thirteen galleys of the squadron of Naples; and the General Gianettino Doris having sent notice thereof to the viceroy, with desire to land some men for provisions, the viceroy ordered that he should make his address to Masaniello; which being done, he immediately commanded fresh victuals, with a supply of money, to be sent to the general; but with this proviso, that the galleys should go farther off the port, and that none should set foot ashore, either soldier or passenger, not even the general himself.

In the mean time all people went up and down the streets with as much security, and all kinds of shops were opened with as much freedom, and as little fear, both by night and day, as if there had been no soldiery at all in the town, or occasion of outrage, so great were the apprehensions of fear and terror, which were implanted in every one's heart, of the rigorous and inflexible justice exercised by Masaniello.

The viceroy, all this while, seeing himself as it were besieged in the castle, deprived of provision, and all sorts of victuals and refreshments, sent to Masaniello that he might be furnished accordingly. Thereupon fifty porters were sent unto him, laden with bread, wine, fruit, flesh, poultry, sweetmeats, and all other things that were eatable.

As Masaniello had, the night before, sent to the viceroy, that he much wondered he had not seen Cardinal Trivulzio, the said cardinal was advised by the archbishop to give him a visit; for Masaniello was come now to that height, that he expected observance from every one, even from the princes of the church. Therefore, to prevent some rude affronts and outrages, which vulgar minds are subject to offer, the cardinal went from the castle to the great market-place to visit Masaniello, which he did, by giving him the title of *illustrissimo*. But the first words which Masaniello addressed to him were laughed at, which were, "The visit which your eminence gives me, though it be late, yet it is dear unto me." His eminence having paid his respects to his most illustrious lordship, when he departed, Masaniello commanded two files of musketeers to guard and conduct him to the castle. The Cardinal Trivulzio was scarce gone, when some gentlemen came from the castle with presents to Masaniello from the viceroy, thanking him for the refreshments which he had sent into the castle; and also bringing some compliments from the duchess, who desired to know how he did, and begged that, for her sake, he would make use of what were sent. Among other things, there was a rich suit of apparel sent him; a strange metamorphosis of fortune, and so capricious and rare, that these things will seem incredible, and mere romances to future ages, though all be a true and real story.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

SATURDAY, THE 13th OF JULY, 1647.

Masaniello, already pronounced captain-general of the Neapolitan people, was advised that there was no other means more effectual and sure to overcome and triumph over any projects against his person or the people, than punctual submission, and which he so exacted, that the least act of disobedience was punished with death, as being held a capital crime. Hence, having heard, that

upon Friday night some went up and down the streets to sound the shopkeepers, endeavouring to make them see their slavery, the first thing he did at break of day, was to publish, by sound of drum and trumpet, that, upon pain of death, those seducers should be revealed; some of whom being found out and appeached, they were hanged before those shops where they committed the offence. There were gibbets set up in other places of the city, whereon divers were executed that day; among others, two vassals of the Duke of Mataloni, who were discovered to have brought some letters in their shoes, which, because they were written in ciphers, were adjudged to contain matter of rebellion, or some sinister counsels and incitements to sedition.

It was told him this day, that there was a great burglary and theft committed in the palace of the Prince del Colle Cavaliero; and at first it was thought to be by some of his squadron; but after a diligent examination, it was found to be by some of the banditti, who had taken sanctuary in a little church. They were accordingly dragged out, and executed in the public market-place.

The same morning, there came before him seeking justice a poor girl whose father had been killed; and the brother of him that had killed him being there present, he cried out, that if the fact were pardoned, he would take her for his wife without any dowry; but that kind of marriage did not please Masaniello, because the young maid abhorred it, in regard of the blood of her father; therefore he obliged the brother of the murderer to find out two hundred crows within four and twenty hours for the young maid's dowry, and so the offence should be remitted. A little after this, a murderer was brought before him, who had been a friend to Peverone, and giving him time and confession, he sentenced him to death, and ordered that his head and his feet should be chopped off, and his body dragged up and down the streets. Another bandit was used in the same manner.

It was intimated the same Saturday morning, that two squadrons, with seven hundred Spaniards, should immediately go abroad to find out the banditti, who, according to report, were in bands together, in divers places, ready to invade the city. He also caused a proclamation of grace to be published, that what banditti soever should discover any such plot, should be absolutely pardoned, provided he was not depending upon the Duke of Mataloni. He farther commanded, that all artisans should work openly in their shops, and not within their houses; as also, that all merchants should follow their business, but be ready within half an hour's call to take arms. A message was also brought him from a cavalier, upon some business of consequence; but he answered, "I have nothing to do with cavaliers, for God hath put me here for the people;" and, turning himself to the people, he said, "My people, pray for me, and preserve me well; if ye lose me, we be unto you!"

The same morning there came from the country about Naples innumerable people, and, among them, many women with staves upon their shoulders, and naked swords in their hands, bringing with them their children armed also with something or other, proportionable to their years. They came all to the great market-place to do homage to Masaniello, and to be redressed by him for divers grievances. But while Masaniello was busied in such exercises, Genovino and Arpeja, accompanied by the brother of Masaniello, went to the castle to put the viceroy in mind of his former engagement and promise made upon Thursday night, that he would come upon the Saturday following to the archiepiscopal church, with all the tribunals of the chancery, the council of state and war, with the royal chamber of Santa Chiara, accompanied with all the civil and criminal judges of the great court of the vicaria; in presence of whom, and of the whole people, an oath should be taken, to observe with all punctuality the capitulations, which oath was to be taken by the viceroy and all the tribunals.

In the mean time, the viceroy sent two of his best horses with rich furniture, and led by two of his servants, to be at the service of Masaniello and his brother, who, being mounted upon them, apparelled both in cloth and silver, Masaniello carried in one hand a naked sword, in the other the charter of Charles the emperor; and his brother carried the capitulations made with the viceroy, to be read publicly, and to be sworn to in the archbishop's palace. There rode in their company the elects of the people, Francesco Arpeja and Julio Genovino, besides others of the civil sort among the people. And because the multitude increased through all the streets, and encompassed them on all sides, so that they could neither pass forward nor backward, Masaniello, with a loud voice, commanded "That none should stir a step fur-

ther;" which was accordingly obeyed. They now rode to the palace of the viceroy, with a trumpet sounding before them, where, after being shortly entertained by him, his excellency, and the counsellors and prime officers, accompanied them towards the archbishop's palace. First, there were many trumpeters on horseback, then a choice troop of one hundred horse, then Masaniello and his brother, after them the elect of the people, and old Genovino, who, by reason of his great age, was carried in a sedan. After these came the captain of guard to the viceroy, and immediately after the viceroy himself, with his pages, lacqueys, and horses, and his grand of Germane, with a great number of gentlemen and cavaliers, domestic and foreign, and surrounded with a crowd of people, who, together with the viceroy cried out with loud acclamations, "Viva il Re di Spagna!" The bells rang in every church as they passed, which filled the hearts of all with joy and pleasure. Small and great, women and children, cried out, "Viva il Re!" but many cried out, "Let the king live, but without gabel!" and some Spaniards were overheard to cry, "Let the king live, for now he may say he is king!" In passing through the Piazza of St. Lorenzo, Masaniello stopped there awhile, and with him the whole cavalcade. Turning himself to the people, he cried out with a very loud voice, "May God live! may the king of Spain live! may the Cardinal Filomarino live! may the Duke de Arces live! may the fidelissimo popolo di Napoli live!" and all the people took the word, and, with strong echoes, cried out, "Viva! Viva!" doubling and redoubling the sound with incredible exclamations.

Having arrived at the archbishop's palace, and dismounted, they entered the church, being met by the archbishop, all his canons, chaplains, and officers. They then advanced to the great altar, where the archbishop being set on a throne, as also the viceroy, and all the tribunals who were there attending, Cavalier Donato Coppola, secretary to the kingdom, read, with an audible voice, the capitulations desired by the people, Masaniello standing all the while on foot upon the steps of the archbishop's throne, and, to the astonishment of all, adding, taking away, correcting and interpreting all things as he pleased, no man interrupting or replying unto him. After the articles were read, a solemn oath was taken by the viceroy, and all the ministers and officers of state, to observe the said capitulations; promising also, and swearing to procure their ratification by his catholic majesty. When this was done, two choirs sang *Te Deum laudamus*; during which Masaniello was observed to swell with a kind of glory, at having attained his ends with so much felicity and applause. Nevertheless, he carried still in his hand a naked sword, and sent many arrogant and ridiculous messages to the viceroy. The first was, that thenceforward he should continue to be captain-general of the city. The second was, that by virtue thereof, he intended to go with a guard, and to give patents to all officers of war and arms. The third, that he would dismiss from the castle all cavaliers. These and such like messages he sent to the viceroy separately, and there were affirmative answers brought back to each, not to disturb the ceremony with negatives; but the gentleman that delivered these messages made an apology for himself privately in the ear of the viceroy, for indeed most people there did blush, or laugh, or jeer, at the sudden impertinence of Masaniello.

While these messages were sent, *Te Deum* was ended; then Masaniello began to reason, sometimes to good purpose, sometimes senselessly. He said, that the most faithful people of Naples were naturally spirited and vivacious, and were so esteemed by all nations; but that they had almost quite lost their wonted magnanimity and courage, by the heavy weight of so many exactions and gabels which were imposed upon them from time to time, not by their catholic majesties, but by evil ministers, and their own associates. During this discourse he so heated himself, and protested with such a fury and excess of zeal, and the words proceeded from him so incoherently, as to make all the people amazed and surprised with a kind of dumb astonishment. Having finished his discourse, he began to tear in pieces the rich dress he had on, and desired the archbishop and the viceroy to help him off with it, saying, that as he had only put it on for the honour of the ceremony, it was now become useless since that was ended; that for his part, he had done all he had to do, and would now return to his hook and line. This proceeding seems to have been a prelude to the madness which not long after possessed him. However, being made to understand that it would be very indecent to strip in the church, and in the sight of so many persons, he went out with the viceroy, who, with all the mobility and gentry that

attended him, made a procession through the most public streets of the city, and then returned to the castle, where he was saluted with several peals of ordnance. Masaniello, having taken his leave of the viceroy, went back to his house in the market-place, through all the acclamations and blessings that were due from the people to the great saviour of their privileges.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

SUNDAY, JULY 14TH, 1647.

It is impossible to express the rejoicings of the people of Naples for the capitulations of peace which were signed and sworn the day before, which rejoicings ended not that day, but continued upon Sunday. The articles were printed, and fixed through all places of the city, that all things might be manifested to the world, and every one contended who should express greater happiness. Such a general jubilee indeed was among them, that it drew tears from many, which, falling upon the ground, made flowers of joy to spring up, which the heaviness of former times had caused to fade.

And because the beginning of this reformation, and consequently of this joy, preceded from Masaniello, and from his stout undertakings, he was extolled with the highest praises by every one, and cried up to be Liberator Patrie, to be the saviour of his country, and the saviour of public liberty, from the tyranny and gripes of so many ravenous wolves, both in city, court, and kingdom; who, glutting themselves with the common blood of the people, increased their wealth by the poverty of others. And yet all this was effected, not by the hand of some invincible emperor, of some warlike prince, but by a poor young fellow, a barefooted fisherman. This made it far more admirable; and they attributed it the more to God, who chooseth the weak things of the world to confound the strong.

After the publication of the capitulations and general agreement, the city of Naples seemed to wear a new face, for there was no more fear of any war, or of further combustions, and consequently no need of any armed bands, or caution for the maintenance and defence of the people from the insults of enemies. Nevertheless, it seemed expedient to Masaniello still to continue a military force on foot; and he commanded that every one should stand firm to his post: Nor was it unnecessary or superfluous policy; because the city, after so general a convulsion, could not presently recover her former health; nor, after so many conflagrations, could she be secure till the fire had been quite extinguished.

Hence it came to pass, that the soldiers still remaining up and down the city, Masaniello began to command more like an absolute master or tyrant than a captain-general. It being known on Sunday morning that four banditti had fled for sanctuary to the church of Carmine among the Jesuits, he sent a considerable band of armed men to encompass both cloister and church, whose gates being shut, the assaulters made their entrance by pick-axes, so that a great hole being made in the wall, they rushed in and took one of them, chopping off his head presently, as they did afterwards to the three others. And because one of those fathers, being zealous for the church immunities, had made some resistance for the preservation of those miserable men, he was so mortally wounded that he died a few days after.

Notice being also given, that within the monastery of nuns called Della Croce di Lucca, many of the goods of Caesar Luprano were deposited, he having two daughters who were nuns there, Masaniello commanded some captains to proceed thither, and to bring into the market-place the said goods, with orders, that if the nuns made any resistance, to threaten them with the firing of the monastery. This was put in speedy execution; and the soldiers repairing thither unhinged the gates of the religious house, which struck such a terror into them that one of them was like to have breathed her last; which, being related by a flying messenger unto the archbishop, his eminence was moved, and therefore sent to Masaniello, who, to excuse himself, answered, "He knew nothing of it, but that it was done without his order, and he would therefore punish those captains." This he did; for, ordering them before him, they were examined, and so executed. But still he was resolved to have those goods, which were accordingly delivered to him by those nuns.

Masaniello having given strict command that none should dare to go out of the city without his express licence; and Caffarelli, archbishop of Santa Severina, having occasion to remove himself from Naples, where he then resided, to Calabria, to visit his own church, he went in a short habit, and without a cloak (such an or-

der being still in force) to the house of Masaniello, to obtain leave of him. When Masaniello beheld him, he said, "What wilt thou have, my good lord?" He answered, "That I may safely pass to my church of Santa Severina in Calabria, with your good leave." "My lord," answered Masaniello, crying at the same time, "Who waits there? Let four hundred of my men go and accompany my lord as far as his archbishopric." The archbishop thanked him, saying, that he went by sea. "By sea?" said he, "then let forty feluccas be provided to attend my lord archbishop." He answered there was no need, because he had already taken four for the transport of himself and his family, which were sufficient, and to have more would be an encumbrance unto him, and troublesome. "Well, well; your lordship may do what you please," replied Masaniello; "but at least you shall not refuse to accept of this small bag of double pistoles," which he presented unto him, saying, "Take this, to defray the charge of your voyage." The prelate thereupon smiled, and, giving him many thanks, he refused them a good while, saying, he wanted them not; but he was constrained to receive 500, which he did for fear of hazarding his head, by denying such a capricious and frantic man; then, giving him a license in writing, he embraced him, and said, "My lord, go in safety." A little after, a gentleman of Auvers, of the family of Tufo, came to speak with him upon business of his own; and having despatched him, he gave him a kick behind, saying, "Begone, I make thee Prince of Auvers."

That morning he commanded the house of a widow baker to be burnt, because she had made light bread. He caused also an abbot to be beheaded, called Nicholas Auetrano, and three others, being dependents of Mataloni. He issued an order, that it was his pleasure the jesuits, the certosini, the benedictines, and the friars of Mount Olivet, should pay a great sum of money for the service of the people. He commanded also to bring before him sundry rich men; and, asking them first if they were loyal to their king, upon their answering that they were, he made them subscribe to a writing, wherein every one bound himself to pay him so much money, telling them that he did so to observe the word given the day before to his excellency, to make a donative of five millions of gold to his majesty; towards whom, being desirous to show himself more devoted and faithful, he issued a proclamation, that none should go for the future dressed according to the mode of France; and repeated his former orders, that every one should have the king's arms and that of the people on his door, and that every one should tend his shop, with arms ready upon all occasions.

The same morning, Pizzicarolo, a cousin of Masaniello, went to the palace, and said openly, that he began to grow mad, and that, if he did not give over his firings and burnings, his throat would be cut by his own friends. This Pizzicarolo had more power over him than any other, for he took no meat from any hand but from his. But Masaniello had grown odiously proud; he would order and contradict a thing at the same instant; his head had begun to turn, being mounted so high, and from a simple fisherman having become a kind of monarch. All people obeyed him—viceroy, bishops, and all—who humoured him all the while, not doubting but he would at last break his own neck. Hence it came to pass, that from an humble and zealous spirit, he became a fool and a tyrant, issuing such rigorous proclamations, commanding so many heads to be chopped off, so many palaces to be burnt, merely to please his own caprice, and to make himself formidable. He would ride on horseback alone, and make the round of the city, imprisoning and torturing whom he pleased, shutting up shops, preaching and railing against the nobility and gentry, not sparing the viceroy himself, but threatening to take off his head. Yet when he spoke of the king, he named him with a great deal of reverence, taking off his hat, and bowing his body; but it appeared very ridiculous, that he made boys and mean fellows captains, camp-masters, and officers of war.

In the afternoon, divers of the people, and some commanders made by Masaniello himself, sent to the archbishop to complain that they were clapt in prison for small matters, and some were condemned to have their heads severed from their bodies. Upon which the archbishop spoke to him by way of advice; but when he saw him obstinate, he desired him at least to defer the execution of those men till the day following, it not being fitting to shed human blood upon a Sunday, and stain the holy Sabbath with such sacrifices of cruelty. The archbishop spoke to him with candour and winning affability, and, turning his discourse to other factious stories, he obtained of him a delay of the execution; and

to recreate his tired spirits, he wished him to go to take the refreshments and pleasures of Posilipo for awhile.

The same day towards the evening, Father Rossi, a theologian of the archbishop, went with a message to Masaniello, desiring that the people might lay down their arms, for he was secure enough now without soldiers, and again recommending that his excellency should retire for awhile to Posilipo to refresh himself. This message pleased him well; and all things necessary being provided, many soldiers were disbanded, which was done without any grumbling or questioning.

A little after, Masaniello went from the market, accompanied by a great mob, to the castle, all the way afoot in a loose habit, having one of his legs bare, and without band, hat, or sword, but running like a madman. He made a sign to the serjeant-major of the Spanish guard, that they should make no noise; so he entered, and said to the viceroy that he wished to eat, for he was ready to perish of hunger. The viceroy, looking to his servants, said, "Bring something to eat for the Lord Masaniello." "No, sir," he replied, "let us go take fresh air at Posilipo, and let us eat together there, for I have provision already." And saying this, he caused some mariners to enter with baskets of fruit. The viceroy excused himself as well as he could, because he was troubled with a great pain in the head, but said he would be very glad of his company at any other time. So he gave orders, that his own gondola should be made ready to wait upon Senior Masaniello, who embarked himself, with divers mariners, attended at least by forty feluccas full of musicians, and other sorts of men fit to give him amusement. Many thousands of people ran to the mole of Chiara to see the spectacle; and in his way, he gave orders that some should go to the oaroom regular of St. Lateran, to draw thence such goods as he had understood were conveyed and deposited there; which was done, and taken to the market-place. As he went along, he threw pieces of gold into the sea, which the mariners swam after, and ducked to take up, in order to show him pleasure and pastime. Then he fell to eating, rather to feasting, for he had very choice provision in the gondola; and they said, that, before he came back, he had drunk twelve bottles of wine called Lacryme Christi. The operation of that wine will be seen in the next day's work, which was Monday. When he returned to Naples in the evening, he gave those of the gondola and feluccas which attended him, ten measures of wheat every one.

The comedy of this day had not been complete, if the wife of Masaniello had not acted her part. About the evening she went to the castle, clad in cloth of silver, with a chain of gold, and other jewels and gallantries; a very stately coach of the Duke of Mataloni, which was made for the day of his marriage, and was valued at least at 8000 crowns. She was accompanied by gentlemen of quality, who complied with the times, and went also richly adorned; but these were no other than Masaniello's mother, two sisters, and kinswomen of his, all fishermen's daughters! A little boy, his sister's son, bore arms upon his sleeve, which showed that his uncle was captain-general of the city of Naples. When she came to the viceroy's palace, there were sedans sent for her and her company, with a guard of halberdiers, pages and lacquies to attend them: and being brought in to the duchess, they were welcomed with dainties. The duchess presented her with a rich diamond; and the visitor-general took the young boy often in his arms, and kissed him. Masaniello's meeting upon the stairs with Cavalier Fonseca, the grand engineer, who used to make captivities, she told him that he should tell the viceroy, that as her son feared nobody but God and his excellency, he ought to desire him to refrain from so much fire and blood.

Masaniello, being returned from his recreation at Posilipo, was so heated with the wine that he had drunk, and with the heat of the sun, that he fell into kind of rage and foolishness. He sent presently to speak with the said Fonseca, and ordered him to make divers inscriptions engraven on marble, to this effect, "Tommaso Aniello of Malphi, Prefect and Captain-General of the most faithful people of Naples." He also gave orders that his commands should be no longer obeyed, but only those of the Duke of Arcoa.

THE NINTH DAY.

MONDAY, 15TH OF JULY, 1647.

If Masaniello, on Saturday when Te Deum was sung in the cathedral church, had renounced all his authority and power into the hands of the viceroy, he returned, as he said and swore he would, to his former vocation of selling fish, he had deserved a statue of

from the people of Naples, to the eternal memory of his magnanimous undertaking, brought to such a successful issue; but boundless ambition cast such a mist before his eyes, that, breaking the reigns of reason, his brain began to turn, and he committed many acts of foolishness and cruelty.

Yet many reasons are urged for the continuance of his command. Some say that he was willing to resign it, but that, by the instigation of his wife, and others of his kindred, he took a resolution to keep it still. Others say, as having heard so from himself, that he still continued his power, because if he left it, he could expect nothing but death, being so generally hated by the nobles and gentry for having burnt and destroyed so many palaces, and put to death so many of their number. Others say, that he still continued his authority, because sense opposed reason, being allured with the sweetness of rule and power.

Yet, if his said usurped dominion had been attended with that humility, discretion and judgment, with which he began his reign, he might, peradventure, have continued longer from that precipice whereinto he tumbled in so short a time. His ruin befel him, because he had broken out into a thousand follies, which were the causes of his tyrannical deportment, and consequently of the universal hatred of the people, who for many days had depended upon him, as upon an oracle, and obeyed him as a sworn and natural king.

But if one be curious to know the reason why he fell into that state, I might tell him, that it was reported a fatal drink had been given him by the viceroy, which was calculated to work upon his brain, making him odious and ridiculous to the people. This, at least, is the opinion of many. It may well be said, also, that the sottishness and foolery which befel him, proceeded from excess of vigilance, care, watchings, and not eating; for he seldom slept, and he ate much more seldom, his head being so full of thoughts, and new affairs pressing upon him continually, whereof his narrow understanding was not capable. The extreme joy likewise at becoming, from a poor fisherman, monarch of such a city as Naples, might have distempred a greater mind than his. Hence it came to pass, that, throwing himself upon his bed, he hardly could close his eyes; but he would suddenly rise up again, telling his wife, "Let us be lords of Naples, and then let us sleep: Up, up, let us put our authority in practice." Then, going to the window, he would face the guard, and call upon them, employing them always upon some design or other, that his usurped dominion should not be idle. What marvel is it, then, all these things being well considered, that he should fall into such foolish extravagances?

On Monday morning Masaniello appeared in the market-place on horseback, with a naked sword in his hand, striking many men, and driving them before him, without provocation. While thus domineering, an old and experienced captain, called Cesar Spano, begged that the command of Tuttevilla's regiment might be consigned unto him, as they were Germans and Walloons, which was done accordingly; but he struck and wounded the old captain, saying, "Be gone when I bid you." Turning his horse's head, he went towards Toledo-street, where, meeting with one who was said to be a spy, he suddenly, without any trial, caused him to be beheaded.

Afterwards he met the prince of Cellamare near the church of St. Joseph. That nobleman was chief post-master of the kingdom, a discreet and well-tempered prince; and to him Masaniello addressed himself, saying, "If he knew any one, though he were the greatest potentate in the world, who favoured Mataloni, he would chop off his head." A little after, there passed by the Duke de Castel di Sangro, Don Ferrante Caracciolo, a cavalier of high esteem in Naples, who, not using any compliment towards Masaniello, he ran a great hazard of his life; for he made him come suddenly out of the coach, telling him that a new elect was to be made over the five piazzas of the nobles: and he would publish an order, that they who deserved that degree should go decently dressed, and that the cavaliers who were sellers of votes should retire to their dwellings barefooted; and so he dismissed him. This being done, he went to the king's stables, and there being many horses there, he said, "These are particular men's horses;" but the grooms told him, they belonged to the king, and that the Lord

Carlo Caracciolo, the chief master of the horse in the kingdom, had the charge of them. He asked, "What Carlo? What master of the horse? Am not I every thing? Not acknowledging any one." And saying this, he took for himself and his friends six of the best horses; but, before he had brought them half way to the market-place, recollecting himself, he sent them back to the stables. At the same time he despatched a band of armed men to the hospital, and to the church of Zoccolanti, commanding that the goods of the visitor-general of the kingdom, Don John Ponze de Leon, should be carried to the market-place; but he returned them again, when he was told of the kisses he had given his nephew in the castle the day before; yet he told him there would now be no necessity for a visitor-general, because he himself would look well enough to the abuses of things, and to the public thieves of king and country.

After dinner he sent a peremptory order to Don Ferrante Caracciolo, that, under pain of death, and the burning of his palace, as he had not in the morning come out of his coach to do him reverence, that he should meet him in the market-place. He sent also another message to Don Carlo Caracciolo, master of the king's horse, to do the like. They answered prudently, that they would do what he desired; but holding it derogatory to their honour, instead of going to the market-place, they went to the castle to complain to the viceroy, and deplore the abject and sad condition into which they were plunged, with all the rest of the Neapolitan nobility and gentry. Having related unto him the arrogant message sent them by Masaniello, they said they had resolved to die sooner than to live in such baseness and servitude; for it was a great stain to their reputation to suffer him to rule so long.

The viceroy was extremely vexed to hear of such grievances; but he durst not apprehend Masaniello, as he was well supported by the infatuated people all in arms. While they were discoursing on the means how things might be remedied, Genovino and Arpaia came into the castle, and bitterly complained also against Masaniello. The first spoke very despitely of him, saying that he found himself every moment in no small danger of his life, even more so than he was in the time of the Duke of Ossuna. Arpaia also had his mortifications; he publicly received a box from Masaniello. All people were terrified at him, and affronted; yet they knew not how to remedy themselves, having at his devotion 150,000 men well armed, although the greater part, and the most civil, hated him, especially since the Sunday evening, on account of his inhuman cruelties. It was therefore determined, by the advice of Genovino and Arpaia, that all the people should make their addresses to the viceroy, and assure him, that they not only disliked, but hated the tyranny of Masaniello, and would not obey him any longer; provided they were assured of the observance of their privileges already granted. To this the viceroy readily consented, and promised the confirmation of them by public ban at the Piazza of St. Augustin. But a great number fearing the frowns of Masaniello, came not thither. Two resolved to chain him, and keep him in safe custody all the residue of his life in some castle, for they were not inclined to put him to death for the things he had done for the public good; but he was gone on another excursion to Posilipo.

When Masaniello had returned from Posilipo, he went to the office of the galleys, and provided captains and other commanders for them, though they were far from the port; and thence proceeding to his house in the market-place, he threatened divers captains to take off their heads, as also Genovino and Arpaia, because they had not attended him that day. Nay, he threatened fire to the whole city, because he perceived they had lost the former respect and obedience which they were wont to show him.

Being extremely hot, he threw himself into the sea-water in all his clothes; and having come out again, he began to shake his sword up and down, and do diverse mad pranks; nor could any, not even the archbishop himself, bridle him, or keep him within any bounds. The captains of the people were now constrained to apprehend him, and place him in confinement, with a band of soldiers for his guard, in his own house.

THE TENTH DAY.

TUESDAY, JULY 16th, 1647.

Next day, being the feast of the virgin of Carmine, a day of very great devotion among the Neapolitans, especially the common people, Masaniello, having escaped from his keepers, entered the church, which stood near the great market-place. The archbishop had scarcely entered, when Masaniello, meeting him in the face, said, "Most eminent lord, I perceive now that the people will abandon me, and go about to deprive me of my life. I desire that for my consolation, and of all this people, a solemn cavalcade may be made, together with the viceroy, and all the tribunals of the city, to this most holy lady; for being to die, I shall then die contented; therefore, I beseech your eminence to send this letter to the viceroy." The archbishop embraced him, and, much commending his devotion, instantly sent a gentleman to the palace with the letter to the viceroy; and going afterwards to the great altar of the lady of Carmine, he leaned there, intending to chant mass, the church being crowded with people. Masaniello, going up the steps of the altar, took a crucifix in his hands, and recommended himself with much tenderness to the people, that they should not forsake him after what he had done for them; narrating the difficulty of the design, the danger he had encountered, the hatred of so many thousands by reason of his fiery punishments, and the conclusion at last of the whole business in that very church. A little while after, he fell into a raving fit; accusing himself of the badness of his past life, and exhorting every one to make the like confession before the feet of his ghostly father, that God's anger might be appeased. But as he uttered many ridiculous expressions, some savouring of heresy, his guard forsook him; and the archbishop not enduring to hear him, being in the very act of celebrating the mass, he persuaded him to go down. Mass being done, he prostrated himself at the archbishop's feet, praying that he would please to send his chaplain to the castle, to advertise the viceroy that he was willing to renounce his command. This the archbishop promised to do, and caused him to be conducted to a dormitory to repose a while, thinking him worthy of compassion: so the bishop returned to his palace.

In the meantime, Masaniello being refreshed, had gone out into a great hall, and as he was leaning over a balcony to take the fresh air, some hardy persons rushed in, accompanied by a great multitude, who, having first entered the church of Carmine, cried aloud, "Let the king of Spain live, and let none hereafter, under pain of life, obey the commands of Masaniello!" Going thence to the cloister, under pretext to speak with Masaniello, and negotiate with him, they found him almost all alone. He hearing some one crying Masaniello, the unfortunate wretch advanced to those who were conspired to despatch him, "Ye go perhaps in search of me; behold, I am here, my people." Presently, Salvador and Carlo Cataneo, two brothers, Angelo Ardizzone, and Andrea Rama, discharged their musket-shots at him; and he fell upon the earth, crying, after the first shot, "ah! ungrateful traitors!" A butcher then came in and cut off his head, which, being put upon a lance, they went into the church of Carmine, where were 10,000 people, and thence to the market-place, crying out, "Let the King of Spain live, and, under pain of death, let none henceforth name Masaniello! Masaniello is dead! Masaniello is dead!" and discharging many archbuzes, the common people were so affrighted that they lost their courage. The assassins now went securely up and down, with his head upon a pole, and the boys dragging his body along the public streets, where money was thrown to them that drew him by many of the gentry, who all this while durst scarce look out of their houses, or appear abroad publicly, but who now got on horseback, and went to the castle to attend the viceroy, and offer their congratulations. The archbishop, after he had left the Carmine, had scarce reached his own palace, when the tidings of Masaniello's death were brought him, which made him also go directly to the castle, to acquit himself of those duties of congratulation which were due to the viceroy. Strict orders were instantly sent abroad, that the street captains should be in complete readiness, at the command of the viceroy, and that they should not obey any one else whatsoever. The viceroy also commanded to apprehend the accom-

of Masaniello, his wife, his sisters, his kindred; being all made prisoners, were brought up to the castle. And because his brother Matteo was gone to Benevento with more company, to take, as it was given out, the Duke of Mataloni, there were armed bands despatched thither to apprehend him, and conduct him to Naples; which was done, and he was committed to the castle; though afterwards, to please the people, he and others were set at liberty. There were armed bands sent also to the market-place, to restrain the people, and guard the goods that were there deposited.

These good orders being given, the viceroy was exhorted by the archbishop, and by all the nobility and ministers, to show himself publicly up and down the streets; whereupon he, mounted on horseback, accompanied by his eminence, and attended by all the counsellors, ministers, officers, nobility and gentry, with all the tribunals, and being well guarded with horse and infantry, they went to the chief church, to give God thanks, and the most glorious protector of Naples, St. Gennaro, whose holy head and blood were taken out and placed upon the high altar, where extraordinary thanks were given for the tranquillity which was re-obtained by the death of so base a fellow, who, by the secret judgments of God, had made himself so formidable that he terrified the whole city.

From the church the cavalcade proceeded to the market-place, where the viceroy did again, by sound of trumpet, confirm the privileges granted by Charles V., together with the capitulations. He was received with extreme demonstrations of joy by all the people, who loudly cried out, "Let the king live! live the Duke of Arcos!" and others added, "Let Filomarino live, the restorer of his country's peace!" They also gave thanks to the Lady of Carmine; then returned to the castle very joyful, and afterwards every one went to his own home.

The shops were now suddenly opened, the Spanish soldiers stood their arms again, the guards dispersed up and down returned to their former posts, and that in the castle was redoubled with Walloons. Every one with reverence submitted to the viceroy, to whose prudence, patience, and dexterity, joined with the vigilance and indefatigable assistance of the archbishop, the preservation of that city may be attributed. Indeed, if that prelate had not strongly and industriously interposed in the business, the whole city would have been destroyed with fire and sword. This appears from a letter written by a Neapolitan cavalier, one of the greatest patriots of the city, to one of his friends resident at Rome, wherein also there is a relation made, how St. Gennaro, the protector and patron of Naples, appeared, which prognosticated peace, tranquillity and happiness, to the Neapolitan people.

On account of the treaty, many nobles and cavaliers were seen passing every day along the streets to the castle in their coaches, showing themselves to the people, from whose sight they had carefully kept themselves before. The ladies also appeared in their former dresses, which formerly they durst not do, by reason of Masaniello's order to the contrary; yet they moderated their expenses and train, especially those who were used to gain by the gabels.

The head and foot of Don Peppo Caraffa remaining still exposed to public view in an iron grate, upon the gate of St. Gennaro, with an inscription, "This is the head of Don Peppo Caraffa di Mataloni, traitor to his country, and of the most faithful people of Naples." Scarcely had the rumour gone abroad of the death of Masaniello, when four gentlemen allied to the family of the Mataloni, ventured to go boldly to the said gate, and in a commanding way, though there were 1000 soldiers present, they got a ladder, and climbing up, broke the iron grate with the inscription, and took out the head, which they carried in a silver basin, covered with a silk towel, and brought it to the church of St. John de Porta, delivering it to the curate of that church, John Baptista Julina. Afterwards they caused it to be put in a leaden box, and an authentic instrument made *ad futuram rememoriam*, by a public apostolical notary authorised by the court of Rome, called Don Maria de Julis.

It will be recollected that Masaniello, a little before his death, began to feel the pulses of the richest men up and down the city, demanding of them many thousands of crowns, because he purposed, as he gave out, to present five millions of gold to the king, which he had already promised to his excellency by way of donative. That sum was to be raised out of the money found in the burnt houses, and contribution of the chief merchants and citizens of Naples, which he would have effected within a few days, had he not died; therefore, it was questioned whether his death tended more to the service or disservice of Spain.

Amongst other wealthy merchants he had sent to one Gasper Roomer, a rich Fleming, who, to prevent the firing of his house, sent 12,000 crowns to Masaniello, and then retired to a house four miles out of the city, at a place called La Barra, carrying with him all his best moveables and goods he had in Naples. To this merchant he again sent Savino Converso, of the Carmine, a great confidant of his, the same Tuesday, the day that he was slain, with an order in writing, at sight whereof he was to consign unto him 5000 zechins for the service of his catholic majesty, since he had grown so rich out of good bargains he had from the viceroys from time to time. Roomer could not tell how to avoid the complying with his desire, and obey them; so he delivered so much gold in ready money to the messenger, who, leaving a receipt behind him, and returning to Naples, understood, as he passed a little church near the Carmine, what had happened to Masaniello. He then embarked himself in a felucca, and went away with the money to Rome; but the merchant sent spies up and down to find him out; and at last, by the help of those of his order, for he was a friar, he got notice where he was, and recovered much of his money.

That Tuesday, in the evening, as already mentioned, was brought to Naples the brother of the said Masaniello, and committed prisoner to the castle, together with his mother. As they passed, all cried out, "Room, room for the Lady Duchess of Sarda!" With the brother of Masaniello were brought four heads of his companions, who would not yield themselves, but make resistance with musket-shot, and nine were taken alive; the rest were mortally wounded, or put to flight.

Thus rose and fell Masaniello of Amalphi, and in the manner which he himself seemed to have anticipated, and to which he alluded at the commencement of the revolution, when going up the market-place; namely, that what he did was for the public benefit of the city, and that, when he had finished the work, he might be slain and dragged up and down the streets of Naples. And so it happened right; for having confirmed the interests of the city upon Saturday, and caused their privileges and the confirmation of them to be subscribed and sworn to by the viceroy and all the councils, he was the third day after assassinated, and dragged up and down the streets; his head thrown into a ditch called the corn-ditch, and his body cast into another, between the gates of Nolana and Capuana.

All antiquity cannot furnish us with such another example as his; and after-ages will hardly believe what height of power this ridiculous sovereign arrived to, who, trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of a few days raised an army of above 150,000 men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world. And, as if fortune, that capricious jilt, had taken delight in raising a fisherman above the greatest monarch, she not only submitted to his empire that innumerable rabble that always followed him, but even that ancient and generous Neapolitan nobility itself, whose immortal exploits have filled the whole universe with their fame. In short, it may be averred without contradiction, that, neither the most formidable tyrants, nor the princes the most beloved, were ever so much dreaded, or so soon obeyed, as Masaniello was, during his short but stupendous reign. His orders were without reply; his decrees without appeal; and the destiny of all Naples might be said to have depended upon a single motion of his hand.

Those who have most curiously inquired into this great and sudden revolution, of which he was the author, have for the most part looked upon it as a pure and immediate effect of God's judgments, who, to chastise the avarice, the pride, and the barbarity of the Spanish ministers, which were then at their highest pitch, singled out the arm of this poor fisherman to execute his anger. Nor is this opinion without foundation: for, if we examine the actions and accidents of Masaniello's life, we shall find them too extraordinary and too wonderful, not to have been in a peculiar manner directed by the hand of Providence. It is reported, that whilst he was yet in the cradle, two Capuchins accidentally calling in at his mother's house, one of them took him into his arms, and having looked very stedfastly upon him for some time, he told her, that that child should one day come to be the master of Naples, but that his government would have but a very short duration. We have already taken notice of his own allusions, relating to his death, together with the cause, time, and manner of it. But, what will raise our admiration most of all is, that he, who had never had any education, and who had always passed among those

of his acquaintance for a mere fool, was all on a sudden seen to act and to speak as if he had been conversant in politics, and the management of public affairs. And indeed, with how much wisdom did he not make and maintain, in the very heat of the commotions, the most useful orders and regulations that the wisest legislators and the most experienced generals could ever be capable of? With what art and address did he not insinuate himself into the hearts of so many thousands of men, by far his superiors, encouraging the fearful, extolling the bold, reproaching the coward, and most pathetically describing to all the miserable state of their country, groaning under the heavy exactions of proud and avaricious ministers, and animating them to revenge and redress themselves! Cardinal Filomarino, archbishop of Naples, acknowledged, that in the several conferences he had with him relative to the treaty of accommodation, he had often been amazed at the solidity of his judgment, and the subtilty of his contrivances. In short, let us but reflect upon the greatness of that enterprise which he projected, and executed for the good of his country: that indefatigable assiduity with which he applied himself to it, which robbed him of the hours of nourishment and repose, and made him dictate to seven secretaries all at one time: that just severity, which obliging him to put so many persons to death, never extorted itself on any whose crimes had not deserved it: but, above all, that noble and generous disinterestedness, which kept him poor in the midst of such vast heaps of wealth; and we shall be apt to conclude with a certain Neapolitan gentleman, "that Masaniello seems to have been endowed with no other qualifications, but such as were necessary for the execution of the divine vengeance."

But it is not just, that these reflections should make us leave the head and the body of Masaniello unburied and asunder; and, after having exposed the ingratitude of the people, in forsaking their great deliverer, it is but reasonable, that we should also take notice of the sorrow and repentance which they expressed for it, by the pompous obsequies with which they honoured his remains. The day immediately following that of his death, several children, at the persuasion of some persons who told them "it was a shame that the corpse of him who had done so much for the good of his country, should be thus exposed to the dogs," went and fetched his body, and after they had washed and cleaned it well, carried it on a bier to the cathedral church of Carmine. At the same time, a young man, living in the market-place, called Jeronimo Donneruma, went with a company of men, all armed, to look for his head in the corn-ditch; and having found it, he brought it along with him to the same place where the body was, in order to have them joined together. This being done, it was resolved, in a general assembly of the people, who were gathered together on purpose, "that Masaniello deserved to receive the greatest honours, as head and captain-general of Naples;" and, accordingly, his corpse, preceded by five hundred priests and religious, and followed by 40,000 armed men, and almost as many women with beads in their hands, was carried through several of the most public streets of the city, with all the solemnities that are commonly used at the funeral of a martial commander. As they passed by the palace of the viceroy, his excellency, to conform to the times, sent eight of his pages, with torches in their hands, to accompany the corpse, and at the same time ordered the Spaniards, who were then upon guard, to lower their ensigns, and salute him as he went by. He was at last brought back again to the cathedral church, and there buried; whilst all the bells in Naples rung a mournful peal, and amidst the tears and lamentations of an infinite multitude of women, who showed so much respect and veneration to his dust, that one may say, that, by the effect of a popular inconstancy, which is not to be equalled, Masaniello, in less than three days, was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint.

Such, then, is the history of the Neapolitan, from the first origin of their civil misfortunes and sufferings, under an overbearing ministry, to the first period of tyranny and oppression among them; that is, to their being restored to the full possession of their rights and privileges by the fisherman-hero. Happy for them had they never been molested in the enjoyment of them, and that the public faith had remained inviolate! But, alas! They were soon made sensible, by a fatal experience, that the most sacred, and most religious oaths and covenants, are not strong enough to bind princes or their ministers from acting contrary to their views of interest and ambition.

Not many days after Masaniello's death, the viceroy made Julio Gonovino president of one of the courts of justice, and gave him, besides, several other public marks of

*Here Howell's narrative concludes. The sequel is from that of F. Midon, Lond. 1729.

his favour and esteem. The people were surprised at it; and they could not conceive what it was that should induce the viceroy to give such extraordinary demonstrations of favour to a man who had, with the greatest warmth, so lately espoused the interest of the Neapolitans, and upon all occasions had, in a particular manner, manifested his enmity to the Spaniards. This was a mystery to them, and they were at a loss to unriddle it. But it was not long before their eyes were opened, by the publication of the printed treaty. They observed, that the fourteenth article in it contained a salvo, which had not been read to them in the cathedral church, and which, indeed, made the treaty void and of no effect. The purport of it is as follows: "That all taxes and gabels until then imposed and exacted, should be abrogated and annulled forever; such of them only *excepted*, as were alienated to private or particular persons, which should always subsist, any thing in this treaty mentioned to the contrary notwithstanding." Now, there being no tax in the kingdom but what was alienated, all the gabels and taxes consequently remained still in force; and this treaty, that was concluded with so much solemnity, and afterwards confirmed by so many oaths, was only a political trick to lull the people asleep till the ministry should find a fit opportunity of replunging them into a state of slavery and subjection.

But all crimes are not alike successful; and heaven would not suffer so heinous a violation of the public faith, sworn and pledged upon the altars, to go unpunished. Those who had first discovered the fraud, immediately communicated it to their neighbours; these again divulged it to the people. In an instant, the whole city was alarmed. Multitudes of people flocked together in haste to the market-place, as is usual in cases of public danger. They plainly perceived the reason of Genovino's new preferment, and they concluded, that he had sold them to the ministry. On a sudden, they gave a loose to their rage and indignation. They flew to arms; and, in the first heat of their furious resentment, they uttered a thousand direful imprecations against the government, in whom they could no longer confide. This was the beginning of a civil war, which, in the end, proved fatal to the Spaniards. The authors of it, unimproved by so recent an example of what an injured and exasperated people can do in their own defence, and the defence of their liberty, soon saw themselves and their country involved in all the calamities and horrors that attend intestine feuds and dissensions. And some of them, by meeting with a more hasty and exemplary punishment, have left behind them an everlasting monument of the wrath of heaven against perjured and avaricious ministers.

THE END.

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HEADLONG HALL.

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word,
And again with a word, when the curate said "Hey,"
She put forth her mettle, and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar,
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood, while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit, till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare.
So, here, now I stand!" and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground,
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanc'd to say Hey?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie:
At the sound of the word, the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-briar bush:
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought, cannot wisely be said.

Memoirs of Casanova.

BY HIMSELF.

We find the following curious particulars translated from the German language, in a former number of the London Magazine, a work now united to the New Monthly. It is the only portion of Casanova's Memoirs we have ever seen in English.

Casanova de Seingalt was a Venetian, descended from an ancient but decayed family of Spanish origin; he spent a life of vicissitude and adventures, in which he passed through every gradation of poverty and wealth. In the latter part of his life he retired to Dux, in Bohemia, where he left his Memoirs in manuscript, from which have been published several volumes of "Extracts," translated into German and edited by Schutz. A gamester and a libertine, born and residing for a considerable period of his life in a country celebrated for the profligacy of its morals, he has produced a work, which, judging from those parts it has been thought prudent to publish, is for the revolting nature of many of its anecdotes, probably unparalleled in modern literature, and happily, it is not much known in America; but one copy has ever come to our notice, and the only extract of the same length in the work which we could have ventured (says the translator with truth) to present to the public, is the following history of his escape from the prisons of Venice, which is of more than usual interest, bearing in some of its relations a similarity to the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico recently published.

It is no more than justice to mention, that though Casanova was a man of the most unbounded passions, and of exceedingly loose morals, his vices were those of his country and times, rather than the result of any baseness peculiar to himself. He was certainly a man of considerable talent, even fully allowing for the colouring which vanity must always lend to the writings of autobiographers.

It was on the morning of the 25th of July 1755, just at break of day, when *Messer Grande*, the title of the chief executive officer of the Venetian police, entered my chamber. To awake, to see him, and to hear the question, "Whether I were Jacob Casanova," was but the work of an instant. I had hardly answered in the affirmative, when he demanded all my papers and letters, and desired me to rise and follow him. I asked by what authority he acted; he replied by that of the tribunal of the state Inquisition.

The word tribunal overpowered me; all my customary resolution yielded to the most implicit obedience; my writing-desk stood open; my writings lay on the table; I told the officer "he might take them." A bag that was carried by one of his assistants was immediately filled with them: I was then required to produce the bound manuscripts which were suspected to be in my possession; I surrendered them, and was at no loss to guess at my infamous accuser. These writings of magical and cabalistical contents, were the "Clavicula Salomonis," the "Zecor-ben," "Picatrix," essays on the planetary periods in which magical incantations were to be performed, and other works of a similarly learned nature; whoever knew me to be in the possession of these, would consider me as a magician, and that I did not by any means regret.

The books also on my table, Horace, Ariosto, Petrarch, a manuscript, and the works of Aretin, were not overlooked.

While the chief of the police was searching for my papers, I dressed myself mechanically; caused myself to be shaved and my hair to be dressed; and put on a silken suit; and *Messer Grande*, whose eyes were never turned from me, seemed to feel no surprise at my dressing with so much care.

On my leaving the chamber, I was not a little startled by seeing from thirty to forty officers of police; they had done me the honour to consider me worthy of their attendance, though according to the proverb, "No Her-

cules quidem contra duos," two would have been quite sufficient. Is it not extraordinary that in England, where courage is innate, one man is considered sufficient to arrest another, while in my country, where cowardice has set up her home, thirty are required for the purpose? Probably a coward is still more one when he attacks, than when he is attacked, and that makes the person assaulted bolder; the truth is, in Venice one man is often seen opposing twenty *shirri*, he gives them a good beating, and escapes.

Messer Grande desired me to enter a gondola, and seated himself by my side; four men remained with him, the rest were dismissed; we proceeded to his dwelling, where, after offering me coffee, which I refused, he locked me in a room; I remained there four hours; when the clock struck three* the head of the *shirri* entered, and told me he had orders to take me to the "Camerotti."† I followed him, and after passing in a gondola through many by canals, we entered the "canal grande," and stopped at the quay of the prisons: a flight of steps led us over a high, enclosed bridge, which connects the prisons with the ducal palace, and is thrown over the canal, called "Via di Palazzo;" from thence a gallery, leading through a chamber, brought us to another, in which I was presented to a man in the dress of a patrician; he cast a glance on me and said, "It is he, secure him well;" this was the secretary to the state inquisitors, Domenico Cavalli.

I was delivered over to the superintendent of the Camerotti, who, accompanied by two of his men, led me up stairs through three long chambers, two of which were locked, into a dirty garret. It was about six yards long and two broad, and received light through a hole in the roof. I concluded that this was to be my prison, but I was mistaken; my jailer seized a large key, and opened a strong iron-bound door, about three feet and a half high, and which had a hole in the middle, eight inches square; on being desired to enter, I observed with curiosity a machine of iron, fastened to the wall; my attendant on noticing my surprise, said, laughing, "The signor is puzzled to guess the use of this machine; I can help him; when the illustrious inquisitors command a prisoner to be strangled, he is obliged to sit on a stool with his back against this iron, which incloses half of his neck; the other half is surrounded by a silken cord, which is passed through these two holes in the wall, and is fastened to a windlass, which is turned till the culprit has given his soul back to God; but the confessor does not leave him till life is fled."

"Ingenuously contrived! and probably you have the honour of turning the windlass," I replied; but my worthy companion was silent.

As I was five feet nine inches high, I was compelled to stoop double to enter the door, which was immediately closed on me. The jailer asked me, through the grating, what I would have to eat; I answered, I had not yet thought about it; he left the place, and I heard him lock door after door as he went.

Sullen and overwhelmed, I leaned on my elbows against the grating of the window, reflecting on my fate; six iron bars, each one inch thick, crossing each other, formed sixteen small holes five inches square, in an opening of two feet square; my dungeon would have received light enough through these, if it had not been for a beam eighteen inches thick, which crossed before the opening in the roof. I discovered on groping about, and stooping my head, so low was the place, only three sides of the room; the fourth seemed to form an alcove, in which a bed could be placed; but neither couch, table, nor chair were to be found—I made use of a shelf, about a foot broad, which was fastened to the wall, and there laid my fine silken mantle, my gala dress, assumed in an unlucky hour, with my hat and plume. The heat was intolerable, and drove me to the grating, where at least I could rest, leaning on my elbows; the window itself I could not see; but by the light from it, I saw rats as large as rabbits running about the garret; these disgusting creatures, at the sight of which I shuddered, were bold enough even to come close to the grating; I immediately shut the opening in the door, for my blood ran cold at the idea of their approaching me. I sank into a deep reverie, and leaning with folded arms against the grating, stood silent and motionless.

The clock striking twenty-one, raised anxiety in my

* The time throughout the narrative is reckoned after the Italian method.

† This is the name these celebrated prisons are known by in Venice; in the German the original word signifies "lead-chambers," from a cause noticed in the narrative.

mind at the non-appearance of any human being; I was left without food, without a bed, or a chair; I had not even bread and water: I was not in truth hungry, but none could know that, nor seemed to care whether I were or not. I felt, though, a bitterness in my mouth I never experienced before; I still hoped that some one would appear before the end of the day; but when it struck four-and-twenty, and none came, my rage broke loose; I howled, stamped, cursed, and screamed as loud as I could, and made as much noise as was possible; I passed an hour in this occupation, but neither did any one show himself, nor had I any reason to hope that I was even heard; involved in darkness, I shut the grating to keep out the rats, and binding a handkerchief round my head, laid myself at full length on the floor.

So complete a neglect of me, even if my death were resolved on, seemed impossible. I thought a moment to try to remember the crime that had drawn down this punishment, but I could recollect no great fault I had been guilty of; that I was licentious, and spoke whatever came into my mind, and that I sought every enjoyment of life, did not render me guilty; nevertheless, I was treated as a criminal of the worst description. The reader may conceive what hatred and desperation rage inspired me with, against a despotism that could be familiar with such oppression: nevertheless, neither the violence of my anger, nor the depth of my grief, nor the hardness of the floor, hindered me from falling asleep; my body required rest; and when a man is young, he often obtains as much as he requires when he least would expect it.

The midnight bell aroused me; dreadful is the waking that awakes us to lament the unreality of the deceptions of slumber. I could hardly imagine that I had spent three hours free from the feeling of any misery. Without rising, while lying on my left side, I reached my right arm out to get my handkerchief, which I remembered confusedly to have put near me; but oh, heavens! what did my hand encounter—another, cold and stiff as ice. Fear penetrated me from head to foot, and my hair stood on end; never had I felt before such a trembling; I lay for five minutes motionless; at last recollecting myself a little, it occurred to me that it might be imagination only, which had deceived me; in this persuasion I reached forth my arm again, and again encountered the same hand, which, with a cry of horror, I dropped from my grasp; I trembled still; but on reflection, I concluded that a corpse had been laid by my side while I was sleeping, for I was certain when I first laid down there was nothing on the floor. I stretched my hand out a third time to be convinced, by feeling of the truth of this supposition; but when I leaned on my elbow to effect this, I found, on touching the cold hand, that it began to move; I was now convinced, that what my right hand grasped, was only my left one, which, by my lying on it for so long a time, had lost all feeling and warmth.

This discovery was in itself laughable enough, but, instead of enlivening me, it rather suggested the gloomiest reflections. I saw myself in a place where, if what was false seemed true, truth itself became a dream; where reason lost half her powers, and where the fancy fell a prey to delusive hopes or fearful despondencies. I began to be distrustful of the reality of every thing which presents itself to our senses, or our mind. Approaching my thirtieth year, I summoned philosophy for the first time to my aid. All the elements lay in my soul, but no occasion had ever called them forth into action, and I believe the majority die without ever attaining a correct judgment.

I lay till eight o'clock: the dawn of day began to appear at a quarter after nine: the sun must rise: I impatiently anticipated the approach of morning. I had a feeling, which seemed like conviction, that I should be dismissed to my home; and I could not suppress the longing for revenge that glowed in my bosom. The time appeared to be come when I was to place myself at the head of the people, and annihilate the aristocracy; it seemed to me as if the order for the destruction of my persecutors would not content me; I must myself aid in butchering them. Such is man! And he doubts not the least that it is reason that speaks in him; but it is his worst enemy, anger, who thus imitates the voice of reason.

The less I expected from the moment I hoped for, so much the more did my rage subside. The drawing of bolts in the passages which led to my prison broke, towards half-past eight, the deep stillness of this hell, invented by man for his fellow men; I saw the jailer appear before my grating; he asked me whether I had had time enough for consideration of what I would have

to eat: one is fortunate when the insolence of inferiors takes the disguise of a jest. I demanded rice, soup, boiled meats, bread, water, and wine. It surprised the fellow to hear me ask none of the questions he expected from me; he went, and returned in a quarter of an hour, to express his wonder that I had not asked for a bed, or any other furniture, "for I deceived myself if I supposed I should only remain here for one night."

"Bring me, then," I replied, "all that in your opinion I shall want."

"Where am I to get them from? here is pencil and paper, write down the address where I am to apply." I described the place where bed, linen, night-dress, slippers, night-caps, arm-chair, table, glass, razors, pocket-handkerchiefs, and the books which *messier grande* had taken from me, together with other papers, were to be found. I read this inventory to him, for the fellow could not read himself, and he told me I must omit books, ink, papers, looking-glasses, and razors, for they were forbidden to the prisoners. He then demanded money to procure my food: I gave him one of the three zechini which constituted all my wealth; he quitted me, and in half an hour I heard him leave the prison. I afterwards learned, that in that time seven other prisoners had been secured, to each of whom, as to me, a separate cell was allotted, to hinder any communication between us.

About noon the keeper came, accompanied by five assistants appointed for the service of the state prisoners, as we were called; he opened the door to bring in my furniture and food; the bed was placed in the alcove, the dinner on a small table; I had only an ivory spoon, bought with my own money, to eat with; for knife and fork, as well as all other articles of metal, were proscribed.

"Tell me what you will have for to-morrow's food, for I can only visit you once a day, that is at sun-rise; and his excellency the secretary bids me inform you, you shall have other books more fitting for your state, for those you wrote down are forbidden."

"Present my thanks to him for the favour of having given me a room to myself."

"I will do so if you desire me; but you ought not to jest with him."

"I do not jest; it must be a favour to be left alone, and not to be put into the company of rascals, such as I suppose to be in these dungeons."

"How! signor! rascals! I am astonished; here are none but people of condition, and reasons known only to the illustrious inquisitors, compel him to place them apart from one another; with you this has been done as a severer punishment, and am I to return your thanks for that?"

"I did not know this."

The fellow was right, as I learned some days afterwards but too well. I then found, that a man who is alone in his confinement, without the power of employing himself, in a cell nearly dark, and where he only sees the person who brings him food, once in a day, and in which he cannot even walk about upright, becomes the most miserable of living creatures; he may at last even long for the company of a murderer, a madman, or even a bear. Solitude in these prisons brings despair; but none know that who have not had the experience. If the prisoner, however, happen to possess some knowledge; and is allowed pen and paper, his misery is diminished a tenth.

When the jailer was gone, I approached my table to the grating, for the sake of the scanty light which penetrated the aperture, but I could not swallow more than a spoonful of soup; after fasting five-and-twenty hours, my sickness was not surprising. I passed the day tolerably quietly in my arm-chair, and waited till morning, expecting the promised books. I was kept awake all night by the noise of the accursed rats in the adjoining garret, and by the striking of the clock in the tower of St. Mark, which was as audible as if it had been in my room; added to which, that a host of fleas attacked my flesh and blood, with an energy without parallel, that nearly produced convulsions.

At day break, Lorenzo, my jailer, appeared: he ordered my bed to be made, and my room to be swept out and put in order, while one of his people brought me water to wash. I wished to go into the garret, but he told me that it could not be allowed. He gave me two large books, which, intentionally, I would not open before him; probably he would have informed the spy if I had manifested any dislike to them. After he had arranged my meal, and cut two lemons, he left me.

I ate the soup directly, that it might not grow cold. I held one of the books up to the light of the grating, and

found it was just possible to read in this manner: the title of the work was, "The mystic town of the sister Maria of Jesus, called *Agrada*." I could not conceive what could be the contents of the work. The second book was the work of a Jesuit; I have forgotten his name. His object in it was to found a new and more particular veneration for the heart of our Saviour. According to him, this, before all other parts of the body of the Redeemer, should be held sacred: the first page revolted me; the heart seemed to me to be no more worthy of especial veneration than any other of the entrails. The first work somewhat attracted my attention; it contained the ravings of the overstrained fancy of a very pious, but very melancholy nun, of Spanish origin, whose ignorant superiors had flattered her delusions. All her chimerical and extraordinary visions were delivered as revelations, inflamed with love for the holy virgin, and, as her confidential friend, she had received from God himself the direct command to write the life of his holy mother; the Holy Ghost had afforded her the useful instructions for this purpose, which no mortal could have obtained by other means. The writings contained no intentional fictions, for invention could not go so far; all was written in perfect belief, as is usually the case in the visions of an exalted and overstrained imagination, which, far removed from pride, is perfectly convinced of the truth of the communications, which it believes the sacred spirit to have instilled into it. The work excited in me neither a greater thirst for nor devotion to religion, but rather induced me to regard every doctrine as erroneous that contains any thing either dogmatical or mystical.

Nevertheless, I soon felt the effect this reading had on my spirits. A mind more susceptible than mine, and more inclined to the wonderful, would have become as visionary as that of the nun itself. I devoted a whole week to the work, till I could read no farther; on going to sleep, I felt the influence of the disorder which the nun of *Agrada* had ingrafted on a mind depressed by melancholy and bad food. I smile now when I recall my fantastic dreams. If I had possessed pen and paper, a work might have been produced in the prisons of the Camerotti, more extraordinary than that *Signor Carli* had sent me.

I have ever since been persuaded of the error of those who boast of the strength of the human intellect. If mankind were to observe narrowly, it would discover more of weakness than of strength in the mind. Notwithstanding mental derangement is a rare occurrence, I am convinced how easily the mind may be overthrown: our reason is like gunpowder, easily inflamed, and but requiring a spark for its explosion. Such a work as that of which I have been speaking, can overturn a man's reason, if, like me, he were a prisoner in the Camerotti, and deprived of every employment, and every other mental occupation.

At the end of nine days, I was destitute of money. Lorenzo asked to whom he should apply for some; I answered to no one. My silence and reserve were in the highest degree repugnant to this gossiping and envious man. On the following morning he announced to me, "that fifty sous per diem were allotted me by the tribunal; as receiver of this sum, he would keep a reckoning of my expenditure, and account with me at the month's end, and I might dispose of the overplus." I requested to see the newspapers twice a week, but I was informed that that was forbidden. Seventy-five livres monthly were far more than I could spend, for I hardly ate any thing: the overpowering heat of my room, and the want of proper food, had exhausted me; the destructive time of the dog days now began, and the sun's rays acting on the leaden roof of my prison, converted the atmosphere of my cell to that of a sweating-stove; I remained entirely unclothed, and the perspiration streamed down on both sides of me on my arm chair as I sat in it; violent accessions of shivering announced the approach of fever: I remained in bed and was silent. On the third day after the first attack, when Lorenzo found all my food untouched, he asked me how I found myself. "Well," I replied. "That is impossible, for you eat nothing; you are ill, and you will be astonished to hear of the bounty of the tribunal, for you shall have a doctor, surgeon, and medicines, without its costing you any thing." In three hours he reappeared, carrying a lighted taper before a man, whose appearance proclaimed him a physician. For three days I had been in a burning fever; he wished to interrogate me, but I declared, that to my confessor and physician I could only speak without witnesses. He ordered Lorenzo to withdraw, and on his refusing, he quitted me, declaring me in danger of my life. This was what I wished; it was a reflection

to me to show my inflexible tyrants the consequences of their persecution.

In four hours the physician returned alone with the light, Lorenzo remaining without. I was so exhausted that I felt really at ease. When we were seriously ill we no longer experience ennui; I was even vexed my tormenting spirit remained without, for since he had explained to me the use of the strangling machine, I had conceived a horror of him.

I shortly explained my situation, and what I needed. "You must banish your melancholy, if you would get well," said he. "Write a receipt for that purpose, and bear it to the only apothecary who can prepare a dose of it for me," I replied; "Signor Cavalli has been the fatal physician who prescribed for me the 'Heart of Jesus,' and the 'Mystic Town'; those works have reduced me to this." He prepared for me himself a lemonade, of which he advised me to drink copiously, and then left me. I passed the night more easily, though with troublesome dreams.

On the following morning my medical attendant returned, accompanied by a surgeon, who bled me; he gave me some medicine, which I was to take at evening, and a draught; he had also obtained permission for me to sleep in the garret, where the heat was not quite so overpowering; but this I declined on account of the rats, which I feared might come into my bed. He compassionated my condition, and told me that he had represented to Cavalli the consequences of my reading the books he had sent me, and that Cavalli had promised to send me others; in the mean time he had brought me Boethius. I thanked him for his kindness, and he went, after leaving me elder and barley water to drink.

After four visits of this man I became convalescent, and I regained my appetite. At the beginning of September I was tolerably restored; nothing tormented me but heat, vermin, and ennui, for I could not read Boethius eternally. Lorenzo told me I might, while my bed was being made and my room swept out, in order to destroy the fleas who consumed me, wash my face and hands out of the cell: this was a favour, and I employed the eight or ten minutes that was allowed me in walking violently up and down the garret; the rats, frightened at this, were not visible. On the same day Lorenzo granted me this indulgence, he settled his accounts with me; there remained about thirty livres coming to me, but I gave it to him, telling him he might have masses said for it; he thanked me as if he had been the priest who had to say them. At the end of each month I repeated this gift, but I never saw any receipt from a priest; without doubt, it was among Lorenzo's least crimes that he appropriated this money to his own use.

I remained in this condition, ever nourishing the hope of speedily returning to my liberty; scarcely an evening passed without my retiring to rest with a conviction that on the morrow my freedom would be announced to me; but as I saw my hopes constantly disappointed, it occurred to me that probably a stated term was fixed for my imprisonment, and I conjectured the first of October to be that term, because on that day the inquisitors were changed. My confinement would last till then, I further concluded, from my not seeing the secretary, who, I had supposed, would have come to announce to me the crime of which I was accused, and the extent of my punishment. This seemed but natural and probable; but I deceived myself; for in the Camerotti nothing ever passes that is either natural or probable. I imagined that, aware now of my innocence, they were ashamed of their persecution, but that they still detained me in order to save their own reputations; and that they would free me at the termination of their reign, that their successors might not discover the injustice they had been guilty of towards me.

But all this and other reasoning was totally fallacious, as applied to the inquisition. Every citizen becomes guilty as soon as he is treated by this court as such. What use then to examine him? Why give him the unpleasant information of his conviction and condemnation? His confession is not needed; they therefore leave him hope; the tribunal judges and condemns; the culprit is but a machine, a nail, to drive which through a plank only requires a hammer.

On the night of the thirtieth of September I could not sleep: I longed for the approach of day, for I was convinced it would bring me freedom; but morning broke, and Lorenzo brought me my food without a word. Five or six days I passed in rage and despair; I began to think that, from causes totally inexplicable to me, I was to be confined for life. This fearful thought excited a laugh, but nothing more: I resolved to free myself or perish in the attempt. "Deliberata morte ferocior," I determined,

at the beginning of November, to leave a place by stratagem where I was unjustly detained by force. This became my only thought. I resolved in my mind the means of accomplishing, what doubtless many had attempted, but none had ever succeeded in. A curious circumstance disclosed to me the effect confinement had had on my mind. I stood in my cell, with my eyes turned up towards the hole in the roof, and contemplated the large beam; Lorenzo had just left the cell with two assistants, when I saw the huge timber not only shake, but bend to the right and then resume its place; at the same moment I lost my equilibrium: I knew it must proceed from an earthquake, and the alarmed jailers concluded the same thing. Joyful at this discovery, I remained silent; in five minutes the shock was renewed, and I exclaimed, "Another, another, great God! but stronger." The attendants were astonished, for they supposed me deranged, and fled. On reflection, I was aware that it had occurred to me, that in the destruction of the ducal palace, I might effect my escape: I did not seem to doubt the possibility, that the falling building would leave me unhurt and free on the pavement of St. Mark's place! The same earthquake it was that, on the same day, laid Lisbon in ruins.

To render intelligible my plans for escape, a description of the "locale" is necessary.

The cells for the state prisoners are on the highest floor, in the roof of the ducal palace; which roof is neither covered with slates nor tiles, but with plates of lead three feet square and about a line in thickness; hence the name *Blickammern*. The only access to them is through the gate of the palace, and through those galleries along which I had been brought, and in the way up to them the council hall of the state inquisitors is passed. The secretary alone keeps the key, and the jailer returns it to him every morning after he has performed his service for the prisoners. This arrangement was made, because at a later hour of the day the council of ten assembled in an adjoining chamber called *La Bussola*, and the jailers would have had to pass through an ante-room, where people in attendance on that council were in waiting.

These prisons occupy the two opposite sides of the building; three, among which was mine, towards the west, and four towards the east. The gutter on our side ran along the inner court; on the other it overhung the canal "*Rio di palazzo*." The cells on that side are very light, and a man can stand upright in them; but it was not so with the others, which were called "*trave*," from the beams which crossed the windows in the roof. The floor of my cell was the ceiling of the hall of the inquisitors, who, according to rule, assembled only at night after the meeting of the ten, of which they were all of them members.

I was aware of all this, and my knowledge of the locality afforded me the only hope of escape. It would be necessary to dig through the floor of my cell, but to effect this tools were required, which I had no means of obtaining, deprived as I was of all means of communication with others; all visits and writing materials were absolutely forbidden; gold to bribe the jailers I had none; and if they would have had the complaisance to let me murder them, I had no weapon; besides, one of them stood sentinel at the closed passage, and before even a comrade could be let out he must give the pass word. Flight remained the object of my constant thought; and since I could derive no assistance on the subject from Boethius, I ceased to peruse his writings; but I had ever been convinced that there is no object a man may not attain by constantly devoting his thoughts to it.

In the middle of November I was informed, that, a new state prisoner having been taken, and being condemned to the worst cell, I was to have him for a companion. The information was of course agreeable to me. Accordingly, after the third hour, I heard the drawing of bolts, and Lorenzo accompanied by his two assistants, appeared, conducting a young man, who was dissolved in tears: they shut him in with me, and left us. I lay on my bed in the alcove, so that the stranger could not see me. I was diverted at his surprise; he was fortunate enough to be only five feet high, so he could stand upright: he looked on my arm-chair, which he concluded was intended for him, with attention; and seeing my Boethius lying on the shelf over the grating, he dried his eyes and opened the book, but pushed it away discontentedly on finding it a Latin work. He was still more surprised at observing clothes, and on approaching the alcove he stretched forth his hand and touched me, instantly apologising. I bade him to sit down, and in this manner our acquaintance commenced. He told me he was the son of a coachman, had been valet to a count,

and had fallen in love with his master's daughter; that when the father found that she returned his attachment, and that they meditated a secret marriage, the count had exerted his influence, and got him sent here.

He was an agreeable, honest young man, but in love to desperation, and all his tears and sighs seemed vented more on account of his mistresses than of his own situation. I pitied his simplicity, and shared my provisions with him, but he ate nothing; and at night I lent him my mattress to sleep on, as he could get nothing for himself till morning. On the morrow Lorenzo brought him a mattress, and informed him that the tribunal allotted him fifteen sous daily for his provisions. I told the jailer he would always eat with me, and that he might keep the money to have three masses weekly said for his soul. Lorenzo congratulated my companion on my kindness, and gave us permission to walk every day half an hour up and down in the gallery: this was not only of great use to my health, but enabled me to further my plans for escape, which, nevertheless, did not ripen till eleven weeks afterwards.

At the further end of this magazine for rats, I found a quantity of old lumber, on each side of two old chests, laying tumbled together on the ground; a heap of papers and writings lay before them. Among the rubbish was a warming-pan, a brazier, a fire-shovel and tongs, an old candlestick and a tin watering-pot; probably some illustrious predecessor of mine had obtained permission to have these for his convenience; I also observed an iron bolt, about the thickness of my thumb, and eighteen inches long; but I touched nothing: the time had not yet arrived for fixing my attention on any thing.

One morning, at the end of the month, my companion was removed from me; Lorenzo said he had been ordered to the prisons called *La Guattri*: they are in the interior of the building, and belong likewise to the inquisitors. Those imprisoned in them enjoy the privilege of calling their jailers at any time, if they want any thing. It is true, that there is no day-light, but an oil-lamp supplies the place. I afterwards heard that poor Maggiorino passed five years in them, and was then banished for ten more to *Lerigo*. The loss of his society affected me exceedingly. Left again to myself, I again fell into dejection, but I still was allowed the privilege of walking in the gallery for a short time, and I found means to examine every thing that was there; more particularly in one of the chests I found some blank paper, paste, undressed goose feathers, and twine; the other was locked. A piece of black smooth marble, about one foot thick, six long, and three wide, I managed to secret and convey into my cell, where I hid it under my shirt.

Eight days after Maggiorino's departure, Lorenzo told me I might expect another companion. This jailer, who was an inveterate gossip, was impatient at my reserve; and as I never gave him an opportunity of showing his discretion, he concluded that I asked him no questions, in the belief he had nothing to tell me worth knowing. This hurt his vanity; and to prove that I was mistaken, he fell full hints of many things, of which I had asked no information, respecting the prisoners and the rules of the place; he also boasted his own virtues, but they were for the most part negative.

This was the first conversation he had honoured me with; it diverted me, and his information was afterwards of use to me; I also gathered from it that his folly prevented him from being baser than he otherwise might have been. I was fully aware that I might profit by this folly.

The following morning my new companion arrived, and the same scene as with Maggiorino was repeated. I now found that I should want two ivory spoons, for the first day I always had to treat the strangers.

I saluted the present one immediately; and my beard, already four inches long, imposed more on him than my stature; for though I was allowed scissors occasionally to cut my nails, I was not permitted to cut my beard; but use is every thing, and I became used to this.

The stranger was a man of about fifty, thin, and stooped much; he was shabbily dressed, and had a sinister expression of countenance; he was reserved towards me the first day, though he ate my victuals, but on the morrow he changed his system. A good bed and linen belonging to him was brought him. The jailer asked about his food, and demanded money for it.

"I have not even a sou."

"Good," replied Lorenzo; "then you shall have a pound and a half of ship's biscuit, and excellent water." He fetched both directly, and then left me alone with the spectre. He sighed, and that awakened my compassion. "Be not dejected," said I to him, "you shall eat with me; but you have been imprudent to come here absolute-

ly without money." "I have money," he replied, "but one must not let these harpies know it."

I learnt from him that he was an usurer, who had been sent here most justly for an infamous piece of robbery he had practised towards a Count Scrimon, to whom he had refused restitution of some money he had been entrusted with by him. After being condemned in a process with costs, he was committed here till he should pay. On the fourth day, at about four, Lorenzo summoned him to the presence of the secretary. He dressed immediately, and put on my shoes without my being aware of it; he came back in half an hour in great grief and agitation, and took out of his shoes two purses with three hundred and fifty zechini in them, with which he returned to the secretary. Lorenzo told me he had been liberated on paying this sum, and his things were sent for on the following day. I concluded that the threats of torture had brought him to confession, so there may be some more even in this tyranny.

On the 1st of January, 1756, I received a new year's gift. Lorenzo brought me a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fox fur, a silken coverlid quilted with wool, and a case of bear skin to put my feet in; for in proportion as it was hot in summer was my prison cold in winter. At the same time he informed me, that six zechini monthly were placed at my disposal, and that I might buy what books or newspapers I pleased. He added that this present came from my friend and patron, the Patrician Bragadino: I begged of him some paper and a pencil, and wrote on it, "My thanks for the clemency of the tribunal and the generosity of Signor Bragadino."

A person must have been in my situation to be able to be able to appreciate the effect this had on me: in the fulness of my heart I pardoned my oppressors; indeed I was nearly induced to give up all thoughts of escaping; so pliant is man, after misery has bowed him down and degenerated him.

One morning, as I was walking up and down the garret, my eyes rested on the bolt, which still lay on the ground. I saw that it could be made to supply me with an offensive and defensive weapon. I picked it up, hid it under my clothes, and brought it into my cell, at the same time taking in my hand the piece of marble I before-mentioned to have secured: I recognised it now for a whetstone, and trying the bolt on it, I resolved to make a weapon of the latter, though every convenience for so doing was wanting. The difficulties I had to overcome were but an incentive to my perseverance: I was obliged to perform my work in nearly perfect darkness, and to hold the stone in my hand, for want of something to lean it against; and instead of oil, I was compelled to use my own spittle. I worked fourteen days to convert the bolt into an octagonal stiletto, and a sword-maker could not have done it better; but it is impossible to form an idea of the fatigue and patience it cost me: it was a work, "quem Siculi non invenerit tyranni." I could hardly move my right arm, and my left hand was become one blister; but I would not give up my work. At length it was finished. Proud of my labour, and yet uncertain of what use it would be to me, I was puzzled in what manner to conceal it, so as to escape discovery. I hid it in the straw of my arm-chair; no one could find it there unless he knew of its situation. In this manner I was provided with one step towards an escape, which, if not wonderful, was at least remarkable.

After four days of reflection, I concluded that the only thing that remained for me to do, would be to dig a hole through the floor of the cell. I knew that under it must be the chamber in which I had seen Cavalli; I knew that this chamber was every morning open, and that if I could effect the opening, I could let myself down by means of my bed-clothes, then conceal myself under the table of the tribunal, and escape the following morning when the door was opened. I hoped to be able to reach a place of safety before I was pursued: if I found a sentinel, placed by Lorenzo, in that chamber, I would with my weapon kill him; but if it should turn out that the floor of the cell was doubly, and perhaps trebly boarded, the work might occupy me many months, and how should I be able to hinder the sweeping of my room so long? To forbid it would excite suspicion, for I had at first most strenuously insisted on it, for the sake of exterminating the vermin.

Nevertheless, I did forbid it; and after some days, Lorenzo was curious to know the reason; I replied, that it raised a dust that was prejudicial to my lungs: he proposed first sprinkling it, but that I reprobated still more, because dampness caused spitting of blood. At the end of a week he commanded it to be swept, had the bed taken out of the cell, and brought in a light, under

the pretence of seeing it well swept; I saw that he harboured some suspicion, but I remained quite indifferent in appearance, and took my resolution accordingly.

I stained my handkerchief with blood, which I obtained by cutting my thumb, and waited in bed his coming. "I have coughed so violently," I said, "that I have burst a blood-vessel: see how I have bled; pray send for a physician." One soon arrived, bled me, and gave me a receipt. I declared to him that Lorenzo was alone to blame, because he would persevere in having the place swept. He was desired to desist, which he agreed to; and it became a rule among the under jail-keepers, only to sweep the rooms of those they meant to ill-treat!

I had gained much, but the time was not yet come for beginning my work; it was so cold that I could not hold the iron without my hands being frozen. My undertaking required great circumspection: the long winter nights made me insupportable; I had to pass nineteen hours in darkness, for on the foggy days, which are common in Venice, the light that was able to penetrate to me was not sufficient to enable me to read. I again sunk into despondency; a lamp would have made me happy. I thought, and thought, how I could supply the place of one: I required a lamp, wick, oil, flint, and steel, and tinder, and I had not one of them all; the lamp, however I supplied by means of an earthen pipkin, in which butter and eggs were prepared, and which I managed to conceal: I saved the oil for my salad, and wicks I made out of cotton from my bed; I then pretended to have a violent tooth-ache, and persuaded Lorenzo to give me a flint to steep in vinegar, to apply to the tooth, and he was present when I laid three flints in vinegar for that purpose. A buckle in my girdle served for a steel, but I had neither matches nor tinder; these, at length, I managed to obtain, through contrivance and fortunate circumstances. An inflammation caused me an intolerable itching; I requested Lorenzo to procure from the physician a receipt to cure it: he proscribed "diet for a day and three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, to cure the eruption; or rub the part with flour of brimstone; but the last to be used with caution." I laughed at the danger, and desired Lorenzo to buy me the salve, or rather to buy the sulphur, and I would make the salve myself with butter; this he did; but now for the tinder; to contrive a substitute for that was the work of three days. It at last occurred to me that I had ordered my tailor to stuff my silken vest, under the arms, with sponge to prevent the appearance of the stain; the clothes, quite new, lay before me; my heart beat,—the tailor might not have fulfilled my orders; I hesitated between fear and hope. It only required two steps and I was out of suspense; but I could not resolve on those two steps; at last I advanced to the place where the clothes lay, and feeling unworthy of such a favour, if I should find the sponge there, I fell on my knees, and prayed fervently. Comforted by this, I took down the dress—and found the sponge.

I was no sooner in possession of it, than I poured the oil into the pipkin, and put the wick in, and the lamp was ready. It was no little addition to the pleasure this luxury afforded me, that I owed it entirely to my own ingenuity, and that I had violated one of the strictest laws of the prison. I dreaded the approach of night no longer; but I was obliged to renounce salad, my favourite dish. I determined to begin my operations on the first Monday of Lent, for during the extravagance of the carnival, I was daily liable to have companions sent me. On Ash Wednesday Lorenzo announced to me, that I was to expect the annual visit of the secretary, which was made for the sake of receiving any complaints of the prisoners, and to enable them to confess, and receive the sacrament; he desired me, therefore, to dress and receive him. When he came, I begged to have a confessor sent to me on the morrow, but I made no other request, and preferred no complaint. I regretted that I could not forbear shivering from cold, as the secretary might take it for a sign of guilt; when he found I had nothing to say to him, he made a slight salutation, and left me, and I returned to my bed again to get warm.

I now began to cut through the deal boards of my floor with my stiletto; at first the chips were not bigger than a grain of corn, but by and by they increased to respectable splinters; the deals were about sixteen inches broad. I dug my hole where two of them joined, and was obliged to be expeditious,—for what was I to do if another prisoner had come, who would have insisted on having the cell swept out? I had moved my bed on one side, lighted my lamp, and lay on the ground, my stiletto in one hand, and a napkin to collect the chips in the other; fortunately I met with no nail nor cramp to impede my progress. After six hours' work I tied the napkin together,

intending to empty the chips behind the lumber in the ante-room, and I put the bed back again in its place. On continuing my work on the following day, I discovered a second deal under the first, and of the same thickness; I had no interruption, but was in continued dread of it. In this way I laboured daily for three weeks: three planks were now cut through, and under them I found a pavement of small pieces of marble, called "terrazzo marmorin;" against this my weapon was ineffectual. I recollected Hannibal's contrivance for passing the Alps, and resolved to try it on this occasion. I found that the vinegar, aided by my perseverance, enabled me, if not to dig through the marble, at least to cut out the mortar that cemented the pieces together, and in four days I accomplished my purpose, and had not broken my stiletto. I now found, as I expected, another plank, probably the last, but with which I had greater difficulties, for the hole was already ten inches deep.

It was on the twenty-fifth of June, as in the afternoon, after working three hours, laying on my stomach on the ground, and quite naked, dropping with sweat, and my lamp standing lighted in the hole, when I heard the rattling of the bolts in the ante-rooms. What a moment! I blew out the lamp, left the stiletto and napkin in the opening, pushed the bedstead into the alcove, threw mattress and bedding upon it, and sunk on the floor, nearly dead, just as Lorenzo entered; he would have trod on me if I had not cried out. "Ah, my God!" exclaimed he, "how I pity you, signor; this place is like an oven. Get up, and thank heaven for having sent you such a companion. Your excellency may now come in." He said this to the unfortunate man who followed him, without thinking of my nakedness; the stranger, however, perceived it, and turned away, while I searched in vain for a shirt. The new comer must have thought himself in hell, and he exclaimed, "Where am I? and where am I to be confined? What a heat and what a smell! With whom am I imprisoned?" Lorenzo called him out of the cell, begged me to put on a shirt, and to go out into the garret. He told the stranger he had orders to get him a bed, and whatever he might want, directly; in the mean time he might walk up and down in the room, and the smell in the cell would go off: the smell in fact came from the lamp, which I had blown out. Lorenzo made me no reproaches on the subject, though I was certain he suspected the truth, and I began to respect him a little for this forbearance.

At length I went out into the room with my shirt and dressing gown on: the new prisoner wrote with a pencil what he wanted; but as soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, "You here, Casanova!" I recognised him immediately for the Count Abbé Fanarola, from Brescia: he was an agreeable, much-esteemed man, fifty years of age, and rich. I embraced him with tears, and said he was the last man I expected to see there. I told him, when we were left alone, that I would, when his bed came, offer him the alcove, but begged him to refuse it, and to forbid the sweeping out of the room. I would tell him afterwards my reasons. I mentioned the blowing out of the lamp: he promised secrecy, and rejoiced that he was confined with me. I learnt from him that no one knew the crime of which I was accused; and that, therefore, there were all sorts of reports and conjectures afloat about it. Towards the evening his bed, chair, linen, perfume, an excellent dinner, and good wine, were brought him. He could eat nothing, but I was far from following his example. His bed was placed without moving mine, and we were shut in together.

I now brought my lamp out of the hole, and laughed at finding my napkin soaked in oil; when an adventure that might have had tragical consequences ended with a trifling one, we have a right to laugh: the abbé joined me in my mirth when he heard the story, as I set it to rights again, and lighted it. We never slept the whole night, less on account of the vermin, as that we had numerous questions to ask of one another. From him I learnt that the cause of his arrest was an insignificant but indiscreet observation of his, made at a public place. I told him he might expect to remain here a week, and that then he would be banished to Brescia for a few months, but he would not believe he would be kept here even a week; he afterwards, however, found my prophecy correct. I did my best to console him for the mortification of his confinement.

In the morning early, Lorenzo brought us coffee, and the count's dinner in a basket; the latter could not understand why he must eat at this hour. We were allowed to walk in the gallery for an hour, and were then shut in. The fleas which tormented us, induced the abbé to ask me why I would not have the place swept? I told him, and showed him every thing. He was

astonished, and mortified that he had compelled me to the disclosure. He, however, encouraged me to persevere.

The eight days quickly passed; but how unwilling I was to lose my companion may be conceived. It was superfluous to enjoin him to secrecy at his departure; I should have offended him by the mention of it. With much toil I completed my work by the twenty-third of August; an unfortunate discovery had retarded me till then. When I had made a small hole in the last plank, I found I was right in my supposition, that it was the chamber of the inquisitors that was beneath; but I perceived that I had made the aperture just above a large cross-beam, a circumstance that I had all along feared. I was, consequently, obliged to widen the hole on the other side, to escape this. I stopped the small hole in the plank with bread, that the light of my lamp might not be perceived, for I resolved to postpone my flight till the night before St. Austin's day, for then I knew that the great council assembled, and that therefore the Basola would be empty, which adjoined the chamber I must escape through.

But on the twenty-fifth of August an event happened that even now makes me shudder at the recollection of it. I heard the bolts drawn, and a death-like fear seized me; the beating of my heart shook my body, and I threw myself almost fainting in my arm-chair. Lorenzo, still in the garret, said to me through the grating, in a tone of pleasure, "I wish you joy of the news I bring." I imagined he had brought me my freedom, and I saw myself lost; the discovery of the hole I had made would effectually debar me from liberty. Lorenzo entered, and desired me to follow him; I offered to dress myself, but he said it was unnecessary, as he was only going to remove me from this detestable cell, to another quite new, and well lighted, with two windows, from which I could overlook half Venice, and could stand upright in; I was nearly beside myself. I asked for some vinegar; begged him to thank the secretary, but to intreat him to leave me where I was. Lorenzo asked me if I were mad, to refuse to exchange a hell for a paradise; and offering me his arm to aid me, desired my bed, books, &c. to be brought after. Seeing it was in vain to oppose any longer, I rose, and left my cage, and heard him, with some small satisfaction, order my chair to be brought with me, for in the straw of that was my spoutoon hid. Would it had been possible for my toilsome work in the floor to have accompanied me also!

Leaning on the shoulder of Lorenzo, who tried by laughing to enliven me, I passed through two long galleries, then over three steps into a large light hall, and passed through a door at the left end of it, into a corridor, twelve feet long and two broad; the two grated windows in it presented to the eye a wide extensive view over a great part of the town, but I was not in a situation to be rejoiced at the prospect. The door of my destined prison was in the corner of this corridor, and the grating of it was opposite to one of the windows that lighted the passage, so that the prisoner could not only enjoy a great part of the prospect, but also feel the refreshment which the cool air of the open window afforded him; a balsam for any creature in confinement at that season of the year; but I could not think of all this at that moment, as the reader might easily conceive. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I threw myself, telling me he would go for my bed.

I sat like a statue; I saw all my labour lost; I could yet hardly lament it: not to think of the future was all the alleviation I could find for my misery. I acknowledged my situation as a punishment for having delayed my escape for three days; but did I deserve to be so severely punished, for listening to the most prudential dictates of reason, instead of following the suggestions of my habitual impatience?

In a few minutes, two under jailers brought me my bed and returned to fetch my other things; but two hours elapsed without my hearing any thing further, though the door stood wide open; this delay excited many reflections, but I could come to no resolution; as I had every thing to fear, I endeavoured to bring my mind to that state of composure that might arm me against whatever might happen.

Besides the "Camerotti," and the prisons in the inner court, there are also nineteen other frightful subterraneous dungeons in the ducal palace, destined for prisoners condemned to death. All judges and rulers on earth have esteemed it a mercy if they left the wretch his life, however painful that life might be for him. It can only be a mercy when the prisoner considers it himself as such; and he ought to be consulted on the subject, or else the intended mercy becomes injustice.

These nineteen subterraneous dungeons are really

graves; but they are called "wells," because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner, who will not stand all day long in salt water, must sit on a trundle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on that is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately, if he do not wish to contend for it with large sea-rats, that infest these wretched abodes. In these fearful dungeons, where the prisoner remains for life, some have, notwithstanding the misery of their situation and meagreness of their food, attained a considerable age. I knew of a man of the name of Beguelin, a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the republic in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them: he was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the "wells;" he was four and forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven and thirty years in them; he could only have known hunger and misery, yet thought "dum vita superest, bene est," and to this misery did I now expect to be condemned.

At last I heard the footsteps of one approaching in a towering passion; it was Lorenzo, absolutely mad with rage; foaming with passion, and cursing God and all the saints, he demanded of me the axe with which I had made the hole, and insisted on knowing the sbirri who had furnished me with it; and he ordered me to be searched. I stood up, threatened, stripped myself, and told him to search as he pleased. He ordered my bed, my mattress, every thing to be examined, and when he found nothing—"So," said he, "you won't tell me where the tools are you used to cut through the floor; I'll see if you'll confess to others." "If it be truth I have cut through the floor, I shall say that I had the tools of yourself, and that I have given them back again to you." At these words, which obviously were concurred in by his followers, he began literally to howl; he ran his head against the wall, stamped and danced about like a madman; he then left me; and after his people had brought me my books, clothes, bottles, and in short every thing, even to the pieces of marble and the lamp, he shut the windows of the corridor, so that I was deprived of the fresh air; yet I had reason to rejoice in having escaped so cheaply; experienced as he was at his trade, he had neglected searching the under side of my arm-chair; I still possessed my stiletto, on which I might rely for achieving my escape.

The heat and change of situation prevented my sleeping: early in the morning, sour wine, stinking water, stale salad, tainted meat, and hard bread, were brought me; my room was not swept out; and when I begged for the window to be opened, I got no answer: a jailer examined the walls and the floor, especially under my bed, with an iron bar; fortunately he forgot the ceiling, for I resolved to effect my escape through the roof; but to effect this I should require co-operation, which I could not yet hope to obtain; every thing which I did would be obvious to the eye, as the room was quite new.

I passed a dreadful day; towards noon the heat increased so much, that I felt as if I should be suffocated; I could neither eat nor drink, for all that was brought me was spoilt; perspiration, that literally dropt from me, hindered me from reading or stirring, but no change was made; the meat and the water that were brought me on the following day, were equally repulsive; I asked whether it were commanded that I should be killed through heat and noisome smells, but Lorenzo would give me no answer; I dipped some bread into some cypress wine, to support me, and to enable me to stab my tormenter when he appeared next day; however, I contented myself with saying, that as soon as I regained my liberty, I would certainly throttle him; he laughed, and left me without a word; I concluded that I was treated thus by command of the secretary, whom he had told of my attempt at escape; I was nearly overcome by the agitation of my mind and the exhaustion of my body.

On the eighth day, I demanded in a rage my monthly reckoning before the under-jailers, and called Lorenzo a cheat; he promised to bring it next morning; the window, which he opened for a moment through necessity, he shut again, and laughed at my cries; but I determined to persevere in using a violent behaviour, as I had gained a little by it; but on the morrow my rage subsided, for before Lorenzo gave me the reckoning, he handed me a basket of lemons, which Bragadino had sent me, with a bottle of good water, and a chicken; an attendant opened the window. I looked only at the balance of my account, and except one zechin, which was

to be divided among his men, I desired the rest to be given to Lorenzo's wife: when we were alone he said to me calmly, "You have told me that you were indebted to me for the work-tools you made the great opening in the floor of your cell with; I am not therefore curious to know any thing more of that; but who gave you the lamp?"

"You yourself—you gave me oil, fiat, and sulphur; the rest I had already."

"That is true; can you as easily prove I helped you to the tools to break through the floor?"

"Just as easily, I got every thing from you."

"Grant me patience! what do I hear? did I give you an axe?"

"I will confess all, but the secretary must be present."

"I will ask no further, but believe you; be silent, and remember I am a poor man, and have a family." He left me, holding his hands to his face. I rejoiced to have discovered something by which I could keep in awe a man to whom I was apparently indebted for my life; I knew that his own interest would keep him silent about what I had done. Shortly after, I commissioned him to buy for me the works of Maffei; he was vexed at the laying out of so much money, but he did not venture to own it, but asked what use I could make of more books, since I already had so many. "I had read them all," I replied; he then promised to borrow others of another prisoner, to whom I could lend mine in return, as he assured me they should not be romances, but learned works, since there were many people of education in the prison; I agreed to his offer, and gave the Chronology of Petard to get another book in exchange for it.

In four minutes he returned with the first part of Wolff's writings; this suited me; I recalled the commission for Maffei's works, and he left me, exulting in the advice he had given me. I was not less pleased at the circumstance than he, not so much on account of the books, as because it opened a channel for communication by writing, with some prisoner, who might aid me in my plans for escape. On opening the book I found a sheet of paper with six good verses, a paraphrase on Seneca's words, "calamitosus est, animus futuri anxius." I made the nail of my little finger of my right hand, which I had kept long, into a sort of pen, and wrote, with mulberry-juice, some verses on the same paper; I wrote a list of my other books on the last leaf of the volume; and on the reverse, under the title of the book, I wrote "latet." Anxious for an answer, I told Lorenzo, on the following morning, that I had read the work, and would be glad if the prisoner could lend me another; he returned immediately with the second part; a loose leaf, which lay in it, contained the following, written in Latin.

"We, both confined as we are in one place, must rejoice at the folly and avarice which give us an unexpected advantage. My name is Marino Balbi; I am a Venetian nobleman, and belong to the brotherhood of Somascus; my fellow prisoner is Count Andreas Asquina, from Undine, in Frioul; he desires me to say that you may dispose of his books also, a list of which is subjoined on the other side: we must be cautious to conceal from Lorenzo our little correspondence."

I laughed at the recommendation of caution, because the loose leaf with the list of books was no proof of it on his part; Lorenzo might have found the paper, and needed only to get it translated for him to detect us. I gathered from this circumstance that Balbi was not very discreet. After I had read the catalogue, I wrote on the blank half of the page who I was, and all I knew of the origin of my detention, and that I hoped soon to be freed: in the next book I found a letter of sixteen pages, containing the whole history of the cause of his imprisonment. I concluded from this, that he was an affected, whimsical, false reasoner, wicked, stupid, thoughtless, and ungrateful; for example, he mentioned how unhappy he should be, without money and books, if without the company of the old count, and then filled two pages with jests and ridicules of him. I would never have corresponded with a man of this character, had not necessity compelled me to avail myself of his aid. At the back of the volume I found paper, pen, and pencil; I now had the means of writing conveniently. Balbi had mentioned, among other things, that Nicola was the jailer who attended him, and who told him of all that passed in the prison; that he had informed him of what I had done to the floor of my cell, and that Lorenzo had been employed two hours in getting the hole I had made repaired, enjoining the strictest secrecy to the carpenter and smith whom he had employed to do it. Balbi requested my full confidence as to the plan I meant to adopt, to effect my escape. I had less doubts of his curiosity than of his prudence, for his request was suspicious.

but I was under the necessity of managing this man; at least, I supposed him able to execute the part in our escape I should entrust him with. I employed the whole day in writing an answer; but suspicion induced me to delay sending it directly: it was possible that Lorenzo might have favoured our correspondence, only to ascertain what instruments I had need to attempt my escape, and where they were to be found: I therefore said that I had used a knife, which still lay in the window of the garret before my cell: Lorenzo had not looked there, but he would do so if he examined our letters.

Balbi wanted to know whether I had not always had the knife with me. As he understood I had not been searched, Lorenzo would have justified his innocence of having been at all negligent, by alleging that he naturally supposed every prisoner sent him by messer grande, to have been previously searched; but in truth the latter had no pretence for searching me, as he saw me rise from my bed. Balbi begged me to send the knife to him by Nicola, as this man was to be trusted.

The incaution of this monk astonished me; as soon as I was convinced that our letters were not intercepted, I wrote to him to say, I would trust my secret neither to Nicola, nor even to paper; this suspicion however gradually left me, and I reflected that my stiletto was an excellent means of effecting my escape; but as I could not use the weapon myself, since, excepting the ceiling, all the rest of my cell was daily searched by an attendant with an iron bar, I could only escape by somebody's breaking through this ceiling from without, who could rescue himself as well as me, through a hole we might make, in the same night, in the roof of the ducal palace: but I must have a companion to help me to attain the roof, where we could consult what was to be done further; consequently, though I could find no one more able to execute my directions than this monk, who was only twenty years of age, and of weak intellect, he must know every thing, and even be put in possession of my iron bolt; I therefore asked Balbi in a letter, whether he were really anxious for freedom, and whether he would be ready to do all that I desired him to do, in order to rescue himself and me. He answered me, that he and his companion were ready to attempt every thing that was practicable, but described to me in four pages the impediments and difficulties we should have to encounter. I answered, that common considerations I cared not for; my plan was arranged, and that he should partake of my freedom on promising on his honour to obey me in every thing; he did so promise. I now wrote to him about my iron stiletto, which I would contrive to send him, that he might dig through the floor, break open the wall, and draw me up to him through the opening; that then I would achieve all the rest, and free him as well as the count.

He answered me, that when he had drawn me up to him, I should still be a prisoner, only in another cell. I answered, I knew that well, and had no intention of escaping through any door; my plan was made, and would succeed; I only expected from him punctuality in fulfilling my directions: at the same time I bid him obtain from the keeper fifty prints of sacred subjects, and stick them up against the walls of the cell; these would not excite Lorenzo's suspicion, and we could conceal by means of them the hole through which we should escape, as it would only require a few days to accomplish, and Lorenzo would not be aware of it: I could not do this for myself, for I should be suspected, and no one would believe that I got the prints for the sake of devotion.

Having already planned how to convey to Balbi my iron bolt, I ordered Lorenzo to procure for me a folio edition of a work I specified: the size of this book induced me to hope, that I could conceal the stiletto between the binding and the back, but it was unfortunately two inches longer than the book. Balbi wrote soon to tell me he had hung up the prints. I was determined to send him the stiletto in the book, but with some contrivance to conceal that part that would project.

I told Lorenzo I was desirous of celebrating Michaelmas-day, with two great plates of macaroni, dressed with butter and Parmesan cheese, and that I wished to give one to the prisoner who had lent me his books. He answered, that the same prisoner had expressed a wish to borrow my great book; I told him I would send it with the macaroni, and ordered him to procure me the largest dish he could; I would myself fill it. While Lorenzo went for the dish, I wrapped up the bolt in paper, and stuck it behind the binding; I was convinced, that if I put a large dish of macaroni on the top of the book, Lorenzo's attention would be so occupied in carrying that safely, that he never would perceive the end of the iron

projecting; I informed Balbi of all this, and charged him to be particularly cautious to take the dish and book together.

On Michaelmas day, Lorenzo came with a great pan, in which the macaroni was stewed; I immediately added the butter, and poured it into both dishes, filling them up with grated parmesan cheese; the dish for the monk I filled to the brim, and the macaroni swam in butter. I put the dish upon the volume, which was half as broad in diameter as the book was long, and gave them to Lorenzo, with the back of the book turned towards him, telling him to stretch out his arms, and to go slowly, that the butter might not run over on the book. I observed him steadily; he could not turn his eyes away from the butter, which he feared to spill; he proposed to take the dish first, and then to return for the book, but I told him by so doing my present would lose half its value; he consented to take both at last, observing that it would not be his fault if the butter ran over; I followed him with my eyes as far as I could, and soon heard Balbi cough three times, the concerted signal of the success of my stratagem. Father Balbi employed eight days to make the opening, which he daily covered over with a print; he wrote constantly to me, complaining of the slow progress he made, though he worked all night long, and that he thought we should only render our condition worse, as he feared we should have no success; my answer to him was, that I was persuaded of the contrary, though I was by no means so in reality; but I well knew we must either persevere, as we had begun, or give up every thing.

On the 16th of October, at eight o'clock, as I was translating an ode of Horace, I heard a noise over head, and then three taps; I answered with as many: this signal had been agreed on between us, if we had not deceived ourselves as to our relative position. Balbi wrote next day to tell me he should soon finish, if my ceiling did not consist of more than two planks, at the same time reassuring me he would not cut quite through the last, as I had particularly dwelt on the necessity of my ceiling presenting no trace of our labours. I had already resolved to quit my prison on the night of the next day but one; now I had an assistant, I was confident of being able to effect an opening through the great roof of the ducal palace, in four hours; and when we had climbed out on that, to choose the best means that might present themselves of descending.

But on the same day, it was a Monday, two hours after our eating-time, while Balbi was working, I heard the door of the hall which adjoined my prison open; my blood ran cold, but I did not lose my presence of mind; I gave two taps, the signal to Balbi that he must cover the hole up. In a minute Lorenzo appeared, and begged my pardon, but he was obliged to bring me a scoundrel for a companion; at the same time I saw a man about thirty to forty, small, thin, and very plain, with a wretched dress and a round black wig, appear, led by two jailers; I observed, that the tribunal had the power of commanding there; Lorenzo desired a mattress to be brought for him, and left us, after he had told the new comer that ten sous daily were allotted for his provision.

This man, whose countenance and manners by no means belied the character Lorenzo had given of him, had been a common informer and spy of the basest kind; but having deceived the council in a treacherous piece of information, in which he had betrayed his own cousin, he had been sent here for his pains. His ignorance, superstition, and gluttony, were on a par with his rascality, and I was alternately tormented with his absurd and revolting devotions, his nonsense and his voracity; for having at first, out of compassion, let him dine with me, he spent none of his ten sous, but entirely lived on my provisions: his name was Sorodaci. I had written to tell Balbi, that for the present we must give up our efforts at escape; I kept my new companion in good humour, by condoling with him on his imprisonment, and flattering him with hopes of a speedy release; while I procured, through Lorenzo, crucifixes and images to feed his superstition, and plenty of garlic and strong wine to feed his appetite.

One night I wrote to Balbi to inform him, that when the clock struck eighteen he should begin to proceed with his work, and cease as the clock struck three-and-twenty; he had nothing to fear, and the hopes of our escape depended on his punctuality. It was now the twenty-fifth of October, and the day was approaching when the attempt must be made or given up altogether. The inquisitors and the secretary visited, on the first of November, some villages on the main land; Lorenzo was accustomed to get gay on that evening, and did not rise till late the next day to visit his prisoners: that night must therefore be the one destined for our flight.

It now only remained to work on the superstition of

Sorodaci so effectually as to overawe him, and prevent his betraying or marring our plot; accordingly, after he had eaten with me one evening, I assumed the air of one inspired, and bid him seat himself and listen to me. "You must know," said I, "that this morning early, the holy virgin appeared to me in a vision, and said to me, that as you were a fervent worshipper of her holy rosary, to reward your devotion, she would depute an angel in human form, who would descend through an aperture in the ceiling to you, and free you in the space of five or six days: this angel, she told me, would commence his work at the stroke of nineteen, and continue at it till half an hour before sun-set, that he might ascend to heaven again by daylight. Accompanied by this angel, you and I were to quit your prison; and if you swore to renounce the trade of a spy, and reformed, I was to take care of you for the future."

I observed with the most earnest attention the countenance of the fellow, who seemed petrified at my information. I then took my prayer-book, and after sprinkling the cell with holy water, pretended to pray, and repeatedly kissed the image of the virgin. My rogue remained silent for an hour, and then asked when the angel would descend, and whether we should hear him as he broke through the prison. "Certainly," said I, "he will come at the nineteenth hour; we shall hear him at work, and after four hours, which in my opinion are sufficient for an angel to perform his task, he will retire." "Probably," said he, "you have dreamt this." I denied it, and asked him whether he were determined to renounce the trade of a spy? Instead of answering directly, he asked me whether it were not time for him to renounce his profession some time hence. I gave him for consideration till the coming of the angel, but assured him that if by that time he had not taken the oath, he should not be rescued. I was astonished at the calmness of his mind; he seemed certain of the non-appearance of the celestial visitor, and pitied me: I was impatient for the clock to strike nineteen, and enjoyed the idea of the confusion and terror which I was certain this credulous man would manifest at the promised noise; my plan could not fail, unless Lorenzo had forgotten to give the book containing my instructions to Balbi.

At our meal at noon I drank nothing but water; Sorodaci drank all the wine, and ate a great quantity of garlic. As the clock struck nineteen, I threw myself on the floor, and cried out "the angel comes;" he imitated me, and we remained an hour silent. I read for three hours and a half, and he prayed to the rosary, every now and then falling asleep; he did not venture to speak aloud, and kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling at which Balbi was working, with the most comical expression; as it struck three-and-twenty, I bid him imitate me, as the angel was about to retire; we cast ourselves on the earth. Father Balbi ceased, and all was quiet: on the following morning fear, more than rational surprise, was legible on the countenance of my companion. In two hours I had informed Balbi of all that had passed, and told him when he had finished, he need only push in the ceiling of my cell, which he was to do on the night of the 31st of October, and at four we would escape together with his and my companion.

I kept Sorodaci in a continual excitement by my discourse, and never left him to go to rest, till he was nearly drunk and ready to fall asleep. Every thing succeeded to my wish; the 31st was come, and I endeavoured to persuade myself of the probability of our success.

But here I must pause, and endeavour to justify myself in the opinion of the reader, who may else doubt the sincerity of my religious feelings; since I could thus trifle with the mysteries of our religion, in feigning the vision of our Lady, and in playing on the weakness of my credulous companion at the time; and now, in venturing to record it: but I could not suppress this, if I intended to give a faithful account of my escape; and I conscientiously declare, that I feel no compunction at what I then did, though I do not pretend that it was a very honourable proceeding. I adopted it much against my will, and only because I had no better means to employ; but I confess that if it were to do again, and my freedom depended on it, I could not resist the temptation of acting in a similar manner. If nature prompted me to endeavour to escape, certainly religion did not forbid me: I had no time to lose; I had a traitor for a companion, whose very trade would induce him to betray me to Lorenzo; I must therefore either paralyze his mind by the agency of fear, or—murder him, as many others, who possessed less remorse, would have done in my place; I could easily have asserted that Sorodaci had died a natural death, and no enquiries would have been made. If any of my readers should decide this to have been the best

reprehensible mode of acting, God enlighten them; their religion will never be mine; I did what seemed to me my duty, and eternal Providence did not frustrate my endeavours. Sorodaci's cowardice hindered him from sharing our flight, as will be seen, so I was freed from my oath of supporting him; but had it been otherwise, I will confess to my readers, that I would not have prejudiced myself; I will even own, that on the first appearance of danger, I would have freed myself from the wretch, if I must have tied him up to a tree; as I had sworn to him constant support, I knew his fidelity would last no longer than I could influence his fears, which would probably terminate at the appearance of the angel and monk. "Non morta fe, chi non la serba altrui." A man is more justified in sacrificing all to self-preservation, than kings are, who maintain their right to sacrifice all to the good of the state.

At length the seventeenth hour strikes, and the angel approaches. Sorodaci was about to prostrate himself, but I told him it was needless; in three minutes a piece of the plank fell at my foot, and Balbi precipitated himself into my arms. "Now your work is complete, and mine begins;" he gave over to me my stiletto: impatient to reconnoitre, I desired Balbi to remain with Sorodaci, whom I was unwilling to trust alone; I forced myself with difficulty through the opening into the cell of the count, whom I embraced. I found in him a man whose person did not seem adapted for exertions like those we had to make; and accordingly, when I told him my plan, he asserted he had no wings, which must be necessary to descend from the leaden roof, and declared he had not courage enough to accompany me, but he would remain behind to pray for us. I betook myself to the roof, to examine with my stiletto the timber and planking under the lead work, and found it break easily. In less than an hour I could effect a tolerable opening; I then returned to my cage, cut up clothes, napkins, and sheets, to make a rope of; I myself fastened the knots by nooses, for one bad one might have precipitated us headlong; I got a hundred feet of rope. In situations like mine a fortunate circumstance often decides all, and he alone deserves success who relies solely on his own exertions for attaining it.

I bound my clothes, my silk mantle, and some linen together, and we all betook ourselves to the count's cell; the latter wished Sorodaci joy of having been confined with me, and of now being able to escape with me. I laughed at laying aside the Tartuffe's mask I had carried for a week, in order to impose on my worthy companion; he now discovered that he had been cheated, but still could not comprehend how I had maintained an intercourse with the pretended angel, who came so punctually to our rescue. The count's assertion, that we exposed ourselves to imminent danger, made him anxious, and coward as he was, he determined not to hazard the perilous attempt. I exhorted the monk to make up his package, while I finished the opening in the roof; at the second hour of the night it was ready. I felt, indeed, that the plates of lead were riveted to, or at least bent over the marble gutter; but with Balbi's assistance, and with my bolt, I succeeded in loosening one of the plates sufficiently, so that with the help of one's shoulder it could be raised up. I saw with regret, as I looked out, the light of the new moon, and we must now wait till midnight, when she would set; for in such a night, when the serenity of the weather tempted all the world to walk in St. Mark's-place, we dared not venture to be clambering about the roof; at five the moon would set, and at half-past thirteen the sun would rise, so we had seven hours of perfect darkness.

I told Balbi we would pass the three hours in conversation with Count Asquino, and that the former should beg him to lend us forty zechini, which would be as necessary to our success as my stiletto had been. He performed my commission, and said, after some minutes, the count would speak with me alone: the poor old man represented to me that I needed no gold for my flight; that his family was numerous, and that if I should die he would lose the loan, together with other excuses to conceal avarice. My answer lasted half an hour; I alleged excellent reasons, but these never will prosper while the world stands; for what can philosophy avail against the passions? It occurred to me, "noienti baculus," but I was not cruel enough to put this proverb in practice, and concluded with the promise, that if he would escape with us I would bear him on my shoulders; weeping and sobbing, he asked if two zechini would be enough. I answered I must be contented with any thing, and he conjured me to promise to restore them to him, if, after wandering about some time on the roof, we should be obliged to return to our prisons. This I pro-

posed, though surprised he should imagine I should ever think of returning; I knew very well that would never happen.

We now called our companions, and brought our packages to the opening. I divided my hundred fathoms of line into two parcels; we passed the remaining hours in discourse over our past sufferings. Balbi already began to show the selfish folly of his character, in accusing me repeatedly of not keeping my word with him, for that I had written in my letters to him that I was certain of success, which was by no means the case; and he scrupled not to declare, that if he had known as much as he did now, he never would have united with me in the attempt. The count said, with the caution of a man of seventy, that he thought I had much better remain where I was, for that I should certainly lose my life in attempting to descend from the roof. I gave no heed to his advice; but he still persisted in the hopes of rescuing his two zechini; he described the difficulties of climbing along the roof, and the impracticability of getting in at any of the windows, which were all guarded by iron bars, or of finding a place where we might fasten the rope to; and if even we succeeded in finding such a place, he conceived we should be unable to let ourselves down by the ropes, so that one of us must sacrifice himself by letting down the other two, and then return to his prison; that further, if either of us was capable of such generosity, it then remained to be considered on which side we could descend, without being seen; on the side next the church we should be inclosed in the court-yard, where there were sentinels; there only remained, therefore, the side of the canal, and there we could not have a boat ready for us. I listened to all this with a patience which was foreign to my nature. What provoked me the most were the impudent reproaches of the monk; but as I could not hope to succeed without the aid of one at least, I restrained myself, and contented myself with saying, I was certain of success, though I could not explain all the particulars of my plan.

I sent Sorodaci, who had been in silent bewilderment all this time, to see how near the moon was to her setting, he returned with the information, that in a quarter of an hour there would be no moon to be seen, but that a thick mist would make it dangerous to ascend the leaden roof. "As long as the mist is not oil, I am content," said I, and desired Sorodaci to put on his mantle, and take a part of the rope; on this he began to weep, and begged me not to require his death; he should but fall into the canal, and be perfectly useless to us; he therefore desired to be left behind; he would remain and pray the whole night to St. Francis for us: I had it in my power, he said, to kill him, but alive he would never go with us.

He little knew that I was glad to be quit of him, as I was sure he would be more burdensome than useful to us; I dismissed him, therefore, on condition he would pray to St. Francis, and that he would bring all my books, with a hundred dollars, to the count; he did so; the latter offered to restore them all on my return; I observed he would never see me again. "The wretch deserves not to share in such an undertaking as ours; does he, Balbi?" I wished by this speech to arouse a spark of feeling and honour in the other, and he was obliged to acquiesce in my assertion.

I now begged of the count, pen, ink, and paper, which he possessed, notwithstanding the prohibition to that effect, for Lorenzo would have sold St. Mark himself for a dollar. I wrote a letter, which I could not read over, as it was dark, and gave it to Sorodaci. It began with the following appropriate verse: "Non morar, sed vivam, et narrabo, opera Domini." Our lord inquisitors may employ every means to detain a prisoner in their dungeons; but if he be fortunate enough not to be pledged by his word, he is justified in taking all steps to effect his liberation; the former justify themselves by law, the latter by nature; they do not require his concurrence for his imprisonment; he does not require theirs to his freedom. I wrote as follows:

"Jacob Casanova, who writes this in the agony of his heart, knows that the misfortune may befall him of falling again into the hands of those from whom he is now endeavouring to escape; should this be the case, he supplicates the humanity of his high-minded judges not to make his condition more wretched, in punishing him for an attempt that reason and nature equally prompted him to; he begs that if he should be retaken, all his property be restored to him, and that he may be confined again in the cell from which he now breaks out. Should he, however, succeed in escaping, he gives all he left behind him to Francisco Sorodaci, whom the love of freedom did not inspire like himself, and who, therefore, remains

behind, and whom Casanova begs would not attribute this present to him."

"Written an hour before midnight, without light, in the cell of Count Asquino, the 31st of October, 1756."

Castigana, castigavit me Deus, et morti non tradidit me.

I gave the letter to Sorodaci, with an injunction to deliver it into the secretary's own hands, who would certainly visit the prisons himself. The count thought the letter would not fail in its effect, and he promised, when I was brought back, to return me every thing. Sorodaci even said he hoped to see me again, and to give me back also what I had left him.

But it was time to depart, as the moon was no longer visible. I placed on Balbi's shoulder the bundle of cord, and on the other his packet, and loaded myself in the same manner; we then, dressed in our vest only, and our hats on our heads, looked through the opening I had made.

E quindi uscimmo a rimirar le stelle.—Dante.

I went first; notwithstanding the mist, every object was visible enough; kneeling and creeping, I thrust my weapon between the joints of the lead plates, holding with one hand by that, and with the other, by the plank on which the lead plate had laid, which I had removed, I raised myself on the roof; Balbi, in following me, grasped my hand behind, so I resembled a beast of burthen, which must draw as well as carry; in this manner I had to ascend a steep and slippery roof-side. When we were half way up this dangerous plane, Balbi desired me to stop a moment, for that one of his bundles had fallen off, and probably had only rolled down to the gutter; my first thought was to give him a push that would send him after it, but Heaven enabled me to contain myself; the punishment would have fallen on me as well as him; for without his help I could do nothing. I asked if the bundle was gone? and when I heard that it contained his black gown, two shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him for its loss: he sighed, and followed me, still holding by my clothes.

After I had climbed over about sixteen lead plates, I reached the ridge of the roof; I set myself astride on it, and the monk imitated me; our backs were turned towards the island of S. Giorgio maggiore, and two hundred steps before us was the cupola of St. Marks, a part of the ducal palace, wherein the chapel of the doge is, more magnificent than that of any king. Here we took off our bundles; he placed his ropes between his legs; but on laying his hat upon them, it rolled down the roof, and fell into the canal; he looked on this as a bad omen, and complained he had now lost hat, shirts, and manuscript; but I reminded him, that it was fortunate that the hat had fallen to the right and not to the left, for otherwise it would have alarmed the sentinel in the arsenal.

After looking about me a little, I bid the monk remain quite still here till my return, and climbed along the roof, my dagger in my hand; I crept in this manner for an hour, trying to find a place to which I might fasten my rope to enable me to descend; but all the places I looked down into were enclosed ones, and there were insuperable difficulties in getting to the canonica on the other side of the church; yet every thing must be attempted, and I must hazard it without allowing myself to think too long on the danger; but about two thirds of the way down the side of the roof I observed a dormer window, which probably lit some passage leading to the dwelling-places not within the limits of the prisons, and I thought I should find some of the doors going out of it open at day-break. If any one should meet us, and take us for estate prisoners, he would find, I determined, some difficulty in detaining us. With this consideration, with one leg stretched out towards the window, I let myself gently slide down, till I reached the little roof of it, that ran parallel to the great one, and set myself upon it. I then leaned over, and by feeling, discovered it to be a window with small round panes of glass, cased in lead, behind a grating; to penetrate this, required a file, and I had only my stiletto. Bitterly disappointed, and in the greatest embarrassment, I seemed incapable of coming to a determination, when the clock of St. Mark's striking midnight, awakened my fainting resolution; I remembered that this sound announced the beginning of All Saints day. When misfortune drives a strong mind to devotion, there is always a little superstition mingled with it, that bell aroused me to action, and promised me victory, laying on my stomach and stretching over, I struck violently with my dagger against the grating in the hope of forcing it; in a quarter of an hour were four of the wooden squares broke, and my hand grasped the wood work; the panes of glass were speedily demolished, for I heeded not

the cutting of my hand. I now returned up to the top of the roof, and crept back to my companion; I found him in a dreadful rage, cursing me for having left him two hours; he at last thought I must have fallen over, and was about to return to his prison. He asked me what were my intentions; "you will soon see," said I, and packing our bundles on our necks again, I bid him follow me. When we reached the roof of the window, I explained to him what I had done, and what I intended to do. I asked his advice as to the best mode of getting in at it: it would be easy for the first man, the second would hold the rope; but what would this last one do? in leaping down from the window to the floor he might break a leg, for we knew nothing of the space between. The monk instantly proposed I should let him down first, and afterwards think how I should get in myself; I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my indignation at this proposal, and to proceed to execute his wish; I tied a rope round my companion, and sitting astride of the window-roof, let him down to the window, telling him to rest on his elbows on the roof, and to put his feet through the hole I had made. I then lay down again on the roof, and leaning forward, told him to be satisfied that I would hold the rope fast. Balbi came safely down upon the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back to me, but in doing this, I found that the space from the window to the floor was ten times my arm's length; it was impossible, therefore, to jump this. Balbi called to me to throw the rope to him; but I took care not to follow his absurd and selfish counsel. I now determined on returning to the great roof, and I discovered a cupola at a place where I had not been; it brought me to a stage laid with lead plates, and which had a trap-door, covered with two folding shutters. I found here a tub full of fresh lime, building tools, and a tolerably long ladder; the latter, of course, attracted my particular attention; I tied my rope round one of the rings, and climbing up the roof again, drew the ladder after me; this ladder I must contrive to put in at the window, and it was twelve times the length of my arm. Now I missed the help of the monk; I let the ladder down to the gutter, so that one end leaned against the window, the other stood in the gutter; I drew it up to me again as I leaned over, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain; it always came over the roof, and the morning might come and find me here, and bring Lorenzo soon after it; I determined to slide down to the gutter in order to give the ladder the right direction. This gutter of marble yielded me a resting-place, while I lay at length on it; and I succeeded in putting the ladder about a foot into the window, which diminished its weight considerably, but it was necessary to push it in two feet more; I then should only have to climb back to the window-roof, and, by means of the line, draw it entirely in; to effect this, I was compelled to raise myself on my knees, and while I was doing so, they slipped off the gutter, and I lay with only my breast and elbows upon it. I exerted all my strength to draw my body up again, and to lay myself on the gutter: I had, fortunately, no trouble with the ladder; it was now three feet in the window, and did not move. As soon as I found I lay firm, I endeavoured to raise my right knee up to the level of the gutter; I had nearly succeeded, when the effort gave me a fit of the cramp, as paralyzing as it was painful. What a moment! I lay two minutes motionless; at length the pain subsided, and I succeeded in raising one knee after the other upon the marble again: I rested a few minutes, and then pushed the ladder still further into the window. Sufficiently experienced in the laws of equilibrium by this adventure, I returned to the window-roof, and drawing the ladder entirely in, my companion received the end of it, and secured it; I then threw in the rope and bundle, and soon rejoined him; after short congratulations, I felt about to examine the dark and narrow place we were in.

We came to a grated iron door, which opened on my raising the latch, and we entered a large hall; we felt round the walls, and met with a table, surrounded by arm-chairs. I at length found a window, opened the sash of it, and looked, by starlight, down a fearful depth; here was no descent by rope practicable. I returned to the place where we had left our things, and sat down in an arm-chair, and was seized with such an invincible desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death, I should have welcomed it; the feeling was indescribable. At the third hour the noise of the monk awoke me; he said my sleeping at such a time and place was incomprehensible; but nature had overcome me; I, however, gained a little strength by the rest.

I said, as I arose, that this was no prison, and that there must be, therefore, somewhere an exit; I searched

till I found the large iron door, and opposite to it was a smaller one, with a key-hole; I put my stiletto in it, and exclaimed, "Heaven grant it may not be a cupboard." After some efforts the lock yielded, and we entered a small room, in which was a table with a key upon it; I tried it; it opened, and I found myself in cupboards filled with papers; it was the archive-chamber. We ascended some steps, and passing through a glass-door, entered the chancery of the doge; I now knew where I was, and as in letting ourselves down we might get into a labyrinth of small courts, I seized an instrument with which the parchments are pierced to affix the seals; this tool I bid Balbi stick into the chink in the door, which I made with my bolt, and worked it about on all sides, not caring for the noise, till I had made a tolerable hole; but the projecting splinters threatened to tear our skin and clothes, and it was five feet from the floor to the opening, for I had chosen the place where the planks were the thinnest; I drew a chair to it, and the monk got on it; he stuck his arms and head through the opening, and I pushed the rest of him through into a chamber, the darkness of which did not alarm me; I knew where we were, and threw my bundle through to him, but left the rope behind. I had no one to aid me, on which account I placed a chair on the top of two others, and got through the aperture with my loins; I desired Balbi to pull me through with all his force, regardless of the pain the laceration of my flesh gave me. We hastened down two flights of steps, and arrived at the passage leading to the royal stairs, as they are called; but these, wide as a town-gate, were, as well as those beyond, shut with four wide doors; to force these would have required a petard, and here my dagger seemed to say, "hic fines posuit." I sat down by Balbi, calm and collected, and told him that my work was done, and that God and fortune would achieve the rest for us.

Abbia, chi regge il ciel, cura del resto
O la fortuna, se non tocca a lui.

"To-day," I continued, "is All Saints day, and tomorrow, All Souls, and it is not likely any should come here; if any one do come to open the doors, I will rescue myself, and you follow me; if none come, I will remain here and die of hunger, for I can do no more."

Balbi's rage and desperation knew no bounds; but I kept my temper, and began to dress myself completely. If Balbi looked like a peasant, his dress at least was not in shreds, and bloody, like mine; I drew on my stockings, and found on each foot large wounds, for which I was indebted to the gutter and lead plates; I tore my handkerchief, and fastened the bandages with thread I had about me; I put on my silk dress, which was ill assorted with the weather, arranged my hair, and put on a shirt with lace ruffles, and silk stockings, and threw my old clothes into a chair; and now looked like a rake, who is found after a ball in a suspicious place. I approached a window, and, as I learnt two years afterwards in Paris, some loiterer below who saw me, informed the keeper of the palace of it, who, fearing that he had locked some one in by mistake, came to release us; I heard the noise of steps coming up the stairs, and looking through a chink, saw only one man, with some keys in his hand. I commanded Balbi to observe the strictest silence, and hiding my stiletto under my clothes, placed myself close to the door, so that I needed only one step to reach the stairs. The door was opened, and the man was so astonished at my appearance, that I was able, silently and quickly, to pass by him, the monk following me; assuming then a sedate pace, I took the direction to the great staircase: Balbi wanted to go to the church to the right, for the sake of the sanctuary, forgetting that in Venice there was no sanctuary against state crimes and capital offences, but at last he followed me.

I did not expect security in Venice. I knew I could not be safe till I had passed the frontiers; I stood now before the royal door of the ducal palace; but without looking at any one, or being observed in return, I crossed the "Piazzetta," and reaching the canal, entered the first gondola I found there, and cried out, "another rower, I wish to go to Fusina." Another gondolier soon appeared, and I threw myself negligently on the contre-seat, while the monk sat on one side: the gondola put off.

The figure of the monk, without a hat, and wrapped in my cloak, might have caused me to be taken for an astrologer, or an adventurer. We no sooner passed the custom-house than my gondoliers began to exert their strength to cross the waves of the great canal, through which the way lay, as well to Fusina as to Mestre, whither in reality I meant to go. In the middle of the

canal I put out my head, and asked the man, if in fourteen hours we should get to Mestre?

"You wished to go to Fusina, did you not?"

"No, blockhead, I said Mestre;" the other rower, however, maintained the contrary, and Balbi was even absurd enough to contradict me. I affected to laugh, and said I might have erred, but that my wish was to go to Mestre. The gondoliers acquiesced; they were ready to go to England, if I required it; and told me we should reach Mestre in three quarters of an hour.

I cast a look behind us, and saw no gondola in pursuit of us. I rejoiced in the fine day, which was as glorious as could be wished, shining with the first rays of an incomparable sun-rise. Reflecting on the dangers of the past night, on the place where I had spent the preceding day, and on all the fortunately concurring events, which had so favoured me, gratitude filled my soul, and I raised, in silence, my thanks for the mercy of God; overcome by the variety of emotions, I burst into tears, which relieved my heart from the oppression of a joy that seemed likely to burst it.

It is sufficient to add, that after many difficulties and narrow escapes, Casanova succeeded in eluding pursuit, and safely quitted the Venitian territory.

Arthur St. John,

PART I.

"Heus, Rogero! ser cavallor,
Eja! nunc canus!
Jam repetit domum,
Mauris et oscula
Sua videri r'petamus!"—*Dulce Venum.*

None but an English schoolboy can form an idea of the ecstatic feelings which attend "breaking-up." The opinion that our school-days are the happiest of our existence is true in nothing but this. The delight which we experience at going home is, perhaps, almost the keenest that we feel at any period of our lives: and, probably, it is so from the very fact that those days are so little happy at other times. Who is there among us whose heart does not beat at the remembrance of the almost delicious joy in which he used to be plunged during "the last week?" and, at last, when the very morning itself arrives, and he jumps into the chaise, hired weeks before, to ensure it—oh! it would be almost worth while (and it would be a heavy price) to put oneself to school again for a half-year, in order to taste the enjoyment of that hour!

With what joyful energy used a whole choir of young voices to shout out the beloved chorus of the home song, a verse from which I have selected as an epigraph to this chapter, *Domum, domum, dulce, dulce domum!* Yes, sweet and beloved, indeed, is home then! Time has not chilled us, the world has not corrupted us; as the young bird returns to its nest, so do we to our parents' arms and dwelling. And with what undoubting faith did we receive the tradition of how that song was written, and of its author's fate! The story ran, that a boy—a Wykehamist it was said—was, for his idleness and ill-conduct, left at school during the holidays; he pleaded hard to be forgiven, but his friends were inexorable. Accordingly, as soon as the last chaise-full of his companions had driven off, he retired to his solitary chamber, wrote the song, of which the above is part,* and died at the end of a few days, of a broken heart. It may seem childish to record such a legend at this time of day, but the feelings which are allied to it are too vivid not to sway the heart strongly even now.

It is certain, at least, that the two young gentlemen, whose return from school has suggested the foregoing reflections, would have thought them childish enough. They were Eton boys, near the top of the school, between seventeen and eighteen years old, and, of course, far too manly not to hold in scorn all the more juvenile associations from which such thoughts spring. Still, delighted they were. Youth, health, high spirits, ardent anticipations—what needed they more? Joyous, indeed, was their conversation, and short seemed the way, as they rattled along as rapidly as damns, promises, and double-pay could urge the post-boy.

"Get on, my lad, get on, we shall be late," exclaimed one of the travellers, letting down the front window of the chaise, "I want you," he added, turning to his companion, "to see the view from the top of the hill, and it will be dark if this fellow does not get on faster. See,

* It is in Latin rhyming verse, and consists of several stanzas.

yonder are the out-lying woods of Mabledon; but it is three quarters of a mile from there to the Park-gate."

They reached it at last: the porter's wife at the lodge beamed with smiles as she flung the gates wide, and exclaimed, "God bless you, my lord—you are welcome home," as the chaise whirled through. "Now, St. John," he exclaimed, "look out on this side; there is the river, and yonder is the obelisk; and you can just catch a glimpse of the clock-house over the stables, in the angle of the valley—the weathercock is glittering in the sun. This view from the London lodge we reckon our crack prospect, I can tell you."

And well they might: it was a view such as is to be found only in England; and there only in the seat of an ancient and wealthy family. The scene consisted of two boldly swelling hills, along one of which they were now passing, clothed with the most luxuriant woods, whose tufted tops were glowing under the splendour of a July sun-set. The trees, advancing more on some points than on others upon the brow of the hills, gave beautiful variety to the ground, by thus affording vistas into the thick of the woods, and by the picturesque effect of the dotted clumps and single trees, which formed their termination. Between these hills stretched a broad and beautiful valley, with a fine stream running throughout its whole length. At the farther extremity appeared a bridge, near the opposite side of which some of the chimneys of the house were visible. "It is beautiful, indeed," exclaimed St. John, "most beautiful—most magnificent!" and he continued to gaze with increasing admiration and delight, as Mabledon pointed out to him feature after feature of the prospect as they advanced.

At length, as the chaise proceeded along the brow of the hill, and, subsequently, began to wind down it, the house appeared in full view. It was of white stone, and of the Ionic order of architecture, simple, grand, and of vast extent, such evidently as could be occupied only by a man of princely fortune. St. John gazed in silence: the image of his own humble home rose upon his mind, and the contrast was too forcible to be pleasing.

"See," Lord Mabledon cried, "they have perceived our coming, and are on the steps to receive us—but where can my sister be, that she is not there?—she used always to be the first to welcome me. Ah! here she is, I declare," he exclaimed, as, at a turn in the road, they beheld a female figure, on a white pony, coming at three-parts speed to meet them. She approached;—nothing could have formed a more charming object for a painter than that on which St. John now looked. The pony, milk-white, and with its long, silken mane and tail floating on the wind, was, to ordinary horses, what an Italian greyhound is to the rest of his species. But St. John saw not the horse—the rider riveted his looks and thoughts. It was a girl about sixteen; tall, and slenderly formed, but already with that beautiful outline of form, which is always accompanied by grace, and which gives the promise of full development at maturity. Her hair brilliant and profuse, was blown by the wind in dishevelled luxuriance about her cheeks, glowing at once with the effects of exercise and of emotion. Her large full eyes flashed through their long lashes with the animation of joy; and as, stretching out her hands with delight towards her brother, a smile of affection irradiated her whole countenance, St. John thought he never had beheld a being so lovely. She was not encumbered by a habit: she seemed to have started upon horse-back to meet her brother: a velvet foraging cap was flung lightly upon her head, giving her streaming hair to view, and her ordinary gown betrayed a foot like Cinderella's in the fairy stirrup.

"Dear, dear George!" she exclaimed, as she rode up to the chaise; "welcome home a thousand times! how delighted I am! And you're looking so well! We did not expect you for this hour, or I intended to have met you at the gate!" Lord Mabledon greeted his sister with equal fondness; and it was only after a dialogue of some duration that he turned to his friend, saying, "But I forgot—Arthur, I must present you to my sister. Emily, this is my friend Mr. St. John; Mr. St. John," he added, with mock formality, "this is Lady Emily Lorraine." Lady Emily smiled, and bowed, and, looking at the disorder of her dress, blushed a little, saying, "I will canton on and put Titania up; you will find them all in the hall waiting for you;" and, giving the rein to her little mettlesome steed, off she sprang as rapidly as she had come.

A few minutes more, and they drove up to the great entrance. Lord and Lady Missenden were in the porch, and Mabledon was eagerly embraced by each. Their son was evidently an object of equal pride and affection. As soon as the first greetings were over, he hastened to present his friend, and as the friend of such a son was he

received. Lord Missenden was a man somewhat under fifty; tall, handsome, and of peculiarly gentlemanlike aspect. His countenance was usually thought to wear an expression of coldness, but at this moment it was lighted up by all the warmest and strongest feelings of his nature. His countess was little turned of forty, with more than the remains of great beauty, and possessing those manners, the perfection of which is perhaps to be found in no other person than a woman of condition, who is no longer in her youth. Their polish, grace and fascination may exist at any age; but their full ease can scarcely be possessed until the consciousness which must ever attach to "a beauty" has in great measure passed away.

In a few moments Lady Emily again joined them, and they proceeded together to the drawing room. It was full of company, a large party being then at Mabledon; and to most of them Lord Missenden presented his son and his son's friend. To this last every thing was new and dazzling. The splendid room, opening *en suite* to the library and music room, crowded and glittering with all the varied and brilliant luxuries of modern furniture; the exotics which shed their perfume through the windows opening to the ground; the lovely home view which was seen through them, beautiful as that at the entrance of the park had been noble; the grand scale on which every thing around him seemed modelled; all served to strike St. John at once with admiration and even surprise. His home was widely different. A small parsonage, with a parlour on each side of a narrow hall—modestly furnished; such was the dwelling in which he had been born, and in which his holidays had hitherto been spent. His father, who was, as I have said, a clergyman with a moderate living, seeing the promise of strong talents in this his only child, had sent him early to Eton, with a view to the advantages of the "connections" that might be formed there, and with especial injunctions to the boy to neglect no opportunity of making them. The father had calculated correctly as to his son's talents; his advancement was rapid, and his distinction great; but he had utterly mistaken his fine independent spirit, when he had tried to instil into his young mind the mean maxims of a *tuft-hunter*. Arthur St. John was a noble, open, and generous boy, whose very last idea was the worldly advantage which such or such a *liaison* might prove to him eventually; and holidays after holidays, when his father asked him, in Eton phrase, "Who is your chief *con* now?"—he had the mortification to hear the plebeian names of Jackson, Thompson, or Jones, in answer. But, at length chance effected what would never have been accomplished by design. The circumstance of two or three boys leaving school at the same time, brought young St. John next to Lord Mabledon, the eldest son of the Earl of Missenden, a nobleman of immense wealth, and great political influence. The two boys became inseparable; in all schemes, whether of study or pleasure, they were united. Lord Mabledon, without having the striking talents of his friend, was sufficiently quick and clever to appreciate, and go along with him; and so total, at the same time, was the absence of all rivalry, that his gratification at the distinctions which St. John's talents gained him, was scarcely inferior to that of Arthur himself. Content, as the school-phrase goes, "to do his own," Lord Mabledon aimed at no more; and, consequently, his anxiety for his friend's success was unmingled with any feeling of personal emulation or jealousy.

The boys rose together; and their friendship continued unbroken. Each constantly spoke of the other at his home; and, at length, the proposal of Lord Mabledon to bring his friend home with him the next summer was readily acceded to by both fathers; by the one merely to gratify his beloved son,—by the other with the view to his son's advancement.

As Arthur stood, nearly unnoticed, in the magnificent drawing room at Mabledon, gazing upon the brilliant scene which still dazzled his eyes, even when his mind had recovered from that sensation—the contrast of the little parlour at his father's parsonage, with its plain paper, and mohair chairs, and old fashioned window seats, rose, with a somewhat painful vividness, before his fancy's eye. But his good feelings soon drove this idea from his mind: "Of all things in the world," he thought to himself, "the last allowable to me is to cherish feelings of envy towards Mabledon. Generous, open-hearted, noble fellow that he is, I can feel nothing towards him but friendship and esteem! He is the best friend I ever had in the world; and long, long may we remain so."

"There are music and cards, Mr. St. John," said Lady Missenden, coming up to him; "but I conclude you will be of the party in the music room. Miss Brabazon is a

most celebrated singer; and I will venture to say you never heard a finer finger on the piano."

"I dare say not," thought St. John, as he followed his noble hostess to the music room.

There sat, at the instrument, a tall, bold looking girl of four or five and twenty, who, after vast tumbling over of music books, and shuffling of lights, and divers other of the *minauderies* usually let off by distinguished lady performers, at last fixed on a bravura from an opera then in vogue, and began to play the symphony in certainly a very masterly way. She then sang—correctly, brilliantly, powerfully—but the performance gave St. John no pleasure—it was all head-work, the feelings had no share in it.

"How divinely Miss Brabazon sings!" exclaimed aloud, at the end of the piece, a powdered, formal, old man, rising from a sofa on which he had been asleep during its course; "don't you think so, sir?" But without waiting for St. John's answer, he continued, "She was under Tremezani for two years, and he said he never had a pupil of such excellence. Lord Mabledon," he added, bustling up to him, "do persuade Lady Emily to sing one of her charming little French songs; pray do, Lady Emily, let me entreat you;" and, when he had fairly seated her at the piano, he went back to his sofa and his sleep.

Lady Emily sat down smiling and blushing, as young ladies still can do *before* they are out—and pulling off her gloves (*manches a gigot* were not then in fashion) displayed an arm which St. John thought the whitest and most finely turned he had ever beheld; and though his experience was only that of a stripling under eighteen, he was not far wrong in his judgment. Lady Emily burst at once into her song, which was one of those of delicate archness and *malice*, which no language but French can express, and to which the music (it is the point beyond which French music should never attempt to go) is at once so beautiful and appropriate. St. John almost started as she began: her voice was a round, rich, *contr'alto*—and, though he did not know it by its technical name, yet he felt that it was not the voice he had expected from one so young and apparently so delicate. But his delight equalled his surprise: she seemed to revel in the gay, yet wild, notes with which the burthen was brought round again at the conclusion of every verse—and, each time there was some new outbreak of beauty, some new combination of sweet sounds.

Oh! how delightful is it to gaze on an object such as this!—a young creature, beautiful as the day, beaming with youth and gushing spirits, and the consciousness of exciting and deserving admiration—her eye flashing—her voice quivering—as a smile, bright as the first rush of sun-light over the sea, seems almost struggling with the music for possession of the exquisite lips! Oh! at such a moment we forget that so bright a being can be born for aught save happiness, and love, and joy—still more, that the very excess of her fascination is but too probably in exact proportion with her future sorrows!

St. John thought not thus. He gazed, he listened—both yielded him delight unspeakable—but he was contented to feel it, he did not analyze it. At his age, indeed, we *enjoy* happiness; we do not pause to dissect and demonstrate it. When we do that, our hearts are already beyond the power of experiencing its full and unsophisticated joys. In the prodigality arising from plenty, in youth, we fill the cup of ecstasy to the brim, and empty it at a breath. Afterwards, it is scantily filled, and we pause to savour every drop.

"Again!—again!—pray, again!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once. "Encore!—I beseech you, Lady Emily, encore!" said Mr. Evans, the powdered, formal gentleman, awaking from his sleep. St. John did not speak; but he fixed a look of mingled admiration and entreaty, which nothing but a warm and passionate heart could give to the face—and beneath which Lady Emily's eyes quailed, as she blushed deeply—and, after a pause to collect herself, began her song again.

It was long before Arthur St. John could close his eyes in sleep that night. The emotions of the day, so many and so various, had excited him far beyond the pitch to which rest will come. Above all, the strongest passion of human nature had that day dawned in one of the most passionate hearts which the hand of that nature had ever formed. Arthur St. John, for the first time, had felt *love*.

PART II.

Thus lived our youth, with conversation, books,
And Lady Emma's soul-subduing looks;
Lost in delight.—Crabbe.

Lady Emily had had a great curiosity to see Arthur St. John. Her brother had been in the habit of speaking

of him constantly as his dearest friend; and she knew from the same source that his reputation for talents was pre-eminent among those whose occupation it was to judge of talents. The arrival of a person, whose coming had been prefaced by circumstances such as these, could not be an indifferent event to a young lady of sixteen, whose feelings and ideas had not as yet been fashion-bitten and made worldly by joining in that most heartless, selfish, cold, mercenary, intercourse, called, emphatically, society. If her passions were not as yet deep and powerful, her feelings, at least, were quick and sensitive. The romance natural to her age lay piled within her heart, ready to take fire at the first touch.

But St. John felt far more strongly still, and saw and guessed nothing of all this. Fielding has somewhere said, in substance, that it is seldom that a very young, and consequently inexperienced, man expects to meet with villany in the world; for how should he know of it, unless he be a villain himself, and thus be prompted by suggestions from within? And how, therefore, should St. John be able to guess the paler affection which existed in Lady Emily, while he burned with a passion fated to give its colour to his whole life?

A party in a country-house possesses at least one advantage in an incomparable degree, viz. the ease and rapidity with which we become acquainted with those with whom we sympathise. In London, three years will not make two persons of opposite sexes so well known to each other, as three weeks will do in the country. Three weeks!—why, in that space there may be condensed the whole history and fate of a human heart; opening, crisis, and catastrophe!

And so it was with poor Arthur. Lady Emily's attachment to her brother was great; and, while he was at home, she was at home, and constantly in his company. She rode with him in the morning; she got into the same little coterie at night; and in all this St. John mingled. He admired her exceeding beauty; he was fascinated by the grace, animation, and even archness of her manners: he was touched by the *sentiment* which was constantly upspringing in every word she spoke. Above all, he was dazzled and made drunk by her very manifest admiration of him. Nothing, indeed, adds more strongly to the fascination of a young and charming girl than the circumstance of those fascinations having the assistance of her evidently appreciating our sweet self, according to the modest estimate which we ourselves are apt to form of that person.

And thus did Lady Emily look on St. John. She hung upon all he said, and gazed upon his face as she spoke; she appealed constantly to his opinion; and exclaimed "Oh! how beautiful!" when he once repeated to her a couple of stanzas of his composition. She would sing his favourite airs; and showed deference to his taste and judgment in every thing. Was it possible to resist this? Wanderings in magnificent woods, in the most beautiful summer evenings that ever came out of the heavens, (at least, they seemed so,) with sunsets, and moons, and poetry, and fancy, and feeling, and the most accommodating *tiers* in the world, in the shape of a careless, boyish brother, who "thought no harm," and saw and heard nothing that was not on the surface, and thus gave the danger of a tête-à-tête, without its consciousness: in such circumstances as these, what could St. John do, but fall in love? He did;—and that with all the headlong powers of a passionate heart, and, alas, with all the fixed intensity of a firm one:—

"What say'st thou, wise one? 'That all-powerful Love Can Fortune's strong impediments remove;
Nor is it strange, that worth should wed to worth—
The pride of genius with the pride of birth.'"

I do not say that soaring visions like these were thus accurately defined in St. John's mind; but that certain vague images of an elegant and picturesque parsonage, with a honeysuckle growing into the windows, and a green lawn stretching down to a trout-stream, with a couple of children playing on it, and Lady Emily sitting under the trellis-work, smiling as she watched them—that some such picture as this did occasionally form itself in St. John's imagination is most certain. It was foolish, perhaps, but so it is to be in love at seventeen, and yet very sensible people are so every day.

Lady Emily's feelings, on the other hand, were far from being so definite as this. She was thrown into the intimate society of a most striking young man—her brother's chosen friend; she felt the brilliancy of his talents, and the general superiority of his manner; and, above all, she was touched and delighted with the manifest power which her attractions had over him, and which she continued to exert more and more, as she

perceived their daily increasing effects. This was not coquetry, properly so called: it was not done for the purpose of display or of tyranny—but she felt it altogether to be delightful, and she indulged in it, without enquiring as to whether it was to lead, or what its effects might be upon either St. John or herself.

Thus days and weeks rolled on. The young men were not to return to Eton, but were to commence residence at Oxford at the end of the long vacation. Thus they were to pass the three months from Election to the beginning of Michaelmas Term, at Mabledon. The proceedings of the young people were little observed: they were thought almost children; and if Lady Missenden sometimes perceived symptoms of admiration for her daughter in Arthur St. John, it was merely with a smile, and without an idea of danger for either party.

But danger there was, and that deep and imminent. One evening, in the beginning of September, Lady Emily had strolled with her brother and St. John as far as the London lodge, of which I have already spoken. The air was of that rich, balmy temperature, which the close of day, in a fine autumn, so often possesses; and a glorious harvest moon shed her luxurious and luxuriant light upon the scene. When they reached the gate, Lord Mabledon recollected that he had some directions to give to one of the game-keepers, whose lodge was about a mile farther on, along the skirt of the park; and, thinking that it would be too far for his sister to walk, he desired St. John to take her home.

Alas! what a dangerous position is this! Two persons, young, beautiful, full of poetry and romance, and whom the constant intercourse of a considerable period had been drawing nearer and nearer to each other, were thus placed alone in a scene, to the loveliness of which nature and art had both contributed their utmost;—it was evening—there was a deep, soft stillness—they were beneath that light

"Which ev'ry soft and solemn spirit worships,
Which lovers love so well!"

—their arms were linked, and the quickened pulsations of the heart of one were felt against the bosom of the other—which *thrilled* at the touch. Ah!—one has known such moments—and years of pain were well repaid by one of them;—one *has*—but it is no use plunging into one's own reminiscences; my present business is with St. John and Lady Emily, whom we left walking home together from the park-gate.

They proceeded in silence down the hill: but the thoughts of both were busy. Their conversation had been more than commonly animated while Lord Mabledon had been with them, and the revulsion was consequently felt the more. It is probable that, at no moment of their intercourse, had Lady Emily felt more strongly or more tenderly towards St. John. The subject on which he had previously been speaking, though a general one, he had contrived to turn so as to give individual application to his feelings towards her:—he had spoken warmly and eloquently—and she was touched. He was now silent—but she was well aware of what nature that silence was.

At length he stopped suddenly. The place where he did so was in one of the most confined points of the prospect; it could scarcely be to gaze on *that* that he paused. "Lady Emily," said he, in a voice of which the calmness seemed the effect of preparation, "on this spot I saw you first: it was here that, with your heart beaming on your face with love for your brother, my eyes first beheld you. Gracious heaven! what a change has taken place in my existence since then!—I was then careless, free, light-hearted—now, my whole soul is engrossed by an overwhelming, a devouring passion. Lady Emily, I see by your manner that you do not misunderstand me—you know, you must have known for some time, that I adore you!"—and the violence of his emotion made him gasp for breath. Lady Emily trembled, but did not speak. St. John continued—"My love for you has been consuming my soul for weeks—it has reached that pitch that I could no longer conceal it, and live;—say, say that you do not feel anger towards me for speaking thus—say that you do not hate me."

"Hate you!—oh God!"—exclaimed Lady Emily—and, suddenly checking herself, she was again silent.

St. John hung on her words, and paused, expecting to hear her continue:—"Speak to me," at last he said—"will you not speak to me?"

"Mr. St. John," she answered faintly, "this must not be. You are my brother's friend—and my"—she paused for a word—"my—regard for you is great, but I must not hear this!"

"And why not?" interrupted St. John—"why not,

unless you despise me?—why not hear me speak thus, unless I am hateful to you?—I know that I am poor—I know that your rank places you infinitely above me—I know the country clergyman's son has no right to look up to the earl's daughter—but I *love* you—I doat on you—I feel this, and it annihilates every other consideration. And, oh! if you have even the slightest atom of that regard for me, which I have sometimes dared to hope—(and the joy of the idea has driven me almost wild)—you surely must compassionate the state of feeling which has driven me to this disclosure."

"I cannot be insensible," said Lady Emily, "to the value of such feelings from one like you—I cannot but feel pride of the highest kind at having excited them—for I believe you. I am very young, Mr. St. John—and I know you too generous to deceive or trifle with me."

"By heaven!" exclaimed St. John—but I shall not detail the protestations of a lover in answer to a speech like this: he was any thing rather than a hackneyed one—and yet his expressions were, I will answer for it, exactly what a Richelieu or a Valmont would have used upon a similar occasion. Nature teaches: these artists of lovers only imitate what they recollect once to have felt.

Suffice it, that, before they reached home that night, Lady Emily and St. John had sworn to each other their unlimited and eternal love—and the first burning kiss of passion had been impressed upon her beautiful lips.

PART III.

Lila's a lady.—T. H. Bayley.

I shall not dwell on the period which passed between the scene I have just described, and that fixed for the young men to go to Oxford. The disclosure of their passion went no further than to each other. It has been said, and most truly, by a great master of human nature, that "Quand on est d'accord l'un et l'autre, on sait tromper tous les yeux; une passion naissante et combattue éclate; un amour satisfait sait se cacher." The word *satisfait*, as used here, carries with it, it is true, a far more extended meaning than can be applicable in the present case; but still it is applicable; for, in the innocence of their youth, their passion was satisfied by the very fact of its confessed existence, and by the almost unlimited intercourse which it was in their power to command. To Lord Missenden the idea of his daughter forming an attachment to a person in St. John's rank in life never occurred; nay, he had not ceased to consider her a child, and the subject was altogether foreign to his habits of thinking. Lady Missenden, besides, also continuing to regard her daughter almost as a child—a mistake into which handsome mothers will frequently fall—never dreamed of such a thing as a serious attachment springing up between a school-boy and a girl of sixteen. She might, perhaps, sometimes fancy there was a childish flirtation arising merely from the juxta-position of the parties—but this amused her, without exciting any stronger feeling.

Lord Mabledon, from his more constantly being in the company of his sister and his friend, was not quite so blind. He saw that they were becoming attached to each other; but, as his own feelings on such subjects were much more those of an Eton boy, than such as many lords of eighteen feel now-a-days, he never thought of its acquiring sufficient importance for him to interfere. He was exceedingly fond of both: he was delighted in their society, and he was glad to see they were fond of that of each other. The whole business had no graver character in his eyes.

At length Michaelmas term called St. John to Oxford, and the lovers parted. He left Mabledon with an additional pang to those naturally occasioned by his first separation from the first object of his love: for, in despite of all his entreaties, Lady Emily refused to write to him. By some strange contradiction of principle, though they had for above a month carried on the intercourse of a clandestine attachment, yet she could not be persuaded to consent to a clandestine correspondence. Whether it was the actual tangibility of communication by letter, or the extreme difficulty which would attend the establishment of such a correspondence, or both—certain it is, that St. John could obtain nothing more from Lady Emily than the permission of now and then adding a few words at the end of her brother's letters, and of having sometimes a message addressed to him in her own. How different this was from a direct correspondence, I leave it to those few people in the world to judge, who have ever written or received such letters themselves.

* Voltaire.

Two years passed away, and St. John and Lady Emily had not met in the interval. Lord Missenden had gone abroad with his family, which had occasioned this separation. But, in the midst of change of scene, and severe study, and active exertion, the image of Emily Lorraine was still constantly present to Arthur St. John. It was the spur which goaded him to struggle for distinction; it was the sweetest part of his triumph when he obtained it. His disposition was keen and warm, but it was also firm and intense; his passion had been formed under the operation of the former qualities, it was retained and cherished under that of the latter. He had set all his heart upon one cast; the hazard of that die involved the extremes of happiness or anguish.

Lord Mableton had left college and gone into the army, and was at this time abroad with his regiment; so that the interruption of St. John's intercourse with Lady Emily was total.

At length, Lord Missenden's family returned to England. It was the month of April, and they fixed themselves in their house in town, in order that Lady Emily might "come out." She did so: and was soon in the full whirl of that monstrous compound of selfishness, wickedness, frivolity, and folly—a London season.

It was in the middle of June that St. John was able to get away from college, and hastening to London, the first thing he did was to hurry to Grosvenor Square.

"Is Lord Missenden at home?" he said to the powdered, fat, grumpy personage, who emerged from his leathern tub, with all the brutality, at least, if possessing none of the other qualities, of Diogenes—

"No," said Cerberus.

"Is Lady Missenden?"

"No."

"Is Lady Emily?"—he was in the act, although not strictly according to etiquette, of asking, when he caught a glimpse of her bounding across the hall, and up the stairs. It was but a glimpse; but it sufficed to throw the blood into his face, and back again to his heart with a rapidity that took away his breath. He was going to enter, without waiting for an answer to his last question, when the porter again reverberated his emphatic "No!" and, sorely against his inclination, St. John was obliged to retire in despair.

Three days afterwards a card came, with due formality, from Lord and Lady Missenden, to "request the honour of Mr. Arthur St. John's company at dinner," that day three weeks. Not a word of old friendship or recollection; no three-cornered billet from Lady Missenden beginning, "Dear Arthur," as of yore: all was chilling, stately and exceedingly proper. Arthur could not endure the suspense: he twice, in the interval, called in Grosvenor Square, but he never could gain admittance. The torment he suffered during those three weeks, I would not, though I am a poor man, undergo for as many thousand pounds. Now, he doubted of the endurance of Lady Emily's attachment: "Surely, surely," said he, "she might, under such circumstances as these, have broken through her resolution not to write, and given me one line, if it were really only one, to say, that she was unchanged, that she loved me still. But she has been half over Europe, she has been 'La belle Anglaise' in half a dozen capitals: she has forgotten the poor, lonely student, who was far away, and who had nothing but his imperishable love to offer her." But then again the recollection of all that had passed during that dear summer at Mableton rose upon his mind, and he would exclaim, "No! it is impossible!—that creature can never be false!"

At length the day came. St. John found a large party assembled. Lord Missenden received him cordially, and Lady Missenden with the greatest and most friendly kindness. She enquired with interest about his progress at Oxford, and communicated her last news of Mableton, and gave him his last letter to read. St. John was touched and gratified at this, but his eyes were wandering in search of one, a single glance of whom was to decide his fate. But she was not present; and she entered only just before the servant who came to announce dinner. The crowd pressed forward, and they did not meet. As soon as they were seated at dinner, St. John found that Lady Emily was on the same side of the table as himself, so that it was impossible for him to see her without making a marked endeavour to do so, which even he felt was, at such a party, impossible. His worst forebodings came across him. Was this accident, or design? If the latter—but he could not endure the thought sufficiently to dwell on it. St. John was near the door; and, as the ladies passed out, Lady Emily approached him, and, holding out her hand, said, "How do you do, Mr. St. John?—I am happy to see you again." He fixed

his eyes full upon her, but hers were cast to the ground, the blood had flushed her cheek—and her hand trembled in his; but it did not return his pressure, and it was gloved.

Oh! how beautiful she then looked!—her form was developed—her noble countenance matured—her beauty was dazzling! He had again seen her—he had again touched her—his brain almost reeled with the excitement of this consciousness. But still he played the self-tormentor, and racked his heart with all the various fancies which a lover's doubts suggest. He could not but feel that, at the moment, and under the circumstances in which she addressed him, she could not say more than she did;—but she might have looked at him—she might have shot the glance of an instant, to say, "I love you still."

St. John determined to have his mind set at rest at once, when they joined the ladies: but this was not so easy to do as to determine. When he entered the drawing room, Lady Emily was at the piano, surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, all eager to play or to sing, and all declining it. Lady Emily seemed to poor Arthur to make more of all this foppery *d'usage*, than was at all necessary; in a word, as young lady after young lady was asked, and pressed, and entreated, and persuaded to do that which she had a perfect mind to do from the first, St. John thought he should have been driven crazed. But, at last, by dint of watching his opportunity, he found it. Lady Emily went with one of her companions to look over a book of prints. The table on which it lay was a round one, and thus left some little space between its extremity and the wall. And to this Lady Emily was not close, so that, without any appearance of particularity, Arthur was able to come and place himself by her side. He began to converse with her about the prints, which were views of Italy, and of her travels there,—overflowing with impatience at being thus compelled to talk on indifferent subjects, to one with whom his soul burned to commune,—till, at last, the young lady, whom Arthur was inwardly cursing, as Mademoiselle de Trop, was suddenly called away by her mother. He seized the occasion at once: for before his companion had time to move, he said to her, in a voice which betokened what an effort had been necessary to force himself to calmness, "Emily!—and is all forgotten?"

She blushed a burning scarlet—she bit her lip, which quivered once or twice, as though she was about to speak; at last, she said, "Mr. St. John, this is very indiscreet, very wrong; I thought the time which had elapsed since we met had driven the remembrance of our childish days from your mind; I thought—"

"No, Emily, no; you could not think thus; you must have known, you know, that, young though we were, the passion we felt was not childish. You must know that upon that remembrance I lived—that there has not been a thought of my mind, nor a pulsation of my heart, that from the moment we parted, to this hour, has not been wholly and solely devoted to you. You know—"

"Stop, Mr. St. John," said Lady Emily, interrupting him, "this is language I must not hear; I had hoped, sir, that the follies of our childhood had been forgotten—follies which nothing but my extreme youth could excuse, and of which it is scarcely generous of you to remind me. As my brother's friend, Mr. St. John," she added, in a milder tone, "I must ever feel regard for you—but I must not be thus addressed again." And she walked away, leaving St. John far too much stunned by what he had heard to be able to strive to detain her.

And to what purpose should he? She had crushed his heart at one blow. From that moment St. John has been a miserable man.

It is scarcely necessary to trace the progression of Lady Emily's feelings. Absence, change of place, novelty of all kinds, flattery, and a fickle disposition, had, before her return to England, almost entirely erased St. John from her mind. And the few months she had passed in London had more than served to complete it. She had seen the importance of rank, wealth, and fashionable station; her feelings, which, as regarded St. John, had in truth been the offspring only of early romance, acquiring force and an object from juxtaposition—her feelings had now completely frozen down (for it is down) to her position in society—a mere young lady of rank. The real truth is, that she was never worthy of the affection of such a man as Arthur St. John: it was a mistake on his part from the first.

The suddenness of his dismissal was fully accounted for in a few weeks afterwards, when the Morning Post announced Lady Emily's marriage with a man whose only merits were being a peer, and possessed of five and twenty thousand a year.

The effect of the blow on such a mind as St. John's may be easily conceived. He went abroad for some time, then entered into orders, and is a most exemplary country clergyman: but he has never thoroughly recovered the effects of the events I have just narrated; for when I first knew him, which was upwards of twenty years afterwards, he was still, and I am convinced he ever will remain—a melancholy man.

My Sister Kate.

FROM THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.

I travelled far to know her name,
Who had a lucky lot;
And I heard, and I saw,
And I envied her not,
So I'll remain at home content,
Until the day I see,
With a lowly peaceful life,
In my ain country.—*Scrap Stanzas.*

There is a low road, (but it is not much frequented, for it is terribly roundabout,) that passes at the foot of the range of hills that skirt the long and beautiful gut or Firth of the Clyde, in the west of Scotland: and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or firth is almost at your very side, the hills rising above you; and you are just opposite to the great black and blue mountains on the other side of the gut, that sweep in heavy masses, or jut out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up from the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyshire.

You may think of the scene what you please, because steam boating has, of late years, profaned it somewhat into commonness, and defiled its pure air with filthy puffs of coal smoke; and because the Comet and all her unfortunate passengers were sunk to the bottom of this very part of the Firth; and because, a little time previous, a whole boatful of poor highland reaper girls were also run down in the night time, while they were asleep, and drowned near the Clough light-house hard by; but if you were to walk this road by the seaside any summer afternoon, going towards the bathing village of Gourock, you would say, as you looked across to the highlands, and up the Clyde, towards the rock of Dumbarton Castle, that there are few scenes more truly magnificent and interesting.

There is a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the Firth, which is called Dunoon, and contains the burying place of the great House of Argyll; and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and cowering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the great blue hills frowning behind, looks, from across the Firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of romance.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the Firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up, their stands, or stood, two or three small fishing cottages, which, from the hills nearly over them from which General Brisbane used to look after the stars, or from the sea as you sailed past, look just like white shells, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green common between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the fishermen had numerous families, who, while young, assisted them in their healthful employment; and that the girls, of which there was a number were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green, mending their fathers' nets, they would take alarm, and rise and run off like fawns, and hide among the rocks by the sea, or trip back into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottager's daughters, which, for a long period, deranged and almost destroyed the happy equality in which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and enquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of fisher people and all their neighbours, as far as Gourock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent, well disposed highlandman, from the opposite shore of Argyshire, named Martin McLeod, and he had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably, and even delicately, beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought any thing about the beauty of Catharine McLeod, except it might be some of the growing young men in the neighbouring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a

sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister somehow imitated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about among the neighbours what was said and done by "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divertingly at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down "among the breakers on the brae," behind the cottages, or took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough light-house at the point; or she would skip on the yellow sands of the sea, beyond her father's boat, when the tide was low, as he used to say, just like a water-wagtail; so that she was allowed to be as merry as she was pretty, and put every one in a good humour that looked at her. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourcock, or Innerkip, or somewhere not far distant; and, being a gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out of the way thing that he pleased, he got a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chose of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," as her sister used to tell afterwards, "was perfectly ill, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks: and then got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stuart and my lady; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Baillie Macnicol, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, and lace edging, and mob caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father, after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass, that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin McLeod, who looked sharply after Kate, behaved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her: and masters being appointed to teach her various things, which the fisher folks never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman after a time were actually married, in Greenock new church, and set off for London, or some other grand place, to live where the king and all the great people lived, and to drink wine, and wheel about in a carriage for ever more.

During all this time, there were various opinions among the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else, (for pretty maidens must always be in love,) or at least, that some of the youths of the neighbourhood were in love with her; but then the old folks said, that love was only for gentle people, who could afford to pay for it; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of printed ballads bought at the Greenock fair, at a halfpenny each; and also from the traditional literature of Argyleshire, which was couched in the melodious numbers of the Gaelic language; but, however this might be, the fame of Catherine McLeod's happy marriage, and great fortune, was noised abroad, exceedingly, among the fisher people throughout these coasts, as well as about Gourcock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr. Pountney, and that little Kate McLeod was now Mrs. Pountney, and a great London lady; but what quality of a gentleman Mr. Pountney really was, was a matter of much controversy and discussion. Some said that he was a great gentleman, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a very great gentleman;—some went so far as to say he was a lord or a prince, while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire, although he might yet be turned into a

belted knight, or baronet, like Sir Michael who lived in the neighbourhood, which the king could make him, any day he chose, by knocking him down with a sword; for it was part of the king's business to make knights and lords, and this was the way he did it. But as the fisher people, among whom Kate had been reared, did not understand what a knight meant, nor any thing of these high matters; and from the rising ambition of fisher girls, to get gentlemen as well as Kate, were much occupied in discussions about the quality of her and her husband, her elder sister, Flora, was constantly appealed to, and drawn out wherever she went, upon this interesting subject.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora McLeod went, but about "my sister Kate," as she was quite in request every where, because she could talk of the romantic history and happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs. Pountney's house in London, therefore, Mrs. Pountney's grand husband, and Mrs. Pountney's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round this romantic seacoast, and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people lived upon their fish and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their indolent limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the Firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs. Pountney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher lads in the neighbourhood, fine, fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for a fisherman's daughter, but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her good fortune, that vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow, called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful: she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs. Pountney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora McLeod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get the means of making her proposed pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old fashioned Highland brooch, with which the quondam lover of her sister, Allan Cameron, had the temerity to intrust her, to be specially returned into the hands of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, to get a sight of every thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora McLeod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid vision, as she was wheeled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and enquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, of dark and dull gentility, to which she was directed; and after much trouble and some expense, at length found the door of her sister's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folk's doors, and almost trembled lest some-

body from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

And yet she thought the house was not so dreadfully grand after all;—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance. At least it was not at all equal, she thought, to many of the white stone villas by the Firth of Clyde, that sat so proudly on the hill face, opposite the sea, near her father's cottage, with their doors wide open to receive the summer air or welcome the passing traveller, and their windows gleaming in the evening sun, before it dipped behind the big mountains of Argyleshire.

It was strange that reflections about home, and so enhancing of its value, should pass through her mind at the very door where lived her envied sister in London! but she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up the iron knocker, and as it fell the very clang of it, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive impertinent look, then saucily asked what she wanted. Flora curtsied low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs. Pountney.

"And what can you want with Mrs. Pountney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow; for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman, nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth; at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man looked at her with such suspicion, and spoke so insolent, that she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself, before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tip toe, along a passage, and then up stairs, until she was placed in a little back dressing-room. The servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that need not be described, further than that the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed towards the window, or bent over a little silk netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr. Pountney's eldest sister, a hard-faced, business-like person, who, with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by "the old man," as he was accustomed to call Miss Pountney, and in a half whisper, intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manœuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam; it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what?"

"No madam; she wants to see Mrs. Pountney particularly."

"Ah, John," said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pountney. There is nobody can wait me."

"Wants to see Mrs. Pountney particularly?" resumed the sister-in-law: "how dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs. Pountney particularly, indeed! who is she, sirrah! Who comes here with such a message while I am in the house?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate McLeod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pountney speak to her. You need not come to me."

"No, madam," said the servant, addressing Miss Pountney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of the *old one*: "This young

person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing room: pray ma'am, go," he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate.

"Do you come here to give your orders, sirrah?" exclaimed Miss Pountney, rising like a fury, and kicking the foot-stool half way across the room, "and to put strange people of your own accord into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of your mistress, and wanting to speak to her directly, and privately, while I am here! I wonder what sister Becky would say, or Mr. Pountney, if he were at home?"

The "ould one's" wrath being now aroused, she next diverged into a tirade of abuse of John, for various crimes and misdemeanours, with which her examination of the documents before her furnished matter of accusation against him, on household matters, and into which she contrived to include the trembling little victim on the sofa. While she was at the height of this, her sister Becky entered the room; and as usual, helped up the brawl, or rather added fuel to the angry storm with which she raged against the man; who listened with the true sneer of a lackey, made insolent by unlady-like abuse; and also against the unoffending and melancholy Kate, who bore it all with a look of hopeless resignation.

John, however, coxcomb as he sometimes was, had too much natural gallantry not to feel strongly on the part of his oppressed mistress; and too much common sense not to see the misery of a house divided against itself; besides he hated his two real mistresses as much as he loved the interesting stranger, who ought to have been such. Without taking notice, therefore, of all the accusations and abuse thrown upon him, he stepped up again to the little figure on the sofa, and begged of her to see the young person who waited for her.

"I'll have no whispering here!" exclaimed Miss Pountney, coming forward in wrath,—"what is the meaning of all this, Kate?—who is this person in your dressing room—I insist upon knowing; I shall let my brother know all about this secrecy!"

"Who is it, John? Do just bring her here, and put an end to this!" said Kate imploringly, to the man.

"Madam," said John at last to his trembling mistress,—"it is your sister!"

"Who, John?" cried Kate, starting to her feet, "my sister Flora, my own sister, from Clyde side! speak, John, are you sure?"

"Yes, Madam, your sister from Scotland."

"Oh, where is she, where is she? let me go."

"No no, you must be mistaken, John," said the lady with the keys, stepping forward to interrupt the anxious Kate; "John, this is all a mistake," she added, smoothly; "Mrs. Pountney has no sister! John you may leave the room:" and she gave a determined look to the other sister, who stood astonished.

The moment the servant left the room, Miss Pountney came forward, and stood in renewed rage over the fragile melancholy Kate, and burst out with "What is this, Kate? Is it really possible, after what you know of my mind, and all our minds, that you have dared to bring your poor relations into my brother's house? That it is not enough that we are to have the disgrace of your mean connections, but we are to have your sisters and brothers to no end coming into the very house, and sending up their legerly names and designations by the very servants! Kate, I must not permit this. I will not, I shall not:" and she stamped with rage.

"Oh, Miss Pountney," said Kate, with clasped hands, "Will you not let me go and see my sister? Will you just let me go and weep on the neck of my poor Flora? I will go to a private place, I will go to another house if you please; I will do any thing when I return to you, if I ever return, for I care not if I never come into this unhappy house more!" and, uttering this, almost with a shriek, she burst past the two women, and ran through the rooms to seek her sister.

Meantime Flora had sat so long waiting, without seeing her sister, that she began to feel intense anxiety; and, fancying her little Kate wished to forget her, because she was poor, and worked herself up into a resolution of assumed coldness, when she heard a hurried step, and the door was instantly opened. Kate paused for a moment after her entrance, and stood gazing upon the companion of her youth, with a look of such passionate joy, that Flora's intended coldness was entirely subdued; and the two sisters rushed into each other's arms in all the ecstasy of sisterly love.

"Oh, Flora, Flora! my dear happy Flora!" cried Kate, when she could get words, after the first burst of weeping; "have you really come all the way to London to see me? poor me!" and her tears and sobs were again like to choke her.

"Kato, my dear little Kate;" said Flora, "this is not the way I expected to find you. Do not greet so dreadfully; surely you are not happy, Kate!"

"But you are happy, Flora," said Kate, weeping; "and how is my good highland father, and mother, and my brother Daniel? Ah! I think, Flora, your clothes have the very smell of the sea-shore, and of the bark of the nets, and of the heather hills of Argyleshire. Alas! the happy days you remind me of, Flora."

"And so, Kate, you are not so very happy, after all," said Flora, looking incredulously in her face, "and you are so thin, and pale, and your eyes are so red: and yet you have such a grand house, Kate! Tell me if you are really not happy?"

"I have no house, Flora," said Kate, after a little, "nor, I may say, no husband. They are both completely ruled by his two vixen sisters, who kept house for him before he married me, and still have the entire ascendancy over him. My husband, too, is not naturally good tempered: yet he once loved me, and I might enjoy some little happiness in this new life, if he had the feeling or the spirit to treat me as his wife, and free himself and the house from the dominion of his sisters, especially the eldest. But I believe he is rather disappointed in his ambitious career, and in the hopes he entertained of matches for his sisters, and is somewhat sour and unhappy; and I have to bear it all, for he is afraid of these women; and I, the youngest in the family, and the only one who has a chance of being good tempered, am, on account of my low origin, forced to bear the spleen of all in this unhappy house."

"But, Kate, surely your husband would not behave so bad as to cast up to you that your father was a fisherman, when he took you from the bonnie himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?"

"Alas! he does indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on; and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad, and so heart-broken among them all!"

"Bless me! and can people be really so miserable," said Flora, simply, "who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day they rise?"

"It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London," said Kate, mournfully. "As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. O that I were there again!"

"Poor little Kate!" said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; "and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a' the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourrock Point. I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron after a'."

"Is Allan Cameron married yet?" said Kate, sadly. "When did you see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron?—Alas! the day!"

"He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate," said Flora, taking the brooch out of her bosom. "I wish he had na' gien it to me for you, for you're vex'd enough already."

"Ah! well you may say I am vex'd enough," said she, weeping and contemplating the brooch. "Tell Allan Cameron, that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up; but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! just tell him not to think more of me; for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones after my father had taken them out of their own clear water."

"God help you, Kate!" said Flora, rising; "you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bed-side, when I get back to the bonny shore of Argyleshire."

Sad was the parting of the two weeping sisters, and many a kiss of fraternal affection embittered, yet sweetened, the hour; and anxious was Flora McLeod to turn her back upon the great city of London, and to journey northwards to her own home in Scotland.

It was a little before sun-down, on a Saturday evening, shortly after this, that a buzz of steam, let off at the Mid Quay of Greenock, indicated that a steam-boat had come in; and it proved to be from the fair sea-port of Liverpool, having on board Flora McLeod, just down from London

The boat, as it passed, had been watched by the cottagers where she lived up the Firth; and several of them, their day's work being over, set out towards the clough to see if there was any chance of meeting Flora.

Many were the congratulations, and more the enquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards with her bundle and her umbrella, weary, and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by Clyde side. "Ah, Flora! is this you?" cried the whole at once; "and are you really here again—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London? and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place!"

With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher people in the west of Scotland. But it was observed, that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighbourhood.

It was observed, in the hamlet, that the unhappy Mrs. Pountney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head; the ambition of the girls to get gentlemen seemed quite extinguished; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own in humble and pious contentment.

She received many letters after this from London, over which she often wept to herself, while she prayed in private that poor Mrs. Pountney might yet experience happier days; but she was never heard to utter one vaunting word more concerning "my sister Kate."

THE END.

FROM A RECENT LONDON JOURNAL.

HANNAH MORE.

This celebrated writer, one of the first and foremost in an age adorned by so much of female genius, died lately at Clifton, in her eighty-eighth year. From the humble station of the daughter of a village schoolmaster, near Bristol, she raised herself, by her talents and virtues, to high literary distinction and universal respect. Having early in life attracted friends, she was, principally through the kindness of Dr. Stenhouse of Bristol, enabled to set up a school in conjunction with her sisters, which soon obtained great reputation. An acquaintance with Garrick led her to write for the stage, and her pieces were very successful; but, on taking a religious turn, she abandoned this pursuit, and expressed an opinion that the drama and its performances were not in unison with true piety and Christianity. Having realised a competency, she retired to Mendip, and earnestly devoted herself to the propagation of moral and religious principles, not only among the colliers and lower orders in that neighbourhood, but throughout the country, by her tracts and other publications. *Caleb's Search of a Wife*, published in 1809, was a novel of much originality, and led to a multitude of imitations: it ran through ten editions in twelve months. Mrs. More had the honour of being consulted on the education of the Princess Charlotte; and on that occasion printed (1805) *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*, in 2 vols. 8vo. Her works, but by no means including the whole, have appeared in eight volumes, and display a mind of extraordinary fertility and power.

Mrs. More enjoyed the happiness of an intimacy with Dr. Johnson, Reynolds, Bishop Porteus, Beattie, and many other of the most celebrated persons of that day; and in later times it may be truly said, that, either personally or through confidential correspondence, she was, even in retirement, almost equally well acquainted with the most distinguished men of the present time. To the very end of her life (broken as it was by pain and suffering,) her manners were amiable, instructive, affectionate, and endearing—without austerity or pretension to superior godliness: for she was good in every sense of the word—benevolent, just, and pious; strict in the discharge of her own duties, and liberal in her construction of the conduct of others. Her biography is, we observe, already announced. Her example cannot be too soon set in its proper light before the world.

* The following are among the works of Mrs. More, but little known in the United States:

The Inflexible Captive, a tragedy. *Ode to Dragon*, Mr. Garrick's house-dog, originally published in quarto. *Percy*, a tragedy. *Fatal Falsehood*, a tragedy. *Florio*, a tale; and the *Bas Blue*, two poems.

THE Way to be Happy.

FROM THE LONDON METROPOLITAN.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one: and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realised an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner to be put off, Willemott replied, "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out, for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation, I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothings; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headache of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four greys, ridden by postilions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must, of course, drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was ab-

sent about four years. On my return, I enquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighbourhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"O, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare; and, altogether, I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take port or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot, and with a pair of horses.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses* I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbours."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and, at four o'clock I met him, according to appointment, at a livery stables over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton, drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is our *dinner-time*. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very good match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only manservant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a plain dinner, and were at-

tended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin? the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beef-steak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughter into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone; and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford hotel. It was not until after some enquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy, and, as for carriage and horses, they are of no use here—there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

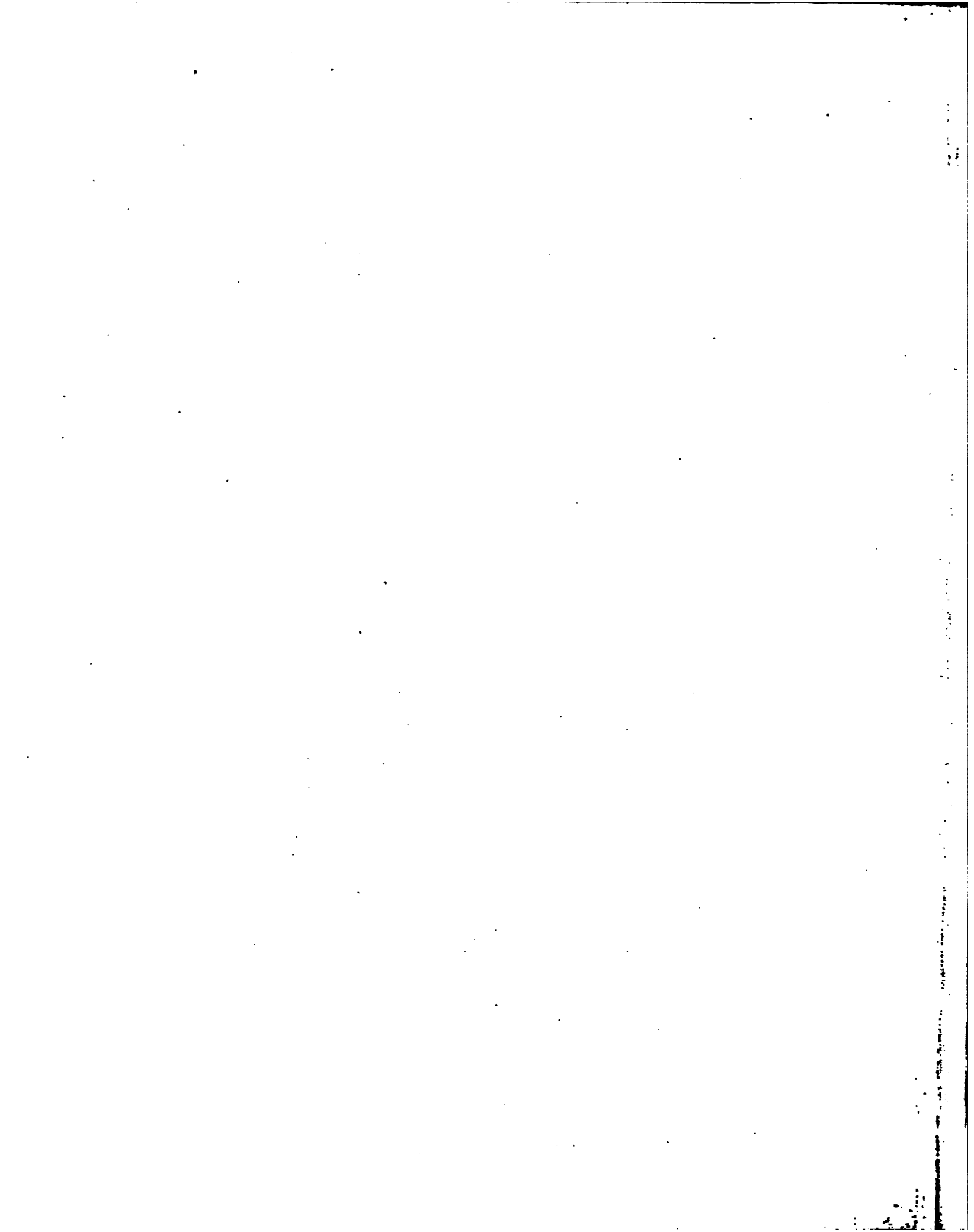
"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not, that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



DEC 6- 1928

